Unchained

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by megamatt09

Summary

After the death of Lord Voldemort, Harry Potter bids the wand wavers of Britain farewell and moves onto other pursuits. Adventure and trouble always lurks around the corner. Harry/Multi; featuring ladies multiple fandoms (Buffy, DC, Lost Girl, Marvel, and Tombraider).
"You must be completely insane to return to this bank."

Outside of an opened doorway Harry Potter stood and stared down without fear. Anyone who spent more than a few days in the European Magical community knew of the backstory of Harry Potter. They knew a few months ago, he defeated Lord Voldemort. Some called him a hero and others called him a dangerous menace to society. Regardless of what side of the spectrum people stood on, they knew Harry Potter was famous.

Harry Potter eyed a small army of goblin warriors, who had been called to defend Gringotts the moment he dared step foot on the grounds of the bank. The last encounter between the goblins and Harry went a bit sour. He used trickery and deceit to enter the bank, with a help from one of the goblins, who ended up betraying him in the end, and put Harry in a rather tight position. He escaped with both the Hufflepuff Cup and one of the dragons.

Chaos and insanity resulted from Harry's hijinks, the story of his life really. He did not have the luxury of having a normal, quiet life. So, he just embraced the life he lived, for better or for worse.

Goblins did not take too kindly to attempted theft. Successful theft assaulted their ego long and hard. Harry viewed these goblins who eyed him up like he was their next moving target. Some of them looked inclined to gut him, bludgeon him, do whatever they needed to do where he stood. A few looked as if they wondered what drove someone who was public enemy number one to the Goblin Nation to step foot inside their bank.

The Boy-Who-Lived-To-Master-Death fixated his eyes on the goblins, and smiled. Most wizards would need to wear their brown trousers when facing an army of fierce goblin warriors who intended to kill them.

"I come in peace."

Harry's statement went over about as well as one would expect from the goblins.

"Potter, give me one good reason why we should not send you on your way in pieces," one of the goblins replied.

"Oh, I don't have a shadow of a doubt in my mind you'd butcher me if given half of the chance," Harry said. If anything, his smile grew more prominent, doing nothing to discourage the impression of Harry cracking after years of fighting the darkness. "I broke into your bank, stole from Gringotts, successfully escaped from Gringotts. I made the entire Goblin Nation look quite stupid."

The goblins narrowed their eyes at Harry throwing his rather obvious transgressions back into their faces.

"You want to kill me, but you know you can't," Harry said. "You want to know why I would decide to return to the scene of the crime, where you would kill me. And I know you want to know what I have to save."
Fierce goblin eyes stared down Harry. He reckoned it was preferable he stared down an army of angry goblins, then an army of angry Basilisks. Granted, with them, Harry would be immune from the death glare thanks to his Parseltongue abilities.

'*Handy information if I knew it six bloody years ago,*' Harry thought.

The Parseltongue remained with Harry after losing the Horcrux. Dumbledore happened to be wrong about the Parseltongue being an inherited ability from the Horcrux. Harry figured he should not rake Dumbledore over the coals too much for being wrong.

Besides, it all worked out for Harry in the end.

"Don't you want to know what I have to say?" Harry asked.

The goblins spoke to each other in Gobbledegook. Harry frowned, he hadn't quite got the language down, even though he knew enough to figure they called him some rather unflattering things.

One conversation leader, the lead goblin, or at least the one with the biggest mouth, spoke to Harry.

"You have five minutes."

"Fair enough," Harry said. "We have a lot more in common than you would like to admit."

The goblins grew very restless and Harry noticed from the looks on their faces, they looked rather discouraged by the thought of having anything in common with one of their most hated humans.

"The Ministry considers you to be little more than a tool to serve their means," Harry said. "Let's face it, the people at the Ministry aren't going to be bothered to help make sure their own economy doesn't collapse."

All of the goblins muttered with each other. A twinkle appeared in Harry's eye when he knew they could not dispute.

"You keep all that old money which gives the top Ministry officials their status in check," Harry said. "They need you. They can't live without the goblins. There's nothing they fear more than another goblin rebellion, and it's not because the ghost who teaches History of Magic has been teaching about them for the past six hundred years."

Harry stalled to give the goblins an opportunity to think this through. They did not attack him, but Harry figured he should best press on.

"You've heard all about me," Harry said. "The Ministry allowed a Dark Lord to rise to the ranks, and they put all of their hopes into me. They spent years demonizing me, but then, when they were screwed, they wanted me to save them. And I did save them. Just like they will complain about how goblins are vile, nasty, creatures, but at the end of the day, they want you to safe guard their gold. And they don't treat you with any respect, do they?"

The goblins had these old and sour thoughts being brought up. None of them liked this business being brought up. They had to agree with him because he had a good point.

"How many of your brothers and sisters did Voldemort kill?"

It warmed Harry's heart even the almighty goblins flinched at the name of the recently departed Dark Lord.
"Countless, I'm sure," Harry said. "The point is, we aren't too far apart. The Ministry will use us, abuse us, and then use us again."

"You don't tell us anything we already don't know, Mr. Potter," the lead goblin said.

"Yes, I know," Harry said. "You don't have to like me. It's fine, but at least acknowledge we've faced many of the same challenges."

The goblins would have attacked Harry by now if they had it within themselves to do so. They knew deep down he was right, and knew deep down they allowed themselves to be used by Voldemort. They held no delusion he would give them what they wanted. All they showed was fear and horror.

"And I'm here to make a deal with the goblins," Harry said. "You give me what I want, and I'll give you something you want."

"The only thing we want is your head mounted in our lobby as an example, Potter," one of goblins said harshly.

Harry waved his hand and the torches blew out. A cold wind caused even the goblins to shiver. Harry waited a moment and snapped his fingers to bring the torches back on.

"Oh, you'll want what I have, but let's get to my terms," Harry said. The goblins attention had been on him, if for no other reason they feared what would happen if they took their eyes off of him. "The only thing I want in this bank rests in the Potter and Black family vaults. I want full and unrestricted access, no strings attached."

The goblins started to mutter again, even though it was short lived. One of them stared at Harry with beady eyes, focused on him.

"You are mad," the lead goblin said. "What makes you think…"

"What's in it for you?" Harry interrupted.

Harry reached into his pocket and dropped a metal box on the ground at the feet of the goblins. For a brief second, they tensed up and prepared for a trick, some kind of magically created artifact to incapacitate them. The goblins remained standing straight as they ever did.

"It's a gift," Harry said. "An apology, go ahead and open it up."

A brave goblin picked up the box and looked it over. He determined the box had not been cursed and flipped it over in his hand. The clamp on the box opened up and a flash of light illuminated his face.

A dagger rested inside. Several of the elder goblins gasped when they looked at it.

The dagger was not just any dagger, it was the dagger. This dagger had been lost for centuries.

"It can't be," one of the eldest goblins said. His heart raced. "It's impossible."

"I am impossible," Harry said.

The dagger drew the first blood in the first and potentially greatest goblin rebellion. Years ago, it had been lost, and many thought it had been lost forever. A few scans showed them this had been the artifact which they searched for many years ago.

"Where did you find it?" one of the goblins demanded.
"I'm not sure you properly realized what I did," Harry said, side stepping the question. "I brought to you an artifact which the goblins searched the ends of the Earth for. The goblins spent a limitless amount of time, money, and resources to track it down."

Harry had been curious as to why. He had scans run and the dagger held no mystical properties. The sentimental value had been through the roof. The goblins were not always strong creatures. From what he had been able to find out, the dagger symbolized the beginning of the goblins standing up to humanity.

"This dagger holds a great reward to the one who returns it," one of the goblin elders said.

Harry Potter tried not to smile. He had returned a priceless artifact to the goblins and essentially had a blank check.

"I want the charges for theft cleared, and I want full and unrestricted access to the vaults," Harry said. "Do we have a deal?"

The goblins paused for the longest moment. They turned into deep conversation with each other. The leader of the goblins turned to Harry.

"I hope you relish this day, human," the lead goblin said. "Not only did you escape with treasure and lived to tell the tale, but you returned to Gringotts and will live to tell the tale once again. You have done something no human has ever done before, and will never do again.

"It's what I do," Harry said.

"And what made you think we would not just kill you and take the dagger?" one of the youngest goblins asked.

The goblin elders gave the younger goblin a very cross look.

"It would have been a very human thing for you to do," Harry said. "And after today, after I leave with what I want, you'll never see me again."

One of the goblins smiled, although he still could not make it look anything less than menacing, the genuine effort was present in his eyes.

"We've truly come out ahead on this deal, Mr. Potter."

Harry Potter returned from Gringotts, feeling despite the words from the goblins, having been the one to have truly come out ahead on this particular deal. All of his funds had been converted to the standard currency, which would give him some liquid assets on hand to perform his next move.

He exited the bank and made his way down Diagon Alley towards the Leaky Cauldron. A few familiar faces passed Harry. Some of them looked around the Alley. It had been a lot less chaotic since Voldemort had been defeated, but there was still a fair amount of uncertainty and fear. The same problems which allowed Voldemort's ascent remained and if anything, they worsened.

Harry could hardly fault those who departed the country when they had the opportunity to do so. If, Harry did not have a few things to take care of, he would have left on the night Voldemort had fallen.
The Boy-Who-Lived slipped through the back entrance of the Leaky Cauldron. To the world around him, Harry might as well have been a ghost. No one knew their former Chosen One sat in their midst. He sat down on a seat in the back of the Leaky Cauldron and waited for the gossip to role his way.

"Can you believe the Ministry is going to reinstate those old laws?" one of the patrons of the Cauldron asked.

Another gentleman shrugged and put down his Firewhiskey. He arched back a moment as if checking for any Ministry spies.

"These days, the Ministry's actions don't surprise me anymore," the gentleman said. "Blimey, about a third of our people must have been lost after the war. And can't say I blame the people who walked away while they could get going. Do any of you think the Ministry can follow through on this one?"

"Well, the Wizengamot's talking about it, last according to the Wireless," another patron said. "They want the old Marriage Laws reestablished. Need to get some fresh blood here, it's the first time the Ministry has arranged marriages in about three hundred years, or so."

The old families on occasion made arrangements to marry, to varying degrees of success.

"Still Marriage Law hasn't been around since the days Muggle hunting wasn't only legal, but encouraged by the Ministry," one of the elder men at the Ministry said. "Glad, I'm not part of this."

"Now, we don't know what's really going on," one of the patrons said. "Could be gossip? The Ministry wouldn't….not with all of the ill-will they built."

Harry snorted. He could not fault someone being reasonable despite all sanity pointing to the contrary. The Marriage Law rumors were not gossip, they were fact. The Ministry was going to force through the law and all witches and wizards serving the Ministry between the ages of fourteen and forty five who had not been married would have ninety days to marry. Or the Ministry would find a spouse for them.

'Do not want to touch all of what's wrong with this,' Harry thought.

Kingsley Shacklebolt had been named the acting Minister of Magic, a job which Harry would not wish on his own worst enemy. He tried his best to keep the Ministry from passing this law. The experts at the Wizengamot claimed the law would prevent their culture from being eliminated, within the next three or four generations.

Those sensed where the wind blew left the country within the past couple of months. And again, Harry could hardly fault them.

"How are they going to keep them here?"

"The Ministry is highly regulating all forms of travel outside of the country," one of the men in the pub said. "My son works there, he says International Floos have shut down, all broomstick traffic is being monitored, and they have heightened sensors for Apparation as well."

"And Portkeys are already regulated by the Ministry," one of them said.

"The black market dealers are booming with big business."

Harry smiled, he figured about as much. How would the Ministry intend to keep them here? People fled, a good chunk of the able population. Many of Harry's Hogwarts class had gone to other areas in
the world where they had family friends who would shield them.

"What does Potter have to say about this?"

"Harry….Harry Potter?"

"Do you know anyone else named Potter?"

"He doesn't say too much these days," one of the men at the bar said. "Last time someone caught a glimpse of him, he left the Ministry with a frown on his face."

"Heard about that, he didn't look too happy, did he?" one of them asked.

The people crowded in to hear about the latest Harry Potter gossip. Little did they know the object of their gossip sat within their midst.

"Guess he's not too fond of the law, but maybe he's sick and tired of trying to pull everyone out of the fire," one of them said. "A lot at the Ministry and in the press, they didn't treat him the best, and they expected him to be the one who beat You-Know-Who. Doesn't seem right, does it?"

"What's your point?" one of the people at the bar asked.

"My point is, I would have told those wankers to sod off ages ago," the patron said in a colorful language. "Guess it makes Potter more of a standup bloke than I would be."

"Richards, you're the guy who would throw your own mother in front of the Knight Bus."

"He's got a point thought."

Several of the people dropped their glasses down about the table and they landed with a clink.

"They want Potter first in line to endorse this new law," a woman said. "And, they're putting the heat on him. Heard, if people don't comply with the Ministry, they'd have their assets at Gringotts frozen."

"And the goblins are just going to go along with this?"

"Goblins don't have much leverage after throwing in their hat with You-Know-Who."

"Oh, the goblins have the same leverage they always do. Ministry isn't going to look after the gold, it's a goblin's job to run the banks. Those shifty little bastards have us by the balls and they won't let us forget it if we push them far."

Harry heard pretty much enough. His last meeting with Kingsley ended with Harry telling Kingsley he needed to do what was best for the Ministry. Kingsley pretty much informed Harry the Wizengamot intended to tell him he was to get married, and if he couldn't find someone to marry him, then the Ministry was going to choose a bride.

'As if I couldn't find anyone who would cream themselves at being Mrs. Harry Potter, even if it's a sham marriage. That's not the point. It's the fact the Ministry thinks I'd play a role in their scheme, after all of the bullshit they put me through over the past seven years'

The gossip chain had got a lot right. The Marriage Law had not passed yet. The final meeting took place at a special emergency session of the Wizengamot this afternoon.
Kingsley Shacklebolt sat in the middle of the Wizengamot and wondered if his life had come to this. He had been asked to take the job as the Acting Minister of Magic. Not too many people lined up to take the job to deal with the Ministry of Magic in its current state. And among those who did, they were not the type of people who had the best interests of the citizens of magical Britain in line.

"Excuse me," Kingsley said, speaking in a calm and clear voice. The eyes of everyone were on them. "I understand you feel it's urgent to pass this Marriage Law."

"We feel it's of the utmost urgency."

Kingsley figured about as much. The Chief Warlock had been serving with the Wizengamot for years, and was a traditionalist. He did not have the forward thinking needed, even he had the respect which could be commanded.

"Yes, you feel it's of the utmost urgency," Kingsley said. "If I may make a suggestion, would it be prudent to get the Ministry running, before we decide to alienate the public further by passing a controversial law? Perhaps, research it from further angles, because all we're doing is driving the future of this society away."

The Chief Warlock of the Wizegamot looked at Kingsley for a long moment. He never thought he would see the day when someone like Kingsley would be the Minister of Magic. A man who challenged the way the old crowd thought. Marriage Laws had gone out of practice and it tainted the purity of the bloodlines.

"Minister, I thank you for your input," the Chief Warlock said. "And rest assure, we are not acting in an irrational fashion. We only have what's best for the traditions of the Ministry, and how to preserve them. And I thank you for your unique perspective. And I understand you were a disciple of the late Albus Dumbledore, who had a different perceptive than we were used to."

Many among the old families thought of Dumbledore to be controversial and looked at Kingsley with distrust.

"We will take your opinion in mind when we prepare to vote," the Chief Warlock said.

"And disregard your warnings," one of Kingsley's aides muttered underneath her breath.

Kingsley shot the aide a warning.

"Fifteen percent of the latest Hogwarts graduating class has departed the country, not counting those who had been driven out of the country by the previous regime at this Ministry," Kingsley said. "Out of what we've confirmed, at the very least."

"We understand this, which is why we've taken steps to freeze any travel outside of the country," the Chief Warlock said.

Kingsley figured they made up their minds. The Ministry lost control when Voldemort had his followers infiltrate it. They double downed in an attempt to regain control. All they did was losing control or perhaps open up the door for the next Dark Lord.

Another campaign along the lines of Voldemort's would devastate the Ministry. The Auror Department contained their lowest number of recruits and retention rates since it had been established. Sweeping education reforms would be needed to get the next generation up to standards, and Kingsley figured it would be a good seven to ten years by his most generous estimations.

These old crowd members wished to rock the boat and invoke marriage law. Kingsley could not
even begin to describe the levels of madness they descended to. The very thought caused shudders to move down his spine.

"You do what you feel you have to do," Kingsley said. "I have issued a motion to delay the law."

"Yes, and today as you know, we meet to overturn it," the Chief Warlock said. "We should work together. It's for the good of all magical users in this country. The children of today deserve a future."

Kingsley doubted the future would be safe and secure for the next generation of magic users. He hoped he would be mistaken. The Minister of Magic doubted it very much.

"All I can do is register my disapproval and accept how this final vote goes," Kingsley said.

He ran out of motions, he ran out of appeals, and he ran out of hope. All Kingsley retained was the ability to try and plead with these men to see sense, how Marriage Law would devastate their country.

"All who are in favor of this law, please let it be known."

Kingsley watched the raised wands. Each wand raised brought the vote closer towards a formality. They did not listen to him. Kingsley deflated a few seconds later.

"And all who are opposed to the law, please let it be known."

Kingsley's eyes followed the individuals who raised their hands one by one. The Minister of Magic made a mental count and the majority passed a law.

"So, it's been passed," Kingsley said. The Minister lowered his head. "Marriage Law has been passed."

'May there be mercy on us and hope this world does not get burned to the ground.'

Kingsley was not a spiritual man. He said his prayers and hoped to survive the fallout. The Minister had his hands tied. The Wizengamot exercised their right to make a power play at the worst possible time.

"One matter to discuss," the Chief Warlock said. "Harry Potter, he was supposed to attend this meeting today. We summoned him to the court."

"Marriage Law would have gone more smoothly if Harry Potter had complied with it," another member of the court said. "Yet, he refuses to even acknowledge the Ministry and their authority."

Some at the Ministry believed Harry Potter would be nothing without them. Kingsley saw those thoughts dancing in their eyes.

"You met with Harry Potter last month," the Chief Warlock said. He looked over the top of his glasses and peered at the Minister of Magic. "What was the result of your encounter?"

Kingsley took a moment to stare back at the Chief Warlock. The eyes of the representatives of the court followed the two men.

"I met with him," Kingsley said. "And I told him it would go smoothly if we had his blessing, his public blessing of Marriage Law."

"And what did he say?"
"You know full well what he said," Kingsley said. "And why I refuse to repeat it in a public setting. And you know he'll never have gone for it."

"Your duty as Minister of Magic was to insist Harry Potter comply with the wishes of the Ministry of Magic," one of the court member said.

Kingsley looked at the Ministry representatives with a burning glare. A couple of them backed off from their words from the Minister.

"I don't wish to repeat the mistakes of past Ministers," Kingsley said. "Expel me from the Ministry if you want me gone. Just know I won't be a part of your attempts to use Harry Potter as a mascot for this law."

"Potter is a part of this puzzle," the Chief Warlock said. "I demand to know where he is. Where has he been? You've been in contact with him."

"He didn't exactly leave a return address," Shacklebolt said. "He must have left already."

Shacklebolt's idle theory did not go over too well with the members of the court. Some of the looked fairly incensed with what he was saying.

"Left, what do you mean he left?" one of the members of the court demanded.

"How could he have left?"

Kingsley gave a nondescript shake of his head and a shrug of his shoulders. The Minister had no idea where Harry had left to.

"He's Harry Potter," Kingsley said. "He doesn't conform to what we expect."

"Send out the order to bring him to the Ministry, arrest him for contempt of court," the Chief Warlock said.

"We can't do that," Kingsley said.

"It's the law, even Harry Potter isn't above the Ministry of Magic," the Chief Warlock said.

"We simply don't have the manpower," Kingsley said. "The Auror Department is depleted. Unless you want to contract out the search to outside Ministries, and pay a premium, there's very little we could do."

Kingsley clicked his tongue.

"Unfortunately, I can't conjure able Aurors from thin air. The declining standards of Hogwarts have left us very short handed."

The Wizengamot had no idea standards fallen this hard. Aurors died or retired. Over the last few years, less abled bodied recruits came in to replace them.

"When can we get the Auror department back to standards?"

"A decade, if we start today," Kingsley said.

"It can't be that bad," the Chief Warlock said.

"It's worse," Kingsley said. He really looked at the records of the Ministry, the recruits for all of the
departments, and the results had been rather shocking. He had no idea how standards fell so far and so fast until Kingsley really delved into the past twenty five years of records.

Hogwarts needed reform which opened up an entirely brand new can of worms. They could barely keep the Ministry running day to day. The magical economy was one catastrophe away from collapsing in on itself.

"It's a sad day when a once great civilization stands upon Death's door. Unfortunately though, even the mightiest of all must meet Death's embrace."

The Chief Warlock turned around and noticed an enchanting raven haired women sitting. Her skin shined bright, pale as could be. She dressed in black robes, with a necklace containing the symbol of the Deathly Hallows.

"What are you doing here?" the Chief Warlock asked.

"Chief Warlock?" Kingsley asked. He raised an eyebrow. "Who are you talking too?"

Some of the members of the court looked baffled, even though more than a few stared from what from Kingsley's perspective was an empty chair.

"I come before the end," she said. "If you see me, you're close to the end."

"There's a woman here, a pale woman, she's has robes, she has dark hair, and only some of us can see her," the Chief Warlock said. "You must think I'm mad, do you?"

Kingsley frowned. He thought this gentleman to be mad for other reasons, than seeing a mysterious woman who only a small fraction of the court could see.

"If you're real, show yourself."

The woman started to converse with something.

"Shall we make an exception?" the woman asked. "As you wish."

The woman flashed into full prominence. White light pulsed from her body and surrounded this particular woman with an eerie glow.

"Some of you saw me before I revealed myself," she said. "I'm sorry, but it's the end. And your world is reaching an end. I come on behalf of my master to tell you there's nothing to prop you up. The end is here."

"Magic…magic will always be around!" one of them shouted.

"Yes, it will," she agreed. "However, your society is only a small group of magic users around the world, not to mention worlds you've chosen to be ignorant of. It's not up for me to judge you for your misuse of magic. That will come soon enough."

"Who will judge us?"

The enchanted raven-haired lady smiled a bright smile.

"You can't judge how magic is to be used when magic is a gift from nature," she said. "And I shall not even begin to discuss your deplorable treatment of magical creatures."

"Who sent you?" the Chief Warlock demanded.
The man's face turned purple and he looked on the verge of collapsing.

"We'll have plenty of time to get to know each other soon enough," she said. "My master sent me, but other than his directive, I come and go as I please. And I want to tell you one final thing."

She decided to be quick about it. The strain of her being present would not be healthy on her master for long, despite his growing abilities.

"Harry Potter exists in this world no longer."

Chaos followed as the woman vanished without a trace. Everyone went up in arms.

"This dark witch must have killed Harry Potter!"

Kingsley tried to get order in any way he could. More disorder followed when the Chief Warlock's eyes shut and he collapsed to the ground, going as stiff as a board.

"Someone get a healer!"

"Here's your ticket, Mr. Potter. Enjoy your flight."

Harry experienced bittersweet emotions when he stepped onto the plane. Did he have doubts when he stepped onto the flight? Not really, given his hand had been forced. The marriage law had been the final straw on years of frustration from him.

A lot of people departed, some even before Voldemort took control of the Ministry. No use going over the past.

'And no one recognizes me.'

Harry figured they would not. No magic users past first-generation would be caught dead on a plane and even very few of them would have thought of mundane transportation. The power of magic made it seem like the be all and end all.

It had a lot of potential, Harry would give it that.

Much like a relative who had been on life support, there came a time to pull the plug. Harry departed. He did not know where about the world he was heading to.

All he knew was it had to be better to the world he left.

'Why have I been hit with the strangest sense of Deja-Vu?'

To Be Continued on July 21st, 2016.

And we have a new story. It's Harry/Multiple Girls, because that's what I enjoy writing. It features girls from DC, Marvel, Buffy, and Lost Girl. And there might be something else I'm forgetting, although no one else has popped up in the chapters I've written so far as of these notes (all thirty-seven of them as of this writing). Oh, and there's Lara Croft as well.
All the girls have been determined; all of the chapters have been outlined, over half of them have been written as I post this chapter.

_Harry Potter_ canon has happened in very broad strokes in this universe. Generally speaking, _Harry_ had a series of adventures over seven years, ending with his defeat against Voldemort.

Harry and the goblins are not going to be friends, even if he bothers to learn all of their names. But, he does have a present for them, a worthless (to him) dagger which is worth a lot to the goblins for historical value. He gives them the dagger, which allows him to take all of his gold out of the vaults.

Marriage law goes about as far as it should with someone like Harry and all he's been through. Even though, it would not be hard to find a witch for a sham marriage, as Harry said.

Poor Kingsley; it sucks being about the only person in the room with a somewhat level head. This entire Marriage Law was a Hail Mary by the Magical World of Magic, and well it's not going to end well for them.

I left the door open, potentially, for cameos from other _Harry Potter_ characters, but I wouldn't hold your breath.

This entire chapter was very interesting in development, because I went back and forth a couple of times about doing it. I thought about just throwing Harry out in the wild in Sunnydale, without any context, but decided to give some context through this chapter. This is a prologue, except not marked as such, but it technically is.

Goodbye, nameless Chief Warlock, we barely knew you. And we likely wouldn't have liked you anyway.

Yes, that was a callback to the first _Harry Potter_ book, for those of you who couldn't figure that out.

See you on Thursday
A plane touched down in an airport on the West Coast of the United States. Several people exited the plane and made their way. More than a couple of them moved in a bit of a furious flurry given the fact many of them were running late. The flight arrived about two hours late, something which put people on the edge.

Harry Potter was among the people who exited the plane. He stepped into a brand new world. Sure, the plane had been a bit late and he did not think it would get there on time. Given how Harry's luck tended to run, everything could have gone worse. He thought the plane would be hijacked or crash on some deserted island out in the middle of nowhere.

'Without stirring up Murphy's wrath, I have to say a plane being two hours late was the best I could have hoped for.'

Harry stepped into the brave new world to get his thoughts in mind. Magical governments varied from what he was used to. Some of them worked a bit closer with their Muggle counterparts. Of course, if their Muggle counterparts were flawed, the same problems which existed with the Ministry could rear their ugly head. Or rather different problems, as Harry reminded himself. No form of government was perfect.

A change of scenery gave him some fresh perspective. Thus Harry Potter stepped in the mecca of United States of America magic research, Los Angeles, California. The West Coast had been a hub of strange activity, as far as Harry heard.

Harry spent some time digging into his past, on his mother's side of his family. It turned out the resources of the Evans family stretched back a fair bit more than he thought. And Petunia was not the last relative on his mother's side. Just the last relative on his mother's side in a convenient location where he could be recalled to Hogwarts.

The cynic in Harry made him think it would make the madhouse which was Magical Britain far better by comparison.

The point had been moot as most people who had been responsible for those decisions were either dead or worse. Long story to how they reached this particular point.

'One small step leads me to a better future. One final step leads me to a new horizon.'

Harry took those small steps. His first stop, after finding a bus schedule, would be to heading to a beach house the Evans family owned. From what Harry could figure, digging through the records of his mundane relatives, the last time the beach house had been in use was right before his mother's seventh year at Hogwarts. The summer before his grandparents had been killed.

Something bumped into Harry and caused him to stagger a step back. The figure who bumped into him gasped when a bag almost flew out of her arms. Harry caught the bag in his hands with his great reflexes before it dropped into the floor.

"Sorry, sorry," she said, speaking with a hint of an Irish accent. "I wasn't watching where I was
going."

Harry looked over his shoulder and looked back towards the young lady in question.

"No problem, it can get a bit crowded in here," Harry said. "Are you hurt?"

The girl shook her head. From the looks of her, Harry deduced she was close to his age, maybe a year or two on either end. She had silky black hair and a pair of glasses which covered the bridge of her nose. She dressed in a button up white blouse and a jacket. She wore a pair of tight black pants which suited her well. One of the most peculiar parts of her attire, which stood out to Harry happened to be a glowing canary pendant which hung from her neck.

"No, I'm fine," she said. "I'm just glad the bag's fine….it's expensive, I would hate for something to happen to it."

Harry smiled. The girl caught on the implied meaning of his smile and placed a set of hands on her hips.

"Oh, I'm not normally the girl who obsesses over some pretty little bag," she said. "But it was a gift from…a very dear friend of mine. I would hate to think what would happen if I damaged it."

"Sentimental value," Harry said with a smile. "I can get on board with that."

He guarded a few family heirlooms like they were precious gems. The Marauders' Map held little use to him now Harry never intended to step one foot into the magical world, but still it would be disastrous to fall into the wrong hands. And Harry had grown rather attached to his family's old cloak.

"Yes, it means a lot to me," she said. "I'm afraid we haven't been introduced….."

"Harry, Harry Potter."

The lack of reaction other than a genuine smile from her.

"Melody Drake," she said. "So, where are you heading?"

"Down south a little bit, by the old East section," Harry said. "I'm looking for a bus schedule."

"First time down here?" she asked.

"How did you ever guess?"

She responded with a smile and leaned close towards him.

"You look like I did a while back, wanting to look for something new, and not quite sure what he wants," she said. "But, I'm sure you'll find out what you're looking for out here. I know I did."

Harry smiled at the confident words coming from the young girl.

"You think, do you?" Harry asked.

"You have to have a bit of faith," she said. "And if you're looking for a bus schedule, second desk to your right. Guy at the desk has what you want…not too friendly, but he gets you set up most of the time."

Harry had a sense she dealt with this particular gentleman before. He could do nothing else other
than reach in and shake her hand.

"It's been a pleasure meeting you."

She smiled and extended her hand for Harry to shake. "Same here."

Their hands touched and Harry could feel something flow over his body. An image flashed in his mind of a young blonde, dressed in black leather. She had been struck down with arrows and had fallen over the edge of a building. Harry watched from his point of view of her plummeting to her doom.

The eyes were the same as Melody's.

"Have a nice day," Melody said. "Maybe I'll see you around sometime."

"Maybe you will."

Harry turned his attention to the front desk. Three people were ahead in line.

"Excuse me, do you have the bus schedule heading East towards the beaches?"

"Right here," he said. "Bus leaves in five minutes, you better hurry."

The schedule slapped into the palm of Harry's hand so hard it felt like white hot fire. Harry pulled it away and frowned. He took a couple of seconds to analyze the schedule.

He turned and Melody disappeared into the crowd.

'Curious.'

The bus brought Harry to the general area where he needed to be. He noticed several clubs and also a couple of other places where he would want to get a closer look at on his way there.

Now, Harry stepped out of the bus and walked towards the bench house. The weeds came up past the gate. Not really something he minded to be honest. He waved his hands and the weeds had been pulled out. The moment they removed from the gate. Harry shifted inside.

The sandy pathway led him up towards the house. Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a key. He slipped the key into the lock and turned it in.

'Obvious to see there's been no one here in about twenty years.'

The cloud of dust kicked up the second Harry entered the beach house. He did not mind a bit of hard work to get everything in working order.

The beach house looked rather modest on the outside. On the inside, the story had been a bit different. Lily must have made some modifications to make the house look far bigger on the inside. Harry took a few seconds to look around and smiled. His mother did a pretty good job in working on this particular beach house.

He stepped inside and found a library of several books had been placed on the shelves. He pulled a couple of books out of the shelf and ran his finger over the spine of the book. The book opened up and a flash of light hit Harry in the face. Several scribbles appeared. The book acted as if it started to
scan Harry, to verify he was who he was.

The moment the book verified Harry's identity, he tapped his fingers on the side of it. The information flashed in front of Harry's face. Several long pages of notes flickered before him.

'Amazing.'

Harry had no idea his mother stockpiled this information. The most amazing thing was the brilliant work of Lily Evans had been lost to the world at large. Had Harry not thought to go to this particular beachhouse, the books would have lingered. To the naked eye, they resembled just some common run of the mill notebooks. A closer look showed they were something far more.

He thumbed through more of the books. A second passed with Harry flipping through the book. Charms and potions had been noted down. Improvements on the standard formulas were involved. Harry did not know where to begin.

'It shouldn't take too long to absorb all this information,' Harry thought. 'One of the benefits of having the Horcrux out of my head.'

It was amusing to Harry his mother's work appeared in front of him. For if it was not for his mother's work, the charm she modified to protect him, he would have been a withered husk a long time again.

'And to think, I survived all this time, despite the fact I should be dead because of the Dursleys,' Harry thought.

"The moment you merged the Hallows was a calculated risk. But you can't deny it paid off in the end."

Harry smiled and noticed the enchanting raven-haired lady having arrived. She crossed the room and approached Harry with a smile before making herself at home.

"After the damage the Horcrux and Dumbledore's misconfigured blood protections caused, it was a necessity," Harry said. "And you can't deny it didn't pay off."

"No, my love, it didn't."

The female representation of Death smiled when she crossed the room and cupped her master's face. She leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

"It will take some time to get me back to where I should be," Harry said."

"Only if you're willing to put in the work, there should be no problems," Death said."

"I think you said it best, Dee-Dee," Harry said. "What does not kill you makes you stronger?"

"And you've survived more than anyone should," Dee-Dee said. She brushed her fingernail against Harry's cheek. "I wonder what that says about you?"

Harry smiled. It said a lot about him how much he survived.

"So how did it go at the Ministry?" Harry asked.

His servant responded with a swift and sad sigh.

"It's unfortunate they have fallen down their path," Dee-Dee said. "I've seen more civilizations die than anyone and their fall was among the most prolonged. Fate took pity on them finally."
Harry wondered if pity would be the right word. It was a mercy killing, make no mistake about it.

"I'd like to congratulate you on performing a successful escape from them," Dee-Dee said. "It was difficult to be an observer from the outside. But I knew from the moment you had been the one who I waited centuries for. Very few could hold any one of the three."

She touched a hand to Harry's thigh.

"You've proven yourself worthy of all three, and their combined power," Dee-Dee said. "You've proven you can handle the combined force of all three and I could not have been prouder of your accomplishments."

"Was there any doubt?"

His new found confidence was one of the elements which made Dee-Dee respond with a smile in response.

"Have you read the book?" Dee-Dee asked.

"Yes, I have."

"Excellent, Master," Dee-Dee said. "It's a start to build a foundation. You've been held behind. This should be the beginning of you becoming unchained, becoming all you can be. You've had your moments."

"And I'll have many more."

Dee-Dee smiled. While many other would complain about their lot in life, Harry pushed himself forward despite severe disadvantages. Now he had those disadvantages removed, Dee-Dee shuddered to think how powerful he would become. The sky appeared to be the limit for him.

"Yes, you will," Dee-Dee said. She smiled and leaned towards him. "I have to go….duty calls."

"One question," Harry said. "I met a girl….."

"You wish to inquire about the flicker you've seen earlier?" Dee-Dee asked. She intertwined her fingers within his. "Everything happens for a reason. I'm sure you'll put together the pieces."

The enchanting beauty left, but not without one final kiss from Harry. She vanished into the distance.

Harry pulled out the black diary which Dee-Dee gave him as a gift the moment he survived the bonding with the Hallows. A lot about Harry's heritage came to light, and a lot of things were yet to be uncovered.

'Every journey begins with one single step.'

The black journal sat out on the table a few inches away from Harry. As enticing as all of the information in the journal was to Harry, there were other things Harry wanted to take a closer look at. One element caused Harry a lot of thoughts and more than a few concerns over the year. He balanced the item in question in between his fingers.

One vial of blood balanced between Harry's fingers. His blood to be precisely, carefully extracted from him, and it took Harry several hours to extract a sample of his blood.
On one hand, Harry figured it would be a nightmare for anyone to extract his blood and do unholy things regarding it. On the other hand, it made a study to satisfy his own curiosity to be quite the challenge and a half. Harry enjoyed challenges more than many people did.

The first vial melted because of the heat of the phoenix tears in his blood. The second vial he was pretty sure had a chemical reaction, this time because of the Basilisk venom which laid dormant in his blood for the past five years.

'Only I can have the venom of one of the most dangerous magical serpents in my veins, and have it not affected.'

Harry deduced should someone draw his blood without permission, the blood could potentially be toxic to them.

'The fact the Basilisk venom didn't kill me the second it entered my blood stream is curious in itself,' Harry thought, jotting down a few notes when he referenced the materials he uncovered on the king of the serpents. 'It should have killed me before Fawkes had a chance to shed his tears.

Was Harry complaining about the fact he was not pushing up daises? Not really.

'Fawkes shedding his tears was curious, as a phoenix does not just cry for anyone,' Harry thought. 'Otherwise their tears could be stock piled and used as healing agents, to any poison. There would be no need to ever create an antidote.'

Harry made another couple of notes and placed his hand underneath his chin.

'A wand with a phoenix feather chose me, so a phoenix would cry for me,' Harry thought. 'Then again, the brother wand chose Riddle so…the criteria might not be foolproof. And I doubt a phoenix would cry for Riddle.'

Harry had been chosen by this wand, until he outgrew it, along with any other wand. Conventional magic was less draining on him, even if he had to relearn the most rudimentary magic from the ground up.

He likened it to having to relearn walking after being in an accident. It started with the small steps, and pretty soon it was back off to the races.

Harry returned the blood and performed a scan. The glowing red embers rose from the blood sample and Harry transferred them onto a rune stone.

The complex sequence of equations which broke down Harry's DNA appeared. The stone expanded several times before reaching the length of a small table before it finished displaying it all. Harry frowned and raised his hand.

A book flashed out of mid-air and plopped down on Harry's lap. He thumbed through the book to see if anything in the book resembled the information strands on the big slab.

"Let's see, no, close, but not close enough," Harry murmured when he thumbed through the book. He continued to flip through the pages of the book. "That's pretty close, but it's not….it's not on the mark, is it?"

Harry looked at the pages which described the magical sequences of several highly powerful breeds of dragons. The sorcerer frowned when he cross referenced them.

"A partial, twenty percent match isn't on the mark," Harry said. "Hmm, interesting, but not quite….."
Harry picked up the vial of blood on the palm of his hand.

"I'm pretty sure there's some Fae blood in my line somewhere," Harry said. "Enough of these sequences are a match to point it out. My mother's blood protection amplified certain elements, or at least they would have had it not been for the Horcrux."

Harry made another few notes.

"Now it's coming back, I'll have to deal with potential cravings," Harry said, jotting down some more notes.

He had a few flare ups during his time at Hogwarts. Nothing too major though or anything to write home about.

"You're taunting me," Harry said. "I'll get to the bottom of this, trust me."

Harry had one more scan to perform and it would have to be done during the time. When the scan completed, he would hopefully be able to get some more broken down readings.

"When this is done, I can see what the partial matches are exactly," Harry said.

Harry set up the necessary rune stones and placed three drops of blood in the center. He backed away from the room to allow the process to take place.

'I'll know in about twelve hours. Or just have more questions.'

Given how Harry's life played out so far, he was willing to put even odds on which one of these things panned out.

'All of the powerful magic really works up an appetite,' Harry thought. 'And I haven't gone out....well, ever. Hard to get used to having this much freedom, but I'll manage.'

Harry had to be more creative to get those bursts of freedom back home where he met some interesting people. Now, it was time for him to see what fun he could have going out on the town.

The moment Harry made his way in the general direction of the club, he realized how much of his teenage years caused him to do less than teenage years. A psychotic dark lord being after your blood didn't leave too much room for a social life if Harry could be honest.

He made his way to a club which looked rather nice. The moment he made his way to the door, he stopped and stared at the bouncer. He pulled out the identification in his hand.

The magic of the fake ID got him inside of the club. Harry soaked in the atmosphere of the loud music and the bright lights which hit him no sooner than he entered the club. He took a couple of minutes to soak in the sounds. The music most certainly played different than anything he ever heard of his life. Then again, the idea of music back home didn't really resound to Harry.

Any music would be an acquired taste.

Harry turned his attention around and could see more than a few women inside the club eying him up. Another look saw some of them had been with what appeared to be their boyfriends. Their boyfriends looked to be the jealous type.
'And why do I have a feeling I'm going to get the blame for something I don't have anything at all to do with.'

Harry had been down this road. Many of the girls didn't look half bad, although some of them had a vacant look in their eyes. The moment Harry stepped into this club; he could sense the people going around in this club were not exactly salt of the Earth.

'Then again, I spent half of my childhood looking like a vagrant,' Harry thought. 'And boy the Dursleys didn't do anything to discourage that fact, did they?'

Harry noticed a short and very attractive brunette looking at him from across the club. She dressed in a black leather jacket and a tight white top which rode up a little bit. A nice form fitting pair of blue jeans completed the outfit. Her attire didn't really catch Harry, rather the fact she eyed him up like he was a particularly juicy slab of meat caught his attention.

'This should be interesting,' Harry thought to himself.

The brunette crossed over to go eye to eye with Harry and looked at him with a smile on her face.

"I'm going to buy you a drink," she said. "Because, you need one, badly."

Harry had been taken aback by the woman, but he wasn't about to say no. He was intrigued. She had the look of someone who was trying to keep a low profile, and not doing a very good job at it.

He had no shortage of female attention back home, although given the circumstances, Harry had come to the conclusion he did not have as much as he should have. His fourth year had been when he lost his virginity, after the second task of the Triwizard Tournament.

The brunette escorted Harry by the hand over to the bar and smiled when she looked him straight in the eye.

"You're new in town, aren't you?"

"How did you ever guess?" Harry asked.

She gave him a smile and patted him on the hand.

"Because you look like a puppy dog about to chase a red ball down the street," she said. "Why are you here anyway?"

"You have to be somewhere, don't you?" Harry asked. "How about you?"

She took one of the drinks and took a nice long sip from it.

"Likewise," she said. The brunette brushed her hand against Harry's, on accident, before pulling her drink away. "I've… well… ."

"Hey, you!"

Harry had a feeling something was going to happen when more than a few of the men had been staring at him like they fixed for a fight. He turned his head a fraction of an inch and came face to face with a man who fashioned himself to be a tough guy.

"You're talking to me?" Harry asked. His body language looked relaxed.

"Do you think you're funny?"
"Not really," Harry dryly said, looking at him.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you!" he yelled, slamming his hand on the counter. "My girl's been making eyes at you, pretty boy."

"Boy looks like he should be in San Fran," one of the bikers said with a drunken round of laughter. He tried to give one of his buddies a high five, but he tipped over in the process.

"Has she?" Harry asked.

"Yeah she's been making these goo-goo eyes at you, and...we don't take too kindly of your type being in our club," the tough guy said.

"What kind of tough guy uses the words, goo-goo eyes?"

The thug turned towards the brunette who responded with a smirk.

"You should be thankful he's here," the brunette said. "He's driving up the value of your club.....which would be a lot uglier if he wasn't here."

The thugs turned towards the brunette and stared her down.

"Oh, you have to hide behind some kind of skirt to fight your battles?" the thug asked. He placed his hand on Harry's shoulder.

Harry knocked it off and caused the tough guy to step back in shock. The other bikers gasped in shock.

"I'm going to tell you this one time," Harry said. "If your girl's making goo-goo eyes at me, that's really not my problem, buddy."

"Are you trying to say you don't have a thing for her?" the biker asked, sounding skeptical when he spoke.

Harry took one look at the woman the man pointed out. He would not be surprised if the woman did not know what time a day it is. She looked like a charitable six, if she hadn't been strung out.

"Not really, she doesn't look too well."

"Oh, you think you're too good for her?" another biker asked. "Hey, Tiny, Mr. Fancy here thinks he's too good for your girl."

The tough guy turned towards Harry, who responded with a shrug on his face.

"You know, seems to me like you're not measuring up," the brunette said.

"Hey, we can head out back, and I'll show you how much I measure up," Tiny said.

"No, you're not my type," she said with a wrinkle of her nose. "And I know where you've been, and by that strung out VD factory over there.....maybe you should worry about if your buddies have been scoring some free time with your girl."

Tiny placed one large finger in Harry's face.

"You better keep the bitch in line..."
Harry grabbed his finger and snapped it back without any effort. He knocked Tiny back and caused him to land into a pool table. The other members of the gang looked at Harry in shock.

"Hey, you can't do that to Tiny!"

"He told me to keep the bitch in line," Harry said. He casually rose to his feet and pointed out the crumpled form of Tiny. "So, I did."

One of the thugs tried to punch Harry. Harry blocked his hand and forced his arm back. Most of the bones shattered when the goon dropped to his knees in agony.

"Does the rest of you want a go?" Harry asked.

One of the thugs tried to shatter a bar stool over Harry's head, but he used his flexes to dodge it.

Seconds later, the club descended into a huge drunken ball as all of the patrons used this as an opportunity to iron out their grievances through punching them out.

'Thirty six hours without getting in trouble. Until now at least. New world record.'

"Get the fuck out, and don't either of you come back again."

The brunette rolled her eyes when the bouncer shoved both of them out of the club.

"Big loss, your vending machine ate my dollar," she said, shaking her head. "Well, I better go…it was nice meeting you….certainly it was an interesting night."

Harry could feel something slip into his pocket with a clink. A hand caressed him from behind and a whisper hit the back of his ear.

'Master, you forgot something.'

Harry's eyes drifted forward and he noticed a rather expensive looking sports car. The woman next to him noticed it as well and her eyes practically bulged out in interest. A smile crossed over her face the second she caught a look at it.

"That's your ride, isn't it?"

"Yes," Harry said.

"I hope you have a pretty good car alarm on it, being in this part of town."

She walked towards him and placed a hand on his chest with a smile crossing her face.

"So do you fancy giving me a ride?" she asked him. "I hope you don't mind but….."

"No, not at all," Harry said. He leaned closer towards her and a smile crossed over his face. "In fact, it would be an honor to do so."

She looked giddy and leaned towards him but pulled back as if regretting something.

"I've asked you for a ride, and we've never been properly introduced," she said. "Guess when you live on the edge, you move pretty fast….."
"My name is Harry Potter."

The brunette looked towards him with a smile on her face when Harry offered the door open towards her.

"A name like that, you're either a spy or some heroic character in children's literature," she said. A pause followed. "Oh and , my name's Faith…Faith Lehane."

To Be Continued on July 28th, 2016.

So, Harry arrives, and already encounters some pretty interesting people, because of course he does.

Harry isn't something which can be defined.

It always amuses me when there's some obviously large fellow who has the nickname of "Tiny."

I'm pretty sure those with a keen enough eye will be able to put together who "Melody" is. Granted, sometimes the obvious to me is not the obvious to other people.

So, Harry's aura already attracts him the wrong trouble. Most men want to kill me. Most women want to jump his bones. Well actually that second part is the right kind of trouble…well most of the time. It really depends on the girl in question, and your personal preferences.

Should I spell out who Harry lost his virginity to, or was that a big enough hint for you all?

Well, Harry ends up taking Faith home, who may or may not be in trouble. That should end splendidly.

Until Thursday.
Adrenaline Rush

So, before I start this chapter, I'd like to invite you to compete in the democratic process of the chapter of the week poll, taking place at my blog. http://webofchaos.blogspot.com/

And now with the shameless shilling out of the way, it's onto the feature presentation.

Chapter Three: Adrenaline Rush.

Harry's instincts told him where to drive and what to do. He never had a driving lesson in his life, but he figured a car was less complicated than a broomstick and being on the ground was a far bit less dangerous than being up in the air.

Faith leaned against his shoulder as if she tested what boundaries she could be given. Harry turned his attention towards her with a raised eyebrow and she responded with a nice little smirk as if she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Where about do you live?" Harry asked.

"Actually, that's a funny thing…I'm in between places," Faith said. "I've been crashing at a hotel a bit away from here."

Harry thought about it. Faith didn't seem too pleased with going back to this particular hotel, and who would want to spend half of their time in a hotel.

"If you need a place to crash, I'll happily give you one," Harry said. "I'm staying at my family's old beach house. It's pretty modest, granted but it's a place for you to catch your bearings."

Faith smiled. Tonight had gone a fair deal better than she expected. "I'd like that, a lot…how far is it?"

"Not too far from here."

The car started to speed up and Faith enjoyed the sweet ride. She had to admit, Harry had a pretty good taste in vehicles. Her excitement heightened when the car turned around the corner.

It pulled into a driveway and Harry shut off the car. He moved out to the other side and he opened up the door to let Faith out. The brunette stepped out with a frown and a raised eyebrow. She caught sight of Harry's "modest beach house" and only two words came through to mind.

"Holy shit!"

Harry chuckled when he turned towards her. She looked over the house and could see it. The charms reactivated made the house look as pristine on the outside as Harry made it look on the outside. Faith turned her attention towards Harry and frowned. She pointed an accusatory finger at his chest and frowned.

"You said a modest beach house," Faith said. She stared into his eyes and looked completely flummoxed. "Most people would call this a small mansion."
Harry chuckled in response. He supposed his sense of scale would be a bit of whack.

Faith wondered if his opinion of modesty extended to other areas. She thought about it and some interesting ideas entered her mind. The door creaked open and Harry escorted her inside.

She met some odd things in her travels. A house which looked much bigger on the inside ranked pretty much in the middle of the list. She wished she had a few more sets of eyes to look at anything.

"As much as I'd like to give you the grand tour, it's getting pretty late," Harry said. "Why don't I lead you up to your bedroom?"

Faith didn't say anything in response. She leaned in towards Harry and kissed the ever-living daylights out of him. The kiss hit Harry so suddenly and abruptly, it was pretty jarring. He grabbed her head and returned the kiss.

"That escalated quickly," Harry said.

Faith smiled and leaned towards him. She placed her hands on his chest and gave him a sultry little smirk. "I'm never been one to go through the courtship process, and when I see something I like, I need it now."

If Harry would be honest, he found the courtship process a bit tedious himself.

"You're the impatient type," Harry said.

Harry sensed something swell up in him. The hunger he experienced earlier in danger of popping out and there was pretty much nothing he could do about it. Faith reached up and grabbed his face before she caressed it.

"I am the impatient type," Faith said. "And when I want something, I'm going to take it. Sorry if that offends you and sorry if you think I'm being too forward but....."

Harry realized his pheromones hit her hard and had removed all of her inhibitions. She pulled open his silk shirt and revealed his sculpted chest and abs. Faith smiled and rubbed her hands all over him and started to go all the way down his body.

"Sorry, I'm not sorry," Faith said. She explored every inch of her new companion's body. The heat spread through her loins.

Harry grabbed her hands and stopped her. She looked at him with a fiery passion dancing through her eyes.

"Careful, little girl," Harry said to her with a smile. "You play with fire, and you just might get burned."

"What if I want to play with fire?" Faith asked. "What if I want to get burned....."

Harry responded with another kiss. Her arousal fueled him and the two of them made their way towards the wall where Harry pulled away from her.

Faith slipped off her leather jacket and smiled. Her toned arms wrapped around Harry's body and she lifted one of her legs over his thigh. She squeezed him and gave him encouragement to take her in any way he envisioned.

"You're asking for it."
Harry pulled off her top to reveal a black bra. Her flat stomach looked pretty toned and her breasts stood high and firm for him.

"Yes, fuck me, fuck me right here," she begged him.

Harry pulled down her pants to expose her long legs and a pair of soaked black panties. She breathed in and out heavily when Harry started to work his fingers down her body. He brushed against her navel and grabbed her panties.

"I'm hungry," Harry said.

"Let me feed you then," Faith said.

A burning lust filled through her body which built throughout the night. Only one thing could extinguish the lust which filled her.

Harry wiggled Faith's panties down and started to stroke her nether lips. The sounds of lust the gorgeous brunette made encouraged Harry to keep moving forward. He worked his finger into her. He slid it inside her and removed it from her with multiple pumps.

Faith enjoyed the sensation of Harry's finger wiggling inside her. She took his thick finger deeper inside her and tried to envision what his throbbing cock would be like when being put inside of her.

"Harry!" she screamed.

"You want another finger?" Harry asked.

"Please, finger fuck me with two fingers!" Faith yelled.

Harry added a second finger and pumped them into Faith's gushing cunt. She lifted her hips up and down to ride out Harry's fingers. His digits coated with Faith's juices.

The Master of Death worked his fingers through the tight snatch. Her eyes glazed up.

"You've never felt anything like this, have you?" Harry asked. "Your pussy is going to feel good around my cock."

Faith gasped and Harry's fingers slipped away from her cunt. He kissed down her body and caused jolts to go through her body. His mouth moved closer towards the promise land. Harry's mouth pressed down over her nether lips and started to suck on them.

Harry drew the delicious juices coming out of Faith straight from the source. She gasped and rose her hips all the way up to meet Harry's tongue. His tongue rotated within her.

"Mmm, ahhh!" Faith yelled. She saw the handsome man's face buried between her thighs and almost lost herself in orgasmic bliss.

Harry's tongue acted like a vibrator set to the highest frequency. Faith had never been driven to greater pleasure than she had been now. Harry worked his tongue deep into her with a few swift passes inside her.

Faith's juices trickled down and Harry pulled out of her to lick her thighs. The feisty female rose to her feet with wobbling knees. She grabbed Harry's pants and practically ripped them down.

"You're really big!" Faith cried in pleasure. She squeezed his cock and smiled at him. "Excuse me, you're actually pretty modest."
Harry's twelve-inch cock struck out. Faith spent some time tasting it. A small amount of fluid leaked from Harry's cock head and she lapped it up with her tongue.

"Put your mouth to a good use," Harry encouraged her.

Faith inhaled Harry's cock no sooner than this statement left his mouth. She leaned in and bobbed her mouth around Harry's thick tool. Her juicy lips smacked against Harry's aching tool when she gave him an amazing blowjob.

"Suck it harder!" Harry encouraged her.

Harry grabbed Faith's head and she encouraged him with her bedroom eyes. He face-fucked her hard and buried himself into her throat.

Faith encouraged Harry to use her throat as his own personal fuck hole. Harry slammed himself into her throat instantly until the rush of hot fluids spilled down her throat.

Harry emptied the contents of his balls into Faith's throat. She grabbed his balls and squeezed them to encourage more cum into her throat. Harry sent several blasts of cum into her.

"You'd drown someone with that hose someday," Faith said. She squeezed his crotch and licked the excess cum from her lips. "Far worse ways to go, for sure."

Faith walked over to the wall and assumed the position.

"You're used to doing this, aren't you?" Harry asked.

"If you mean I've had to do this because some jerk ass cop wants to frisk me, then yes, I have," Faith said. "But, I haven't had such a modest cock in me before."

Harry chuckled, he was not going to hear the end of it. He rubbed his fingers inside her, opening up her entrance for penetration. He lined himself up and plunged his throbbing cock into Faith's pussy.

"It's been a long time for you," Faith murmured.

"Way too long," Harry said. "And I can tell it's been a very long time for you as well."

Faith didn't answer. She made sure Harry pushed his cock into her. The more she got aroused, the harder he fucked her.

'Almost like he's feeding off of my sexual energy,' she thought. 'It makes a lot of sense if he does.....almost too much sense.'

Harry's bloated balls pushed against Faith's thighs. They loaded up with more of his seed. He could feel her tighten up around him.

"Fuck me, harder," Faith said. She wished she could dig her nails into his shoulder and encourage him to fuck her.

Harry pulled out of her and Faith almost wobbled to her knees. Her body protested the loss of cock.

"Opposite of fucking me....."

He spun her around and pushed her against the wall to expose her dripping wet pussy. Harry's shoved his stiff prick into her tight body.
"How's that for a hard fucking?" Harry asked. One of her legs lifted up and Harry ran his fingers against Faith's thigh. "Or do you want it harder?"

Faith bit down on his neck to encourage his hard fucking of her. He speared his cock into her quim. Another orgasm hit her.

"HARDER!" Faith yelled. "Wreck my fucking pussy, or are you too much of one to do your job?"

"I'll show you," Harry growled.

Harry gripped Faith's hips and pummeled her into the wall. The sexual fire joined the two of them in more passionate and more heated actions.

Faith got what she dreamed of. He was more than just good looks. Harry show an immense amount of talent with his hands, cock, and tongue.

The orgasm exploded through Faith's body.

"You like cumming for me," Harry said. "You can't help yourself. You're cumming because you want mine, don't you?"

"MMM!" Faith yelled.

More orgasms flooded her body. Faith lost track of how many or how often she came. When someone got fucked this hard, nothing else mattered other than the pleasure they brought.

Harry held back his load. Faith bit down on his neck and dug her nails into his flesh, scratching him. He was glad he had healing abilities because, for her small stature, the girl had a lot of strength in her.

"You still with me?" Harry asked.

"Damn it, you're a machine," Faith said. "A soulless machine made to fuck."

Her pussy dribbled juices which stained the floor beneath her. The only thing which held her up was Harry's hands cupped underneath her ass when his plowed into her.

"And you're made to cum for me so many times!"

Faith's pussy clamped down on him. She dragged his cock into her and he kept hammering her with these rapid fire thrusts. She thought she would lose it the more he entered her.

"Get ready, here it comes," Harry said. "Hope you're still with it."

Faith gripped onto Harry's shoulder blades and encouraged him to keep pounding away at her. Harry slid into her depths with his balls loading up with their seed.

"Cum, now," Faith said.

"Since you asked so nicely."

Harry slowed down her orgasm for a moment to allow her to savor the moment. He wanted to make Faith really feel all he had to give her. He pumped into her with a few more thrusts and the contents of his balls sized up.

Faith could feel herself being released. Her silk walls experienced Harry's hard cock when it grew
closer. The contents of his balls would be launched into her. Faith gripped Harry tight, not concerned about the consequences.

Harry smiled, sensing these thoughts. His Master of Death abilities gave him the ability to prevent new life from being created unless the consent was one hundred percent and absolute. He drove his thick prick into her.

He spurted inside of her. The first splashes of the white-hot fluid fired into her body. Harry injected it into her body in several dozen spurts. Faith reached two more spectacular orgasms the instant Harry spilled his seed into her dripping hot hole.

"So much cum!" she moaned, hanging onto Harry's shoulder. She encouraged him to work inside her with some deep thrusts. The contents of his balls splashed the seed inside of her.

Harry pulled himself from her and dropped her to the ground. He lifted up and scooped up the brunette in his arms, before bringing her up the stairs into her bedroom.

"When we get up there, we better break in the bed as well," Faith said.

Harry had no argument about that. They spent a couple of hours down here before they even reached the bedroom and Harry had a funny feeling they might get sidetracked a couple of times before reaching their final destination.

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Melody Drake waited in a café for a mark to arrive. If he arrived on the dot, he would be here within the next ten or so minutes. He had always come to this spot and conducted business. She drummed her fingers on the table and frowned.

She closed her eyes. The name Melody Drake was a guise, a mask she used to conduct business. The world thought she was dead for the most part and there was a huge part of her who died almost two years ago when the rest of the world thought she could. Friends, family, everyone had likely mourned her and slowly moved on with their lives.

The mysterious woman sighed in response when she craned her neck a fraction back and observed her surroundings. She had not run into anyone she knew during her work. Melody's travels took her to some of the most exotic locations in the world. Locations many people could only imagine in their wildest imaginations.

She took a moment to drink her coffee. Melody rolled her neck back and let out a sigh. The girl could not get him out of her head, no matter how hard she concentrated on it. The moment their fingers brushed together, she felt sparks.

'And that sounds like something out of a cheesy romance novel,' she thought. 'But it's something greater, isn't it?'

Melody continued the conversation, trying to rationalize what she was feeling.

'He's just an attractive guy, the world's full of them. Get him out of your head and focus on the mission, no matter what.'

The polar opposite of an attractive man entered the shop and distracted her. Bald, portly, the only compliment she paid for him was he dressed nice, but Melody narrowed her eyes at the look he gave the waitress.
The disguised woman cleared her throat. The portly gentleman walked over towards her and smiled when sitting down across from the table.

"Does, Mr. Smith send his regards?" the gentleman asked.

"He says it's going to be cloudy with a chance of hail," Melody said.

"So, you're the one they sent," he said. "I'm…"

"It's best if I don't know your name," she said. She leaned across the table and smiled. "Keep this strictly professional. We wouldn't want to send the wrong signals, now would we?"

The gentleman responded with a nod, even though his expression grew sour. She cut him down before he even had begun.

"I have what they're looking for," he said.

"Then where is it?" she asked.

"It's in the back of my van," he said. "If you'd like, I take you back there."

A knot manifested deep in Melody's stomach. She had a very bad feeling about this.

'And he thinks I'm someone who can get manipulated,' she thought. 'Better play his game if he has what we're looking for at least.'

"So, you have it, in your van?" she asked. "You have everything Mr. Smith bought, to specifications."

"Yes," he said. "I'll take you out back now, and….maybe give you something extra for your trouble."

The leering stare the man gave her made Melody visualize reaching across the table, grab the steak knife, and plunge it through the man's disgusting throat. She steadied herself and took a deep calming breath before she looked the middle-aged businessman in the eye.

"Take me out there?" she said. A smile crossed over her face. "Show me what you have to offer, sir."

The businessman smiled. The opportunity to take advantage of a barely legal, apparently naïve female pleased him. It had been too long since he lured a young girl in his van to have some fun. And she would get everything which was coming to her, along with the bonus.

The two of them slipped to the side entrance and made their way around to a back alleyway. The gentleman walked forward and continued to bring Melody around.

"It's right there," he said. "Why don't I get it out of the back of the van?"

The man's hands fumbled with the back of the van. Something plunged into the back of his neck the moment it had unlocked.

Melody caught the man and eased him into the back of the van before he dropped down and stained the alleyway with his foul blood. She frowned in response and leaned into the back of the van to take a closer look.

'Only have about five minutes to get what I want,' she thought.
A case had been pulled out of the van. She reached over towards the man's pocket and pulled out a key.

'This can't be all of the security,' she thought. The disguised woman turned her key into the tumbler and unlocked it. A glint sparkled off of the contents of the package. 'And apparently it is...that's pretty weak.'

She took the package and walked it around the corner. Melody made her way over the top of the gate and dropped down. She crossed two more fences and hopped them.

The disguised woman skidded a few feet away from where she dropped down. The moment she was certain no undesirables followed her, she removed a cell phone from her pocket and pushed a button. The number for her contact automatically dialed up.

"Do you have it?" the voice on the other end of the phone asked.

"Yes, I do," she said.

"Meet me at the usual place."

"I'll see you."

The phone burned out and she made sure to destroy it before heading off, with the case in her hand. The cops would come across the businessman, once someone decided to miss him. Then she would be gone.

The life of an assassin wasn't what she envisioned herself doing years ago. It was the life she lived now, and she would just have to accept it.

'I'm pretty damn good at it.'

Many questions entered the mind of Harry Potter and not as many answers as he would like to go along with those questions. He looked over the data the scans presented to him last night. More questions raised themselves than any answers. He tried to see if he could find anything. The results read as inconclusive which put Harry in a very interesting mood.

'Guess I'm going to have to go back to square one,' he thought. 'Maybe I'll be in a lot better spirits when I have some breakfast in me.'

Food did make one thing a bit more clearly. Harry set out the food on the table and pondered his next maneuver. Only he would figure it out sooner rather or later. The door opened up and broke his attention.

The door remained open and revealed a rather sleepy looking Faith making her way in. She borrowed one of Harry's shirts last night, which came down almost to her ankles. Harry would hazard to guess this was the only thing she had on now. She walked over towards the table and smiled.

"Something smells good," Faith said as she wrapped her arms around her. "And the food isn't half bad either."

Harry almost laughed in response to her statement. She cut him off with a brief, but also very fiery
kiss. Faith made her way over towards the other side of the table and sat down.

"So did you have a good night's sleep?" Harry asked her.

"Best, I had in a long time," Faith said. She helped herself to some pancakes and some sausage, even though she sampled more than enough of that last night. Some eggs and some orange juice wound up. "I had some pretty pleasant dreams last night, you know."

"I'd imagine."

Faith recalled the dreams. It all started with her alone, and then several other women joined. They started to worship Harry as the sex god he was and the orgy concluded in a flood of sticky fluids and a sea of satisfied women doing their party to make sure their master remained pleased.

'What a difference a day makes,' she thought to herself. She turned towards Harry and locked eyes towards him.

"Anything wrong?" Harry asked.

"You're too good to be true, you know," Faith said. She leaned back for an instant and leaned back in to peer into Harry's eyes. It had been a critical error. Those green eyes almost dropped her to her knees. "You're not a demon who is going to suck my life force away through sex, are you?"

Harry raised an eyebrow at the completely and one hundred percent blunt question she said. Faith shook her head. He did not betray his intentions at all.

"Far worse ways to go, and hey, if you have to go out, go out with a bang," Faith said. "Several, if you can arrange it, you know what I mean?"

"I might have an idea, yes," Harry said.

Faith shoveled some of the food into her mouth. What little table manners she picked up had been forgotten, but damn it, she had not had something this good in a long time. The food in the hotel she slept at pretty much sucked and sucked in a really bad way as well. She reached up and wiped the maple syrup from her chin.

"You love to cook?" Faith asked. Harry raised an eyebrow. "Sorry, this tastes so good, I figure you would be passionate about something, and.....well I know how you can get when you get passionate about something."

Her bare foot brushed against Harry's leg underneath the table. He eyed Faith and she responded with a wicked little grin as if she wanted to see how much and how far she could get away with.

"Do I like cooking?" Harry asked. He thought about it. No one had asked this particular question to him. "I won't say I like it. I will say however it's something I have to do. My aunt and uncle had me cook when I lived with them, and.....well it's necessary, given my aunt's cooking would be unfit for war criminals."

Faith raised an eyebrow and looked at Harry in consideration.

"So your home life sucked?"

"Yes," Harry said. He leaned back as if it didn't bother him. And these days it didn't. It rolled off of his back without any problems. "I got over it a long time ago. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger."
"Fair enough," Faith said. She had been thinking about something else, when she wasn't having really vivid sexual dreams about Harry. It was time to talk to him about something.
"There's….something else I need to tell you. And I haven't been really completely honest about you about something."

Faith decided to push forward before Harry had enough of a chance to register what she was saying.

'It's better to ask for forgiveness than for permission.'

"I mentioned to you last night I was in between places because my apartment burned down," Faith said. Harry looked at her. "Well, I was the one who burned it down."

"You were running from someone," Harry said.

"Yes, I was running from someone, some immortal dickbag who won't leave me the fuck alone!" Faith snapped, and she started to fume a little bit just thinking about it.

Harry grabbed her hand and exerted a calming influence to be exerted on her body. Faith took a long breath and managed to return to the conversation at hand.

"Anyway, I'm not sure…..this is where my life gets pretty complicated, do you know anything about vampires?" Faith asked.

Harry frowned and looked at her. "A bit, I spent some time studying some of the more exotic mysteries of the world."

"Well this one is about as old as dirty, and pretty persistent," Faith said. "He wants nothing more than to hunt me down and….he won't really rest until I'm dead. And he's spent a lot of time training himself on being old and terrifying."

Faith thought she had gotten away from him a couple of times, and came close. She thought for a moment to do the runner in the middle of the night, only something stopped her. Something told her it was time to just stand up and do what she needed, and Harry could be the type of person to inspire her.

"He keeps finding you, doesn't he?" Harry asked. He waited for Faith to respond with a nod of her head. Harry reached over and touched the top of her hand. "This place is hidden from any detection. It would take a miracle for him to find her."

Faith did not believe in miracles. What she believed it is some old as dirt ancient Greek vampire finding her no matter what protections she stood behind.

"I'm done hiding," Faith said.

"Good, I'm glad," Harry said. "If I had to guess, the one thing he won't expect is someone to hunt him. What do you think?"

Faith paused for a second. She had an interesting theory about Harry the more she thought about him, but this was neither the time nor the place to voice such thoughts. She would have to deal with one problem at a time.

The group of rough and tumble bikers walked outside the bar like they owned the very streets they
walked down. Tiny looked around, ready to pick a fight with someone who looked at him cross-eyed the first moment anyone showed up.

"I'm pretty sure he won't show up again tonight, boss," one of the bikers said.

Tiny's eyes bugged out when he turned his attention towards his fellow bikers. They stepped back, one of them swallowing and looking pretty nervous in the process.

"They better not show up if they know what's good for them," Tiny said. He gritted his teeth when looking at his fellow bikers. "I'm going to show them the meaning of the word pain if they do."

That British asshole, and his slut, both of them would go down. The biker readied for a fight and the regulars at the bar made their way inside, not making eye contact with him.

"They don't respect me as much as they used to, because of him," Tiny said.

"We respect, you, don't we?"

The other biker goons looked at Tiny the Biker and started to respond with rapid fire nodding of their heads in response. Tiny narrowed his eyes at them. He was about ready to slap the taste out of the mouths of these bastards. How dare they patronize him so much?

Fortunately for them, someone made his way around the corner. Tiny barely glimpsed the man from the darkness, but he seemed like trouble. A trio of gentlemen followed behind him, dressed in ragged robes of some sort. The leader of the pack's hood had been pulled down and Tiny could only see a pair of gloved hands.

"What do you want?"

"She's been here recently," the leader of the pack said, not bothering to flinch for a second at Tiny's words.

"Who's been here?" Tiny asked. "What are you talking about?"

The leader of the pack reached behind his back and took a picture from one of his fellow pack members. He lifted up the picture so all of them.

"You know who this is, don't you?" he asked.

Tiny recognized the picture of the woman.

"Yeah, I know her, she was that bitch who was causing me and my boys some trouble the other night!" Tiny yelled.

"Yes, she tends to do that," the hooded man said in a raspy voice. "Where did she go?"

"Don't know, she left with some British guy, green eyes, messy hair."

The leader of the pack leaned back and considered the words coming from the biker. If they were here the other night, then his prey would not be that far behind. His hunt would draw to a conclusion sooner or later. He would have the Slayer.

"Do you know what way they went?"

One of the gang members eyed the hooded man suspiciously. He reached in and pointed a finger at the man's face.
"You're asking way too many questions," the gang member said. He stared down the hooded man. "What the hell are you, a cop or something?"

"He better not be a cop!" one of the bikers yelled, getting all riled up in the process.

The bikers had gotten all riled up. The leader of the pack was about ready to just leave them to be left in peace. One of the bikers decided not to make this the easiest thing in the world. He swiped his hand towards the face of the hooded man and the hood flipped over to reveal the face of the man.

The goons stepped back and one of them looked utterly terrified.

"What the hell are you man?"

The figure resembled a withered goat man and looked about as old as dirty. He grabbed the biker thug and plunged his hand into the biker's chest. Blood splattered from the biker's chest after the vampire tore out his foul heart.

The bikers stepped back and the formerly hooded gentleman's pack dove forward and jumped the rest of the bikers. The bikers scrambled away to escape the attempted mauling, which did not end too well for them. The mauling left them in very bloodied and battered chunks.

"Let's go, before the trail runs cold."

The members of the pack spilled blood, but they would intend to spill more blood tonight. The blood of the one the ancient master they served, the one who could be a threat to them and other creatures like them would be annihilated.

"Yes, Slayer, you're near."

The ancient vampire stepped back and frowned. Something about the air seemed different, and he could no longer pick up an obvious trail.

"Someone shields her," he said.

"Master what are you…"

The ancient vampire experienced a sense of chill through his very being. Had he had a heart, it would have beaten heavily.

"She won't escape."

Faith paced back and forth. She knew going out there to face the music would be in everyone's best interests. She prepared to become the hunter, instead of the hunted.

"I've been in the role you've been a couple of times," Harry said. "This vampire, what did you say his name was……"

"Kakistos," Faith said. "He killed my last mentor, and I had to set my apartment on fire to just barely escape him and…..I don't know how many people he killed trying to get to me."

Faith looked out of the corner of her eye where they monitored the television news in an attempt to find out any further information about the monster who hunted her.
"Add six more to the list."

"Marion Francis, known as Tiny to his friends, was found, apparently brutally stabbed through his chest," the reporter said. "The most peculiar element of this case was there had been no indecisions, no murder weapon found at the scene of the crime. And his friends have been mauled by what appears to be a wild animal."

Harry understood in an instant. Vampires traveled in packs. It would be a lot more difficult to pick them off if they were in a pack than when they were alone.

"The police are baffled, and there are no witnesses who are willing to come forward," the newscaster said. "Do we have a new deranged serial killer on the loose?"

'Not necessarily new, but deranged and serial killer fits him to a tee,’ she thought.

"So, are you ready to go?"

Faith turned around and peered over her shoulder. She looked Harry directly in the eye and stood firmly with her jaw set.

"I have to be," she said.

Harry thought she might have and had already readied what they needed to go out and hit the streets.

"I have a couple of things which might make this easier to deal with," Harry said. "And you won't necessarily be alone in this one."

Faith mentally decided the best plan of attack. It was arguable whether she was ready to fight actual vampires, especially as old and powerful as this one. The matter kind of got taken out of her hands.

"And I'm sure she'll get involved," Harry said. "Maybe I should find a way to get in touch with her and give her the heads up there's trouble coming."

Faith raised an eyebrow before understanding where Harry went with this one.

"So, let's go suit up," Harry said.

Tonight could be very interesting. Harry reckoned it would be interesting for all of the wrong reasons.

**To Be Continued on August 4th, 2016.**
Week Thirty Chapter of the Week Poll is up at the blog, so take part in democracy and vote.
http://webofchaos.blogspot.com/

Chapter Four: Meeting.

Harry did not lead Faith through the front door of the house. Rather, he escorted her to another area of the house. A lot of the house intrigued Faith if she would be perfectly honest with herself.

He explained the plan to her and the explanation of the plan lead to some rather compelling thoughts in her mind.

"Okay, this entire plan is crazy," she thought to herself. A look of conflict spread over her face when a decision had been made at least in the back of her mind. The entire plan is crazy, alright, crazy enough to work. And let's face it, how many other options do you have? Go with the crazy plan which can get you killed, or just sit there and wait to get killed…..yeah, no brainer pretty much here."

Harry responded with a clearing of his throat which brought Faith out of her thoughts. Her eyes locked onto those green eyes. Not the time to get lost in them or to start to mentally write dodgy poetry.

"It's all beginning to get pieced together," Harry said. "You know, I've heard more than enough whispers about the Slayers. And now that everything is coming together, I hope we can work together."

Faith took a long look at him. Something clicked in her mind a second later. This entire madness situation just accelerated, when she realized exactly who she was talking to. She had been so distracted by him she did not realize it.

"Oh my God, you're him, aren't you?" Faith asked. "You're him, aren't you, you're Harry Potter!"

"I introduced myself to you almost a day ago, we slept together, and only now it starts to click in your brain," Harry said. He looked down at her with a smile spreading over his face. "Yes, I'm that Harry Potter, although I'm curious to how you've heard of me. I didn't think my fame went too far outside of Europe."

Faith decided not to get into the fact she had been a tad bit preoccupied for many reasons.

"My mentor heard of you," Faith said. "So, it's you….you know, for a second I thought….."

Faith trailed off for a second and Harry frowned when he looked towards her. He leaned in and cupped her chin to force the girl to look him directly in the eyes.

"What did you think?" Harry asked.

Faith threw her hands back. She really wondered how much time they would have this particular discussion.
"It's….well for a second, I thought you were my new Watcher…and let's face it, you are their type….or so I've heard," Faith said for a second.

Harry frowned. He did not respond other than this very long and very prominent frown.

"You're not sure whether or not to take that as a compliment or an insult?" she asked.

"Let's just take it as neutral for now," Harry said. "I'm not sure if I am their type unless you mean because I'm British….but no, I'm not one of them. Am I aware of them, yes….I've done my homework…when I heard a bunch of vampires may have joined forces with Voldemort."

Faith heard the name Voldemort as well. The fact he split his soul so many times in an attempt to achieve immortality made him quite infamous in certain circles.

"He wanted them to join him and bend to his will as their master," Harry said. "Something told me though they weren't going to go with that, were they?"

Faith shook her head.

"If you knew vampires, they wouldn't willingly follow some human as their servant," Faith said. "The vampires we fight….well I will fight, they are chaotic forces of nature. The most supernatural of supernatural….the vampires which your Ministry feared are the most low-level vampires…the only vampires I would classify them above as those who sparkle in the sun….but those have to be a myth, aren't they?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "Anything's possible."

Harry hit the point of his statement. He realized anything and everything was possible, and thus it made all plans be thrown out of the window. He found himself grateful for his ability to think by the seat of his pants.

"Actual vampires would spit and chew up the vampires that Voldemort character would be able to recruit," Faith said. "And that brings us back to…the one which is hunting you….."

"No, he's not hunting you," Harry said. He grabbed her hands firmly. "You're the one who is hunting him."

The moment Harry turned the offensive back on his enemies was when he flourished the most. It was the easiest thing in the world to play a victim because it required absolutely no effort or forward thought whatsoever.

"I'm the one who is hunting him," Faith muttered underneath her breath. "I am the one who is hunting him."

She spoke these words and they gave her a small burst of confidence.

"I know one thing, the older vampires aren't as susceptible to the normal means to kill them," Harry said. "And they can see every single tactic coming a mile away because of sheer experience."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying even if they do allow you to get close enough to stake them without them ripping your head off, you're not going to do more than weaken them," Harry said. He reached over and pulled out a crossbow and slapped it in Faith's hand.
"How does this work?" Faith asked. "Sure it looks like it will work, but where's the ammunition?"

"Pull the trigger and it will appear," Harry said. "It's magic…the bolts will weaken them, and hopefully get our ancient Greek bastard vampire in position for one swift attack."

Harry thought about the all of the methods to kill them. Stakes only worked on the recently turned vampires. Sunlight, the older the vampire, the less of the one hit kill it was. All it would manage to do was make these vampires more agitated than ever before. And as for the holy water, Harry had no idea where this particular theory had gotten started. Only it didn't work as much as people would have liked to believe it did.

"There's one foolproof way to defeat him," Harry said. "Something I picked up on the way out of my old school."

"Why would a school have something to defeat an ancient vampire?" Faith asked. Harry was about ready to answer, but she stopped him. "Actually, I don't want to know."

Harry smiled. It was better if he didn't explain because it led down some dangerous roads. He waved his hand and caused several shadows which resembled the vampires which were hunting Faith to appear.

"Shoot them."

The shadows lunged towards her and started to fire. Faith pierced the shadows with the bolts which did not deplete no matter how many she fired.

She hit the bolts into the shadows and they disappeared into a flash of light. The brunette smiled when looking at the shadows when they vanished into the darkness.

"Good," Harry said. "Let's just hope you can exceed the standards involved when we head out."

Faith placed her hands on her hips and prepared to exceed her own standards.

"So, do you think we'll run into the other one out there tonight?" Faith asked.

"I think it's a pretty good possibility we'll run into her tonight on the hunt," Harry said. He moved back and revealed a motorcycle which was equipped with a couple of nifty surprises. He handed Faith a helmet.

She placed it on. No matter how amusing it would be to die by splattering herself headfirst on the pavement after a motorcycle accident after all she had been through, she decided it would not be a good idea to risk it.

"Hold on."

Faith got behind Harry on the motorcycle and placed her hands on his waist when he shot out. The hunt was on.

A blonde teenager stepped out into the darkness. She would be the last person one would expect to be in this part of town. She dressed in a black top, and blue jeans. She moved into the shadows and held a wooden stake in her hand.

The gorgeous blonde was the last person anyone would expect to be hunting vampires and yet Buffy
Summers was out there, hunting the vampires which caused this. The trail had not gotten cold at all and in fact had gotten warm.

Namely the splatters of blood which had been dripped onto the ground, those warm drops of blood almost stuck to her boots.

Buffy heard they were hunting for another Slayer, trying to snuff her out before they caused a problem. It always had been sobering to her to think how many Slayers some of these ancient vampires encountered and the fact the ancient vampires still lived really did put everything into perspective for Buffy.

'Tense, really tense, this is like one tension knot trying to burst in my stomach something.'

Something appeared in the shadows and Buffy could hear something in the distance. She turned around and noticed a figure moving towards her. Buffy blocked the attack and knocked him to the ground. The creature dropped to the ground and Buffy stepped back before she nailed him.

The wooden stake ripped out of his chest and Buffy pulled it back. The vampire's fangs stuck out at her and he almost staggered a couple of inches back.

"So, it's not fresh meat!" another one of the vampires said. He rushed at Buffy. "It's a Slayer!"

Buffy dodged the attack from the vampire. He was pretty quick for someone of his advanced age. She took down another vampire without breaking much of a sweat.

The sound of someone clapping slow and loud perked Buffy's attention, and she turned her attention towards the figure which approached her. The sunken in eyes of a vampire who resembled a goat walked forward. He looked rather amused.

"Over the years, the Slayers have gotten easier on the eyes," he said as his eyes raked over Buffy's teenage form. "Also a lot more inept and easier to kill."

Buffy moved towards him and the second she hit the air, the vampire appeared several feet behind her. She nearly had been grabbed from behind. Buffy only narrowly escaped his clutches.

"You're him, aren't you?" Buffy asked.

Kakistos sent her flying back.

"You haven't done your homework, Slayer," the vampire said. "If you did do your homework, you would have known I would not have been as easy to put down as my followers."

He grabbed her around the neck and toyed with her like a cat playing with a piece of string. Buffy tried to spike him, but the elderly vampire whipped her down and threw her down to the ground. She tried to pull herself up and the ancient Greek vampire stood over her with a vicious snarl appearing on his face.

"It will be delicious to see you go down in a shower of blood, another one killed by my hands," the ancient vampire said. He moved over to finish her off.

Buffy struggled to retain a vertical base. She wondered what he stalled. He stepped back from her.

"She approaches," Kakistos hissed. "She's near."

Buffy mentally tried to figure out a way to catch Kakistos while he was distracted on the other end.
His eyes narrowed when he looked out in the distance.

"You've run from me, girl," he said. "Months, and now you've decided to stop running."

"Maybe I'm just getting sick of your ugly goat face!" Faith yelled.

"Grab her!" Kakistos yelled to his minions.

He sensed something was wrong, she had assistance, although he was not certain exactly what. His minions lurched forward and had been nailed point blank in the chest with bolts of wood.

"That will not stop me!"

The bolts heated up with energy and caused the vampires to spontaneously combust. This action even caused Kakistos to step back and adjust himself.

"To me, my followers!" he said in an agitated tone of voice. "Protect your master, no matter what the cause!"

His followers all dropped down onto the ground and formed a circle around their master. Several more bolts had been fired at the creatures and the resulting impacts reduced them to dust.

The ancient vampire sensed something off-putting. He stepped back in absolute horror. The vampire caught a glimpse of the one person he feared above all else.

"NO!"

Buffy wondered what kind of horrific sight could cause a dangerous and ageless vampire to recoil in absolute horror, eyes widened and mouth agape. She turned to the side and saw a figure in the shadows. He brandished a sword. The weapon glinted a glowing orange light off in the background.

"You won't take me, I've lived for too long to go back now!" Kakistos said. "You can't evade me forever, Slayers!"

He disappeared into a flash of light. Some of his followers were not so lucky. They had been hacked and stabbed by the figure which put so much fear into the vampire.

Buffy collapsed to the ground. She realized how close she had been to getting her throat ripped out and fed to her. Not quite sure how it worked given without a throat…actually explaining her line of thought gave her more of a headache than anything else. The dark haired girl with the crossbow with the unlimited bolts walked over to her.

'I need to get me one of those,' she thought. 'Where does she keep the ammunition?'

Buffy rose to a standing position, almost, and collapsed. She held the side of her waist and blood splattered against her fingers.

"Just let me help you and we can get you some medical attention," the brunette said.

She was about to protest it was just a flesh wound.

"You'll be fine, Ms. Summers."

Buffy turned to the man who had reduced the vampires to dust with the sword. One look at his face and green eyes, along with the almost faded scar on his forehead caused her mouth to hang open.
"Oh my God, you do exist!"

Faith smirked, he would be her God pretty soon, but that was beside the point.

Kakistos returned to his domain and looked at the seals behind him. He had far few followers in his pack them before. The number of his pack diminished and for good reason, the Master of Death had shown up and demolished them in battle.

Of all of the people for the Slayer to seek any kind of sanctuary with, it would have to have been the Master of Death. Death had been someone who could not round up all of the dark spirits and the demonic entities over time. Kakistos heard whispers of there being some kind of imbalance in the realms which prevented the creatures from being collected and sealed where they should have been. He did not know, he only heard the rumors.

The rumors reached him and the ancient Greek Vampire did not know what to believe. Only he caught a glimpse of Death guiding her master to his location. Had he been in the presence of the master any longer, he would have been annihilated and it would have been all for nothing.

'I have to get her, no matter what the cost,' he said.

Obsession and the deeply rooted blood instincts of the vampire struck him at the worst possible time. He knew stepping out would put him underneath the watchful eye of Death's master. Yet, by letting a Slayer, especially one who should have been so easily defeated, free would not work out well for him, they were the last line of defense between his type running amuck and them not running amuck.

'She'll perish…I can be strong….he's not as fearsome as they say,' he thought. 'Mere parlor tricks.'

The creature reached in a goblet which brimmed to the top of a smoking red liquid. He crushed the goblet in his hand and tipped it back. The contents of the container splashed his lips when he downed it in one fluid action.

He turned his attention towards what remained of his armor.

"Master, she's sent him for us," he said. "We can't go out there…"

"You've heard of the Fearsome Master of Death," the ancient vampire said. The blood he drank from the container resulted in smoking pouring from his mouth. "You've heard how he's able to tame even the most primal force which bends for no man, the one who would like nothing better to collect all of us."

Kakistos took a long and deep breath. He snuc a gaze over his shoulder. So far ,no one had come to collect him, and he would like nothing better than to keep it that way.

"Some of you look at him with the fear which should only be resolved for me," Kakistos said. "The fear should be resolved for me, and not him. I've seen Slayers fall, Gods tremble, and the bravest of heroes reduced to nothing more than scared children when they faced off against pure terror."

"Master, you fled…"

Kakistos shoved his hand through the chest of one of the minions and he gasped. The dark energies from the vampires flowed into his body with the eyes glowing in response.
"Some of you think I fled," he said. The bloodlust rose. "No, I was merely caught off guard with an unforeseen variable, and now I know what we have to face off against, the Slayer, both of them now, will be mine."

The second one crossing his path ended up being a bonus, although more heads for his trophy room was always welcomed. The first one would have been ripped to parts.

"My children to me," Kakistos said. "You must stand bravely. Death has not been able to take any of us. Therefore, her master will be no different. I need you to fight him, and show why we will not be pushed back."

They all nodded and crouched down to pay tribute to their master.

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Buffy tried to take it all in. Tonight was a routine night, well routine for her, not really routine for anyone with a sane life. Then it all turned around into something different. She found herself against the one who had defeated the most feared Dark Lord in Europe and through all lore, had ascended to the rank of the Master of Death.

Introductions had been made and it was hard to believe how surreal tonight was. The other Slayer, Faith, sat a bit away and she smiled when Harry finished up his work.

"I can't believe I'm meeting you, you're a legend, and…wow, I just….I normally I'm not this gushy," Buffy said. She tried to maintain some level of composure even though it was hard to do. "Sorry, really….."

Harry finished patching up Buffy and pulled back from her, a smile crossing his face.

"I wouldn't be too sorry," Harry informed her. "And don't worry; I'm used to it by now. I just… didn't know my fame transcended past Europe."

"Well, to be fair, I thought at first you might be some fable, but to see you really exist, right here, and do the things you do…" Buffy said. "Why do I have a feeling the truth is more astonishing than any legend?"

"Because it always is with me," Harry said.

Harry moved over and pulled out a piece a splinter of wood which he slipped into his pocket.

"What are you doing?" Faith asked.

"This is the piece of the stake Buffy tried to use on Kakitos, and it has….well it has pieces of his skin on it," Harry said. "It can tell you a lot about him, I believe, and we should be able to find a way to beat him."

"Aren't you going to try to run your sword through him?" Faith asked. "I'm pretty sure that would work."

Harry responded with a smile. He put himself to work analyzing the splinter of wood for a moment.

"Not exactly the worst idea," Harry said. He flipped over the splinter. "Also, you had the right idea, but the wrong caliber. Of course, when you've decayed for that long, there's really not much to put a stake through if I'm perfectly honest."
Harry analyzed the energy in the cells. They were something which died and decayed a long time ago. Any man had been buried in the darkness a long ago. The demonic entities take over and then it was pretty much game over for anyone.

"Well, none of them are really human, some are even less so than others somehow," Buffy said.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I saw a human emotion out of him," Harry said. "He's scared of me, or rather where I can send them."

The two girls had their attention on Harry and since their attention was on him, undivided, he could tell him what he was thinking.

"Those who have succumbed to the darkness, instead of taming it, have the most to fear when Death comes calling," Harry said.

Harry knew why she could not round up the undead herself. It was a rather tricky process and a bit of a moral gray area. Harry was the means to get around this particular gray area. It was not an ideal job. Someone had to do it though and why wouldn't it be Harry?

'Why not indeed?'

Harry pulled himself away from taking a close look at the splinter and turned towards them. He moved over and put the crossbow in Buffy's hand.

"You're going to need this if you're going to go out there," Harry said. "He's going to bring his full forces this time, not just the small group he has, so choose your shots wisely. It should lock on the strongest of them to take them out."

Harry leaned in and placed her hand on the trigger.

"Regardless, though, there's only so much it can do," Harry said. "And it's only as good as the person firing it. Speaking of which, give it a whirl."

Buffy turned her attention to several shadowy figures which popped up to face her. They lunged at her and instincts hit big time. The bolts sliced through the figures with pinpoint precision. She kept firing them off and the ammunition kept replenishing it.

"I'll save you the trouble, a very long explanation, and just tell you magic," Harry said. "It's really all that there is to it….or to be more complicated, it's a self-replicating extension charm which keeps causing matter to be created based off of the instincts of the wielder of the weapon."

Buffy and Faith both blinked.

"Yes, I like magic better," Buffy said.

"Me too," Faith said. "So, this time, do we have him?"

Harry hated to count his dragons before they hatched. No matter how much everything spun in their favor, Harry guessed a long-lived vampire like this one would not go down without a fight. He would not go so easily.

"It's all down to you two," Harry said. "I can send him off, but you're going to have to be the two to herd him and his followers into my net. The minute he sees me, he'll try and pull a runner again."

"What makes you think he'll show up?" Buffy asked.
Faith looked towards her fellow Slayer and raised an eyebrow. One of the more obvious "are you kidding" type expressions flickered through Faith's eyes when she stared down at Buffy.

"Of course, he's going to show up, he's obsessed with taking me down, and given he's chased me across state lines, he's not going to give up," Faith said. "Which we can use to our advantage, I guess."

She had thought about something which was reckless as it was brilliant. Insane might have been the better adjective to couple with it if she was being perfectly honest with herself.

'Okey, let's do it,' she thought. 'I'm ready.'

They really hoped this particular plan would not blow up in their collective faces, for all of their sakes.

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Faith waited in the middle of the alleyway. She had herself armed and ready to go. If this nutcase plan didn't work, she would be too dead to be bothered with it anyway.

Harry being near her, even though she could not see him, relaxed Faith slightly. And she had some backup from the other Slayer, who would be too busy with the minions to be bothered with her.

'At least it's not little old me against the world.'

"So, child, you've decided to take your death with dignity?"

Faith stared the ancient vampire in the eyes.

"I'm not running from you," Faith said. "But, you know what, you're running from him, aren't you? Death's Master….he has you terrified, doesn't he?"

Kakistos bared his fangs at her and tried to lunge at her. She disappeared into a wisp of smoke which disappeared into the air.

The vampire turned around and saw the real deal standing behind him. She fired three bolts. Two of them had been blocked and one of them pierced his shoulder. He ripped it out, with the dark blood splashing to the ground. Faith tried to nail him, but he grabbed her by the arm and ripped the crossbow out of her grasp.

The crossbow caused a discharge of magical energy which knocked the vampire down to the ground. The other vampires moved to surround Faith.

'Okey, time to make your grand...WHAT THE HELL?'

A shrill sonic cry caught Faith off guard. She could see Buffy about ready to come out of the shadows to join her and the minor annoyance had greeted her just as much.

The vampires, on the other hand, had been brought to their knees and stunned. They had been lined up by the two Slayers and they started to fire bolts at them. The vampires erupted into dust.

"I will find the source of this trickery and…"

Faith impaled the crossbow into Kakistos chest and started to fire into him. She emptied the unlimited contents into his body. Splintering wood pierced his insides and he screamed in agony and grabbed
"Faith by the throat."

"Time for you to…"

His head exploded into a shower of blood when Harry moved in for the kill shot. His body crumpled into dust and left at least three dozen wood stakes lying in the ashes. The ashes levitated into the air and entered a magical vortex which Harry opened.

'I have him, Master.'

"So, are you two okay?"

Faith and Buffy stepped back, dripping in blood, but they both nodded.

"I'm going to need to take a really long shower, but I think I'll be okay," Faith said. "Especially now he won't be hunting me….he's gone, right?"

"Yes, gone," Harry said.

"That was pretty swift with the sonic attack to stun them," Buffy said, rubbing her ear lobe. "Guess you needed to pull our asses out of the fire."

"I'd like to take credit for that, but it wasn't me," Harry said.

"It wasn't?" Faith asked.

Harry shook his head and looked around. He could have sworn he saw someone disappear into the shadows on the rooftop.

'Curious.'

Harry offered both Buffy and Faith a hand and decided it would be best for them to teleport out of here. Numerous questions had been left unanswered and Harry hoped he would have those answers soon.

To Be Continued on August 11th, 2016.

One thing that floors me is how long these early chapters ended up being. I prefer them to go between 3500 and 4000 words, not counting bonus material (Or to put it in lamens terms "a lemon."). Sometimes though that doesn't go as planned because things run long.

Faith puts together she just slept with that Harry Potter a bit later amused me more than it should. And given Buffy’s reaction, one can figure out how known Harry is known the world over. Harry fame stretches far beyond the humble little community of simple wand wavers. And he's a bit more comfortable with that than he was earlier. Death gives you a different perspective on life.

So we have our first little team up, and ancient vampire goes boom. And they had some help from… well I'm not going to spoil it. All shall be revealed soon enough. Although I'm sure people are savvy enough to put it together by now.

The Sword of Gryffindor, which Gryffindor won from the goblins, and the metal used to make the sword was an invention of one of Harry's ancestors. So, it belongs to Harry.
So, we'll be back next Thursday with more fun and games.
The army of vampires had been taken out and left Harry with the one thing he did not want in his entire life, no matter what. An entire heap of questions and not too many answers to go along with them.

'Questions, more questions, which I don't have answers to,' Harry thought. 'Pretty much the story of my life, if I'm honest. Why did I think it would get any different from here?'

Harry took a quick look around and made his attempt to try and find out something, anything. All he came about was the charred ground where the vampires once laid. He sensed someone was here, but there was no one here.

'The sonic pulse, whoever used it, it was pretty impressive,' Harry mentally commented. 'And it would be something I would like to adapt in time if I have a chance to do so. Of course, finding the person who did it might help me…but she's disappeared into the night.'

One more quick sweep around had been made before Harry would give up the ghost and return back. Faith and Buffy waited for him to return.

"So, you've just jumped neck first into the world of vampires," Buffy said. Harry raised an eyebrow. "Sorry, I couldn't resist, really bad joke, won't do it again."

"Let's hope now," Harry said. He walked closer towards her with a smile crossing over his face. "And I've heard of vampires in the past, but these are a far higher grade than the ones I learned about."

"From the world of wand-waving?" Buffy asked. Harry responded with a nod. "Yes, they have a bit of a limited perspective of vampires….and I'm beginning to think they never encountered many truly dark creatures."

Harry hated to say this out loud because it made him look rather bad by comparison. The people who came from his world were not exactly the strongest and most durable of individuals. Some were, but others were not.

Those who were smart enough to get out of the crossfire were the strongest of them all.

"If they did, I doubt many had the sense to tell the tale," Harry said. "Dementors were….the highest end of darkness I had to deal with before tonight. Soul-sucking monsters….drain all of the happiness out of people, even by our tame standards, they can be pretty nasty to deal with."

Buffy shuddered at the very thought and it took a lot to make her shudder these days. "Yes, I can see…point well taken."

"You did deal with them, though?" Faith asked.

Harry mentally flashed back to the time he had spent before leaving and all of the efforts he put into snuffing out every last Dementor, at least as much as he could destroy manifestations of depression
"Of course, I did," Harry said. "I won't say I finished them off for good because wherever their despair and misery, there's a chance the conditions can be recreated for them to be reborn again. But…...for all intents and purposes, they're pretty much done. And I can't say I'm too upset about it, and I know neither of you will be either."

Faith and Buffy locked eyes with each other and both came to a silent agreement they agreed with Harry's assessment.

"No, we aren't," Buffy said. Faith responded with a brisk shake of her head as well.

"Just shows more of your prowess," Faith said. She gave Buffy a knowing smile and a wink.

Thoughts of what Harry's prowess could really do entered Buffy's mind. She looked at the wall and shoving Harry against the wall before he turned the tables and had his way with her sounded very inviting.

The thought entering her mind had been so unlike her, Buffy shook it off. She must have gotten caught up in the heat of the moment.

'Or the heat of something else,' a naughty little voice in her ear stated.

Buffy shook her head. She didn't really know where these thoughts came from. Harry stared at her for a moment.

"I'm fine, it's just…it's been a long day."

"Some of the traditional methods worked on those," Harry said, swinging the conversation back around to the subject at hand. A couple of seconds passed. "And it does help to have a magical sword which can slice through anything."

"Don't forget the element of surprise," Faith said. "Who could have expected what we did?"

"You mean given its reckless, foolhardy, and could have gotten us killed?" Buffy asked. Faith responded with a smile. "Yeah, no one in their right mind could have expected anyone doing that."

Buffy gave one of the longer and more frustrated sighs she could imagine doing. What a night, and to think her night ended like this.

"It's really my luck for my night to end like this," Buffy said.

"I don't know why you're complaining," Faith said.

"Not a complaint more like a moment of observation," Buffy said. The two Slayers locked eyes with each other for a moment.

"It's obvious you're curious about what Harry can do," Faith said. She gave Buffy a smile, which was very knowing. "And you know….it's far beyond kicking all kinds of ass."

Again, some naughty thoughts entered Buffy's mind. She tried her hardest to push them down. They threatened to overwhelm her and haunt her mind the longer she fought them.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Buffy said. "So, I guess, goodbye…..I'm really late in getting home…..I was only going to go around for a quick peak, you know."
Harry stepped closer towards her and closed the gap between the two of them. Buffy thought for a wild moment something was going to happen.

"Our paths are going to cross again, you know that, right?" Harry asked her.

Buffy smiled. She certainly wasn't going to complain about that.

"Yes, I figured about as much," Buffy said. She locked eyes right with him. "So, I guess if I need your help....I guess either of you....I'll give you a call....."

"Actually, I'm not hooked up for phone service just yet," Harry said. Buffy blinked when looking at Harry. "I know, that's one of the things I really should get around doing sooner rather than later."

A long paused followed and chills had been sent down Buffy's spine due to forces which had not been caused by the wind.

"If I find you, you're in big trouble," Harry said.

Buffy shuddered. Something about his tone made her think he was telling the truth.

"Right, if you find me....I'm in big trouble," she repeated. A moment passed and the blonde Slayer's eyes widened. "Just how big of trouble are we talking about?"

"Really big," Harry said. He looked her straight in the eye for a couple of moments. "Trust me on this; it's the type of trouble you don't want to be a part of."

She figured about as much, at least so she thought.

"How about I give you a lift back home?" Harry asked. "I don't think you want to walk all the way back....."

"You...you don't have to," Buffy said, but she got one look at Harry's ride and realized she did want to.

'Granted, that car is not the only thing you want to go on a ride with,' she thought to herself. Cheeks grew redder at the thought of what she wanted.

Buffy realized she might have had a dreamy look on her face. She adopted an all serious, all the time, type of look, which she doubted fooled anyone. Especially with the knowing smile Faith gave her, and a slight wink as well.

"Come on, he won't bite," Faith said. She leaned closer towards Buffy and their eyes met. "Unless you ask him nicely."

Buffy had been sorely tempted to take Faith up on the offer. She took a couple of seconds to put herself in line. One look at Faith showed Buffy she was far from done.

"And trust me, he'll do it in a place where no one can see it," Faith said. "My bites are kind of covered up right now."

"So, are the two of you dating?" Buffy asked.

Faith thought that actually was a good question.

"Well, technically speaking, we are," Faith said. "But, you know, someone like Harry, he's going to need a few women to try and tame him."
The implications of what she said with tawdry enough to make Buffy consider it and make her wonder if she had hit her head during the fight. She figured she did not.

'Talk about one of those insane enough to be real type things,' Buffy thought.

"A few women to try and tame him?" Buffy asked, almost testing these words. Why did these words sound far more enticing than she thought of it? A more primal instinct buried deep inside her threatened to overwhelm the values which had been taught over the years, and if Buffy was honest with herself, she thought it fit her well.

"Yes, try and tame him," Faith said. "Key word is try. I doubt very much we can succeed, but….hey….trying is half of the fun."

Harry cleared his throat and both of the girls in question turned towards him. A smile flashed on Faith's face when she looked Harry straight in the eye.

"Very nice to see you're comfortable enough to have this conversation when I'm standing about three feet away from you."

"Mmm, sorry, I'll make it up to you later," Faith said. She didn't seem so sorry. "It's getting a bit late though….maybe you should put me to bed."

"For me, it's early," Buffy said. She realized what she said could have been taken the wrong way, or maybe it could have been taken the right way, it was hard to tell.

"For a Slayer, there's no such thing as too late."

Buffy couldn't disagree about that.

The woman in white made sure to have struck fast and out the vampires. If anything else, this rather interesting encounter verified some things and also raised far more questions. She slipped into a temple and came face to face with the woman in the shadows.

The Daughter of the Demon, the Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"So, you've had a productive night, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said, stepping closer towards her. "I think we got his attention, that's what you wanted, isn't it?"

The Daughter of the Demon responded with a smile. She was still rather new at this. Her protégé adapted even more quickly than even the Daughter of the Demon could have guessed and she had high expectations.

Why would she take on a protégé if she did not have high expectations?

"In a way, yes, but we should play a careful game until we find out whether or not he's worthy," she said. "You know the responsibilities I have to the League."

"Yes," she said. "You are Nyssa Al Ghul, you are the Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul, and….you're the current leader of the League. At least by birthright you are,"

There might have been some snarkiness in the tone of her pupil/lover, but she did hit the nail on the
"Yes," Nyssa said. She nodded in agreement. "Rights which many have foolishly denied me….the League is splintered….and some of the factions are dabbling in forces which are far beyond their comprehension."

"It's getting worse," she said.

"Yes, it's been worse," Nyssa said without skipping a beat. "You've proven yourself to be among my most worthy, and most loyal."

"Well you wouldn't allow me to share your bed if it wasn't the case," she said. "That's a privilege few have been granted."

"Yes," Nyssa agreed. "But, we must prepare for what is to come. The Slayers are even noticing it…and I'm sure the Watcher Council…they've noticed it a long time ago. Even though they haven't….determined the full grasp of what this current breed is about."

The blonde assassin bowed when she looked Nyssa straight in the eye.

"How were the vampires?"

"As annoying as you expected they would be," she responded. "I showed up and assisted the Slayers…and the Dragon…"

The "D-Word" caused Nyssa to grow interested, even though she adopted a stoic expression. She wouldn't betray her emotions to anyone, not even her beloved.

"Slayers?" Nyssa asked.

"Yes. As in two of them…..I believe the one who is based out of Sunnydale….the one place where you told me to avoid unless absolutely necessary."

"Yes, other than Gotham City, I've never seen such a place which bred darkness," Nyssa said. She would not go as far to say it should be wiped off the map like other extremists in the League might, her father included. Still, it unnerved her. "The archaic energies will twist anyone, and have twisted several."

Nyssa paused before giving her final assessment.

"At least this confirms what we speculated for quite some time," Nyssa said. "And now we can figure out how to proceed from here."

Harry returned home after dropping Buffy back home. He and Faith celebrated a night well done and Harry decided to leave her in bed. He regulated himself to a study, as he did late at night. Given how much he wore Faith out in their celebration, he figured there was no chance of her waking up before he could return to bed.

Meanwhile, he thought about the night which was and thought about the consequences. Every action had consequences, even for the Master of Death.

'Well, there's no two ways about it, I'm going to get a lot of attention by now,' Harry thought. 'And it's not going to be the right type of attention. It's going to be the wrong kind of attention.'
"So, I take it you've had a productive night?"

The light flickered a moment and Harry turned his attention towards Dee-Dee who sat next to the fireplace. Her arms folded and a bit of a smile crossed over her face when she eyed Harry from her position.

"Well, you would know about as much as anyone else," Harry said. "I sent some dark souls to you….although saying the people in question had souls would be pushing things, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would," Dee-Dee said. She gave Harry a smile and crossed the room closer towards him. "It would be pushing things just a little bit, you know."

"Yes, I know," Harry said. "And now, I'm sure some people are going to be interested in the fact of why I'm here."

Dee-Dee leaned across the room and touched her hand on her master's thigh. She made sure their eyes locked onto each other.

"You've said it best yourself many years ago," Dee-Dee said. She took a couple of seconds to allow it to all sink in and lean closer towards Harry. "You're not the kind of person who looks for trouble. Rather, it finds you, no matter what your best efforts are."

Harry could not help it.

"Finally, someone has figured it out," Harry said. "Normal life, who wants that anyway?"

"I wouldn't know anything about what normal is," Dee-Dee said. "Those who think they're normal are the most abnormal of them all."

Harry responded with a cough which sounded like "Dursley." The two of them shared a laugh because of this particular statement. Harry grew a bit more serious after he had gotten the laughter out of his system.

"To be fair, it took me a lot longer to draw attention than I had planned," Harry said. "And I want to figure out who helped us….I'm pretty sure she has her own agenda….or maybe she answers to someone who does."

"If it's a female, she'll have only one Master before too long," Dee-Dee said. She looked towards Harry and smiled. "You know I can't intervene in these situations, but I can…."

"You can hint around, and point me in the right direction," Harry said.

He knew of all of the laws and accepted them. Harry enjoyed figuring out things on his own because it allowed him a challenge. And more often than not, the answers were closer than he thought. Just a few puzzle pieces had been missing along the way.

"It just goes to show you what I've been telling you this entire time," Dee-Dee said. "Master, wherever you go, you're going to attract attention. Sometimes, it's the right kind of attention, and sometimes it's not the right kind of attention. Still, with the company you keep, it's more than worth it."

"With the company I keep, it's more than worth it," Harry said. "And I've attracted a second Slayer."

Dee-Dee fired a smile at him. She looked on with pride to her Master and given how much she saw him grow over the years, from very humble beginnings to the point where he was now, where he
was heading excited her and excited him just as much.

"Useful allies, but then again, you don't give the time of day to people who don't have a use," Dee-Dee said.

"Yes, it's easy to see those people a mile away and avoid them when possible," Harry muttered to himself.

The nature of Harry's powers already put him at a disadvantage right there. There were a few males who were on his level intelligent wise and Harry respected everything.

"Given your past experiences with them, few could fault you," Dee-Dee said. She leaned in closer towards her master. She kissed him on the lips and allowed her lips to linger for a few moments before pulling away. "And they'll learn loyalty to you, just like I have and many other of the most beautiful women in the world will sooner rather than later."

Dee-Dee's eyes flashed with a bright light within them. She was not done pumping her master up.

"And you'll be even greater now you're full potential has been unchained," Dee-Dee said. She looked at Harry with a smile. The Manifestation of Death found herself blown away by the sheer presence of her master. "Not that you didn't do well for yourself back home."

Harry recalled some of the exploits back home. The few he had were memorable. Given the nature of his magic and his celebrity, there should be more. The rumors someone laced the pumpkin juice with reverse hormones stuck out in Harry's mind. Harry was pretty sure that person's first and last name started with the same letter.

"I think I did fine," Harry said. "Not as well as I could have, though….not as well as I should have. But, it gave me experience for the future."

Dee-Dee leaned in and placed her hand on Harry. She gave him a firm squeeze and a knowing smile in response.

"Like I said, with your full potential unlocked, the sky is the limit for you."

Harry smiled. He figured it was about time for him to move forward. The past would be left back in Europe, as the world scorched around the wand wavers. Those who did not leave earlier regretted their decision to stick it out and make it work, Harry was certain. Well, they would if they had the capacity to learn anything.

"Time for me to locate a few relatives I have in the States," Harry said.

"You've come to the conclusion Dumbledore was mistaken regarding the Dursleys being your only living relations," Dee-Dee said.

"Well, I've come to the conclusion they're the only relatives which were close enough to make my trip to Hogwarts convenient," Harry said. "You know, given I was dropped on their doorstep without them having any say in the matter, I do feel a little bit of sympathy for them."

Dee-Dee raised an eyebrow.

"Master?"

"It's a pity they pissed it all away by the way they treated me," Harry said. "But, now they have their lives to live, and I have my life to live."
The chances of their paths crossing again would be microscopic. Vernon hated the United States with a passion, even more so than the many other things he hated with a passion, Harry at the top of the list.

"You should live your life to its fullest," Dee-Dee said.

Harry smiled, for some reason; this request coming from the manifestation of Death really did amuse Harry just a tiny bit. Maybe it was just him, though.

"I will, believe me, I will now," Harry said. "So, I'll leave you to your work, then."

"Until we meet again."

Harry allowed his humble servant to leave. He looked into the documentation he managed to acquire regarding relatives, on both the Potter and Evans sides of the family. The squib portion of the Potter line left to settle into the United States a little over a century ago and ended up in the middle of Kansas after some time. The Evans had been a bit more scattered to be honest, although Harry was more intrigued about one person in particular.

Needless to say, he would have some questions and would make to make some phone calls to see if everything was feasible for his plans.

"You had her eating out of the palm of your hand."

Harry turned to Faith with a smile. He could not help, but needle her with a statement.

"You mean like I had you eating out of the palm of my hand," Harry said.

The two of them ate breakfast the next day. They already shared a shower together and they had to have a late Breakfast because of their water conservation.

"You could have dragged her into bed, and she wouldn't have protested," Faith said.

"Yes, I could," Harry said. "But, the fact I didn't makes her want it even more, right?"

Faith took a moment to consider what Harry said nodded in response.

"If she's persistent as I am, though, she might take the choice out of your hand," Faith said. She gave Harry a knowing smile with a wink to match. "And you know, a couple of nights worth of ruined panties will make her persistent. Because you tend to invade the dreams of every woman you meet."

Harry smiled, that much was true if he was perfectly honest.

"I still think you're an Incubus," Faith said. "Or at least there was one far back in your bloodline… and I know you're thinking about it."

"Yes, I am," Harry said with a smile. He leaned closer towards Faith, locking onto her eyes. "And I'm sure it's crossed your mind as well, hasn't it?"

His tone sounded a bit teasing and Faith's spine had chills blow down it.

"A little bit," she admitted. She closed in on him. "Can you blame me?"
"No, not really," Harry agreed with her. "It's pretty fascinating."

Faith responded with a smile. It was pretty fascinating.

"Do you know if anyone if there are any relatives on your bloodline who have Fae blood?" Faith asked.

Harry frowned in response, but at the same time, he shifted into a pretty deep line of thoughts.

"As you know, my Aunt and Uncle weren't really forthcoming with any information," Harry said.

Faith responded with a snort. She figured about as much. Call her crazy, but she could have figured it out on her own.

"Right, but what about your other side of the family?" Faith asked.

"Good, question, I'm trying to figure it out," Harry said. "Magical creatures were….well let's just say my people didn't have a very enlightened attitude on things which were different from them, and let's leave it at that."

Faith was beginning to see why he left. Actually, he pretty much told her in no uncertain terms why he pulled an exit stage left from the magical world of magical people. Still, it reinforced things nicely.

"I'm beginning to see why you left," Faith said.

"Just now?" Harry asked.

"Well, I did," Faith said. "So, do you think any of your friends are going to track you down?"

"I'm not exactly hard to find," Harry said, with a shrug. "But there aren't that many people left who would even bother. And those would...have their own lives."

Faith thought that was fair enough.

"So, I guess I'm going back to High School," Faith said. "Don't suppose you have another ancient Greek vampire for me to fight, do you?"

Harry smiled at her in response. He encouraged her to go back to school and if Faith was left to her own devices, she wouldn't. Harry spent some time away thanks to the magical of time travel and an assumed identity to fill in the gaps of his standard education, having picked up several Doctorates along the way.

"I think it would give you stability and keep you out of trouble," Harry said. Faith raised an eyebrow. "Or put you into more trouble, I'm not sure what American High School is like."

It couldn't be any worse than Hogwarts, with all of the misadventures Harry got in. Although, he hoped the Basilisks, Dementors, trolls, and psychotic teachers were only to make an impression on his account and weren't something which was a staple of Hogwarts for centuries. Otherwise, he would question their sanity even more.

"Well, it's been a while since I've been there, almost a year," Faith said. "I know enough to get into my Senior Year…and let's face it, half of school these days is hoping you get a teacher who you're just a little bit smarter than. That way you can bullshit your way to class."

Harry gave her a stern look. Faith had the nature to look a bit sheepish as she took a piece of toast.
"It's pretty cutthroat actually from what I remember," Faith said. "Lots of rumors, lots of gossiping, cliques at war with each other, people trying to stab each other in the back while smiling to your face….and…thank you for remembering why I was glad to see the back of it."

Harry sighed, it was exactly like Hogwarts. Well without the magic anyway.

"Well, Breakfast was good," Faith said. "But, I'm ready for dessert."

Faith disappeared underneath the table and a clink opened up Harry's pants. The warmth which surrounded the certain part of his body followed.

"You're still going to school," Harry told her. She mumbled something which sounded like "yes, Daddy", despite having her mouth full of Harry’s cock. "And don't talk with your mouth full."

Buffy Summers entered a night club. The sound of dancing and pounding music caused the head of the Slayer to spin when she approached the club. She started to bob her head back and forth.

"So, you came all the way out here for me, didn't you?"

Buffy turned around and she saw Harry Potter standing there. His green eyes locked onto hers and he looked as gorgeous as ever. Those eyes almost caused her heart to stop.

"Hey," Buffy said.

"Hey, yourself," Harry said.

Harry stepped closer towards Buffy and almost backed her up against the wall. Her heart started to beat even faster with Harry looking into her eyes.

"I've been on your mind since that night, haven't I been?"

Buffy could not deny it. Her throat unstuck the second Harry walked closer towards her and pulled her into the club. The people on the dance floor caused Buffy to blink. They all females, some with red hair, some with blonde hair, some with black hair, some had blue eyes, some had brown eyes, some had exotic violet eyes. They were white, Hispanic, black, Italian, a harem of women who looked at Buffy with smiles.

"Don't worry, you'll meet them soon enough," Harry said. "But, I think the two of us could hang out….if you want to."

"Yeah, I want to," Buffy said.

Harry wrapped his arms around Buffy and he dipped her down onto the ground. His lips came close to meeting hers but he pulled her back up.

"So much tension," Harry told her. His smile grew even wider. "Don't know what to tell you, but you're pretty tense….and I'm going to have to be the one to…..make sure all of that tension goes away like that."

Harry snapped his fingers and Buffy blinked a second later.

"Don't worry, I know what you want."
Her dress started to slide up her legs and came up her legs. Buffy realized something, much to her horror.

‘Shit, I forgot to wear underwear.’

"Don't worry," Harry told her. "That just means you won't ruin a pair before we have our fun."

This time, Harry finished the kiss and ground against her. Buffy returned the kiss and his hands condemned her to a death by a million orgasms. Her legs spread and she could see Harry's pants slip down.

"If I wait any longer, I just might die," Buffy said. She breathed heavily, his presence ensnaring her mind. "I need you, now."

"Not much for foreplay," Harry said, nibbling her on the side of her neck. "Don't worry; I'm going to treat you really nice."

Buffy's breathing grew, even more, ragged the more Harry worked her thighs apart. He came closer towards her and she could not believe how close he reached her. Penetration would come soon after.

Harry knocked on her gates and she opened wider for him to slip inside.

Buffy's eyes opened up and she rolled over, legs spread on the bed. She reached over and found out, this time, she wore panties and they soaked her through to the bone. Buffy whimpered when rolling her fingers against her mound and one thought entered her mind.

'Just a dream,' Buffy thought to herself.

It had been so vivid Buffy could almost still feel Harry's hands around her and she closed her eyes to regain those feelings from the past. Nothing happened, though.

A part of her wondered if Faith had been serious or just screwing with her.

Buffy moved to change the sticky bedsheets, and her panties. She also needed a nice and long shower.

To Be Continued on 8/18/2016.

Well, Buffy most certainly is interested. More than interested.

So, things are getting interesting in other ways. There's something brewing, trouble. It wouldn't be a day in Harry's life.

A brief conversation about Harry's past, and his perspective on the Dursleys these days. On the surface, you can almost feel sorry for someone who had their nephew dropped on their doorstep at the dead of night without consent. Of course, when you look at how Vernon and Petunia treated Harry, that sympathy sure gets pissed away pretty quick, doesn't it?

Harry did leave quite the impression on Buffy.
Until next Thursday.
'Let's see what we can find out here,' Harry thought to himself.

Harry thought he would be forever doing these tests. Before merging with the Hallows and ridding himself of the soul fragment inside him, his capabilities to perform magic were slightly average. Many people would be content with average, but Harry Potter was the furthest thing from many people. The Horcrux combined with the fact his magic was protecting his useless and abrasive relatives, Harry thought it was a good mark of his magical ability where he hadn't gone all squibs.

The Boy-Who-Lived responded with a frown when he moved through the latest tests. He had been scanning himself every single time after sexual intercourse. His abilities did increase as such where he could project himself into the minds of those women who he encountered, but only if sexual attraction had been there in the first place.

In his own opinion, Harry thought about eight times out of ten, sexual attraction would be formed. It really should have been much easier back in his world.

"Then again, it might have been easier if it wasn't for circumstances," Harry said. He smiled when he ran his fingers down the latest results. "It's just as I thought....I'm getting stronger, but not as strong as I should be. It's safe to say I've gotten much stronger than my entire seven years at Hogwarts"

Harry chuckled at his own high standards. He held a phone in his head. The Master of Death had been curious about more branches of his family. One of the reasons why he came to the United States was to explore a couple other questions regarding his bloodline.

"Yes, thank you for talking with me," Harry said. "I understand you've been tracing the Potter family tree, but you've run into a snag. "Have you found out there were no real records for this particular portion of the Potter family tree?"

Harry thought this particular statement would entice the person on the other end of the phone. He had been right. This grabbed her interest.

"Yes," the girl over the phone responded. "And it's frustrating, to be honest.....I swear, I've searched the Internet high and low, searched local libraries, made dozens of phone calls. I've even discussed things with a friend who is used to finding information which she shouldn't be able to find. But so far nothing, I'm at a loss."

Harry almost cracked a smile at the exasperation of his contact at the other end of the phone. He had made a couple of calls, sending some feelers. There was also the Evans family business interests which he needed to take a closer look at.
'So much to do, so little time,' Harry thought. 'Once I'm powerful enough to duplicate myself safely, my life will be so much easier.'

Harry chuckled once again. An advanced form of magic and people had been able to make holographic duplicates of themselves, but they were not tangible and flamed out in an hour. Harry was interested in using them for more scientific purposes.

"I might have information you could use," Harry said.

Harry heard a gasp from the other end of the line. He caught the interest of the woman he talked to.

"Oh, you do?" the girl on the other end of the phone asked. Her tone brightened up a little bit, and Harry almost laughed, even though it was not at her. "Please, anything….anything, I swear, I've been driving myself completely nuts trying to dig up this information."

Harry paused and pulled out the albums he removed from the Potter Family Vault back home. It was amazing he never noticed these record books when he was in the vaults all of the times previous. Then again, he had been so distracted by the mountains and mountains of gold, so anything else in the vault had been overlooked.

Then again, Harry supposed there were other reasons why he didn't really notice those textbooks in the vault.

'Maybe they wouldn't have presented themselves until I became of age, and ready to move forward,' Harry thought. 'But, damn would these things have saved so much grief.'

"Yeah," Harry said. "And there's a perfectly good reason why you're not able to find the information you need. Although you'll never believe it in a million years."

The girl responded with one of those of those chuckles as if she was more amused than anything by Harry's words.

"Trust me, I live in Smallville, and there's a very high ceiling on what I believe," she said. "I'm not sure if you've heard the rumors, but there're some really weird things going on here."

Harry heard the rumors about Smallville and had been more than curious. He knew from experience the truth skewed as more complicated than the most outlandish rumors.

"So I've heard," Harry said. He allowed his amusement to clear for a few seconds before he pushed himself forward. "So, I have information you might have use of, and I think you might have something for me… I don't have much on my Potter relatives in the States…..it pretty much runs dry before the Great War."

"Oh," she said. "Well, I think I can help you with that."

Harry figured the two of them could help each other. The mysteries of his past was slowly beginning to come together, at least it was his hope.

"Great!" Harry said in an excited voice. He cleared his throat. "We're going to have to do lunch….I'm actually going to be in Smallville next week if you're not too busy."

"How about Monday?" she asked. "Will you be there on Monday?"

Harry made a mental check of his schedule. He had nothing too pressing to do, and he would be there on Sunday for a week in Kansas.
"Yes, I'll be there," Harry said. "Talk to you real soon, Lana. Thank you."

"No, thank you, you don't know how long I've been trying to dig this up," Lana said. "And I'm looking forward to meeting you….can't wait until Monday!"

'Well, she's passionate about her work. Can't deny it.'

Buffy found herself at the hangout of many teenage girls the world over, a shopping mall. She looked like she was a million miles off, a fact which would not be lost upon the observant who caught a look at her. She tried to keep her head above the water.

There was more than enough running through her mind. The distraction wouldn't stop hitting her.

Three nights, three dreams involving Harry Potter, each of them becoming more vivid, more intense ever. It was to the point where every time Buffy closed her eyes, it was almost there.

'You better act on your impulses and jump him the next time you see him,' a voice thought in her head. It sounded a lot like Buffy's, although it was dripping with a lot more sexual mischief and was almost egging her on to do something, something pretty scandalous, something pretty naughty.

"Buffy!"

Buffy turned towards her friend, Willow Rosenberg. The cute redhead stared at her for a while, and Buffy shook her head.

"So, you met someone the other night?" Willow asked. "And not your usual….night crowd?"

"How did you know….I…"

"Well, you have that vapid dreamy look in your eyes," Willow said. "And you were looking at the water fountain, and it's not that interesting."

Buffy would have liked to respond with a snappy retort about how water fountains could be more interesting than you thought. She couldn't bring the right retort from her mind.

"Well, his name is Harry Potter, and he's…well he's certainly something," Buffy said.

"On a scale of one to ten, how you would rank him?" Willow asked.

"An eleven," Buffy said. Willow raised her eyebrow. "But there's room for improvement."

Willow made her way around the corner and almost ran headlong into a girl. She jumped halfway into the air and almost landed down with a solid "eep." The girl she ran headlong into grabbed Willow's head and prevented her from landing down on the ground.

"Oh, sorry, sorry, I'm so sorry!" she started. She looked at the girl, who was wearing a black leather jacket, a tank top, and tight leather pants. Very tight leather pants which distracted Willow just a little bit.

As in distracted her more than the mysterious and enchanting Mr. Potter did to Buffy earlier, but she mentally distanced herself.

"No, it's fine, you were distracted," the girl responded with a smile. Her dark hair framed her face in
an exotic and very alluring manner. "My name is Melody Drake."

Buffy frowned. Someone this intriguing, she would remember, she was sure.

"I haven't seen you around before," Buffy said.

"Well, I'm new in town," Melody said. She smiled when looking at the other girl. "I'm afraid I didn't have the pleasure of an introduction, Ms….."

"Buffy, Buffy Summers," she said a moment later.

Buffy spent a moment looking at the girl. She had been almost enchanted by the girl like she had been by Harry, and the Slayer doubted very much she was the only one. There was something musical about her voice, almost like a melody.

'Very fitting when you think about it,' Buffy thought. She took a second to clear her thoughts.

"Willow Rosenberg," she said. "And you could have been hurt…and I wasn't watching where I was going."

"If you really want to be fair, I was just about as distracted," she said. The two girls locked their eyes onto Melody. "There seems to be a lot of that going on here….but when you're in the presence of two lovely ladies, I think you can excuse me for being scatter brained."

Both of the girls smiled.

"Oh, yeah, I guess that's a good enough reason," Willow said. She stood up with a bit more confidence and poise in her voice. "So, you're new around here….must have been why we haven't seen you, like ever."

"Yes, and I'll be starting school tomorrow," she said.

"I can't believe they're making us start on a Friday this year," Willow said.

"Yeah, that seems a bit off," Melody said. "I have a feeling I'm going to like it around here….first time in a public school."

"Where did you go before now?" Buffy asked.

She stopped asking a question which pretty much amounted to asking the new girl why the hell she thought transferring into a school in Sunnydale was any kind of good idea. She didn't want to scare off the newbie at her first day.

"Oh, an all girl's private school," Melody said.

"What was that like?" Willow asked.

"Lots of Lesbian orgies," Melody responded completely deadpan. Willow looked a bit red around the ears. Buffy, to her credit, despite being thrown, seemed to take it about as much in stride. Melody looked towards Willow with a smile. "Interested in a transfer?"

"Um…..well…..I think I…..very good where I am," Willow stammered.

"Good, I'm glad things are good enough where you're satisfied," Melody said with a smile. "There isn't any lack of attractive girls in Sunnydale….I think I'll enjoy it here. A nice change of scenery….."
Buffy questioned why someone would come to Sunnydale these days.

"Why would you leave it the first place?" Buffy asked.

"Just wanted a change of pace," Melody said. "And the fact I got kicked out because they found me and a classmate on a teacher's desk….and the classmate was the daughter of the Headmistress."

Willow looked about ready to find a hole to hide in. Buffy placed her hand on her friend's shoulder and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Hope I'll see a lot more of your girls soon," Melody said. "I'll get out of your hair."

Melody Drake, or Sara Lance as she was known in a past life, smiled. She had made contact with one of the Slayers and her cute friend.

'Now I'll have to do is wait for the League's target to make their move,' Sara thought. 'At least I'll have no lack of amusement when I wait for Nyssa to give me the go-ahead to proceed."

Sara stole one last look at the two girls before walking off.

'Yeah, things are going to be very interesting.'

Harry performed the last battery of tests. He moved around, topless, dripping wet with sweat. This fact, Faith appreciated when viewing Harry working. Her eyes traced every bit of his muscles and she smiled, licking her lips in hunger.

'I've seen him with much less, but this is still a treat,' Faith thought to him.

"Don't forget what today is," Harry said to her.

Faith, with regret, tore her eyes away from Harry. She had been brought back down to Earth a few seconds later.

"Been trying to, thank you," Faith said. "School…..I don't think I missed it, and I think I'll miss it even less when I get back today."

Harry could feel her pain and was pretty glad he was done with school himself. He managed to get all of his qualifications he missed at Hogwarts, and it wasn't easy catching up on seven years of lost education. Especially given educational standards changed since the last time he stepped in a proper school.

"So, how far is your upper limit?" Faith asked.

Harry stretched out a little bit. Faith tried not to get wound up too much before school. It would be hard enough to get through today without remembering what was waiting for her when she got home.

'Focus, you can do this,' Faith thought to herself.

He tested a few more things before turning around and looking towards Faith with a long gaze.

"I'm not sure if there is any kind of upper limit," Harry said. "After our workouts, I always run some tests to see, and it keeps rising."
Faith held out the obvious retort about Harry's limits not being the only thing that's rising.

"But, that's just with one woman," Faith said. "And granted, I can be pretty amazing…"

"And so very modest," Harry said.

Faith walked across the room and leaned towards Harry. She gave her master a long kiss on the lips. She tried not to stick around for too long. Otherwise, she might not be able to leave.

"Well, you can't accuse me of not being confident," Faith said. She sat down on the table and bent forward to give Harry a nice look at her cleavage. After all, if she was going to get wound up, it was fairer to be wound up. "But, seriously, though, just think about how fast you're going to regain your powers if you have two women….or more."

Harry smiled and rested a hand on her bare thigh. Faith blinked and tried to give him a glaring look, to warn him not to wind her up before school. The look only caused Harry to slip his hand up her thigh and stop close from reaching underneath her skirt.

"Believe me, I've thought about it," Harry said.

"Good, I'm glad you have an imagination," Faith said. "I would seriously question my tastes if you didn't."

The best thing about going to school was being able to scout new pieces of fresh meat to bring home to her master.

'So maybe this will work out for the best.'

"Just keep your head down, and don't get into too much trouble," Harry said. Faith snorted when looking at Harry. "I know, I'm the last person to give this lecture."

Faith laughed. At least he admitted it, which worked out pretty well for her.

"Yes, you are," Faith said. She slid her skirt back a little bit and Harry caught a flash on her panties. She grinned. "But, your heart is in the right place. I'll try to be a good little girl."

Faith leaned towards him and added in a sultry voice.

"But, if I'm bad, that just means you can spank me."

Self-control prevented Harry from taking her over the table and giving her something to be sore for during the entire school day.

"Buffy's wet dreams are also adding into my power levels being fueled," Harry added. "Unfortunately, though, my entire life can't just be sex and working in my lab."

"Oh, I don't know," Faith said. "That sounds like a pretty good life for me."

Faith slid off the table and wrapped her arms around Harry. She gave him one of the most sultry kisses ever and cupped his ass, pinching it. Harry squeezed it in response.

"Well, at least I have something to look forward to after school," Faith said. Her heart started to beat in anticipation. "I don't suppose there isn't a spell which can fast forward the day until the end, is there?"

Harry frowned towards her and cast her a stern gaze. Faith smiled and stole one last quick kiss from
him.

"Wishful thinking, I know."

"Very wishful thinking," Harry said.

There were, in fact, spells which could speed up time, but they also created severe distortions to the fabric of time and space, along with magically created natural disasters.

"Well, wish me luck," Faith said.

"Good luck," Harry said. "I hope you survive the experience."

She considered a quickie with Harry after breakfast. But, as Faith well knew, there was absolutely nothing quick about Harry.

Faith wondered who had the bright idea to do this. Who thought it was a good idea to start school on a Friday, but she was pretty sure they got on her bad side right away. The dark haired girl double checked her schedule. She was supposed to be in orientation in about twenty minutes and she was pretty early.

'Damn you, Harry, you're being a bad influence on me, making me be on time.'

Faith almost chuckled in response. Almost as if cue, Faith almost ran into Buffy. Buffy took a half of a step back.

"Oh, hey, Faith," Buffy said. "How are you doing?"

Faith tried not to grin at the very sight of her fellow Slayer.

"Pretty good," Faith said. "You know, I've been sleeping pretty soundly after Harry helped us take care of the ancient Greek Bastard."

"Oh yeah," Buffy said for a second later. "It must be a relief to get the monkey off of your back."

"Or the goat," Faith said. She looked at Buffy, and she could not resist planting more seeds in her mind. "Harry's amazing, he keeps me pretty busy."

The suggestion planted in Buffy's mind had the desired effect.

"Does he?" Buffy asked, trying not to sound too curious. Unfortunately for her, she didn't do a very good job at it.

"Yes, and I would get in a lot more trouble if he wasn't there to keep me in line," Faith said. "Just goes to show you, it takes a pretty firm hand to put someone back in line, and someone who is able to take charge. And Harry takes charge, and I'm a lot better off for it."

Buffy recalled her dreams, and how Harry started to take charge of her. Granted, they had been tastes of the forbidden fruit which had been pulled away.

"So, been doing well?" Faith asked. "You haven't been working too hard slaying the forces of evil, have you? You've been sleeping well, haven't you?"
Buffy could not help but notice the look on Faith's face, almost knowing, almost smug.

'There's no way she knows….there isn't some Slayer Force Sense thing which gives you the ability to know stuff,' Buffy thought to herself. 'At least, I don't have it.'

"Very well," Buffy said.

"Good," Faith said. "If we ever team up, I don't want you slacking off on the job again."

Buffy was about to protest for a second. She realized Faith had wound her up and she responded with one of those more obvious glares. Her hands flew to her hips and looked Faith in the eyes.

"So, do you want to come over to my place after school?" Faith asked. Buffy raised an eyebrow. "Well, it's not my place, as much as Harry's, but still,…remember his modest beach house?"

Buffy cracked a slight smile at Faith's terminology. She wasn't going to let this go.

"Harry won't be there, he's got some business to deal with," Faith said. "His mother's side of the family owned a lot of business, and now he's in the States, I guess he wants to take a bit closer control of them."

Buffy found herself disappointed Harry wouldn't be there, but she guessed it made a fair bit of sense he would have other responsibilities.

'Well, there goes your chance to make your move,' that voice said again.

Buffy's thoughts drew to a rather abrupt thought when she noticed another girl walk around the corner. She smiled and turned her attention towards Faith.

"Faith, I'd like you to meet Melody Drake," Buffy said. "Melody, this is Faith Lehane."

Faith smiled, something about this girl was familiar. Actually, Harry mentioned he ran into a girl named Melody Drake when he had been arriving in the United States. And Faith pretty much figured out this girl and that girl was one and the same.

'Can't be a coincidence she's here,' Faith thought.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you," Faith said with a smile. She most certainly felt her master's imprint when shaking Melody's hand.

She was just a little bit better in controlling her impulses in public, and not looking lost in herself like Buffy was.

"Likewise, and…guess we're going to have to brave this new adventure," Melody said. "But, I think you'll do great."

"Really," Faith said. "Same to you."

Buffy smiled at both of them. "Welcome to Sunnydale High School, hope you survive the experience."

To an outsider, Buffy's statement might have sounded a bit facetious. However, to someone who was in the know, they understood how honest her hopes they would survive the experience would be.

"How bad can it be?" Melody asked.
Faith almost responded with a snort but held herself back. Perhaps she should be a bit more positive.

"So, did you have a nice day at school?"

Sara Lance tried to ignore the rather chipper statement coming from her beloved. It was almost like she was testing Sara. Actually, there was no almost about it. She was testing Sara. Making sure she was able to hold herself together.

She formulated the Melody Drake identity to be able to blend in and blended in rather too well.

"Well, this mission is reminding me why I was glad to see the back of high school in the first place," Sara said. "Glad enough I got on a ship with my sister's ex-boyfriend…..although I guess it all worked out in the end."

To her credit, Nyssa took these comments in stride.

"You are the best person for the job, and you're able to blend into a crowd," Nyssa said. "Even when you've been reborn, you're still adapt better to a life on the outside, more so than many members of the League."

And Nyssa never really knew a life outside of the League of Assassins, her entire life had been training, trying to be the heiress to the throne of the demon. With Ra's Al Ghul out of commission for the foreseeable future, she really had to step up. Keeping the various factions in check was difficult, as all of the key members of the League had their own agendas.

"Just keep your head up," Nyssa said. "I swear I'll make this worth your while in the future."

"Good, I'll hold you to that."

Sara knew Nyssa would make it up to her, but it didn't annoy her any less to be in this particular position. She made her way around high school, watching people standing in their cliques, losing all sense of individuality.

'On the other hand, being an assassin and being a high school student isn't too different,' Sara thought. 'Both involve deception and both require the ability to be something you're not to adapt.'

"Any luck finding him?" Sara asked.

"I've been trailing him all morning, I will make my presence known once we're alone," she said. "And then I'll test his worthiness."

Sara almost smiled at her beloved's high standards. It really made her confident in her own abilities if Nyssa allowed her to share a bed, there must have been something in Sara.

"Well, best of luck," Sara said. "If he's the one….."

"If he's the one, then we'll move forward," Nyssa said. "Just keep your eye on the Slayers…..they could be a prime target. And make sure to stay out of the detection of the Watchers."

"Right, keep an eye on the Slayer, and watch for the Watchers," Sara said. "No problem."

"Don't be so flippant, it could mean the difference between success and failure," Nyssa warned her.
Sara almost rolled her eyes. Nyssa acted like this was her first infiltration mission. She was always good at keeping her head down and avoiding the type of people who got her into trouble.

Harry left a meeting. Much to his relief, the company ran itself, and his first indications saw the Board of Directors was on the level, which was a relief. His grandparents made sure to set up a good staff, many of them who were still in place.

'Still, they were glad to hear any ideas I have, and not discourage them,' Harry thought. 'So at least they're more forward thinking than some.'

Actually having some people older than him except his input and feedback was very strange for Harry.

Harry walked into the darkened parking garage. He stepped a bit closer and noticed something. Someone had been right behind him for the past three minutes. They laid in wait in the parking garage.

"You know, you can come out properly so we can properly speak to each other."

A whoosh brought Harry's attention to the right and an energy pulse caught the security camera. The lights dimmed slightly and left Harry standing in the semi-darkness. His arms folded over each other, with a frown crossing over his face.

A figure cloaked in the familiar attire of the League of Assassins took a step towards Harry. Her entire body had been covered, with a mask pulled over her face. Haunting green eyes flashed towards Harry. Harry waited for her to move forward.

The lights went out and seconds passed before the cloaked figure turned around. Harry ended up behind her in the blink of an eye, a firm grip on her arm. She twisted out of the attack and sent him a few steps back.

"I'm here to test you," she said. "To see if you're worthy."

She stabbed the air at the spot where Harry had been standing just a blink of an eye ago. The woman turned around and noticed Harry standing at the opposite end of the parking garage. A predatory smile etched over his features.

"Well, here I am," Harry said. He motioned for her. "You've been following me all day, let's see what you're made of."

The two figures closed in on each other, ready to go head to head.

To Be Continued on August 25th, 2016.

So, Buffy is getting closer to being ensnared by Harry. Obviously, he could take her at any time, but the anticipation being built up in her mind is going to make things more glorious. And she isn't the
only one.

And Melody is Sara Lance, so there you go. The worst kept secret in this story is officially revealed. Well, one of them anyway.

Harry is researching his family tree, which could lead to some….interesting revelations.

We end with the preparation for a battle. And that's where we leave you until seven days from now.
Chapter Seven: Crossing Swords.

Harry Potter welcomed a challenge like this. Someone who he could go toe to toe with, and really test his abilities got his blood pumping like nothing else. Some might have seen it as insanity, and those who thought they knew him, might have pointed it out as an example where he went looking for trouble. However, Harry saw it very differently, he saw it as an attempt to take advantage of a good situation.

Besides, what was the point of just running away from trouble? He stared across at the parking garage, waiting for his adversary. The few subtle hints he received from her body language clued Harry in on the fact he was dealing with a skilled adversary.

The skilled adversary in question made the first attack. Harry avoided the sword before it went through him. He jumped up onto one of the cars in the parking garage. She wasted little time jumping on the car next to him, but the moment she made her way off, he was already up.

"Going to have to be a quicker than that if you intend to test me."

A heavy chain shot out of her sleeve in an attempt to nail Harry head on. Harry blocked the chain before it smacked into him. A second attempt for the chain to hit him proved to be spot on and the chain wrapped around him. For a moment, the ninja smiled, thinking she cornered the prey.

"Not so confident now, are you?" she asked him.

Harry responded with a devious little smile.

"Oh, I wouldn't be certain about that."

The Daughter of the Demon turned around. Harry Potter knocked her off of the perch point and caused her to flip down onto the ground. One second, he had been wrapped up in the chain. The next second, he broke free from the chain, or maybe he teleported out of it. The action happened so fast, Nyssa couldn't really tell from this particular vantage point.

Nyssa Al Ghul adjusted her stance and took in one of the deeper breaths she could manage. She charged at her enemy, knives at the ready. He dodged the attacks with swift precision.

Harry had been dodging things for most of his life whether it be bludgers or crazed wizards intending to kill him. His opponent slipped into the shadows. Harry turned around and managed to get a full view of the surroundings around him.

A sharp shuriken flung from Harry's vantage point. Harry turned around and caused the shuriken to explode into a shower of burning sparks. Another one hurled towards Harry, and Harry froze this one.

"I can go all day, and all night," Harry said, sounding almost amused by her attempts. "If you're holding back, now's the time where I'd hope you learn to respect me enough to kick it up a notch."

Nyssa dropped down from the heavens and tried to restrain Harry. Harry held onto her and flipped
her off of his back. She stuck a rather firm landing and returned fire with a kick without missing a beat. She could have sworn the kick connected.

Harry stood at the other end of the parking garage, reclining against the car. Nyssa's annoyance bubbled over when he didn't fight a conventional battle.

Deep down, she would be more impressed had this battle not made the Daughter of the Demon look like a fool.

"Stand your ground!"

"Doesn't a warrior use all of the tools at his disposal, no matter how unfair it may seem to his opponent?" Harry asked. He sent a bright white light at her. She avoided the attack, rolling onto her feet, and hurled another dagger towards him.

Harry slammed the palm of his hand towards the air and the dagger turned into a harmless pigeon. He smiled, having pulled off this particular attack without breaking a sweat.

Nyssa flipped over him and tried to grab him around the arm. She made her way to deliver a very subtle nerve pinch takedown, to slow him down. Only, she didn't quite find his nerve ending before Harry flipped her over onto the ground.

The Daughter of the Demon landed with a crunch. Her shoulder separated upon the landing. One could see by her eyes she was in pain. She climbed back to her feet, grabbed her shoulder and snapped it back into her socket without missing a beat. The Daughter of the Demon returned to the fight and attempted to attack her adversary with the one functional arm.

Harry avoided most of her attacks. She caught him with a couple of glancing strikes.

'Breaking her arm seems to have ignited a little fire in her,' Harry thought. 'Good, then I can kick this one up a notch.'

The sword swiped off of Harry's cheek and opened a cut. The cut healed over in a fraction of a second, and Harry smiled. He avoided the obviously mystical blade from slicing into his skin again. His hand transfigured a sword of his own out of dust. He blocked the attack and the steel clung together. Both stood their ground, neither wishing to yield from the other.

"You expect to match blades with the daughter of Ra's Al Ghul?" Nyssa asked.

"Ah, so you are who I thought you were, that's nice," Harry said. "I wonder if you're as beautiful as you are fierce."

Harry aimed a blast at her face and caused the mask covering her to fall off, revealing her face. Assassins hated to be unmasked in battle; it humanized them and removed the air of menace. Despite the striking beauty of this particular assassin, Harry would not get distracted, and would step back, picking up the battle.

"I'm sure, I'll pay," Harry said. He avoided the attacks from her. He knocked her down to the ground.

The Daughter of the Demon found herself flat back first down on the ground. She struggled underneath his strong grip. He pinned her down, and could do anything he wanted to her. Nyssa tried to struggle against him, not willing to submit, at least not without the pretext of a fight.

"Well, I've left you in an interesting position, haven't I?"
Harry leaned down and kissed her on the lips. She could not believe he had been so brazen to do so, and Nyssa could not believe she returned the kiss with about as much fury as Harry delivered in the first place. The Daughter of the Demon tried to gain some level of control over the kiss. His tongue wrapped around hers.

Sensations of pleasure coursed through Nyssa's body.

She broke the grip and kicked Harry away after coming back to her senses. She tried to aim an attack at him. Nyssa's punches had gotten a bit more sluggish with Harry leaning back. She hurled a dagger in the air but missed him without any effort.

"Looks like you're not as stone cold to all emotion you want."

Nyssa reached over and hurled a grenade into the air. A cloud of orange dust clouded the atmosphere around them. Harry could barely hold his head up, frowning in the process when he looked around. He formed a field which allowed the air flow to return back to almost normal.

The moment he regained his bearings, and cleared the air, Nyssa Al Ghul vanished, about as quickly as he appeared. Although Harry was pretty sure he left his mark on her, in more ways than one.

'Left with more questions than answers,' Harry thought. 'Well, that seems to my catchphrase as of late.'

Harry looked around and noticed no Nyssa. He could track her anywhere she went now they had contact, but he was far more interested to see how it played out.

'Guess you really are a sucker for the dramatics, Potter.'

Harry returned back to his study after the battle. A long day at work to be perfectly honest, and it wouldn't be a day in the life of Harry Potter if he didn't run into some trouble when trying to return back. He sank down on the couch, the frown more obvious.

A pair of hands found their way on his shoulders. They started to rub circular motions around it which brought Harry back to a level of relaxation. Those talented hands just rubbed the tension away.

"Long day at work, honey?"

Harry turned around to see Dee-Dee standing before him, looking like a vision wearing an apron and not too much else. The apron came up to just a few inches above her knees and covered pretty much everything which needed to be covered.

"Yes," Harry said. "Although it started out simply enough and what passes as normal for me."

Dee-Dee offered a smile. They both knew Harry's definition of normal and a standard definition of normal differed a little bit from each other. That being said, Dee-Dee was willing to humor Harry for as long as it took.

"Yes, it always starts that way," Dee-Dee said. Her hand rested on Harry's shoulder and allowed him to look her in the eyes. "Who did you run into today?"

Harry figured she had inkling, but a healthy master/servant relationship was built on some good
communication. And a little bondage, but mostly communication was key. Harry looked at the attractive embodiment of death.

"The Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul," Harry said. Dee-Dee blinked and nodded before giving Harry the opening to continue. "One of them anyway….although I'm not sure whether or not their father's hand is in it or not."

Dee-Dee cupped a hand underneath her chin. She placed a cup of tea down on the table and sat across from Harry, crossing her legs. Harry appreciated the uniqueness of his life.

'Only in my life is having tea with Death considered to be routine,' Harry thought. He reached forward and took a long sip.

"Ra's Al Ghul is number two on my list of my most wanted people who are long overdue for their final fate," Dee-Dee said. "He's run for a long time from me, running like a little girl…..although that would be an insult to little girls everywhere comparing Ra's Al Ghul to them. Even Riddle wasn't that bad."

"Seriously?" Harry asked.

"Well, Riddle was a different kind of awful," Dee-Dee said.

Harry could have offered a smile. Anyone who split their soul into seven pieces was certifiable, to begin with, especially given what Harry learned about the Horcrux rituals and how many people who tried it had ended up sealing themselves into their own containers for all eternity, not just their souls.

"He's a pretty formidable threat," Harry said. He smiled when looking at his humble servant. "He must have been to escape you for so long."

"Yes," Dee-Dee said, barely able to keep the smile off of his face. "Just keep your head up, Master."

Harry smiled. Funnily enough, he had given that particular line of advice to someone earlier today. It had been some pretty damn good advice. He decided to bring up a point the two of them discussed a little while back.

"I'm getting stronger," Harry said.

"As it should be," Dee-Dee said. "The fact you were able to last this long without flaming out is an indictment of your prowess and your potential. You should continue with the exercises, and…..don't be afraid to keep recruiting. See your limits, and test them. Make sure you go to your fullest abilities."

The words of praise resulted in Harry smiling. He wondered how he would fair today.

"She cut me today, and my wounds healed over," Harry said. "And I'm pretty sure the blade was mystical as well."

Harry paused for a couple of seconds to take a proper look at himself in the mirror. Not a scratch on him from a battle. He did leave his mark on the lovely daughter of the Demon and the thought of it just made him smile.

'Just another one for the group, soon enough,' Harry thought.

"You're building yourself back up," Dee-Dee said. She placed a hand on Harry's thigh. "And I have
to say, you've already tapped into your gifts quite well, very well. You will be something extraordinary.

Harry smiled. He knew he was something extraordinary, deep down. At one time, he longed to be normal, but given that was impossible, Harry decided it was for the best to be more extraordinary at most.

"So, how was your day?" Harry asked Dee-Dee.

Dee-Dee offered a smile which had been combined with a tired little sigh.

"More the usual," she responded. "People keep running from me, you know the drill."

Harry nodded in response. His servant needed to relax; maybe he could help her with that.

Faith stepped onto the front doorstep of Harry's "modest beach house", a joke she was pretty sure she rammed so far into the ground she was in danger of striking oil and making it rich.

Buffy stepped in behind her, excited to give a chance to see this house in more detail. She had been kind of preoccupied the first time she was here. She looked at the door, frowning. Something about it was a bit odd, and it took her less than a minute to figure out why.

"There's no keyhole," Buffy said.

"Yes," Faith said without missing a beat. She placed her hand on Buffy's shoulder and steered her a bit over to the side. "Of course, there's no keyhole. This is a magical house, therefore there would be a magical method to get inside."

Buffy could have slapped herself in agitation. Why didn't she think of that? Regardless of Faith's matter of fact way of stating things, she still found herself a bit flummoxed by the house. It was very extraordinary, no matter how Buffy looked at it.

"Guess Harry doesn't have to worry about a security alarm because no one can get inside," Buffy said. "So…um if there's no key, how do we get inside?"

Faith placed her hand on the edge of the door. Harry's mother's charm work was amazing. Granted, Faith didn't consider herself an expert on the nature of magical spells and charms, but she knew some good work when she saw it. And this was some pretty good work.

"Shazam!"

A bright light flashed in front of their eyes. An archway allowed them inside to the spacious living room. Faith and Buffy walked into the house, looking around.

"Seriously?" Buffy asked. "That worked?"

Faith smiled and Buffy took a step inside the hallway. She felt like the first step down the hallway just brought her into a brand new world.

"For the record, I live here, and even I haven't had a chance to look around everywhere," Faith said. "But, I've seen the inside of a few of the bedrooms. I helped Harry test the beds, you know…for structural integrity."
Buffy almost broke down into a snort.

"Oh, yes," Buffy said.

The Slayer wondered if Harry needed any extra help in testing the beds. She would be happy to help him out.

Faith noticed the look of longing in Buffy's eyes. She wanted to see how far she could tempt the other girl.

"I've seen a few more rooms other than the main bedrooms," Faith said a second later. She made sure Buffy's attention was completely on her. "Harry has a huge collection of toys down here which can be very useful."

"Oh, you mean he has a lot of weapons to hunt down vampires and other dark creatures?" Buffy asked.

Faith smirked when looking towards Buffy.

"Yes, those too."

Buffy could have face palmed herself from not coming to the obvious point. She collapsed down on one of the most comfortable chairs.

"But, those can wait until later," Faith said when sitting down across from Buffy. She sensed the longing and knew it would not be too long before she lost all sense of inhibitions. "Harry should be getting home soon, well he said he would be back soon, anyway."

Buffy just nodded, trying to keep her mind in PG Territory when thinking about Harry. Granted, she didn't do a good job at it.

'Can't wait for him,' Buffy thought.

Sara Lance bent over, dressed in a pair of stretchy Yoga pants and a sports bra. Her beautiful, muscular body was a sight to behold as she did a series of stretching exercises. She breathed in and breathed out. Sara turned around and fired some kicks and punches into the air, warming up. It kept the girl calm, especially when dealing with the challenges of high school.

The sound of footsteps caused Sara to be on high alert. She braced herself for an attack. The door opened and Nyssa walked inside. Sara didn't drop her attack, though, in case Nyssa was in the mood for a sparring session.

The Daughter of the Demon walked past Sara. Sara noticed a certain look in her beloved's eyes. She recognized the look every time when she looked in the mirror when she thought about Harry Potter. Sara barely held back the grin on her face.

Obviously, she recognized the look on Nyssa's face, no matter how many times the girl tried to hide it. The same look appeared on Sara's face.

"So, you met him," Sara said.

A long pause followed with Nyssa making her way through the mirror. She undid the clasp of her League uniform and pulled it down. She revealed her bare back to Sara, and Sara gasped when
seeing a purple bruise on her shoulder.

"He did that to you?" Sara asked.

"No," Nyssa said. "I overextended myself and ended up separating my shoulder. My father….would not have approved of my recklessness."

Sara loved many things about Nyssa. One of the things she liked the least though was Nyssa's ability to try and appease her father despite pretty much all sense tell this was a bad idea. Ra's never really approved of his daughters, not that his one son had been stellar either. The young assassin stepped closer towards Nyssa and touched a hand onto her shoulder. Nyssa turned her attention towards her.

"I'll be fine," Nyssa said without missing a beat. "My shoulder will heal….where is it…ah yes, there it is."

Nyssa pulled out a vial of a green substance. Sara took the substance from her and motioned for Nyssa to sit down on the bench. The Daughter of the Demon looked about to challenge Sara, even though she wore a look which should not have been challenged.

Sara waited for Nyssa to sit down. She poured the substance on her hands. It caused her fingers to feel invigorated. The first day and the teachers were already making them take notes like mindless drones. The sexy blonde ninja rubbed the substance on Nyssa's shoulder, rubbing it around in circular motion.

"So, how was he?"

Nyssa tried to push certain thoughts back into her mind. She absolutely refused to be lead down this particular road, no matter how pleasurable it seemed.

"He was….he was several levels beyond your average wand waving simpleton," Nyssa said without a deep breath. Sara continued to rub her shoulder and caused some of the tension to ease away. "I thought he'd be damaged goods from that world but he has a sense of preservation most of them don't. They're always point and fire, but he didn't even have a wand."

"Oh, I'm certain he does, a big one," Sara murmured, more to herself than Nyssa.

Nyssa responded with a stare. Innuendo was the last thing she wanted especially, if the assassin wanted to keep her mind on business.

"You know what I meant."

Sara knew what she meant again. She couldn't resist riling her girlfriend up. Nyssa tried to act all mighty, how no man was worthy of her. And for the most part, they weren't. The fact she met someone who could get in her head, actually amused Sara to no end.

"Yes, I did," Nyssa said. "But…..only time will tell how worthy he's going to be…..there's still much to learn about him."

Sara smiled. Nyssa's standards were rather rigid.

'Maybe I should tie you down and let him have his way with you,' Sara thought. Then, we'll see how worthy he is."

Those thoughts remained in Sara's mind for some time. She wanted him, badly, and the fact he caught the attention of two Slayers, made her want him even more. Sara began to come to the
conclusion he occupied pretty much every single thought she had, and until she actually did something about it, it would continue.

"And you promised me you would make it up for me for the high school thing."

Nyssa already popped up, grabbing Sara by the shoulders, and pushing her into the wall. Her tongue shoved deep into her girlfriend's mouth. Sara registered she had some pent up lust to burn through, and this was the last thing she thought before they mutually succumbed the allure of lust.

'Ooh, he did make his mark on you.'

Nyssa deepened the kiss and tried to secure her dominance on Sara. Sara, however, had none of that. She grabbed her girlfriend's hips and rolled her over onto the mats onto the ground.

"You need practice," Sara said. "From when Harry gets his hands on you.....you haven't been with a man.....I should show you what's going to happen when he dominates you."

Nyssa tried to protest she didn't need any education. However, Sara wasn't in the mood to listen.

Sara hated to say she really took advantage of the situation. More so, she just did something to spice up the dynamic between the two of them.

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Harry finished up his business meeting with Dee Dee and returned back home. He stepped inside and saw Faith and Buffy waiting for him. He sat next to both of them on the very spacious sofa, with plenty of room for all three of them.

"How are my two favorite Slayers doing?" Harry asked.

"Well, it depends," Faith said. She smiled and leaned closer towards Harry. She whispered in his ear. "Are you seeing any more on the side?"

"Well, if they're as beautiful as you two, they're worthy of a look," Harry said. He moved away from this particular line of conversation and turned his attention back towards Buffy. "So, how have you been holding up?"

"Pretty good," Buffy said.

"Have you been sleeping well at night?"

Faith asked Buffy that particular question earlier today. Only, Harry wasn't wearing the smug little smirk she was wearing then, and the one she was wearing today. Buffy wanted to put her lips to a better purpose than smiling.

'Wait a minute, I'm....straight...maybe.....actually some people think all women all bisexual...and there's evidence....feminists would have a shit fit, but they get offended about everything, so....yeah.'

Buffy pulled herself away from those own rambling thoughts. She smiled when looking towards Harry and tried as she might to turn the situation back around on them.

"Well, very well," Buffy said, with a smile. "I'm sure you two have been sleeping better, though."

Turnabout was fair play. Faith only responded with a more prominent smirk, as if that was all possible.
"Very well, thanks," Faith said. She figured it was better they had this particular conversation sooner rather than later. "Harry, we ran into a girl named Melody Drake who shares our similar interest."

Harry and Buffy both knew what Faith meant by similar interests. The moment Faith realized she had grabbed Harry's full and undivided attention, she pressed on with more conversation.

"Didn't you say you ran into a girl named Melody when you arrived in the States?" Faith asked. "And she…well….you thought she seemed of interest."

"Her name was Melody Drake, yes" Harry said.

Buffy drank the soda in front of her and looked at Harry with imploring eyes. They had so many questions in them when looking back at Harry.

"Do you think she's the same person?" Buffy asked, wondering if it was at all possible.

Harry took a second to take a drink himself. He thought this particular quirk must be annoying to some people, the long pause before answering a question as if going in for some kind of dramatic effect. It wasn't Harry's intentions, at least completely.

"I don't believe in coincidences," Harry said. "Given some of the things I've seen, you'd have to be a fool to believe in them."

"Yeah, I can see it," Buffy said. She had been through just enough to agree with Harry. "So, what's her story? Or do you have any ideas?"

Harry pondered the question. Actually, he had a couple of interesting theories, but without evidence to back them up, he was just swiping at straws.

"I don't know her real name, at least not yet, but I think we can agree Melody Drake is an alias," Harry said. Both Faith and Buffy confirmed they thought along the same lines. "And she's part of an order called the League of Assassins."

Buffy hitched in her breath.

"I ran into one of the heirs to the League this morning," Harry said. "The daughter of Ra's Al Ghul....."

"No way…as in the Ra's Al Ghul!" Buffy exclaimed, sounding both excited and terrified one of the most dangerous men.

Harry almost smiled at Buffy pronouncing the most feared man's name on the planet as "Roz" Al Ghul.

"Yes, the Ra's Al Ghul," Harry said. "And it's pronounced Raash, as in Vase, not Roz or Raz....."

"Oh, sorry," Buffy said. "So, do think he ordered the attack?"

Harry pondered this for a moment and shook his head.

"He's currently in limbo," Harry said. He noticed both of the girls had their attention on him, and Harry thought he better clarify. "He's not currently dead, but he's not exactly alive either. It's a very vague state of being. I've been in it at least three times."

"You're kidding, right?" Buffy asked. "What do you mean at least?"
"Once when I was an infant before my mother's charm kicked in, once when I had been poisoned at my school before Phoenix tears resurrected me," Harry said. "And once when I was killed by Riddle before I killed him"

Buffy whistled in response. She stared at Harry with a very longing look which lasted a minute.

"Stop it!" Faith snapped suddenly.

Buffy looked at her, frowning in surprise.

"Stop what?"

"You know what, stop looking at my boyfriend with your little fuck-me eyes," Faith said.

Buffy opened her mouth and closed it. She thought Faith knew, but something about the anger in her eyes made Buffy think she was bipolar or something.

"Stop giving him those eyes, and actually, make your move before I hurt you."

Buffy decided to throw all caution to the wind. Honestly, she could fight vampires, but she couldn't kiss a guy she liked. That seemed a bit backward.

The Slayer jumped Harry with a ravenous expression in her eyes and kissed him on the lips. She forced her tongue into his mouth in an attempt to massage his tonsils. Harry reached behind her and deepened the kiss. Their tongues clashed together for supreme dominance.

Buffy's desire to be filled and emptied by him increased. She ripped at his clothes.

"I better not wake up with soaked bedsheets again," Buffy said. She sent Harry's belt flying across the room.

Harry looked at the vase which had been unapologetically smashed by Buffy in her attempts to disrobe him.

"I never did like that....."

Her warm mouth distracted Harry from finishing his quip. Once the floodgates open, she wasted little time in getting what she wanted.

Buffy fished Harry's prick out of his pants. She stared at it with hunger her eyes. Buffy stretched her hand out and allowed the drool to fall onto it. She thought it was much better than she saw in her dream.

The Slayer wrapped her hand around the base of Harry's cock. She jerked him off a little bit, feeling his huge cock extend in her hand. The teenager leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the tip of Harry's cock, tasting him.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of her very able tongue on her.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Harry asked. His fingers threaded through Buffy's silky blonde hair and encouraged her to keep batting her tongue on the head. Her hand reached behind Harry's leg to cup his balls. "You've been dreaming about this for a very long time. And now all of your dreams are about to come true."

"I need this cock," Buffy said. She squeezed him. "I need it badly."
"Take it, if you think you can," Harry said.

"I'm not sure if a little blonde bitch like her can take a real cock down her throat from a real man," Faith said. "She better stick with her beginner toys."

Buffy had been spurred on by the insult from Faith. Her warm lips wrapped around Harry's mouth and she slowly sucked his head into her mouth. Every inch of his cock entered her until the tip hit the back of her throat.

She looked up, mouth full of Harry's cock, almost triumphantly when she looked at Faith. Buffy rocked her mouth back onto Harry, swallowing his manhood.

"Good, excellent, you're a quick learner," Harry said. He inputted a few simple thoughts into her mind to help lead her on, but after a while; Buffy got the gist of it. "A good little cock sucker and you enjoy sucking your master's cock, don't you?"

Faith pulled down her jeans and her panties to enjoy the show and what a show it was. Her fingers pushed into her dripping gash. Her eyes hungrily followed Harry's aching prick pushing deeper into Buffy's mouth.

"Face fuck her," Faith murmured. "Ram your cock down her snooty little throat, and make her your bitch!"

Buffy looked at Harry with wanton lust. Her free hand reached between her thighs and started to rub herself. The other hand found its way wrapped around Harry's balls and she squeezed him. Her mouth slid further down Harry's prick and inhaled it deep into her mouth.

"Mmm mph…MMMM!"

Harry held onto the back of Buffy's head and rocked his cock into her mouth. Her fingers shoved deep into her own pussy, matching the movements her mouth and throat delivered on Harry's cock. A few minutes of hard sucking and face fucking happened before Buffy pulled away.

"I'm so hot," Buffy said. Her face looked flushed and sweaty.

"Well, you're a bit underdressed, aren't you?" Harry asked.

Buffy smiled and undid her top. She pulled it off, revealing toned, sun kissed skin with a pair of perky breasts. She pulled down her pants to reveal a sexy pair of hips and a pair of black thong panties which stretched over her.

"Leaving the house like that," Faith said, eyes glued to Buffy's ass while fingering herself. "It was almost like you expected to get fucked."

Buffy reached over and straddled Harry. She could feel his cock push against her. She smiled and rubbed herself against his muscular body. His hands reached behind her lower back and gave her ass a squeeze and a swat.

"Do it again," Buffy murmured.

Harry spanked her on the ass and ran his hand up to unclip Buffy's bra. Her gorgeous breasts came out to him. There were no tan lines on her body anywhere, and Harry appreciated the thoughts it gave him. He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them.

"I wonder where I should put my cock," Harry muttered, with a dirty smile towards Buffy.
She slid her thong off and revealed her pussy towards him. It dripped fluids down onto the tip of Harry's cock. The drippings slid down Harry's hard cock and Buffy responded with a grin when grinding further down on Harry's lap.

"It belongs inside me, please," Buffy said. "Don't tease me, fuck me."

"Oh, it's time to take your dreams to the next step," Harry said. "I hope you realize you didn't have any hope the moment you saw me."

Buffy nodded in response. She came to that particular conclusion a long time ago. Her wet pussy lowered over Harry's aching shaft and she started to push over the top of him. Her wet center came down onto Harry, pushing him between her legs.

"Right there, that's the spot!" Buffy cried. She came down onto Harry's hard cock, pushing him deeper inside of her. "Take me, right there!"

Her pussy squeezed Harry when pushing down onto him. It flexed around his big rod. Harry held his hands on her back and ran down. He started to feel around on Buffy's legs. She breathed heavily when Harry played with her.

Buffy impaled herself up and down on Harry's big rod. She didn't care how sore she would be in the morning from taking such a big penis inside her. His penis seemed to have grown about as large as she needed it to be.

"Relax, we have all night," Harry said. "You know, I can go for a very long time."

Buffy tightened around him, releasing her juices upon Harry's invading prick. The revelation he could take his cock inside her all night long made Buffy more than excited. She kept riding him, pushing Harry's hard manhood further into her. She deepened the pushes when riding Harry. His hands rested on her back and encouraged her to go on further.

"Mmm, I'm glad you can," Buffy mewled when bringing herself down onto him.

Faith decided it was time to take a more direct approach to joining the fun and games. One hole of Buffy had been neglected.

Buffy bounced down on Harry's cock. Their loins connected together with Buffy taking his throbbing manhood deeper inside of her. Every time she bounced up and down on him, she took his hard cock as deep into her as she could.

"Damn….DAMN!" Buffy moaned. "Faith…Faith?"

She looked over shoulder and saw the other Slayer sticking a tongue in her asshole while reaching between Buffy's legs. Buffy couldn't believe Faith just stuck her tongue in her ass. What's worse, Buffy couldn't reconcile the fact it made it feel so much better.

"Don't worry, baby, I'm just warming you up so your master has easy access," Faith said. "But, you have such a delicious ass…I could eat it all day….it's so tight and warm as well. I bet you can't wait for Harry to shove his big cock through your back door."

Buffy released her juices on him.

"You can't wait for it," Harry said. "You dream about being fucked in the ass, don't you? Every time you sit down, you're going to remember where my cock has been. And it's just going to make you wetter, and make me want to pound your ass more, isn't it?"
Harry slapped her on the ass and rode out her latest orgasm. His cock pumped about as far into her as it could go. He managed to stretch out Buffy, pushing deep inside her.

Buffy enjoyed the feeling of his cock buried inside her pussy. The one thing Buffy craved more than anything else in the world was Harry's huge cock rammed deep inside of her ass. She grew wetter at the thought of it being inside.

"Soon enough."

Harry pulled out of her. Faith looked up at Harry with a grin crossing over her face.

"Turn her around so I can taste her pussy, master."

Buffy didn't even put up the slightest amount of arguments. She looked at Faith's body and grew hotter at the thought of another woman eating her out while Harry rammed his cock in her ass.

"This might hurt at first," Harry said. His fingers ran down Buffy's body and caressed her skin. "But, just think about how good it's going to feel when I have you right where I want you."

Buffy thought about it, and she wanted it. She wanted him, right between her ass cheeks. Her hot rear rubbed against Harry and tried to coax his prick deeper into her back passage.

Harry groaned, feeling the cheeks ease up around his pole. She was about ready to take him inside her like it was no one's business. Buffy pushed her ass cheeks up against Harry and took him further into her.

"I hope you're ready," Buffy said with a sultry smile. "Hope my tight ass isn't too much for you to handle…big guy."

Harry slapped Buffy's rear to get her attention. Her wet asshole had been exposed. So pink and inviting, with Harry sliding into her. Her asshole clamped all the way down onto him.

Faith placed her hands on Buffy's thighs and started to rub them. She made her way towards Buffy's moist and very hot slit. She tongued Buffy and caused her to moan.

"You're already gushing for me…..wonder what it would be like when I do this."

Faith slipped a tongue inside Buffy's womanhood. Buffy's hips rose up for Faith lapping her up.

Buffy closed her eyes. She rocked down with Harry pounding her ass with his cock. The feeling of him inside her made her realize how lucky she was to gain the affections of an Alpha such as Harry.

Harry groaned, speeding up the thrusts inside Buffy's ass. His hands kept caressing her flesh, cupping her gorgeous tits in his hands. He squeezed them a little bit more. He looked over her shoulder and sensed a pleasurable look on her face.

"Good, cum hard with my cock in your ass," Harry said. He leaned forward towards and nibbled her neck.

Faith buried her face between Buffy's scrumptious thighs. She couldn't have enough of this delightful, dripping snatch. A few jolts of energy passed between her own thighs, and Harry gave her a virtual fucking. Not as good as the real thing, but she would have to take it.

Buffy closed her eyes. Every time those heavy balls of Harry touched against her back entrance, she came to terms with how much cum they had to give her. She panted when Harry pounded into her.
"Does it feel good to have my cock balls deep into you?" Harry asked. "Don't you see what you've been missing out on?"

The blonde's entire body tightened around Harry. The orgasm which spread over her body made all of her wildest, wettest dreams cum through. Faith licked her, while Harry rubbed her clit and pounded her ass. Every now and then, a spark of energy struck the nerve center and forced Buffy to cum harder than ever.

"Your body is mine, your pleasure is mine," Harry said. "But it feels good, you can't help but cum for me, over and over again!"

Buffy shook her head in response. She couldn't help it. Harry held onto her rocking his way into her. Her rear end clenched down onto him.

Harry managed to hold on for a little bit longer before emptying the contents of his balls inside Buffy's sexy ass. He held onto her hips and pounded into her.

Buffy wondered if it was possible for Harry to fill both her ass and vagina with his cum despite him never leaving her ass. He spilled so much cum into it started to flow and stain the sofa.

Faith removed her mouth from Buffy's cunt and frowned.

"What a mess," Faith said. She moved over to see Harry's cock hanging in there. She took it in her mouth and sucked on it hard.

Harry's cock hardened in the custody of Faith's warm mouth. Faith worked him over for a couple of moments before allowing his cock to extend hard and primed.

Faith crawled onto the sofa and rested on her back. She spread her legs to show Harry a wet and ready pussy. Her finger pushed inside of him.

"Look," Faith said. She pulled a finger out of it and offered it to Harry to taste. "It needs you….right now…"

Buffy threw her pussy over Faith's mouth. She didn't quite have enough of her oral skills earlier, humping the other Slayer's face, eyes locked on her master.

Harry walked over and climbed on top of Faith. The brunette's legs spread further towards Harry, and he had only one place to go. He slid inside of her, hard throbbing cock filling up her womanhood when deep inside of her.

Faith's hips rose and took Harry into her. Their loins met with the friction getting hotter. She made sure to keep her focus half on sucking her fellow Slayer dry while Harry eased her up to an orgasm.

The first orgasm hit.

"You'll be so wet you can flood deserts by the time I'm done with you," Harry said. He held onto Faith's hips and pounded the beautiful brunette "When I'm done with both of you, you won't be able to think straight."

Harry ran his hands down Faith's flat stomach and hammered her even harder.
To Be Continued on August 29th, 2016.

Harry picks up where we left the last chapter off, and boy do we have a fight. And Harry isn't afraid to use everything at his disposal.

All of the things Harry does which are strange, but are considered normal by his standards, I think having tea with Death has to rank up the list.

And Buffy gets pulled in, and the threesome people wanted happens.

Until Monday!
People struggled to deal with the transition between summer and winter. No more was this true than in the sleepy little town of Smallville, a town which seemed like your average American town, tranquil and calm, but as with many other towns, it had its secret. Over twenty years ago, the town which had been known for its agriculture and not much else, had been visited by a surprising event. Once in a lifetime, and the evidence greeted people, long after much of the fallout had been cleaned up and the strangely empowered people slowed down to a trickle.

A red sports car zoomed down the street past the sign which read "Smallville: Meteor Population of the World." A quick look saw this sign had been torn down and put back up at least a couple of times, accounting to the strange meteor mutants which had been in town.

At least that had been the rumors, despite the fact there was not an attack in a few years, small town gossip kept the urban legends alive. The green eyed young man stopped at a gas station on his way into town and heard more than a sufficient amount to keep his interest up.

He whirled around the corner and made his way up towards the driveway in front of a gate of a large manor house. In the farm village, it stood out like a sore thumb, among the acres and acres of farm houses all about the village. A smile crept across the young man's face.

He parked the car and looked up. A plaque on the gate slightly faded, but still visible, read "Potter." The home had been established by the squib line of the Potter branch over a century ago. They thought it would be out in the middle of nowhere. Over the years, their connection to the main branch of Potters faded, when they had gotten out of touch with each other.

At least until right now.

Harry exited the car with a smile on his face. His arms swayed when approaching the gate which swung open. It was almost like it knew who he was and why he should be allowed entrance. Or maybe it was because the gate was busted. Regardless of the reasoning, Harry took a couple of steps towards the front door and knocked on the door three times.

A strikingly beautiful dark haired woman answered the door. She looked at him with a raised eyebrow, as if she took in his features about as much as she took in his. She had an olive complexion with shoulder length black hair, and she dressed in a black button up blouse, with a couple of buttons tastefully undone. Her black skirt came down, to showcase her stocking clad thighs. She looked to be in her mid-twenties, about twenty-six if Harry's research was spot on.

"Hello, I'm Harry Potter," he said. "We talked on the phone."

"Hi, it's…..well, it's good to see you!" the woman exclaimed in an excited voice. She stepped back.
"Why don't you come inside, make yourself at home…..I'm Lana Lang."

"So, this is the right place," Harry said. Lana responded with a smile directed towards him. "Good, it would have been pretty embarrassing if it isn't….."

"It's so good to see you," Lana said. She wrapped Harry up in a hug in surprise, and he pressed up against her body. The dark haired woman pulled back, looking a slight amount apologetic. "I'm sorry about being so forward…..it's just….well it feels like I've known you my entire life."

"Well, we are family, distant, so there's a connection," Harry said. He took her hand into his and planted a light little kiss on it. "And the pleasure to meet you is all mine."

The electricity which passed through her body did not go unnoticed. Her spine practically tingled from Harry's actions. Lana shook her head in an attempt to return to the conversation.

"So, coffee?" Lana asked. "I would offer you a cup of tea, but…..you know, if I'm not much of a tea drinker, to be honest."

"It's fine," Harry said. "These days with all I have to do, I've acquired a taste for coffee. It keeps me more alert, which isn't a bad thing, is it?"

Lana smiled and fixed them a cup of coffee. She and Harry settled down at the table.

"As I told you on the phone, I have been researching my family tree, just a little side project I've been working on," Lana said. "And finding certain branches of our family tree, the Potter family tree, it's a nightmare…..I did find you….you were the only relative which popped up, and nothing about your father, or further, up until your great-great grandfather, and he would be alive around the time my great-grandfather on the Potter side of the family moved over here from England….about a hundred or so years ago."

"There's a perfectly logical explanation for this."

Lana looked at Harry over her cup of coffee. She was curious enough about Harry's statement.

"Oh?" Lana asked him. "Well, if you want to tell me, then I'm pretty curious about hearing about it."

"Your great grandfather was a squib," Harry said. "That's a term used for people without magical talents born of non-magical family. And it's a harsh existence to live. Many of them feel trapped between two worlds. Because the world I came from….it's very isolated. And when you grow up in a pureblood house, it's the only world they know."

"Wait, you're a wizard?" Lana asked.

"You don't seem so put out," Harry said.

"Well, I did live in Smallville for a long time, and magic is the least of the weirdness I've seen," Lana said. "How would someone who is magical not get the abilities?"

Harry looked very thoughtful.

"There are a couple of reasons, interbreeding is a possible explanation, marrying relatives too close, but that takes generations and generations to set in, and the Potters were always good about marrying outside of their own bloodline, for the most part," Harry said. "A more logical explanation is your great-great grandfather or your great-grandfather had an enemy which cursed him to that particular fate."
Lana wasn't going to lie, something about that sounded pretty awful.

"I have information which will hopefully fill in the blanks," Harry said. He pulled out a large folder and slapped it down on the table. "If you have some to help me, we can get to work."

"Oh, I believe I do."

The two of them set in to compare notes and see if they could trace a more comprehensive and accurate family tree.

A figure dressed in the attire of the League of Assassins stepped towards a cave. She had been scouting this particular cave for some time. It had been a source of much agitation, and her sister wanted her to take a closer look.

The swift assassin slinked her way into the cave. The rocks were a bit jagged and one wrong move would put her deep underneath ground. It could also be used to put an enemy down, so she set a trap accordingly.

The moment she found her way into the central cave, more tension spread over the woman. The obvious feeling of being followed hit her.

A set of dark shadows surrounded her on all sides. The assassin stood up straighter. The moment they stepped into greater prominence, she assessed the scenario, and it wasn't good. Their skin was sallow, eyes were sunken in, the flesh gave off a distinct rotting smell as they closed in on her. They had been transformed for a very long time, and obviously, the decay was an indication they had not fed well.

The assassin swung her hand and positioned it onto the sword. Her heart skipped a couple of beats when waiting for them to make their move. Their grunts sounded like something less than human, which never was good.

"If you can still comprehend speech, I demand you lead me to your mistress."

The one nearest to her did not comprehend speech, or perhaps had been too far gone to care. The assassin shifted out of the direction of the ghoul's outstretched hands. Her sword swung off to one side and stabbed through the figure. A splatter of grey blood came out of his undead body. The stench of disgust and decay filled the air.

The assassin spun around and swiped her sword in the general direction of another one of her adversaries. The sword hacked down into the second of the ghouls. The second verse was the same as the first.

The third ghoul jumped up in its frantic attempt to grab onto the woman, a frantic attempt to feed on her. The woman blocked his attack, turning around, and bringing the blade of the sword into his chest. All three of them had dropped down.

A familiar smell caught the woman's attention. The stench of something deep underground almost underwhelmed her. The moment these ghouls were taken down, the assassin took a step forward.

A figure swooped down from the sky and grabbed the assassin from behind. His strong arms wrapped around the neck of the assassin and made an honest attempt to squeeze every single last bit of life out of her. She struggled, turning her arms around, and breaking free.
The assassin went airborne and stuck a perfect landing on the ground. She reclaimed her blade and held it out to face off against a rather sophisticated looking gentleman. He dressed in a suit and looked on with paler flesh. While he was not as ghoulish as the others, one look in those cold dark eyes saw a distinct sanity slippage.

The figure's mouth curled into a rather devious snarl. He rushed towards the assassin. The assassin avoided the attack and spun around, bringing the sword directly at her adversary.

"Your father did this to me…why don't I return the favor?"

The assassin's gaze underneath her mask burned with contempt.

"You can try, but you won't succeed."

The trap she created when coming down paid off. An explosion rattled the cave and brought them both down.

The rocks started to collapse, and created a rock slide, bringing them down deep between the cave. The assassin tucked her head between her legs and braced her. She looked out of the corner of the eye, watching the decapitated head of her attack roll down among the rocks.

The assassin hit bottom, and rolled over, taking a deep breath. She found herself in a more enclosed area, and couldn't even turn over onto her belly to slide back.

'This didn't go as planned.'

Lana whistled. Harry did his homework, and he brought forward information. She feared a lot of dead ends.

"Isobel's an interesting one with her backstory," Lana said.

"Have you looked into her?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I'm well acquainted with her," Lana said, shifting the subject to the witch which once possessed her.

Harry could tell by just a quick look in her eyes there was a bit more going on than met the eye, but far be it for him to press.

"I intended to look into her situation a little bit more, but things came up," Lana said. She craned her neck around the facts. There were so many facts swimming around in the back of the head. "You know how things are when everything just overwhelms you."

Harry chuckled in response. He did have a distinct idea how things tended to go when the going got tough. Lana dropped a book on the table. It was a faded journal which she founded in her research. The writing, she couldn't make head or tails of, but the symbol on the book was a cause of interest.

"This particular symbol," Lana said. Harry acknowledge her statement. "It keeps coming up….I think it might be Norse in origin."

Harry took a moment to look at the symbol and nod in response.

"You're correct, it is Norse in origin….I've seen it a couple of places before," Harry said. "There are
Legends about Asgard, how the people from there visited Earth several times...mingled with humans, if you catch my drift."

Lana smiled, she understood.

"Are you saying one of our relatives could be an Asgardian in disguise?" Lana asked.

"Perhaps," Harry said. "Although I've seen it pop up a lot more on my mother's side.....and some of the Evans family were in Kansas as well...so that journal could have belonged to one of them."

It was a possibility Lana couldn't discount.

"How's Martha doing?" Harry asked. "You know, Martha Kent.....she's my mother's cousin.....and it's a shame I couldn't connect to her."

More lies he had been told about how the Dursleys was the only family on his mother's side.

"Martha didn't even find out about Lily's death until many years later....hey, wait you are her son, aren't you?" Lana asked. "I didn't even make the connection...she's doing fine, although she's pretty busy.....she's a United States Senator now, for Kansas.....kind of weird how that happened."

"Well, she's moved up in the world," Harry said. "Do you happen to have a way where I could reach her?"

"I can put you in touch," Lana said, smiling. "I've been watching the Farm House for her.....she thought about selling it, but she doesn't want to bring up that fact to her daughter."

Lana picked up her cup of coffee and it took her a second to realize she had drained it earlier today. She moved over to fix her a cup of coffee.

"It's been rough on both of them ever since Jonathan died," Lana said. "Even though Claire's done pretty well for herself, becoming a hotshot reporter in Metropolis, but she's still a Smallville girl at heart. Come to think of it, so I am."

Lana couldn't really say much more than that, to be honest. Despite her best efforts, one couldn't really take the Smallville out of her heart. She left for a few years, spending some time in Europe, mostly after all of the drama which went on during her high school years.

"Guess home is where your heart is," Harry said.

"Yes, it is," Lana agreed.

She flipped through the book Harry helped her put together. It was a bit helter-skelter, but after a few hours, she could put it together.

"I need to show you something else," Lana said. "It's not here....it's a bit of a drive, and a bit of a hike, if you're up for it....."

"Well, let's go," Harry said.

He had a feeling this was really important, especially if Lana said it was really important.

Sara, under her Melody Drake disguise, exited Sunnydale high school. She had been doing some
poking around, investigating, and studying some information on the history, and also information which would allow her mission to go through a lot easier. Talk about weird, and she thought she was used to the weirdness.

No sooner did she take a couple of steps out into the darkness, Sara came face to face with a figure in a hood. She tried not to make eye contact with it but slung her backpack over to the ground. In an instant, she knew who, or rather what she came face to face with. Some kind of ghoulish vampire, and by the smell of his rotting flesh, he was rather well done.

"You, I've been waiting for you all night," he said.

"Don't wait up on my account," Melody said, preparing for the attack.

"My mistress wants to see the daughter of Ra's Al Ghul, and you reek of her stench," the ghoulish vampire. "You will be perfect for bait."

Melody wondered how arrogant this particular vampire was.

"Yeah, I think you're confused," Melody said. "And in need of help….I don't know where you've been, but I'm pretty sure you're in desperate need of a clinic. There's one up the street, it can get you a lot of help….."

The disguised assassin reached for a sonic grenade from her backpack. It was a challenge smuggling these things into the school, given how the teachers freaked out about students carrying a rubber band, but she was an adaptable sort.

The moment Sara was about ready to strike, the vampire dropped to the ground. The assassin looked up in time to see Faith walking from the shadows. She held a crossbow in her hand and stepped closer towards him. She struck the vampire with a long range shot in the back.

"What are you doing here?" Faith asked.

"I was doing…homework," Melody said, trying not to skip a beat. "What were you doing here?"

"Homework, seriously?" Faith asked. "You really aren't answering my question."

The girl placed her hands on her hips. Assassin and Slayer stared eye to eye with each other, not speaking at once. Obviously, both had an idea why the other was here, but neither of them was willing to play their cards.

'Buffy?' Faith thought, deciding to set up the mental link Harry set up between the two of them.

'Yeah?' Buffy asked.

'Just ran into another one of them,' Faith thought. 'Someone let the really creepy ghoulish vampires into Sunnydale….and these don't burn in the sunlight."

Faith took a look at the vampire who had been reduced to a pile of dust.

'Third one today,' Buffy thought. 'Who is behind this?'

'Good question,' Faith thought. 'The problem is, I keep hitting them, and they keep breaking. They're the fragile….creepy….okay that's new.'

Faith noticed some different. These vampires spilled blood, but the blood was normally a greyish color. This blood was a very different fluid. She turned towards Melody, who looked as if she at
least had a good idea what was going on.

'Green blood,' Faith thought to herself walking over. She slipped on a pair of gloves, careful not to touch the blood directly onto her skin. 'Harry's going to want a sample of this when he gets back.'

'It was grey the one I fought,' Buffy thought. 'Do you think these vampires are fresher?'

'About as fresh as a vampire can get, I think,' Faith said. She managed to get the sample of the green blood into a vial. 'I have some questions for our new friend....she seems to....disappear before I have a chance to talk to her.'

Faith turned a fraction of an inch to the side and realized Melody vanished into the night.

'I can't believe she's gone,' Faith grumbled.

'Faith, you never take your eye off of a ninja, what's the matter with you?' Buffy asked.

'Oh she's good, she's really good,' Faith thought. 'It won't stop me from tying her down to the bed and punishing her once I get a hold of her, before letting our master have his way with her, but she's good.

'I'm sure it won't,' Buffy thought. 'So, are you checking in?'

'Yes,' Faith thought.

The good news was Faith acquired a sample of blood, which Harry would hopefully be able to pick apart later. She managed to get a vampire down without causing any problems.

She just wished the mysterious alluring ninja hadn't stepped away.

Harry's curiosity hit him in the worst possible way. The drove up to the caves and up to a jagged set of rocks, with Lana making her way up the rocks. You would need to know exactly where you were going as the caves were a bit out of the way.

The magic in the air was very prominent. Harry sensed a presence here and didn't think he could teleport into the cave. He figured it was pretty much by design. Not that he minded doing an actual bit of physical exertion to get where he wanted.

"So, what's so special about these caves?" Harry asked. Lana pushed herself up and turned around, balancing on the rocks.

"Well, they're a source of great interest for a lot of people, especially with Claire when she was growing up, she was kind of obsessed with these caves," Lana said. It would be years later before she would learn the reason why. "It caused a few headaches when we were teenagers though as there was the wrong kind of people who were interested in the caves."

The two stepped inside, the hard part of the climb now over. Harry sensed magic gaining in prominence when he walked into the cave.

"Another one of my friends has been doing more in depth research on them, and would you believe, there's a lot more to these caves then meets the eye?" Lana asked. Harry stared towards her and smiled. "There are several legends the natives have talked about. One is about one who falls from the sky, and has the powers of a god, and has performed extraordinary acts....acts which can't be
explained."

Lana stepped into the caves. Something about it sure seemed a bit different than the caves.

'I guess that's because the caves are pretty enchanting,' Lana thought to herself.

"When we looked at the caves, they thought the person might have been Kryptonian, but I supposed it would have been something else," Lana said. "I think though it's pretty fair to think they were just like....."

"Like Superwoman, right?" Harry asked.

"Right, like Superwoman," Lana said, almost embarrassed.

For the briefest of moments, Lana very nearly let her guard down and blurted out the secret of her friend, outing Claire. Harry's interruption was not only well timed, but appreciated. Something about Harry made the normally guarded woman become less so.

"The paintings depict a legend, the eternal struggle between good and evil," Lana said. "Guess that's the same no matter what the culture is."

Harry looked the cave wall and noticed a section of it which was glowing. Lana noticed his interest and smiled.

"People have been attempting to study this particular part of the cave for some time, but no one has been able to get inside."

Harry pointed towards something on the wall. Lana gasped when the same Norse symbol she had found several times in her research had popped up.

"Maybe it requires the magic touch."

A corny line for sure. Harry reached towards the wall and touched it. The wall illuminated and almost blinded them with a bright light.

For a second, it looked like nothing happened. The wall then busted open to reveal another section of the cave. The image which greeted them caused both of them a surprise.

A gorgeous woman with red hair and green eyes dressed in what appeared to Norse themed attire was on the wall. It was almost like her eyes fixed upon the two, the expression was captured in a very vivid manner. Harry noticed the symbol.

And the resemblance she had to one Lily Evans-Potter was not lost to either party.

"She does look like Lily, doesn't it?" Lana asked.

Harry nodded in response. There were a few differences, facially wise, but the same red hair, the same green eyes Harry and his mother shared. Maybe an ancestor of some kind, a distant relative. Harry didn't really know.

An inscription on the wall caught Harry's interest. He reached over to jot it down, going to have to translate it for later.

The energies around the temple drew Lana towards the wall. She leaned over and touched a hand to the wall.
A spark spread through her fingers and caused her to jump back, almost startled from the incident. She gasped in shock when several rocks lifted off of the ground and started to levitate around her.

They lingered in the air for only a matter of seconds before they dropped down onto the ground. Lana looked on in shock.

"What…what happened?"

Harry knew instantly what happened and reached over to touch her hand. Something sparked deep inside her when she made contact with the wall.

"Well, Ms. Lang, it looks like you have latent magic."

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**To Be Continued on September 5th, 2016.**

Well one of Harry's family members should have been no surprise to long-term readers. It has to do with Lana's mother's maiden name being Potter...and that's just a handy family fan fiction connect to have.

Hey everyone, Claire Kent is a thing in this universe because...well, I'll be perfectly honest, I'm to the point where I pretty much just genderbent Kal-El by default these days. She's one of the characters where I just do it by default. I hear Ms. Kent has a cousin too....maybe she'll have a part to play.

So, Faith does that Slayer thing, and runs into Sara/Melody. That homework excuse was pretty lame. And there's some sexual tension in the air.

And no I don't know why I made the Smallville crew older than Harry. That was one of those things that were in my notes months back, and I just decided to roll with it, just because. That's the problem with outlining these things way in advanced. You have a more organized way of putting things together, but you can really look at things that were written a while back and me like "huh."

Heh, I think people who are long-time readers may have thought I was going...to the usual route with Harry's heritage.

So, we'll be back next Monday. Until then.
Harry and Lana's trip to the caves most certainly gave them both something to think about. Actually, it gave them a whole lot to think about. After the first burst of magic, Lana tried as she might get the powers to work. Only, she ran into a little bit of trouble doing so. No matter how much she concentrated, no matter how much she strained, she couldn't do it.

Lana sat in the middle of her living room, eyes screwed shut. Harry reached over, finally taking pity on her and placed a firm hand on her shoulder. This caused Lana to turn her full and undivided attention towards Harry.

"Sorry, it's just frustrating me I can't pull this off," Lana said.

As hard as mastering magic would be for a child, Harry could only imagine how much harder it would be to do so as an adult. He tried to keep Lana calm.

"I wouldn't worry about it," Harry said. "You have the spark, and that spark can be trained into something better, but forcing it will cause you to injure yourself, or someone else."

Harry already fixed a cup of coffee for them. Something Lana snatched up and downed half of in an instant, perhaps under some misguided notion a fair amount of caffeine would do its job in supercharging her latent magical powers. So far, she didn't really have any luck whatsoever on that particular front. She sipped on the coffee.

"I just thought when it had been unlocked, it would have been easy as breathing," Lana said.

Harry responded with a chuckle. He had almost forgotten how naïve he was on the way magic really worked, it had been such a long time ago. In some ways, those days, where he lived and died by a wand, he was glad they were over and he never had to go back there. At the same time, there was a small part of him who was almost glad he lived through them, because they gave him an interesting perspective on how to channel his powers, and to help others in channeling theirs.

"Magic is normally is as easy as breathing," Harry told her. Lana folded her arms and gave him one of those long and searching looks. "Most of the time it is, but there are times where it isn't. And in the case of first generation magic users, it can be quite the adjustment when you don't grow up around it."

Harry took a moment to catch his bearings and explain this in a way which could not complicate the situation anymore. With something as intricate and unwieldy as raw, unrefined magic tended to be.

"Those who grow up in exclusively magic households have an advantage," Harry said. "Most adults use magic for everything the moment they are allowed to, from doing their laundry to heating up their breakfast to trimming their nose hair."

The face Lana pulled really summed up how the casual use of magic for the mundane may look to an
outside party.

"Really?" Lana asked.

"When you're forbidden to do something out of school for seven years, it can make you want to do it more," Harry said. "Most of them, their wand is a third arm, and they are doing magic their entire lives, for the magnificent and for the mundane."

Harry slipped into teacher mode, which wasn't really his intention. Teacher mode was something that he slipped into easily.

"Therefore, the children in the household are going to see that, and given the impressionable nature of children, they are going to absorb that," Harry said. He waited a moment and Lana responded with a nod, encouraging him to go on. "I won't lie; some children are going to absorb the inner nature of magic better than others, but those who have magical parents have been learning from their example. And one may argue they may learn better than from school."

Harry tried to keep his own learned biases out of this conversation, but it was hard given how magical education almost set him back.

"Regardless, they do have an advantage, anyway you look at it," Harry said. "It's an advantage First-Generation Magic User, that is to say, people with magic talents not born of purely magical parents don't have."

Lana nodded, but she had a couple of questions, one of which she asked straight away.

"How do you have the ability to perform magic if you don't have parents who do?" Lana asked.

"Well, in your case, and in the cases of many others, there is a squib deep in the bloodline who is able to give you the ability," Harry said. "In other cases, it's just a complete mystery."

"For all I know, we could have gotten magic from alien visitors, or visitors from other realms," Harry thought to himself.

Harry took a moment to let that all sink in for Lana. She responded with a nod, not really breaking her composure.

"I can teach you everything you need to know," Harry said. "It's a lot to sink in, I know."

"Maybe," Lana said. "But, it would be bad if I just let these powers to go waste."

She scooted a bit closer to Harry and considered something for a moment. The moment her magic came to her, she also felt a strong pull towards Harry. Lana considered a couple of ideas in her mind. She looked into her cousin's bright green eyes.

"Lana, are you still there?" Harry asked. He noticed that particular look in a woman's eyes, and he was almost pleased to see those of his blood, distant as it might be, was not immune.

"I just want to thank you for helping me."

Lana's warm lips touched Harry with a heated kiss, her tongue pushing past his lips, and finding it's way into her mouth. She squealed in surprised when Harry pulled her onto her lap.

Despite he was a much younger man, he was far more mature than many men her age and Lana could not wait to see how long that maturity stretched.
'Let's see what else I can learn from you,' she thought.

"And I should point out how much learning magic may have…certain effects on the hormones of the people involved," Harry said to her.

Lana shook her head. Really, he didn't tell her anything she didn't already know.

The member of the League found herself in a rather tight squeeze. Somehow, through sheer stubbornness, she did a reverse crawl on her back, easing herself through the area of the cave. The air tight fit caused her to cough and almost inhale the dust which filled her lungs. Her breathing increased when going further into the back of the cave.

'Wherever I am, I'm far off from where I should be,'

She saw the light and it gave her the first bit of hope that she wouldn't be buried alive. The wrong move would result in the cave collapsing in, the rocks crushing her, and burying her alive. Death didn't scare the skilled assassin, even if it was something which should be avoided whenever possible.

At this particular point, though, the woman had nothing left to lose. And given the fact there were vampires who were still hunting for her, she really had nothing left to loose.

The League Member pushed her foot through the loosened rock. It cracked it a little bit. Nothing fell on top of her, always a good sign. Her heart raced when rolling out of the rocks, and sliding down a slide.

She dropped down to the cave and saw the broken pieces of jagged rock. They would have to do as makeshift stakes. It was better than fighting with absolutely nothing. That would be when these blood sucking demons would maul her.

'The rest of my team hasn't checked in,' she thought, fixing up one of the jagged cave pieces and ready to attack anything. 'How did this mission go so wrong?'

She pulled up a couple of inches off of the ground and moved forward. A very familiar smell caught her attention, but at the same time, the familiar smell was also very foreign.

'No, it can't be, can it?' she thought to herself.

The woman in black wondered what the hell she was in for. It would be a matter of moments before she would figure this particular fact out. The assassin inhaled the scent of rotting flesh which resulted in her stomach twisting into a knot.

'Keep still,' she thought.

A small group of the ghoulish vampires surrounded one of their own who was thrashing about on the ground. Whatever had been done to sustain him had not worked. The assassin could tell they were distracted, and only had one thing to think.

'Strike when the iron is hot.'

The nearest vampire appeared right in front of her line of sight. The assassin spun around and brought the point of the stake into the chest of the creature. The creature let out a hideous shriek, but
she kicked him into the wall before his fellow vampires were alerted to the fact someone outside of their little group.

'Move swiftly, and don't second guess anything. Keep going, and keep moving.'

One dropped, and there was two more. The assassin knew she would have to pick the shot. She aimed the stake like a dagger. One swift blast hurled the dagger at the point. She moved, only barely registering whether or not the dagger connected with the intended target.

The dagger struck on point and ripped through the chest of the vampire. The green blood splattered down onto the ground. The assassin pulled out a blade and jumped into the air. She decapitated the vampire to ensure he would not harm another one.

Two ghouls down, one to go and this particular ghoul charged the assassin with the speed and agility of a Cheetah. The ghoul grabbed woman around the neck and squeezed tight. The struggle started, with both.

"Let go!"

The woman broke free with an elbow to the side of the head and picked up a huge piece of the rock. She hurled the chunk of rock at the head of the ghoul, dropping him down onto the ground. She reclaimed the stake in one hand and the sword in the other hand. The moment these two weapons slipped in, the attack needed to happen one more time.

The assassin pivoted in mid-air and struck the stake through the chest of the vampire while decapitating him with a sword. The sickening smell of decaying flesh grew worse when ripping the creature apart.

'Weakness,' she thought. 'A disappointment.'

The smell grew more prominent when she reached an opening in the wall. Adjusting her position, the woman slipped through a hole in the wall and crawled in. The moment she safely got inside, she dropped to the side of a large pit.

The pit bubbled with a green substance which was familiar to her. It was similar, yet different than the Pits she encountered in the past. One careful look at the pit told her everything which needed to be known.

'Someone modified it.'

Talia al Ghul pulled down her hood to get a closer look at the pit. Her father knew of all of the pits, and her sister knew of slightly more of them. She had no idea of this location, and she had been only tracking a dangerous enemy of the lack to this location.

The Lazarus Pit had been contaminated and anything coming out of this pit would be less than human. They would be bloodthirsty creatures of the night, the intent for one purpose, and one purpose only, the destruction of humanity.

'The pit needs to be destroyed.'

Talia hoped the one explosive she had would be more than enough to demolish the pit. She would need to put it in the right place. One false move met the pit still could be salvaged, used against her.

A dark shadow moved over her shoulder, stalling Talia's attempts to lay the explosive down. The hairs on the back of her neck shot straight up.
"Show yourself!" Talia yelled.

Something grabbed her around the back of the neck and everything faded to black in a blink of an eye.

The moment Harry returned back from Smallville, the two Slayers told him of their encounter with the vampires, and the blood sample which Faith had gotten her hands on. Everything raised some unsettling questions.

"Do you think you might be able to figure out what the hell's going on here?" Faith asked.

Harry sensed something changed in the air, although he had to figure out what. It would require some careful research to put everything into place.

"I might have an idea," Harry said.

He took the blood sample over to the lab. The sample appeared to be active. To the naked eye, it would have been just bubbling at random. However, Harry's eye was a bit more skilled in picking out certain patterns and one of those patterns was available in the chemical. He tapped his finger on it.

The green blood poured into a dish with Harry pushed underneath the microscope. He slid out a pad of paper and prepared to make the necessary notes based off of his findings.

Buffy and Faith watched Harry study it. That wasn't the interesting part of it, though. Harry took a pencil in his hand and started to jot down an intricate looking formula.

"So, do you have any idea what he's writing down?" Buffy asked.

"No, it looks like Greek to me," Faith said.

Harry paused to double check the formula before commenting on their commentary.

"To be fair, Greek is a fair bit easier to comprehend than this," Harry said. He studied the formula he wrote down. "Faith, do you think you can get me the black journal on the third shelf of the second bookcase to the right?"

Faith memorized that instruction and without any argument, or statement, she pulled a rather dusty, and worn looking journal off of the shelf. The binding almost came loose, but something held together. The ratty little book almost broke apart just by holding it in her hand.

"Wow, my old school librarian would have a fit," Buffy said. "Then again, she was like about two hundred years old, so she can't be still kicking around…well I guess she's rolling over in her grave then."

"It looks like he's held together by magic," Faith said. "And duct tape."

"No, just magic," Harry said. "Thank you."

Faith put the journal down on the table. Harry placed his thumb on the front of the journal and a flash of light surrounded him. The journal flipped open to a certain place.

"Mmm hmm, mmm hmm….a-ha!" Harry yelled, almost pumping his fist into the air in triumph. He
managed to restrain himself from making a fool out of himself. "It's just what I thought it might be."

Buffy took a second to look at Faith to Harry, and back. Faith responded with a shrug as if not quite comprehending what Harry was heading to.

"Okay, are you going to share what you've found out with the rest of the class?" Buffy asked.

Harry's smile widened when he decided to share his findings with the Slayers.

"It's derived from a chemical known as Lazarus," Harry said. "And, pardon me for sounding redundant, but Lazarus chemicals….come from a Lazarus Pit."

"You're kidding me right?" Buffy asked. "Are you trying to tell me they're dunking vampires into a Lazarus Pit? I'm….I've heard things, and that pit can drive people mad."

"A short trip for someone who is willing to use a Pit," Faith chimed in. "So, is that what they're doing?"

Harry once again studied the calculation.

"Only eighty percent of it is derived from the Lazarus Pit," Harry said. "The other twenty percent is….inconclusive….I'm going to have to need to get a larger blood sample."

Buffy gave Harry a half grimace, half smile when looking towards him. "Well, you'll get your chance, they're all over the place. We've been encountering them pretty much everywhere over the last couple of nights."

Harry didn't think there would be any trouble, he would be joining Faith and Buffy the next time he went out. He wanted to give them their own space, and let them stand on their two feet, only getting involved when absolutely.

"Oh, that reminds me," Faith said. "I've run into the lovely Ms. Melody Drake, and she was about to throw down with a vampire….and well I overheard the fact the vampire wanted to use her as bait to draw out the Daughter of the Demon."

Harry took a moment to let this all sink in. He knew what the League was up to, or at least he had a pretty good idea what the League was up to. You never could tell half of the time in situations like this.

"The League wanted to test you, or you thought they did," Faith said. "What if it's one of those tests?"

He considered it, but there was a different idea in mind.

"Something tells me there's more to this than meets the eye," Harry said, scratching his chin. "The best way to get to the bottom of this is to ask the right questions to the right people."

Harry would have liked to be simple and say this was a case of misapplied magic gone completely wrong, but science could go just about as wrong as well. And when someone was misguided enough to mix both, catastrophe soon followed.

He thought this was a misguided attempt for someone to try and mix both.

'Just when you thought life couldn't get mad enough,' he thought.
Sara returned from school. No vampire attacks, nothing, although she had been holding onto a sample of the tainted blood which she hoped Nyssa could make heads or tails of. She knew Lazarus where she saw it, though.

Nyssa sat in the middle of the room in a tranquil state. She slowed her breathing to a deep rate, calming the tension. The moment Sara crossed the doorway, Nyssa patted on a spot on the rug. Sara moved closer, speaking when she moved closer.

"I encountered one of the ghouls last night," Sara said. She sat down next to her. "I also encountered one of the Slayers…..I don't know, but she seems suspicious."

Nyssa only barely considered what was being said. Her mind drifted off to other matters.

"Did you give her any reason to be suspicious?" Nyssa asked, almost distracted in her question to Sara, as short sounding as it seemed.

"She's been hanging around Harry Potter, and I think you're not giving him enough credit," Sara said.

Nyssa's long look towards Sara showed her she preferred to avoid this conversation right now. She would have liked to have been in a better mood. Sara came home unscathed, which was a small blessing. Others were not so lucky.

"She should have checked in by now," Nyssa muttered to herself. She tapped a finger to the side of the ground. "None of them checked in…..I don't like this, I should go out."

Sara's inquiring gaze locked onto Nyssa. She cleared her throat and brought herself back into the conversation at hand.

"Do you have a sample of blood from the ghoul?" Nyssa asked.

Sara nodded in response and placed the vial into Nyssa's hand. Nyssa took it in her hand and turned it over. The vial shimmered in the light, the contents flashing in her eyes. Nyssa's frown deepened. Never had the worst case scenario smacked her so full in the face.

"Is it what you thought it was going to be?" Sara asked Nyssa.

"It's everything I feared it would be," Nyssa said. She tapped a finger on the bridge of her nose. "One of the splinter League factions attempted to conduct an experiment on the Lazarus Pits. They wanted to enhance it, to increase the longevity of the pits."

"Why would they do that?" Sara asked.

Nyssa couldn't fathom some of the people her father included in the League. They were in check when Ra's al Ghul was active. When her father entered that unfortunate state of limbo, the League broke off into their own separate ways. Nyssa thought she ran the most cohesive faction for the resources she had, but she had been run ragged trying to hunt down the resources the League misappropriated.

"We're going to need to find the tainted pit and destroy it," Nyssa said.

Nyssa had a bad feeling Talia may have found the pit, and may have encountered the person who had tainted the pit. Hence why she failed to check in at the designated time.
"How many Lazarus Pits are there?" Sara asked.

"I know of about a dozen," Nyssa said. "My father knows of more, but new ones can be created under certain geological circumstances."

Nyssa hoped, and crossed her fingers it was one of the known Pits. Some of them would have needed to be destroyed as they were depleted of their resources.

Nyssa came to a conclusion. Priorities were needed to be put back in order.

"His tests are going to have to wait."

"Ah, and after I took the trouble of coming all of this way as well, well, I'm very disappointed."

Nyssa's head snapped up in surprise, and Sara's mouth snapped open in shock. She started to look flustered and for good reason.

"I swear, I didn't know he was following me," Sara said.

"Actually, I was here before you returned," Harry said. "I've been standing here a long time.....pretty much shows how distracted you are, isn't it?"

Nyssa's eyes looked towards Harry, and she considered her next move. Sara warned her something like this might happen, well not exactly, not in no uncertain terms, but still, she had been warned something like might happen.

"Maybe we should finish what we started the other day."

The Daughter of the Demon's face contorted into a smile, which rather pained in some ways.

"You passed your tests," Nyssa said. "You were capable enough to find us and to work your way past my security."

Harry figured about as much. If she wanted to test his competence, well there were lot less aggressive ways. Well, ways that didn't require a lot of violence anyway.

"Yes, and we need to talk," Harry said. He fished through his pocket and pulled something out. "Namely, we need to talk about this."

Harry slipped a green vial into his hand. Nyssa looked at the vial, blinking when staring it down. He had a sample of the blood as well.

"You have a sample," Nyssa said. "I'm impressed."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Harry said.

The two looked at each other. Sara decided to break up the sexual tension before it became too much to bare.

"You really should," Sara said with a smile, which resulted in Nyssa giving a cross look to her.

Harry cleared his throat and both women turned towards him.

"So, I guess it's time for us to talk?"
Nyssa slipped off to conduct an experiment which left Harry alone with the woman he knew as Melody Drake. The two of them waited in a bedroom, waiting for Nyssa to make her return.

"So, I'm guessing you figured out Melody Drake is an alias," she responded. She turned towards Harry, looking him over. She tried not to get lost in his green eyes, a trial many women failed at she was certain of. "You didn't really buy it for a moment."

"Yes, I figured you were hiding something," Harry said. "Although, I'm not sure what."

"I'm hiding many things," she said. "My real name is Sara Lance."

Harry thought the name rang a bell, to be honest. He slipped into a knowing smile when looking into her eyes.

"You're the girl who went down on the Queen's Gambit a couple of years back, weren't you?" Harry asked. Sara looked towards him with a smile. "You're looking rather spry for a dead girl, you know. And quite beautiful for one as well."

Sara tried not to look too smug.

"Well, yes, although it wasn't easy getting to this point," Sara said. "I almost lost myself, and the journey back is a pretty tough one."

"How does a nineteen-year-old girl find her way with the League of Assassins anyway?" Harry asked.

Sara just answered with a slight little smile and leaned closer towards him. It wasn't easy to not give into her biological impulses and jump in. Sara reinforced a very strong willpower.

"Well it helps when the Daughter of the Demon takes an interest of you," Sara said, almost casually. She moved closer towards Harry on the bed both of them sat on. "It's a very interesting story….and it was a good thing Nyssa found me when she did…..otherwise I would have become very acquainted with your employee."

Harry looked at her. Sara gave him a nudge.

"You know Death?"

It was Harry's turn to give her a very knowing smile.

"Yes, I know her all too well," Harry said.

"Well, I should hope so, you're the Master of Death," Sara said. "You're a bit of a legend, many of the females of the League have taken an interest in you. Including both of the Daughters of the Demon, not that they're going to admit it without….prompting."

Harry snickered. He was sure he could press the right buttons to make them admit it, given enough time.

"I'm intrigued," Harry said.

"I was found by the League, and reborn," Sara said. She could see the questioning look on Harry's face. "Quite literally when she dumped me into the Lazarus Pit. And when that happened, she vowed to never do it to anyone again….because exposure to these pits can lead to madness. She
managed to nurse me back to health, and then the real training began."

Harry let it all sink it. It turned out his misgivings about the Lazarus Pits were perfectly on point. Now they were being used to create vampires put him on edge.

"Most the times, the Pits can work, if used in moderation," Sara said. "And if someone doesn't use them in ways they were never meant to be used."

Sara decided now was the time to make the move. Harry had been invading her dreams, despite her best efforts to regain control of her mind. Of course, deep down, she craved the intimate encounters she had with Harry inside of the scope of her mind. They were about as real as they could get.

Yet, they never satisfied her, not when Sara wanted more. She had to have more.

"I want to do something to you, which I've wanted to do since the moment I've met you," Sara said. She scooted a bit closer towards Harry. "If you don't mind."

"Of course not," Harry said, with a slight smile.

Sara turned around, straddling his lap and kissed the ever living daylights out of him. Harry's hands wrapped around her body, feeling how toned and perfect it was. His hands found their way towards her ass and cupped it.

The assassin smiled, encouraging Harry's behavior. She ran her hands through his hair, something she could do all day while kissing him on the mouth and the sides of the face, peppering more kisses down his neck and unbuttoning the silk shirt he wore. His chest was muscular and she was sure the rest of him was a vision to behold.

Sara rubbed against him, friction heating up. She could feel something even more prominent grow against her thigh.

Nyssa opened up the door and stopped. She saw Sara turn around, her hands on Harry's belt buckle, although she didn't quite register it straight away.

"We'll know in a few hours what we're dealing with," Nyssa said. She paused. "What are you doing anyway?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Sara asked. "And you know you can't focus until you get your fill either."

Nyssa was reluctant to get involved here. Her stubbornness reared its ugly head.

"I don't think it's the time or......"

Sara whispered something in Harry's ear and Harry rose to his feet. Nyssa caught a glimpse of the large bulge in his pants and it had been very hard to concentrate.

"Don't worry," Harry said. He wrapped his arms in a tight embrace. "I'll take it slow if that's what you want."

Nyssa frowned. She did not want to give off of the impression she was some fragile child who needed to be molly coddled. She was the heir to the Demon, the heir of Ra's al Ghul, she didn't need safeties on.

"No, it's not what I want," Nyssa said. She finally lost control of herself and attacked Harry with a ravenous kiss. She made love to his tonsils before pulling away. "If we're going to do this, we're
going to do this properly."

She reached behind and ripped Harry's pants off of the rest of the way, and then Sara made short work of his boxers.

Nyssa viewed Harry's throbbing hard rod standing out. It was almost like his third eye stared her down, almost daring her to do something.

Sara sensed her girlfriend's nervousness on the inside, despite her bravado on the outside.

"Don't worry," Sara said. "Just do what I do."

Sara pulled off her jacket and dropped it on the ground. She used it to cushion the fall and started to worship her new god.

Harry encouraged Sara's actions. Her ministrations continued, licking around the head of his cock, and then going down to the base. She rested the tip between her lips with a long and teasing motion before going down on her.

It had been a long time since Sara had her mouth full with cock, and to be perfectly honest, technically she never did because she had been reborn. She reached down and cupped her powerful lover's balls, feeling how full they had grown with seed, seed which would soon coat every hole of her and Nyssa's body.

Nyssa watched, she did not know what appalled her even more. The fact her beloved went to town on this huge, thick cock with such reckless abandon and lack of shame, or the fact she had every single intention in the world of dropping to her knees and joining in on the fun.

The Daughter of the Demon's knees folded and she took Harry's balls in her hands.

"Don't be shy, I know you have it in you," Harry groaned. He cradled the back of Sara's head and her wig came off. She still wore the glasses which made her rather sexy in sucking his cock. Her hot lips wrapped around him.

Nyssa became determined. She did have it in her, to be honest. She licked the base of his cock and came up to kiss Sara on the side of her mouth before bringing her tongue down the throbbing veiny cock.

Harry realized he had now successfully seduced a lesbian into his ways, although technically speaking all women were bisexual to some degree. Most tended to veer towards one side of the fence or the other.

"Why don't you let her see if she can do what you do?" Harry groaned. Sara's mouth was tight, and he could not wait to be inside uncharted territories.

Sara slipped Harry's cock from between her lips and gave the head a parting kiss, before handing it over to Nyssa. Nyssa tightened her fist around Harry's cock and started to stroke him, before sliding it into her mouth.

"That's it, right there!" Harry groaned. "It feels so good to suck my cock, doesn't it?"

Nyssa bobbed her head, almost gagging on his cock. Sara grabbed the back of Nyssa's head and guided her down on Harry's cock. She also worked her fingers down to Nyssa and started to torment every single inch of her body.
'I taught her too well,' Nyssa thought in a haze when her body heated up.

Sara tagged out when Nyssa looked to be losing wind. She brought her mouth around Harry's cock and slurped his entire cock into her mouth. She could see the effect the loud sucking sounds had on Harry and was confident she could make him blow.

The two girls alternated between sucking his cock. Whatever one didn't suck his cock, went between Harry's legs and started to lick his balls. Those sensations rose a brand new fire in Harry.

"I'm getting closer," Harry groaned. He brought his cock into Sara's mouth.

Sara hummed a tune which sent the most pleasurable vibrations possible up to the base of Harry's cock. She took him further down into her throat, to the point where she almost gagged.

Her throat opened up and Harry, thanks in part to Nyssa's firm squeezing, and fondling of his balls, shot his load. Cum splattered inside Sara's mouth and she didn't waste an entire drop, sucking him completely dry.

Sara pressed all the way down onto his pubic bone, taking every last drop of cum into her mouth. The assassin pulled herself up and motioned for Nyssa to join her.

"Want a taste?" Sara asked.

Nyssa complied and kissed Sara with a steamy action which got Harry going one more time. The two ninjas showed how quick their hands could be, stripping each other naked. Sara's creamy, toned flesh was on display, with breasts which were a handful, toned abs, a nice thick ass, and long toned legs. Nyssa's skin was a darker shade and her breasts were a little bit larger. Her body was just as toned, and delicious.

"Why don't you lay back, Master?" Sara asked. "She hasn't had a chance to have her pussy licked by a skilled tongue yet? And if the legends are true….well, she's in for a treat."

Nyssa crawled over, determined to get some satisfaction. Her dripping hot pussy lowered over Harry's mouth. Harry grabbed a firm hand full of her hips and pushed his tongue between her smoldering thighs. He began to lick her out with intensity.

Sara on the other hand spread her legs and slowly guided his hardened cock into her body. She bit down on her lip when the thick member slid between her hot thighs. A moment passed before she could adjust herself properly to the intrusion which spread between her legs.

"How is it?" Nyssa asked.

"It feels good," Sara said. She worked her hips down onto him to get herself more accommodated.

Nyssa followed the process of Sara working her hips all the way down onto Harry's cock. She spread her legs at the base and drove the rock hard organ into her. She rose up and copied the process, making sure the tip touched her entrance before coming down on her.

"I'm sure it does feel very good," Nyssa murmured.

Speaking of feeling good, Harry's tongue traced patterns inside of her pussy. At first, Nyssa's body rose up with a slight tingling feeling. Those tingles increased the more Harry worked deep inside of her pussy. His tongue did things to her which she never thought possible.

"Damn, his tongue feels so fucking good!" Nyssa yelled.
"So does his cock!" Sara yelled. She bounced up and down on him, like an overexcited little girl on a pogo stick. Invisible fingers caressed her body, which was amazing because Sara saw with her own two eyes, both of Harry's hands were on Nyssa's body.

Harry recited the Alphabet, backward, in Nyssa's pussy. He turned, twisted, and extended his tongue inside of her. He drank up the molten juices, while also using his magic to stimulate Sara's body.

Sara rocked back. Her clit had been struck with precision by some finger. The electricity spreading through her loins was hot. Then, sensations struck her which redefined orgasm. Sara rode out every single inch of her.

She reached over and groped Nyssa's breasts in lust. The two assassins bent together and kissed each other, making loud sounds while rubbing their nipples together.

Harry continued to go to town on Nyssa's dripping hot pussy. No matter what, he wouldn't break up his motions for anything. The beautiful sounds coming above him was a sight to see.

Sara's hot cunt also driving down onto his cock made it even harder to concentrate. The moisture settling and squeezing around his cock only accelerated Harry's thoughts. He pushed himself deeper inside of her.

"Mmm!" Sara moaned. Her fingers brushed lazily against his abs when pushing down onto his hard cock. Her center closed around him, milking his hard rod with orgasm after orgasm.

Sara bounced up and down on him. She could feel his thick balls push against her, a prediction of what was to come. She looked up towards Nyssa who leaned back, almost ready to collapse. She just barely managed to hold herself back.

"Just wait, your turn will be next," Sara said. She could feel another jolt through her body. Those invisible fingers caressed every inch of her.

Sara had an amazing time bouncing about the length of Harry's prick when burying it into her body. She rose up halfway and came down, filling her dripping hot cunt up with a rock hard cock. It continued to drive into her body.

"I can hardly...wait," Nyssa mewed.

Sara was certain. Right now, she brought the point of her hips down. Every time she came down, she tried to squeeze Harry's hard cock into submission. It had a lot more fight in it than she ever dreamed off, which was a good thing.

Her latest orgasm opened the gates for Harry's balls clenching and releasing their warm, sticky seed deep into Sara's gushing cunt. She brought herself down onto his iron hard pole with a few more thrusts.

"There's the spot, right there!" Sara yelled at the top of her lungs. She kept rising up and coming down on his hard cock. "Fill me with your cum!"

Sara had a hell of a time sliding her pussy down Harry's cock. The orgasm slowly faded from her body and she slid back.

Nyssa's attention toward towards Sara. She laid back on the bed, dripping in fluids. The blonde assassin's thighs spread apart and she beckoned Nyssa.

The Daughter of the Demon wasted no time burying herself, her tongue, and her frustration inside
Sara's familiar pussy. The familiar taste was intermingled in with their lover's cum and she couldn't wait to taste every single inch.

Harry looked at Nyssa's inviting pink hole, pointing and primed for him. Sara's eyes flashed over towards Harry and a little grin spread over her face.

"Go for it," she muttered to Harry.

Harry's cock hardened and he didn't really need to be told twice. He hovered over Nyssa's hot opening and prepared to slide himself cock first into her body.

Nyssa experienced an enjoyment the moment Harry slid into her body. He grabbed her hips in a firm grasp, giving her no time to think or to protest.

"Never thought you would feel so empty, did you?"

Nyssa opened up further for the intrusion. He buried himself so deep inside of her.

"Fuck her, fuck her pussy!" Sara yelled at the top of her lungs. "See how born she is to take that cock like it's her job, and it is her job, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Harry said. "She thinks she could get the better of me, didn't she?"

Nyssa tried to protest the declaration. She looked up at Sara's pussy for a slight minute to see the wicked smile on her face. She knew she would pay for her arrogance.

Harry showed who was in charge, ruling Nyssa's pussy with a firm hand. He slapped her ass and ran down her body, squeezing her ample breast. He took her nipple between his fingers and gave it a nice little tug.

"You belong to me," Harry murmured. "And I'm going to fuck you all night long, how would you like that?"

Nyssa didn't have to vocalize her answer. Her entire body inflamed with the lust, which continued to spread like a contagious virus. His hands slipped underneath her breasts, squeezing them, before moving his hands up to cup her ass and give it a nice little squeeze.

"Yes, she wants it, just like I did!" Sara yelled.

Harry sped up his thrusts, pounding Nyssa. He brought her in an instant to the first orgasm, and the second orgasm followed the first. A third came along seconds later, and Harry made sure to add his delightful stimulate to every inch of her body.

Nyssa thought herself to be in pretty good shape and skilled. Even she would have to concede Harry owned her body and made it his own.

The orgasms kept going, from both Sara and Nyssa. Nyssa's came from the ruthless pounding of Harry's cock, driving it into her cunt in a rapid fire succession. Sara's came from Nyssa's pussy eating.

"Finish her off, I need more of that cock!" Sara yelled, driven mad by the lust.

She thought her itch would have been scratched by having Harry drive his huge cock into her. If anything else, it had been inflamed even more.

Nyssa's latest orgasm wrapped around Harry's throbbing hard cock and started tugging on him. She
milked him, but Harry sped up the thrusts.

"Soon, you'll get your wish," Harry said.

Nyssa braced herself for their god's gift. The legend which had been passed on for years was about ready to bless her. He grabbed onto Nyssa's hips and plunged his way into her.

Nyssa's wet cunt stretched further onto his cock, with Harry's cock pounding her through the latest orgasm. The white hot cum shooting through her brought to a conclusion.

A second passed with Harry pulling out. Sara climbed on top of his legs and lowered down to taste the combination of her two lovers which coated Harry's cock. It tasted define.

Sara's hot mouth bobbed up and down Harry's cock, prepping him for the next ride.

To Be Continued on September 8th, 2016.

Well, Lana obviously has her intentions known for Harry.

Okay, I enjoyed the interplay with Harry/Buffs/Faith with the really old book which is falling apart, and only held together by magic. Not duct tape, the tool of the true handyman.

Talia's in trouble.

If Harry wasn't so smart, you'd assume he was part troll.

If you didn't see that threesome coming, I don't know what to tell you.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Ten: Seek and Slay Part One.

Darkness and hazed thoughts went through the mind of the captive woman. A pounding came over the head of the woman who was breathing in and out. It took a moment to come to, and when she did, the realization entered the woman's mind.

Talia al Ghul's eyes shifted open. She replayed the last couple of moments in the back of her mind. The trip down to the caves after she fought the ghoulish vampires, then the fact she came across a Lazarus Pit which had been tainted. Someone modified it, and she didn't know who, but she knew the pit had been destroyed at all costs.

The realization of failure hit the woman completely hard as well.

Now she rolled over on the cot which she had been placed on. Someone stripped her out of her League attire, and also stripped her of all her weapons. She dressed in a rather ratty looking black shirt and a pair of jean shorts. Her hair stuck out in every single direction. She looked at her hand, which had been bruised.

Talia got a full glimpse of her surroundings and it just hit her how messed up this entire situation was. She had been stuck in this location, without any way out, and the very fact simply caused her to be unnerved.

"I demand to know who is holding me here."

No answer happened, which stirred up the fire in the mind of the Daughter of the Demon. Whispers could be heard.

"I demand to know who is holding me here!" Talia yelled. "The League will be to this location, and you will be decimated."

A cold laughter followed. Talia's arms covered with goosebumps with the person in the shadows speaking. The woman extended her gaze off to the side.

"There is no League coming," a voice from the shadows said. The tone was calm, soft, tranquil, to the point where it almost resulted in more shivers blowing down Talia's spine. "Face it, child of the demon, we took out your followers, and there is no one left here other than yourself. The sooner you embrace it, the better."

Talia placed her hands on the bars which released a discharge. She flew up into the air and landed down on the ground with a sickening thud. Her breath knocked straight from her lungs. The Daughter of the Demon collapsed down, agony beyond all belief spreading the woman's body.

"I kindly ask you not to do that again," she said. "I wouldn't want you damaged."

Talia scoffed. She really didn't know what to do in this particular situation. The only thing the assassin could state with clarity was this was not something to be liked.

"It's not enough," the figure muttered when pacing back and forth directly out of Talia's line of sight. "It's never enough."
Talia placed a hand on the wall and waited for the woman to speak. She was curious, perhaps to the point of insanity what level of madness this particular woman cooked up.

"The Pit was good, the idea is sound, but I need more of them, to feed off their energies, as they feed off of others," the figure said. "And then, it's just….we're just in need of a cure to fix this. And I will fix this, I will because I must!"

The figure's frantic pacing started to bring Talia a great deal of annoyance when she watched the woman. She moved back halfway, and then forth the rest of the way before circling around the room several times.

"Show yourself!" Talia demanded. "I demand you show yourself at once."

The woman continued to ensure no one was around them.

"I even infected several women in an attempt to find the cure, but the results were mixed," she muttered to herself. "I'll keep finding a way; I will keep finding a way."

She took a couple of moments to collect her thoughts. Talia could tell she was dealing with a very sick woman, who was also fairly disturbed as well. This combination made her very dangerous.

"The definition of madness," Talia said, hoping to break through the woman's thoughts and her mutterings. "Is attempting the same process on multiple occasions, and thinking you could potentially have different results."

"Your team was valiant," the woman said as if ignoring anything Talia said. She would have had better luck conversing with a brick wall. "They suffered the same fate as many others have. They could not help me find a cure."

Talia's mind started to move over and she thought about the ghastly fate of her team members.

"I wonder if the Daughter of the Demon would be able to help me create a cure."

A pale skinned woman stepped out of the shadows. She dressed in a red gown which showed her cleavage and came down at a slit exposing her long, milky legs. Her black hair formed a curtain about her face. A very alluring expression showed a combination of seductive and very deadly.

She was beautiful, even if it was in a ghastly way. The woman flashed in a cloud of dust on the other side of the bars and grabbed Talia around the shoulders. The Daughter of the Demon attempted to break free from her grasp, hoping against all hope she could find a way out of this particular position.

The grip of the powerful one tightened. Talia gasped when the woman's hands grabbed onto her shoulders.

"It's no use in struggling."

The woman injected Talia with something. She could feel something foreign enter her body, and she realized it was the same infection which had caused the woman to suffer something fierce.

"There's no use in struggling, my child," the woman answered when looking at her. "Now we're intertwined together, can you feel it?"

Talia tried to struggle against what was spreading through her body. Sheer will power had been exhibited when the energy spread through her blood stream.
"Impressive," the woman said with a smile. She leaned towards her. "I'll leave you here until you can properly understand where your priorities lie, and why it's in your best interest to help me?"

The woman's lips touched Talia's in a warm kiss. She tried to resist, but she couldn't help, other than kiss her back. Her mind and body were becoming enslaved to the Alpha of this pack of vampires, and soon she would be underneath her thumb.

Talia fought off the very worst of the bloodlust caused by the Lazarus Pits, but this, on the other hand, was far stronger.

'I must...fight.'

Nyssa wouldn't admit this out loud, but she had to admit there was something about a few bouts of mind blowing sex to really clear the mind of a person. It allowed her to focus and get back to work on the experiment.

'Now, back to business.'

She stepped in, with Sara and Harry joining her. The Daughter of the Demon figured after the marathon session of sex, the tests would be completed. She walked over and analyzed the vials. The frown on her face, if possible, had deepened even more.

"I'm going to take a guess, and say this was about as you feared," Harry said.

Nyssa frowned, not wanting to jump to the conclusion she feared. The experiment flashing in front of her made these conclusions very easy to jump through.

"Putting it mildly, yes," Nyssa said. "My father's experiment with the Lazarus Pits, the Eternity Protocol, it's come to roost, and in the worst possible way possible."

Sara heard the "Eternity Protocol" in passing a couple of times from Nyssa. She called it a ghastly experiment and one of the League's greatest mistakes. A mistake they would pay for.

"It was my father's attempts to extend the lifespan each trip through the Lazarus Pit afforded him," Nyssa said. "He sent a group of ten women into the Pits. Each of them had nothing to live for, and they had been stamped with a death sentence, therefore they were willing to go through the experiment."

Harry nodded in understatement and made a motion for Nyssa to continue her explanation. So she did continue.

"Three of the women survived the process past the first day," Nyssa said. "Only one remains today, Natalie Knight...she was a former thief in Gotham City. She took up crime to deal with a skin condition, which has gotten worse as time passed."

"Yes, what is the League doing about her?" Harry asked.

"She was supposed to be locked up, but now because of my father's most recent fall from grace, she had been lost in translation," Nyssa said. "Only now, have I been in a position to do something."

Nyssa thought there were a few fugitives from the League who were lingering on out there, but they would get to them when they would get to them.

Harry thought about it. He figured they would get to this point eventually.
"How dangerous is she?" Harry asked.

Nyssa considered her words carefully. Sara placed a hand on Nyssa's shoulder.

"Given her disease turned her into something else, it's...she's very dangerous," Nyssa said. "She's a vampire, she stalks the night. There have been the mysterious abductions of several women, and I think you can pretty much guess who was behind him."

Harry nodded in response. He could tell how someone like this would be desperate to find a cure for their malady at any cost. Whether or not it was right, it would drive them to crime.

"We've sent one of my best agents to track her down," Nyssa said.

"Is she good?" Harry asked.

Nyssa smiled, yes, technically she was good. Just because she was good though, it didn't really stop Nyssa from worrying.

"My sister, Talia, knows all about discretion," Nyssa responded a few seconds later. "And she rarely gets herself into any trouble she can't get herself out of."

This time, though, Nyssa wasn't certain Talia could get herself out of this particular trouble. Sara and Harry both noticed this worry coming from the normally stoic woman. She kept herself as calm as possible, trying not to lose herself in both the worry and the frustration she experienced.

"And you're concerned this is the exception to the rule?" Harry asked.

Nyssa looked at him for a second. "Is it that obvious?"

"It's very obvious," Harry said.

"Normally, she won't get herself into any trouble," Nyssa said. "But, the fact she hasn't checked in for several days worries me greatly."

Nyssa offered a sigh and spoke more to herself than the others in the room.

"These days, the Leagues resources are spread thin," Nyssa said. "If the League's enemies knew exactly how thin our resources were, there would be some trouble."

"I see," Harry muttered underneath his breath. He thought about it, only for a second or two, but he thought about it. "I'll be able to find you some help."

"I'd gladly accept it," Nyssa said, not even bothering to miss a beat. "Talia disappeared somewhere in the desert in Nevada, that was her last known location."

A bit far away from California granted, although not as bad as it could be. Harry decided to ask the most obvious question.

"Is there a Lazarus Pit out there?"

Nyssa racked her brain for the answer and came to the conclusion.

"No, as far as I know, there isn't," Nyssa said. "It's not to say there couldn't be one, there just isn't, to the best of my knowledge."

Harry had a clear objective in mind. The fact several women between the ages of eighteen and
twenty-five had gone missing in the Western United States pointed to one conclusion. The disease as getting worst and the plague was spreading.

'And now, this is the reason why I've been drawn here,' Harry thought. 'thinks like this.'

Buffy walked outside to enjoy one what might have been one of the last nice days of the year. Despite it being very near autumn, it was a bright and sunny day. She wasn't too worried about the weather, though, she was worried about the vampires which had been attacking. These had been different, and while Harry was getting to the bottom of this, all she could do is wait for the next attack to spring out.

They had actually gotten very quiet over the past day. Buffy had been so submerged in her thoughts she could barely hear Willow talking.

"Sorry, I must have zoned," Buffy said.

Willow answered with a knowing smile and put her hand on the shoulder of the blonde girl.

"You're….well you're more out of it than usual," Willow said. She turned towards Buffy and she cleared her throat. "Is that because of your extra circular activities….or your other extra circular activities?"

Buffy answered with a half smile, knowing where Willow was going.

"Oh, I've got a lot on my mind, with the school year and everything," Buffy said. "The teachers are trying to kill us."

Buffy really winced at the very bad flippant comment the second she made it. The teachers trying to kill students weren't exactly something she should say as a flippant remark in Sunnydale of all places. There was a pretty good chance there was a teacher who may intended to the students because of being some demon or vampire or monster, or such, in disguise.

'I wouldn't want to incur the wrath of Murphy.'

"Although, I can see why you're distracted," Willow said. She turned her attention a fraction of an inch to see a dark haired young man with green eyes. "I'm….that's him isn't it?"

Speak of the devil, and he shall appear, and look pretty good in doing it.

"Harry!" Buffy almost squealed. She ran over, almost knocking Willow to the side in a water fountain.

Harry reached forward with reflexes, and grabbed Willow around the shoulder, preventing her from taking a very accidental tumble. She looked up and met his eyes a few seconds later.

"Hey," she said.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I'm…that was a close one, wasn't it?" Willow asked.

Her arm snaked around his for a second. The two of them pulled apart. He was pretty fast and had a good grip as well.

"Yeah, really sorry about that, it's just…..I wasn't expecting Harry to get back this soon," Buffy said.
She drew in another breath and made sure to keep her eyes focused on the young man in front of her. "Sorry about that…..really….just excited."

"She does get a bit overexcited at times, doesn't she?" Willow asked.

"Quite," Harry said, with a half wink. "I'm Harry Potter."

Willow tried very hard to keep her composure. She was just glad all of these words would be strung together.

"Willow Rosenberg, it's a real pleasure to meet you," she said. "Buffy's told me a lot about you, you're…well, you're famous."

Harry looked towards Buffy for a half of a second, and she responded with a shrug.

'Don't look at me,' Buffy thought. 'Although, if I have to say so, this might not be the thing, you think this thing is for.'

"I mean an heir to one of the biggest technology companies on the West Coast, Horizon," Willow said, almost toppling over with excitement. "The Evans family, they were really well off, and they were ahead of the curve."

Harry had just been learning about the Evans family. Petunia wasn't inclined to answer any questions, preferring a more mundane and bland existence.

"They were something," Harry said. "I have to admit, my maternal grandparents being so well off is new to me….my aunt didn't say much about them."

Buffy resisted the urge to gnash her teeth when Harry mentioned his aunt. He mentioned enough about his relatives in passing to make Buffy think his childhood was not the most stable. At least he acquired a taste for bedding multiple women, instead of becoming a serial killer who dismembered small children and animals in a dim lit basement for his jollies.

So, really, Harry could have turned out a lot worse.

"The new Horizon facilities are opening," Harry said. "How about I give you a tour sometime?"

"Oh, that would be great!" Willow yelled, almost hugging him in response. She grew red around the area of the cheeks and pulled away. "So…..did you want to talk to Buffy?"

Harry didn't want to be rude.

"Yes, actually," Harry said. "You don't mind if I borrow her for a second, do you?"

"No, of course not, go ahead," Willow said. "It was nice meeting you."

Willow wasn't going to lie; she hoped to see more of Harry. It was just something about him which caught her interest, and the list of most other women with taste, she was sure.

Buffy leaned in and stole a quick kiss from Harry, before of the two of them walked over. The moment they were out of earshot and to what they hoped was a private location.

"So, what's the damage?" Buffy asked.

Harry answered with a sigh.
"It's worse than we imagined," Harry said. "And things are going to get very dangerous pretty soon. One of the League's experiments has come back to bite everyone."

"Is this a bad vampire pun?" Buffy asked. Harry gave her one of those looks and Buffy shivered underneath Harry's stern expression. "Um, right, tell me all about it."

Harry launched into his explanation regarding Natalia and the experiments. Buffy allowed him to finish before she made her comments.

"So, we're going to have to help the Daughters of the Demons clean up the mess their father caused," Buffy said. "Slayers and the League working together."

"What's next, dogs and cats living together?" Faith asked, speaking in from the bond Harry created between the three of them.

It had been useful for communication and coordinating, both with the Slaying thing. Faith was pretty sure there was some kind of magical nonsense to go along with how it worked out, but all she knew was there were voices in her head.

"The enemy of the enemy is our friend," Harry said.

"That's... always a very pragmatic way to take things," Buffy said. "But, I guess we don't have many options, do we?"

"No, we don't," Harry said. He reached in and touched his hand on Buffy's shoulder. "So are you in?"

"Yes."

'You know I am.'

Harry wasn't going to sugarcoat these matters. Ra's being in transition made things a bit worse than they were before. They would have to proceed with added care and a tiny bit of caution as well.

Faith joined Harry and Buffy no sooner then they left their little meeting. The two Slayers dressed for battle, with a few of the weapons they favored from Harry's collection. When they were going in with trained assassins, they didn't want to look second rate, not if they could help it. Therefore, they dressed for success.

Both of the women turned their attention towards Harry. Harry always looked oddly calm and the fact he was so chill, so calm, it could make anyone more than a little bit nervous.

"So, they're coming?" Buffy asked.

"Actually, we're already here..."

Sara and Nyssa appeared in a blink of an eye right in front of them. Buffy couldn't resist vocalizing one thought.

"I can't believe I was going to school with a dead girl," Buffy said. Faith just barely cracked a smile at that statement.

"Seriously, out of all of the things in the world, going to school with a dead girl is the one thing that makes you all weird and squicky?"
Buffy folded her arm until the girl in question looked towards her with a raised eyebrow.

Faith wasn't done. "Especially when you go to school in Sunnydale?"

"Well, if we have to be fair, I got better," Sara responded. "And I agree with Faith, out of all of the weird things you've fought, that's...the one thing that weirds you out?"

Nyssa cleared her throat to get the entire group back on track.

"As emotionally stimulation as this conversation is, we're going to have to make an attempt to remain on task," Nyssa said. "If you don't mind."

Nyssa turned her attention towards Harry. It was very rare she took any kind of directive from anyone, Ra's al Ghul being the most notable exception. Still, she found herself taking more and more directive from Harry as time passed.

"She's quite correct," Harry said. He turned towards both Buffy and Sara. He could already tell those two had some tension to work out and they would, much later, on their own time. "Proceed, as you want. You know the most about this."

Nyssa answered with a swift nod in confirmation.

"Yes," Nyssa agreed. "I do."

She drew in a fairly deep breath and spoke.

"The League has made a mess, and we're duty-bound to clean it up, no matter what the cost may have been," Nyssa answered. She put her eyes on the Slayers, on Sara, and finally on the Dragon himself, Harry Potter. "While Eternity was my father's experiment, I still feel it's my responsibility to clean up this mess."

The Daughter of the Demon really wished her father had just peacefully gotten on with his demise. Life may have been a lot simpler if he had not clung onto life like a security blanket. Of course, there would be problems, given how the League could not function without him.

'By design, I don't doubt,' Nyssa thought. 'He set it up that way on purpose.'

"My sister disappeared into the Nevada desert several days ago, when searching for Ms. Knight," Nyssa said. "By retracing her steps, we hope to find her."

"And if we run into vampires...?" Faith asked.

"Then do your job," Nyssa said. "You're Slayers, so slay them."

Buffy had some serious reservations. It was obvious Nyssa's approach to taking out a problem was to kill them.

"Aren't they sick, though?" Buffy asked. "It's not like they're beyond hope...."

"Let's worry about how far gone they are when we get there," Harry said. "If they're beyond any hope, I'll know."

Harry knew the further the infection spread, the stronger the plague spread the further off they would be to the end. Time ran out for the ones who had been infected even more.

"Thank you for your help, you didn't have to agree to this," Nyssa said.
"As you said, it's our job," Faith said.

"When we find the tainted Lazarus Pit, it must be destroyed at all costs," Nyssa said. "I trust we understand each other."

"Yes," Harry said. "And I have a way to do it where it can never be used again."

The five of them would need to work together. Now they were on the same page, it was time for them to go out and see what needed to be done.

"Nyssa, just think of the last known location your sister transmitted from, and grab my hand," Harry said.

Nyssa didn't even wait a moment later. She grabbed onto Harry's hand and constantly was thinking of where she was last known to be over and over again.

A golden dome surrounded all of them and they disappeared into a flash of light. Harry transported them all without breaking a sweat.

The five of them dropped down into the middle of nowhere. Harry craned his neck a second later. Something was not quite right here, but he couldn't figure out what.

"She should be around the area of that cave," Harry said.

Faith frowned. She sensed something was off, but couldn't really figure out what.

"You couldn't transport us inside?" Faith asked. Harry shook his head. "Something was blocking you, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and they're expanding a lot of magic to try and make sure I don't get in the cave," Harry said. "Almost a draining amount, which might work in our favor."

People who performed such magic didn't understand how much magic took out of them.

It was a long hike up into the cave on foot. A good thing they were all in pretty good shape and there wouldn't be many problems when getting into that cave.

Buffy sensed they were drawing closer to the cave. She put a hand on the crossbow.

'Well, here we go.'

The stench surrounding them when entering the cave caused them to be taken aback.

Natalie stepped towards the cave, dress billowing. She admired Talia for the fact she managed to keep her wits about herself and not succumb. For however much she admired Talia though, the Alpha became angrier someone was very stronger.

The vampire turned towards Talia and narrowed them towards the youngest Daughter of the Demon.

Talia currently sat in the middle of the cell, legs crossed. Her eyes were shut and she started muttering something in a language Natalie did not recognize underneath her breath. Sweat rolled down the Daughter of the Demon's face when she kept up the act of trying to purge the effects.

"You're stronger, daughter of Ra's Al Ghul," Natalie said. She placed a single hand on the bars of the cage. "And you could have the potential to purge the effects in time…but the effort and the
Talia ignored the words of the vampire and continued the rapid muttering underneath her breath. Every time she muttered, another thought crossed her mind.

"If you're waiting for me to help you, you might as well kill me," Talia said.

Natalie's smile grew even brighter.

"You're at an interesting state, my dear Talia," she said. Her hand touched the side of the cage wall, the same discourse which kept Talia from escaping. "You can't be killed, because of the disease. At least until it spreads through your body, changes your mind, and turns you into a bloodthirsty demon of the night."

The woman snorted in response.

"Charming," Talia murmured. She stopped the spread, or at least stalled it for now, through the sheer force of will.

Natalie tried a different set of tactics, to try and get Talia behind.

"I would have thought you had more heart in helping your fellow women," Natalie said. "You must have judged me to be a monster for infecting some women with my gift."

"The thought crossed my mind, yes," Talia said, keeping her jaw set and glare focused on her.

Natalie leaned closer towards the woman. How could she make the woman understand how this tactic was only done to help the women.

"You can help them," Natalie said. "They're not beyond hope, at least not yet, and neither are you. If I find a greater source of Lazarus, we can finish the process."

Talia tried to reconcile that particular offer in her mind. She had a couple of thoughts floating through her mind.

'These women didn't deserve to suffer,' the Daughter of the Demon responded. 'On the other hand, by helping her, I could unleash an army of invincible vampires, who may have also retained their intelligence.'

The Daughter of the Demon made her attempt to look towards the person on the other side of the cell.

"I would sooner perish in this cell, rotting away, then helping you."

Talia slipped back into the state of meditation she submerged herself in. She could hear the brutal growl coming from the vampire, and didn't really care. She was at peace with herself.

The door swung open and a follower stumbled in. She was one of the most coherent members of her pack, having not succumbed to the blood list and the magic.

"Someone is lurking around the area of the caves below, Mistress," she said.

Natalie took a moment to realize the League must have sent someone after all to retrieve Talia. She sensed the hand of the other Daughter of the Demon at hand. She took a half of a second to calm herself down before speaking.
"How many more people?" Natalie asked. "How many more people are going to have to pay for your arrogance? And the arrogance of your father? How many more are you willing to sacrifice?"

The woman stood up. Despite the pale, clammy look on her face, she stared down at Natalie. She stared down the infected woman with absolutely malice dancing in her eyes.

"As many as necessary for you to take the hint."

Talia figured if her sister was coming, she would not be coming alone, and they could figure out a way. Until Nyssa arrived, Talia would need to calm herself down, and purge the greater effects of the blood lust. It caused her more strain the more she struggled with this.

Natalie thought she would have liked the set of both of the Daughters of the Demon. It would be suitable revenge for what Ra's Al Ghul had done to her. She thought herself as a fiercely independent woman, and she had been manipulated.

"Inform the others," Natalie said. "Make sure they have a suitable reception. And I want to deal with them personally. Do you understand?"

Natalie's servant bowed before her, with a smile on her face.

"Yes, Mistress."

The woman turned around to inform the others. Natalie turned around. Despite her outward appearance, she sensed Talia's resolve chipping away.

'Now we wait.'

To Be Continued on September 12th, 2016.

Talia's resolve is pretty strong, although she's slowly breaking down.

Some very enjoyable character interaction came up in this chapter, at least I thought.

Until Monday.
'You are in control. The moment where you lose control is where it ends.'

Talia took several deep breaths when crossing her arms together. She summoned every bit of her resolve into fighting off of the effects of the serum which turned Natalie and her followers into the monsters she would need to put down. Talia's legs shook when she almost fell over. It was hard to stand up straight.

The vampire warned of the fact her resolve would begin to shatter the longer she tried to fight it. Talia couldn't even sit up straight for too much at a time. She collapsed down on the ground. A rapid-fire breathing came through her body. Her chest rose up a slight amount and then fell slightly more. She placed the fingertips on the side of her scalp and dug the nails into it.

'Keep it together,' Talia thought. She ran her fingers over her sweat soaked forehead and tried to hitch in a breath. She closed her eyes and tried to sit up once again. 'You are the daughter of one of the most powerful men who had ever lived. You can survive this…you can thrive…just keep it together, and…focus.'

Talia ran her fingertips over the top of her head. More sweat continued to coat the edge of her face. The woman's fingers brushed over her flesh and she could feel something pounding into the back of her head. The darkness began to let out.

Nyssa should have been here before long. The fact her sister didn't show up just yet resulted in a twinge of disgust filling Talia's body. Had the situation been reversed, she would have moved heaven and Earth to take Nyssa down.

'No, you can't…these thoughts will defeat you.'

Talia opened her eyes and saw a familiar figure shifting in the middle of the moonlight. She blinked, almost gasping. Her throat grew raw when taking a look at the man in the shadows. She could scarcely believe it. In fact, it seemed almost impossible, didn't it?

'No, it's just another symptom of your delusion,' Talia thought. 'And you're losing yourself to the madness.'

No sharp objects were in her cell, not that Talia was desperate enough to end it all. And even if she was, Natalie mentioned she wouldn't be able to have done so. Talia had been caught between a rock and a hard place.

He stood silent a little bit off to the side. Talia's alarm heightened.

"No, you can't be real."

The man's lips curled into a grin. Talia almost stepped forward to attack him. The problem was she couldn't detach herself from the wall and do so.

"Your weakness is quite alarming, my daughter."
Talia heard a voice to go along with the vision. She placed the hands on the top of her head and started to murmur underneath her breath. She couldn't begin to understand her own words. They were distant and disconnected. The laughter coming from her father proved about as deadly as nails scrapping down a chalkboard.

"No, I have control."

"Hardly."

Talia stood up straighter and gripped onto the wall tight. Her ankles went about as limp as spaghetti. She had readjust herself and keep trying to push up. It was very hard to keep up.

"You cannot sit yourself up properly," the voice of Ra's Al Ghul said. He stepped closer towards her and placed a hand on Talia's shoulder.

Talia almost slid down because of the force his hand exerted. She watched him pull away. This couldn't be real, and he couldn't do anything tangible to her which would affect the real world.

'Just an illusion, he's just...a figment of your own damaged mind,' Talia thought. 'No matter how real he seems, none of this is real, none of this can be real.'

Ra's judgment fell upon her. Talia swallowed a lump in her throat. It was very hard for her to breath.

"I expected better out of my daughter," Ra's Al Ghul said. "It appears you were not devoted to the cause when you let the League of Assassins splinter in such disarray. Certainly, I'm very disappointed in you and your performance. You let weaker parties take the helm."

"I'm not weak!" Talia yelled.

Talia tried to stand up to properly face him. She slumped back against the wall. The agony gripped her body even tighter. It was like she entered a vice which it was hard to get away from.

"And yet, you can barely hold yourself up. You're losing it, my dear daughter. I see it fading from your body. Soon, you won't be able to breathe properly. She has you, and you're letting her take you. She was nothing but a reject. Why haven't you put her down?"

Talia didn't answer the question. She was not hearing this. She was not hearing a single word which came out of her father's mouth. Nothing came out of her father's mouth because it was a hallucination, brought upon by her diseased and demented mind.

"I expected better out of you, Talia!" Ra's yelled. "Look at me when I'm talking to you, child!"

Talia looked at her father who looked particular demonic in the torch light. She pulled herself up and tried to take a swing at the hallucination. Collapsing at the knees, Talia dropped to the ground, still breathing.

Thump, thump, thump, the pounding increased in the back of her head.

"Just stop it, stop it please," Talia said.

'Just give in.'

"You can't even attack me properly," Ra's Al Ghul said. "You are truly more pathetic than your disgraced brother."

"NO!" Talia yelled. She clutched her fist and continued her breathing. "I am not more pathetic than
he is…..never….more pathetic than he is!"

Her words didn't back her father up. It just caused him to press on even further.

"Are you going to show me or are you going to tell me?" Ra's asked. His taunting voice continued to drill into your head. "You're in this cell, like a prize. The Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul is not meant to be enslaved by some misfit thief with supernatural powers."

The thumping increased and made Talia's head throb, shake. It was very hard for her to keep breathing.

'JUST GIVE IN!' another voice yelled.

"I expect you to take out anyone who gets in your way, and you're a disappointment otherwise," Ra's Al Ghul said. "I don't care if it's your own sister, or anyone else, I expect an army waiting at my foot when I return back to life!"

Talia dropped down to the ground. The illusion of her father waited. The darkness ensnared her mind, and Talia wondered, for the first time, if it wouldn't just be prudent to give in, to submit to her mistress.

The hallucinations bombarding her mind were so vivid they might as well have been real. Her father echoed statements which she had thought about in the past.

Several vampires, a few male, the vast majority female canvassed the catacombs and searched from the intruders. They were enslaved to the Mistress, and they would do anything for her. At least that's what they had been lead to believe. Some of them had just decided to fall into this particular life because they had given up all hope for a rescue.

"Yes!" one of them yelled, one of the ones who had embraced this life, for she had pretty much nothing else to live for. "I sense one…who smells like the one our Mistress has enslaved. The one who foolishly denies our Mistress's gift."

The other vampires moved in the cave. They could sense someone and that someone was coming to a section of the caves. They would have their prey.

"Spread out!" the leader of this particular crew said. Her eyes faded over in excitement. "They have foolishly attempted an ambush, but they have trapped themselves up…they don't know these caves as well as we do."

Three of the vampires walked over. Another one turned around and noticed something on the ground, lying on a set of rock. The silver shining orb flashed out in front of them. She reached for the orb, curiosity getting the better of her.

The other vampire caught her hand, practically slapping it away before she could touch the orb. The vampire turned around, baring her fangs in response.

"Are you dense?" the first vampire told the second one. "It could be a trap."

The grenade beeped and a loud sonic vibration came off and caught the group of vampires outside of the cave. The vampires all clutched their ears and moved around in agony. Their sensitive hearing had been bombarded by an extremely hard sonic blast.
A very familiar figure dropped down. One of the vampires screamed when Death's Master dropped in front of him. He made an honest attempt to flee from the area before he was smashed into bits.

Nyssa caught the vampire in the side of the head with a swinging uppercut punch. The vampire staggered back and she flipped over. She pulled out one of the crossbows and hit him with absolute precision. The vampire seized up and then collapsed into a pile of dust in the blink of an eye.

Sara was pleased her attack work. She wielded two daggers and swung them around. The silver dagger pierced the neck of one of the vampires. She grabbed the second vampire and flipped him over onto his back.

One of them tried to grab Sara from behind. Harry blocked the attack and a dagger flashed through his hand. The dagger glowed a sickening looking black and Harry plunged it through the chest of the vampire without any pause.

Harry waved a hand and some of the vampires lit up.

"These ones are too far gone!" Harry yelled, pointing them out. "The ones glowing black, it's too late for them."

Most of the vampires avoided Harry like he was a rainfall of holy water. Even though that didn't really work on most vampires, enough were nervous enough about the superstition to make the connection.

There was always one in the bunch who was brazen enough to try something. He raised a hand in the air and rushed towards Harry. Harry avoided his attack like it was the easiest thing in the world. He caught the vampire around the head and a stake flew out of the palm of his hand before impaling the vampire in the chest.

Sara jumped into the air and caught one of them with a kick. She turned around and avoided the grasp of one of the vampires. She pulled out another sonic device, modified only to effect the vampires. It caused them to become completely stunned.

Harry marked the vampires which could not be helped, even by the most extreme means possible. Sara made a mental note the males succumbed a bit faster than the females, although there were some females who slipped into the thralls of madness to be fair.

The horror show gripped many. The more dangerous ones tended to be the ones in the most agony. It was almost as if they had a death wish and sought confrontation to be put out of their misery.

Faith stepped out of the shadows. She aimed the crossbow and fired a bolt into the chest of the vampire. A second vampire jumped in front of the first vampire and took the wooden bolt to the chest without shame.

"FINALLY FREE!" he yelled in triumph before reducing to dust.

Buffy maneuvered into place. She could tell this particular vampire was going to give her trouble. The vampire sized up when looking across from the Slayer.

"So, you're the Slayer the Mistress warned us to stay away from," one of the vampires said. The woman bared her fangs and charged towards Buffy, who avoided the attack. "I'm sure she'll be pleased when you and your friends are converted."

The creature flashed out of way. Buffy avoided the attempt for him to sneak up behind her. She slipped back a couple of inches.
"It's not going to happen," Buffy said. She smiled when looking at the vampire. The vampire charged her one more time, and Buffy avoided the attack. The vampire almost grabbed her around the neck to put the squeeze on her.

"We'll see!"

"Actually, we won't, not today."

Harry bound her in several ropes. She dropped down to the ground and injected the side of her neck with something.

The vampire thrashed around in the ropes for several minutes before going dense.

"Was that…a cure?" Faith asked.

"Not quite," Harry said. "It's merely just a means to calm her down, so we can get some answers, at least that's my hope we will."

Sara caught one of them around the arm and flipped him to the ground. There was still enough human left in him to take the vampire down with a punch to the side of the neck. She kept punching at the side of his neck until he collapsed down to the ground. Sara pulled back from him, leaving this particular vampire out on the ground, without anywhere to go.

"Please, spare us!" one of the vampires yelled, dropping to her knees. "I only…agreed…because I didn't want to die.

Nyssa lowered the sword she held just a small bit. The vampire looked so pathetic, almost like a scared child. Some of them had given in too easily, but a few fought.

"Tell us where my sister is," Nyssa said.

The vampire Harry injected gave flashed the Master of Death a smile.

"She's down below….you'll never make it down there…no human can make it down there, alive," the vampire said in response.

"I'm not just any human."

The vampire dropping to her knees sprung up and lunged for the first person she saw, that being Sara. Faith, when seeing the attack out of the corner of her eye, spun around, grabbing the vampire around the wrist and flipped her down to the ground like she was nothing.

"She's giving into her feral instincts," Faith said.

"That's because their souls are slipping away."

Harry didn't want to even begin to get into the abstract and complex nature of what constituted as a soul. It opened a whole complicated barrel of worms he didn't want to even delve into. He did know they had a sense of being, but it was fading.

"But not for long?" Sara asked.

"No," Harry said. "They're slipping into the afterlife, and unless I find an antidote….well…"

"We know," Buffy said. "We're….we'll figure out something."
"If we find Natalie Knight, we might be able to get to the bottom of this," Harry said.

The bad feeling he had earlier returned. It only heightened when moving towards the entrance down below.

Natalie Knight sat on the floor in the lotus position; calm, tranquil, peaceful, despite the fact her home had been violated. She had actually hoped they would find a way here. Two Slayers, two members of the League, and….the fifth one was interesting, a wand waver.

Wand wavers technically looked down on what they perceived to be dark creatures. And not without good reason, but some went to the furthest extremes possible, in an attempt to eradicate these creatures without properly understanding their culture.

'They could all have their uses,' Natalie said. Her eyes turned towards the direction of the cell where the Daughter of the Demon laid on her back. 'It's beginning to break; it won't be too long now.'

Talia's body thrashed out. She had been in the process of a very violent struggle, which was in the theater of her degrading mind, and it was only increasing.

"No, please, Father…I didn't….I'm not about to fail you….yes….I'M NOT…..!"

Natalie watched, lips twitching into a bit of amusement when she saw Talia Al Ghul summon all of the energy she could muster and throw herself against the cage wall. It resulted in the same action it did earlier where she had been lifted off of the ground and hurled back down with a solid smash.

'It keeps happening, yet fools keep trying it.'

Natalie thought now more than ever, she could strike while the iron was hot and get a more willing servant. She wanted both of them, and the vampire would have both of them. It was a pity she couldn't see the life slowly drain out of the body of Ra's al Ghul. She wanted nothing else other than to see misery in the man’s face.

The man deserved to suffer for all of what he did to her and several other women, who sadly would not live long enough to attempt revenge.

"My child, calm yourself," Natalie said. "It will be okay….just give in."

Talia tried not to give in. She could feel the hand of the woman caressing her cheek. She really wished that wouldn't have been done because it was becoming increasing difficult for her to say no, to give in to what was happening.

"No, I…am….strong!"

Natalia heard the lack of conviction in her voice. It was getting pretty close for her to breaking.

"The two of us, we can create an antidote," she responded towards Talia. "It can remove the side effects, you can be whole again. And let's face it, you don't have much time left."

Talia's bleary gaze focused on Natalie's. The lump in her throat barely could be forced down. She took a half of a second to calm herself.

"The two of us can fix this," Natalie said. "Don't be stubborn, help me, help you."
Talia dropped to her knees almost in front of Natalie. She was finally sick of fighting it and felt much better for it the exact moment she stopped fighting. Resignation hit the Daughter of the Demon.

"So be it, I'll help you," she managed, almost forcing out those words in a growl. Her green eyes stared up at the enhanced woman.

"Yes, you will," Natalie said.

The cage bars opened and for a brief moment, Talia lunged forward forward, one last bit of resistance hadn't been snuffed out after her.

Natalie watched as the feeble attack had been made. She blocked Talia's palm strike and stopped her in her tracks.

Talia winced when Natalie gave her a firm squeeze of the wrist. It was very hard to hold this particular position.

"Drop to your knees," Natalie ordered.

Talia's knees buckled in obedience. She realized now by accepting the deal, she submitted herself to the servitude of the vampire.

Natalie smiled and leaned down to plant a kiss on the forehead of her charge. It further succumbed her to the power.

"Now, you're ready to obey," she answered. "We can get to work."

A long pause followed before Natalie made her move to caress the top of Talia's scalp.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

The vampire smiled, finally, she won the day.

The vampires challenged Harry and his party to get down to the lower levels. They found a winding set of staircases, and sure enough, Harry could see why no one could get down here. The long and winding staircase made it difficult.

Some of the people who descended down beneath were becoming very agitated by the trip on their way down.

'They sure don't make this easy, do they?' Buffy thought.

'Think that might be the point,' Faith thought.

Sara closed her eyes. She received a sense something was wrong. Something else was here other than the staircase. She noticed the rock which jutted out, one part of it lightened more when compared to the other parts of the rocks.

"Look," Sara muttered.

Harry turned in the general direction towards where Sara pointed and looked it over. He analyzed the
rocks as they jutted out.

"Yes, I see it."

Harry placed his hand on the side of the wall. He hoped the same magic touch which allowed him to explore the caves in Smallville would allow him inside. The rocks cracked open and a shining bright light filled the room.

The group stepped inside and what they saw were shocking. Several women between the ages of sixteen and thirty-six had been placed inside the tubes. They all took a long look at them, in surprise.

"Damn," Faith said. "This is….."

Buffy jumped in to fill in her statement. "Insane?"

"Yes," Faith said.

"Well, I'm seeing how she's expanding her army," Sara said.

"Why…how…why….how did she get these hands on that many people?" Buffy asked. She realized how deep this ran and she was inclined to stop it.

"Runaways, prostitutes, the homeless, people who didn't have anyone to speak up about their disappearance," Faith said. "Trust me, when I say….when no one really gives a fuck, it's very easy to disappear."

Buffy took it all in. These women found a home here because they had no home to go home to. Or maybe they did, and just wanted to get away from it all.

"So, what are we going to do?"

"We're going to have to secure this place," Harry said. "And make sure the people in the tube don't come out of the tube until there's a cure to be made."

The women kept in tubes only really scratched the surface. Harry noticed another section of the cave. One of the rocks looked out of place and it took only seconds to determine what it was.

Harry grabbed the switch and an opening to the cave slid open. A putrid stench filled the air and caught Harry off guard.

"It's a League of Assassins entrance to a Lazarus Pit," Nyssa explained to them, even though Sara knew. "And…it's not one I knew of….but apparently someone did."

The group took their way down the short path down the cave. They stood high above on the rocks and looked down towards a depleted Lazarus Pit.

"Someone's draining it," Faith said. "And their stock is running out."

"Can it be replenished?" Buffy asked.

Sara answered for her. "The pits occur naturally in nature. Over time, they will be replenished, but it's getting depleted faster than the resources can be stocked."

Nyssa noticed an explosive which had been set on the wall of the pit. Whoever set it, didn't have a chance to detonate it, and she could only begin to guess who was behind it. It didn't really take a rocket scientist to know they had been caught before they had the opportunity to collapse the pit.
"What do we do now?" Sara asked.

"Get the captives as far away out of here as you can," Nyssa said. "And I'm going to finish the work my sister started and destroy the pit."

Despite the fact the Lazarus Pit only came up to a person's knees, Nyssa didn't want to take any chances the tainted fluids inside of the pit would be used for something devious.

"Are you sure you don't want anyone to stay behind?" Sara asked.

Nyssa paused for a moment. She rarely went in without backup, but she knew Natalie would be coming down here sooner than later.

"Get them out of here, and when you're clear, I'm caving this tunnel in," Nyssa said.

Harry hesitated for a moment. Nyssa turned towards him and gave him a very rigid nod.

"If you're sure?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, I'm certain," Nyssa said.

Nyssa looked over her shoulder and saw Faith and Buffy leave first. Harry followed, and after a sharp look given from Nyssa, Sara turned and followed them.

'Time to finish the job, then I'll find Talia and Natalie.'

Harry, Faith, Sara, and Buffy doubled around. They made their way back towards the area where the prisoners were being kept. The fact they ran into no followers was a bit unnerving, even though they just rolled with the punches.

"Okay, so we have to get dozens of women out of here," Buffy said.

"It would be a lot easier if there wasn't an anti-teleportation field around the cave," Faith said. "That way, Harry can magic then out of here, like he magicked us outside of the cave."

"I'm not sure if magic is meant to be used as a verb like that," Buffy said.

"Oh, given your mangling of the English language, I wouldn't be one to judge, B," Faith said a moment later.

"I am not an English Language Mangler," Buffy said, almost huffing in response.

The stern look from Harry caused both of them to settle down. He turned to Sara who thankfully was wearing a mask which hit the fact she was struggling to keep a straight face.

"So, are they always like that?" Sara asked.

Harry allowed the moment of levity to pass.

"Normally worse, until I put them in line," Harry said. "And no, magic really shouldn't be used as a verb in that manner."

Buffy pumped her fist up in the air in triumph, allowing herself a moment of levity in such a serious situation.

"And I have a way to get out of here…ah here it is, the rune which was blocking us," Harry said.
Harry found it, it had been faded, hidden, but there was only so much one could do to hide an extremely magically powerful rune.

"What are you going to do?" Faith asked.

"Well when you put too many plugs in the same outlet, you can have a short," Harry said. "I'm going to do that to this magical rune."

Harry brought his hands into the rune and caused an overload of magic to supercharge it. It tried to resist the influx of magical energy going through it. Harry pushed even further inside, overriding with his own strong will.

"Stand back!"

The rune started to sizzle, with Harry blocking the outburst. The rune ruptured in a flow of magic and black smoke covered his face.

"Wow, Harry, way to take it in the face," Faith said, unable to resist herself. A flash of light appeared and suddenly a hand appeared on her shoulder. Faith jumped almost halfway up into the air in surprise. "Oh, that's nice….at least we know it works.

Nyssa armed the explosive and was about ready for its final detonation. Time to finish this off.

'Whoever using this pit, they won't use it any longer.'

A hand snatched Nyssa by the shoulder and yanked her up off of the ledge and hurled her against the wall. The Daughter of the Demon dropped to the ground, landing down hard. Someone had attacked her and someone rather good.

The first attempt of a roundhouse kick passed directly over the top of Nyssa's head. Nyssa rolled down onto the ground and avoided an attempt to cave her face in.

Nyssa drew out a crossbow and started to fire arrows at the one as fast as she could blink. The masked attacker avoided the attacks and it was almost like she had been in two places at the same time.

She flipped out of the air, grabbing Nyssa around the arm and flipped her into the air. The older Daughter of the Demon crashed down to her knees. A palm strike to the throat had been avoided. Nyssa caught her attacker's arm and extended it back. She did a flipping motion and dropped her to the ground.

The attacker tucked her foot underneath the chin of Nyssa and jacked her jaw back with a move which caused Nyssa's chin to bang across the bottom of Talia's foot.

The two of them continued their struggle. Nyssa grabbed onto the mask and pulled it off of the face of the attacker. In some ways, Nyssa thought she shouldn't be so shocked, but at the same time, she was taken aback.

Talia stood face to face with Nyssa. One look into her eyes told Nyssa all she needed to know. Her sister had been transformed.

She avoided the point of the sword coming against her throat. Nyssa whipped the sword out and
blocked the attack. The two of them struggled with each other, the swords clanging together when they fought.

"Talia, you need to….."

The sword swept underneath and almost stabbed Nyssa. Her words had been stopped short.

"Oh, are you telling me what I need to do again?" Talia asked. She spoke in a tone which was like herself, and at the same time, not like herself. "Don't worry about this, my dear sister, it's nothing personal….""

She disarmed Nyssa, and sliced her across the cheek with the sword, drawing blood. Talia made an attempt to stab Nyssa. Nyssa got out of the way and reclaimed her sword. The two matched steel with increasing frequency. The sparks flew with an increasing battle.

"Let's face it, I'm everything my father ever wanted from a daughter," Talia said. "And while I still couldn't be good enough because I wasn't born male…..he still preferred me over you, and you couldn't handle that. You had to be jealous, didn't you?"

Talia and Nyssa went blade to blade. The swords clung together, both fighters going at it.

"You sent me on this mission to kill me," Talia said. "But don't worry, you won't have to worry much longer because I'm going to show you who the better of us is."

Nyssa brought her foot down on the shoulder of Talia and tried to grab her from behind. The sword flew down to the ground. Talia struggled when Nyssa grabbed her in a Chickenwing Crossface, bending the arm back.

Nyssa realizes Talia has been infected, and a form of madness is overwhelming her.

"Talia, you've been infected," Nyssa said, putting pressure on her. If she dislocated her sister's shoulder, then so be it. "The madness is undertaking you. You must fight it."

"There you go again, telling me what I must do!" Talia yelled. "My head is clearer than ever before."

She brought out and the sword fight was about ready to start up again when Talia reclaimed her weapon.

"Sorry, Talia, but this will hurt me a lot more than it will hurt you."

Talia jumped back to gain the necessary space before rushing her sister, newly developed fangs bared.

To Be Continued on September 15th, 2016.

And Talia's mental break really hit hard there. And there's going to be a hell of a crash, as some unresolved issues rear its ugly head.

Until Thursday.
Tension increased on both sides. It was about ready to go in the worst way.

Nyssa stared down her sister. The look in her eyes ended up being vacant, cold and very chilling. More chilling than Nyssa could ever figure out in her life. She knew in an instant, the time for talking wrapped up. Talia extended her hands and bared those newly acquired fangs before charging towards the other daughter of Ra's Al Ghul.

The oldest daughter of the demon dodged the attack from Talia. She reached up and the punch from Nyssa had been blocked. Talia stepped back and avoided another swing. The punch sailed right over the top of her head. Nyssa drew herself back and withdrew the sword. She rushed towards Talia. Talia used her sword at the last minute to block the attack.

The two of them came face to face with each other, those burning eyes locked onto each other. Nyssa and Talia circled each other. Neither were about ready to back down, but at the same time, both were reluctant to make a movement.

"Don't make this any more painful than it has to be!" Talia yelled.

Nyssa wasted not one single movement or a single breath when she dove behind her sister. Talia had been grabbed from behind and Nyssa gripped her around the head. Talia struggled and tried to push Nyssa off. Nyssa wrapped her legs around her sister's waist, trying to cut out the oxygen from her.

A flash of light caused Nyssa to stagger backward. She looked at the other end of the cave and saw Talia standing opposite to where she was a moment. Talia dashed towards her at the speed of light and caught Nyssa with a kick to the chest.

The kick brought Nyssa precious inches away from toppling over the edge into the very shallow Lazarus Pit. It wasn't the Pit which worried her, although it was a concern what it could do to a healthy person who had been dropped into the pit.

Nyssa pulled herself back on the ledge and just barely avoided Talia's attacks. These attacks came close to hitting her and knocking her over the edge. Both collided hand to hand with each other. Both of them shoved back into each other.

'Got to end this quickly, she's slipping.'

Talia tried to jab Nyssa in the throat. Nyssa blocked the hand and the two sister's engaged in a struggle. The rocks started to crumble the very second they pushed back and forth. Nyssa closed her eyes, trying to keep herself from going over the edge of the cliff.

'And I have to end this quick before I start to slip as well.'

The younger daughter of Ra's Al Ghul bent back her older sister. The enhanced strength from her gifts made her the superior fighter, at least in her mind. Talia wondered briefly why she denied her
mistress and her gifts for some often. This was amazing, the sense of liberation made her feel really great.

Nyssa swept the legs out from underneath Talia. Talia rolled back and then jumped up on her feet. Nyssa hurled several throwing stars at Talia. Talia spun around and deflected them all out of mid-air.

Sword withdrawn once more, Nyssa pounced. Talia dodged the attack and the sword clanged against the ground. Another attack offered more of the same results. Talia caught the sword between her fingers and bent it to avoid the attack.

The sword blade snapped from the hilt, and Talia grabbed Nyssa around the head and flipped her down onto the ground. Talia wrapped her legs around Nyssa's head in an attempt to smother all of the light out of her, while slamming her hands against Nyssa's chest.

"Just submit!" Talia yelled to her.

Nyssa just ended up slipping away from the attack from her sister, just barely. She slid back on her knees absolutely breathless. Talia came behind her and tried to give her sister a bite on the neck to further subdue her. Nyssa summoned all of the strength possible, to nail Talia in the side of the mouth. Another rapid-fire string of punches had been thrown together with Talia sliding back on the ground.

The Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul fell onto her back, breathing in a heavy manner. She looked up at Talia, realizing this entire battle was not going the way she planned it to be.

"I'm really sorry," Nyssa muttered underneath her breath. She pulled out a solar grenade and hurled it into the air.

The blinding flash of sunlight encouraged Talia to raise her arms up into the air and shield her face, to block it from being scorched by the light. Nyssa jumped high into the air to nail her sister down across the chest with a vicious kick and bring her down to the ground.

Natalie zipped in and caught Nyssa with a huge punch to the chest. Nyssa dropped down to the ground, the breath having driven from her.

The Alpha of this pack of vampires stood over Nyssa. She turned towards her servant who dropped down. Talia looked a bit downtrodden.

"Mistress, forgive me," Talia said. Her eyes flushed over and a look and feeling of great shame spread over her body. "I have failed you."

Natalie hoisted Talia up off of the ground, casting a brief eye towards Nyssa who dangled over the side towards the pit. The ground was starting to crack.

"It's a pity I don't have both sisters underneath my command," Natalie said. She leaned in and kissed her charge on the lips to strengthen said control. "But, it's a situation I'm going to have to live with."

Natalie looked over her shoulder a second later and then looked back towards her charge.

"We must depart, Death approaches, and the integrity of this tunnel has been compromised," she said.

Talia joined Natalie and what few followers remained. They would need to depart for the next phase of the plan to come to life.
Nyssa just barely pulled herself up, but even if she could pull herself up, the fact the tunnel would collapse around her would squash her.

A very familiar hand grabbed Nyssa and pulled her back onto the ledge. All of her breath left her body when she saw the figure standing in the shadows.

"We better go, now."

Nyssa shook her head, ribs aching in agony. She wasn't about to argue with this particular situation.

Every happened so fast, it was very hard to get it together. They had to move quickly to avoid being buried alive within the caves. The good news was the tainted pit had been destroyed. It was just about the only good thing.

Nyssa took a second to collect her thoughts, having made it outside of the caves. The situation had equal parts good news and bad news. The good news was the tunnel was collapsed and no one would be able to use it again.

The bad news, as she saw it, was her sister had been infected, and Nyssa didn't know how long it would take before she was far gone. The Daughter of the Demon looked up at the cave where her sister had fought her. The look in Talia's eyes was something that alarmed her. While she wasn't as far gone as the other vampires, she was far gone.

'I don't….she's just….I can't believe this happened,' Nyssa thought.

The oldest Daughter of Ra's al Ghul could not help but think this is her fault.

She joined Sara, Harry, Faith, and Buffy. All of them waited to see what their next move would be.

"I know you're struggling to concentrate right now," Harry said. He placed a comforting hand on Nyssa's shoulder. "But, I need to focus, and I need you to concentrate."

"What did you find out first of all?" Nyssa asked.

Everyone sighed, they wished they had found out even more.

"Only that Natalie wants to use the Lazarus Pits to make her followers whole again," Faith said. She took a second to let this all sink into all of them. She eyed Nyssa who nodded in response. "They're going to need a big supply though because…she's created legions."

"What I want to know is who is behind this," Harry said suddenly.

Sara blinked, and something hit her. She could have smacked herself nice and hard for not coming to a conclusion that there was someone else behind this other than Natalie earlier.

"Someone must have let her out of her cage," Harry said. "Didn't you mention she was supposed to be under strict observation?"

In the confusion, Nyssa didn't think about this. She frowned. Harry did have a point, a very good point to be perfectly honest.

"Yes, and when my father…went on his sabbatical," Nyssa said. She paused, amused that she would call her father's descent to the afterlife a sabbatical. To be perfectly honest, though, her father died on
so many occasions, his death had just become common place. "Everything happened so fast and so quick, I didn't have a chance to….."

Nyssa had rarely been at a loss for words. Harry would have felt honored it was one of those rare times the one and only Daughter of the Demon had been struck silent. He reached over and placed a hand on the top of hers. She smiled and reached over, intertwining their fingers together.

"Never gets any easier," Nyssa muttered, more to herself than to Harry.

"It rarely does," Harry said, smiling at her. "You just got to go with it, and see where life takes you."

Nyssa would have had to agree with that. She took the information regarding what Natalie said and she already made a plan in her head.

"So where are they going next?" Harry asked.

"There are three probable locations where she can take Natalie to get her supply of Lazarus," Nyssa said, retaining her business like demeanor.

Harry produced a map and smoothed it out on the rocks. Nyssa almost did a double take when she looked at the map. All of the Lazarus Pit locations had been marked on a map, including a few she didn't even know about. She looked from Harry to the rest of the group. Faith only responded with a slight shrug and a knowing little smile.

"I'd really like to say I'm surprised," Nyssa muttered. "But, I should know better."

"Yes, you should," Sara said.

They allowed a brief moment of levity in a sea of insanity.

"Yes," Harry said. "Do you mind pointing out all of the probable locations or the ones you think are the most possible?"

"Most of these have been depleted by my father over the years," Nyssa said. She took a second to point them all out. "These three, on the contrary, have not been depleted. They are as potent as they day they had been untapped."

Harry took a second and placed his hand on the three locations. He pointed to the first and shook his head. He pointed to the second one and shook his head. The third one, however, he felt something really strong for.

"How?" Buffy asked.

"He's Harry Potter?" Faith suggested.

The answer to many of the things in life which could not be explained. Well they could be explained, but they just wouldn't have been explained very easily to be honest.

"Well, to be fair, we're not there yet," Harry said. "Brace yourself."

Harry extended the field of teleportation around the four other girls. They all had their weapons at the ready and they knew what would happen.

'Why do I have a feeling this isn't going to end well?'

They teleported right inside the area of the caves behind a rock, the moment they turned up, they saw
some ghoulish figures walking around the cave, deep in conversation. They grunted at each other and then turned around in the opposite direction.

"They can sense us, normally," Sara said.

"I used a charm to create a stronger scent that way," Harry said.

"Oh, that's useful," Buffy said.

"Magic can come in handy sometimes, yes," Harry said before any of them could voice the target. "Keep your eyes peeled for the Alpha of the pack."

Subdue Natalie and Harry could be well on the way of figuring out how to put a stop to this all completely. At least he intended to do so.

'Of course, a lot can go wrong between this point and the time I track down Natalie,' Harry thought. 'So, got to brace myself for anything.'

A tiny seed of rebellion spread through Talia's being. She was getting slightly annoyed by how long this was taking. The serum had been prepared, and she needed it, and needed it now. Talia wanted to be in control of herself, and control of these new abilities.

"Do hurry up and cure me," Talia said.

Natalie snapped over towards her. She had been a difficult one to stick under heel for too long. This particular fact amused her, but it also caused her amusement to really fade.

"Neither of us wants a serum which can worsen our condition," Natalie said. She took a moment to rest a hand on Talia's shoulder. "Have faith it works and have faith in the process."

Talia's faith was being strained every single moment time passed and would only get worse the longer she had been forced to wait. She crossed her arms. The desire to take control of this operation and displace Natalie as the Alpha started to rear its ugly head. She was the Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul. She should have been superior to some common thief in any way.

"You're going to need the entire Pit?" Talia asked watching as Natalie walked back and forth.

Natalie measured the chemical properly, making sure the extract was perfect to dump into the pit. Talia's inquiring eyes locked onto the back of her head.

"We're going to need to make the process work properly," Natalie said. She tipped the chemical over and it dropped into the pit.

The pit started to bubble. One of the bubbles rose into the air and popped, narrowly missing showering the women with the modified chemicals. They stood back, and waited for the chemical inside the pit to be changed to something else entirely. What, they did not know, but it would be something else.

Natalie waited several precious moments for the chemicals inside the pit to settle to their natural state. The moment they had been done, she turned around towards two of her followers.

"Unchain yourself from your life, my sisters," Natalie said. She motioned towards the Pit. "Get inside the Pit, and you will be whole once more!"
The two minions jumped into the pit with obedience. They dropped down into the pit and disappeared a few seconds later.

Natalie waited, grinding her foot off against the ground. She thought these creatures should have come back up after a second. Nothing happened, and this annoyed her.

Now the shoe had been on the other foot, and Talia couldn't help, and be smug.

"Wait one moment," Talia said. "Trust the process."

They waited for two women to rise from the pit. Talia thought for the briefest of seconds something might have happened which caused them to dissolve within the pit. That would have been rather unfortunate, and that would have been a wasted Lazarus Pit.

The Pit stirred and two figures rose from the pit. Their leather skin was prominent and they had big bat wings which started to flap. Their bloodshot eyes and fangs came out. These mutated man-bat-women came out of the pit, one of them giving a howling scream of agony.

The hideous creatures moved towards her. They stared at Natalie with a very feral look. The woman stepped back.

"They've changed….they're not cured at all!" Talia yelled.

Talia knew she blundered the situation. The creatures moved towards the two women, hideous snarling following when they approached.

"Stand back!" Natalie yelled. One of them turned their attention towards her. "I am your Mistress, and you will obey every single word I…ARGH!"

One of them sent Natalie flying back against the wall. The creature dove towards her and she tried to teleport away. The creature reached out and grabbed her ankle before the teleportation.

Talia withdrew her blade and impaled the second mutated bat creature. The creature gave a hiss of anger, and grabbed the blade, tearing it from her chest. The hand rose up towards her. Talia only barely, and narrowly avoided getting her head ripped off.

Natalie kicked the transformed minion away. This particular attack didn't back the minion off for very long. The minion rushed towards her, about ready to rip into her.

A flash of light caused Natalie to be pulled out of the way. She found herself in the warm embrace of the Master of Death himself. Given the alternative, she had never been gladder in his life to see them.

Harry turned around and ensnared the mutated man-bat-woman inside of a net. The net ensnared the creature and she gave an agonizing howl when being pushed to the ground. A flare up of energy brought the creature down further into a blistering heap.

Nyssa came up from behind the other one and secured her. Talia looked towards Nyssa. She charged her sister, a flare of anger spreading through herself. Nyssa blocked Talia's hand, turning her around and subduing her.

The pit started to bubble right next to him and the chemical added made the pit extremely unstable. Harry waved his hand and all of the women in the chambers, including Natalie and Talia, and Natalie's followers, along with the two mutated bat creatures vanished with a pop.

This left Harry to get to work in sealing the cave before everything had been caught up in an
explosion. The Pit would be rendered unusable, but it was just one less means immortal assholes had in clinging onto life.

After draining the Pit of a few quick samples, Harry disappeared, to leave the tainted Pit to be buried forever, where no one can find it.

He intended for it to remain that way. It would be a long time before anyone could use the pit.

The bat creature swiped and clawed in an attempt to rip through the cage to get to anything who moved. Harry walked around the area of the lab, as calm as calm could be. The antidote was almost ready. And it wouldn't be ready a moment too soon.

Faith stood at the ready by the door, at the small chance the woman broke out. She was surprised to see how calm Harry had worked on the antidote.

"With the right teacher, I have a good eye for mixing chemicals," Harry said.

Harry had to teach himself the ins and outs of creating potions, and then chemistry as well. He had a very a couple of bad teachers regarding the subject in primary school, and the less said about his Potions Professor the better. It almost put him off the art, which was a shame because he was a natural.

A bad teacher could kill a lot of instincts.

"Let me guess, bad experience with a teacher at school almost put you off of the subject?" Faith asked.

"In a way, maybe," Harry said. "But, I'm not about to let a couple of bad apples spoil the bunch. My Mother was a prodigy at the art of mixing Potions, and really, once you have Chemistry down, the Potion making is about as easy as one two three."

Harry let the Potion simmer and stew a short amount later. He looked towards the feral woman who once again tried to break out of the cage. It looked hideous.

'A shame, but she's not gone, so there's still time,' Harry thought. 'Each moment of her life might as well be never ending agony, though.'

He turned around to see Talia strapped to the table. At her own risk, Nyssa placed a hand on Talia's, as if trying to keep her calm, subdued. Harry allowed Nyssa and Sara to be in the lab because the extra backup couldn't hurt.

As much help to get, the better, especially when dealing with a situation like creatures of the night.

"Okay, we're almost done," Harry said.

Whether or not the creature understood a word said, Harry didn't know. All he could do was see the creature thrash about the cage and slam into the cage.

"You're going to test the antidote on her first, aren't you?" Nyssa asked, pointing towards the woman trapped in the cave. She tried to push and claw her way out.

Harry sent a small burst of pheromones to ensnare her in the cage.
"Relax, this won't hurt a bit," Harry said. "Okay, maybe a little, but it's for your own good."

Harry shook his head. Saying something was for someone's own good actually wasn't something he made a habit out of doing all too often because it leads to some rather negative opinions. He stepped closer towards the cage and held out the syringe. He stuck the point into the shoulder of the man-bat-woman creature.

"Now we wait, and….."

Her entire body sized up and a brief scream of agony could be heard. Her bones and body had to be reshaped because of the transformation. She came down and dropped to her knees. A malnourished woman dropped to her knees. Her hair looked rather ratty, and her face was rather sunken in.

"Buffy, do you think you can take her upstairs, and get her settled in?" Harry asked. "Don't worry about getting her anything to eat, food has already been prepared for when she wakes up."

Buffy nodded and hastened to do what Harry asked of her.

Now, there was little time to waste. Harry turned his attention over towards to Talia and injected the antidote into her body.

Talia's eyes flooded over. Harry monitored the vital signs with a close look, watching her body calm down to a better degree. He turned towards Nyssa and Sara who waited.

"She'll be fine," Harry said. "All she needs to do is sleep it off for a few days. She….must have fought the transformation pretty hard."

Nyssa didn't need Harry to say anything else. Talia's restraints had been loosened. Nyssa gently scooped up her sleeping sister and made her way up towards the bedroom. She looked so peaceful right about now.

Sara turned around and followed Nyssa up to the bedroom.

Harry prepared to distribute the antidote to all of the other women who had been infected they could save. Where they would go from here, or even if they could get some degree of a normal life back, Harry honestly didn't know.

Faith had been left alone in the lab with Harry. She frowned and walked over towards him. She waited for Harry to turn around.

"What about Natalie?" Faith asked. Harry raised an eyebrow and she pressed forward. "I think we both know she's been infected too long for the antidote to take hold."

Harry took a moment to think about it and nodded. That was a concern.

"You're right, she's too….she's been too ensnared for an antidote to take hold of her," Harry said. Faith smiled when giving a nice long look towards Harry. "But, she's a resource, and I won't let something like that get away."

"What are you planning to do?" Faith asked even though she had a pretty clear idea what Harry planned on doing and pretty much approached it.

Harry smiled when he made sure the dosages of antidote were in order. He planned on distributing it to the other infected women, and then would go and deal with Natalie.
"How do I normally deal with women who are in need of discipline?" Harry asked. Faith blinked and responded with a swift nod and a very knowing smile. "You and I both know what needs to be done, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," Faith answered without skipping a beat.

"She needs an anchor of stability to cure her madness," Harry said. "And I plan to give it to her.

First thing was first, though, the people who could be cured should be given the cure. And then, he would deal with Natalie.

Everything would work out fine.

Natalie Knight sat against the cell she had been in. At least she had been left with a rather lavish bed, which was a far bit more than she thought she deserved. Natalie's eyes looked up and she waited for it to happen.

'So, this ends, waiting for my fate,' Natalie thought. 'I can't say I don't deserve it.'

Death would approach her and to be perfectly honest, she embraced it now more than ever before. Natalie's gambit with the Daughter of the Demon and the Lazarus Pit was the last ditch hope.

"Talia al Ghul has been cured, along with the women you've sent into the pit, and all of your followers as well."

Natalie snapped out of her thoughts. Mouth hung wide open. She could see him standing on the other side of the cell. The captivating green eyes caught her off guard. A thought Natalie knew went through the mind of every single woman the moment she saw them.

"Please, you have to release me," Natalie said. She pulled herself up to her feet only to drop back down to her knees, begging completely. "You're the Master of Death, surely you know of a way to send me on? You know of a way to put me out of my misery."

Harry smiled when looking towards her. Natalie wasn't going to lie, she felt something which had not entered her body in a long time. And she wondered if there would be something else entering her body.

'No, he might just be relaxing you.'

"I'll give you a release," Harry said. "But, it won't be the one you think it is…although deep down, it's the type of release you know you want."

Natalie blinked for a couple of seconds, wondering what he was talking about. Her heart would have beat hard if she wasn't an undead creature of the night.

"Let's face it," Harry said. "There's something deeper going on here, deeper than you, and the first group of women, and all the others you've infected, in an attempt to find a cure."

"There is none, not for me," Natalie said. "Serums don't work."

"No, they don't," Harry said. The door faded away and Harry stepped up against her. Natalie almost pressed herself back against the wall. He grabbed her hand and forced her into the center of the ring.

"The only hope is you are anchored to someone even more powerful than yourself. That's the only
way you remain stability."

Natalie was about to ask what he meant by that. She had her answer and had it quick. Harry's mouth pressed upon hers with an intense kiss. He shoved a tongue deep into the back of her throat and kissed her even harder.

Harry's tongue pushed into her throat and massaged her tonsils. Natalie grabbed the back of Harry's head and pulled him in deeper. She never wanted this kiss to end. Her hunger increased, but in a good way.

'This is really happening.'

The vampire's legs became like jelly when he pushed her back against the wall. The dress she wore gave him easy access to a lot of her skin. He kept brushing those fingers all over every single inch of her delicate body, feeling the warmth which spread between her thighs.

"You know what you want, don't you?" Harry asked.

Natalie breathed, she felt so much towards him. The same power which ensnared many women were about to ensnare her.

"Yes," Natalie said. He nibbled the side of her neck which resulted in Natalie gasping. Her nipples strained against the edge of her top. "And here I thought I was supposed to be the biter."

She raised a hand placing a hand on Harry's shoulder and started to feel the firmness of his bicep. Natalie moved over to give him a bite on his neck. Harry stopped her before she did so.

"Just a fair warning," Harry told her. Natalie looked back towards him with wanton eyes. "You bite me and try and draw blood without any consent, and you won't enjoy the consequences."

Harry reached behind her and squeezed the beauty on her firm ass cheek. Natalie jumped up, gasping. She felt more alive than ever before. His hands sent sparks of electricity through her body. For the first time in a long time, Natalie felt something more than a spread of blood lust through her body and the very thought made her more excited.

"Yes, I understand," Natalie said.

"Strip for me, my pet."

Natalie wasted no time in tearing her dress away from her body, showing an animalistic lust dancing from her eyes.

She would please her new master in ways which excited her.

Harry viewed her body being exposed. Natalie's large milky breasts revealed towards him. She took them in her hands and squeezed them, viewing Harry with thinly veiled lust. Natalie started to stroke her nipples, making them grow harder in her hand.

The sexy woman ran her hands down her smooth stomach and down between her legs. Her hips were wide and she had the perfect body to be fucked nice and hard. Her pussy was smooth, devoid of any hair and her legs stretched down for miles. Her juicy ass made Harry's cock harden just as much.

"If I can't suck your blood yet, maybe I'll get another fluid from your body," Natalie said. She dropped down to her knees and smiled. She looked at his throbbing cock.
Harry decided to help her along the rest of the way. He placed his hands on the back of Natalie’s head and guided her hot mouth around his cock. Those lips wrapping around his cock caused Harry almost to lose it.

Natalie took Harry’s cock deep into her throat with a glorious suck. She kept making those sucking sounds, bringing Harry’s cock deeper into the back of her throat. She reached around and cupped Harry’s balls, stroking them when she kept sucking that hard cock.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of her warm mouth wrapped around him. The long sucks made him throb in her mouth.

"Yes, you're such a good little cock sucker," Harry said. He touched the hands on the back of her head. "I bet you'd like me to fuck your mouth, wouldn't you, pet?"

Natalie's eyes flashed up, encouraging Harry to do just that. Harry did, working his cock into her mouth. Natalie's hot throat opened up for Harry. Harry worked into the back of her throat, pounding her all the way.

Harry worked his way into her mouth for several minutes. He enjoyed her hot, wet, mouth sucking on him. Natalie weighed Harry's balls and squeezed them. Another couple of squeezes followed.

"I want to you to use your tits," Harry said. "Do you think you can do that for me?"

"It would be an insult if I couldn't, Master," Natalie said. She pulled away from Harry. Those large creamy tits found their way wrapped around Harry's hard and throbbing cock. He groaned when the tit flesh wrapped around him.

Natalie's breasts worked around the length of Harry's cock. She slid her tongue out and tasted the cream which dripped from the swollen head.

"Right there," Harry groaned. "That's…what I want!"

Natalie jerked off Harry's throbbing hard cock with her breasts. Harry held onto the generous flesh and kept working over it.

"Are you going to cum all over my pretty face, Master?" Natalie asked. She spoke in a sultry little girl's voice. "Are you going to send all of your cum all over my nice round tits, making me look like a used condom?"

Harry kept working a steady pace in between Natalie's tits. The warm sacks of flesh worked their magic.

"You better…believe it," Harry groaned.

Harry sped up his thrusts into her. Her nice tits squeezed him. Harry couldn't hold back his lustful feelings. He wanted to fuck these breasts and do it all night long. He made them his when he kept fucking them.

The weight of his balls grew in increasing prominence. He held onto those juicy tits and kept pounding his way between her warm cleavage. Soon, Harry would have no choice, but to release himself all over her breasts. He held onto them, riding them all the way to the edge of a very memorable climax.

"Here it comes," Harry groaned.
The first warm burst of cum blasted Natalie in the face. The series of hot blasts fired into her body. She caught cum droplets in her mouth, sucking them down with the burning lust all over her eyes getting even worse. She sucked down his seed with hunger burning through her eyes.

The moment Harry's balls fired their last bit of seed, he yanked his cock away from Natalie. He looked down at the woman, her breasts coated his seed. He reached over and grabbed Natalie by the chin to get her to look at him.

"Clean yourself."

Natalie took a nipple into her mouth and sucked it harder than she ever sucked anyone's neck. Her mouth wrapped around the nipple and started to tease it. The nipple hardened in her mouth when she licked the cream off.

What cream she did not get, Natalie collected it upon her hands. She looked at her coated fingers and smiled. She painted her face with cum as it dripped off of her. A smile spread over her after slipping those fingers into her mouth and sucking on them.

"On your hands and knees, if you please."

Natalie turned away from Harry and got on her hands and knees. Her pussy revealed for Harry. Harry stepped over and buried his face in between the warm thighs.

The creature of the night could feel a warmth she never thought would visit again. Harry's tongue mapped a nice little course through her pussy. He drove deeper into her hot pussy and licked the inside of it out.

Harry pulled himself away from her. Her thighs spread for him, primed for a huge fucking. His cock throbbed. Harry placed those hands on those firm ass cheeks and ran them up her body. He stopped at her breasts to fondle them. Her nipples hardened underneath his fingers.

"Now, it's time for you to get fucked like you never got fucked before," Harry said. He put his mouth to her ear and nibbled it. "Are you ready to feel this, pet?"

Natalie didn't even bother to wait a second. His cock pushed at the edge of her entrance. It almost shoved deep inside of her body. The tip inside of her intensified the emotions she felt. The rest of the cock pushing inside of her spread her all the way out.

"Thank you, Master!" Natalie moaned.

Harry held onto her hips and pulled almost all the way out of her. He shoved his hard cock into her again with another quick and ready thrust. He grabbed onto Natalie's firm ass cheek and squeezed it. A nice firm slap on her cheek resulted in her moaning out deep.

"Don't worry, the pleasure has only begun," Harry said.

Natalie wondered what that meant. She understood in an instant. Harry slowly sped up his thrusting at the first long plunge into her body. Those thick balls struck her. Her pussy clamped down onto his throbbing hard rod.

Harry stretched out her pleasure. He worked Natalie to a first amazing orgasm. The race became slow and steady at first. It increased with intensity the longer Harry worked her over.

"Yes, it feels so good!" Natalie moaned. Her heart kept racing the further Harry buried his hard cock inside of her body. "You're making me cum, my God!"
"Yes, glad you noticed."

The heat surrounding Harry's cock only encouraged him to plow into her body. Several years of unrestrained sexual lust spread through her body. Harry caressed her body when fucking her from behind. He entered her mind.

'So you want harder, and faster don't you?' Harry asked. 'Well, who I am one to argue about that?'

Harry plunged deeper into her tight vice of a pussy. She clamped down hard around him. Harry almost slipped out of her and plowed deep into her body. Each thrust grew more rapid the further he slammed his way into her body.

"Please, Master, harder…don't stop!" Natalie moaned at the top of her lungs. Harry reached around and cupped her breasts. "Oooh, right there, please!"

He obliged her and fucked her brains out. His thick balls rose in volume when he slammed into her. One orgasm spread through her body. Harry didn't stop, because she could take the hardness of his cock deep inside of her.

Natalie's entire body filled with jolts of pleasure. This was like a dream come true to her and she never wanted this to stop, not now, and not ever. Harry's long cock stretched her out and made her feel more alive than she had been a long time.

If she had to be enslaved to his will, then she didn't care. As long as his long, thick cock kept ramming into her pussy, she would take everything he had to offer to her.

"You're so very close," Harry informed her. "I bet you want to cum for me again, don't you?"

"YES!" Natalie screamed at the top of her lungs.

Harry had been rewarded by a sticky round of her cum. She covered his cock and resulted in Harry pushing deep inside of her. His hands felt every inch of her pale, beautiful body. It shined in the moonlight which came from the open window when he fucked her.

Natalie thought there were more productive ways for her to spend the night than stalking for prey, at least deep down. And now with his cock deep inside of her, she knew that.

Harry experienced more pleasure shooting through his nerve endings. She wrapped around his cock, squeezing the thick flesh.

"Here it comes," Harry said. "When I finish, you're going to be mine forever."

"Good!" Natalie yelled, summoning all she could do towards her pussy muscles to make sure he finished. She squeezed Harry's hard cock a couple more times.

Harry followed through, pounding Natalie to an amazing and fulfilling finish. He emptied his balls into her. The inside of her body filled with his cum.

Thick, juicy cum dripped from between Natalie's legs. Harry rolled her over, cock still hardened, and shoved it inside her.

Natalie happily agreed. She dug her nails into his back and encouraged him to fuck her as the night rolled on. She hadn't even felt so alive before being dipped inside the pits.

Harry worked up another load as he continued to put his pet through the paces.
To Be Continued on September 19th, 2016.

Everything ends pretty good, and Harry gets himself a new pet. The Lazarus flow is cut off, well at this particular pit. All he needs to do is find the person who let Natalie out of her cage.
Talia al Ghul stirred awake. She took a full view of the surroundings. The first thing she observed was the simple fact she was not inside a cell. She didn't become any less guarded due to this particular fact. She did have a slight amount of relief she no longer appeared to have been the prisoner of Natalie Knight. The Daughter of the Demon strained her neck to look up.

Everything changed since the last couple of hours, maybe even days. Time had been a funny thing and she hadn't been able to comprehend how much time had exactly passed. She refused to move from any position on the bed and just soak in everything around her. She leaned back against the bed, head dropping on the pillows.

Since she had not been locked inside a prison, she had been left with the question as to where exactly she was. Talia found herself in a nice and lavish bedroom. The bed's comfort levels caused her to relax a little bit too much. To the point where it took Talia a couple of moments to realize she had been placed behind some large glass wall.

Talia tried to lift her arms off of the bed. They rose about a couple of inches before they flopped down onto the bed. She took another second to realize this had not been the result of someone restraining her to the bed. Rather, it had been due to the fact her body had been weakened.

The real question is what happened, and thinking about what happen drove Talia to think about something she didn't really want to think about.

She remembered only scattered bits of memories since the moment she had been put underneath Natalie's thrall. The Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul knew enough and understood only slightly more to know she had done something, very nearly which she regretted.

Talia tried to turn over and once again she collapsed on the bed. The teeth of this particular woman started to gnash together. She wanted nothing better than to get out of bed and move around. If nothing else than to figure out where she was, and more importantly where she needed to go.

'This is pathetic,' Talia thought. 'I shouldn't have been this pathetic. I should find a way out of bed...I shouldn't be trapped here without a place to go....this is so humiliating.'

Talia made a movement to lift her arm up only to see it snap back down about the bed. Her lack of success of rising out of bed failed to improve Talia's mood. Her lack of success of rising out of bed failed to improve Talia's mood. As a matter of fact, it caused her own mood to worsen. The feeling of helplessness made Talia feel inadequate and undeserving of surviving the events of today.

"Good, you're awake."

Talia turned her attention towards the figure walking down the hallway. Her older sister stepped on the other side of the cell. There had been a large glass wall separating the two of them. Talia suspected it was because of security reasons and after what happened, she could hardly fault it.

She didn't resemble exactly what happened, but she had enough of a memory to realize something really bad happened.
"Yes, I noticed," Talia said. "What exactly happened?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that right now," Nyssa said. Talia looked at her sister. Nyssa thought she had better clarify. "It's healthier for your sanity and your stability to allow your mind to fill in the blanks of what happened."

Talia thought they greatly differed on this particular point. The one thing which caused her sanity and her stability to waiver was the fact she had been unable to piece together what happened. She went through her mind.

Shattered memories slowly intertwined back together. Talia drew in a deep breath and drew it out. Every single moment came back to her in an angry flood.

Trying to track down the tainted Lazarus Pits, she remembered that, then she fought the vampire, and the vampire injected her with a serum to get her to comply. All of those memories came back to Talia. Vague memories came back to her. Talia was pretty sure she had tried to fight the darkness and failed, only because it had been a lot easier to embrace said darkness than to fight it.

"Do you feel it?" Nyssa asked. She pulled out a chair and sat down on the other end of the cell. "Is it all coming back to you now?"

Talia answered with a nod. Something throbbed into the back of her mind. She doubted it would be any easier from here on out.

"A slight bit, yes," Talia said.

She tried to stretch out on the bed. Her face screwed up, beginning to wince at the absolute pain racking through her body.

"I'd ask how you're feeling but…..."

Nyssa trailed off, which allowed Talia to respond to her.

"I'm sore," Talia said to her sister. "Very sore…...and also very confused. If you can't tell me what happened, at least you can tell me where I am."

Nyssa closed her eyes for a second. Talia watched her sister's motions. She could have sworn Nyssa had been comprehending something.

"You're in the Dragon's Lair."

To say Talia had been thrown off might have been pushing things directly into the territory of gross understatements. The Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul's lips curled into a frown.

"You're kidding," Talia said. She tried not to get too excited, it would agitate her condition. Still, she had a couple of things she could say. "You found him, he does exist."

Nyssa's smile grew more prominent. She didn't want to brag too much about her findings. It did feel liberating to hold this information.

"He exceeded my expectations, and went several miles beyond," Nyssa said.

Talia almost smiled, but didn't. Her guard wasn't down that far.

"Given your high expectations, that does say a whole lot about his prowess," Talia said. "So, when do I get the opportunity to meet him?"
"Soon," Nyssa informed her sister. "You'll get the opportunity soon. He is responsible for your state right now. You would have turned into a bloodsucking creature of the night had it not been for his intervention."

"Well," Talia said, more to herself than her sister. "It does look like I have a whole lot to thank him for then."

Nyssa leaned closer towards the cell. An awkward moment passed between the two sisters.

"Is there anything I can get you in the meantime?"

"Something to eat would be nice," Talia said. "I felt like I haven't eaten in years."

Nyssa suspected as much, but couldn't be completely sure.

"Given you had to purge a deadly virus, which you spent a fair amount of time trying to fight, I'd imagine that to be the case," Nyssa said. "Just think about what you would want, and it would be there."

Talia blinked and an entire course of food, up her specifications appeared on a table off to the side of the bed. She took the chicken in her hand and it had even been seasoned to her liking.

Nyssa watched her sister tear into the meat with ravenous intentions.

"Compliments of the Dragon."

"Give him my thanks, if you see him first."

"Oh, I'm certain you'll see him all too soon."

Faith and Sara sat back across from the other end of the room. Both of the women observed Harry Potter, who walked around without a shirt. It was an exercise in concentration for both girls. Something Sara was able to withstand for a lot longer due to her training, although Faith managed to hold a coherent enough conversation despite the circumstances.

"So, does he run these tests often?" Sara asked.

The dark-haired slayer pulled away from the show with a slight amount of regret.

"Very often," Faith said. "I have no complaints about them, do you?"

"No," Sara said.

"He says when he spent time in Britain, his power levels have been stunted," Faith said. "And now, they're slowly rising up, especially when he has sex."

Buffy flashed out behind both of them. Faith and Sara jumped up off of the bench. Sara turned around and only stopped short of plunging the knife she carried into the stomach of Buffy the very second she popped in front of her.

Sara relaxed, but the annoyance factor flashed through her eyes.

"Do you realize how risky it is to teleport behind an assassin?" Sara asked. She looked towards
Buffy, eyebrow raised. "You could have gotten yourself stabbed or worse?"

"I'm here," Buffy said. She put her hands on her hips and flashed a smile towards Sara. "And I'm fine...I don't see what the big deal is."

Faith tried not to break into a fit of laughter. Their bonding with Harry gave them so much.

"You're enjoying the gift our Master gave you way too much," Faith said shaking her head. She rose up to her full height which put her a significant amount from looking Buffy straight in the eye.

"Come on, you can't....." Buffy said. She almost stumbled over her words in excitement. To be honest, she never dreamed of being able to teleport from place to place. Stairs were truly going to be a thing in the past. "You can't admit it isn't going to be useful."

"It can be," Sara said. She preferred doing things the old fashion way. Lot fewer chances to end up stuck in the wall.

Then again, it could be because she hadn't picked up the teleporting thing as fluid as Faith and Buffy had.

"You're just a bit miffed you didn't pick it up as well as I did," Buffy said.

"Yeah, a little bit," Sara said. "But, you know, there are just some circumstances where you can't teleport out of. Or you fight someone who knows where you're teleporting, and he sticks a knife right where your stomach would be once you landed."

Buffy shook her head. Trust an assassin to have such a dismal perspective on something so amazing.

"Plus, while it can be useful," Harry said. He took a moment run the last battery of tests. "Still under where I want to be....."

"Will you ever reach your full potential?" Faith asked. She flinched when realizing that particular statement came out a lot worse in her mind than she intended to. "Sorry, I didn't mean to....."

Harry raised a hand to silence Faith. He cupped a hand underneath his chin and submerged himself deep into contemplation.

"You can always improve upon perfection," Harry said. "Buffy, do you think you can help me with something upstairs?"

"Sure!" Buffy yelled. She looked over her shoulder towards Faith and Sara, who looked at each other.

"Don't look too smug or anything," Faith muttered to her.

"And...you should be a bit more careful about the teleporting," Harry said. He placed a hand on Buffy's arm and lead her up the stairs, the long and winding stairs. "There are people who get too excited and too emotional when they teleport, and they end up ripped in half.....I don't think you want your blood and guts spilled in the middle of the street."

"No, I don't," Buffy said. "Wait, is there...there's a way to magic these people back together, or are they just boned? And not in the good way."

"They're not boned," Harry said. "But, the process of putting a person who has been ripped apart in the act of teleporting is even more painful than the actual part of getting ripped apart in the first
Buffy's mouth hung open. Teleportation sounded a lot less glamorous when it was put that way.

Faith decided to pull herself away from the gruesome details.

"So, are you deciding to stick around?" Faith asked Sara.

"Yes," Sara said. "The League wants to ensure their future master's protection, so I'm going to be shadowing Harry. Nyssa and Talia will be leaving when Talia gets better."

"Hopefully she has a chance to thank our master," Faith said. She leaned up on the couch and placed a hand on Sara's thigh. "You thought you were being pretty sneaky trying to pretend to be a high school student, didn't you?"

The blonde assassin crossed her legs and didn't even blink. She looked back into Faith's eyes, grinning.

"Well, to be fair, high school is a perfect place to scout for future talent," Sara said. "So, it just wasn't... a chance to stalk the Slayers."

Faith's lips curled into a grin when she further slid up the couch towards Sara. The two of them went eye to eye with each other.

"I'm sure you got enjoyment in watching our every move," Faith said. "I wonder how many of our private, intimate moments you watched."

"Well, that's for me to know, and for you to find out," Sara said.

"Oh, I might be able to convince you to tell me what you know."

Faith grabbed Sara's hands and tried to pin her back on the couch. Sara reversed her positioning and pinned her down onto the couch. Faith squirmed when Sara pushed herself on top of him.

"Tell me you didn't bring a kitchen knife to a sword fight," Sara said. She leaned closer towards her. "I've learned the art of seduction from the Daughter of the Demon herself.... while you... you talk a good game, but I wonder if you can back it up."

Sara caressed Faith's face. Faith closed her eyes, with Sara leaning down closer. She pressed her lips onto Faith. The kiss deepened. Faith found she was under the tender care of someone who knew how to push all of a woman's buttons easily.

Faith took a moment to take in the fact Sara's quick hands stripped her to her bra and panties. Sara continued to kiss down her body before pulling Faith's panties back.

"This might not be your first time being with another woman," Sara said. She touched her hand on Faith's thighs. "But, it's going to be the first time you get dominated by one."

Faith submitted to Sara's skilled fingers and able tongue. Her attempts to punish Sara for her deceit had been turned around in the most alluring way imaginable.

'Oh well, I still win, I think.'
The lovely Ms. Lana Lang paced back and forth. She dressed in a nice jean jacket and a black top, and a black skirt, along with a pair of high heel boots. She looked over her shoulder and then looked around to see whether or not she would come around the corner.

'Ah, there she is.'

An attractive dark haired woman with glasses stepped into the cafe. She dressed in a red blouse which had been buttoned up. She wore a skirt which stretched down past her ankles. It hid the body Lana knew for a fact was underneath. The frumpy clothes gave her a bit of an awkward appearance. She bumbled into the door and almost knocked someone over.

The two girls exchanged a smile.

"Glad, you've made it," Lana said. "And you're a bit late as always."

"Sorry about that," the other woman said when sitting down in front of Lana. "Something came up at the office."

Lana knew of all of the things which potentially could have come up and had an inkling what they could have been.

"Your girlfriend didn't end up on the same plane as terrorists again, did she?" Lana asked.

"No, that happened yesterday," the woman said without missing a beat.

Lana answered with a sigh. She didn't know who could be surprised at this time. Lois might as well have changed her middle name to trouble magnet by now.

"Of course, it did," Lana said. "So, seriously Claire? How's life in Metropolis treating you?"

Claire Kent's lips twisted into a warm smile. She leaned back and took the cup of coffee. It barely even gave her a buzz, not that she needed it. She waited until the Waitress had left the table before speaking properly to Lana.

"Both sides of these glasses….it's been a bit busy," Claire said. She peered over the side of the glasses at her childhood friend and one-time lover. "It's nothing I can't really handle."

"Of course you've had plenty of training for the big city," Lana said. "Although, I don't think nothing’s quite prepared you for….."

Claire looked towards Lana who trailed off suddenly. She almost had said too much.

"I'm as good as I can be," Claire said. "It's just…there are sometimes where I think I'm not doing enough. You know what I mean?"

Lana only could answer with a very obvious sigh. She actually did know what Claire was getting at all too well. She put a lot of pressure on herself sometimes. Claire, however, she tried to balance the weight of the world on her shoulders. And that weight balance almost crushed her.

"You're trying a bit too much, too soon," Lana said. "Just let it flow naturally….."

"The criminal threats are getting larger now that I've gone public," Claire said.

Lana hated to burst Claire's bubble, but that was always going to be inevitable. The criminal threats were going to escalate when someone strong enough and dedicated enough to fight the normal street level things had grown. There were going to be more dangerous criminals popping up. The same
thing happened in Gotham, the same thing happened in Metropolis, and the same thing would happen in any city where there would be a protector.

"Just take it slowly," Lana said. She thought she might have repeated herself. "Superwoman can't be everywhere, at all times. The world's going to have to understand that."

Claire responded only with a nod. Lana knew right from that nod, what she said had flown out of one ear and flew completely out of the other one. Reaching across the table, Lana touched her fingers on the top of Claire's hand.

"Listen, just be the best you can and no one…well, no one sane can fault you," Lana said.

"Right?" Claire asked. "So…how's the family tree project going? Or are you running into the same walls?"

Lana smiled, glad Claire was taking some interest in this particular project.

"I've actually tracked down a couple of promising leads, believe it or not," Lana said. She almost rubbed her fingers together in excitement. "It's really coming together."

Claire wondered if Lana sounding like a calculating mastermind really was a healthy thing.

'Oh well, as long as she's not possessed by one of her ancestors again.'

She paused, and wondered if that was the case.

"Really?" Claire asked. Lana pursed her lips and nodded. "That's great, I know you've been working non-stop over the past three years. Not even Chloe was able to find much of anything on a huge part of your family tree."

Claire didn't really press matters any further. Lana decided to announce something to Claire.

"Just so you know, I'm heading out west," Lana said. "There's something I need to do… I'm actually meeting my contact out there. His name is Harry Potter."

Needless to say, Claire almost fell back in her chair. A shocked look flashed on her face. Lana almost could have laughed at how absurd this look was. It amused her a lot.

"Harry Potter?" Claire asked. "You're meeting him?"

"Yes, I am," Lana said. She could hear the excitement in Claire's face and it was unlike her it caused Lana's face to crack in a smile. "Why, have you heard of him?"

Claire shook her head. It was hard to not hear about Harry Potter as of late, given how much he had been popping up in the news lately.

"Well, he's the heir to the Evans business empire, and the Evans are distant cousins to my mother, which makes me his cousin as well," Claire said, almost looking on. "And Lois has been trying to get an interview with him ever since he showed back up in public, but his people have been blocking her."

Lana almost could have laughed. She was pretty sure Lois would be more determined than ever before to get some alone time with Harry, professionally, well maybe for now.

"Why don't I talk to him, and see what I can do about getting Lois an interview?" Lana suggested.
"She'd be overjoyed," Claire answered. She couldn't resist making another point. "She might leave me for you if you got her that interview."

"Your ex-girlfriend and your current girlfriend getting together?" Lana asked. "Hmm, how very soap opera of us."

"Then again, that's like our entire teenage years in Smallville," Claire said.

Lana sighed, boy wasn't that ever the truth?

Claire just remembered something. She had been distracted by the news of Lana meeting with Harry Potter so much it almost slipped her mind.

"Remember my cousin?" Claire asked.

"You mean the younger one?" Lana asked.

Lana recalled this, naturally. It had been a bit of a shock, and there was some nonsense involving alternate universes, or maybe it was time travel, Lana couldn't even begin to wrap her head around it. You would have to be a level twelve intellect to completely wrap your head around such things.

"Well, she lives out west," Claire said. She shuffled her feet. "I was wondering if you could…check up on her, and see how Kara's doing."

Lana had been surprised of the request. It raised a number of interesting questions. She decided to go for the obvious one.

"Why can't you do it?" Lana asked. "I mean you're Superwoman…you can get anywhere faster than a speeding bullet."

Claire leaned back and heard something. She turned back to Lana, an apologetic look dancing through her eyes.

"Sorry," Claire said. "There's a runaway train, I really got to be going."

Claire left money on the table to pay her portion of the bill before disappearing faster than the speed of light. She left a frowning Lana Lang in her wake.

'Avoiding the subject, I see,' Lana thought. 'With an attitude like that, you should really have been a politician, Clara.'

Lana sighed. There was something going on in Claire's head, and despite Lana knowing Claire since they were young children, damned if she could figure out what was going through that girl's mind half the time.

Harry made his way into Horizon Office. He could see an attractive woman dressed in the attire of a secretary. The white shirt came up to cover her breasts and had been buttoned up, only with the top two buttons undone. The short skirt she wore might have been an inch underneath office regulations, but Harry didn't really complain. He caught a glimpse of the woman's tanned, stocking covered legs. She pinned back her hair in a ponytail.

She looked to be biracial, with some kind of Asian descent. She wore a pair of glasses and carried a clipboard in her head, completing the naughty secretary vibe.
"Mr. Potter?" she asked him.

Harry smiled, finishing his looking over of the women.

"Yes," Harry said.

"We have a problem," she said. The girl bit down on her lip when looking at Harry. "There's been a security breach in the network."

Harry hadn't been up to date with computers just yet, although he was filling in the blanks of his knowledge. He looked over towards the woman who had informed of this.

"Did they steal anything?" Harry asked.

She responded with a shake of her head.

"No, sir, nothing has been compromised," she said. "They shouldn't have been able to get in; in the first place….it's behind several layers of the hardest most durable encryption possible."

Harry nodded in response.

"So, we're dealing with a world class hacker?" Harry asked.

"Yes, one of the best," she said. "Whoever she was…or he I guess…they were smart enough to get into the system, likely to get out. And they were smart enough to get out before someone managed to trace them back to the location."

Harry allowed that to all set in. He motioned for the dark haired woman to follow him. They moved around the corner towards Harry's office. It gave him a nice overview of LA and a balcony where he could stand out.

He prepared himself a cup of coffee and handed it to the woman. She took it with a smile.

"Someone is brilliant enough to hack into our system," Harry said.

"I can assure you, it won't happen again," she responded, sounding almost agitated by the fact the security had been breached in such a matter.

Harry was amused by how insulted she seemed. It was almost like she took it as a personal insult.

"No, you misunderstand me," Harry said. He moved around some clutter on the desk. Forms he would have to look over and sign later if they were up to his specifications. "If she's good enough to try and break into the system, then she's good enough to be hired by our IT department."

The woman barely avoided spitting out a mouthful of coffee all over Harry's desk mostly because it would not be a good look on her first day.

"You're kidding me, right?"

"No, I'm very serious about something like this," Harry said. "The very best need to be under the employ of this company. And if they're good enough to hack into the system, then they're good enough to work here."

"She could be some kind of hacktivist," the woman suggested. "And they don't like playing ball."

If the hacker was a woman, Harry could find a way to make her play ball. And if the hacker was a
"Keep monitoring the situation, Ms...." Harry said. He paused and looked at the woman. "I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't have your name....."

"Daisy Johnson," the woman replied. "I was hired by the Board to be your personal assistant, forgive me if I'm wrong, but you gave them the go ahead to do so."

Harry recalled, the previous woman who filled that position left to go raise her children, which Harry supported.

"Yes, I did," Harry confirmed. "So, you're qualified for the job, Ms. Johnson?"

'I oh yes, sir, I think I am," Daisy said. She smiled and reached into her bag to pull out her resume. "You'll find my references are in order if you want to check up on them?"

Harry thumbed through the references.

"Find the hacker, and bring her to me, and you've more than proved you can hold your weight here," Harry said.

Daisy nodded, it seemed fair enough.

"I'll do what I can to find her, or him or whoever is behind this."

For all she knew, it could be some artificial intelligence which had gained sentience somehow. That actually wasn't too rare from what she experienced.

"Also, just a reminder, you have a lunch date with Carol Ferris today," Daisy said. "Well, not necessarily a date, more of a meeting to confirm a few last minute things before the big preference tomorrow."

"Thanks for the reminder," Harry said. "Is there anything else?"

"Other than the forms I placed on your desk, nothing pressing right now," Daisy said. "I'll get right on seeing if I can trace our hacker friend, and let you know when we find them."

"Thanks, Ms. Johnson," Harry said.

"Please, Mr. Potter, call me Daisy," Daisy said. "If we're working together, we shouldn't be so formal....."

"Oh, you think we shouldn't, do you?"

Daisy's spine came down with chills. She tried to remember the reason why she was here. The fact she wanted to join her boss in his office for coffee, with the door locked made concentration get increasingly hard.

"Well, I hope you succeed in finding the hacker," Harry said. "I'm sure you have a couple of ideas how to go about it. It says here you have a doctorate in computer science, among others."

Daisy nodded. She had always been a bit of an overachiever, to the point of it getting her in trouble.
A figure dressed in black made his way down a dark hallway. The only amount of light illuminating the hallway were eerie candles which gave a very ominous vibe. The man in question stepped forward and looked towards the figures standing in the shadows.

The man wore thick black armor and was not one to be trifled with. With that particular fact in mind, even he had a feeling of uneasy regarding his employers.

"At ease, my son."

The figure stood up on his feet and looked towards the trio of robed figures who stepped into the picture. An eerie chanting filled the hallway and the assassin wondered what kind of mission he signed up for.

"Their society is perishing," the leader of the council said. "And it has been long overdue to meet its end. First Britain, and then the decay will spread through all of Europe. The sinners will pay for what they've done. They thought they could steal our memories, our lives, but enlightenment has been brought through us, thanks to our savior."

The chanting continued to escalate through the halls of this building.

"We had hoped never to deal with one of them again," another member of the council said. "And yet, one is over here, and he causes problems."

"No, it won't be a problem for long," the man in black said. "Tell me the target, and he will meet his end."

The leader pulled down his hood to reveal a man who had been shaved bald. Several red scratches had been engraved on his forehead to signify parts of his life which had been stolen a long time ago and had been returned through his faith.

"We hired you for your skills as a problem solver," the man said. "Therefore, we must ask you to solve the problem of Harry Potter. Eliminate him. Kill the Master of Death himself."

The Problem Solver dropped to his knees and bowed before these men.

"As you with."

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To Be Continued on September 22nd, 2016.

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Talia's on the road to recovery, when it's good.

And Claire shows up for the first time. Her cousin gets another mention, and also the very persistent Ms. Lane.

Faith, you kind of overstepped what you could do, couldn't you?

Hi, Daisy, how you doing? It's almost like someone inserted you into Harry's organization to keep an eye on him. And someone is trying to hack into Harry's organization, or maybe flirt with him, or something.
Evil cult is after Harry, film at eleven.

Until Thursday.
A change of environment allowed for a rather fresh perspective. This particular lesson had been learned rather well by Harry Potter. He had waited in the lobby of Horizon for Carol Ferris. The two of them were going to meet together briefly. Harry wanted to meet her for a while. They talked a couple of times over the time, but talking over the phone and hashing together things in person.

Everything ground to a calmer pace over the past couple of days, after taking Natalie in. She had not remembered much about the days leading up to her coming underneath the control of the League of Assassins, at least she didn't just yet. Harry hoped in time, she would remember more. The League's tensions with the various factors continued to bubble over, to the point where it looked like it was about ready to practically simmer.

Harry thought any chance for them to get any kind of information would be a good one.

'All's quiet here,' Faith thought. She was currently bored, which meant she found her way delving in for some conversation with Harry. 'Is it just me, or is quiet the most unsettling thing in the entire world.'

Harry responded with a chuckle regarding the annoyance which started to cross her.

'No, it's not just you,' Harry said. 'I remembered when I was younger....'

'Yes, because you're so ancient now.....what are you anyway, eighteen or nineteen?' Faith asked.

Harry smiled, his actual age was an anomaly due to his Master of Death training, but that was neither here nor there.

'It varies,' Harry said. He wasn't about ready to be deterred from telling his story so he once again he started up. 'Every time there was a calm, I had a really bad feeling something bad was going to happen. And then the rug got yanked out from underneath me, because something really bad always did happen after things calmed down.'

'But, it was exciting,' Faith said.

People got their excitement and thrills in a variety of ways. Harry would call his years at school many things, but he would be a fool to call them dull. Excitement wasn't something they lacked.

'In its own messed up way, yes,' Harry said. 'As you know, you're going to have those dry spots. Take some time to catch your breath, and more importantly, sharpen your skills.'

Harry turned his attention over towards the side entrance of the lobby. Two sets of doors swung open and needless to say, the person who stepped her way on through the lobby more than deserved any attention Harry would give her.

The tall dark haired beauty dressed in a purple female business suit, skirt coming down to a modest level, while at the same time giving a hint of her legs. The top button of her blouse was undone, a bit of a tease although Harry doubted very much it was intentional. It just was the way the outfit was
done, to be honest.

Still, she was the type of woman to turn heads, and Harry appreciated the fact she was here

Carol Ferris turned around and stepped towards the young man who watched her approach. She was looking around and considering Harry was the first person she saw, she figured it would be wise to go up to him.

"Hello, I'm looking for Harry Potter," Carol said. "I'm Carol Ferris… ."

Carol realized something, the moment she caught sight of those green eyes. She could have gone ten shades of red.

"You're looking at him right now," Harry said. He extended his hand and she took it. The two of them shook hands. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Ms. Ferris. I wasn't around in the early stages of the deal but….when the Board mentioned the project we were working on, I was curious about some things, and I wanted to clarify a couple of things we talked over on the phone."

Harry looked at Carol who appeared to be in la-la land. He raised a hand and snapped his fingers.

"Hey, are you okay?"

"Well, it's not every day the prodigal son returns," Carol said. She took a moment to take him all in and frowned. "You know, you're nothing like I was expecting."

Harry answered only with a slight shift his eyebrow. He leaned closer towards Carol to ask the immortal question.

"Is that a good thing I wasn't like you expected?" Harry asked. "Or is it a bad thing, I wasn't what you expected?"

"Oh, no, it's a good thing, I can assure you," Carol said. "I just wish….well…it's nothing really important… ."

"Actually, it seems to be very important if you're stressed out," Harry said.

Carol blinked and pulled down her sunglasses so she could properly survey Harry. A moment passed before she let out the most obvious sigh. One which indicated a person was getting tired of hiding their own feelings.

"It's pretty obvious I was stressed out, wasn't it?" Carol asked him.

"Yeah, just a little bit," Harry said. "Why don't we….postpone the business meeting for a little bit. We can discuss business later, you look like you can use a cup of coffee. And there's a nice café across the street. I'm buying."

Carol wasn't about to say no to a free cup of coffee. She turned away from Harry and allowed him to escort her across the street. The truth was, she almost had been made late from this meeting because of a lot of bullshit going on with her company. The same bullshit which had gone on since her father died about a year ago and the Board had thought they could strong arm her.

There were a couple people on that Board which gave Carol recurring headaches.

A cup of coffee had been placed on the table in front of both of them. Carol frowned when seeing the cup of coffee on the table.
"It's not to your liking?" Harry asked.

Carol hated to give him the wrong impression, so she shook her head.

"No, there's just a whole lot on my mind," Carol said. She reached over and took the cup of coffee to drink it. Harry was right, it really did hit the spot. "The Board very nearly pulled the plug on this project."

Harry was rather surprised by this statement and invited her to continue.

"Why would they do that?" Harry asked. "Don't they realize how important the project is to the future of both of our companies….yours especially."

Carol responded with a scoff. The board saw her as Carl Ferris's little girl, and they just nodded and smiled every time she talked about a project.

"They are very short-sighted," Carol said. "They'd be angry if I told you about this, but….they think we should just follow the same steady path they followed when my father was around. But….my father realized towards the end that path was a pretty barren one. And this could really change air travel, if we can make it work."

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"The design you sent me…..with the modifications, they're perfectly doable," Carol said. "And the test flight should go on without a hitch, providing the Board doesn't get involved."

Harry reached across the table and touched the top of her hand.

"I'm sorry, we weren't supposed to discuss business, but….it's just been bothering me," Carol said.

"I understand," Harry informed her. "Why don't we get it all out right now, lay your frustrations out, and we can figure out what to do next? And maybe the two of us can go out to dinner another time, no business, just…to get to know each other a bit better personally. If we're going to work together, we should be comfortable with each other, wouldn't you agree?"

Carol took a second to consider his proposal. He did seem like a nice enough guy, and while Carol tried to make it her policy not to date employees, that said nothing about business partners. She decided since he was charming enough, and not too bad looking on the eyes, she would give dinner a chance.

What did she have to lose anyway?

"Right, I'd…I'd like that," Carol said.

"Excellent," Harry informed her. "So, what do you think of my ideas for the Redesigned Ferris Dragon Mark 1.0?"

Carol thought the name was a bit of a mouthful for starters, but it was also the type of name to grab people's attention at the best possible time.

"It's great, and my test pilot agrees, and she knows a thing or two about building planes, in addition to flying it," Carol said. "And I know the scientists at Horizon wouldn't make something faulty."
Daisy Johnson always loved a good puzzle and solving this one demanded a lot of her time and energy. She knew this hacker would attempt to get inside any. Daisy knew the type of hacker. They would consider any failure a personal challenge.

And when they got greedy, she would be there, ready to go. She was dealing with someone who was good.

The door opened and Harry walked into the office. Daisy turned towards him when Harry walked over to monitor her progress.

"So, how did the lunch date with Carol go?" Daisy asked as she kept one eye on the system which monitored any irregular activity.

If an employee used an office computer in a way which wasn't authorized, she would know immediately. And if someone tried to hack into the computer from the outside, she would most certainly know what was happening.

"It went about as well as can be expected," Harry said. "Her Board of Directors are giving her difficulties, and she told me all about it."

Daisy heard some whispers about how the Ferris Board didn't take Carol seriously. Not exactly fair given she was fairly competent, about as so as her father, if not more so.

"That's always a problem," Daisy said. "Are you going to have to have a chat with them?"

"I might put the fear of God into them," Harry said.

Daisy cracked into a smile. She would pay to be a fly on the wall to see that.

"The date went about as well as can be expected, because I asked her out to dinner, and she said yes," Harry said. "The only stipulation is we can't discuss business, it's strictly personal."

Daisy brushed off a thought about how she would like to get very personal with Harry. Ever since she encountered him for the first time, thoughts crossed her mind of Harry taking her over the desk and having his way with her.

She had been warned this would happen the moment she had taken this job, by people who were in the know, the people Daisy worked for. However, she ignored them, a very foolish act on her part.

"So, any luck on the hacker?" Harry asked.

Daisy straightened up and looked towards Harry. "No luck, at least not yet, they haven't tried to get into the system. I have it set up though where all activity in the system, whether internally or externally, myself and a small group of trusted IT people can monitor it. And if someone tries anything, we can pounce on them."

Harry answered her with a swift nod. He understood enough of what she was trying to do, but to be honest, there was a fair bit of it. Harry spent seven years inside a castle, and he really didn't have an opportunity to study the inner workings of technology before then.

Still, he knew enough to know Daisy knew her shit.

"You really were the best person for the job," Harry said.

"Yes," Daisy said. The other assistant leaving on maternity leave when she did allow Daisy to slip
into the office. "So, is there anything I can get you…anything at all…coffee, maybe?"

Harry answered with one of those smiles as if he knew what she might be inferring. He wouldn't want to make it too easy.

"No, thank you for offering, though," Harry said. "I've got a couple more things to do, I'm meeting a couple of friends after they get out of class."

"Female friends?" Daisy asked before she could help herself.

The grin crossing Harry's face would cause frozen ice to melt in the Arctic. Harry stepped closer thus forcing Daisy to back off into the desk.

"Yes, female friends."

Harry also hoped the lead Sara was currently tracking back on the League, or rather a splinter faction if it would pay off as well. It might shed some more light on who helped mastermind the entire vampire incident, who let Natalie out of her cage. Despite she had been cured, with Harry arranging regular injections, he still wanted to know the truth.

"The press conference is after lunch," Daisy said. "But, I'm sure it should all wrap up before your meeting with your two…female friends."

Harry hadn't forgotten about the press conference, the entire reason for the early lunch date with Carol in the first place. He sat down on the chair behind the desk. Daisy brought him over some notes and dropped them into his lap.

She walked behind him and placed her hands on his shoulder. Daisy started to rub them. Harry turned his attention around towards her, raising an eyebrow.

"Sorry, sir, but you look pretty tense, and it's my job to help you relieve that tension," Daisy said. She massaged the back of his neck and shoulders, making sure to hit all of the points. "And don't worry…we'll catch the hacker, and I'll deliver her to your feet personally."

Harry nodded and flipped through the notes while Daisy gave him a relaxing shoulder and neck massage. Her hands were pretty skilled. Her fingers worked into his shoulder blades, almost like they vibrated.

Perhaps it had been Harry's imagination, or perhaps it was something else entirely. He would have to keep an eye on her.

Despite not putting too much effort in, Harry ensnared yet another woman into his web.

A buzzing echoed, and Daisy frowned. With regret, she pulled her hands away from Harry.

"That's your warning, the press conference will be starting in half of an hour," Daisy said. "Everything you need is there….if you forget…"

"I don't think I'll forget….."

"Right well if you do….."

Harry put a finger, touching it to Daisy's lips. Daisy shuddered.

"I think I'm fine," Harry said. He leaned closer towards her and leaned towards her. "Thank you."
Harry kissed Daisy on the cheek. The moment his lips touched the side of her face, a pleasurable
burning sensation spread over the side of Daisy's face. She could barely stand up straight.

A buzzing in her pocket caused Daisy to be brought out of her thoughts.

"Um, I got to take this call," Daisy said. "Go ahead, I'll join you in a moment."

The most pleasurable sensation spread between her thighs. Daisy could barely stand up straight given
the warm sensations coursing through her.

'Well, at least it's important, given only three other people have this cell phone number,' Daisy
thought.

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Harry Potter surveyed the scene. The press had been out in full view, leaving a hell of a crowd there.
The Ferris Board of Directors were out, and they looked about as stuffy and agitated as Carol had
made them out to be in their early conversation.

'We'll see if they can maintain that façade,' Harry thought to himself. 'Or they have the stick jammed
so firmly up their ass they can't appreciate such majesty.'

Harry walked up towards the stage. He looked over the notes which Daisy prepared for him before
heading out and memorized them in less than a second.

'Memorizing information is one thing,' Harry thought. The ability to think on your feet is what makes
someone truly great.'

"For years, people have tried to get places a lot faster," Harry said. "One thing we can all agree about
is people always are going to feel the need to speed…but there is a price when feeling this particular
need for speed."

Harry allowed his words to all sink in. The applause grew light.

"You can fly at the speed of light, but if you can't prevent yourself from crashing into a wall, then
really, what's the point in flying so fast?" Harry asked. "Until we can find a way to balance safety,
alongside speed, people are going to always put themselves at risks testing those limits."

Everyone wondered where he was getting after, and Harry would explain it to them in due time.

"We have the future right here, though," Harry said. "The invention which will revolutionize air
travel as you know it! And to help me announce this revolutionary new invention, I'd like to
welcome the CEO of Ferris Aircraft, Ms. Carol Ferris."

Carol made her way up to the stage. She had been in the place where her father had.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter," Carol said.

"Hey, I should thank you, Ms. Ferris, you were the one who gave this company a chance."

Both of them smiled.

'Just find a room already,' Faith commented.

"Some people say the future is tomorrow, but I disagree," Carol said. "The future is now, and
innovation always should be a consideration for the present. And here, Ferris Aircraft and Horizon Industries have teamed up to create a device which would hopefully make long, mind-numbing flights a thing of a past. The most secure, the most amazing airplane today, the Ferris Dragon Mark 1.0."

The item flashed off on the projector and everyone cheered in response. The sleek design made it look like something out of a science fiction movie, and if Harry didn't know any better, he would have to say it wasn't too far from the truth.

"While we're in the prototype phase, I'm confident this plane will ascend to great heights," Carol said. "We intend to balance the three S's, speed, safety, and security."

The image of the plane shifted to a live feed of the Ferris Industries headquarters. Everyone took note of the attractive blonde woman who sat in the seat of the plane. She had a wide smile on her face.

"Do you hear me, Carol?" Carol asked.

"Yes, Carol, I'm here. Are we ready to fly?"

"Yes, we are, show them what we have to offer."

The plane started to take flight. The normally stoic Ferris Industries Board of Directors gasped, and a couple of them looked impressed. Harry and Carol turned towards them with a smile. They tried to adopt the stern looks and failed.

Carol Danvers had flown some of the most complex planes in the world and beyond, and the Ferris Dragon Mark 1.0 was among the most complex to fly. Not any pilot could fly it, there would need to be special training. But, if they had the skills, boy were they in for a treat.

Harry saw the Board impressed, the press, and a few of the military officials who had gotten clearance had been very impressed. A bit too impressed, and Harry didn't know how to feel about that. And apparently, Carol had her same amount of misgivings when looking towards the military people. The frown crossed over her face.

The plane made a perfect landing down to the ground. Everyone cheered, at the successful landing. No one was more excited by the success of the initial test flight than Carol and Harry.

Carol beamed. She thought, maybe, the Board had respected her a little bit more, even though she had to drag her to this point kicking and screaming.

Still, a victory was a victory, not that Carol was going to rub it in their faces. Not really, okay, maybe just a little bit.

The press conference wrapped up and Harry made his way behind the curtain. He almost ran into Lana who stood before him. She stood next towards a perky little blonde with short hair, who eyed up Harry. She was in the crowd as part of one of the members of the press.

Lana stepped back to give them both some breathing room. She stole a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek from Harry.

"Hey, Lana," Harry said. "So, what did you think of the press conference?"
"It was pretty fascinating," Lana said with a smile. She pointed towards the blonde next to him. "Harry, this is Chloe...Chloe Sullivan...Chloe, this is....."

"Harry Potter, oh, I know, he was well introduced, um hi," Chloe said. She beamed with excitement meeting him. "So what brought you back to Horizon....."

Harry raised his eyebrow at the feisty blonde. She had about a million questions a minute, and Harry had never seen anyone talk without taking a breath.

"Easy, take a deep breath," Harry said.

"Sorry, I'm just so excited, actually getting to meet you, Lana's told me about you, and well, it isn't like you haven't been all over the news," Chloe said. "I won't spend too much time, I know you've been a very busy man."

Harry chuckled and locked eyes with Lana.

"Chloe, if you want an interview, all you have to do is ask," Harry said. He paused for a moment. "So, what are you doing out here on the West Coast? Lana mentioned to me you were working on a project."

Chloe nodded in response. She had only been out by Sunnydale for one reason.

"Well, there's a lot of weirdness out here, just as much as Smallville did back in its heyday," Chloe said. She brushed a couple of locks out of her hair. "And let's face it, Sunnydale might be even worse than Smallville given all of the weird rumors and stuff going on around them...you spent some time there, recently?"

"Yes," Harry said. "Are you doing a story about the weird goings on?"

Chloe chuckled, there would need to be an entire series of stories to scratch the surface of the weird goings on in Sunnydale.

"Yes, I'm...well, I'm doing more of the independent reporter thing," Chloe said. "Worked with the Daily Planet for a while, and that didn't really pan out...and then, I worked with Catherine Grant and...let's just say, that really didn't work out. Cat...she can be...well she didn't get where she is by being any less of a bitch and trampling over people."

Harry could just imagine. He took Chloe's hand and saw a flash. A man with dark hair stood over the top of her and ran cables through her body. Harry pulled back, blinking, and then adjusted himself.

It was only the second time that happened. Harry didn't know if he saw the future, a potential future, or a past, but still it was odd.

"Are you concerned at all the new plane is going to make you a lightning rod for terrorists?" Chloe asked. She received a look from Harry which made her feel like a naughty schoolgirl who was about ready to be reprimanded. "I know, I know but..."

"It's always a threat, yes," Harry said. "Carol and I, we're taking the proper precautions...the plane is not going to fall into the wrong hands."

Chloe nodded. She didn't have her notepad with her, which the girl could have kicked herself for being so lazy.
'And you don't really want it in military hands, do you?' Chloe asked. "I could see the look on your face when those military officials were eying you up."

"I'd prefer my projects are not used to strong arm people," Harry said. "Can you honestly blame me?"

Chloe shook her head. She really couldn't, honestly.

More people were coming in, moving their way towards the crowd. Buffy popped up next, and Willow tagged along.

"That was amazing...Horizon really is...well, it's breaking new Horizons," Willow said. "Which makes the name kind of appropriate."

"Hey, Willow....Buffy.....I thought the two of you were....well I was going to meet up with you later," Harry said. "I didn't mistake the time, did I?"

"No, that's all on us," Buffy said. "There was a situation at school."

A situation at a school in Sunnydale...oh boy, Harry could only imagine what that was out.

"And you got dismissed early," Harry said.

"Yes," Buffy said. "Even though it was taken care of, there's a lot of parents who are....well.....I'll tell you all about it later."

Harry could tell Buffy, and likely Faith, had a hell of an adventure which he missed out on.

'Yes, and you leave me to clean up the mess,' Faith thought.

'Hey, it was your turn,' Buffy thought.

'Okay, quit bickering like an old married couple,' Sara thought.

Harry smiled, but a very inquisitive Chloe was looking towards Buffy as if there was math her head which didn't fit.

"You must have blown past every stoplight to get here from Sunnydale this fast," Chloe said.

Buffy exchanged a knowing smile. She might have sped things up a little bit by teleporting over here, making her car move along heavy pockets of traffic. Harry turned towards her.

'What, it makes things quicker, and it allows to get the drop on vampires,' Buffy thought. She could still see Harry's gaze upon hers. 'Besides, I....' 

'Just be careful,' Harry informed her.

'No sweat,' Buffy thought.

"So, Chloe, I'm going to take these two out for a late lunch, because I promised them," Harry said. "So, if you really want to talk about this more, have your people call my people, and we'll get something set up."

Chloe responded, watching Willow and Buffy leave. It hit her only mere seconds after he left.

"Wait a minute," Chloe said. "I DON'T HAVE ANY PEOPLE!"
Lana almost hunched over laughing at the look on Chloe's face. It was priceless, something she was going to cherish for the rest of her life.

Harry squeezed into a booth, with Buffy taking a seat right next to him. Willow took the seat right across from Harry.

Buffy gave Willow a knowing smile when she kept giving certain gazes towards Harry from across the table. She had thought about the fact it would be easy to nudge her friend over into Harry's arm. And it would do her some good to be under the tender infections on such an Alpha Male.

'You know, you really should,' Faith thought.

'I can't believe you'd actually encourage me to manipulate my friends,' Buffy thought. She didn't believe it, but at the same time, she believed it.

Faith seemed offended she would be accused of an underhanded tactic like this, even though was true.

'I don't call it manipulation,' Faith thought. 'I call it encouragement.'

'Tomayto, Tomahto,' Buffy said.

"Can it really fly fast enough to get halfway around the world in the time it takes someone to get around to the corner gas station?" Willow asked. "It must burn through a lot of fuel."

"That's the main sticking point, I'm afraid," Harry said. He took a moment to consider. "We're considering alternate fuel sources, but given it's in the prototype phase, regular jet fuel."

"Solar could work," Willow suggested.

"Wouldn't that be a problem when the sun goes out where you're flying?" Buffy asked.

"Not if you have a satellite where you can channel the solar radiation from anywhere in the world where the sun is shining," Willow said. "It's pretty complicated to pull something like that off, but I'm sure if anyone could pull it off, you can."

Harry smiled at her. That was an interesting perspective go go on things.

"Maybe I should give you a job," Harry said. "You know, with ideas like yours, I could find a place for you. And Horizon is thinking about taking in Internships. If you'd like, I could put in the good word for you….and it could go into a full-time job later if you like."

"That would really be great," Willow said.

She almost knocked over the drink in excitement. Thankfully, it didn't fall over, and it was almost empty as well. Otherwise, it would have been very embarrassing, and not to mention very sticky.

Harry sensed something coming around the corner. The hairs started to rise up on the back of his neck. Harry casually waved a hand to the side of the wall and noticed someone dressed in battle armor approaching the.

In a flash, Harry grabbed Willow around one hand and Buffy around the other hand. He dragged both of them underneath the table.
"EVERYONE GET DOWN!"

No one had much of a chance to react the second the wall had been blown apart. Everyone screamed when debris and rubble flew everyone. One man had been trapped underneath the piece of wall. He struggled, and kicked his legs to get out.

A figure stepped into the picture. He dressed in high-tech armor. Half of his body parts appeared to have been replaced by cybernetics. His red eyeball rolled around to scan for magical beings in the area.

It scanned the area and noticed a rather heavy fluctuation of magic. He growled, knowing how close he was to his target.

"Harry Potter, come and face your judgment for your world for crimes against magic!

Willow, Buffy, and Harry crouched underneath the table.

'Okay, what did you do to make the Terminator's retarded cousin come after you?' Faith asked.

Their guess was as good as his. Harry Potter raised himself out from underneath the table and turned his full attention towards the man. He recognized the person instantly and knew why he was dealing with bad news.

'You know him, don't you?'

'They call him the Problem Solver,' Harry thought.

To Be Continued on September 26th, 2016.

Ah, Carol and Carol, always together because I like confusing people. Be thankful I don't put all of the girls named Cassandra in comic books together in one scene, or Jessica. Still, the lovely Ms. Danvers and Ms. Ferris are here, and that's a good thing.

Daisy is pushing her luck so much she's going to end up choking for Harry before too long.

Ah, Chloe, you're amazing, and a bit too nosy for your own good. But, you don't have people.

The Problem Solver really didn't bother to spend much time being too creative for his name, but hey, the man gets results.

Until Monday.
Big, mean, nasty, and cruel described the Problem Solver is so many very ways. Harry heard stories about how he had been hired by the mundane governments to track down magical users who had committed violations which their magical governments looked the other way about. He didn't really operate in Britain, one of the few countries his unique talents should have been set loose in.

The man was very dangerous and didn't care how many people would hurt.

Harry took in the enemy. Part man, part machine, and all nastiness, Harry knew what he had to do. He charged the machine and nailed him with a glancing blow to the side of the head. The Problem Solver blocked the second punch. Harry grabbed onto the Problem Solver's arm and transported him away from the café.

Willow looked up, blinking. So much happened at once, she couldn't even figure it out.

"What just happened?" Willow asked.

"We'll worry about that later," Buffy said. "We're going to have to get these people out of here, yesterday before there's any kind of problem."

Willow nodded. She tried to help Buffy in any way she can, even though she kind of felt like the third wheel to something particularly bad ass right about now. Still, at least she would be useful.

'Got to help now, ask questions later.'

The Problem Solver dropped down to the ground. Harry landed down in front of him. The man's eyes narrowed in the nastiest and vile way possible. The smile crossing over his face showed how dangerous he was.

"So, the famous Harry Potter," he said. "I'm not impressed."

Harry had heard this one so many times he could have broken out in laughter. The Problem Solver stepped closer towards Harry.

"You should be."

Harry dodged the miniature missile coming from him. The second missile flying towards him resulted in Harry opening a portal. The portal sucked the missile in and opened up behind the Problem Solver. The Problem Solver turned around and caught the missile in the palm of his hand. The explosion knocked him up into the air and caused him to come crashing down onto the ground with a sickening little impact.

The Problem Solver growled and climbed to his hands and knees before getting back to his feet.

"Wand wavers, they always think they're clever!" The Problem Solver yelled. "They always think they're so special…they always think…"

Harry smashed his hand down onto the ground. The magical shockwaves rippled across the ground.
and caught the Problem Solver. The Problem Solver stood, laughing in amusement. He continued to advance towards Harry, with a dangerous glint flashing through his eyes.

The second he grabbed the air, he wasn't there. Instead, Harry stood about ten feet behind him. Three flaming daggers appeared out of mid-air. The Problem Solver blocked it with a shield which resulted in the daggers clattering down to the ground.

"You don't get it, do you?" the Problem Solver asked. His hand rose up and hurled an open handed slap towards Harry. Harry avoided the attack with such precision he growled. "Your little magical attacks. They do nothing to hurt me. What are you doing to do when your trickery and your sorcery is useless? I'll tell you what you're going to do. You're going to fall just like…"

A loud sonic attack staggered the Problem Solver. Harry grabbed him by the arm and hurled the Problem Solver to the ground. He landed onto the ground. The metal parts of his body broke what might have been a sickening fall otherwise. The Problem Solver scrambled to his knees to try and go against this enemy.

Harry smiled, the moment he was talking, it gave Harry more than enough time to get in position for another attack.

'Knew borrowing this from Sara would come in hand,' Harry thought.

The Problem Solver closed his eyes. The metal on his body clicked over and covered his body into a shield. A silver scythe flickered into his hand, made of hard light energy. It would cut through the magic of any witch or wizard.

"Really, a scythe?" Harry asked. He conjured a weapon in his hand, along with a field which would keep any civilians out of harm's way. "Mine's bigger."

The two fighters rushed each other with their weapons drawn, ready to go in for the kill. The energy scythe backed Harry off a little bit. The Problem Solver took another swipe towards Harry. Harry avoided the attack and rolled underneath it. He brought his scythe into the energy scythe. The two items clashed each other.

Harry kept moving and the Problem Solver's clunky body was hard to keep up with him. He could heard the man groaning and grunting. Harry flashed from one side and then to the other. He could hear the heart grinding through his chest.

"What's the matter?" the Problem Solver asked. "Are you too chicken to face me? Well, are you, punk?"

"No," Harry answered. "I'm just too busy kicking your ass."

The Problem Solver growled and charged Harry with the energy scythe. It flickered into the darkness and narrowly avoided taking Harry's head clean off with one swing. Harry crouched down to avoid it and teleported out of the way.

'Interesting,' Harry thought to himself. 'He has a three-second window where it takes to recharge. Every sixty seconds, I can exploit this.'

The energy scythe cut through the magic in the air. Harry sent up a decoy to get in position for the kill. The Problem Solver fell for it and slammed the energy scythe into the enemy. Harry jumped up high into the air behind his adversary and unclasped his hands. He shot a bolt of energy at his chest.

"Magic doesn't affect me, Potter!" he yelled. "Get with the program…."
Harry pressed a detonator and the explosives which he teleported onto the man's chest detonated. The Problem Solver flew up into the air and crashed down onto the ground.

"Maybe not directly," Harry said. "But when magic is used as a means to the end, except for the end, it goes rather well."

Harry lifted the scythe into the air to deliver the final blow. This asshole had been long since dead anyway, it was time to finish him off, and put him out of the world's misery.

The emergency backup power kicked in and teleported the Problem Solver out of harm's way. Harry slammed the weapon on the ground, watching his target teleport out of his line of sight.

Harry stepped back. So close, but the Problem Solver had a way to get out of the way and solve all of his own problems, no pun really intended. All Harry could do was pull back.

'Buffy, are all of the people out?' Harry thought.

'Yeah,' Buffy said. 'How about you? Did you get that guy?'

'Bad news is, he got away, good news is, I think I can trace his energy.'

Harry picked up a power pack the Problem Solver left behind. It would really have been useful to study even if he didn't need the energy involved. He could have a use.

The Problem Solver collapsed down on the ground in his base of operation. He experienced a sensation which he had never experienced in a very long time and those sensations unsettled him. More pain than ever before exploded through the mercenary's body and the agony increased through him.

He stepped into the lab. Harry Potter, his research indicated he was an average wand waver, which put him rather low on the scale of Homo-magi. The Problem Solver had to admire him for greatly underplaying his talents. It allowed him one of the greatest challenges in a very long time.

This battle left the Problem Solver in need of repairs. Thankfully, the way his handlers made him, he would heal in a matter of hours. The circuits self-replicated and replaced the damaged parts with working ones. They evolved to fight his opponent in the future.

The Problem Solver took a step into the room. He walked past a wall of several wands hanging from it. Spikes jammed through the walls and hung them from plaques. The Problem Solver saw these hanging wands of some demented representation of a trophy.

He looked at one in particular with fondness. This Russian Wizard eluded him for three days until the Problem Solver caught up with him. The battle spilled a lot of blood, none of his own, but the blood of the Russian Wizard. He brought the Problem Solver closer to defeat than anyone had, up until his battle with Harry Potter.

The end, there was no question about it. The Problem Solver won just like he always won, against anyone he who he hunted down.

In the final moment of the battle, the Problem Solver took the wand of this nasty wizard and his head. The man who killed countless children, and made their parents watch their slow and agonizing torture had finally be brought to justice.
The Problem Solver thought though the wizard he hunted would be a greater prize. People the world over at least heard the name, Harry Potter, despite his fame not being too prominent outside of Europe.

"Problem Solver, a word if you please."

The Problem Solver had been brought out of his recollections and his thoughts by his latest employer. The bounty hunter extended his neck a fraction of an inch and waited to see what his employer had in mind.

"Yes?"

"You've failed to bring us, Harry Potter," the benefactor said. "And what's more, when you fought him, you had been embarrassed by him."

The Problem Solver's teeth gritted down. He wisely said nothing for a moment. And he had plenty to say. The emotions which had been widdled away reared their ugly head at certain times. He would need more repairs to eliminate those emotions and to keep them down.

"You know nothing of the hunt, "the Problem Solver said. "I need time to study his abilities. If anything, your intelligence was lacking."

This particular statement caused enough of a gasp for the Problem Solver to realize there was more than one person in the area.

"I beg your pardon," his employer said.

"You gave me the impression he was a mediocre wand waver," the Problem Solver said. He picked up a rock off of the table and crushed it in the palm of his hand. This made him feel a little bit better. "But, yet, when I stepped in there with him, he can handle himself perfectly. And he…"

"He humiliated you," the benefactor said.

The Problem Solver's tone turned even sourer at the declaration.

"It won't happen again," the Problem Solver said. "He's not going to get the better of me. There's no way he can get the better of me, not again."

"Yes, because you're aware of the crimes he's committed," the benefactor said. "Remind me again, what are the crimes he's committed?"

The Problem Solver switched to a more mechanical tone, stating the facts, and nothing other than the facts.

"He is responsible for the death of hundreds of non-magicals by not taking prompt action against the Dark Lord Voldemort," he said. "He also killed a sacred creature, an endangered species, a Basilisk, deliberately and knowingly, without any reason."

The Problem Solver did not abide by people who slaughtered animals. They were among the sickest, and most cruel people of them all. To think Harry Potter would slaughter such an animal showed to the Problem Solver he was one of the evilest wizards on Earth.

"Yes, and now he's in the United States where he's assisted the Slayers," the man said. "Who ruthlessly hunt down vampires for the mere fact they exist. These creatures deserve the right to exist and to thrive just like anyone else. But it's just like a wand waver to take the same unenlightened
attitude like the Watcher's Council."

The Problem Solver answered with a nod.

"You have twenty-four hours to get the job done. Fail, and I'll find someone better. I'm beginning to think you're obsolete. And we both know what happens to the obsolete."

A lump filled the Problem Solver's throat. He checked for repairs and found everything was in order. Everything except one thing, the power cell on his right side, it was no longer there. He realized he must have had it.

'Good, if he seeks to come here, I'll beat him in my own domain.'

The Problem Solver concluded the repairs and prepared to fight against his adversary. There was no question about it, Harry Potter would be brought down. He let pride get the better of him. Those emotions really needed to be downplayed for the sake of his sanity.

Harry sat himself down at the table in the lab. The energy cell settled gently down on the table and gave a slight energy hum which drew his attention towards it.

'We're working with something rather dangerous and potentially unstable,' Harry thought a second later. 'So no sudden movements…don't jostle it or anything. And you shouldn't blow up half of the city.'

Harry mentally talked himself to working on the item. The other girls listened in on the bond communication link.

'What's the chances of something like that happening?' Buffy asked. She felt someone jab her in the back of the head, at least mentally speaking. 'Hey, what was that for.'

'For you having a blonde moment,' Faith thought. 'And for slapping Murphy in the face and telling him he doesn't have the guts.'

Harry smiled when he looked it over. He was pretty sure this had the capability to light up a small city, at least a couple of small towns, maybe an entire city block.

A light knock on the door caused Harry to be brought out of his thoughts. He sensed what it was on the other end of the door, or rather who was coming down the other end of the door.

"Come in."

Daisy stepped into the door. She swung her arms at a frantic pace and made her way towards Harry. Daisy pressed her palms down on either side of her chair while bending down and looking him right in the eye.

"Yes?"

"I heard about the attack," Daisy asked. "Are you okay?"

Harry smiled. If he had a dollar for every time some asked him he was okay, he would be richer. And if he had a dollar for every time he said a lie about being fine, Harry Potter would be even richer.
"I've had worse," Harry said. "Granted, this guy's no picnic….and he got away before I could deal with him…although not all of him could get away."

"What do you mean?" Daisy asked.

Harry motioned for the power pack on the table. Daisy looked at it, raising an eyebrow. She tried to figure out this technology. The technology looked like nothing she had ever encountered before. And given her connections, Daisy encountered a lot of weird things which were out of both this world and any other.

"It's a combination of both magic and technology," Harry said.

"Oh shit," Daisy said. Harry looked at her. "Sorry, it's just….."

Harry patted her on the top of the hand and Daisy smiled.

"Don't worry, I understand," Harry said. "I thought the same thing and anyone in their right mind really should. You string together magic and technology, and all you get in something very potent and something extremely dangerous. And this is a little bit of both."

Harry took a moment to analyze the strange energies. He would have more than one of these power packs, and Harry could isolate the energy signature.

"I'm going to have to hunt this guy down and put a stop to him," Harry said. "As long as he's putting innocent people in the crossfire, he's a threat, and he's going to have to be dealt with."

"Innocent people, like you?"

Harry chuckled at the thought anyone thought of him as innocent.

"No, not like me," Harry said. He fiddled with a couple of things. "I've handled this…."

"You ran into the Problem Solver, and you're not taking him seriously," Daisy said.

Daisy's tone sounded sharp, but much to her very obvious agitation, Harry still wasn't taking the matter completely seriously.

Harry looked at her with a smile, and Daisy realized she said too much. She never really let her guard down around people, it was one of the traits she learned as a spy. She became slightly less guarded around Harry.

"And how do you know his name is the Problem Solver?" Harry asked.

He wondered how deep she would dig this hole by pulling herself out.

"Well, he's…his name is Edward Anderson, or he was until he underwent whatever procedure he went under," Daisy said. "He's wanted in a dozen countries for crimes too unspeakable. And he's not welcomed in the United States."

Harry was glad she didn't try to lie. Neither of them would have bought it if she did.

"Someone rolled out the red carpet for him," Harry said. "You seem very well informed, but then again, I figure an agent of SHIELD to be so."

Daisy's mouth shot open a second or two later. Harry almost laughed at the priceless look on her face.
"I'm not an agent of SHIELD," Daisy said, trying to regain her composure.

"Right," Harry said. "And I know you know who I am, and there's someone who is....."

This particular line of discussion would have to wait. A blip came up on the scanning equipment. Harry broke into a wide smile when he looked things over.

"Well, I think I found it, the hunter became the hunted."

Harry turned towards Daisy. She figured now all of the cards had been thrown out on the table, she might as well go for broke.

"I'm here to help you, I've been sent here to help you," Daisy said. "And...it's my job to help take down people like this."

Harry looked towards her, smiling even more deeply. He knew there was something else about her, than just being a pretty skilled computer hacker and a good personal assistant. Now, everything was being thrown out on the table.

"Even, if you're not an Agent of SHIELD?" Harry asked. Daisy frowned at him. "There's more than you than meets the eye."

"I can't explain it right now, but I swear I will," Daisy said. She leaned closer towards him, coming rather close to a kiss, but stopped. "There's a wand waver hating bounty hunter on the loose. Let's focus on taking him down before some innocent people get sucked into the crossfire."

"I'm not really worried about him."

Daisy's hands snapped to her hips and she looked back at Harry.

"You're not being serious, are you?" Daisy asked.

"I'm really not worried about him," Harry confirmed to him. "The people who he's working for, on the other hand, I'm very worried about them."

Daisy paused and answered with a nod. She would have to say that made a whole lot of sense. Someone who would hire the Problem Solver and bring him all the way to America to try and take out Harry Potter, they would be a force to reckon with.

"So, I'm leaving in three minutes. Do you think you can get ready by then?"

Daisy smirked. "I'll be ready in two and a half."

Harry liked her ambition, it was pretty good.

The Problem Solver sat in the middle of his domain. He put the finishing touches on a knife. The same weapon took down many of magic users and it would take down the one and only Harry Potter.

"I've been expecting you."

Harry stood out the end of a rather hallway. The Problem Solver lifted his hand and fired a blast of burning fire towards him. The blast hurled through the air. It passed through Harry and connected
with the wall. The wall incinerated with white hot fire.

Harry flashed behind him and nailed the Problem Solver from behind and knocked him off of the ground. The Problem Solver collapsed down on his hands and knees. The man pushed himself to his feet and came face to face with the object of his latest bounty.

"You should have expected that."

"You're going to pay for all of the crimes you've committed!" The Problem Solver yelled.

"Edward Anderson, you're under arrest for your crimes."

The Problem Solver stopped. A brunette woman dressed in a skin-tight black bodysuit approached him. He wasn't going lie, had he been able to feel such feelings, he might have been distracted by the way the black latex clung to every inch of her curve, mouth-watering frame.

He didn't allow himself to get distracted by this fact. The mercenary looked confused, but remembered something, buried into the back of his head, in his subconscious.

"Edward Anderson?" he asked. His eyes rolled back and frowned. "I haven't heard that name in a very long time….."

"Ever since your wife and daughter was slaughtered by Gellert Grindelwald all of those years ago," Daisy said. "That's when they made you a deal…and you've become a soldier for hire. Just what would they think?"

This statement flew in one ear and out of the other.

"My wife would have approved I finally did something with my life," the Problem Solver said.

Harry already made his way behind the Problem Solver and moved in for the attack. Daisy threw him off by being there. Harry raised his hand and caught him in the side. The energy repelled his attack, and the Problem Solver whirled around. He slashed the knife through the air.

The knife rammed into the wall. The precious knife which failed to kill so many opponents failed to kill Harry Potter.

"You just wait," the Problem Solver said. "I'll have you, your blood, it's going to be mine!"

The Problem Solver lifted a hand in the air and tried to nail Harry with the energy scythe. Harry flickered his own weapon and the two of them clashed against each other. The sparks flew up in the air when the two enemies engaged each other.

Harry propelled himself up into the air behind him. The Problem Solver rushed towards him for another attack.

Little did the Problem Solver know, he jumped into position in the place where they wanted him.

Daisy lifted her arm and a shock wave came from it. The Problem Solver hoisted up into the air and slammed down onto the ground. The air knocked completely out of his body and flung him back down onto the ground.

Harry caught him with an energy blast which caught him in a net. The Problem Solver dropped down to the ground and struggled to get out. The circuits in his body began to shut down with more sparks coming through his being.
"I'd say you have about ten minutes of backup power, twelve tops," Harry said. "Your power cells are already burning out when you're trying to get free."

"It shouldn't….it shouldn't….we shouldn't….magic shouldn't….."

Daisy moved closer. Her hand vibrated against his chest and caused him discomfort.

"Tell us who hired you!" Daisy said.

Daisy was not too happy about this entire attack and would have vibrated through the man's thick skull to get his attention. Harry grabbed her arm to prevent her from moving up to do so.

She retracted, the threat of the vibrating arm coming very close to batter the man's brain out.

"I….."

Harry calmed her down before looking down towards the Problem Solver.

"I won't be able to hold her back for much longer," Harry said. "Tell us."

"I'd rather die," the Problem Solver said.

Harry looked into the man's eyes. His mind had been put together rather well, almost too well. A well-organized mind actually was easier to read than a disordered mind, contrary to popular belief. All Harry needed to do was find the information.

He had the information, right behind those barriers. All he needed to do was dig it out and it would be his. Harry found the memory of the Problem Solver being hired. The details of the room slowly flickered into the picture.

A burst of energy shot through the man's skull. Harry grabbed Daisy and pushed her behind him so she could avoid the backlash. The Problem Solver's head exploded. Blood and oil showered the air when the man fell back.

Harry had been right on the cusp of solving this. Someone didn't want Harry to know of their involvement. It just proved how dangerous they were.

"We better get this out of here," Daisy said. "I don't think he's going anywhere without his head, but, we don't want to leave it to chance."

"Right," Harry said. "You check the bottom floor for spare parts, and I'll check the top floor, and we'll meet back in his trophy room."

Harry and Daisy moved all of the parts of the Problem Solver into storage at Horizon. The only hope Harry could find in figuring out who exactly sent him was buried deep within any backup memory cores. Harry had his trusted team of people pick apart the programming.

The cybernetic implements used on Anderson to turn him into the Problem Solver were several years beyond its time, even in the 1940s when his handlers performed the surgery. Especially in the 1940s when it happened, and Harry couldn't really help and think he was dealing with some people who stumbled upon something out of this world.

Even when someone stripped the magic away, Harry noticed some elements which pointed towards
a very science fiction element. Harry took a moment to consider multiple angles and realize he
wouldn't have been able to figure this out until he delved more into the Problem Solver.

The people who hired him would solve some problems. The people who made him, on the other
hand, would solve even more problems.

Harry returned to his office and noticed Daisy perched on his desk. Her legs crossed, having
changed back into her work attire. Well her personal assistant attire anyway. Harry noticed a few
differences, namely a couple of buttons on the blouse unbuttoned to reveal her cleavage and her skirt
riding up to show more of her stockings. She kicked her shoes off and wiggled her stocking clad toes
at Harry.

"Hey," Harry said.

"Hello, Harry," Daisy said. "Why don't you have a seat?"

Harry sat down on the chair in front of Daisy. She spread her legs a slight bit and rested her feet on
his lap with a smile crossing her face.

"So, there's a lot more to you than meets the eye," Harry said. "So, how did you get your powers?
Were you in Smallville when the meteor showers rained down?"

Daisy sighed, backstory time, well she could give a truncated version. There would be more time
later to give the full version.

Providing Harry didn't always know to be honest.

"No, I was born this way," Daisy said. "It just took the right trick to get the power out."

"That's about right," Harry said. "Certain powers can only come out with a trigger, right?"

"Exactly," Daisy said. "I might have been stretching the truth about a couple of things. One thing I
didn't lie to you about though is my status as an Agent of SHIELD. I'm not one, not anymore
anyway."

"Right," Harry said. "So, if SHIELD didn't send you, then who did."

"Well, kind of hard for SHIELD to send anyone when they don't exist anymore," Daisy said. She bit
down on her lip and looked towards him. "Yeah, again, they've come and went a lot over their time,
but they're disbanded."

Daisy knew Harry was going to figure this one out. She folded her arms and looked Harry in the
eye, nodding in response.

"Then someone's watching out for me," Harry said.

"An old friend of your grandmother's….your mother's godmother in fact," Daisy said. "She was the
one who sent me."

Harry frowned. Normally, he would have blown a gasket about something like this. He figured he
was a lot better to get concise information before going on a rampage. The Harry of five years old
would have flown off the handle in a rage, in the worst possible way.

Daisy subconsciously undid his pants with her foot. She leaned down and looked at him.

"Where has she been my entire life?" Harry asked.
"I better let her explain that," Daisy said. "I asked her the same thing, and she said...she would explain it to you, once...once you've had a chance to meet. And I can tell her if you want a meeting because it looks like you want a meeting."

Daisy wanted a meeting alright. She pulled down his pants and started to rub her feet against his boxers.

"Tell her, I want to see her," Harry said. "And it looks like you want to finish what you started earlier."

Daisy slowed down the rubbing her foot through the crotch of Harry's pants. Harry smirked at Daisy. A sheepish smile spread over her face, resembling the kid who got her hand wedged in a cookie jar.

"Is it that obvious?"

"Just a little bit," Harry said. He put his fingers apart. "You were giving me a footjob when we were talking."

Daisy almost pulled her foot away. Harry grabbed onto her ankle to prevent Daisy from pulling away.

"I didn't tell you to stop."

Daisy fished Harry's cock completely out of his pants. She ran her toes all the way down the edge of the cock. She felt every thick, veiny, throbbing inch rise underneath her toes. She grew wetter at the thought of having her cunt wrapped around Harry's hard cock, riding him all the way.

Those soft silky stockings brushed against Harry's hard cock. His cock extended when Daisy slowly rubbed her toes up and down his cock. He grew with greater prominence and girth the longer Daisy worked him over.

"Damn, they're so soft," Harry breathed.

Daisy smiled, appreciating Harry's cock growing even more. She rubbed the soles of her stocking clad feet against Harry's hard cock. She watched it expand in size. Daisy pumped her feet all the way down to the base and slid them all the way up to the head. She stroked Harry for several more minutes until his cock tensed up.

Daisy knew there was going to be more, but she wanted to tease Harry with her feet and toes some more.

"No, not yet," Daisy said. She smiled and slowly undid the buttons on her blouse. She watched Harry's gaze follow her when her ample breasts exposed towards him. Daisy undid her top and slid the jacket down to the ground.

Daisy wrapped a hand around Harry's cock and pumped it, slowly at first, then speeding up. She leaned in and Harry captured her lips with a kiss. His kiss blew Daisy's mind and made her panties dampen with the thought of what might happen when he drove his hard thick shaft inside her tight, needy pussy. Harry's tongue pushed further into Daisy's mouth.

Harry took one of his hands around and squeezed Daisy's ass in his hand. She moaned in his mouth, obviously enjoying her ass being played with. Harry gave her another squeeze and again, her hips pushed forward. The delight Daisy felt only prompted Harry to squeeze and caress her ass even more when playing with it.
Daisy stepped back and pulled down her skirt to show her black thong panties. They soaked through and Harry smiled when he surveyed the very damp spot on Daisy's crotch.

"You're in desperate need of relief, aren't you?" Harry asked.

"You have no idea," Daisy said. She looked at Harry's cock, still wrapped up in her hand. She stroked him and leaned down. Daisy kissed the tip of his head which caused it to twitch. "I was sent here to help you give you anything you need."

Daisy leaned forward and pushed her breasts in Harry's face. She leaned towards his ear with a sultry, cock hardening whisper.

"Anything."

Harry tightened his grip on Daisy's rear and explored without any apology. He slid the strip of a fabric away to reveal her pink cunt lips with a small strip of dark hair offsetting it. It looked very exotic when combined with her dark and tanned thighs. Her pussy lips looked about ready to suck Harry into the depths of her body the moment she drove down onto him.

"Looks like I can help you just as much."

Harry positioned his rock hard cock at Daisy's entrance and eased himself inside of her. Daisy held onto the back of Harry's neck. Her wet lips stretched apart the second Harry's hard cock found it's way inside her body.

"Yes, YES YOU CAN!" Daisy squealed. The point of his cock buried inside of her body and slipped further into her when she moved.

Daisy mounted him on the chair. Her legs wrapped around his muscular waist. Daisy sank down onto his balls and kept rocking herself up and down on the chair.

Harry closed his eyes, taking in the heat of her tight, hot, wet cunt when it wrapped around his hard cock. She rose halfway up on him and made sure the tip had been properly lubricated by her cunt lips. The second she came down on him, Harry filled her body completely up.

"We don't want to neglect these."

Harry unclipped her bra and revealed Daisy's breasts with her juicy dark nipples. Her round, succulent orbs smacked Harry in the face. Harry grabbed one and squeezed them. Daisy squealed when his hand caressed her breast.

"Keep helping me," Harry said. "Help me as hard as you can."

Daisy drove herself down on Harry's rock hard cock. Her hips slammed down onto the thick prick when driving into down onto his cock. Daisy's hot hips wrapped down onto him and brought his hard cock deeper inside her body.

"Yes, play with my breasts…ohhhh…lick them!" Daisy screamed. "They belong to you, my tight cunt, it's yours too…fuck it…fuck it so good….oooh I'm cumming!"

Daisy came and hard as well. Her slick walls lubricated Harry's rock hard pole. Daisy joined with the point of his hips and brought more of his meaty cock inside of her.

Several moments passed with Daisy riding Harry's cock. She brought herself all the way down. Every time her walls squeezed him, Harry reward her with a suck or a squeeze of her breasts.
Occasionally, his hand drifted behind her and gave Daisy's juicy ass a tight squeeze.

The friction of their loins coming down made Daisy cum. She came constantly when going down on his cock. Harry pushed his thick cock inside her tight body.

Harry relaxed when the vibrations coming down from her pussy went over his cock. He grabbed her breasts to get her attention.

"Relax."

Harry started to make out with her breasts. Daisy threw her head back and screamed. Harry's mouth hit every single pleasure spot she had, almost all at once. Her brain almost shut down from the pleasure. Harry's hands cupped her ass and his mouth sucked on her tits. That thick large cock buried its way into her womanly body. It was almost too much for her to bare.

The thick contents of Harry's balls threatened to churn up and bury themselves into Daisy's body. She came down onto him, squeezing him in a tight, wet vice. Harry made sure she came all the way down on him.

"Get ready," Harry said. "After you."

The orgasm spread through Daisy's body. She warmed up from the top of her head, all the way to the tips of her toes. Daisy's hot loins crashed all the way down on his throbbing cock. She lubricated his thick pole to the base.

Her orgasm squeezed Harry. The tension released in his balls and bombarded Daisy's insides with his sticky, potent seed. He fired several shots inside Daisy.

Daisy rode out, so glad she had been implanted with something which would prevent impregnation. Not that she had any doubts a powerful sorcerer like Harry had his own ways to prevent that. A steady amount of cum fired into her body, coating the insides of her walls.

"For the record, I do."

Daisy slid up off of Harry's hard cock. A smile cracked across her face.

"Get on the desk," Harry ordered her. Daisy managed to get on the desk. "I'm taking this."

Harry slapped her ass in response. Daisy gasped when Harry's fingers slowly rubbed her ass and slid inside to experience the tightness of her hole.

"You said I could have anything I wanted, right?"

Daisy chewed down on her lip. She agreed Harry could take anything he wanted, and she would help him in any way. Right now his finger shoved into her tight asshole, a place which hadn't been fucked. She never thought about it until now, until Harry's hard cock stuck out. She fantasized about having his large, dominant cock plowing into her tight asshole. Those dreams were about ready to come true.

"Yes," Daisy said. "I'll…please, don't tease me. Fuck me in my ass."

Harry took the lubrication around his finger. He shoved a slick finger deep inside Daisy's tight ass. Harry plunged it into her, getting her tight hole nice and lubricated. He took it deeper into her ass.

"Nice and ready," Harry said. "I wonder how tight it would feel around my cock."
Harry's hard rod pushed up against Daisy's entrance. Her asshole stretched out for him the moment Harry slid inside of her. Her tight hole felt amazing. Harry ran his fingers down her clit with one of his fingers while he rammed his cock into her ass.

"Fuck, this feels so fucking good!" Daisy yelled.

She got all hot because of the fact Harry could get her off without touching her. His warm fingers brushed against the cluster of nerve endings. Juices trickled from her.

Harry worked his cock into Daisy's tight back entrance. Her pussy clamped around Harry's cock and pushed deeper inside her. Those throbbing balls filled up with cum. A nice sticky flood of cum would be buried into her ass.

"I can tell how much you like this," Harry said. "You're so fucking wet. You like having a big cock in your ass, don't you?"

"Only if it's yours," Daisy breathed. Her tight asshole clamped down around him. "Only if it's yours, fuck me with your big fucking cock!"

Harry obliged her with a hard, stiff anal fucking. Daisy's hot hole squeezed around him with Harry's hard balls slapping against her back door. Harry hammered her from behind with his large cock sliding in and out of her.

Daisy enjoyed his cock buried balls deep inside her ass. Every time the tip brushed against her bowels, every time he sent a jolt through her body, she thought she would lose it.

"Everyone is going to know who you belong to when this is done," Harry said. "You offered to help me in any way. Well, your pussy, your ass, your pretty little mouth, it's all mine, to use as I please. But you like that, you want that."

Harry plunged deep into her tight ass. Daisy closed her eyes and a rush filled her body. Cum flowed between her legs. Harry rubbing her clit when he fucked her ass made her get off even more. Harry's throbbing balls swelled to immense heights.

"I want your big load in my ass," Daisy said. "Please, Harry, cum in my ass. It was made for you. It was made to get fucked."

"Yes," Harry said. "You're mine now!"

Daisy's body exploded into orgasm. The jolt made her thighs clench and coat cum all over it. He pounded her ass hard. Every time those balls slapped up against her, Daisy knew what was coming and she anticipated it.

Harry's balls contracted and fired their load inside Daisy's ass. Her ass clenched his rod as if she would die if he pulled out. Harry grabbed her hips and sodomized the biracial beauty. His balls slapped against her and emptied more of those sticky contents inside her ass.

"Right there, that's where it belongs!" Daisy yelled. "Oooh……"

The entire office shook, along with most of the west coast when Daisy came harder than she ever had after Harry blasted the last dose of cum into her ass.

"Yes, I think I want you in my office bright and early every morning," Harry said. "So, you can help me."
Harry pulled out of her ass, leaving Daisy dripping with cum from her pussy and ass. She would help him every day, more than once if he let her.

No one could quite figure out the source of the mysterious tremors rattling California. Those who were in the know only just smiled when people asked about it.

To Be Continued on September 29th, 2016.

So we get a bit of backstory on the Problem Solver.

Lily's godmother....I'm pretty sure people may be able to put the pieces together, if you read between the lines(and have a slight knowledge of Marvel).

Daisy and Harry indulge in each other, and given Daisy is one of the key characters in this story, it's about time.

Until Thursday.
Harry put Daisy through the paces for several hours. She crashed on the couch in his office and had gotten up sometime within the last few minutes. Harry could hear the shower running at the private bathroom suite in his office. He really wanted to join her, but there was work to be done.

'Ah, putting business before pleasure,' Daisy thought.

'To be fair, I did get enough pleasure earlier, and there will be plenty of time later,' Harry thought. 'There's plenty of work to get done, and I've got to start doing it.'

'Oh, don't worry, I'll be ready for you, when you're ready,' Daisy responded.

Namely, trying to access the memory core of the Problem Solver, which Harry knew could be accessed somehow. He needed to disable the magical protections around it, which would take time.

Harry decided to check in one of his girls, who he left abruptly after yesterday. He knew they could handle themselves, but still he felt bad about the abrupt leaving.

'So are you doing?' Harry asked.

'I really should be asking you that question,' Buffy responded. One could hear in an instant how out of breath she was from talking on the other end of the communication link. 'I mean you were the one who was fighting some kind of Magical Terminator type person the other night, weren't you?'

Harry chuckled in response. She really hit the nail on the head in her own way. He kept at work on the item in front of him, while thinking about the battle at hand.

'Yes, that's who I was fighting,' Harry thought. His lips almost curled into a knowing smile. The Problem Solver has been...well, would it sound a bit corny to say the problem solver problem has been solved?'

Buffy tried not to break out into a fit of laughter.

'Maybe a little bit,' Buffy said. 'Do you have any idea who you're up against?'

Harry really wished he could bring down the walls around this memory core with greater ease. If he did that, he would have something to work with. Instead, the core's security was pretty high and he needed to crack that particular egg.

'No, but, I'm working on a couple of leads,' Harry thought. 'You and Willow did a good job in getting all of those people out of there. I know how hard it is to deal with people when they're in a crisis situation. They're not exactly rational.'

Buffy shook her head and he could hear Faith scoffing in the background.

'You're being a bit too charitable,' Buffy thought. 'A few people got hurt, but no one died. And you're still there. I don't know how trouble seems to attract you so much.'
'You tell me, and we'll both know,' Harry said, voice almost swimming in amusement. He kept himself as professional and businesslike as he could possibly be. 'So, how are you doing? Or what are you doing?'

Harry managed to get one of the walls down. He had several more to go when breaking down the walls of the security, but progress was progress.

'I'm doing Slayer type things,' Buffy said. 'Just your standard vampire, I think he might be a minion to a Big Bad or something, but....I've got him cornered. The tracker you built is working like a charm.'

Harry calmly lifted his hand to the top of his face, ran his fingers through the top of his hair, and just gave one of the longest most labored sighs one could imagine.

'Is that too corny?' Buffy asked. 'I mean, it runs off of magic, so working like a charm would be just implied, you know what I mean. Or am I just a little bit over the top?'

The Master of Death had another wall pretty much halfway down.

'You're doing fine.'

Harry could tell Buffy needed to go because the hunt was on. Another figure caught Harry's eye. Daisy walked over, dripping wet from the shower she was in. Not that Harry wasn't used to her being dripping wet around him. She dressed only in a towel and a smile.

So much for waiting up, well Harry figured she wouldn't have patience for too long. He didn't mind that to be honest.

The beauty sauntered closer towards Harry, her smile getting wider.

"So...."

Daisy placed her hand on the desk and looked towards Harry with some smoldering eyes.

"I had a wonderful night last night," Daisy said. She stepped over towards Harry. The towel clung to her body when she approached him. Daisy balanced herself on one of the spots on the lab table and leaned down to kiss him. "A bit sore, but that just proves how great it is."

Daisy gave him another kiss and pulled away from him. Her lips smacked together and a smile went over her lips.

"Did I fulfill all of your fantasies?" Harry asked.

Daisy put herself in a very happy place before Harry cleared his throat. It was easy to go off into fantasy land when dealing with Harry.

"All of them, and more," Daisy said. She brushed her tongue against her lips. "So, I believe you promised a certain Ms. Sullivan an interview. And she's the persistent type, I've got three messages from her in the last day. One of them was to inquire about your health after she heard of the attack."

Harry chuckled, persistence ran in this family, not he complained, not at all.

"News travels pretty fast," Harry said.

"Well, you're making a name for yourself," Daisy said. "So there's that."
Harry would have to give her a point in her favor there.

"And I'm more than aware she's been calling," Harry said. "So, I arranged lunch and an interview with her and Lana. You can tag along if you want to."

"Oh, I will," Daisy said. She didn't want to keep Harry out of her sights. "So, I guess we're a foursome, aren't we?"

Harry smiled at the suggestive nature of her statement. He reached forward and touched his hand to her bare thighs. Pure electricity coursed through Daisy's body when he held onto her thigh.

"Maybe, if you're lucky," Harry said. He leaned over towards her. "You really didn't get enough last night."

Daisy slowly slipped the towel further and moved towards him giving bedroom eyes.

"No, I'm in the mood for some seconds."

The towel flew off and landed on the floor without a second thought.

After Harry and Daisy wrapped up their business at the office, they both turned up. They came across a rather excited blonde who was beaming at them. Chloe stood there, along with Lana, and Lana was trying not to crack up at the bubbling look of excitement blinking over Chloe's face.

"Harry, there you are!" Chloe yelled. Lana shook her head at the antics of her girlfriend.

Harry gave her a smile and leaned forward to take her hand. He leaned in and planted a light kiss on the hand. This one action, this one brief second of contact caused Chloe to be stopped in her tracks. Not for long, but maybe just for a minute or two.

Chloe recovered pretty quickly, at least enough to speak coherently.

"You're….you're actually in pretty good spirits for someone who just had gotten attacked a couple of days ago."

Harry smiled at the very blunt way Chloe described what happened.

"The attack wasn't that bad," Harry said. "I was rather fortunate to not….well I was rather lucky not to get hurt. But my luck isn't what's important."

"You seem to have a lot of luck," Chloe said. Harry raised an eyebrow. "Well, at least some guys would say you have all of the luck. Everywhere you go, beautiful women flock to you."

Lana threw her hands up into the air in the universal gesture of defeat, sighing all the way.

"Yes, that's real tactful isn't it, Chloe?" Lana asked. "So, Harry, how are you doing? Really, how are you doing?"

Harry gave a smile towards her cousin and placed a hand on hers, giving it a nice squeeze.

"I'm fine," Harry said. "So, are you ready to do lunch?"

"Lunch would be great," Chloe said. She knew how hard it was to get an interview with the one and
only Harry Potter, so she was not going to let this go to waste. "If you don't mind, I have just a few
general questions to ask you, nothing too major."

Harry could tell she was bursting to ask him a couple of things. He figured humoring Chloe would
be the best way to entice her. Harry was intrigued how far she would go for a little piece of him.

'Oh, I hope it really isn't,' Daisy thought. She thought that type of energy should be channeled to a
more universal use.

The group took their seats around the table, and Harry turned to address Chloe's proposal.

"Well, I suppose I can answer a couple of questions," Harry said. He leaned across the table and
fixed his gaze onto Chloe's in a warning manner. "Only until lunch comes. Any other questions, they
come after lunch."

Chloe wouldn't dare interfere with lunch.

"Right, of course," Chloe said. She wouldn't have dreamed of breaking this agreement. "So, I guess
the most important question is…why did you wait this long to come over from Europe? You had a
business empire waiting for you in the United States, and you had family here, but why would you
spend some time at a boarding school in Europe…one with a rather…shady reputation."

A long pause followed as even Chloe needed to stop and take a breath. Daisy only barely hid the
smile behind her hand and pulled back.

"Simple question?" Daisy asked.

Chloe shifted underneath her gaze. Harry cleared his throat and pretty much told both women to fall
back into line.

"It's fine," Harry said. He thought he was perfectly capable of answering the question. "To answer
your question, I didn't really know about the business empire until a few months ago. There was a lot
about my life I was kept in the dark of. For a lot of reasons, I put behind me. I only didn't leave
Europe because of some unfinished business regarding the terrorist who killed my parents."

Chloe's research indicated Harry's parents were killed by a terrorist. She hadn't been able to dig much
deeper by that, and she wouldn't be the one to dig up past memories. Asking him questions about
that, well Chloe had more tact than she might display on the first hand.

Still, a dangerous terrorist could be a cause for concern, so she had one question to ask.

"Is he still active?" Chloe asked.

"He's dead, and his followers are either dead or willing to pretend they didn't follow him," Harry
said. "And considering the government is inclined to believe their change of heart, you can figure out
yourself why I considered coming here instead of staying over there."

"Yes, I can imagine," Chloe answered.

The far off look in Harry's eyes had been different. It had been fleeting, almost like a mirage to be
honest.

"The only regret is a lot of people lost their lives before he was dealt with," Harry said. "And given
the government didn't deal with him promptly, and some of them supported his aims…..well….you
can imagine how frustrated I was and why I left after he was done."
"I can imagine," Chloe said. "So, I'm guessing you'd want to put that all behind you?"

Harry was glad someone got it.

"Yes," Harry said. "My focus, now and for the future, is on Horizon. I want to expand it to new levels, and reshape the world. I want to break new barriers. I'm interested in expanding into mass media as well, so if you ever need a steadier job, I may have something for you."

"Hmm, that's interesting," Chloe said. "I guess that means you'll be the one interviewing me instead."

Chloe shook her head, clearing it. She could see the waiter about ready to bring the food over and knew the preliminary process of the interview was over. Still, she could wait.

"Well, you have big ambitions," Chloe said. "And if it was anyone else in the world, I wouldn't believe them but….well I guess lunch is being served."

Sure enough, the waiter made his way over to serve their meal.

"Guess the rest of this interview's going to have to wait until later," Harry said.

"Seriously, though, off the record, I think you'll do great," Chloe said. "And you're going to ensnare the hearts of many helpless women along the way."

Daisy answered with a grin, and Lana just gave Chloe one of those long, knowing looks. Harry, just smiled before responding.

"I'm sure you're not speaking from experience, are you?"

Funnily enough, Chloe didn't trip over her feet to deny these claims. She just smiled.

Talia slipped into a pair of tight leather pants and a tight leather vest. She walked across the room and moved over to face off against her sister. Nyssa stared down at Talia. Across the room, Sara watched, and observed the sparring session, feeling as always there was something to learn.

The younger daughter of the Demon pushed forward, trying to show something. Nyssa blocked a couple of her attacks and pushed Talia back a few inches.

"No one expects you to be on your feet," Nyssa said. "Especially after your ordeal."

"It's because of my ordeal I need to be back on my feet," Talia said. She concluded the stretching exercises. "Someone like Natalie Knight should not have been able to get the drop on me. I've grown weak, complacent….and we're going to lose the League because of it. I shudder to think what might have happened if you hadn't found them."

Talia had no need to elaborate who she meant. Nyssa caught those words straight off.

"I need this sparring session, and you're going to help whip me back into shape," Talia said. She leaned closer towards Nyssa. "And be warned, if you hold back, I'll know, and I'll treat you as I do any other enemy."

Nyssa had no intention of holding back, despite being worried. She figured the sparring session would be a necessity, to see if there had been any pressing side effects regarding her sister. Nyssa stretched her arm and charged towards her sister to renew another attack.
Talia extended her arm out and blocked the attack. Nyssa reared back her arm and blocked a second attack. The two of them went hand to hand with each other.

The first kick had been delivered too soon which allowed Nyssa to block it. The second kick had been delivered too fast which resulted in Talia being flipped down onto the ground. Nyssa took a half of a step back and kept chaining together a series of strikes.

Talia blocked a couple of them. Most of the strikes flew through Nyssa's defenses and caught her in the chest. Nyssa staggered down to one knee.

The older woman pulled back and looked down at Talia. Her face contorted into a scowl and pulled back.

"Something is wrong with your mind," Nyssa said. "You're allowing yourself to become easily distracted."

The older daughter of Ra's Al Ghul jumped high into the air and landed directly behind Talia. Talia turned herself around and tried to give her sister another kick. The kick bounced off of Nyssa. Talia snapped up for another kick.

Nyssa got herself underneath Talia and flipped her to the ground. Talia groaned and tried to get up. Nyssa dove on top of her.

Sara watched the scene and mentally took notes as anyone would in a battle between two of the greatest fighters today. The battle got rather intense. She could tell something was not quite off in Talia, and Sara could guess why.

"There's nothing wrong, I'm fine, I'm just….." Talia said. She pushed Nyssa off of her.

Nyssa came back at Talia with a raging force. Talia flipped over onto the ground and her sister once again had gotten the better of her.

"Your stubbornness allows you to be a great warrior, but it's also a double-edged sword when it allows you to be defeated way too easily."

Nyssa flipped Talia down onto the ground and got in a mount to grab her. The Daughter of the Demon pinned her sister down on the ground for a couple of moments, holding her down.

"You're going to determine what's distracting you," Nyssa said. She took half of a step back. "And you're going to have to deal with this problem. There's a war brewing with the League. Enemies on the outside and on the inside are going to take us out, but soon, we're going to have new leadership, but a General is only as strong as his followers."

Talia blinked when looking towards her sister. Nyssa stepped back and let her up. The younger woman looked at Nyssa with eyes narrowed.

"Have your forsaken our father?

Nyssa knew Talia's relationship with their father was much better. She was the one which Ra's preferred out of the two even though he preferred a male heir out of them all.

"You don't know the full picture," Nyssa said. "And when you're ready to understand it, I'll be willing to explain it to you."

Talia's face crossed into a frown. Despite Nyssa letting up on the attacks, Talia didn't let her guard
"No one knows where our father's body has gone," Nyssa said. "It may be gone for good, or he may have faked his own death, and orchestrated this entire League civil war to cherry-pick the elite. The League has gotten too fat over the centuries with incompetence, so I can see his point."

Talia thought her sister had a point. Would her father have set up the entire League to be at war with each other, and then come back in?

'Ra's hasn't counted on one thing, the Dragon,' Talia thought before she could stop herself.

"And you wanted this sparring session, so attack…again!"

So, Talia did and she went in an attack.

Daisy parked herself at her desk and did her best to get some work done. The last couple of days had been interesting. The most interesting part was Harry didn't throw her out of his office for being placed in his office staff and spying on him.

She figured there were two things working for her. For one, Daisy actually did do a really good job and had made herself an important part of his staff. And the second thing, Harry saw through her charade since the beginning. He always seemed to know what people were thinking, and Daisy half thought he didn't really do it on purpose.

'So, far, nothing else from our little Hacktivist friend,' Daisy thought. 'Doubt, she's going to leave it well enough alone….oh well, gives me some time to get some work done, kind of got sidetracked because of that.'

She had been sidetracked three times in the past day, by Harry. Daisy never thought she had such a healthy sexual appetite until now, but Harry fulfilled all of her desires and even more. A knock on the door brought Daisy out of her daydreams.

"Daisy, do you think I can talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure," Daisy said without even thinking about it. "Come in."

The door opened up and Harry took a step inside of her office. Daisy smiled and thought she wasn't going to get anything done right about now.

'Well, I guess it was only inevitable I would get side tracked for a fourth time today,' Daisy thought. Still, the serious look in Harry's eyes showed Daisy he didn't have something less serious in mind.

"Actually, Harry, before you say what you need to say, I need to tell you something," Daisy said. "The Board…well when they found out about the attack, they freaked out. Even though you handled yourself well, and didn't even get a scratch on you, they freaked out."

Harry sighed, figuring it was inevitable this would happen.

"I can't blame them for being concerned," Harry said. "Did you tell them I was fine?"

"I told them, but they wouldn't listen," Daisy said. "They're….well they want you to get a bodyguard, and I figure you should know about it, and maybe hire one yourself before they put some
musclehead who crowds your style on you."

"I'm guessing you might have someone in mind," Harry said.

"Yeah, a friend of mine would love to take the job, she's...kind of been lost in transition after a falling out she had with SHIELD before SHIELD fell out," Daisy said. "If you'd like, I'd call her up, and see if she wants to take the job."

Harry answered with a smile, figuring Daisy would have an answer before coming to him today.

"Great, thank you, Daisy," Harry said.

Harry wouldn't want someone the Board picked. While they did have some level of sanity, people didn't tend to make some rational decisions.

"She's pretty good, she worked secret service for the President in the past as well," Daisy said. "So, if we can trust her with the second most important man in the world, well third...can't discount Nick Fury, I think he was more important than the President at one time."

Harry didn't even need to ask who Daisy thought was the most important man in the world. As if it could be anyone else.

"Did you want to ask me about something?" Daisy asked.

"I was doing some research on this symbol and....."

Daisy stopped and looked at the symbol. It wasn't entirely foreign to her.

"It's Norse...it's actually not just Norse, it's Asgardian," Daisy said. "Which is not my cup of tea....."

"Oh, it's Asgardian," Harry said.

Daisy could have laughed. Harry was taking the fact the ancient gods of Norse Mythology existed pretty well. Then again, when you can from a world of dragons, unicorns, and giants, Asgardians really didn't seem too far out of the realm of possibility. It was kind of mundane because of his world.

"Doctor Jane Foster, she's the one you want to talk to."

"Thanks, Daisy, I'll get in touch with Doctor Foster, and....."

Daisy reached pulled out the contact information and picked up a pad of paper before jotting it down.

"Thanks, Daisy, I don't know what I'd do without you."

There was no question about it, Daisy smiled. Her boss told her to help Harry in any way possible, and Daisy would be damned if she defied those orders.

She got back to work, so far nothing on the Hacktivist front and nothing on the Problem Solver front either.

Buffy stepped around the corner with Faith following a couple of inches later. The two of them
walked around the corner. The vampire they fought against had been ducking and dodging to keep a couple of steps away from him.

"I think he's given us the slip."

No sooner did those words leave Faith's mouth, she took a step back. She saw the vampire down on the ground, face down. Faith and Buffy both armed themselves. The mental game of rock, paper, scissors resulted in Buffy flipping over the vampire.

Whoever killed him covered his face in burns. A weird jagged A had been cut into his chest, and a spike rammed into his hard. The wood splintered. The vampire's mouth opened in a never ending loop of silent screams.

The vampire crumbled to dust and a bright glow filled the room. Buffy and Faith shielded their eyes, and backed off.

"Did that ever happen before when you slayed?" Faith asked. Buffy shook her head. "Yeah, me neither."

The two of them walked around the room. A table sat in the middle with a dusty large tome on it. The sight of the tome caused Faith to take a step towards it. She took another step and realized she dealt with a cursed object.

Harry taught her a trick to deal with cursed objects. She closed her eyes and focused hard. The book lifted off of the table.

"Hey, no fair, I can't master that one…"

The book slammed onto the table. The force of the heavy book caused a choking cloud of dust to come off.

"I don't have it quite down," Faith said. "At least, I knocked the dust off of the title, so we can ready it."

She bent down and the words "Order of Saint Dumas" flashed on the spine of the book.

The lights went out and when they came back on, Harry stood between the two girls.

'Do you honestly have to knock out the lights every time you teleport in?' Faith thought.

The question had gone unanswered, and Harry looked towards the book.

"The Order of Saint Dumas," Harry muttered.

The venom coating his tongue when those words came out meant he didn't give that name a positive recommendation.

"What does it mean?" Buffy asked. "I've never heard of it."

"Neither have I," Faith said. "But, why am I not surprised you've heard of this mysterious and rather shifty sounding organization."

"It means this is bigger than any of us could ever imagine," Harry said.
To Be Continued on October 3rd, 2016.

And things are becoming to get unraveled. Until Monday.
Harry figured they were in the middle of something deep, but really, he had no idea. The moment he showed up in front of Buffy and Faith, he made no attempt to hide there was a really huge problem. The three of them returned home. Harry took the tome Faith and Buffy found and set it down on the table. A moment later, Harry flipped it open to reveal blank page upon blank page.

The more Harry delved into the information, the more there was not a whole lot which added up about this this entire mess. Not that he could get into this.

"They hate magic, but they're certainly not opposed to using it when it suits them," Harry said.

"So, wait, you can see what your reading, right?" Buffy asked.

"Actually, no, I can't," Harry responded. "Nothing, but blank pages. How about you?"

Buffy answered with a nod. "Same, it's….really weird."

"There has to be a way for you to read the book," Faith said. She looked back at Harry through imploring eyes. "Right, there has to be a way for you to figure out how to read the book, you're going to find a way….."

Harry pressed his palm on the side of the table and started to mutter. The book flashed and Harry wondered if there was really anything in this particular book. The books had to be filled with something. Otherwise, what was the point.

There were some heavy enchantments on it, and Harry found himself determined to crack the code of this mysterious book.

"I refuse to believe the book was just lying around for no reason," Harry said. "These people, they wanted me to know you were there. And they know we've been working together."

Buffy and Faith gave Harry plenty of room to work, but so far, nothing.

"The book says the Order of Saint Dumas," Buffy said. "And you seem to be well aware of who they are. It's almost like you've had your share of run-ins."

Harry considered her inquiry, eyes not leaving the book. The moment he looked at the book a couple of seconds later, he nodded in response.

"Not directly, but I have heard from others who have had problems with this particular group," Harry said. "They are very devoted in what they believe it."

"Great," Faith said. "Your average run of the mill religious fanatics."

Harry smiled, Faith had a point, even if it was a pretty simplistic way.

"I'm not sure if I would even call them that," Harry said. "There are people who are very devoted to what they believe in. Then there are people who take their beliefs one step beyond and they are
extremely fanatical."

Harry once again placed his palm on the table. The book almost mocked him by not revealing any of its secrets. Some books refused to relinquish their secrets.

He wondered if it would take blood from the member of the Order to unlock the secrets of the book. Talk about a problem.

‘There’s a huge problem here, there has to be another way, I’m just not seeing it.’

"Then there's the Order of Saint Dumas," Harry said. "They've taken things even one step beyond that. They're in the business of mass sacrifices….sacrifices in an attempt to purify the world. They think the only way to erase sins is through massive carnage and murder."

Both Slayers looked on with scrunched up faces.

"Sounds really charming," Buffy said.

"Murder is only the beginning of their game," Harry responded. He took a moment to consider how much to tell them. "They've been at odds with the League of Assassins for centuries. And I have reason to believe now more than ever, a couple of their members have defected to the side of the Order of Saint Dumas."

"Why, for what means?" Buffy asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Faith asked. She took a moment to shake her head. "It's all because of Harry."

Buffy looked on with a skeptical glance towards Faith. She turned towards Harry as if asking him to verify this one way or another. Harry only responded with a nod of his head.

"Nyssa informed me there were some rogue League factions, and one of them dreaded the return of the Dragon," Harry said. "And the Order of Saint Dumas considers the Dragon the harbinger of the End of Days."

Harry wasn't really sure when he had acquired the moniker of the Dragon. He just rolled with it because of the prestige he bought. Reading between the lines, Harry figured time travel may have been involved, so technically from his perspective, it didn't happen.

"Wow, you must feel special," Faith said.

"It wouldn't be the first time I got accused of being the epitome of all things evil," Harry said. The girls admired his ability to take it in stride. "And I'm beginning to think many of our problems as of late are to do with this deal. And I'm thinking even Ra's al Ghul himself might have feared what I could bring."

Faith and Buffy looked at each other for a long moment and both thought long and hard about what Harry said. Buffy's mouth snapped open when she realized it.

"Natalie, the other vampires, you're thinking the Order of Saint Dumas is the one that riled them up," Buffy said.

Harry only answered with a nod which caused both girls to look at each other. This fact did make a whole lot of sense on many levels, and on many other levels, it raised a whole multitude of questions which they did not have the answer.
"When you said this was far bigger than we thought, you weren't kidding," Buffy said.

"And the most ironic thing about this is, the Order has come closer to bringing about the End of Days than anyone else," Harry said.

Both girls responded with nods, at Harry's rather casual declaration.

"That about figures," Faith muttered.

"Yeah, it does," Buffy said.

Harry took a second to consider his next action and knew right away what he had to do.

"I'm going to check in with Natalie, see if this sparks her memory," Harry said.

"And we'll see what we can find on our end," Buffy said. "Going up against an ancient order of religious nutjobs, it should be a piece of cake."

Everyone had their plans, now it was time to enact them.

Natalie Knight sat in her quarters, arms calmly folded and head flashed against her chest. The moment the door opened up and the light came on, Natalie stood up to see who had come for her. She still had recurring nightmares about someone really dangerous coming for her. The people her parents sent her to, to cure her of her "possession" flashed and all of those traumatic childhood memories came out of her.

The woman's expression brightened when the one and only Harry Potter came down the hallway. He carried a tray of food and set it down on the table.

"It's so good to see you; I was….well you know why I'm down here!" Natalie yelled. She rushed towards Harry and threw her arms around his neck with a tight hug. Harry returned the hug and leaned down to capture her lips in a kiss.

Harry pulled himself away from Natalie, finishing the kiss. The kiss caused her to step back with a dazed-looking smile on her face. Harry sensed something was bothering her, and he patted her shoulder.

"You think you're still dangerous," Harry said. "I can assure you you're not….but….."

Natalie finally snapped out of her trance and turned towards her master.

"No, it's not that," she said. She appreciated Harry's hand wrapped around hers. It gave her enough strength to face pretty much anything she came up against. "It's just….well….it's just that….after all I've done, how can I face anything?"

"One thing at a time."

Natalie figured he would say something like that. She appreciated the strength and the confidence he exhibited.

Something else also hit the woman in an instant. She noticed the look on his face, and it was a serious look. Something which made her think something was extremely wrong.
"I take it you didn't come down here for a booty call," Natalie said. Harry shook his head. "I can't say I'm not disappointed."

Harry figured he wouldn't. He visited her regularly. The reasons for the visit were different.

"Well, I'm going to have to make it up to you later," Harry said. "But, there's something I really need to ask you about."

The serious look on Harry's face brought some thoughts of dread in Natalie's mind. She couldn't really process exactly why. She just developed some kind of sixth sense to this kind of thing as of late. Natalie shuddered for a second but responded with a nod. She reached towards Harry and waved her hand to get him to continue.

"Do you know anything about this symbol?"

Natalie almost recoiled the moment Harry showed her this horrific symbol. She thought this symbol would never enter her life ever again, although maybe she would have been foolish to think such a thing. The symbol brought up more suppressed memories and they weren't the good kind of suppressed memories either.

Images started to flash through her eye, about her parents discussing taking her, to remove the devil from her. They thought her disease had been punishment because they had not been true believers. Thus, they had been punished through her.

The horrific treatments she had been put through, in an attempt to purge the evil from her body, before she had been handed off to that man and then subjected to the experiments which turned her into a bloodthirsty creature of the night. Everything hit her suddenly.

Harry saw it, and realized he may have sent her to a dark place. He hoped snapping her out of the this trance would not be too hard.

"Natalie, are you okay?" Harry asked. "Natalie….please, focus, stay with me."

Natalie's mouth opened and shut several times over. Not one single noise had come out. Harry reached over and gave her shoulder a hard squeeze which brought her out of this particular line of thoughts. Her icy eyes fell onto Harry.

She nodded, getting back to the matter at hand.

"Yes, I recognize this symbol," Natalie said. "It was the trigger I needed to remember exactly what happened, what lead to me being brought to Ra's al Ghul, and now…..I don't want to remember it."

Natalie shuddered at the thought. Harry leaned over towards her and engulfed her in a hug. The warmth of Harry's body made Natalie be settled a slight amount. She relaxed, feeling slightly better, at least more so than she did before.

"My parents belonged to an organization known as the Order of Saint Dumas," Natalie said. Her voice sounded surprisingly stable. "They were religious fanatics, and they ended up dying because of their beliefs, for the good of their savior."

Harry rubbed the back of her neck and encouraged the woman to go on. She drew strength and courage from her master.

"I suffered a disease which caused me to look ghostly, and they thought…they thought they were not true enough believers and I was being punished for their lack of conviction," Natalie said. Her throat
had gotten dry. Harry passed her off a glass of water so she could continue talking. "They….sent me
to them, and they….put me through horrors to try and purge the demons from me, and the
rationalized if they killed me, at least I would be in the loving arms of our savior so he could sort me
out."

Harry's stomach turned at the medieval attitude they had.

"When that didn't work, he showed up, he was a pale man, paler than even I was, he was Albino,
and he collected me for an experiment," Natalie said. "And then I was put in the Pit with all of the
others and….well I'm sure you know the rest."

Harry released her from his grip. Natalie relaxed and Harry looked apologetic. He didn't think it was
bad, even though he should have suspected.

"I'm sorry you had to relieve everything," Harry said.

"No," Natalie said. "It was necessary…the Order of Saint Dumas is dangerous, and if you are the
Dragon the League thinks you are, then they have every intention of sacrificing you to bring order to
the world and to remove all sin from the world."

Harry shook his head. The only way to remove all sin would be just to wipe out humanity altogether.
It would be the same way to eliminate all war, at least in his mind. Either that, or enslave them and
make them into mindless drones.

"They'll find that's not as easy as it seems."

Natalie couldn't disagree with Harry on this particular front.

An inner chamber with several stone pedestals was a very eerie sight. A low, and monotonous
chanting occurred. Several monks walked forward and lead a terrified-looking man forward to face.
The chanting grew more prominent and clearer with the man being dragged forward.

He shook, terror spreading over the man's body.

"You do not believe."

"He does not believe."

The man heard the accusations. He was faithful, but some of them, they lose their way and maybe
their mind as well.

"I BELIEVE!" the man yelled. "I just don't think….killing all of these people….is not what he
wants….."

"Then you speak blasphemy," the hooded man towards the front said in a low and calm voice.

Several torches flickered on and began to illuminate the hallway. The man in question shivered in
response when he had been thrown down onto the table. The monks surrounded him. One of them
held a torch and put it close to the man's chin.

The man looked up into the face of the sunken in eyes underneath the hood. Withered, and decayed,
one of the truest believers looked down at the terrified gentleman with near pity.
"May you find peace in the arms of a loving creator when your sins have been purged upon your blood being spilled!"

The monks pulled out daggers and drove them down upon the struggling man. His blood rained up into the air and splashed down onto the pedestal. The pedestal glowed when the offering had been accepted.

The monks turned around and a figure approached the edge. She pulled down a hood to reveal a dark skinned woman. The woman's lips curled into a frown when she looked down at the very believers in the Order of Saint Dumas.

"He still lives, despite our best efforts, and he makes us look like fools in the eyes of our savior," the woman. "You haven't done anything to eradicate the last Wand Waver and more importantly, her last descendant."

The woman's palm opened and shut in response. A portrait of a red-haired woman with green eyes dressed in pure white robes had been brought out, to remind them about what they were all about. Several men bowed before her, even though she treated them with the disdain of something she scraped off of the bottom of her shoe and flushed.

"As you know, hundreds of years ago, Rosalie Evans lead an uprising against the Order of Saint Dumas," the woman claimed. "She fractured us, and despite our attempts to purge the sins, to balance the scales, her deadly nature still taints us even to this day. Even as we stand right here."

The angry mutterings of several mad monks followed. The woman's lips curled into a smile. The wounds cut deep, so deep they might as well have been fresh. The story of Rosalie Evans passed down through the centuries so many times, her crimes had gotten worse with each passing year. She was the worst human being who ever walked the world, and her bloodline remained polluted to the Chosen One of the Wand Wavers.

"Just as Rosalie Evans led an uprising which almost destroyed the Order of Saint Dumas and everything she stands for, her descendant seeks to do the very same thing. He seeks to finish his ancestor's depraved work!"

The anger, if nothing else, increased. The speaker waited for the fever to die down before she spoke.

"Rosalie's last descendant gains, even more, power," the speaker said. She closed her fist and sparks of light rose from it. "He gains even more power, and what's worse, he's the one the scripture spoke of. He's the one which will bring about the End of Days; he will bring an end to all mankind!"

The monks started to murmur even more. They spoke in a rapid-fire prayer as if asking for forgiveness, and asking to be spared from the wrath of the Dragon.

"Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, the Chosen One of the Wand Wavers, is the Dragon we feared would be coming for centuries," the woman yelled. She spat out her words like hot fire. "And he's more than a dragon. He's an emerald-eyed demon who should be slaughtered, should be brought down. Do you think he should be allowed to live and to seduce innocent women to sin?"

The monks yelled out "no" in unison, the only word which had been yelled.

"No man should have as many women as he could have," the woman said. "All who have been tainted by his sin much be saved. His sacrifice will be purged. Death will be brought down to the Dragon. The diseased bloodline of Rosalie Evans will be eradicated!"

The loud cheers came up from the monks when the woman continued to whip them up into a frenzy.
She knew how to spin together some words.

"The Dragon will not ascend to his perch," she continued. "All is almost aligned. We have everything in place. The wicked will be sacrificed, and the righteous, the few, the proud, the Order of Saint Dumas will ascend to the proper place it should have reached Rosalie's treachery!"

"DEATH TO THE DRAGON!"

The loud cheer coming from the monks continued. A few seconds passed before they grew silent. The woman motioned for them to drop to their knees.

"People used to fear the things which moved in the shadows, but modern convenience have caused people to go content," the woman said. "Yet, beware those shadows, for the still move, they still shift. And you will all play your part to slay the demon which manipulates them!"

A raucous round of applause continued. The woman leaned down.

"Not all of you will survive, but remember, if you play your role, he will take pity on you," the woman said. "And with our new convert, the White Ghost, there's no conceivable way we could pay."

An albino man who had been hidden in the darkness responded with a nod before slipping back into the shadows without a trace.

The members of the Order dropped to their knees. The woman knew she still had the touch to bring men to their knees with a few simple words. They heard what they wanted to hear, and they all called for blood.

'Religious fanatics, they're easy to manipulate.'

Harry flipped over a newspaper which had lain on his desk. The headline of "Amazon Princess and Atlantis Queen wed, United Nations are gravely concerned" caused a smile to cross over Harry's face.

'Interesting, very interesting.'

He didn't really have any time to think this through more when the door opened up. Harry put away the paper and decided to address his comfort.

Daisy stepped into Harry's office. She had been followed by a tall blonde haired woman who dressed in a nice suit jacket, blouse, and skirt which came down to show just the slightest hint of her legs. Despite the fact her dress was mostly conservative, Harry could tell she had quite the body and worked hard for it. She was built like an Amazon.

The type of body which could either kick a man's ass or seduce them to their doom, something Harry approved of both.

"Well, I promised I would make a call and get you a bodyguard before the board forced one on you, and here she is," Daisy said. "I'd like you to meet Bobbi Morse."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter," she said.

"The pleasure is all mine, Ms. Morse, but considering you might be working with me, and closely at
that, you should call me Harry,” Harry responded.

"Then it's only fair to call me, Bobbi, sir,” Bobbi said.

Daisy broke out into a smile. She tried to resist, but she couldn't.

"Bobbi, there's really no need to call him, sir," Daisy said. "Until you're in his bedroom, that is."

Bobbi looked at Daisy, unable to believe she went there, but at the same time, she totally believed she went there. The thought which entered her mind caused a distraction to enter her mind. Harry clearing his throat brought her back into reality.

"Sorry," Bobbi said. "I don't normally zone out."

"Daisy mentioned you've wanted some steady work," Harry said.

"I've had a few security jobs since….well since I left my old job," Bobbi said. She crossed her legs and held the folder in her hand on the desk. "They haven't been anything too exciting….just watching the doors, watching shipments….nothing too….interesting."

Bobbi decided to quit while she was ahead.

"When Daisy mentioned you, I was intrigued," Bobbi said, managing to catch her breath. "You seem to have a tendency to get into trouble."

Harry thought it was the understatement to end all understatement. He turned towards Daisy and raised an eyebrow. Daisy just gave a light shrug.

"I don't think I get into trouble," Harry said. "Although, trouble does have a knack of coming to visit me when I'm around."

"That could be a problem," Bobbi said. "But, I know you can handle yourself. So, I wonder why you would need a bodyguard."

Harry took a second to consider her question.

"The Board wanted me to have one, obviously," Harry said. Bobbi answered with a nod. "And it's more to deter people from attacking me. A beautiful Amazon looking woman is going to turn a few heads and make people think twice about trying anything. On my own, they might think they have a chance."

"You beat the Problem Solver," Bobbi said.

Harry smiled, true, very true, well kind of. He downplayed the fact he had reality bending powers to the public for a good reason.

"To be fair, a hand a little bit of help," Harry said. He turned towards Daisy who tried her best to look modest. Unfortunately, it was something she didn't do too well at. "Do you mind if I take a look at your credentials?"

Harry took the folder from her. He started to look it over.

"I'm glad to have your talents at my disposal," Harry said. "But, I'm curious why you didn't get another government job. Even if SHIELD doesn't exist, I'm sure there are other organizations which would pop up in its place…..hell, even Daisy works for one."
Daisy responded with a shake of her head.

"I wouldn't say it's an organization per say, just a small group of dedicated people who are essentially operating underneath the grid to make sure shit doesn't go to shit."

Blunt, and Harry appreciated it.

"Fair enough," Harry said.

"There are other organizations I could work in," Bobbi said. "But, I decided after SHIELD I wanted to have something lighter. And the old management isn't coming back."

Especially when the old management was either dead, playing dead, or wanted by the government for supposed war crimes.

"You wanted a lighter job, and yet you agreed to work for me," Harry said. "Well, if that's your logic....."

"Daisy sold me on the benefits of working for you," Bobbi said. "The many, many benefits of what it means to work underneath you."

Harry turned towards Daisy with his eyebrow slightly raised and Daisy just gave him the most unapologetic smile one could imagine. He returned to looking over the resume which Bobbi put out in front of the desk. Impressed wouldn't even begin to describe what Harry felt.

She was very intelligent as well as qualified, being a scientist in her own right. Harry figured Daisy had outdone herself.

"The Board of Directors shouldn't have any problems with you," Harry said. "I'll tell them I hired you, and I'm sure they'll sleep a little bit better at night."

Things would be very interesting, then again for Harry, when was it not?

Harry sat in his study. He went over some of the notes he uncovered regarding the Order of Saint Dumas. His conversation with Natalie only just served to tie them into Ra's little experiment. Harry had serious questions about whether or not Ra's had any idea he was being used by a cult of religious fanatics.

Without talking to the man himself, Harry doubted there would be many easy answers.

'I suspect we'll never know.'

Harry also waited for something else, and the alarm went off around the outside. He took a step into the hallway and he noticed a woman dressed all tight leather bound up in vines which held her into place. This caused her to be in a rather interesting position. A smile twitched over Harry's lips when he approached her and pulled the mask down to reveal the beautiful face of one Sara Lance.

Sara frowned, she was careful, and yet she had been trapped at Harry's mercy. He could do anything he wanted to her.

"Well, you got a lot further than I intended you to," Harry said to her.

Sara squirmed when the vines wrapped around her. She maneuvered around all of the defenses with
precision, at least until the moment she reached this particular section of the hallway. The closer she
got to Harry, the trickier the defenses got.

Actually, that wasn't a really bad design. Lure them into a false sense of security, and then boom.

"I wanted to get to the study," Sara said. "I think it's safe to say the security is more than foolproof."

Harry responded with a shake of his head. He reached forward and cupped his hand underneath
Sara's chin. The alluring warrior turned towards him, a shine coming out of her eyes when her heart
skipped a couple of beats.

"No, I wouldn't say security is foolproof," Harry said. He stopped and without skipping a beat, he
continued to speak. "No security is foolproof. You shouldn't have made it past the front door…thank
you for testing it for me."

"Any time," Sara said. She wished she could find a way out of these vines.

Her nipples hardened when being held in the tight restraints with Harry's eyes raking down her body,
smiling.

Harry allowed her to hang around for a minute more. He snapped his fingers and the vines retracted
back into the wall. Sara remained rooted on the ground and unable to move.

"Your security access has been restored," Harry said. "You're free to move about freely. Thank you
for helping me test the defenses."

"Anytime," Sara said.

"Next time, I'll have you test it, I swear security will be a lot harder to get around," Harry said.
"That's if, you're up to it."

Sara smiled and put a hand on the wall on either side of Harry. She leaned in and gave him a long
kiss before pulling back.

"I'm always ready for anything you throw at me," Sara said. "So, Nyssa's currently tracking down on
a lead…they might have Ra's body."

"My servant wants Ra's body," Harry said.

Sara could have laughed, boy could this situation get kind of awkward.

"Yes, I know," Sara said. "And if it was up to me, you and Deedee could have him. Nyssa is almost
on board, and we're…well we're working on making Talia coming around. We really don't want her
to find out the hard way the sun doesn't shine out of Ra's al Ghul's ass."

Sara took a moment to release her hands. Harry wrapped his hands around hers and the two of them
flickered into the bedroom upstairs.

"Although," Sara said. She reached over and unbuttoned Harry's shirt while kissing on the side of
the neck and the face. "I think the process would be sped up the moment you bend her over
something and take her."

"In due time," Harry said. He smiled and looked towards Sara. "But, I knew you weren't leaving
without having some fun."

"No, I'm not," Sara said. She slipped Harry's shirt off and reached around to undo the buckle of his
pants. "Figured you could use an energy boost after how hard you've been working.

Sara dropped Harry's pants to the ground. Harry leaned down and grabbed her face, capturing her lips in a passionate kiss. Sara returned it with fever. Harry's hands roamed down her body. She responded by grinding her hips against his in encouragement.

Something hard pushed Sara in the hip. She slid her hand down Harry's boxer shorts and found what she was looking for.

Sara slipped her hand down Harry's pants just in time to find his throbbing hard cock. She wrapped her hand into it and slid her hand up and down. Her skilled hand worked those nerve endings. She knew Harry could take the pleasure, hence she didn't hold back.

Harry's boxer shorts slid down. He shoved his hips forward into Sara's hand when she rubbed every inch of his cock. She took his cock into her right hand and took the thumb of her left hand to rub off on his head.

"Damn," Harry said.

"I have to have a taste," Sara said. "I need it, so bad."

"Well, if you need it, then take it," Harry informed her.

Sara didn't need to be told twice. She descended to her knees. After letting go of Harry's cock, it sprung back and slapped her in the face. Sara smiled and licked his cock several times. She swirled her tongue around the head.

Harry closed his eyes to enjoy what Sara's wonderful mouth did to him. Her mouth sucked around his head and hand reached around to grip his shaft to pump it up and down. The duel process resulted in Sara's mouth and hand stimulating every single inch of Harry's cock.

Sara hummed when bringing Harry further back into her warm throat. She needed this cock and craved every single inch of what it hand. It would be a perfect fit in the back of her throat. Her hunger increased with every single wiggle of her throat onto his cock.

A few more sucks later, and Sara pulled away from his cock. Harry groaned, and she smiled.

"It would be too soon," Sara said. She reached down and cupped his cock and balls before giving them a firm squeeze. She smiled when Harry looked at her and squeezed him again. The beautiful assassin bent down and whispered in his ear. "Besides, I have a much better place for all of this cum to be."

Sara squeezed his balls one more time. Harry looked at her with a smile.

"You're wearing a bit too much," Harry said. "Strip."

Sara smiled and undid the clasp of the top she was wearing. The tops of her ample breasts revealed themselves to Harry and the rest of the world. She slid down the top and dropped it to the ground. Her toned, sexy abs rolled down with a tiny sheen of sweat. Sara reached over and took Harry's hand before putting it on her abs.

Harry felt her up for a brief moment. Sara turned herself around and showed her ass in those tight leather pants. Harry grabbed an ample amount of flesh.

"You have such an amazing ass," Harry said.
"Oh, I know," Sara said. She swayed her hips and made sure the juicy, leather covered flesh stayed in Harry's hands. "I think we make this better."

Harry watched Sara when she struggled to get out of a pair of these tight leather pants. The leather snapped against her and showed inch by inch of flesh. Her black thong almost stuck out in Harry's face. Her ass looked so lickable and so squeezable. Sara smiled and started to grind her ass against Harry's hardening cock.

Sara pulled herself up and reached in. She pulled the small piece of fabric out and snapped it back. She turned around and got on top of Harry, straddling his lap.

"Damn," Harry said. "I want to fuck you all night long."

Harry reached over and took the strap of her bra. He undid it and it flew off to reveal Sara's nice, firm breasts. He grabbed the breast and squeezed it. Sara closed her eyes and gave a moan of pleasure. Her nipple stuck out and begged to be sucked.

Sara reared her head back and gave a gasp. Harry's mouth wrapped around her right nipple and worshiped it. A few sucks later, he switched to her left nipple, and the back again. All of these actions made Sara hot and horny.

"I want your cock," Sara said.

"Well, I'm not going to stop you."

Sara pulled her panties all the way to the side and lined herself up. She eased Harry inside the folds between her legs. Her heart raced the moment his throbbing hard cock slipped into her body. It filled her up completely.

Harry held onto Sara's hips and made sure she positioned herself firmly onto his cock. She slid all the way down onto him until she rested down onto his balls.

"Fuck, you're wet," Harry said. "Did getting wrapped up in those vines make you hot?"

Sara pulled herself all the way up on Harry. She made sure his tip was only brushing against her dripping hot lips. The second she positioned herself down onto Harry, she brought herself all the way down on his handsome length.

"Yes, a little bit," Sara said. "I'm going to fuck myself raw on your big, hard cock!"

Sara moaned when bouncing up and down on him. Her nice tits slapped Harry in the face. Harry grabbed them and squeezed them.

"Yes, you can't help yourself," Harry said. "You're going to want to cum all over my big cock. It's what you live for. It's what you want more than anything else in your life."

Sara bit down on her lip and nodded in confirmation. Her hot thighs came all the way down onto Harry. The first of she hoped many orgasms tonight exploded through her body. Sara's eyes glazed over in the back of her head.

"Stay with me," Harry said. He leaned back on the bed which allowed her more room to bounce up and down.

Sara rode out her orgasm. Her thighs came down all the way onto Harry's. Warm flesh slapped together when the two of them met together. She leaned down and captured Harry's lips in a lustful
kiss. Their tongues intertwined together, hands not bothering to stop.

Harry enjoyed the warmth coming from Sara's beautiful body the further she slid herself down onto his cock. She took him inside of her with a couple of steady bounces and maintained her momentum to drive Harry deep inside.

The two of them matched their motions. Harry buried himself deeper in Sara. He channeled the lust coming from her into power where he continued to work her over.

"Fuck me, fuck me harder!" Sara breathed in his ear. She realized somehow Harry reversed the positioning. He was on top of her, riding her into the bed.

"You little minx," Harry said. "You can't get enough of my cock. You dream about it at night, don't you?"

Harry spanked Sara's ass and she closed her eyes, giving a soft mewl of pleasure.

"YES!" Sara yelled.

Sara dug her nails into Harry's back. Every time he pushed into her depths, Sara's body tingled with overjoy. She thought she would pass out from the pleasure. Harry continued to hammer her with a few long thrusts which buried his cock deeper into her body.

"I'm cumming, so hard," Sara breathed.

"I know," Harry said. "I wonder how hard you're going to cum when I take your asshole."

Sara clenched around him to show what she wanted it. Harry worked her pussy. He wanted to put his load inside of her, releasing the energy and empowering himself for something else.

"Yes, put your load inside me," Sara said. She grabbed his waist for a moment. "I want it to be dripping out of me! No matter how many showers I take, I still want to see your hot, thick cum dripping out of me."

Harry pushed himself deeper inside of Sara with a long thrust. His balls tightened and the tension inside them had been released. The sticky, never ending stream of seed fired into Sara's wet, dripping cavern. Harry smiled the second he extracted himself from her.

"You know what I want now."

Sara smiled and turned herself over. One of her fingers was in her mouth. The saliva dripping digit reached over and rested at her asshole. She slid it in a few times to tease Harry, smiling when she pumped her asshole, getting it ready for Harry's hard cock.

"Fuck my ass raw just like you fucked my pussy," Sara said. She bit down on her lip. "Your cock is so much bigger and better than even the legends say."

"They're downplaying me, aren't they?"

Harry's hard cock head pushed against the edge of Sara's tight taboo hole. She looked over her shoulder towards him, with the sultriest look in her eyes possible.

"Yes," Sara breathed. "But, each and every single female member of the League will know you're the real deal when you fuck them senseless. When you fill all of their holes!"

Harry didn't concern himself with all of the holes for right now. He concerned himself with one
particular hole. The warmth spreading his cock made the trip her ass really good. Harry pressed his hands on her the amazing flesh and started to piston himself into her.

"I'm concerned with this one," Harry said. He leaned down and kept one hand firmly on Sara's right ass cheek when he rammed inside of her. "I'm more concerned about fucking this hole, and making sure you remember I've been here."

"Me too," Sara breathed. She responded with a smile when looking over her shoulder. "Me too!"

Harry kept right inside her tight asshole. Those hard balls slapped against her. Sara knew they loaded up with a heavy load, cum which was made for her. Cum which soon would be spilled inside her tightest hole. She couldn't hold on with her lust for much longer. Harry cut a steady path, pulling almost all the way out and then pushing deeper inside of her. Every single thrust brought Harry into her tight ass, further, and deeper.

The man in question hung on and explored her body. Her toned body, well trained with sleek muscle, was stunning when it dripped with sweet. She kept looking back at him, biting down on her lip with a look of burning lust dancing in her hers. It just made her all that more fuckable.

Harry brought his hand down the front side of Sara's body when working into the back side. His fingers reached between her legs and located her clit. He rubbed it to bring pleasure to every single inch of her body

"Sooooo good!" Sara moaned. "Put it inside my ass...I want it to be dripping with your cum. It needs to be in my ass, along with your big cock. My ass was made for your cock, it was perfect to be fucked."

"Yes, I agree," Harry said. He leaned in and nibbled on Sara's ear lobe. "Your ass is perfect and made to be fucked. "And I can do it all night long. Wouldn't you like that, honey?"

"Yes, baby, "Sara said. "Don't hold back...FUCK ME HARDER!"

Sara's mind went absolutely haywire with the pleasurable sensations. Harry's fingers reached deep inside her and it was almost like a second cock fitted her pussy. Both of them were equal because both of them were Harry's. She came in an intense manner.

Harry rewarded Sara's hand soaking orgasm with a huge round of thrusts. He buried his hard cock deeper into that tight, delicious, sensual rear. Every time Harry plunged further into her, it squeezed him. The fact he lasted a long time in her ass without popping reinforced how strong he was.

"Hold on, you're almost there," Harry said. "We're almost done, get ready for it."

Sara bit down hard on her lip. Her tight asshole grew even tighter around Harry's cock. Every time his balls slapped against her ass, Sara felt how full they were. She knew, the orgasm was almost here, and she could feel what was going to happen.

One more orgasm shot through her body. Harry rode it out with his fingers in one hole while sending several warm splashes of cum into her back passage.

The boost of power both sides received was very much appreciated.

________________________________________________________

To Be Continued on October 6th, 2016.
So, we investigate the mysterious book, which something is written in it, at least nothing visible. And Harry visits Natalie, who has had bad experiences with the Order.

And the Order of Saint Dumas has a mad on for one of Harry's ancestors and thus a mad on for him. I swear, I'm pretty sure Harry has to be getting sick of paying for things which is family members have done for him.

Sara and Harry have some time together, which is nice. Also, Harry's bodyguard is Bobbi Morse, better known as Mockingbird. I

Also, there's something between an Atlantean Queen and an Amazon Princess marrying due to political reasons and the UN, being a bunch of fuddy-duddy old men, being very nervous about it. Hmm.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Eighteen: The Hunted Part One.

Harry found himself at a crossroads with his investigation. He finally broke into the memory cores of the Problem Solver. Only, the Problem Solver didn't know anything about the problem he had been sent to solve, other than some people hired him to take out Harry.

He almost chuckled at the reasoning. They riled up the Problem Solver over Harry's murder of the Basilisk and also for not defeating Voldemort fast enough, and leading to countless deaths. Harry used to blame himself for every little thing, but now, he laid the blame where he thought it was appropriate.

It was a much healthier way to live his life.

Now, Harry waited for Lana to join him in the center of the room. She dressed in a tight spandex sports bra and a pair of tight stretchy shorts which fit her nice. Lana sauntered over towards Harry and approached him with a smile.

"Turn around," Harry told her. Lana did as she was told. "Alright, you had the spark in the cave, which means you have magic."

Lana could feel Harry's eyes all over her body. She felt the spark, but it was hard to get the spark to come out.

"Yes," Lana responded. "But, I haven't been able to get it out no matter how hard I try. I don't know what I'm doing wrong."

Harry walked over towards Lana and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Relax, you're not doing anything wrong. Magic can be tricky to master even for the best of us….and you trying to strain it could put you or others around you in danger."

Lana nodded in response. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt someone. Harry placed his hands on either side of her waist and adjusted her stance a few seconds later. Harry pressed at her back and pointed Lana towards the book on the table.

"Most people learn magic as children," Harry told her. "It's not impossible for adults pick up latent gifts, but, yes, it's pretty rare and stranger than normal. All I want you to do is concentrate on the book in front of you, and make it levitate in the air."

"Concentrate on the book, levitate it in the air. Okay simple enough, no sweat"

'There we go, the most simple piece of magic imaginable,' Harry thought.

'Why do I sense a but,' Buffy thought.

'It's magic, of course there's always a catch,' Faith chimed in.

Lana thought it was simple enough magic. She screwed her eyes shut and tried to focus. Harry tightened his grip on her which made it even harder concentrate.
"It's very hard for me…...well you know……"

"It's something you're going to have to learn to deal with, if you want to be able to perform."

Lana's mind went in a very unfortunate place when Harry talked about performing. She managed to hold back her tongue though.

'Just imagine him in his underwear,' Lana thought. 'Okay, doesn't help, but it was worth a shot.'

"You're going to have to learn to block out all distractions," Harry said. "Take a deep breath, and work at your own pace. Let the magic flow in and out of you as naturally as breathing. Levitation is one of the most rudimentary forms of magic. You can do it, Lana, I know you can."

Lana didn't really want to upset her teacher. She tried as she might, it was borderline impossible to levitate the book off of the table. It lifted about an inch off of the table before it shot down onto the table.

The dust knocked into the air. Lana thought she had it, willed it with her mind, and then it slipped.

"Good, progress," Harry said. "Try again."

Lana was well aware of Harry pressed behind her to hold her steady. He positioned her arm a bit more to an angle where it pointed towards the book. She closed her eyes and tried to levitate the book into the air.

The dark-haired woman overcompensated on her latest actions.

The book shot up and slammed against the ceiling before it fell back down to the floor. Harry smiled and fixed the minor damage Lana caused to the ceiling.

'Now, I know how Claire must have felt when she was learning her powers,' Lana thought. 'Especially with the heat vision, boy wasn't that something to control.'

Lana didn't envy anyone who had to put out fires, literally in Claire's case.

Harry just was nonchalant about the damage being fixed.

"So, take a deep breath, and relax," Harry said. He pushed his hands on either side of Lana's shoulders and smiled. "It's okay, just sit back and relax."

"Right, I'm relaxing," Lana said.

"How's Claire doing?"

Lana had been just thinking of her and now Harry brought her up. She didn't really know what to make of that, to be honest. Still, she took the matter in stride.

"She's been good from what I heard, been really busy," Lana said. "I'm supposed to check up on her cousin for her….don't see why she can't do it herself. All it would take is for her to fly out here when she has some downtime….you know, get on a plane, and get out to the West Coast."

Lana could feel Harry's smile on the back of her neck. She had a sense Harry humored Lana's attempts to keep Claire's secret.

"Right, I know exactly what you mean," Harry said. His voice held a certain tone which caused Lana to shudder. "Claire does a lot of flying around, I'm sure, for her work."
Lana didn't know what to make of it. She could have sworn by Harry's knowing tone he had figured out Claire's other job, other than her cover as a reporter for the Daily Planet. Lana thought of the actual thought as absurd.

"Then again, he has a tendency to know a lot of things, things he shouldn't know,' Lana thought. 'And you almost outed Claire in the cave. He's not stupid. Far from it, he's a genius.'

"You want to try again?"

Lana took a deep breath and focused on what she wanted to do. This was supposed to be rudimentary and she failed at it. Lana closed her eyes. There had to be a way for Lana to bring this book off of the table.

The book levitated off of the table and hovered for a moment before dropping down. Harry turned around Lana and rewarded her with a kiss on the lips. She returned the action from her handsome younger cousin eagerly.

"Excellent," Harry said. "Very excellent, the movement was a little jerky, but there's always some room for improvement."

Lana smiled. If Harry kept rewarding her like he just did, she would have to. Lana turned around and this time, she couldn't resist grinding her backside into Harry's crotch a little bit, teasing him, just like he teased her earlier.

"I'm ready."

"I'm sure you are," Harry said. "Just take a deep breath and try again."

Lana smiled, ready to levitate the book off of the table. Every time would have a bit more process.

Harry returned from the lessons he had with Lana, in time to meet up with Buffy and Willow. Both girls smiled and waved him over. Harry walked over towards the table and joined them.

"Let's hope this time we don't get attacked," Buffy said.

Harry looked towards her.

"What, too soon?"

Harry answered with a nod. "Yes, much too soon."

Buffy just responded with a sheepish shrug. Willow shook her hands at the actions of her friend.

"What's the odds of that happening twice?" Willow asked. A second passed before both of them looked at her. "Yeah, I know, pretty good, but still...."

Willow trailed off, not really having a good reason why there wouldn't be an attack twice. The last thing she wanted to do was incur the wrath of Murphy.

'So any luck on your research?' Buffy asked.

'Nothing on the creepy cult who wants me dead, at least not yet,' Harry thought. He smiled when drinks had been ordered. 'But, I'll keep it up until I find something. The Problem Solver was a dead
"So, your lessons with Lana, how are they going?" Buffy asked.

Willow looked from Harry to Buffy, curiosity getting the better of her. She wondered what this was all about.

"She's a pretty quick study all things considered," Harry said. He shifted into a grin. "Then again, anyone is a quick enough study if you tutor them in the right way and give them the right incentive."

"They sure don't at school half of the time," Buffy said.

"Ah, it's not that bad," Willow said. "Okay, fine some teachers can be that bad."

Harry smiled and leaned back in the seat. Willow stretched across the table so she could get a better look at Harry.

"So, what exactly are you training her in?" Willow asked.

"The magical arts," Harry said. "She's picked up the art of magic late in life, a bit older than many. So it's a bit trickier to learn it the older you get."

"It's because you've had more time to develop a close-minded perspective on how the world works, isn't it?" Willow asked. Harry responded with a smile and nod. "When you're younger, you feel everything is possible. And with magic, you have to have an open mind."

Harry looked towards her with a smile. Willow gave a little shrug of her shoulders and smiled when leaning a bit more across the table. Her shirt stretched a little bit and allowed Harry a peek down the front of her shirt as well.

"I dabbed in magic a little bit myself," Willow said. "But, you know, if you want to give me some pointers….maybe a couple of private lessons here or there."

Buffy wondered how much she should encourage this deviance. A voice in her head, which sounded suspiciously like Faith, started to egg her on.

"Harry can be pretty hands on," Buffy said.

"Well, he should be," Willow said. "You realize how boring learning magic would be if it's just all books and theory. It would make you want to fall asleep."

Harry stopped and had a mental flashback to his fifth year at Hogwarts. It wasn't exactly the best place in the world for him to go. He stopped.

"Indeed, it would be."

The fact Umbridge had a little accident made the world the better place. An accident which sent her flying outside of a really high widow onto some jagged rocks below, which Harry doubted many felt too sorry about.

"I'm really happy to help if you want me," Harry said. "I'm always happy seeing a budding witch fulfill her potential."

Faith popped in and walked across the room to the table. She crouched down and looked out the window, before looking to Willow, Buffy, and Harry.
"I'm sorry I'm late," Faith said. "But, I had a good reason, there was some weird guy who has been popping up all day, and now...he's circling around the shop."

Harry looked over and walked towards the table. He moved towards Bobbi who sat in the booth a little bit away, doing her job in keeping an eye on Harry, on a distance.

"A suspicious guy's outside, he's been following Faith around all day," Harry said. "Do you see him?"

Bobbi caught the man, she thought at first he was just a transient or something, not too uncommon in this area. He looked like the scruffy, unbathed sort, hands in pockets. He wore a silver cross around his neck as well.

There was something else to him though. Bobbi's frown deepened, increasing when she looked around.

Harry took a half of a step outside to properly face the man. The man came face to face with Harry and panicked, running the opposite direction.

Bobbi followed Harry, who followed the man down the alleyway. A scream came from the general direction he came. Harry took a step inside the alleyway and walked up towards the man. An arrow impaled through his chest when he dropped down on the ground.

Harry walked over and noticed, in an instant a small book hanging from a chain wrapped around his neck. It had the same symbol, the Order of Saint Dumas. Harry bent down and noticed a piece of paper peeking out of his pocket.

The note read "Half Past the Fork to the Meeting Place." Harry shook his head, not able to make heads or tails what it meant.

'And it's official, the plot thickens.'

"I've called 911," Bobbi said. "Although, I'm not sure if it's going to do any good, this guy's pretty much a goner."

All Harry could do was a nod and continue to look at the note. Half Past the Fork to the Meeting Place, he couldn't even begin to guess what it meant. And there was also the question of who shot the arrow which resulted in the man's fatal descent. And why was the man circling around all day in the first place?

The follower's death brought so many unanswered questions.

'And so it begins, much sooner than I hoped it would.'

The moment Sara informed Nyssa what Harry told her, she knew time was of the essence. She gathered up every single League member she could find. The small group of very elite warriors joined Nyssa walking up towards the doors of a rather elegant temple.

'Much less manpower than I thought I'd have, or really want in a situation like this,' Nyssa thought. 'But, I'm going to have to make with what I have.'

Nyssa moved over towards the door. She turned towards her followers. Two of them forced the door
open and lead the members of the League further inside.

Two men dressed in monks robes had been laid out on the ground. One of them long since expired, but the other still breathed. Nyssa leaned down and pulled the man up to sit and look at her. The man gave a wheezing gasp of air.

"What are you after?" Nyssa asked.

"You are too…late to stop it!" the man yelled. "The League will never stop it. I will leave this world…..knowing what I've done will be for the Greater Good."

The Greater Good was one of the phrases which Nyssa despised the most. It always justified the actions of tyrants. Nyssa grabbed the man more roughly. He looked at her and started to say a silent prayer. Nyssa smacked him hard to bring him back to life.

"The League can't stop what my brothers and sisters are going to do, we're going to wipe them out, and not even the Dragon can stop it," the man said. "Tonight, it will happen, it's already halfway towards completion. The plague will be unleashed. The world will be cleansed."

The man gave one more rattling breath, blood spilling from his mouth. His eyes shifted before he forced out one more hoarse whisper.

"The wicked will be burned, and the righteous will finally be spared. There will be a new dawn at hand and a brand new day."

The man collapsed down to the ground, having expired. Nyssa allowed him to slip down to the ground, a grim realization having dawned upon her.

"Spread out," Nyssa said. "If it's here, we'll know. If it's not, then we have a problem."

Nyssa could tell already what she was looking for had been removed. These two had been sacrificed, and they willingly did so. At one time, Nyssa would have sacrificed everything to the League, and to her father's well, so perhaps she didn't have any stones to cast.

"What are we searching for?"

"You'll know when you locate it," Nyssa said.

Nyssa had a feeling of dread the item they were searching for was not there. She recalled a legend of a map which the Order of the Saint Dumas stole some time ago. It lead them to one of the components of a plague which had the potential to wipe out entire villages, and it would just keep spreading until they found a way to contain it.

Madness hit the people the plague infected, then chaos followed, and if they had magical abilities, then the virus amplified and mutated into something far worse than it started out as. Someone had found a way to contain the virus a very long time ago, and had been separated. Exactly how it had been contained, it had been lost to history which alarmed Nyssa to say the very least.

'If the Order acquired one, they could find the other,' Nyssa thought.

Nyssa frowned and looked towards her followers. All of them responded with crisp shakes of their heads.

"There's nothing here, whatever it is, it's long gone now," one of the followers responded.
Nyssa took a moment to look around. She searched the two people the Order sacrificed for anything. She found a note in one of their pockets. The note read "Half Past the Fork To the Meeting Place."

She didn't believe in coincidences to be honest.

'Sara?' Nyssa asked.

'Yes?' Sara asked.

'Are you close to Harry?' Nyssa asked. 'Could you tell him something....'

'Actually, with the bond, you can tell me directly, if you so choose to.'

Nyssa flushed around the area of her ears. She knew that deep down. Regardless she took the time and the care to tell her master everything.

'Right, here's what you need to know.'

The members of the High Council of the Order of Saint Dumas crowded around for a meeting. They all descended to their knees in a prayer for a moment.

The chanting died down after a couple of moments. They all prayed for their success. The first member of the council rose to his feet and turned towards them.

"We have one component of the plague in our possession, and when the two meet, it will allow us to be spared," the robed figure said. "But, I'm afraid there is someone who wishes not to see us through.....three of our brothers has been struck down in the past week, by a mysterious assailant."

The members of the council all descended into rapid fire mutterings. All of them looked a slight bit nervous and wondered if they could be nice.

"We do not know who this person is."

"Surely, our higher power has not forsaken us," one of them said.

The doors opened up and a robed man approached them. The members of the council all looked down at the man. They all paid their respects to him, for he managed to put this particular gift to bring down the Dragon in their possession.

The man dropped to one knee to pay his respects to the Order. A moment passed before he rose back to his feet.

"We must move quickly," the robed man told them. "For, the League approaches.....I trust you've all got my message and understood its significance."

They all nodded. The robed man looked up towards them, fiddling with the hood, before pulling it up to reveal a sadistic smile.

"It's certain you choose the right fork and choose so wisely," the man said. His hood slid down to reveal a hint of his pale, albino face, and sickening looking green eyes. "One fork will lead you to the second component and will allow you to create the plague. The wrong fork will lead you to... certain doom."
"We will assemble our followers to travel down both paths, for it may be necessary to make a sacrifice."

All of them murmured and some of them raised their hands in triumph. A voice cleared and the dark-skinned woman, who stood in the shadows, finally spoke up for the first time in a very long time.

"When you go there, bring Azrael on your mission," the dark skinned woman told them. "He will be of use, especially if the Dragon will be there."

All of them inclined their heads with a stiff nod. They understood the important of this mission and they knew it was absolutely imperative to bring their champion.

"Let us all summon him then!" the man who had rose first earlier said. He had handed a knife to the person next to him. "Let us summon our greatest warrior, the one who has died and returned to cleanse our sins. Let us bring forth Azrael!"

The person next to him cut his wrist and allowed blood to drip onto the pedestal in front of him. The knife passed around from one person to the next, each of them slicing their wrists and giving their tribute of blood.

The knife, now coated in the blood of eleven of the men, moved back around towards the leader of the Order who sliced his wrist and groaned when the final splash of blood flowed out.

A red wave of energy shot out and a figure appeared. He dressed in armor with a jagged "A" symbol on his shield. He wielded a sword and looked out on the other side of his mask. His eyes remained shut for several moments until they shot open.

"You have summoned me, the most faithful of them all!" he yelled. "You have summoned Azrael!"

"Azrael, it's your time to slay the Dragon."

The ultimate knight of the Order of Saint Dumas inclined his head. Finally, it had been a long time. Others who have held this mantle had fallen to the Dragon. Now, he would succeed where many others have failed.

Harry and Sara approached the valley next to each other. The moment Nyssa passed the information, it hit Harry what it meant.

"So, the fork," Sara said. "The plague component is on one side, and there's...something really dangerous on the other side."

Harry gave her one of those long side gazes which made Sara feel like she was being X-Rayed. She amended herself.

"Something which will likely get us killed, not that the Plague, whatever it is, won't," Sara said. "I don't know, Nyssa said it's very vague."

'It said to take the fork on the right side?' Harry asked. Sara nodded, Harry knew about as well as she did. 'Which means, the second component on the plague is on the fork on the left side.'

Sara thought about it for a second and almost marveled at the wordplay.

'Right as in correct, not right as in direction,' Sara thought. 'Most people would think the right side
was right because that's what they convinced themselves in their minds. The person who hid the plague wanted people to think right was right, even though left was right.'

There was a long pause as the girls on the other side of the bond link paused and blinked.

'I think I'm getting a migraine,' Daisy said.

Despite the confusion, Sara and Harry didn't have a chance to take either fork. Several members of the League dropped down in front of them. Sara and Harry both took a couple of steps back and looked down at the followers the League.

'Followers of the White Ghost,' Sara thought. 'They could be a problem.'

'Yeah, I've noticed.'

Harry grabbed Sara and the two of them flashed out of the way of the daggers which had been thrown out of them. Two of the White Ghost's followers had been taken down. Sara jumped up and nailed him with a huge flipping kick to the face and Harry simply just tapped the ninja with one finger, causing him to fly into the air.

Two of the White Ghost's followers had been nailed in the back with razor sharp arrows. Harry turned around and saw a female figure dressed in a purple and black hooded top. She dressed in tight black leather pants and a purple belt with a few smaller weapons hanging from it.

The woman dropped down and blocked the arm of her attacker, turning it in a way a human arm was not made to bend. She gave it a violent dislocation and dropped him down to the ground. She flipped over the back of her adversary's head and punched him in the kidneys, slumping him down to the ground.

Sara turned around to face the woman and found herself suddenly at the business end of her crossbow.

"You're a member of the League."

"I'm not with them…"

"The League is in with the Order, and I intend to put a stop to this right….now!"

Harry knocked the crossbow out of her hand. This momentary distraction allowed Sara to grab the girl around the head and shoulder and flip her down onto the ground. Sara picked up the crossbow and directed it towards the girl's head.

The contempt burning through this young woman's eyes made Sara almost get taken aback. She steadied the crossbow and firmly grasped it.

"I don't want to hurt you, but it's the White Ghost's faction of the League who is in with the Order of Saint Dumas," Sara said. "All, I'm here for is to help stop them from getting their hands on the Plague."

"How do you know I can trust you?"

"How can we know we can trust you?" Harry countered.

The woman scoffed at it being turned around for her.

"The League will be taken out, and so will the Order," the hooded woman said. "They'll all fall to
me, the Huntress."

Huntress kicked Sara away and reclaimed her crossbow.

"We can keep doing this all night or....."

A loud crack interrupted Harry before he could speak. The mysterious Huntress sensed someone showing up immediately.

She turned around and noticed a very familiar figure standing in the distance. She steadied her bow to take aim at the man himself.

"Azrael."

"All of the enemies in the Order in one place, truly this day is blessed!" Azrael yelled. He withdrew his sword. "Dragon, you're first to fall for your sins at the sword of Azrael!"

Huntress turned to the Canary and to the Dragon. She would have to work with them, members of the League, through gritted teeth.

Given the alternative was dealing with this psychopath, Huntress figured out the best possible path.

'I really hate where this one is going.'

To Be Continued on October 10th, 2016.

So, plans are being made, as Harry starts training Lana in her abilities.

And here's the Huntress, who has a slightly different backstory in this universe, given who her mother is. It just fit this story better.

Daisy may or may not be echoing the sentiments of everyone with the right fork is really the left fork thing. A certain Mr. E. Nygma would be proud of the logic behind that one though.

Azrael is very boisterous, and the Order shows how bent they are. Religious zealots, what are you going to do?

Until Monday.
Chapter Nineteen: The Hunted Part Two.

The most powerful and skilled warrior of the Order of Saint Dumas turned his attention towards the Dragon he had been tasked to slay. His sword slid into his hand and the power from it flowed through his body. He prepared for the most dangerous task at hand.

The Dragon would be slayed, all he had to do was move forward.

’He's mine now.’

He whipped towards the Dragon with ease. Harry, on the other hand, knew exactly what to expect, and shifted a few inches to the side. Azrael turned around and clung his sword against Harry's when it appeared. The magical sparks created by the two swords came up in the air when both Azrael and the Dragon went toe to toe.

The Dragon backed him back with a series of rapid fire attacks and moved him forward.

Azrael shifted away from the attack and jumped and landed on his feet. Huntress tried to nail him with a crossbow bolt. Azrael spun around and deflected the bolt. He flipped into the air and landed on the ground. He opened his hand and sent a wave of purple energy through the air. The dagger encased in the energy had been avoided.

Harry jumped up behind him. Azrael spun around, with Harry having teleported out of the way. Azrael ran his sword in the general direction of Harry no sooner than he dropped to the ground. It forced Harry to teleport out of the way again.

He had been kept up in a constant state of teleportation where Azrael kept on the attack, without blinking. He wasn't an enemy who would have been shaken or rattled, and Harry had been fairly impressed with what he had to have gone up against.

"You will be brought down to my knees and slayed Dragon!" Azrael bellowed at the top of his lungs.

Huntress rushed from behind him and Azrael turned his attention towards her for a half of a second. This momentary distraction allowed Sara to come in towards her. He blocked her hand and the dagger within in it and lifted her up above the ground like he was lifting a piece of paper. Azrael whipped his adversary around and Sara went flying towards Huntress.

The Canary and Huntress had a brief meeting of the minds. Harry already had been behind Azrael and whipped a chain out of nowhere. The chain wrapped around the sword. Azrael channeled the power through the sword.

"You will be brought down to your knees by your sins!" Azrael yelled. He stared down at Harry. "No, it can't be….."

Harry kept one eye down the left path and another eye locked firmly on Azrael. The sword had no effect on him. The knight of the Order of Saint Dumas kept up with the attack and he charged Harry with another attack. The sword came precious inches from cutting into Harry. Harry dodged the
attack.

The knife pulled back from Harry, unable to figure out what had been wrong. Harry motioned for Azrael to come towards him. Azrael rushed towards Harry with the sword extended towards him.

The sword reflected one more time in battle which caused him confusion.

"You must have been truthfully wicked not to have been effected by the power of the sword," Azrael said.

"Or your master's have just fed you a line," Harry said.

Azrael's eyes bulged out because of the words and charged Harry once again. Harry analyzed the power of the sword and supercharged his own. The two of them clashed together, with Azrael in a constant state of movement, and also occasionally trying to send a dagger. Harry deflected the daggers back at them.

Both locked in a stalemate, neither of them moving from their current state.

Huntress managed to catch him in the elbow with a crossbow shot. Azrael staggered around and blocked the attack. Sara jumped up and kicked him in the back of his head. She flipped into the air and nailed him with a kick.

"You're pretty attached to that sword, aren't you?" Sara asked. "Let's see if we can fix that!"

Sara dodged the white hot blade before it came down to her head. She dodged another attack from the blade and deflected the attack back at her adversary.

Harry came in from his own end and nailed the sword into the side. Harry and Azrael pushed back and force. The Dragon spit some hot fire and managed to bring Azrael down to his feet.

"My father has protected me from your demon tricks!" Azrael bellowed.

Sara picked up a grenade and hurled it into the air. The grenade broke open and a loud sonic pulse resulted in Azrael staggering. Even the fabled knight could feel the ringing in his ears.

Good, set him up, and I'll finish him off.

Harry jumped up with the Sword of Godric Gryffindor in his hand. Azrael recognized that particular blade right before it stabbed right through his arm into his shoulder. Azrael screamed in agony when this cursed blade had brought him down to his knees once again.

One of the White Ghost's men fell at their feet. Nyssa took half of a step forward and gave a slight frown when she looked around.

"I'm a bit too late, aren't I?" Nyssa asked. She recognized the knight of the Order of Saint Dumas on the ground.

Azrael looked up and his eyes glinted underneath his helmet.

"You are too late, the vengeance of my savior will reign down, and my father will smite you at the gates of Heaven!"

Azrael stared down the Dragon and dropped down to his knees. He muttered "forgive me, father, for I have sinned" before he vanished in a cloud of red smoke. The moment the smoke completely cleared, Azrael disappeared, long gone.
"I didn't know she could do that," Sara said. She turned to Nyssa. "Don't worry, the three of us had it under control, myself, Harry, and…"

She was about ready to say the word Huntress, but she disappeared into the night. Given who her father was, Sara didn't know why she was the least bit surprised she pulled a disappearing act.

'Of course.'

Huntress returned to her lair, which was interesting enough, a little ways away from the cave. She pulled down her hood and a dark haired girl with blue eyes of about eighteen years old stared at her from the other side of the mirror. She knew from Azrael's words they were already too late.

The warrior realized the frustrating situation they entered and it would only get worse from here.

"The Order already has the bio-weapon," she said to herself. "I need to determine where they've taken it, how they're going to deploy it, where you're going to deploy it, and…how to stop them."

She had been put in a pretty tricky situation all things considered, and she didn't really know where to begin, other than at the beginning. The beginning frustrated the Huntress to no end and the scheme had multiple tangles.

"So, any ideas?"

Huntress picked up her weapon and spun around to face the daughter of the Demon herself, Nyssa al Ghul, along with the Canary and the Dragon. She managed to keep the crossbow trained on all three of them when a sneer spread over her face.

"How did you find my lair?" she asked.

Nyssa looked towards the girl, and all she saw was a young girl who was way in over her head despite the tough demeanor she wore.

"An assassin never gives up their secrets," Nyssa said. "I'm disappointed you would forget this lesson, Helena."

Huntress, Helena, looked back at them with a frown in response. Her gaze or stance never wavered, when holding the crossbow on her adversaries.

"Why are you doing this?" Nyssa asked. "Why are you taking out the members of the League?"

"The League has… the League has been compromised," Helena said. She took a moment and sighed. "There are many who the League has harmed. Those eight women, you think I wouldn't have found out about that?"

Nyssa didn't think she understood the gravity of the situation. She hoped to have the strength to explain this to her.

"We've done our part to help those women find themselves," Nyssa said. She locked her eyes straight on her niece and looked towards her with a frown. "It isn't easy, but we've… done our part, all of us have done our parts."

"It's too late," Helena said. "The League has thrown in with the Order of Saint Dumas, and they intend to bring about mass destruction, especially if we don't find this bio-weapon they have
created."

Nyssa looked towards the younger girl, and her stubborn instance she was doing the right thing. She got that virtue from her mother.

"It always starts with the best of intentions, but it always turns out for the worst," Nyssa said in her most gentle tone possible. The girl's eyes snapped towards her. "The League has gone down that particular path and we should know."

Sara and Harry stood at each other, both of them feeling like the third and fourth wheels, in a dispute between two powerful parties. They intended to jump in, but only if things would get hostile.

"I wonder what your father would think about this, about the path you've gone down," Nyssa said after a pause.

The eyes of the girl flared up with anger. Everyone involved could pretty much hazard a guess this was the wrong thing to say, but it got the girl's attention.

"Don't you…don't you ever bring him up to me!" Helena yelled.

The entire atmosphere around the cave grew rather chilling. Helena's hands tightened around the crossbow and a bolt fired, hitting a target off to the side. She relaxed her hands a second later.

'Wow, Daddy issues,' Faith thought. 'Actually, one look at her, she seems pissed…we might have to redefine that term.'

Harry turned his attention away from the banter and towards the girl. He sent a small and subtle dose of calming pheromones on the girl. Helena looked towards him with a glare, which relaxed. She offered one very subdued sentence, though.

"Stop it."

Helena did relax though despite her best efforts and hated pretty much every second of it.

"My father thought he could rehabilitate monsters, and he paid for it, with his life," Helena said. "So, don't bring him up."

Nyssa looked from Helena to Sara and Harry, and she knew straight away some introductions might as well have been in order.

"Helena, meet Sara Lance and Harry Potter," Nyssa said. She turned towards the girl who just responded with a nod. Nyssa could tell she knew perfectly well who they were. "Sara and Harry, this is Delilah Helena Wayne, although she goes by the name Helena."

'Mostly to spite my father, and her mother, who chose the name Delilah for her,' Nyssa thought. 'Yes, she's my niece.'

Sara and Harry took it all in. They both knew Nyssa and Talia looked a lot younger than they really were thanks to the Lazarus Pit. It just hammered the point home more.

"Yes, I'm the daughter of Bruce Wayne and Talia al Ghul, but you've figured that out, I'm sure," she responded. "Tell me, is my mother still worshipping the ground Ra's al Ghul spits on or has she finally seen what a monster that man could be?"

Harry cleared his throat to hopefully cut up the tension.
"We should work together and focus on the Order and the plague, and not hash out old family disputes," Harry said.

"Yes, I agree," Helena said. "And I've been tracking possible locations where the Order might want to unleash....."

"There, right there," Harry said, pointing to one of the locations on the map.

"How did you know?" Helena asked.

Harry figured it would be best to explain things.

"Because it has the highest concentration of magic usage," Harry said. "It has to be right there for the plague to properly spread and mutate. It needs magic to fuel it."

Helena didn't know how Harry found it out.

"You'll find really quick how Harry learns things most don't."

She brushed Sara's words and turned to focus her attention on the map.

The members of the Order of Saint Dumas walked out in groups of two and they all brought themselves down upon the ground. They knelt in the middle of stones which has been carved in the ground.

"Soon, the entire world will be cleansed and a new day of reckoning will be at hand," the lead monk said. Their high council had decided to stay outside in case all had been lost because someone needed to keep up the holy crusade. "And now we must say a prayer, for what is to come."

The hands of all of the members of the Order of Saint Dumas clasped together for a prayer.

"We must use this plague, not out of any great desire, but out of great necessity. We must cleanse the world of the corruptive magic influences. These wand wavers have allowed dark demons to enter their soul. It is our great hope, oh noble Father, we strike them down, and ensure they are saved. We do not hate them, we only pity them, for you have made us righteous."

The collective members of the Order of Saint Dumas took in deep breaths. Their hands clasped together and kept praying. The leader kept talking while the other members came in silent prayer.

"We understand you will help guide those poor unfortunate souls who are caught in the crossfire, and who will be brought down in eternal hellfire and everlasting damnation. But, rest assure, as long as they are for your guidance and in your comforting arms, we do not regret anything which will be at hand. And the true day of judgment, the ultimate reckoning will be at hand. Some must die, so others can live, and we extend our hope, to our Father, to our savior, to our lord, our holy crusade will have pleased you."

The windows of the temple broke open. The Huntress dropped down to the ground in front of the praying monks. One of them rose up to his feet in anger and pointed to the figure dropping down, hand shaking.

"SACRILEGE!" he bellowed at the top of his lungs.

Huntress caught him with a bolt to the shoulder which dropped him down to the ground. The
cloaked forms of Nyssa, Sara, and a few of the members of Nyssa's elite guard dropped down to the ground. They were the most beautiful and fierce females the League had to offer.

"You have defied a place of worship, do you harlots hath no shame?" one of the monks asked.

Sara rendered him unconscious before he could give his spiel. She thought the atmosphere in here improved.

Last, but certainly not least, Harry Potter turned up. The Dragon stared down at them with the haunting green eyes, those demonic eyes which had once been worn by Rosalie Evans, and they learned to loath.

"First the League interrupts our prayer, and then they bring this demon to our holy grounds," one of the monks said. He cupped a goblet of holy water in his hand. "STAND BACK VILE CREATURE!"

The monk splashed Harry with holy water. Harry recoiled in fear and terror. His body started to twitch and he screamed out loud.

"OH, NO, NOOOOO!" Harry yelled. He paused for a second and spoke in a completely deadpan tone of voice. "They got my hair wet."

Harry casually knocked the monk down on the ground with one whirling punch. A flash of smoke brought Azrael in front of him and the two fighters prepared to square off with it.

"Where is it?" Helena asked, dangling one of the monks high above. "Tell me! Where is the plague?"

The monk looked up without fear, with Helena grabbing him hard around the arm.

"You may drop me, but my Father will protect me from my fall," the monk said in a confident tone of voice.

Azrael jumped into the air and sent two glowing daggers at Harry. Harry retracted two daggers of his own and supercharged them with magical energy. The two clashed and went head to head with each other.

Nyssa noticed a candle burning on top of a stone slab. She recognized it, as the plague. If the candle ate all the way through the slab, it would release the plague. She rushed over towards it.

Several stone guardians appeared in the temple right in front of Nyssa. Nyssa dodged their attacks, with a single-minded objective to get through the plague. The candle would reach the center of the slab in a matter of moments.

Sara assisted her beloved with a distraction. Nyssa rushed forward to take care of the plague.

Azrael's hand glowed and a red chain shot out, almost wrapping around Harry. Harry dodged the chain before it could latch onto him and began to fight back with everything it was worth. He noticed a kink in the armor. He withdrew the sword of Godric Gryffindor and engaged Azrael in battle.

"I'm prepared for that one, Dragon!" Azrael yelled. "You cannot stop me, you cannot stop the might of Azrael!"

He drew more power from one of the runic symbols on the ground, which Harry hoped for. Harry rushed over and stabbed the sword through the runic symbol when it was hot. It caused every nerve
ending in Harry's body to flare up, but it was worth it.

The impact of the magic energy launched Azrael off of the ground and slammed his body against the wall. The broken body of the man slumped forward, his armor supercharged.

Nyssa made it over towards the slab and put her hands on the candle. The white hot candle burned her fingers when she pulled it off. She flung it into the air.

Harry summoned the slab off of the table, and the candle flew into the air. The candle landed on the ground, where Harry sealed it in an energy bubble.

"Are you okay?" Helena asked.

"Just third-degree burns, I've had worse," Nyssa said, ignoring the burning pain which came through her body.

Harry rushed over and grabbed her. He channeled healing energy through Nyssa's body before the curse of the candle spread through her body and reduced it nothing but burning cinders. Not even a trip to the Lazarus Pit would stop that.

"You were very lucky," Harry said.

Nyssa thought luck was a matter of perspective. She didn't really know though how lucky she was.

"Is the Plague stopped?" Nyssa asked.

"Yes," Harry said.

Sara shook her head at Nyssa's smile. Her hands were still slightly charred, but Harry stopped the spread of the curse from claiming her body.

Harry stepped over the smoldering body of Azrael and turned towards the Order. The Order all withdrew their daggers and pointed them at themselves.

"Forgive us, Father!"

The monks of the Order stabbed the daggers into their chests. They dropped to the ground, the blood rushing from their body. They died a noble death, in their minds, protecting the secrets of the Order from the Anti-Christ himself, the Harbinger of the End of Days, the Dragon.

The temple started to collapse around them. Harry ensured the plague is secured before he lead Helena, Nyssa, Sara, and the various League members out.

The moment they passed, Harry allowed the temple to fall. The broken bodies of the members of the Order had been buried, their fates sealed.

'Just more fanatics, suffering for their beliefs.'

Harry returned back home, along with Nyssa and Sara, and Helena tagged along as well, standing next to them. They waited patiently when Harry gave Nyssa a checkup.

"Your hands will be completely healed in a couple of days," Harry said to her. "If I hadn't been there, you would have been up close and personal with my servant a lot sooner than you wanted to
"You could have found a way to bring me back, couldn't you have?" Nyssa asked. "Even if the
Lazarus Pit doesn't work?"

It was here where Harry just gave a shadow of a smile towards Nyssa. Sara could tell he would not
have let Nyssa die, and would have found a way to convince DeeDee to let her return home. Likely
through lots of hot, steamy, sticky sex, but that wasn't actually a bad negotiating ploy, to be honest.

"This isn't over," Helena said. "The high council wasn't there."

"Of course they weren't," Nyssa said. "They would never have put themselves on the front lines."

"We have the Plague, that's the main thing right now," Harry said. He frowned. "There are other
things the Order can go after though. Other dangerous items which could bring the deaths of
countless if they use them."

Nyssa was glad she stopped the plague, even though the burns on her hands which had to heal
naturally and could not have been healed by Lazarus or magic, proved there was a price to pay.

Harry only was glad he knew about the curse and had stopped the spread. A similar curse infected
Dumbledore when he had gotten his hands on the Ring of Resurrection, but thankfully this was
scaled down and Nyssa would heal.

"I guess I should thank you for your help," Helena said. "Even though it's for the best I work alone."

Nyssa frowned and stood up to her full height, peering down at her niece before the two of them
spoke.

"That's a really unhealthy attitude to have."

"Our paths will cross again," Harry said.

"Yes," Helena agreed. "And I hope they won't be under such hostile circumstances this time."

Helena hated the fact her tone softened around him. She had dedicated herself to blocking out all
emotions.

"And I'm sure you wonder whether or not I'm taking up my father's mantle," Helena said.

Nyssa didn't ask the question, knowing it was a sore subject.

"The thought did cross my mind," Nyssa said. "You could do some real good and do his legacy
proud."

"I prefer to do my own legacy proud."

With those words, Helena left. Harry thought she left them with some good points, and how this was
very much far from over.

Talia started to stretch out and prepare for one of her daily sparring sessions with her sister. She still
hadn't gotten back into the swing of things after the entire ordeal with Natalie Knight.
The door opened and Talia turned to face Nyssa. Her eyes traveled towards Nyssa's left hand which had been bandaged.

"What happened to you?" Talia asked.

"I stopped the Order of Saint Dumas from unleashing a plague which could destroy half of the world," Nyssa said. "I had to touch a cursed burning candle to do so."

Nyssa slipped off her jacket and let it drop to the ground.

"I saw Helena today, she's been the mysterious Huntress who has been taking out League members and Order of Saint Dumas members as of late," Nyssa said.

There was a smile crossing Talia's face? Was it pride? Hard to tell as far as Nyssa was concerned given it faded into a more stoic look.

"I figured about as much," Talia said. She kept her tone calm and even as possible. "So, how is she doing?"

Nyssa brought herself into the center of the ring. She had confidence she could hold her own against Talia, even with one functional hand. Especially as of late when Talia had been expanding all of her energy to fight her own feelings about a certain someone.

'Like mother, like daughter,' Nyssa thought.

"She's got a lot of anger issues," Nyssa said. "And I'm sure it's no small part about how you allow our father's perceptions to color your relationship with your daughter."

Talia sighed and made her way to the center of the room.

"I should have been there for her more, one of my many failings it seems," Talia said. "And I couldn't be more proud of how she's taking out those rogue members of the League."

"Well, she almost took out Sara and Harry," Nyssa said. "Thankfully, we can to an understanding, although perhaps she would also like to hear from her mother."

Talia switched the conversation to another matter.

"Do you think the Plague can be destroyed?"

"It's in Harry's possession right now," Nyssa said. "I think we can both agree if anyone can destroy it, it would be him."

Talia wouldn't argue with it. She didn't ask Nyssa where he would hide it and it would be best not to know. Shared secrets were spoiled secrets after all.

The two of them met in the center of the room for a spar. Nyssa proved how capable she was even with a handicap by grabbing her sister and flipping her down to the ground in one fell swoop.

"Even though I'm injured, you shouldn't take me lightly. Did you forget how dangerous a wounded animal can be?"

To Be Continued October 13th, 2016.
So, Helena’s backstory has been shifted, mostly because Talia’s a part of this story, and Selina’s not involved in this story. So, there you go.

Harry’s reaction to the holy water was my favorite thing this week.

Things are not done between Harry and the Order. They stopped the Plague, but there are other plans.

Until Thursday.
Harry dumped several file folders on top of his desk. There were some interesting bits of information on it. He had a couple of ideas after his encounter with the Order of Saint Dumas. They sure did seem to take his presence personally, beyond something he did. The young man had a hunch what it was, just by going through the combined family records himself and Lana had gone through.

The young man frowned when looking over the information. A certain name kept popping up, and she had lived an interesting, if not controversial life. Rosalie Evans was the name of the woman and it had been the name of the woman who Harry had been researching for the past number of days.

She had quite the history with the Order of Saint Dumas. Rosalie factored the Order, and had swayed most of the female followers and a few of the men over to their side. Those who remained swore they would only take in the truest of believers. And given how those monks took their own lives as opposed to giving up any information, Harry believed then one hundred and ten percent.

'What an interesting life you live, Rosalie?' Harry asked.

'You mean to tell me all of this madness was regarding some woman who lived eight hundred years ago?' Faith asked. 'And a creepy cult still has a mad on for you because of that.'

'I've heard stranger and less explainable reasons to hold a grudge,' Harry said.

Harry lived long enough to realize some people held grudges for a very long time, some of them for the most insane reasons possible.

'You got the plague,' Sara said. 'And no, I agree, you shouldn't tell any of us where you put it. But, I want to know one thing. Can it be destroyed?'

'You mean without being deployed?' Harry asked. 'Maybe, it's possible. If I release it in a remote area where no one can be affected and allow it to burn out, it's possible.'

'So just dump it in the middle of a black hole and get it over with,' Faith thought.

Harry shook his head. He considered it, but he just had a feeling it wouldn't work. The plague was very likely to cause a black hole to expand and keep expanding until it swallowed everything in the universe. Whoever made the plague was a genius and a certifiable nutcase all at the same time. Especially considering Harry was not completely sure if the plague had been made intentionally.

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

"Come in."

A delivery man entered the room with a portrait covered in a tarp. Harry got up to his feet and shook his hand.

"The portrait you requested, sir."

The delivery man took the tarp off of the painting and revealed it. It revealed the image of Rosalie
Evans, one of the few paintings of her in existence. Harry had to pull some strings to get this portrait delivered, but he had his connections.

Harry looked at the picture and frowned. The resemblance was about as uncanny as he expected, and he wasn't the only one who saw it before him.

'No way!' Lana piped in. 'She looks just like the woman in the cave.'

Harry studied the portrait with a deep frown; she looked exactly like the woman in the cave. He produced the photographs he took of the mysterious red-haired woman in the cave and put it up against the portrait of Rosalie. They were identical down to the last detail.

'Based on the charm work I did, the woman the cave was painted hundreds of years before Rosalie Evans was a member of the Order of Saint Dumas,' Harry thought.

'They could be related,' Faith said.

If only it was as simple of both of them being related, it wouldn't be something out of Harry's life.

'This isn't coincidental,' Harry said. The woman in the cave and Rosalie Evans resembles my grandmother, Audrey.'

'That isn't that odd, though, to resemble your ancestor,' Faith thought.

'In passing, yes, but not to be an exact carbon copy of them down to the very last freckle,' Harry thought.

'So, maybe she's a time lord?' Buffy suggested in a slightly flippant voice.

Harry would have needed to learn more about the woman in the cave and how she tied together with everything. Now, there were a few puzzle pieces missing.

Daisy slipped herself into the opened up off and sat down in front of Harry's desk. She stared at him for a couple of moments and then cleared her throat to get Harry's attention.

"Yes, Daisy, what do you need?"

"I know you've been wrapped up in researching Rosalie Evans, and her….identical descendants," Daisy said. "But, you have a meeting with Helena Wayne, and she isn't a woman to be left waiting."

"So, I've learned."

Harry had almost had a meeting with the Wayne Heiress. He was glad Daisy took the time to remind him, but then again it was her job to remind of those things.

"Thanks, Daisy, I wonder what I'd do without you."

Harry leaned forward and gave his personal assistant a slight kiss on the lips and then turned from the office. Daisy turned back to look towards the window with a smile on her face. Sometimes she wondered that as well.

Harry sat down in front of Helena Wayne. She wore a cold and crisp demeanor which would have sent chills down the spine of pretty much anyone. The Wayne heiress resembled a stern librarian
with her hair clipped up in a proper bun. She crossed her arms and stared Harry back down.

"So, you wanted this meeting?"

"Yes," Helena said. "And I'm certain you wondered why."

Harry responded with a nod in response.

"We're in the same boat," Helena said. "We're learning about the responsibilities we have been left behind and having to deal with them. And I'm sure through your research you may have learned your great-grandfather, on your father's side, was partially responsible for helping found Wayne Enterprises."

Harry answered with one of the crisper and concise nods he could potentially do. He did know that. Helena continued her staring down at him.

"Also, the Evans family has a significant stake in the company," Helena said. "If you wanted to, you would have all of the cards in place to take control of my father's company, my grandfather's company, and absorb it into Horizon."

Harry reached across the table. Helena, savvy enough to realize what he was about to do, slowly drifted her hand away from underneath the pretext of reaching for more notes she had made.

"I don't intend to take the company from you."

Her greenish-blue eyes stared back into his. Helena flipped through the documents before she responded with a rather chilling statement.

"That's what I hope you to do," Helena said. "I'm not here for a partnership; I want you to buy my company outright."

Harry raised his eyebrow. Out of all of the things he expected to ask of her, expected any woman to ask of him, this ranked pretty low on the list.

"Might I ask why you want this?" Harry asked.

"The board is causing me problems and the company is an unnecessary distraction for me true work," Helena said. "The Evans family has a certain level of respect, and you will be able to take in the legacy which would make Thomas and Martha Wayne proud."

Harry noticed the omission of Helena's late father. He didn't want to pry in this particular situation.

'Likely a good idea,' Nyssa thought. 'Sound wounds are very deep, you can't fix them, no matter how you try.'

"Are you just giving up?" Harry asked her.

"Don't make me have to blackmail you into taking the company," Helena said.

Harry knew she knew that particular threat had no teeth whatsoever. He commended her for having the figurative balls to try and do so, however. Still, he wasn't going to let her win, or rather let her give up so easily.

"You're running from your past, instead of facing it head on and beating it," Harry said. "That's why you want to hand over the company because the least you have attached the Wayne family name, the better."
"I'm not!" Helena yelled.

Harry raised an eyebrow and looked back at her.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked. "It seems to me you're ashamed of who your parents are."

"I'm not, I'm...they were accomplished, very accomplished!" Helena yelled. Her ears grew red and fist clenched underneath the table. "You don't really know...my father may have had a dark side, but my mother...the less said about her the better, but still...."

Helena trailed off. She said more than she intended to do so.

"Ah, so you're ashamed you can't live up to them," Harry said.

Helena shook her head and gritted her teeth furiously. How dare he play psycho-analysis with her? He might have been able to get inside the head and the panties of every single woman he looked at, but he was not going to do so with her, not if she could help it.

"I'll take your offer into consideration if there are no other alternatives," Harry said. Helena's eyes flashed towards him. "That being said, I might have an alternative to discuss with you, if you're willing to hear it."

"If you can get together a deal which would convince me to stay, I'd be glad to see you try," Helena said. "I'll be in town for the next couple of weeks...if you need to contact me, your personal assistant has my number."

Harry knew exactly where Helena would be staying as well, but it was best not to tell her that. Daisy was just all too OCD in her research. And he appreciated it to be honest.

"You should enjoy the trip and loosen up a little bit," Harry said. "It might do you some good to just relax, take a little bit of time to just step back. And smile a little bit."

Helena responded by folding her arms and giving one a glare which would have made her father pat her on the head.

"I'll take it under advisement," Helena said.

"You do have a beautiful smile."

Helena almost dropped the papers she held at the statement. When did he see her smile? Sure there might have been times where she smirked in triumph after breaking a few bones of her enemies but never smile. Okay, he came close, but, damn it, why was he getting in her head.

'He almost got me to break,' Helena said. 'No, emotion will be the death of me, I can't...have any attachment.'

The woman took a deep breath and returned back to the conversation. It was very dangerous situation she was going towards and she could not afford any distractions.

"I'll see you later."

Helena bolted from the room, taking a deep breath. She was pretty sure Harry smirked the moment she left. Helena rushed to the nearest bathroom and entered inside. She turned on the water and splashed it on her face.

Better, at least a little bit, even though the prospect of having a more intimate meeting with Harry
Potter threatened to push past her mental defenses. Helena hated him, hated him, hated him so bad she wanted to fuck him.

'**Stop it!**' Helena cursed to herself.

A couple minutes passed before Helena walked off, needing to let off some steam somewhere. And finding some people to beat down was the best way to let off steam she thought of.

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Harry left the meeting he had with Helena Wayne. She most certainly had some demons to work out and also some feelings she was trying to repress. In her attempts to be subtle and serious, Harry saw she slipped up.

'I should give you a speech about if you do anything to hurt my niece, I will bury you so deep underneath the Earth where no one will find you,' Nyssa thought. 'But, I'm too busy being amused by her reaction to care…and yes, she's just like her mother.'

'I wonder who will break first,' Sara thought.

'Talia, because of the life debt,' Harry thought. 'She'll have a stronger compulsion and something has to give.'

'Hence why she's avoiding her presence,' Nyssa said. 'I'm half tempted to knock her unconscious, tie her up, and drop her at your feet.'

'Tempted, but let her come to me on her own,' Harry thought. 'She's only going to be hornier the longer she fights it.'

'Ah, so you're going to make her choke for it,' Sara thought.

'**Right before she chokes on it,**' Faith chimed in.

Harry stepped from the office. He reached Daisy who was wearing a rather big grin on her face. Harry beckoned her into his office and she took the invitation.

"So, how did things go with the ice queen?" Daisy asked.

"Like you weren't listening to every moment of the meeting through the bond," Harry said. He looked towards Daisy who responded with a shifty smirk. "About as well as can be expected, but you already knew that."

Her sheepish grin did nothing to hide the fact she knew pretty much everything which was going on around her.

"I had an idea."

Daisy made her way towards a private meeting room where they would not be disturbed. She nudged Harry so he could sit on the chair. She got on top of his hips and straddled his lap to face him.

"So, remind me again, what's on my agenda for this week?" Harry asked.

Daisy started to kiss the side of his neck. Harry reached around and grabbed the small of her back before steadying her on his lap. A moment of intense kissing later before Daisy managed to return to
the point of the meeting, well one of the points.

Business before pleasure after all, not Daisy's favorite terms to use.

"Loads of things," Daisy said. A couple of buttons on her top came undone and she practically stuck her cleavage in Harry's face. "You're having another meeting with Carol, and Carol too I suppose, following the demonstration from a while back. I think we can agree that went rather well."

Daisy started to fiddle with Harry's belt. Her fingers brushed against his abdomen. Harry responded by slipping a hand underneath her skirt. She gave a quick moan from where he touched but managed to return back to the conversation at hand.

"Then Jane Foster….she's coming in with a meeting, and bringing her very well endowed sidekick with her, from what I heard," Daisy said. Harry's fingers made it very hard to concentrate, but Daisy prided herself on being a pretty good multi-tasker.

"Well that sounds very interesting," Harry said.

Daisy smiled a moment and felt Harry's hands explore. She let him go wherever he wanted to.

"I bet," Daisy said. She rocked her hips down onto his fingers. "Then there's the meeting with Helena, although negotiations are still ongoing there apparently."

"I'm really surprised she wants me to buy her out," Harry said. "How bad is Wayne Industries doing anyway?"

"It's…rising up a little bit from the last quarter," Daisy said. Her hand rested on Harry's lap and speaking of something rising up.

"So is your boss also keeping an eye on Helena Wayne?"

Harry stopped with his pleasuring which gave Daisy the incentive to give him a clear answer to the question.

"What do you think?" Daisy asked. "And…yes, I'm still working on a meeting between you two, it's just…she's hit a rather rough patch, and there's a lot going on."

"I know you can make it happen," Harry said. "If you can't….I'd be disappointed."

Daisy shook her head when Harry's fingers returned to their proper place deep inside of her. She would have hated to disappoint him.

"No, wouldn't want that to happen," Daisy said when shifting her hips up and down on him.

Harry smiled and paused for a long moment. He looked Daisy in the eye and gave her a light kiss on the side of the neck. Daisy whimpered when Harry steadied his rhythm.

"Any luck on the hacker?"

Daisy closed her eyes to try and bring the conversation back to business. It was very hard given how much pleasure she felt.

"Well," Daisy said. She ignored the rush of warm liquids which spilled down her thighs. "I'm pretty close, I've dropped some pretty tantalizing hints to the dark web Horizon is working on a secret project for the government."
Harry pulled his fingers from her. Daisy took them into her mouth and sucked on them with a look of lust. She did her job of cleaning up her bosses fingers of her lemony sweet juices.

"And if there's anything a hacktivist hates is something helping out the man," Daisy said. "We'll see if our hacker takes the bait."

Daisy slid down between her bosses legs and landed on her knees on the floor. She finished undoing his pants and looked up him with a smile.

"As for this afternoon, all we have is a meeting between your cock and all of my holes," Daisy said. "And I know you'll be up for it."

Daisy's warm mouth was paradise as Harry placed his hands on the back of her head. He enjoyed these slow afternoons at Horizon.

They always seemed to be a bit more productive in their own ways.

Harry finished the very long and vigorous meeting with Daisy and it left him on a high of energy. He commended the girl for her appetite, and she was game for pretty much anything.

Now he needed a drink, and he might stick around for a little bit before heading own. He half paid attention to the bond banter between two Slayers, who had been on an adventure. Nothing which needed Harry's immediate attention, so he just sat back in an advisory/mission control capacity.

'Well, other than a tight fit here, it wasn't too bad,' Faith said. 'I had to pull little miss gung-ho out of the fire when she ran in a bit too soon.'

'Hey, I did fine for myself,' Buffy thought. 'And I took more of them out than you.'

'That's up for debate,' Faith said. 'Still, it's really nothing we couldn't handle.'

Harry had no doubt about it. He tried to allow Buffy and Faith, not to mention his other girls, room to stand on their own two feet. He would intervene and help them out, only when absolutely necessary. They respected him for that, and they also were at ease if they got into any real trouble, he was a blink of an eye away to pull their ass out of the fire.

Those thoughts left Harry's mind when he caught sight of an alluring dark haired woman at the end of the bar. Her black hair came down past her face and framed a very beautiful face with soft, tanned skin. Her brown eyes shifted towards him, and for a brief second, Harry could have sworn they flashed violet. She wore a little black dress which looked to have been held up by the sheer will of God himself. The neckline plunged to reveal her ample assets and tightened around her hits.

Those long well-defined legs caught Harry's attention. He looked towards the woman who turned towards him for a brief moment.

The bartender walked over towards Harry. She was a pretty redhead who had eyed Harry up. She was more of the friendly type than the jackass at the bar Harry met Faith at a few months ago. And much more appealing on the eyes, Harry would have to admit.

"This lady wants to buy you a drink," she said.

"Thanks," Harry said.
"Oh, my name's Lori, and I get off at seven," she said with a smile.

Harry could feel a strange vibe coming from the bartender as well, but nothing as strong coming from the alluring black-haired woman sitting at the bar.

'Wait a fucking minute,' Harry thought.

He took another look towards the bartender who vanished. He thought she resembled Rosalie Evans, or perhaps Harry had been staring at her pictures for half the morning and was seeing things.

Somehow he doubted it, but she vanished in the back without a trace. Harry turned to the dark haired woman and he had been caught off guard with her strong allure.

"Hello," the black-haired woman said. "I wondered if you would be here."

Harry raised an eyebrow at her forwardness when she sat closer towards him. She rested a hand on his hip.

"I haven't seen you in person yet, but….I knew you'd be here sooner or later," she said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Harry Potter, and it would be an honor to buy a drink. And I have to say, you're a whole lot more handsome in person."

Harry blinked when looking at this particular woman. He had no real idea what to think when looking towards her. All he knew was her pheromones were stronger than anything else, and that included a Veela. No, they were, stronger than a Veela.

'So, there's only one creature who has pheromones stronger than a Veela, and that's…a Succubus,' Harry thought. 'Well, this is interesting.'

"I'll let you buy me a drink, only if you allow me to buy yours," Harry said.

The woman smiled at him and nodded. She leaned closer towards him.

"Whatever you say?" she said. "Anything for you."

Her burning gaze looked him over, and Harry had the thought she thought she had found her next meal. Little did she know what she was getting herself into, especially with Harry's theory about his own heritage, and she scooted over towards him, pressing her bare legs against his.

"My name is Bo, Bo Dennis," she said with a smile. She leaned closer towards the handsome young man. The drinks had been delivered at the bar. "And I must say, it's a pleasure to have finally met you, the famous Harry Potter."

She rested a hand on the side of his leg. Harry responded by grabbing her hand and grabbing his drink with one hand. He had experienced a light headed feeling, and one look at her saw she experienced the same thing.

Everyone in the bar looked drunker than usual as well, and Harry figured there was some kind of backwash from the pheromones, at least what he thought.

"You're not from around here, are you?"

"No, but it's a wonder I didn't show up sooner," Bo said. "After all, you're here, the man of my dreams, quite literally….you really are the real deal. You're her heir."

Bo practically crawled onto his lap and Harry was pretty sure she would start fucking him at the bar.
She was hot, and Harry enjoyed the way her body pressed up against his.

"Why don't we go outside and get some fresh air?" Harry asked. "It's starting to get a bit stuffy in here."

"My hotel room is across the street," Bo said with a smile.

‘Fucking succubus tramp,’ Faith thought, shaking her head at the conversation. ‘Can you believe anyone being so shameless?’

'Other than you?' Buffy asked.

'Shit up,' Faith thought.

'Oooh, you got me there,' Buffy said sarcastically.

'Well, she'd make a good and loyal pet at the very least,' Daisy thought, still in a daze from her meeting with Harry.

'True,' Faith thought grudgingly.

One could not argue with such an obvious point.

Bo's instincts brought her to this place. A dream about someone of great power, and he just happened to be the Chosen One of Europe known as Harry Potter. She heard of him but seeing him this close and personal, it was something else.

She had a deep-rooted instinct to mate with him, for he had higher power, and she needed him, she needed him badly. She didn't care whether she had to drag him to a back alley, Bo would do that.

They didn't find themselves in a back alley, or her hotel room, or in the middle of the bar. They found themselves in a nice sports car which Harry was driving. Harry turned around and looked Bo directly in the eye.

"If we're going to do this, we're going to do this properly," Harry said. "You think you can come here, and take what you want, well….if you want me, we're going to do this the right way."

The Alpha Aura rose up and hit her hard. Bo struggled to hold herself back as they were nearly home. They were on the way to one of Harry's many homes in California.

Bo stole a nice little caress, a little grope, whatever she could manage to do in the end, and Harry let her get away with it. The two exited the car and Harry led her inside.

The fae looked at the forbidden fruit in front of her, not quite ready to pluck it from the vine. But she had to have it; she had to have him because it tasted so good.

Harry opened up the door and grabbed her by the hand. The two of them flashed into a bedroom.

Bo blinked and turned around to see her clothes and his clothes lying on a pile on the floor. They both stood there as naked as the day they were born.

"I have no desire to have my clothes torn to shreds by some sex-crazed succubus," Harry said. He pulled her close towards him.
Bo's large breasts crushed against Harry's chest and his hands roamed to grab her nice firm ass with a squeeze. She breathed and felt every single inch of his muscular body brushing against hers.

"I'm not going to be able to stop once we start," Bo said. "It's fair I warn you, I'm going to get what I came all the way from up north for."

"I know," Harry said. "And you're going to need a firm hand to keep you in line. You fae are at the same."

Harry leaned in and forcefully kissed her on the lips. Bo drew the energy in from him and it nearly caused her to light on fire. It only served to turn her on having a taste of the divine power which came from him.

The young man in front of her, his powers had gotten inflamed as well. He pulled Bo closer towards them and the two made out, their hands going pretty much everywhere on their bodies. The two of them were almost on the bed.

"I'm hungry," Bo said. "And you're like an all you can eat buffet."

Harry's powers had been inflamed by pure sexual magic. He encouraged the succubus to take her best shot and she did.

The dark haired beauty smiled and crouched over Harry. Her full firm breasts pushed into his face and the rest of her was a sight to behold. A beautiful face, silky hair which Harry could run his fingers through, plump lips which puckered out, a toned and athletic body with an abundant amount of curves. Nice breasts with dark nipples which pretty much beckoned for Harry, along with a firm flat stomach and curved hips with an eye-catching ass. Her long legs came down as well and her center beckoned for him. Neatly trimmed black hair with a pair of thin pink lips at the center was the prize with Harry sought.

Bo turned herself around to get a pretty good look at all of Harry's body. He was rather dreamy, athletic with the right amount of muscles, and a toned body, with nice legs and a firm ass. His dark hair was unruly and his green eyes burned through her with passion. Bo brushed her fingers all the way down his firm body and reached his cock, wrapping her hand around him.

"How big does it get? "Bo asked him.

"As big as you ever would want it," Harry said.

Bo smiled, she understood his words and kept stroking him while maneuvering so her thighs enclosed his face.

Harry took a nice look at her pussy which was right in front of his face. He grabbed two hands full of her ass and squeezed it. She was pretty firm and Harry slipped one finger inside of her ass to test his luck.

Bo responded in kind to his actions by licking the edge of Harry's cock. She rewarded his teasing by wrapping her lips around the head and giving it a few light sucks. She teased him with the energy flowing between the two of them and feeding into each other.

Harry brushed his tongue against her sweet pussy. The dripping from her pussy made Harry hunger for more. He kept swirling his tongue against her pussy with a few more brushes before he slipped
his tongue deep inside of her.

"I always knew the serpent-tongued were gifted," Bo breathed heavily. She stroked Harry's throbbing cock with both of her hands.

Harry showed just how gifted he was, pushing his tongue against her. He made her wetter than normal and went inside her pussy while she wrapped her mouth around his dick again and sucked him.

Bo knew she needed to have this cock in her mouth and try to drain him of every last drop, using every bit of her body. She bobbed all the way down onto his iron rod. Her hands dug into his balls and weighed the seed inside of them.

Harry drove his lust and his tongue deeper inside of Bo's pussy. Bo responded in kind by sucking him off. Both looked to have shifted into an informal competition of who could make the other explode first.

The tongue of Harry Potter proved to be Bo's undoing. Her thighs clenched and released her juices onto his face. Harry lapped up as much as she could.

Bo turned around and used her magic to rid the taste of cock in her mouth for Harry. She spun around and sandwiched his cock between her. Bo leaned towards him and gave him a few light kisses around the jaw line before making her way around his mouth. She got more frantic with those kisses, and Harry's hands skimmed her lower back and ample buttock a little bit more.

"I should enjoy the taste of myself more often," Bo said. She sucked on Harry's lips and ran her fingers against his neck.

Bo switch gears to licking Harry behind the ear and biting his neck. She had been rewarded with caresses and also a finger pushed into her back entrance. Harry shoved his way inside her tight end with a few thrusts.

"Yes, baby," Bo said. "I can't handle it anymore. Fuck me senseless."

Bo brushed herself against Harry's throbbing cock head. It almost slid in between her lips.

"I can't wait to fuck your tight pussy," Harry said.

"Me either," Bo said.

She shifted herself down onto him, legs hooked around Harry's hips. She leaned down and allowed his hands to take her breasts. A squeeze resulted in Bo screaming and she drew all caution to the wind before driving herself cunt first down onto his cock.

The dripping and never ending warmth of her amazing pussy made Harry groan. She was amazing, and good really didn't even begin to describe how she felt. Harry rested his hands on her lower back.

"Such nice tits," Harry said.

"Feel them up," Bo encouraged him. She looked towards him with a smoldering smirk on her face. "Can't you feel how warm and soft they are?"

Harry enjoyed their warmth and their softness.

"I like them bouncing in my face, and I like to suck on them," Harry said. "Is it true Succubi give off
milk when they're really horny? Even when they're not pregnant?"

"Why don't you…find out," Bo said, closing her eyes.

Harry wrapped his mouth around her nipple and he sucked warm liquid from her breast. Bo kept bouncing up and down on him, as he fed off her. The very thought of Harry drinking her very life essence in the form of milk got Bo off.

He fed a little bit of her and Bo only bounced up and down. Her thighs produced a different kind of fluid. The sticky juices coated him.

"If you take something, you got to give something back," Harry said.

"Yes, for sure…." Bo breathed.

Bo leaned down and kissed on the lips just seconds after she pulled away from him. The fae tasted her own essence along with his, and the very thought only caused her to be horny.

Harry's hands grabbed the back of Bo and ran down to cup and squeeze her ass to encourage a steadier ride. Bo brought her hot hips down around Harry's massive cock. The more she bounced, the deeper Harry slid inside of her.

"I've never cum like this before," Bo said.

"That's only because you've never had a cock like mine inside you before."

The self-assured nature of his words caused her to size up with pleasure.

He had her bouncing up and down on his cock, her breasts pressing against him. The glowing energy swirled in the air at the sensations of their loins meeting and separating together.

Bo's addiction increased to his magic and more importantly to his cock with each push down onto her. The dark haired vixen pushed down onto him. She realized those balls filled up pretty fast and would feel good.

"If you're getting tired, I can take control," Harry said.

Bo tried to protest at the fact she would burn out. Her pussy squeezed him at the very thought of Harry taking control of her body.

The loss of his cock pulling from her center caused Bo to nearly whine with lust. Harry motioned for her to turn around and the vixen rolled herself onto her hands and knees in front of Harry. Her thighs spread for him.

"I need you cock," Bo said.

"I know what you need, and you're going to get everything you need in do time."

Harry placed both of his hands on her ass and smacked Bo a couple of times. He caressed every inch of her body, rolling powerful fingers over her legs, hips, smooth stomach, and all the way around her breasts before touching the side of her neck.

Bo gasped from the warmth of Harry's mouth. He had her pretty much where he wanted her and there would be pretty much nothing she could do about it other than take his large, throbbing cock deep between her legs. Harry positioned himself ready to insert into her tight pussy.
"I hope you're ready."

Harry's long cock pushed inside her from behind. The inside of Bo's body sent a delightful warmth around his throbbing hard cock. Harry pushed himself as far back into her as possible, those thick balls slapped against her when Harry pushed into her. He stopped and almost pulled out of her.

"I'm not going to stop until I'm done with you either," Harry said. "Until your body is racked with a never ending state of orgasm, until you beg me to shoot my white hot seed in you. Until you beg me to keep fucking you harder, even though your pussy is raw."

Bo's wet heat clamped down onto him. She enjoyed how much Harry took control of her and she knew it was only to the end.

"And then and only then will I give you what you want," Harry said. "You're mine now, pet."

Bo's hands trembled and gripped around the edge of the bed. Harry's hard cock shoved his way all the way into her dripping hot center. Every time he hit her nerve endings, it made her want to scream out in pleasure.

"Yes, take me any way you want."

"I want you nice, wet, and willing for my cock, and to take it deep inside you," Harry said. "Do I get what I want?"

She let out a very passionate "yes!" as Harry rammed into her from behind. She fed off of him, but he took just as much out of her. He worked her pussy over and brought her to that never ending state of orgasm.

The one fluid Bo craved above all else was located in Harry's balls in abundance. All she had to do was squeeze it out of him and it would be hers.

"Good things come to those who wait," Harry said. He cupped one of her tits and smiled to give it a squeeze. "Do you want my hot cum? I bet you do. I bet you can't wait to have it inside you, coating your walls. You can't wait to be filled up with my seed, begging for more, can you?"

Bo bit down on her lip, shaking her head. She could not wait for any of these things. Bo needed all of those things. His hard cock pushed deeper inside her body and worked her hard.

"Give me all of your cum!" Bo yelled. She ripped into the sheets with her fingers.

The warm fluids coating Harry's cock she secreted only enhanced his lust and his passion. He plowed the beautiful fae from behind. His hands touched every inch of her body, making sure she knew he would be here the next day, and for as long as he wanted her to.

The fae's tight pussy squeezed Harry. He was so glad he had stopped in for a quick drink. He pushed Bo down onto the bed and rammed into her.

"Was my cock well worth the trip?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I'm going to have to return for seconds, and thirds," Bo said.

Those throbbing hard balls slapped against Bo's wet thighs. She knew what he had stored in those thick and hard balls. She knew what would happen when they combusted and shot their sticky load inside her.
She was about ready to get the treat of her life.

Harry drove himself inside her to bring Bo to seven more potent orgasms. Her sticky juices coated him and caused his balls to heat up with pleasure. He pinched her nipples to make her clench him even harder.

"Get ready."

Bo prepared herself for the load of her life. Harry pushed into her and started to launch his load inside of her.

The first blast of cum shot into her insides and caught her. The second and third blast showered the insides of her body when Harry hung onto her hips. Those balls drained their fluids inside of her.

So much cum fired into her insides her pussy dripped with it when Harry was still trying to push more inside of her. Those balls lessened in their mass when Harry finished pumping inside of her.

Bo collapsed onto the bed, her entire body sizzling, every single nerve ending.

The boost of power increased Harry lust. Thankfully Bo was ready to satisfy her mate's wanton desires and make an honest attempt to drain his balls dry.

"I'm going to drain those big thick balls of yours," Bo said. Her hand wrapped around his thick cock and she stroked him.

"Have fun trying."

She did have fun, lots of fun, the type of untamed passionate sex which all men and women dreamed about deep down.

To Be Continued on October 17th, 2016.

So, Lana's on the bond link now because of student-mentor privileges, just for now.

The mystery of Harry's mysterious ancestor continues. Those with a keen eye might be able to figure out what way the wind is blowing. Those who don't understand, well all will be revealed.

And hey, spontaneous sex, as we bring in a bit of the Lost Girl portion of this story. If we followed Harry's powers to the letter, then he should really be having sex every other scene. But, since that really doesn't work story telling wise, we kind of hint at it, like we did with Daisy, and then obviously we show it in more detail if there's a reason for it.

Until Monday.
Harry Potter came to a couple of interesting conclusions. He only ate these days because he enjoyed the taste of food, and it did give him an extra boost of energy which he could pour into his love making to empower him even more. In reality though, he could live and die on copious amounts of extremely hot sex. Which was one of the best ways to live, in Harry’s mind.

And these days, he really only slept because it allowed him to spend more time in the presence of an extremely beautiful woman. And last night, he bedded yet another one. Harry felt an abundance of energy and also an amount of pride he wore out a succubus. He wouldn’t toot his horn too much.

'Really, most men would have been shouting that from the rooftops,' Faith thought when these thoughts crossed your mind. 'Then again, most men, I wouldn't believe it.'

'It would be a good way to draw more women to your web,' Buffy thought in an absent minded voice.

'You do have a point,' Faith thought.

'Oh, I don't disagree, I doubt anyone disagrees,' Sara thought.

Harry turned over to get awake, only to see the beautiful woman in question already had beaten him awake. Just barely, but her eyes fluttered open with a slight little smile dancing on her face. Bo's hands gripped Harry when she turned him to the side. She flashed a little smile when coming back to a state of being awake.

"It's rare someone wakes up before me," Bo said. "Normally because I drain them just by kissing them, and a little light fondling."

"Most men can't handle the good stuff?" Harry asked.

Bo pressed herself against Harry's hip and he placed a hand on her thigh when she balanced on the bed. She was still sore, and a good way, to be honest. The dark haired temptress leaned down closer towards Harry and took a good look around. The sheets had been disarray, the table near the bed had been knocked over, and the walls had scratch marks all over them.

The succubus whistled when looking at the wall and what it turned into after she had her way.

"Things might have gotten a little bit out of hand last night," Bo said.

Harry leaned up and cupped her beautiful face in his hands. He rose up a fraction of an inch off of the bed and peered deep into her simmering blue eyes. She responded with one of her smirks.

"Do you regret it at all?" Harry asked her.

Regret, absolutely not, no woman would regret what happened the other night. Bo leaned closer towards Harry, squeezed his shoulder, and kissed Harry on the lips.

"No," Bo said. "Not in the slightest, especially when it's you."
Bo leaned down and kissed him on the lips. The hot nature of her lips met with his and the two of them continued an extremely passionate make up session. Both tried to outdo the water, with Harry gripping Bo's hair and shoving his tongue in.

Both of them broke apart, feeling rather breathy, and smiled at each other.

Harry took a look at the clock after the kiss broke and realized it was almost seven in the morning. He would have had to be to work by nine.

"Sorry, to cut this short," Harry said. "I've got an entire day of meetings planned, and the first one happens in about two hours, and I like to be there earlier."

"The meetings are the only place where you ever come early, I'd imagine," Bo said. She cupped him with a smile.

Harry looked at her with a stern look and Bo's entire body deflated. He really was being serious, the fun, which she wished could have gone on for a long time was about ready to come to an end. The fae signed and rolled off the bed, trying to regain her life.

Thankfully, Harry removed her clothes the moment they arrived. Otherwise, she would have hurled them out of the window in a fit of passion and lust. Bo stood on her feet, firm ass sticking up when she sauntered over towards the chair to collect them and get dressed.

"You're making this hard about wanting to leave," Harry said.

Bo sighed, she didn't mean to entice Harry, it just was one of those things which came naturally. And she wished to stay here all day and have some fun with him.

"Well, to be fair, I have to get going," Bo said.

She crossed the room one more time still naked and kissed him on the lips. Electricity passed through them a second before Bo pulled away from him.

"You're going to be back soon?" Harry asked.

"You better bet your ass I will be," she said with a smile, flipping her hair out of her face. "Seriously, a man like you only comes along once every so often."

Bo moved her way towards the bathroom and paused. She figured she could steal just a bit more fun from Harry, even though it didn't amount to anything other than some light fondling.

"How about the two of us take a shower?" Bo asked. "Because, they're always getting on us about water conversation, and…we should really do our part."

Harry smiled, she wasn't going to leave just yet after all, and Harry still had a little bit of time before he had to go. And he smelled of sweaty sex.

"I wouldn't be a good corporate example if I didn't try and conserve water," Harry said. "We're just taking a shower though."

Bo shook her head. She had her fun, but knew if things got too serious, then this could go on for the rest of the week and deep into the weekend, between the two of them refueling and recharging each other through a passionate love making.

"I'm sure we can help each other in the shower," Bo said. "Your meeting is in two hours, right? And
I don't have to get back until this afternoon. Shouldn't really take more than an hour…unless you know some time dilation spells?"

Harry sighed, it was one thing he needed to fine tune, for multi-tasking purposes.

"Haven't quite perfected them yet," Harry said.

Bo smiled, it was a real pity he hadn't. Regardless, she turned around and slipped into the shower, with Harry following her from behind.

'It's quite interesting you ran into a succubus,' Buffy thought. 'And I guess it proves you're more than human because otherwise you'd be a dried husk.'

'And she'd be a dead fae, once I got my hands on her,' Faith said.

'You'd have to form a line,' Sara said. 'Just goes to show you Harry's extraordinary…or rather it reminds us.'

None of them needed to be reminded, Harry gave them enough reminders on a daily basis.

'If he can bed a succubus, he has no limits,' Nyssa said. She rarely spoke up, but she was smiling and thinking about the possibilities, vast as they could be. 'I'm going to have to inform my sister of this development.'

Harry and Bo took a shower which got a little bit steamy, but it wrapped up in a decent amount of time. The moment Harry arrived at the office, Daisy was already waiting for him. She had a knowing smile on her face and looked to be beaming with pride.

"Well, you're almost late," Daisy said. "But, given the circumstances, I can't really blame you."

Harry figured Daisy would be watching, hell, a lot of the members in the bond link showed up and viewed the show.

"And I'm pretty sure you weren't listening in on every single moment and pleasured yourself to them," Harry said. Daisy looked at him with a slight smile. He leaned in and kissed his personal assistant on the lips, when no one was looking. "Well, I'm glad you enjoyed the show."

Daisy thought the show was amazing and that was after Harry spent the better part of the last afternoon testing the integrity of the desk in his office with every single position imaginable with her.

Harry opened the door and came across the lovely Carol Danvers and the also lovely Carol Ferris. Both of them smiled and greeted Harry.

"I owe you a lot, first of all," Carol Ferris said. "The Board of Directors are not on my back as much as they used to be. They figure I can handle myself now in the cutthroat world of business."

Carol was glad she could finally get things done, and not having to worry about the Board being on his back. Harry smiled, and looked rather pleased as Carol was pleased.

"See, all you needed was something to blow their socks off," Harry said. "And the Ferris Dragon Mark One was a success."

Harry sat across from the two ladies and offered them both a cup of coffee. They accepted so they
could get a business meeting underway. Most people could not function without coffee and Harry could tell Carol was one of those people.

"Still, the success should have been pinned solely on the efforts and the skills of our lovely test pilot," Harry said. "Ms. Danvers, I'm going have to say you did well, but I knew when I asked for you, you would do the best."

"I do try," Carol said, smiling across the table at him.

She tried to keep her ego rather calm. Carol leaned back against the table a few seconds later.

"You're a bit too modest," Harry said. He leaned closer towards the lovely blonde. "You're the best pilot Ferris Aircraft has, and I wouldn't settle for anything else."

Carol Ferris shook her head in response.

"Well, I wouldn't necessarily let this one get back to my other pilot, his ego might have been a bit bruised," Carol said. "Then again, it would be necessary to drag him back down to Earth, just a little bit, if I had to say so myself."

Harry looked across the table at Carol with one of those knowing smiles. She thought she had better elaborate on the situation.

"He's fine most of the time, when he doesn't show off," Carol said. "And an important demonstration like that wasn't the time or the place to show off and show how good you are. I think he'd be a perfectly acceptable number two pilot behind Carol if he got his head on straight."

Harry took a long drink from his coffee and looked at both of the women. They regarded him with interest and smiles.

"I think the future for our two companies had just begun," Harry said.

"Who wouldn't expect great things?" Carol asked.

The lovely Ms. Danvers decided to chime in her two cents. "Horizon is revolutionizing the world, and I'm glad to be on the ground floor. But seriously, you really go the extra mile, don't you?"

"I always go all the way or not at all," Harry said. "If you're going to go in half way, why even bother going in at all?"

"Words to live by," Carol said. The Ferris Owner touched her hand on the side of the table. "I still can't thank you enough though. You've saved me from some pretty uncomfortable meetings from the Board of Directors."

"I aim to please."

"Well, I'm mad at you."

Harry turned towards Carol Danvers who had given him a glare to be honest. He wondered why Carol mad at him.

"My sisters found out I had met you, and….well they're big fans, just like most women," Carol said. "It would really make their day if you came and saw them."

"Asking me home for dinner before we actually went out for a date?" Harry asked. "Acting a bit premature, aren't you?"
Both of them exchanged a knowing smile between the two of them.

"So, we'll go out for dinner if you want to, and then can I invite you home?" Carol asked.

Harry admired persistence more than anything else. Why would he say no to someone like her? He exchanged a gaze with Carol Ferris who was just smiling.

Harry concluded the meeting with Carol and Carol, and had managed to secure a dinner date with the very lovely Ms. Danvers. He was pretty sure it would be eventful, especially considering how Carol's sister, one of them, was also Claire's cousin, who Claire enlisted Lana's help to keep an eye on.

A lot of irons were on the fire right now.

He really didn't want to step in the middle of that particular round of family drama. Regardless, he had a nice and short break before his next meeting would continue. He made his way to the meeting room and waited a few minutes.

Right on cue, the door opened up. A dark haired woman with a large chest, dressed in female business attire stepped into the room. She made a step forward and stopped when seeing Harry sitting on the office. She looked like a dear who had been caught in a headlight.

"We're….not late, are we?" she asked. "The traffic was bad, actually the traffic kind of sucked….

Harry held a hand up to silence both of them. He tried to give them an easy going smile.

"Relax, you're not late," Harry said.

A slender brunette entered the office next, although she walked with a bit of a limp carrying a cane when moving towards the office. Jane Foster stepped inside and looked towards her assistant.

"We're not late, are we?" Jane asked.

"No," Harry said. "Thanks for coming, Dr. Foster, especially on such short notice."

"Well, Daisy's pretty persistent that I meet with you," Jane said. "You haven't been introduced to my assistant, Darcy….Darcy Lewis."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Darcy," Harry said.

The busty brunette raised her eyebrow, looking rather surprised, by shaking her head.

"You aren't going to call me, Ms. Lewis?" Darcy asked. "Because, I wanted to the entire…call me Darcy thing, and you can do the entire, then I insist you call me Harry thing, and it's just…"

Jane gave her assistant one of those looks and Darcy fell back into line.

"That's a nasty injury you have," Harry said. "I hope I'm not being too personal with asking how you got it, Doctor Foster."

"It's Jane, Mr. Potter," Jane said.

"Then, it's Harry," Harry said.
Darcy's mouth flew open and then went completely shut. She resembled a fish which had been caught out of water. If Harry listened enough, he could almost hear Daisy laughing from the other side of the bond link.

"I wish I could give you a thrilling tale of how I got hurt," Jane said. "But, it's just that I got knocked out of bed and landed wrong."

The not so casual look Jane gave to Darcy was not missed by Harry.

"Well, maybe if someone didn't hog all of the covers, then you wouldn't get knocked out of bed," Darcy said.

"We have a different view on exactly who was hogging the covers."

They realized Harry had been sitting right there. He only had a shadow of a smile and he reached over to pull out a piece of paper, along with photographs of the cave and a photocopy of the picture of Rosalie Evans.

"I've seen this symbol in a few places," Harry said.

Jane leaned in and slowly whistled at the paper in front of her.

"I've seen it as well," Jane said. "It's Asgardian, but…the actual translation has been lost because it's a more ancient form of Asgardian than what is commonly used these days and…"

Jane caught sight of one of the photos of the cave and also one of the photo copies of the portrait. Her mouth hung open a few times.

"She looks just like….Lorelei," Jane said, mouth hanging open.

"Lorelei?" Harry asked. "Surely not the Asgardian goddess, Lorelei?"

Jane responded with a swift nod.

"This is a picture of an unnamed ancestor in the cave, this is a picture of Rosalie Evans who is an ancestor of mine, and this is a photo of my grandmother, Audrey Evans," Harry said. "All of them look like this Lorelei, don't they?"

Jane reached into her bag and pulled out a book. She flipped through it and flipped through the page where Lorelei, the younger sister of Amora the Enchantress, appeared. Both women had been obsessed with the recently fallen Thor in the past, although Amora took her obsessions way too far. The Enchantress took them to the point where she came off as a crazily obsessed stalker, after a rock star.

"It does make sense," Harry said. "Lorelei has been known to enchant men and I...as of late, I've had this ability to enchant women."

"Seriously?" Darcy asked. Harry looked towards her with a smile and one look which caused her to deflate and shivers to spread down her spine. "Okay, I'm a believer."

"Lorelei enchanted both men and women, she wasn't picky in her conquests, if it served a purpose," Jane said. "I'm guessing you only have a preference for women though."

"Not that there's anything wrong with that," Darcy said. "I mean, having a preference for just women, because obviously that's...common."
Jane cast a look towards her assistant before she dug herself in a hole which she would not be able to climb out of.

"There has to be an attraction formed though," Jane suggested. "And given how you can agree Lorelei was beautiful, it wasn't too hard for her to get her hooks into them, before moving in and getting what she wanted."

Harry frowned. So, he was a god, or at least descended from one. Where were his powers during the past seventeen years of his life? Had they been locked away until his eighteenth birthday? Or had the Horcrux blocked his full powers? Had dying been the key? Harry had more questions and not too many answers which always was a key thing in his life.

"She could have posed as both this Rosalie Evans, and Audrey as well," Harry said.

"It's possible," Jane agreed. "Did you have any weird visions, anything at all?"

"A couple here and there, but I'm used to oddness," Harry said. "I went to a Boarding School in Scotland which had its fair share of weirdness….but seriously, how much time do you have?"

"Oh, a little bit," Jane said.

She had been morbidly curious. The woman turned to Darcy who had been spending most of their conversation undressing Harry with her eyes. Jane tapped her lightly on her shin with the cane.

"Oh, come on, like you weren't doing it when you thought he wasn't looking!"

Harry thought the first of his two meetings this week. He decided to swing by Sunnydale and check up on his two favorite Slayers. He stopped and noticed Willow standing there. She looked at Harry, catching his eye, before waving him over towards him.

"Hey, how are you doing?" Willow asked. "Buffy and Faith…they should be here in a little bit, unless they got themselves put in detention."

"What did they do to do that?" Harry asked.

Willow's mouth curled into a smile when looking at Harry.

"Well, I'd let them explain it, if they get here any time soon," Willow said. "So, do you think you can train me any time soon?"

Harry had been caught a bit off guard her request. All he could do was look back at her and respond with a smile.

"I'll be happy to give you a few pointers," Harry said. "Your magic is derived in a different way than mine, from what you told me before, but all magic does have the same base, in certain respects."

"And yours is pretty strong," Willow said. "But, I'm sure it has to account for your…lifestyle."

Willow almost looked at the floor when she put her thoughts in this particular matter. She could not believe the brazenness it took to ask the question. Buffy had been given Willow some not so subtle hints about her potential inclusion in the little group and she had to admit, she was rather excited.

"It really has to tie in my magic," Harry said.
"No, you don't have to explain yourself to me, really you don't," Willow said. "So, just let's....."

"It's fine, I'm sure you're curious, there's no real reason not to be," Harry said. He leaned towards her until their faces were an inch apart. "These days, my strength is drawn from sexual intercourse, but it's not just all.....well it's just not for my benefit. My girls get benefits as well, as those who are bonded to me will get their own benefits."

Willow responded with a nod. So it wasn't just Harry taking women, they got something out of it. It did explain why so many women would sleep with him and maybe with each other, and again, Willow thought she might be getting a nosebleed by thinking of the potential lesbian sexual orgy which could be taken place behind her back.

"Okay, a bit too personal," Willow said.

"When our lessons start, I'll get into different ways you can channel magic," Harry said. "While yours isn't completely what we were taught...it actually might be slightly more efficient."

Then again, any magic which didn't require innocent animals to get butchered for wand cores was something which Harry was happy about.

"And if I can't figure it out, at the very least, I have a few contacts who can help me fill in the blanks," Harry explained to her. "So, how about after school, starting next Monday?"

"That would be great," Willow said. "Thank you, and...well just thank you."

She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. Willow didn't really know what possessed her to do so. Still, something felt very right about it.

Faith stepped around the corner and she started to laugh in amusement. Harry turned towards her and the amusement dancing in Faith's eyes was almost intoxicating.

"We'll be flying solo tonight....unless you want to join us," Faith said.

Willow had been taken completely off guard. Faith eyed her up like she was eying up a particular juicy stake.

"Um, I'm fine....got lots of homework to do, and a test...to study for," Willow said. "I'm sure the two of you will have a great time, and have lots of fun with each other."

Willow turned around, and Harry looked towards Faith. Faith only responded with a shrug.

"She needs a nudge," Faith said. "I consider it my civic duty to educate on her on what she's missing. If she doesn't jump the gun, I guess I'm just going to have to tie her up and drop her into your bed."

Harry knew she was being stone cold serious.

"It's nothing too serious with Buffy, although....it's kind of funny," Faith said. "So, anyway, hopefully you don't get us kicked out of a club this time."

Harry raised an eyebrow at Faith.

"I didn't get kicked out last time," Harry said. "And you weren't there and I didn't get kicked out, oddly enough."

Faith ignored the slight she was the one who got them kicked out of the bar the first time they met. No matter how true it was, she still ignored it.
Daisy sat at her office doing paperwork. Overall, she thought this was the most frustrating part of her undercover job.

She almost nodded off at her desk, when suddenly an alarm started to pop up. She realized what the alarm was and made her way over the laptop to access her little trap.

The tracking had been implemented and gave her a trail back to the source computer. If it was anyone who had been a known hacker, than Daisy could pinpoint it.

She found a location, realizing not only where it was, but who was doing it. A predatory smile spread over her face when Daisy found her girl, soon to be Harry's newest pet.

"It's just as well, because Horizon has had its eye on you for a little bit, Ms. Smoak."

To Be Continued on October 20th, 2016.

And there are a lot of minor plot points being dragged on here, although this is a very important chapter. Especially with Daisy hitting the jack pot at the end.

And Harry's heritage is spelled out a little bit more, although it does raise some questions.
A shifty looking man exited a warehouse out of one of the worst parts of Gotham City. In Gotham City, someone who looked shifty was not exactly a probable cause to suspect him or her of any wrongdoing, as it was just the nature of the type of the city. And it was hard to say what the worst parts of Gotham City were, to be honest.

This entire area reeked of the stench of crime and misery. The man took a half of a step out and pushed something into a long overcoat. He turned around the corner and kept walking to a certain point until he reached an alleyway. One look to the left and one look to the right, before the man walked down the alleyway and moved his way towards a fence. The man jumped over the fence and walked straight towards the industrial district of Old Gotham.

The woman in the shadows followed him, her target was so close to being grabbed.

The Huntress hovered high above the ground and directed her attention towards the man. She had been following this one for the past three nights and had gotten a direct identification of him. He had been one of the chief followers of a leader of the splinter faction of the League, who had only been known as the White Ghost.

She actually had been lead to this particular man by another follower. She followed a never ending chain of minions and slipped perilously more close to the White Ghost. Would this be the one who would directly lead her to the man himself? Helena couldn't even begin to figure that one out, and she only had one way to find out.

The man made some good time, and she followed at a discreet pace as well. It allowed her time to think about the events over the past few weeks. How the Plague had been stopped, but the Order of Saint Dumas were far from done. Someone like that was always pretty far from done, to be honest.

Harry did play an instrumental role in helping stop the plague. The Huntress's mind veered over towards Harry Potter. She went to him with an offer to buy out Wayne Industries outright. It distracted her from her mission. No doubt her father and grandfather, on the Wayne side, would disapprove of her doing this, but it had to be done.

A multi-national company, worth billions of daughters was only small potatoes for the resources she would acquire from taking control of the White Ghost's faction of the League, and any other splinter factions. Wayne Industries would get out of the way.

Her mother failed to do it, her aunt failed to do it, so deep down, Helena had something to prove. And she also wanted to prove herself to him. More thoughts on Harry Potter lead to some rather unfortunate and uncomfortable. Helena closed her eyes and counted to ten.

'Need to be more careful, I almost let him get away,' Helena thought.

The mystery man scrambled with more of a forward movement and walked up a set of stairs. He reached into his pocket and placed down a base on the top floor of a long since abandoned warehouse.
No one was around, and Helena saw this as the perfect time to make her move. She fired a grapnel across from the ledge she perched on all the way to the window of the warehouse. The leather clad crime fire launched through the window and smashed it.

The assassin stepped back and reached in to pull out a miniature sword. Helena jumped up before the man had a chance to attack and grabbed him by the arm. She twisted said arm around the back of the man's neck and caught him with a couple of punches to the side of the neck. The man scrambled up towards the steps.

Helena fired an arrow into the back of his leg and pulled him down the steps. Helena grabbed him around the side of the head and started to pummel him across the back of the head. She grabbed his arm and bent it back, digging her knee into the side of his shoulder.

"You tell me what I want to know, and your arm remains intact."

"What's the point, you can't understand a word I'm saying anyway?" the man responded in Mandarin.

"I can, and I do, and I know if you're trying to bullshit me," Helena said, responding in equally perfect Mandarin in response.

She started to bend the arm back. All she needed to do was pull back and he would have one broken arm.

"Where is the White Ghost?"

"Temple.....deep underneath Central Gotham Pavilion," the man managed. "You can find him.....the White Ghost...no bullshit, I swear to..."

Helena grabbed the man's arm and twisted it. The sound of bones cracked with the man's arm continued to be busted.

"God won't help you if you're lying to me," Helena said through gritted teeth when pulling his arm back and snapping it. "You still have another arm, and I will be back to break that one if I find out you're lying me."

She broke several bones in the arm of the mercenary and dropped him down to the ground. The man rolled around in agony as several men had rushed up the steps. They reached the man who rolled and howled on the ground in agony.

The case the man had brought into the establishment had been missing as well. But, it was small notice compared for his broken arm.

Lana Lang received a surprising amount of free reign to Harry's beach house. Harry had been in and out for the past couple of days on business meetings. She decided to take full advantage of the fact no one was here by kicking back and relaxing, and what best to do it was to take a nice long, relaxing shower.

The water cascaded over the head of Lana as she ran her hands down her firm, fit body, scrubbing all of the essential places. She thought about her relationship with Harry, and how they had the entire student-mentor bond in place, and Lana got a few tastes of what it would be like to have a more intimate bond with him.
Lana's fingers kept rubbing firmly around the wet flesh as images flashed through her mind about what happened if Harry decided to give her some more physical rewards for her work well done. Lana's fingers kept brushing against her when thinking intensely of Harry. She bit on her lip and moaned in response.

"Oh, why does my baby cousin have to be so hot?" Lana murmured underneath her breath when she continued the self-pleasure in the shower.

Lana's entire mind flashed through the thoughts of Harry putting through the paces in pretty much every single position imaginable. Those seedy thoughts rolled through Lana's mind. She really needed to have more; she really had to have more. Her fingers brushed against her nether lips and kept rubbing against them.

She pulled herself out of the thoughts of an orgy of beautiful women with Harry in the middle of the sound of a car arriving outside. Lana had lost track of the time.

Mentally reprimanding herself, and pulling herself away from herself, Lana finished up in the shower. She couldn't help her mind drifting away like this, it was just something that happened, and she figured it would continue to happen.

Lana stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her waist. She looked for clothes and remembered she had forgotten them.

'Well, you're just being careless, aren't you?'

Lana shook her head and could hear the voices of Harry and Faith. She waited in the bathroom for a second, curious to what they were talking about.

"Well, you did a pretty good job in warming me up on our way home from the club," Harry informed her. "And now, I think it's time you get what's coming to you."

The sound of the bedroom door rather close to the bathroom Lana was in opening up. She heard the sound of bodies rustling around. Lana stood, frozen in place, and then she closed her eyes.

The obvious sounds of sex started in escalation in the next room. Lana stopped, rather curious, at what was going on. It wouldn't hurt to get a closer peak, would it?

The bedroom door cracked open a slight amount. Lana stood, rooted on the spot. To be perfectly honest, it would have been rather rude if she didn't have a peak. She walked over towards the bedroom and watched as Harry had Faith down on the bed, her legs spread, and face buried between her thighs. Faith pressed her hands on the back of Harry's head to encourage him.

Every single scream of pleasure coming from Faith indicated to Lana she very much enjoyed what was being done, almost as much as Lana enjoyed watching it. Lana was wet, and not just because of the fact she stepped out of the shower. She held onto the wall for leverage.

The real prize had been yet to come. Lana viewed it pulled out of his pants, and she wondered how it would fit inside of her. Lana's fingers brushed between her legs and looked at him when he pushed inside of Faith.

Harry dictated the tempo and the pace, and also subconsciously the pace in which Lana pleasured herself to these feverish sounds of lovemaking. She closed her eyes, imagining herself in Faith's place, being filled and emptied, stuffed until there was no room left inside of her.

"Mmm, Harry, yeah," Lana breathed. "Make me yours."
Lana's fingers brushed against her inner thigh and she started to breathe heavily and with increased motion. For a second, the lovemaking in the room stopped, and Lana wondered if they had heard her. It started up again, with Faith egging Harry on all of the same from inside of the room.

The budding witch watched her cousin dominate the other woman. She didn't realize how much this was one of her kinks, until right now when she watched it. She kept playing with herself, brushing those fingers deep within those thighs.

"Oh, Lana, it's your turn now."

Lana stopped and the door opened. Her legs moved forward, with the towel dropping from her bare body. Harry's gaze fell on her and gave her a smile which caused her to melt.

"It's time for your next lesson, Ms. Lang."

She had been busted, and now it was time for some fun.

Harry smiled when he took a good look at Lana's body. Her dark hair framed her face and showed off her alluring dark eyes very well. Her toned body was a delight for him with nice firm breasts, and a toned stomach as well. Her hips jutted out to show a delicious looking ass and long legs came down everywhere.

"Come here," Faith said with a smile. She sat back on the bed and Lana caught sight of her dripping wet pussy. "Why don't you give your cousin a kiss?"

Lana stepped closer towards Harry and threw herself into his arms. Harry's strong arms wrapped around her body and kissed her. Lana's entire mind went numb in shock when Harry's tongue pushed deep inside her body. She couldn't control herself even though she wanted to.

Harry scooped Lana off of her feet and straddled the top of her, kissing her. Every single kiss caught an inch of her body. She shuddered at Harry when he planted those lips all over the side of her neck, and all the way down her body.

"Oh, this feels good," Lana said.

Harry grabbed Lana's head and positioned the tip of his cock against her lips. She opened her mouth without any prompting and took her baby cousin's big cock between her lips. Harry took the back of Lana's head and started to rock into her mouth.

"Make sure you use your tongue, use your hand if you can't get all into your mouth," Harry said. "Right there, have a nice grip right there."

Lana's warm fingers caressed the underside of Harry's cock. She popped her lips up and around it. The dark haired beauty's mouth opened up wide to take even more of Harry's cock into her mouth, as much as she allowed her to.

A warm tongue brushed against Lana's nether lips. Faith looked up at her with a smile.

"You're already wet," Faith said. "You've been a naughty little bitch, spying on your cousin when he's having sex, haven't you?"

Lana tried to protest, but she had Harry's cock buried deep in her mouth and really didn't have much
Faith brushed her fingers against Lana's and could feel the dampness and the tightness.

"She's so tight and really wet," Faith said. "Her pussy is perfect to be penetrated by your great big cock. I bet it would even feel better than her mouth."

Lana went down on him, sucking him with hunger dancing in her eyes. She wanted the taste of the cum inside of Harry's balls more than life itself. Her fingers tensed around him and squeezed him.

"She'll be getting a nice little treat soon," Harry said. "I hope she's ready."

Lana looked up towards him, hands touching his thighs. She caught his throbbing balls in her hand and squeezed them once again. Harry continued to fuck Lana's tight little mouth with a never ending series of thrusts.

"Here it comes," Harry said. "Are you ready?"

Lana nodded in response. Harry's balls weighed heavy in her hand, and she couldn't wait to feel it spill deep into her mouth. Lana's tongue swiped around the head of his cock and tasted the first small blasts of cum.

Faith driving her tongue deeper inside Lana resulted in even more cock pushing into her mouth. Harry pushed deeper into her mouth and fired the warm and sticky load deep into her mouth.

Lana sucked his head and drew every last drop of seed. She took it down her throat and swallowed it. The warm feeling of cum spilling into her throat and down her stomach made Lana hornier than ever before. Her hips pushed up into Faith's face and coated it.

The dark haired woman fell back onto the bed, Harry's cock dripping a few more doses of cum on her beautiful face.

Faith pulled away from Lana and smiled. She looked at Harry, face completely coated in Lana's juices. Harry smiled and pulled her closer towards him. Breasts pressed against Harry's chest when Harry kissed her and tasted the juices from her.

"It's time," Faith said. She felt Harry's cock grow between their bodies. She ground her heat against him and smiled. "But first….."

Faith leaned down over Lana with a predatory smile and pinned her hands back. Lana gasped underneath Faith's tender affections. She kissed the side of Lana's face and licked the warm sticking cum from her face.

"Please, fuck me, cousin," Lana said.

"Do you want your baby cousin to fuck your brains out?"

The young woman smiled and spread her legs, inviting Harry. One throbbing hard cock took the invitation and entered into her depths.

"So fucking tight!" Harry groaned.

Lana clamped down around Harry's cock. The dark haired beauty's hips shoved up and pushed Harry's throbbing hard cock inside her. She clamped down on the side of his arm with Harry pushing deeper into her. Every single thrust brought Lana to more pleasure. Harry's cock went so far into her,
Lana thought she was going to die from the pleasure and the heat.

"You're….you're…amazing!" Lana moaned.

Harry slowed down the thrusts to give more time for Lana to process them. He reached over while he pumped into them and worked his fingers into Faith.

Faith closed her eyes. Harry was better with his fingers than pretty much your average man was with his cock. It had to do with the magic of the matter. Harry jammed those fingers deeper inside of her and reduced her insides to jelly.

"Fuck her…harder…faster….make her cum all over your big throbbing cock."

Harry ran his hand over Lana's firm stomach which it bulged due to his cock ramming deep into her depths. Her legs wrapped around his hips and slid up towards his waist. Her foot leaned towards his shoulder and Harry grabbed it, before running kisses all the way down her right leg while giving a huge fucking.

"YES!"

Lana's entire body sized up with at the best thing ever inside of her driving further inside of her. Those throbbing hard balls slapped against her thigh several times. Her insides had been reduced to molten heat and clenched around him.

'Something this good should be…illegal…'

Millions of invisible fingers caressed every pleasurable center Lana had. Her mind continued to be blown and she looked up to see Faith on the bed. Her hips thrust up and down, almost as if they matched Lana's movements.

It was almost like a second cock drove inside of her.

"The duplicate…spell works…a shame…you can't make it visible…for the full experience," Faith breathed.

Lana tightened harder around Harry's pole. She realized Faith had been fucked by some invisible magically created duplicate of Harry. Her pussy dripped and allowed Harry to push inside her. Lana gripped the back of Harry's neck and looked him right in the eye.

"Ride me until I pass out," Lana said.

"You can't be…tapping out already," Faith said. Her loins exploded with Harry's magical extension drove into her. "There's just so much to do and to feel…and to have done…to you…for you."

Hands found their way on Faith's tits and took one of the nipples into her mouth. Faith could feel everything, but could not see anything. Something about this just made the entire experience all that much more erotic.

Harry re-doubled his concentration. He felt not one, but two extremely tight pussies wrapped around his cock.

"I think it's about ready to explode," Harry said.

"Me too," Faith said.

Harry smiled, with the duplicates; climax was a term which would be redefined. Faith didn't really
know what she had taken herself in for.

Faith's body spread with more warmth and arousal. Those hands brushed all over her body and made her really want more. She craved his cum so much.

A pity the duplicates didn't have the same staying power as the original, but it did give her a vigorous and fast fucking all the way to the edge.

Those balls tightened and started to explode. Faith looked up in surprise to see a shower of hot white spunk spraying over her body. The duplicate exploded and covered her in a shower of cum which came out of nowhere.

Faith ran her hands over herself. She dripped from head to toe in white spunk which covered her body. Her fingers soaked in it and soon she took one of her hands in her mouth and sucked it off while taking the other hand and rubbing her pussy.

Lana's latest orgasm fired through her body. She experienced a second wind, a perk of magic she was sure, and wanted to make the most of it. She watched Harry's hard cock ramming into the depths of her tightening pussy. Every time it went inside of her, Lana assumed she was going to black out from way too much pleasure.

"Keep this up," Lana said. She ran her fingernail down the back of Harry's neck and smiled.

Harry intended to keep her over. He kept driving into Lana. Her sweet honey coated around his cock when driving inside her. She dripped with sweat and looked rather sexy in the process. They met at a more rapid speed.

Lana tried to channel all of the strength she could to milk Harry dry. She remembered who the master was when Harry drove himself into her.

"Oh, don't worry my pretty little pupil," Harry said. "We haven't even begun to explore what magic can truly do just yet."

Harry's grip on Lana tightened and slammed further inside of her. Their loins kept slapping together with Harry aiming himself deeper inside of her.

Several orgasms spread all over Lana's wet, smoldering hot center. Harry leaned over and held onto her hair, and looked her in the eye.

"Get ready."

Lana was ready for it. She stayed awake until the end, knowing it was almost there. He was almost done with her body and the many ways he explored the inside of it with his throbbing hard cock.

"I'm ready."

Lana's sensual whisper hit the back of Harry's ear. He plowed inside of her, working deeper into her. He rode her until she was wet and ready to be put away. The slick path to the center resulted in the right amount of friction with the penetration getting even deeper.

Harry released the tension and his load. He fired inside of Lana and brought the full bounty of himself into her body.

Lana closed around him and milked the release into her. Her entire body tingled and sent its own release towards her. The two swapped juices until the point where they were a sticky mess.
The moment Harry pulled out of her, Lana was spent, but satisfied. She felt closer to her cousin than ever.

'Are you serious? You think they would fix this stupid thing.'

Felicity Smoak cursed the repairmen who were supposed to have the elevator to the top floor fixed. The dark haired goth pushed the hair out of her eyes and sighed. What's the point in having a room with a good view of Las Vegas if you just had to take the stairs? Then there's the landlord, who redefined the term rather shifty fellow.

She made her way inside, and rustled through her pockets, trying to find her keys. It would be her luck she left her apartment key in her car and had to go all the way back down the stairs, and all the way back to her car.

Felicity found the key and struck the jackpot. She tried not to smile because that was not something she wanted to do, to be honest right now.

The truth was, she had been out, and on her own, despite some initial bits of the unpleasantness of moving in. Still, she finally was on her two feet, and also, she had some space from her mother. Who could be so upbeat and cheerful at times it really got on Felicity's nerves and also could be a bit judgmental at times as well.

'If I ever get that judgmental about people, and preach about them about their decisions, just shoot me, please,' Felicity thought.

Okay, her mother wasn't all bad, and she had her share of challenges, raising a pretty headstrong daughter, alone after her father just ran out on them. So, she supposed keeping a sunny side on life stopped her from going completely insane. Even if it annoyed Felicity more during this particular rebellious phase of her life.

Still, enough about the screwed up Smoak family dynamic, classes had been long today, and traffic had been worse. Then she had a non-functional elevator, so she about ready to just sit back and drown her sorrows in a quart of chocolate flavored ice cream.

The goth look might indicate to some Felicity favored dodgy poetry, but she would be the first to tell you, she had no sense of right. Her dark hair came down to her face. She wore a black mesh top which came up a little bit to show her midriff when she walked. The tight leather skirt fashioned around her ass, and the fishnet stockings, and black boots covered her feet.

Felicity stepped inside and sure enough, her roommate was sitting in front of a top of the line computer. The girl's blonde hair tied back into a ponytail and she wore a pair of glasses. She dressed in a tight white blouse and a pair of tight leather pants. Felicity found herself drawn to her when she walked, and she was pretty sure she was straight.

Well ,most of the time anyway.

"Hey, Indy," Felicity said. "Um, Indy?"

"Yes, Felicity, do you need anything?" Indy asked. She kept typing away at the keyboard without a
backward glance.
"You've been working on that for a very long time, "Felicity said. "Do you need any help? I'm…"

"Do you have a Doctorate in Computer Science?" Indy asked her. "Or one in Information Security?"
Felicity shook her head. She had a Masters in Information Security, but she didn't have a Doctorate. She wondered why Indy had all of those doctorates, it seemed like an obsessive round of work. She told Felicity her work was freelance, which made Felicity think she was working for someone rather shifty.

'Oh well, as long as she pays her half of the rent, I'm not going to ask too many questions. '

"You've been working on that for a long time," Felicity said.
Felicity's curiosity got the better of her.

"Yes, it is a very long-term project," Indy said, not showing any visible frustration with her lack of progress. Deep inside of her voice, however, one could indicate there was some small level of frustration.

"How do you find time to eat or sleep?" Felicity asked.

"I find the time," Indy said. "Thanks for your offer, it is appreciated, but I am afraid you are out of your depth."

Indy did help Felicity on her school project, and a more personal project, one that she took great interest to for some reason.

"There has to be something I can do to help you, anything at all," Felicity said. "I'd really like to make it up to you."

"Please give me the space to complete my work, and we will be even," Indy responded.

"Okay, just…as long as you're not doing anything which gets the NSA after us or something."

Felicity turned around. Indy tended to be a bit secretive, and she had a strange aversion to using contradictions in her speech. Still, she helped pay the bills on time, and also helped pick up Felicity's slack.

'Damn it, don't tell me we're out of chocolate ice cream.'

"Indy, I'm going to need to make an emergency ice cream run," Felicity said. "Do you need anything?"

"No thank you."

Felicity shrugged and turned around to walk out, leaving Indy with her work. She wanted to know, but at the same time, she almost did not want to know.

The moment Felicity left, Indy could keep up with her work uninterrupted. She kept typing away at the keyboard.

'Almost there,' Indy thought.
Harry returned to the office where Daisy told him she had some exciting news. The news she couldn't tell him over the bond link and just really needed to tell him in person. The two of them met together with Daisy almost bouncing up and down on her heels. Harry cracked a smile and pushed a hand onto her shoulder.

"Sorry about that, I'm just so excited," Daisy said.

"Yes, so I gathered," Harry said. "So what's this rather important news you wanted to share with me that you couldn't share the bond link.

"Don't worry, I'm not pregnant," Daisy said. Harry just looked at her for a moment.

Harry smiled. Daisy responded with a smile.

"Sorry, even I have to apologize for that one. Don't know how I saw it funny."

"Well, I'd imagine not, because my magic prevents any unfortunate accidents," Harry said. "Master of Death has a lot of perks, and one of them is preventing the creation of new life."

"So, your powers are the ultimate birth control?" Daisy asked.

"Pretty much, yes," Harry said. "And I figure children would complicate things right now, not just me, for a lot of the girls. We'll revisit that bridge in a couple of years."

Daisy wanted to pick apart Harry's brain about the ins and outs of his Master of Death powers. She was a bit of a geek, she would be the first to admit to this, to be honest.

Harry cleared his throat and brought her back into reality.

"I didn't think it would pan out, and it was a bit of a risk leaving the network open a little bit, but they took the bait," Daisy said. "The hacker took the bait…..they're so not better than me!"

Harry allowed her to have her moment of triumph before deciding to ask the question.

"So, who was it?"

"I've tracked it to an apartment which belongs to a girl named Felicity Smoak," Daisy said. "She's a bit of a young prodigy, a decent enough hacker, and someone my boss has had her eye on for a long time, given she has a tendency to hack highly secure channels just to prove she can. Nothing malicious, I think, just an ego thing."

Daisy combed over everything with a fine-tooth comb, and she was pretty sure Felicity didn't sell any information to anyone.

Harry looked over the list of information regarding Felicity. He said three words which pretty much summed up his opinion.

"I want her."

"For Horizon or for your personal collection?" Daisy asked. "Or for both?"

Harry leaned closer towards her and flashed a smile towards Daisy.

"What do you think?" Harry asked. "And how is the meeting going with your boss? Or is she
avoiding me because she thinks I might lash out due to the fact she wasn't around during my childhood."

"While I'm sure deep down that's a concern, she's professional enough to avoid that," Daisy said.

"I still am looking forward to meeting her," Harry said. "I'm sure you're smart enough to make it happen."

Daisy didn't want to make Harry disappointed, the last thing she wanted. She would have to double down on putting the pressure on her boss to have a meeting. And maybe take more drastic steps to bring her boss in front of Harry, although she wasn't willing to do anything that brazen yet.

"So, how did your meeting with Jane Foster go?"

"It was quite illuminating, even though it almost veered off course," Harry said. "It's safe to say I have an Asgardian in my family tree."

Daisy's hands slipped out from underneath the desk and she staggered back. It was surprising, but at the same time, it shouldn't be surprising.

"You're kidding me, right?" Daisy asked. Harry's completely stone cold serious look showed Daisy he was doing the exact opposite of kidding her. "So, are you related to Loki or something?"

"Not, that I know of, no," Harry said. "But, she's most certainly infamous in her own right, maybe not as much as Loki."

Daisy offered Harry a chance to explain, and Harry took the opportunity to do so.

"She's posed as my ancestors numerous times, but my grandmother, Audrey Evans, might have also been Lorelei of Asgard."

Daisy blinked. The fact Harry had been descended from Lorelei explained a whole of a hell lot.

"Are you sure?" Daisy asked. "I'm not calling you a liar, but it could be a coincidence."

"It's not a coincidence, those never happen in my life," Harry said.

"Always a first time for everything," Daisy said in a half joking manner.

"I don't have any concrete evidence, just a really good feeling."

Harry's instincts were spot on when he chose to listen to them. The few times he didn't, they had set up people for failure. He was almost certain Lorelei had been Rosalie, Audrey, the woman in the cave, and the woman he also met in the bar. Among many other women, he was sure.

The bar had no records of a Lori working there, which lead more credence to the theory something was not on the level.

"Well, it's not like you could pop into Asgard and ask around," Daisy said. Harry turned towards her with a smile. "Oh God, no."

Daisy regretted putting that particular thought in Harry's mind immediately.
Dusan al Ghul, the White Ghost, took a path towards his new friends, the high council of the Order of Saint Dumas. He recalled the entire Plague scheme, and how it didn't work out. It was only the beginning, even if it was an integral part of their scheme.

"The Dragon, even their greatest champion failed to defeat him,' he said. 'If I defeat him, I can finally prove myself worthy of being the one true heir to Ra's al Ghul.'

The White Ghost thought both Talia and Nyssa had grown soft and had been blinded by what was truly going on. If they were the only two threats to his ascension to the top of the League of Assassins, along with the Dragon, then the White Ghost would be well on his way to the top and achieve his mark as the one true heir of Ra's Al Ghul.

One other problem presented herself, and that was the Huntress. The accident which never should have happened and her presence had ensured his attempts to gain control of the League had been futile. She crippled several of his best men and killed off the worst ones in the process.

"The Huntress has been a thorn in our side for too long.'

The White Ghost stepped inside and the high council of the Order peered down at him.

"We have a problem, one, even more, pressing than the Dragon," The White Ghost said. "She calls herself the Huntress, and she's been taking out agents of both of our organizations."

The members of the Order started to whisper with each other.

"Yes, she commits grave sins," the Order said. "The process to find a new person to wear the mantle of Azrael will take some time and some soul searching, given the Dragon defeated our last one."

"Azrael is no more?" the White Ghost asked.

"The man chosen by our savior to carry on Azrael's mark has been executed for his shame," the Order member said. "Another one will be chosen, for Azrael will live on forever. And our champion will be more worthy this time."

Before the White Ghost could respond to this statement, a sound of a figure falling down outside brought the attention of everyone out there. The guard flew through the stain glass windows and crashed down to the ground.

The door swung open, and the White Ghost saw two guards down on the ground. They could not stand on the account their legs had been broken.

"She moves like a demon, and strikes without pity," the guard said in agony.

"She is no demon, merely a rather troubled child," The White Ghost said.

"Finally, I've drawn you out, parasite."

The White Ghost turned to face the Huntress. The two of them locked eye to eye with each other.

"Well, if it isn't my niece," the White Ghost responded.

"You have no familial connection to me," The Huntress said. "You are lower than the dirt which crumbles beneath my boot."

"Just like Talia, and the two of you will be united in the afterlife in due time," The White Ghost said.
Huntress knew the White Ghost wouldn't dare fight her head to head. She sensed a trap and took only one step forward.

"I will become the true heir of the demon!"

"Your biggest failure is your continued catering of a madman."

The White Ghost plunged his sword towards the stomach of the Huntress. She blocked it and snapped off a kick before nailing her adversary with a series of knee strikes to the side of the head before dropping him down.

True to form, the White Ghost called in assassins. They all formed a circle around the Huntress. Huntress armed herself with a blade in one hand and a crossbow in the other. She never kept her eyes on the same place for more than a second.

From a rooftop across from the temple, Talia Al Ghul observed the proceedings, and the assassins rushing her daughter one at a time. She handled herself quite well, thus Talia didn't have a need to help out.

Keeping an eye on the White Ghost who slunk into the shadows, Talia made another step forward. So far, she didn't have to intervene because Helena was as good as Nyssa said she was. At least she didn't have to intervene just yet.

'Let's see how this plays out.'

Talia would move if her daughter was in any danger.

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**To Be Continued on October 24th, 2016.**

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Well things are heating up, on a couple of different fronts here. And that's not just in Harry's bedroom either.

Until Monday.
Helena suspected the White Ghost would not have fought this battle straight up. No, he was a coward, and absolutely weak. There was a reason why Ra's Al Ghul neglected to make Dusan his heir, and it was not just because of his less than intimidating physical appearance, at least not completely. The dark haired woman flipped the hair out of her face and waited for the first assassin to attack her.

She didn't have to wait too long for the assassin to take a shot at her. They were predictable, and also predictable how they attacked her one at a time.

The assassin charged her with a sword swung towards her. Helena stepped to one side and avoided the swing. She grabbed the assassin around the arm and flipped into the air. She cracked the man's arm back and dropped him down to the ground.

The second assassin came towards her. Helena blocked the punch which swung towards her and came back with a succession of hard uppercuts. The assassin had been dropped down to the ground. Helena returned fire and caught her adversary with a huge uppercut punch to the chest.

She avoided a dagger being driven into the side of her neck. Helena's grip tightened around the wrist of the assassin and a series of uppercut punches to the side of the neck rocked him back.

Two of them flung chains at Helena and held her arms into place. She twisted in a valiant attempt to break the hold on the assassins. The dark haired girl broke free of the grip, and took the sword from one of the assassins. She stabbed it straight into the midsection of one of them and pulled it back before turning around and slashing another one on the chest.

One assassin perched from high above the tree in an attempt to blow a poison dart in the back of his enemy's neck. A figure swooped down from high above and nailed the assassin knocking him off of the tree.

The Daughter of the Demon herself came closer towards the attacker. He tried to nail her with a knife, but Talia deflected the attack.

"You have committed treason to the League," Talia said. "If you're fortunate enough, I may allow you a merciful death."

The assassin balled up those fits and charged at Talia. She noticed straight away he did not feel like being fortunate. Which was fine for her, having blocked a shot and came back to pop her enemy in the side of the neck. She grabbed him around the head and cracked the neck back.

The legs of this particular mercenary grew limp and dropped down to the ground. Talia knew there had been no rest for the wicked. She rushed over to engage the assassin which attempted to stab her daughter.

Helena's annoyance bubbled the very second when the assassin attacked him.

"I had that handled," Helena said.
"Merely just speeding up the process," Talia said.

Talia managed to regain the fire she had lost when Natalie converted her, temporary. Just in time though, because she really needed it. The Daughter of the Demon pushed through with adrenaline. Three of the never ending barrage of the White Ghost's men dropped down to the ground. Talia swung her sword down on the top of the head of her adversary, stabbing it straight through. Blood splattered the second she pulled it back.

Helena tried not to smile too much about finally being able to fight side by side with her mother. She caught one of the assassin's in the side of the head with a knee. The sound of knee crunching against skull caused the man to drop down to the ground.

'He's mine.'

The White Ghost swooped in and swung a glancing sword back towards Helena. Helena blocked the sword and pushed him back.

"When I'm finished with you, I'm going for your friends," Helena said.

"You speak prematurely, just like your mother, and more importantly, just like your father," The White Ghost said. "He had a crusade just like yours and his…"

The word "failed" never reached through the White Ghost's lips when a sword stabbed through him in a blink of an eye. Helena brought the sword back and stabbed the White Ghost a second time. The estranged son of the demon dropped down to the ground, blood oozing from his chest.

Helena held the blood splattered sword over her head. Finally, he would be done. All it took was one more shot to take him down.

'I can end this.'

A figure swooped down and caught Helena in the sword with a dagger. The assassin spun around and sliced the sword straight through the chest of her adversary. He dropped to the ground with so much blood spurting from his chest.

A leader like the White Ghost would always have fanatics taking a blade for him.

Helena turned her attention back towards the White Ghost. She shook her head, eyes glazed over, and face dripping with sweat. She took a rather feverish turn suddenly.

'No, I can't….not this soon.'

Talia disposed of the last mercenary, and dropped him down onto the ground. The Daughter of the Demon turned towards the White Ghost who lain on the ground.

Her daughter dropped to her knees as well, and Talia found herself forced with a choice of finishing off the White Ghost once and for all, or delivering her daughter to a safe place. She weighed both options and made the right choice.

Talia scooped up her daughter in her arms and cleared the fence in one leap. She didn't waste any time or movement, just sprinted her as far away as possible. The poison spreading through her body spread rather quickly.

The White Ghost's men peered down at their master. They crouched down and pulled his limp body from the ground before they carried him off.
There had been one battle of the war which was just beginning.

Harry sat in the middle of the sitting room at the Beach House. He laid out several notes which he was going. Sara rested her feet on his lap and kept him company. Faith currently had been out doing the Slayer thing, after taking a shower, and so far, nothing extraordinary on her part. Lana crashed in the bedroom after Harry and Faith put her through the paces.

He thought tonight would be a nice quiet night, and Harry shook his head. Whenever he thought that, it had always been a pretty bad night. He would really have to stop thinking nights would be nice, quiet, focused affairs.

'Just leads to trouble,' Harry thought.

'Really?' Faith thought. 'You just came to that conclusion right now?'

A frantic knock on the door caused Sara to jump up and slide her feet off of Harry's lap. Harry went up to his feet without a pause or any thought whatsoever. He reached the door and opened it up.

Talia stood at the doorstep with Helena cradled in her arms. One look at the younger girl showed Harry she had not been in the best shape. She could barely hold her head up, although she managed to make one pained declaration.

"No, no, no hospital," Helena said.

"I know," Talia said. "Don't worry, I'm bringing you to help, the Dragon will help you…just like he helped me during my time in need."

"Take her to the bedroom, first door on your right, and lay her down."

Sara sprinted from her position and opened the door for Talia. Talia carried Helena past her. It struck Sara how serious the situation was, because Talia didn't make her usual comment about how Nyssa trained Sara well.

'She must be worried, she must be concerned,' Sara thought. 'She doesn't show it, because she thinks it's weakness, but she…deep down has a heart."

'I know she does,' Harry thought. 'Nyssa…are you…'

'I'll be there as soon as I can make it,' Nyssa thought.

While she tried not to use the gift of teleportation any more than necessary, due to the fact it would have made her lazy to do so, Nyssa consented to the fact it was very handy in situations like this. The emergency of her niece suffering horrific injuries would most certainly by on the top of the list of handy situations.

Talia laid Helena on the bed and stepped back without any provocation. Harry swooped in and placed his hands on Helena's body. He scanned it for the source of the intrusion and the source of the poison.

His eagled eyed gaze also noticed something clasped firmly on Helena's fist. He would have to worry about it later, but she had been holding it in a death grip with whatever strength she had.

'Deal with that later.'
Nyssa approached the doorway. The very powerful magic in the air washed over her when stepping inside. She stood between her sister and beloved and just waited. One grim conclusion entered Nyssa, and she figured it would be hard to ignore her.

"Do you think she might need….the Pit?" Nyssa asked Talia.

"I prefer not to subject her to this unless absolutely necessary," Talia said.

The Lazarus Pit always took something in return for bringing a person back to life. Despite Talia's respect for her father, the grim conclusion was the Pit took a whole lot from him in return from returning him back to life numerous times, far too many for Talia to keep track of at this particular point.

"There's no need for the Lazarus Pit," Harry said. "I've found a source of the poison, and now I'm going to draw it out of her body."

Talia nodded in response. Sara frowned, she had some concerns to be honest.

"Wouldn't that…"

"My healing abilities are most heightened in the hours following sex," Harry said. "It should be enough for me to take on her burden. The worst I'll experience is extreme fatigue and dizziness."

The combination of Basilisk Venom and Phoenix Tears swimming around in his bloodstream also made Harry immune to most poisons. However, most poisons did not mean all poisons. He just hoped the poison in Helena would be one of those poisons.

Harry pressed his hands on Helena's shoulders and started to mutter an incantation. He drew the energy from her body and captured the poison, before filtering renewed healing energy back into her body.

He staggered back, with Sara and Nyssa catching. Harry's face coated with sweat.

"Get me some water, please."

Talia took Sara's place, and Sara retreated into the kitchen to get a glass of water. She returned with what her master had required.

"Thank you," Harry said.

Harry drank the water and instantly, he felt better. He could see Talia's eyes look from him to Helena, an inquiring question on her lips.

"She'll be fine, all she needs is rest," Harry said. "It's quite fortunate the poison didn't paralyze or kill her before I got to her. You were right to come here."

"Thank you," Talia said.

The emerald-eyed master of death turned towards the daughter of the demon and gave her a slight smile.

"She'll be fine, she's strong just like her mother."

Talia turned a bit towards the shadows, mostly to look at her daughter, but also to hide the smile which had crossed over her face. Helena really was lucky to be alive, and now both mother and daughter were in the debt of the Dragon.
The White Ghost's eyes flickered opened and he sat in the middle of a chamber. A robed figure turned around to address the other figures.

"The demons have been purged from his body!" the man in the robes yelled. "Praise the father, for he has been delivered from the embrace of the dark one himself. Praise them all!"

"Praise them all!"

One figure stood, slightly submerged in the shadows. He recited the chants with the Order, but his gaze had fallen upon the White Ghost. Anger swam through those cold grey eyes and the hood of the robe fell down to reveal a dark haired man with greying hair.

"Do you think I can speak with Brother Dusan for one moment?" the man asked.

The Order all nodded and departed from the room. It left the two gentlemen alone. The gentleman turned towards the White Ghost, obvious contempt dancing from his eyes.

"You are very lucky to be alive. I hope you have learned a valuable lesson. Next time you have an adversary in your crosshairs, you shouldn't hesitate."

"She caught me off guard, and Talia was there as well," the White Ghost responded.

The robed figure's mood didn't improve, it soured in fact.

"You should have had them both killed, instead I see you dragged back into this temple, clinging to life just barely," the man said. "You made a mockery out of me, and you made a mockery out of this partnership. If you can't kill your blood relations, then just tell me. I will put you out your pathetic misery and find someone else who will....."

"You need the resources of the League, Brother Sebastian," the White Ghost commented. "And as for killing my blood relations, I have. The Huntress, Delilah Helena Wayne, whatever you prefer to call her, she's been finished. The poison seeping through her blood stream will have killed her."

The man, Sebastian, leaned down and grabbed the White Ghost firmly by the shoulder. He pulled the assassin up so they went eye to eye to each other.

"Never make assumptions without a corpse, my friend," the man said, teeth gritting. "I've given you everything I can offer to a person. I've given you spiritual guidance, and it would have been a real pity if you strayed from the path."

Dusan's jaw set and fist clenched together. This arrogant bastard, he would have taken him down, if he didn't.

"You said you've found it," Sebastian said. "So, hand it over."

Dusan reached into his pocket and felt nothing. He spent the next several moments groping around in an attempt to find what he was looking for, only to not find anything. The pocket had been empty.

"Someone swiped it," Dusan said. "Talia or her daughter must have taken it!"

The atmosphere in the room had gotten uglier. Dusan rose to his feet in an attempt to reach the door. However, the dark haired man prevented him.
"If you think you're going to go out there and make a further mockery out of my crusade, then you have another thing coming," Sebastian said. "I've brought you back to life, only for you to confirm you've been a failure, and this reflects badly on me."

Dusan reached for something, a dagger, anything which he could defend himself. A long and agonizing second passed when he realized Sebastian stripped him of all of the weapons he could have used to defend themselves.

"You had promised to deliver me the key," Sebastian said. "You had one simple task, and you failed to do so."

"Do you know who I am?" Dusan asked. "Do you know why you can't talk to me the way you are. My name is Dusan Al....."

"You're the White Ghost, you're the diseased waste of life Ra's Al Ghul tossed away," Sebastian said, blandly and bored. "And this will be the last time you'll disappoint me, if you know what's good for you."

Dusan could not believe he caved, submitted to such a man. Brother Blood held a hold over him, and Dusan wondered if he had taken further steps to ensure his obedience and compliance. The longer he sat there, the harder it was for to fight him.

'I want to drive a knife through that bastard's eye.'

"You won't disappoint me again, will you?" Sebastian asked.

"No Brother Seb....."

"Only the Order is allowed to call me by my Christian name," Sebastian said. "Call me by the other name, the one who my servants in HIVE are to call me."

"Yes, Brother Blood," Dusan said through gritted teeth.

So demeaned, so humiliated, so frustrated, he couldn't believe Sebastian Blood essentially bent him over and took him for everything he was worth. The mighty Dusan Al Ghul hated to be humbled like this, and Blood had done it.

"It's time for me to take personal accountability, and take matters into my own hands," he said. "Harry Potter must fall. I will be the noble one to slay the Dragon, where many have failed through the centuries."

Brother Blood had worked hard in dragging the Order back into prominence, after being in the dark ages for so long. Now it was time to reap the benefits and finish off the Order's greatest adversary.

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Helena's death grip on the object she grasped in her hand finally had relented and the object dropped down onto the table. Nyssa and Sara crowded around the object. It had been a locket of some sort.

"So, how did she get this?" Sara asked.

"Well, if I had to hazard a guess, she swiped it from the White Ghost," Nyssa said. "And he might have intended to deliver it to his new masters in the Order of Saint Dumas."

They knew where one of the strongholds was located, but the problem was, Nyssa knew they would
have cleared out. And even if the League stormed the base, what was to stop this particular faction from committing mass suicide. The problem with a cult was they would take the secret to the grave.

"We just need to get it open."

"It's....locked up pretty tight," Nyssa said.

"Maybe I can be of service."

Nyssa and Sara both smiled when Harry stepped into the room. He walked over towards the locket which laid on the table and frowned.

"If you think you can get it open, be our guest," Sara said. "We've been trying to get it open for the last hour, but we haven't had any luck."

Harry touched the finger on the locket and seconds later it sprung open to reveal a tiny key with a red stone on the handle inside. Harry frowned when looking at the end of the key.

Any other person in the world would have just shoved any theory off to the side as a sheer coincidence. Harry spent most of his life not believing in coincidences however.

"So, we have a key," Sara said. "But, we don't know what it's for, do we?"

"I might have a couple ideas," Harry said.

He would have had to find whatever this key unlocked. A key without a known lock was just a useless piece of silver. Harry looked at the key and could feel a slight tingle of energy flowing through the key.

"Is my niece holding up well?" Nyssa asked. "Sorry, if the timing..."

"No, I understand, you're concerned, and you have every right to be," Harry said. "To answer your question, Helena's pretending to sleep in the master bedroom."

Nyssa sighed. She pretty much figured out where this was going, even though she didn't particularly care for it. Helena was feeling down about the fact someone managed to catch her off guard when she had been too wrapped up in her obsession with killing the White Ghost, and the fact he wasn't dead when she had the chance weighed upon her.

So, she avoided everyone by pretending to be asleep.

"I'm sure she'll snap out of it soon," Sara said.

"I'm sure she will eventually, or maybe someone will have to snap her out of it."

Nyssa's eyes fell onto Harry with a knowing smile. Harry answered with a shrug.

"I'll look into the key," Nyssa said. "Sara, look over both my niece and my younger sister....make sure they don't do anything too reckless."

"Am I going to have to tie them to the bed to make sure of that?" Sara asked. "It's not actually that bad of an idea come to think of it."

Nyssa responded with a smile and leaned forward. Her lips touched Sara's with a light kiss, before pulling away. She turned around and did the same to Harry, before turning around and smiled.
Harry's body came down with a case of shivers.

"The kiss that good?" Sara asked.

"No, it's not that, it's just….Halloween," Harry said. "Just, Halloween."

"Oh," Sara said. "I see."

Sara decided to calmly step back and avoid the elephant in the room regarding why Harry hated Halloween. He had made it all too clear.

"It's not just that, it's just….with my Master of Death Powers, the spirits linger closer to the physical realm, and I'm…a bit edgy."

Sara placed her hands on Harry's thighs and leaned towards him with an impish grin.

"Then maybe we should find a way to take a bit of that edge off."

A group of college students, two men and two women, sat around and were just shooting the shit, drinking some booze, smoking some pot. The fifth member of their party had actually gone out a beer run to bring more back.

"Well, fine, if you don't want to play, then how about we do something more interesting!"

The two men had been trying in vain to get the two girls to strip down to their panties at the very least, but they had not been game for it.

"Ghost stories, everyone loves a good ghost story," one of the college students said, taking a long smoke.

"Is this going to be about the time you thought your bong was haunted?" the second boy asked.

"Ha, very funny, Steve," the young man said. "Anyway, it's going to be Halloween tomorrow, or actually, I think it's after midnight….so Kelly, Amber, are you two girls ready to hear something scary?"

"And here I thought the only thing which was scary was your GPA," Kelly said. She leaned back and took a long drink of booze.

"Charlie, you can't scare a group of old people with heart conditions," Amber said.

"Well, I'm going to tell you the story about Solomon Grundy," Charlie said. He took the flashlight and shined it underneath his face. "Solomon Grundy, he was born on a Monday. No one quite knows who he is….legend has it he's a mobster who had been shot down by twelve cops, and dumped in the Slaughter Swamp."

The girls looked on.

"Legend has it, on Halloween Night, he returns to stalk the descendants of those who murdered him, to get his revenge," Charlie said. "Normally, he comes to Gotham City, and stalks the people there, but on special occasions, on a Halloween night with a full moon, he can be summoned here."

Amber peered outside of the window and saw it was a full moon.
Charlie pulled out a sketch pad and started to draw symbols on it.

"These are the symbols which can summon Solomon Grundy," he said. "And all it needs is a drop of blood to activate it….but who would…..ah shit, I cut myself!"

Charlie's blood dropped on the symbol.

"Good one, genius," Amber said. "Nothing happened."

Suddenly the lights started to flicker which caused the two girls to be nervous. The sound of someone coming up the stairs, groaning and moaning caught them off guard.

"Okay, it's just…someone coming back too late, from a party, it's no big, really," Kelly said.

A loud roar echoed when the lights had been completely out and the door swung open. A large figure stood in the hallway and registered a loud growl.

"WHO SUMMON GRUNDY!"

Amber screamed, picked up a lamp, and hurled it at the man in the doorway. Grundy staggered back and dropped to the ground.

"Wait a minute, a seven foot tall swamp zombie doesn't get knocked out by a lamp to the head!" Kelly yelled. She turned on the lights and noticed one of their buddies sitting on the ground.

"Dave, you bastard!" Amber yelled.

"Oh, I think I have a headache," Dave said when he pulled himself to his feet. "Oh, I got the keg by the way."

"You know, if you girls are scared the real Grundy might come, you can just sit real close to me," Charlie said. He smiled.

"In your dreams," Amber said.

"Every night," Charlie said.

The lights on the room started to flicker again.

"Alright, Dave, joke's over, you're starting to freak me out," Steve said.

"That's not me….Charlie, are you doing this?"

"No, dude that's not me, that's….ARGH!"

A pair of large grey hands smashed through the wall in front of Charlie and yanked him through the wall. Bones snapped when he had been squeezed through a rather tight hole in the wall through inhumane, supernatural strength.

The remaining four students screamed in horror when they saw someone who looked like just rose up out of the swamp. Pale, tall, and nasty, the creature lunged towards them.

"Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday!"
So, Helena now has a life debt to Harry. That's not going to make her life much easier than
everything.

Brother Blood schemes, and the White Ghost is not too happy about being used as a pawn. The
Order has other plans, as you see with the keys.

With Halloween just around the corner in real life when this hits the Internet live, it's only
appropriate Grundy shows up. And something tells me he isn't after a pair of pants.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Twenty-Four: The Curse of Grundy Part One.

Buffy Summers would take hunting vampires over detention any day of the week and twice on Saturdays, mostly because Saturday detention was the worse of the worse. The detention monitor was miserable, the people there were miserable, it was just one big, never ending cocoon of miserable misery.

Not exactly the way she wanted to spend her day, hell it was a way no one wanted to spend their day.

The Slayer decided to take up the hunt for a particular troubling vampire who had eluded her for the past three nights. He hadn't been the most powerful she had ever dealt with, hell he wouldn't even crack the top twenty. Still, he had been a slippery little devil, avoiding trouble.

'Guess, if you don't have power, you have to really be smart,' Buffy thought to herself. She blew a lock of hair away from her face and frowned. 'And if you're neither, oh boy are you kind of screwed, kind of very screwed really.'

The slayer made her way towards the last knowing location of the vampire, a parking garage. She had the modified crossbow Harry built her, but having the toys didn't mean anything when you didn't have the skill. The Slayer took a moment to look at her surroundings.

A loud grunt caused her to turn around. The wind blew over her shoulder.

'Don't worry, it's Halloween….just…the one night of the year where things get the craziest,' Buffy thought.

The smell of decaying flesh made Buffy tense up. She wondered if her target managed to make a meal out of some unsuspecting man.

Buffy stepped into the parking garage and looked around for both the source of the growl and the smell. A strong and everlasting sense of foreboding spread over her body. She turned her head to the right an inch and to the left another few inches. She walked over towards the pavement and a large gaping hole had been left into it. Almost as if something had broken through the pavement.

The Slayer stepped further into the garage, her heart racing when looking around.

'Why do I have a feeling I've just walked into some kind of weird horror movie after party scene,' Buffy thought. 'Vampires don't do that.'

If vampires didn't do that, then who did that? Buffy only could imagine, and all of her thoughts weren't good. She noticed several cars which had been smashed. Buffy stepped forward and climbed up to the car. Her wide eyed glare focused on a giant footprint which had been slammed into the hood of a car. Someone had hit the car so hard with their foot it left a footprint in metal.

Buffy reached behind her to make sure the hairs on the back of her neck weren't standing up. They weren't, which would have to be a minor miracle. Still, the night was still young, and she hadn't completely looked around the garage.
She flipped off of the car and dropped down to the ground and kept walking. Buffy looked from one side to the parking garage to the other, and saw something stirring.

Her vampire, he was stirring, actually he was staggering, and he dropped down to the ground. A large piece of pipe jammed through his back and all the way out from the other end. Buffy let out the breath she was holding, and reached down.

"He's dead,' Buffy thought. 'Actually, he's beyond dead, he's bene overkilled.'

Buffy heard the same loud growl she heard when walking outside. The Slayer turned her head around and pointed the crossbow at the shadows. She crouched at her knees in a fighting stance and waited to see if she could deal with this monster shifting in the distance.

"Is anyone there?"

Nothing, except for the growl. Buffy steadied her hand and braced herself to fight at a moment's notice.

"Come on, come out," Buffy said.

Sense intervened and told Buffy whatever this monster was, the last thing she wanted was it to come out and face her. Sense took a backseat to slaying though. She had to investigate.

The investigation brought Buffy face to face with something the shadows. A large figure moved quickly despite his size.

"Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday!"

Buffy's eyes shifted off to one side. She came across a large, tall, white, hulking eight foot tall zombie who looked like he just rose out the swamp. Buffy held up the crossbow and fired three bolts in succession at the creature.

Not a damn thing, he didn't even flinch.

'Shit.'

"Christened on a Tuesday!"

Grundy hoisted up one of the cars and flipped it in the air towards Buffy. She teleported out of the way, and landed behind Grundy. She lifted up a broken piece of the cinderblock and hurled it at Grundy. The huge concrete block nailed Grundy in the face.

The dust and particles flew off of Grundy's face. He responded with a loud growl and he rushed Buffy with surprising speed. He gripped her before the Slayer had a chance to react.

Buffy found herself hoisted up out of the air and launched back by the charging Grundy. The Swamp Zombie knocked her down to the ground and all the wind had been knocked out of her. She reached into her bag and pulled out the sonic device Sara favored in her battles.

'Let's hope he can be dropped by this thing.'

She pressed a button and a sonic pulse came through. It split the skull of Grundy and the monster's arms frailed around in anger, smashing against walls, and causing bits of debris to fly everywhere. Buffy tucked and rolled out of the way when a car bumper went flying at her.

The car bumper smashed onto the ground. The sound reverberated, and Buffy looked up to see
Grundy coming after her one more time.

"MARRIED ON A WEDNESDAY!" the monster managed.

Grundy grabbed the slayer's arm and ripped the sonic device out of her hand. He crushed it in his hand with a fine powder.

Buffy flew back once again from the latest attack from Grundy. The monster stepped forward right in front of her. Buffy reached for her bag, only to realize it had flown off in her daring escape and was buried somewhere in the debris.

Grundy lifted his large boulder like hands into the air and came inches close from bringing them down on the top of Buffy's head.

A shrill noise caused Grundy to back off. His eyes flickered in a trance. Slowly, the monster stepped back from the Slayer.

"Took ill on Thursday."

Grundy turned around and walked off, in a trance, before breaking into a solid run. Buffy watched him make pretty good time. She rolled over to pull herself up, wiping the drops of blood from her mouth and sighing.

'This is going to be a long Halloween.'

Sebastian Blood clutched the mystic charm in his hand. He had been assured it would summon one of the most dangerous creatures in existence to his side on Halloween night, and he would have a minion capable of taking down the Dragon.

Dusan Al Ghul sat on the moth worn couch, arms folded in the most obvious form of agitation possible. He tapped his foot in succession three times on the ground. His eyes followed the progress of Blood and the progress of the chain which flickered back and forth in an almost hypnotic manner.

Blood dropped to his knees with the charm clasped in his hands in some kind of demented sort of prayer. The charm flittered in his hand.

"And I thought Grundy was supposed to only have the ability to rise in Gotham City," the White Ghost said. "Do you expect me to believe that little charm of yours can summon him, even deep within the Slaughter Swamps?"

"I have it on good authority it does," Blood said. "And you forfeited the right to criticism when you lost one of my keys. So, be silent!"

The White Ghost leaned back on the couch and allowed Blood to continue whatever demented ritual he intended on using. He drummed his fingers carefully and casually off of the table. The true heir to the Demon was pretty sure Blood's plan was not worth it.

'This is very inane,' The White Ghost thought to himself. 'You would think he would have more sense than to try and use something like that.....'

The ground rumbled beneath them. The White Ghost hung onto the couch. He turned his attention to Blood, who had his mouth curled into a smile.
"Come before me, Great Swamp Zombie, come and serve your new master," Blood said. "Yes, Solomon, I can sense you….come to me!"

The White Ghost shook his head. Even if he did summon the zombie, did Blood really believe he could control him?

Solomon Grundy smashed through the window and landed on the floor of the sleazy hotel room. His nostrils flared several times when he looked around. He stood, awaiting directive.

"So, you've got Solomon Grundy," The White Ghost said.

Blood's lips curled into a devious little smile.

"Yes," Blood said. "And you do realize what day it is. It's October 31st, All Hallow's Eve, and the day where Solomon Grundy is the most powerful of them all. Tonight is the night, tonight is Grundy's night."

The White Ghost attempted to wrap his head around the plan. There were a couple of falls.

"So, you're going throw your pet swamp zombie at the Dragon when skilled assassins and sorcerers failed," The White Ghost said. "You do realize the second the Dragon gets his hands on the zombie, he'll be sent back to the swamp and you will never be able to recall him again."

The chuckling coming from Blood made the White Ghost's blood to run cold.

"Not as long as this charm is active," Blood said. "And again, I don't care much for your lack of faith. What else could I expect from a nonbeliever such as yourself?"

The White Ghost crossed his arms on the couch and gritted his teeth. The compulsion to say what he felt faded a long time ago and he just snarled and seethed when on the couch.

'I should be in charge,' The White Ghost thought. 'I'm the rightful heir of the Demon, I'm the rightful heir of Ra's Al Ghul, I belong in charge, not Blood, and his diseased HIVE.'

"Solomon do you understand who your master is?"

Grundy extended a large pale finger towards Brother Blood and pointed him out. Blood's lips curled into a smile when he saw the zombie. One hand turned over and Grundy dropped to his knees in submissive obedience.

"It's a shame you couldn't use that trick on women," the White Ghost muttered underneath his breath.

Blood turned his hand over and Grundy rose from his knees just as simply as that. The type of control he had over Grundy was worth.

"Solomon, do me a favor, and take out the trash."

Grundy walked over towards the White Ghost and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. The White Ghost kicked and tried to break free from the zombie's grip, but Grundy had a grasp on him which showed no signs of letting up.

"Unhand me at once, I'm the rightful heir to Ra's al GARRAGGH!"

The swamp zombie hurled the White Ghost through the door frame. The wood splintered the moment the White Ghost crashed into it and then through it.
"I was referring to the clutter on the table," Blood said. "But, I can hardly fault you for making this interpretation."

Blood opened up the door and walked towards the battered and busted up form of the White Ghost. His entire body twitched. Blood reached into his robes and pulled out a bottle. He unscrewed the bottle and dripped three drops of the green water inside on the White Ghost.

"To your feet, we still have much work to do," Blood said. "And I won't have you lying out about the job."

The White Ghost seethed, but he could do little more thanks to the control Blood have over him.

'Soon, I will have my day. Be patient.'

Faith decided to call it a night and the entire Slayer mission for this evening a bust. She dropped herself down on the couch to watch as Harry and Sara circled each other with a sparring session. She smiled, knowing where these ended up half of the time.

All she had to do was to wait for everything to play out to its obvious and logical conclusion.

"You sure you ready for this?" Harry asked.

"You're not getting in my head this time," Sara said. "I know all of your tricks, and I'm not falling them. I think you'd be pleasantly surprised with the results."

Sara moved in for the first attack and sent a swinging uppercut punch towards Harry. Harry blocked her arm, twisted it behind her back, and put his foot inside of her calf muscle. He forced Sara back a couple of inches until she broke free and flipped down onto her feet.

The first attack had not gone so well, but Sara refused to back off from the attack.

The stunning blonde assassin charged towards Harry and blocked his latest punch. Sara flipped over the top of his head and grabbed him around the neck. She tried to use a nerve hold to take him down. Unfortunately, these type of moves ended up being hit or miss, mostly miss, with magic users. Harry shrugged Sara off and turned around, grabbing her hand. He flipped her to the ground in a blink of an eye and came up on top of her. Sara slid out of Harry's way and smiled before motioning for him to come to her.

Harry took advantage of the invitation. Sara bounced off of the bags and dropped down onto the ground right beside Harry. She strung together a series of strikes. A couple of them nearly made their way through Harry's defenses. One of them blocked him back.

"You think you know all of my tricks?" Harry thought.

Sara only smiled and jumped up, wrapping her strong legs around Harry's waist. Harry flipped down off of the ground onto him, and reversed the positioning. He pinned Sara down to the ground. Sara drew in a breath and tried to tuck her feet underneath her.

"Your shoulder has certain pleasure centers which regulate pleasure," Harry said. "Like right there…"

Harry pushed a certain point on Sara's shoulder which caused her to come undone almost. She
looked up at him with an accusatory look.

"Hey, no fair…you said you wouldn't use magic," Sara said.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

"I wasn't using magic, just your own hormones against you," Harry said. "If I really wanted to play dirty, I'd go for right behind your ear or the side of your neck, those tend to be hot spots for you, aren't they, Ms. Lance?"

Sara wasn't about to deny Harry told the truth. He went behind her before she could react or even bother to counter. Harry planted a kiss on the side of her neck and one on the side of her ear before pulling away with a smile.

"Okay, fine, you've called my bluff," Sara said. "But, now it's time to round two… for the winner gets the spoils."

Faith shifted on the couch. She was at the edge of her seat, and waiting for more.

'Things are heating up now,' Faith thought.

'O, are they?' Lana asked.

'Welcome back to the land of the living,' Faith thought.

The doors opened before the sparring session could go any further. A battered, bruised, and bleeding Buffy showed up. She took a step forward and gasped. It was hard for her breath. She slumped over, clutching onto the wall.

Harry bounced up and gently lead her over to the first aid area of the gym. He ran his hand down her side, and she grumbled.

"Cracked ribs, you're very lucky they didn't puncture a lung," Harry said. He put his fingers on her side and sent the necessary healing magic into her body.

Thankfully taken the burden of cracked ribs wasn't nearly as awful of taking the burden of someone being poisoned. Harry didn't even feel a buzz after healing Buffy.

"Really, one little vampire cause you that many problems?" Faith asked.

"Actually, it's what wrecked the vampire that caused me problems," Buffy said. She glared at Faith for a brief second before turning her attention back towards Harry. "It was tall, seven feet tall, maybe eight feet…. might as well have been ten feet by the way it was towering over me. It was this hideous zombie which came out of the swamp and started to….."

Harry checked for a concussion, and she didn't have one, thankfully.

"Eight foot tall swamp zombie?" Sara asked. "That almost sounds like…"

"Grundy," Harry said.

"Grundy?" Faith asked, confused.

It sounded familiar, but she couldn't quite place it off hand.

"Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday," Sara said. "But, why would he be all the way on the West
Coast when he normally haunts Gotham City on Grundy's night."

Harry took Sara's question with the usual frown, thoughtful as it might be.

"Good question," Harry said.

He smelled a rat, actually an entire order of them.

Helena's eyes flickered open. She had been sneaking looks every so often to see whether or not her mother had been out of the room.

"You should stay awake this time, because you can't avoid this conversation forever," Talia said. "I've avoided it for way too long and you have as well."

Talia's firm grip placed on Helena's hand. It was not bone breaking or anything, but it made falling back to sleep rather difficult.

"Fine, you want to talk, talk," she said in a cold voice. "I'll listen."

Talia figured she would get a response such as this. She really wished it would have been a lot easier to have a conversation with her daughter. Given how her mother died shortly after she had been born, and Talia's relationship with her father had not been the greatest, she supposed she didn't have much to compare for.

"I'm….."

"If you're going to say you're sorry, then you're wasting precious oxygen," Helena said. "There's no need for you to say it, and nothing you can say will change what happened. I've come to terms with what our relationship was a long time ago. You've allowed yourself to be defined by Ra's Al Ghul, even though deep down, you know you can never satisfy him because he doesn't think a woman, no matter how qualified, is fit to lead the League of Assassins."

Talia's mouth opened and shut at her daughter laying it all on the line.

"I also refuse to let myself be defined by the actions of my parents, from the actions of either of my parents," Helena said.

"And yet, everything you do is to clean up a mess we've made," Talia said.

Helena's gaze narrowed, and she looked very agitated.

"You should have killed the White Ghost, and not bothered with me," Helena said. "You will regret not extinguishing that parasite when you had the opportunity."

Talia's icy cold glare met her daughter's icy cold glare. Neither woman backed off.

"Delilah," she said, using her given name on purpose. It earned her a glare which Bruce would have been proud of. "If I had a hundred chances to make the same decision, I would make it a hundred and one times."

"Then you're a fool."

Talia's turn came to give her one of those looks which Bruce would be proud of.
"If it means I'm a fool to want my daughter to live and have a chance at life, then I'll live as a fool and I'll go into the ground happily as one as well."

A knock on the door caused Talia to turn towards her.

"Yes, come in."

Harry and Sara both stepped inside and Talia could tell by the looks on their faces they did not come baring good news.

"The Order of Saint Dumas has raised Solomon Grundy, and brought him to Sunnydale," Sara said without preamble.

Talia hitched in a deep breath. She could not even begin to guess what this meant, other than it wasn't good at all, not in the slightest.

"So, it's begun," Helena said.

She stood up off of the bed and walked over to grab her weapons. Talia looked at her.

"We're going to have to find Grundy and take him down," Talia said. "And yes, I'm coming with... even though I don't think you should because of your condition."

"I'm fine," Helena said.

She really sounded like Bruce when speaking like that.

"She's gotten plenty of rest, she is," Harry said.

Talia couldn't bring herself to argue with the Dragon, even when it came to her daughter. She just resolved to work twice as hard.

"The White Ghost has help," Helena said.

"Is this a theory of yours or do you have any proof?" Talia asked.

A long, very uncomfortable pause followed. Helena's gaze dropped upon her mother's and she answered with a very swift nod.

"I have....information which points to the fact he's been in contact with a member of HIVE."

"When were you planning to tell us this?" Talia asked.

Both mother and daughter were seconds away from getting into it again. Sara decided to step in.

"Now's not the time," Sara said. "Now's really not the time."

Harry answered with a nod and both of the women nodded. Mother and daughter deferred their attention towards Harry.

'So the ruthless organization of criminals is working with the Order of Saint Dumas,' Harry thought.

'Give HIVE and their leaders, it's more likely they're manipulating the Order of Saint Dumas for their own reasons,' Daisy thought. 'I guess if AIM and HYDRA ever had a bastard love child, you'd get HIVE.'
'That's nice,' Sara responded, pulling a face.

Harry braced himself to take down Grundy. His powers veered out of control slightly, and he didn't have as big of a hold on them, being All Hallow's Eve.

'I suppose avoiding trouble tonight was too much to hope for.'

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'Now if I were an eight foot tall swamp zombie, where would I hide?' Harry thought. 'Daisy, are you in position?'

'Yes, Bobbi and I are ready....I kind of had to fill her in given she's not really in the loop yet, but... naturally she knows about the dangers HIVE and Grundy pose,' Daisy thought.

'And Talia, Helena, and I are in position,' Sara thought. 'And you're heading out into the middle of Sunnydale, all alone without any back up.'

'And we're at home base on standby if we're needed,' Buffy thought. 'I guess if all else fails, we're going to have to jump in, right?'

Harry nodded and turned around. He sensed an extremely powerful magic charm in the air. It explained so very much.

'The charm explains why Grundy came all the way across the nation,' Harry thought. 'And I'm in the process of tracking it right now.'

'Why don't you worry about Grundy?' Daisy asked.

'The puppet master is more dangerous than the puppet,' Harry thought. 'I should be right on top of him.'

The pavement underneath Harry's feet cracked and the large hulking form of Solomon Grundy jumped out. Harry watched when the swamp zombie, taller and more massive than any picture Harry had ever seen, stared down at him.

Harry retracted a long glowing knife.

"Okay, Solomon, you're obviously in a lot of pain, and if you just stand still, I'll return you back to your resting place. We don't have to do this the hard way. But only if you choose not to."

Grundy smashed his large fist into Harry's face and knocked him down to the ground. The sorcerer flew up and teleported away before he smashed to the ground.

Harry lifted one hand up and pushed his teeth back into place.

"The hard way it is."

'They always choose the hard way.'

The knife clutched in Harry's had shined with a bright energy. Grundy shimmered with sinister red light. The two crossed paths with each other and jumped towards the other for a brutal attack.
Buffy tries to take down a vampire and runs into Grundy. Talk about your night taking the night with the awful.

Tension between Talia and Helena continues, but they have to put that aside for a common cause.

It's always the hard way, indeed, Harry.

Until Halloween.
Talia suspected the gigantic swamp zombie was too obvious of an attack plan. The White Ghost's faction of the League and the Order had something more subtle, something a bit more cerebral planned out. She edged around the corner of the shopping mall parking lot where Harry engaged Solomon Grundy.

'There's something more to this than meets the eye. And when I find them, I'll have them.'

The Daughter of the Demon sensed everything looking around. She sensed a couple of figures looming around. They dressed like transients, but a closer look at them told a different story. One of them had a dagger concealed in his bag of booze, just ready to attack. Another one had a lighter which he kept flicking on and off. Perfect for giving a signal for someone to come, without anyone noticing it.

The assassin knew all of the tricks of the trade.

"They're close by."

Talia turned around, trying to block out the annoyance at her daughter disappearing and then sneaking up behind her again. The woman dressed in black tactical gear with a hood pulled up over her face. Surprisingly enough, she skipped wearing the original Huntress gear. She stepped on in and pointed the crossbow towards the assassin disguised as a wino.

"Not yet."

Helena dropped the crossbow a second later, and kept looking towards them. Her eyes burned with absolute hatred when looking towards them. A bus pulled up off to the side, where they had a perfect view of the fight in the Parking Lot. The bus doors opened and several assassins stepped out of the bus. They all crowded around in deep conversation.

The driver of the bus stepped out, and Helena saw the man who she almost killed tonight, and almost had her killed the other night. Dusan Al Ghul, the White Ghost, walked, and he looked pretty spry for someone who had just had an inch towards death.

"Lazarus," Talia muttered.

Helena didn't really have to ask for any further explanation. The members of the Order of Saint Dumas, or the White Ghost's faction of the League, they had access to a Lazarus Pit, which added to the danger. Helena held her hand together and clasped it as tight as possible. Her breath had hit a solid fever pitch when looking forward.

What were they up to? Helena only heard a few light snatches of conversation, in numerous languages, and very few of the snatches of conversation made any kind of sense.

The group all crowded around and made intentions to separate themselves. It left the assassins primed for an attack. Helena turned her attention towards her mother, only to realize Talia had
slipped off as well. The heiress of the League and the Wayne empires responded with a shrug.

'Fair enough, I had that one coming.'

She took her attention back to the White Ghost, only to discover he disappeared into the night in a fast flicker, about as quickly as he appeared.

'Damn it, he shouldn't have disappeared so fast.'

Helena pulled herself up onto a ledge when two of them walked underneath them. They were not much for conversation, or apparently for personal hygiene as well. A slight stench penetrated the air. Helena leaned down and waited for the rest of the pack to drift away.

She swooped down and punched the enemy down on the side of the neck. The agony of the attack spread over the body of the man in question. Helena slid down in front of her next enemy. Said enemy pulled out a blade and moved to attack her.

Helena used one hand to muffle his mouth, the other hand to twist his arm back. The scream of agony only went as far as the back of her hand. Helena moved her hand up to cover the man's mouth and nose both. She reared back and kneed him in the groin, before coming up and driving her knee onto the back of the man's head.

The man plowed face first into the ground. The dark haired woman slipped back into the shadows and clutched onto the wall, waiting for the next assassin to feed himself to her.

Another assassin moved over. He turned around to summon more, but Helena reached down, grabbed his arm and plunged two fingers into the side of the man's neck. The man's knees melted out from underneath him, dropping him down to the ground.

Helena flipped down onto the ground. Three assassins were down and she watched two more drop in the distance.

The younger girl watched her mother move around. Talia stabbed one of them from behind and pulled another one in the shadows, taking him down with a vicious neck snap.

Talia thinned the ranks a fair amount from where she stood. Unfortunately, the White Ghost, after his brief appearance, slipped into the night. She grabbed one of the men by the wrist and twisted it.

"Where is he?"

The man removed a familiar looking dagger. The one used to stab Helena. This resulted in Talia seeing red, and she blocked the hand before he could impale her. She forced a knee into the throat of the man and dropped him down onto the ground. Talia removed the dagger out from the man's hand and plunged it deep into his heart. The poison spread through his internal organs.

Unlike her daughter, he didn't have the resolve to hang on for too long, and expired in just a few scant seconds. Talia dropped his arm to the ground to signify his death.

The other assassins scurried off like cockroaches. At last half of their number had been done. Talia turned towards Helena.

"They know we're here."

It was very obvious they did.
The enhanced swamp zombie charged the man he had been summoned to take care of. He reeked of something Grundy didn't like, something familiar. He had Death all over him, and Grundy refused to be taken down. The monster refused to back off.

"Okay, just calm down and we'll sort this one out....."

"Grew ill on a Thursday!"

Grundy ripped off a large post from the ground and swung it. Harry raised a hand and sent a bolt of golden energy. The post shifted into a large snake which Grundy grabbed onto and ripped apart with his bare hands before Harry could command it.

'Well, that's unfortunate.'

Harry flew forward and sent an enhanced punch to the side of Grundy's face. The swamp monster growled, and returned fire with a punch of his own. Another punch knocked him back a slight amount. The Swamp monster reached into a sheath off to the side and ripped a rusty knife from the sheath.

The knife looked to be a good fifteen inches long, and that was just the blade. Grundy charged Harry with the knife extended. Harry whipped his hand out and blocked the knife with an energy scythe. He summoned the energy needed, but his attacks ended up being all over the map on the account of it being Halloween. Sweat completely dripped from his body.

Two more attempts to drive the knife into him were blocked. Harry lashed back and fired to break the knife with a concussive effect. There was no effect, at least no noticeable effect.

The knife most certainly contained some kind of magical properties. He kept pushing back towards Grundy, and pushed him off of the ground. The swamp monster took flight and landed onto the ground with a solid thump. He rolled over and pushed up to his feet, growling, and snarling.

'Okay, time for one more crack.'

Harry lifted a hand and channeled the magical energy in the air into electricity. It couldn't actually run any electronics due to being unstable, but it would be enough to give an ancient Swamp zombie quite the blast. Harry clapped his hands and blasted Grundy with lightning.

Grundy screamed when the magical lightning hit him in the chest. He raised his hand and pushed back the bolt. The backlash launched Harry Potter up into the air and drove him down onto the ground.

Harry smacked into the pavement hard. He pushed to his feet in time to see a blackened and very pissed off Grundy charging. He bellowed when rushing at Harry, and ripping anything out of the ground which was not nailed down. He began to hurl the items at Harry.

The Master of Death blasted the items away.

"GOT WORSE ON FRIDAY!"

Grundy hurled the parking meter at Harry's head. Harry blasted it in mid-air and caused a shower of quarters to rain down on the top of the monster. Harry slid behind him and two knives found their way into his hands for the second time tonight. He jumped into the air and stabbed directly towards Grundy.
The swamp monster blocked the attack and hurled Harry up. He tried to punch him down. A crackle of light surrounded the air when Harry had been turned into nothing but mist.

Harry brought down the force of a falling skyscraper down on Grundy’s head. The monster pushed himself back up, despite not looking his best. A large hole ripped open in his chest, and his jaw hung by several small strands of flesh. Maggots crawled out from underneath his mouth, and from underneath his eye.

Grundy rushed towards Harry when suddenly a super powered sonic attack caught him.

Sara perched on the ledge of the mall. She held the sonic device, amped up. Buffy mentioned it worked on Grundy, and by adjusting the frequency, she split the skull of the swamp monster.

Grundy's incoherent growls worsened. He tried to get to the source of the terrible, horrible noise. Anything to make it stop, anything to make sure he was still at peace. Grundy rampaged his way over to take down his adversary.

Harry saw it as his chance to rush towards Grundy. Both of the knives stuck out of the palm of his hand. Harry jumped onto the back of Grundy. The diseased smell of decayed flesh pushed through Harry's nostrils when he landed the shot.

Both knives slammed into either side of Grundy's neck. They sliced into the zombie's flesh. Grundy howled in misery.

'Almost have it,' Harry thought. 'Oh, you think your will is strong, don't you…'

Harry summoned more of the magical lightning and placed his finger on the small of Grundy's back. The electricity shot through Grundy's body. The monster staggered back and Harry fired a second blast to piggy back off of the first one.

He jumped off when the swamp zombie lit up like a Christmas tree! Grundy's arms started to trail around and he howled in agony. So much pain nailed Grundy in an intense manner. The monster could barely stand up straight.

The enthrallment Grundy was on shattered due to him being in so much pain. The swamp zombie whipped around and growled. He charged from the parking lot and smashed his way through the fence.

Harry spied several assassins down, and several more creeping around in the shadows. Boy weren't they going to be in for a little surprise?

'Get in position.'

Chaos increased with the magic in the air. It was Halloween, and the power surrounding the air would only increase when the spirits moved towards the physical realm.

Brother Blood's head whipped forward. Blood dripped from his nose when he howled in agony. The White Ghost looked towards him, towards the assassins, and then back towards Brother Blood.

"You have a problem?" The White Ghost asked.

Brother Blood's eyes rolled into the back of his head. The White Ghost watched him, thinking
Brother Blood may have gone into a seizure. He hoped Blood had gone into a seizure.

"He's...broken the enchantment," Brother Blood said. He lifted up the enchantment, the charm, but the red stone fizzled out and exploded into his hand. "Faust assured me it would be foolproof."

"And there was your first mistake," the White Ghost blandly said. "Believing Felix Faust."

Brother Blood ignored the comments coming from his subordinate. He had no idea what would happen with Grundy now. Harry Potter found some way to break the magic. Harry Potter always found a way to break the magic. He always found a way to achieve the extraordinary, it was always down to him. Brother Blood's eyes screwed shut and he mentally counted to ten as a way to keep himself extremely calm. He wouldn't lose, he couldn't lose, not this time, not ever again.

"I don't make mistakes, I do not make mistakes," Brother Blood muttered underneath his breath. "Do you hear me? I do not make mistakes."

"The biggest mistake you've ever made is associating yourself with my diseased brother."

Brother Blood's eyes opened up. He came face to face with Talia Al Ghul. The man's mood didn't really improve any at all. The Daughter of the Demon dared present herself in front of him.

"So, you dare face me," Brother Blood said.

"And she won't face you alone."

The Huntress turned up to join her mother in battle. Brother Blood's eyes widened in rage and he turned his full and undivided attention towards the White Ghost. Accusations burned through the man's eyes when he reared down his full glare upon the White Ghost.

"I thought you told me she was dead for..."

The Huntress brought a bolt into the shoulder of Brother Blood and dropped him down to the ground in one fell motion. The HIVE representative raised his hand and summoned a shield before she put another one into the side of his neck.

"Come to me!"

The doorway opened and a fresh bash of assassins stepped in. Helena and Talia turned their attention towards them. The assassins were well armed and Helena stepped back, annoyance spreading over her face.

"We don't have time for this," the Huntress grumbled.

"Guess what, we don't really have a choice," Talia said. "Get ready, be ready for a fight."

Talia blocked her attacker's arm and shoved him back down onto the ground. She folded said arm behind his back and nailed him on the side of the neck. She swung around and blocked the daggers from getting rammed into her. Talia put her foot underneath the man's thigh and snapped him back. The man fell back onto the ground, with a busted up leg.

Huntress disarmed one of the men she fought, almost literally. He dropped down, several broken bones. Helena claimed a sword as rites of battle and clung it against the dagger of the man. The man made his attempt to push back.

She sliced the man at the wrist and sent a shower of blood splattering everywhere. Helena jumped
high into the air and grabbed the man around his head before twisting it. The man fell back to the
ground, blood spurting from his mouth after landing on the ground.

Helena had a single minded objective. Get to the White Ghost, get to Brother Blood, and end this
one. She saw a glimpse of her mother fighting through the seemingly never ending crowd of
assassins and the same thing was on her mind.

The dagger came inches away from impaling her one more time. Helena blocked it this time and
flipped off. She threw a smoke bomb down onto the ground. The choking cloud of smoke
surrounded them. Helena rocked them with a punch in the smoke and another punch in the shadows.

A loud growl and the sound of a fence being smashed followed. Grundy rampaged towards them at
a surprisingly fast pace. The swamp zombie looked about as mad as hell and twice as hot, given his
flesh had been burning.

Helena grabbed Talia's arm and grappled them out of the way. The two of them landed on a small
shed near the battle.

"We're even."

"It's not me who you hold the debt to," Talia said.

Helena didn't have any time to argue against Talia's words. Something out of the corner of her eye
presented a far bigger problem.

'Wonderful.'

Grundy rushed towards Brother Blood, snarling and spitting in absolute rage. He smacked skilled
assassins down. They were pretty good, but Grundy was a force of primal nature.

"Beast, I command you to stand down!" Brother Blood yelled. "BEAST, I COMMAND YOU TO!"

Grundy grabbed Brother Blood by the shoulder, hoisted him off of the ground, and hurled him into
the air. Blood smashed down onto the ground. Grundy picked up a large pipe on the ground and
swung it down towards the skull of Brother Blood.

Brother Blood raised his hand and mist started to surround them. The White Ghost and Brother
Blood disappeared, along with the few assassins who had been left breathing. The ground otherwise
had been strewn with the corpses of mercenary thugs.

Talia walked closer towards the scene and looked at Grundy. Grundy stared at her for about ten
seconds.

He turned around and offered a rather grumbling "DIED ON A SATURDAY" before walking off
into the night.

"Look."

Helena pointed to a glistening object which Brother Blood dropped in the confusion of dealing with
Grundy. Talia picked it up, frowning when looking at her.

'Another key.'
Halloween continued to prove to be an entirely frustrating time. Harry looked at the clock and realized it was fifteen minutes to midnight. Most people would have assumed with only fifteen minutes left, they were in the clear. Harry wasn't most people though. He never let his guard down, not for a moment.

Talia and Helena brought him an interesting gift though. He would have preferred it to be the heads of Brother Blood and the White Ghost, as he was sure DeeDee would appreciate them. They had cheated Death in their own ways.

Something else caught Harry's attention and gave him more questions than it did answers.

No, it was a key, a second key. One random key turning up, well Harry thought it was strange. Another random key showing up, it was odd.

Sara, Talia, and Helena joined Harry, and they had been joined a short time later, by Faith, Buffy, and Lana. Lana took all of the weirdness in stride.

"I don't know why you're so surprised I'm not really bothered by swamp zombies rising from the grave on Halloween," Lana said. "I lived in Smallville, it's the weird capital of weird."

"No, Sunnydale's worse I'm sure," Buffy said.

"No, I'm pretty sure Smallville is a bit stranger," Lana said.

Lana and Buffy both stared each other down. Neither of them backed out. Harry had been torn between amusement and annoyance, and Faith, well she just looked annoyed.

"Seriously, are you two having this argument now?" Faith asked.

Helena's eyes snapped up from the table. She gave them one Bat Death Glare of doom which caused the three girls to back off.

"Besides, Gotham has you both beat."

Oddly enough, this was an argument none of them could dispute. Helena turned towards Harry, who ran his finger up on the key. He performed every single scan known to man.

"There's something mystical about the key," Harry said. "Exactly what though, I don't know, I can't really put my finger on it."

"Wait, there's something you don't know?" Faith asked. Harry gave her a look. "Well, I suppose there's a first time for everything."

Harry gave her a smile and waved off her words.

"Actually, I'm pretty sure if I had more pieces to the puzzle, I'd know it," Harry said. "There's two keys, and I'm pretty sure there are even more."

"Well, I'd say it's something dangerous, but I'm pretty sure all of us don't need to have our hands held for that one," Faith said. "Although, given the rate they're dropping keys at this point, you're going to end up getting quite of a collection."

"They have to go somewhere," Buffy said.

No one made a key which didn't go to any lock, unless of course they were really weird. And this situation qualified as pretty weird.
"The Plague was just the tip of the iceberg in what the League and the Order had planned," Harry said. "I'm beginning to think he only summoned Grundy because they're close, and I'm closer than I think to figuring it out."

Harry just wished he had a clearer idea.

"I agree Grundy was a diversion," Talia said. "To what ends, I can't say. There are many things which the dream team of Brother Blood and the White Ghost could be after. None of them could be good."

"If the Plague was just the beginning, I don't want to even think about what they have cooked up next," Lana said.

"It may be something to rewrite the very fabric of reality in their own image," Harry said. "Or the keys are to a gateway which allow them to summon power beyond their wildest imagination."

Harry's words caused many of the girls who knew better to sigh.

"Yes, because that always ends well for the people opening the gate," Faith dryly replied. "So, what's the plan?"

"Nyssa's looking in the key, she has resources," Sara said.

Harry closed his eyes a second later and followed a thread.

"Grundy's returning home," Harry said. "He'll be at rest until next Halloween, or until someone else summons him."

Until Grundy fulfilled his objective, he would never completely be at rest. He would always be unsettled.

'Perhaps someday we can give you your reward.'

Harry turned over the key and gave it one last look. He noted a fainted, fading market on the base of the key. Harry sketched it down on the pad and looked towards Helena and Talia.

"It's familiar," Talia said. "I'll go after Nyssa, and show it to her."

"I was supposed to keep you here," Sara said.

Talia turned towards Sara. Her frown deepened.

"Obviously my sister thinks highly of your abilities, or very little in mine," Talia said. "I caught you by surprise. I'm certain she'll understand and be overjoyed I've regained some of my former fire."

A pair of punk teenagers took aim and tossed eggs towards the brand new car of their teacher.

"Mr. Griffith thinks he can throw us into detention?" one of the teenagers asked. He laughed. "Well, he thinks he's so hot, with his brand new car and his hot young trophy wife….well, he won't be nothing when we toilet paper and egg his car."

"Hey, you're hogging all of the TP!"
"Here, have a roll, make that bastard pay."

A loud growl came from the side street nearby them. The two teenagers turned around nervously at the source.

"Um, maybe we should get out of here," one of the teenagers said. "Didn't they say that Croc guy escaped from Arkham Asylum?"

"Ah, aren't you afraid of the big bad croc man?" one of the teenagers asked. He turned around and staggered back with a scream.

Judging by the look on the delinquent's face, one might come to the conclusion of it being a good thing he was wearing his brown pants. He stammered and stuttered at the figure which approached him.

"No way man, he can't be real, this has to be a prank…some….ah shit, he's real!"

Solomon Grundy walked towards the back gate and smashed through it. The energies surrounding his body repaired the damage had been done. The zombie walked over, moving past the wooded areas, down the hill, all the way to the swamp.

Grundy walked towards his final resting place. He dragged his feet behind him, readying himself for another long year, until next Halloween.

Halloween almost passed when Grundy took his final descent into the swamp. He turned around and gave a grumbling "buried on a Sunday" before disappearing into the murky depths of the swamp.

Solomon Grundy laid down for another restless sleep, until he had been sent on to his final reward.

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To Be Continued on 11/3/2016.

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You'd have to be a special type of stupid to be out alone with Killer Croc on the loose. Thankfully, it was just Grundy.

The plot thickens here.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Twenty-Six: The Best Laid Plans.

Harry Potter sat in a lab he appropriated for his use. He smirked in amusement when making a few calculations on a blackboard and erasing a few more. He consulted the notes and the stacks and stacks of books he laid out in front of it.

He really was trying to simplify the matter, but when looking over the papers, he saw this was one of the most complicated things he ever done. All of the calculations to open a portal all the way to Asgard were intricate. Hell, opening a portal halfway across the world was intricate enough, but to an entire realm, it was very insane.

'This may be the most reckless thing I've ever done,' Harry thought to himself. He smiled when leaning against the board and jotted down a couple more equations. 'No…that can't be right.'

'I'd help you,' Faith said. 'But, I have enough trouble with Pre-Calc, and this is way over my head.'

'I think its way over the heads of most,' Lana said.

Harry smiled when he had a mild diversion from the work to listen to the bond chatter. He kept jotting down note after note on the chalkboard. He frowned when double-checking something. Every single calculation had numerous sub calculations which would make anyone's head spin.

'I'm going to have to make sure the magical nexus doesn't remain in flux with the inverse matrix to create a paradoxical collapse,' Harry thought to himself.

'The who with the what now?' Faith asked.

'I'm going to have to make sure opening a portal doesn't cause Earth to get sucked into a black hole,' Harry thought. 'And that's not quite right either….sounds a lot better in theory, than in practice.'

Harry would have to create a powerful simulator to run some simulations on how this worked. The amount of computing power would be both immense and expensive. Harry didn't care about the cost, given how much money he had to burn, and more money was coming in hand over fist by the day.

Plus, there were more than enough projects to cover the costs, making Harry's little vanity project something the board wasn't going to look in too closely. They learned, in the short time Harry worked there, he was going to get things done, it was just best to give him the space to do it.

'No, this isn't right at all.'

Harry wiped the calculations clean from the board. He smiled, figuring this would not be the most exciting thing in the world for someone to watch him doing. Yet, despite the fact the calculations were tedious, he had to get it done, and he would get it done.

'Carry the three.'

A knock on the door brought Harry out of his intense calculations. He turned around and motioned the door open. The door swung open and Daisy stepped inside. She walked into the office, with a
notepad underneath her arm. The second she stopped, Daisy's eyes flashed in front of the blackboard.

"You think I'm insane?"

"You really are doing it, aren't you?" Daisy asked.

"Yes," Harry said. "The problem is, magical portals are tricky even within the same realm. Teleportation is hard enough."

"Given you're technically punching a hole in time-space and pulling yourself through, I would imagine so," Daisy said. "And yes, you really are insane for doing this."

She had been witness to a couple of teleportation accidents….it wasn't pretty. The magical governments just loved sorting them out because of the heavy amount of memory modification which was involved. A detached head or detached legs on the pavement was not really a good way to spend the day.

Thankfully, Daisy didn't have the experience first-hand, but she heard stories.

"People almost ripped themselves apart trying long distances before they are ready," Harry said. "Or they try and do it when they're distracted…or drunk….that's a problem as well."

Harry jotted down a couple more notes and frowned. He was getting closer to some sort of breakthrough, he had a feeling of it. All he had to do was keep it up, and he would have it.

"They're going to have my neck for what I'm doing," Harry said. "I'm mixing science and magic…and no one is going to be happy about that."

"Since when have you cared about bending over backwards to please people?" Daisy asked.

"Good point," Harry said. "So, before I blew your mind, was there any reason in particular why you're hanging out, outside my door."

Daisy recovered in a couple of seconds and responded with a nod.

"No matter how stimulating, and important that is, there are some important meetings that you need to deal with," Daisy said. "Namely the military has sent another representative to try and convince you to work with them."

Horizon never once got involved with military conflicts, and for once, Harry wasn't going to be the one to buck tradition. The fact he had a deep mistrust of all governments didn't make Harry want to change that particular policy any time soon.

"Again?" Harry asked. "Boy, they're quite persistent, aren't they?"

Daisy sighed and threw her hands into a sign of defeat.

"You and I both know that," Daisy said. "And she won't exactly take no for an answer."

Harry had been intrigued to say the very least. The military sent a woman this time. He leaned forward and whispered in Daisy's ear.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

Daisy answered with a smile and leaned in close to Harry.
"Oh, I'd imagine you would."

Harry tended not to entertain guests which had dropped by and put pressure on him to do things which was not in his best interest. He was pleased enough to see this particular guest had at least looked attractive, which would make this meeting more appealing.

The attractive brunette dressed in a button up black blouse and skirt which came down a little past her knees. She dressed in high heels. The stern look on her face offset her beauty, but Harry noticed straight away it was a façade.

She had been used to having to maintain a tough façade, due to the fact people higher up than her didn't respect her because it was a good old boy’s network.

"Hello, Mr. Potter," she said. "My name is Lucy Lane, and I'm glad we had a chance to meet today...."

"Yes, Ms. Lane, I know precisely why you're here," Harry said. "Why don't you have a seat?"

Harry motioned for Lucy to sit across from him at the end of a conference table. She settled down next to him. Her superior told Lucy to return with a military contract, using any means necessary, even if she had to use what God gave her. Lucy didn't personally like the implications of that. She was pretty sure her father would have a stroke and have that man exiled for duty in Antarctica if he ever found out.

The thought amused her, but, Lucy had to get down to business.

'Too be fair, there are worse people to try and turn on the charm for. He's gorgeous.'

"Would you care for coffee?"

"Yes, thank you," Lucy said.

She made the fatal error of looking into those green eyes in front of her. Lucy had been taken aback by how powerful they looked. They would have brought many women to their knees in a blink of an eye. She fixed her face in a stern expression.

'Don't want to slip up, he'll eat you alive if you do. They warned me about him.'

"Let's get down to business....."

The young man stopped her in her tracks.

"I know why you're here," Harry said. "And I'm going to give your bosses all of the credit in the world. They thought their offer might sound appealing if it had a pretty face attached to."

Lucy frowned. She drank the coffee and looked across the table at him.

"I think you're being a bit short sighted....."

"Do you personally think that?" Harry asked. Lucy stared at him. "Please continue."

"Your satellite technology would be useful for helping the United States government for tracking down terrorists who threaten the freedom of the American people," Lucy said.
The statement might have worked for most. Harry, who had been used to seeing through government bullshit for years, saw it right away.

"And she even looks good sprouting the official government rhetoric," Harry said, with an off handed smile, turning towards Daisy.

"She really does," Daisy said.

Lucy looked flushed at the fact she had been complimented and insulted at the same time. Harry wasn't done just yet, no he was far from done.

"To answer your question, yes, my satellite system can help track down the bad guys," Harry said. "But, you know that wasn't its intention."

The young woman in front of him responded with a nod.

"Yes, I'm aware you created it to create a much stronger cell phone network," Lucy said. She crossed her ankles together underneath the table, her high heel shoe dangling from her foot. "But it can be so much more."

Harry set the coffee down onto the table. His eyes met Lucy's and her cheeks reddened. Something blew up her skirt. Lucy kept her eyes firmly on Harry's hands which had been placed firmly on the table, in plain sight.

"The government wants it to spy on everyone, in the name of patriotism," Harry said. "It always starts with the best intentions."

"Do you have drones?"

Harry stared at her, the question having caught him off guard.

"My…superiors want to know if Horizon has been building sophisticated drone technology," Lucy said. "I wanted to know if it was true."

"Well, if it's true, it would be only to clean my many houses. I don't think I have much use for it."

Harry took a moment to consider something.

"You have been put to a tough spot," Harry said. "It must have been hard trying to grow up trying to please your father. And with your sister, you're always been in her shadow. And it must have been a bitter pill to swallow working for people who don't see your capabilities…..beyond a pretty face to try and convince a stubborn young man to sign a military contract."

"You don't…they respect me," Lucy said.

Her voice lacked the necessary conviction to fact it up. She swallowed a lump in her throat.

"You're worth so much more, Lucy," Harry said. "There's a place for strong minded women like you working at Horizon. Why waste that potential being a stooge for the United States government?"

"I'm not a stooge!" Lucy snapped. "I'm in a highly respected administrative position."

'Oh, I think you struck a nerve!' Daisy said.

Harry smiled, and despite her indignation, he wasn't about ready to back down.
"Which isn't worth much to the good old boys club," Harry said. "My answer to signing over my technology, including technology which may not yet exist, is no, by the way….is no."

Harry said his statement so forcefully a shuddering sensation spread through Lucy's body. She closed her thighs, taking a deep breath and counted to ten.

"You have a bright future ahead of you, please don't waste it," Harry said. "You're very ambitious… you want to make this work, but I'm afraid your talents are misapplied. Chloe thinks pretty highly of what you could do, if you stop trying to appease men who can't be appeased."

"Chloe actually put the good word for me?" Lucy asked.

Lucy was surprised, given some unpleasantness between the two of them a few years ago.

"Yes, she thinks you matured a lot since when you were younger, although there's still only so much growing you can do," Harry said.

"So, how about dinner this weekend?"

Lucy blurted out this question so fast, Harry raised an eyebrow at what she said.

"Did you just ask me out for dinner?" Harry asked.

'Talk about your change of pace,' Daisy thought.

'I like this girl,' Faith said. 'I'd like her better if she wasn't bending over for the government, but maybe we can show her bending over for someone else is more fun.'

The smile spreading over the woman's face showed Harry she was being serious.

"Well, you said I was ambitious, and I want to do something my sister never could say she did," Lucy said. "Lois hasn't gone out to dinner with you, has she?"

"No," Harry responded. "But, I hope this isn't another attempt to get me to say….."

Lucy shook her head in response.

"No, we don't have to talk about anything involving our jobs, just to get to know each other," Lucy said. "You've turned some heads."

Lucy could have sworn for a second she felt something vibrate between her legs. She found it very hard to keep a straight face. The juices pooled down her legs underneath her skirt.

"I'll check my schedule…and I'll give you a call later," Harry said. "It might not be this weekend….."

"As long as it's before Lois has her chance to get her hooks into you, I'm game for any time," Lucy said. She leaned across the table. A button on her blouse had come undone and she leaned towards him. "I know she'd cream herself if she had an interview with you."

Lucy jotted down her private cell phone number and passed it across the table.

"I'll tell them they said no, but…they're not going to take that answer lying down," Lucy said. "They're like dogs with a bone….they'll keep picking away until they get what they want."

"Then, I'm going to have to keep saying no."
The government might have been stubborn, but he could be pretty stubborn as well.

Lucy turned around, and picked up her case before walking out of the conference room. The moment Harry turned towards Daisy, she tried to adopt an innocent expression which Harry wasn’t buying for a moment.

'I'll deal with you later.'

"My sisters just won't leave me alone about wanting to meet you," Carol said. "And…..you know, my mother offered to cook dinner if I would bring you over…and it's been a while since I've seen them. So I wondered if you would come over and…"

He stopped Carol short before she babbled herself into submission.

"I'd be delighted to come over," Harry said.

Harry sat in his office. He was consulting a couple of books, preparing for a meeting. The entire portal to Asgard calculations hit a logjam so he was trying to take his mind off of it by doing other things. He kept writing on the piece of paper.

"Great, I'm glad," Carol said. "So, what time's good for you?"

"After this weekend," Harry said. "I have to make a quick trip to Vegas.

"Well, try not and get drunk married to some random woman," Carol said jokingly.

Harry laughed and shook his head. He thought it was bound to happen knowing his luck, even if he took steps. Though taking Daisy along for the trip to keep an eye on him might not have been the best idea.

"I can't make any promises," Harry said. "So, talk to your mother, and tell her I'll be glad to meet her."

'Well, that wasn't easy,' Buffy thought to herself and bond mates with a smile. 'But, I've kicked his ass…he was a tough one to put down.'

'Another vampire down?' Harry asked.

'Yeah, and it was a pretty epic battle,' Buffy thought. 'You kind of had to be there…oh, I sent Willow along, so she should be arriving right about now.'

No sooner did Buffy get those words out of her mouth, a knock on the door brought Harry's attention towards the door. He rose to his feet, sliding the book in a drawer in his desk, at least for now.

"Come in!" Harry called.

The pretty redhead witch entered the room. She smiled at Harry, who invited her inside with a wave.

"So, I'm here for my lessons," Willow said. "Buffy said you were leaving on a business trip to Vegas tomorrow morning, so….I figured we'd get the basics down."

"You thought right," Harry said.
Willow took off her jacket and dressed in a bright green t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans which fit around her hips quite nicely.

"All magic is rooted in nature somewhat, no matter how you conjure it," Harry said. He took a closer step towards Willow, smiling when he approached her from behind. "And I think it would be a lot better if we do this outdoors."

Harry snapped his fingers and the two of them stood in a meadow out in the middle of nowhere. Willow smiled when Harry closed in behind her.

"Well, given all of the theories about magic, I'm surprised you haven't made me strip to my underwear or something," Willow said, barely keeping a smile off of her face.

"I'm saving that for the more advanced lessons."

Without seeing Harry's face, Willow couldn't tell whether or not he was joking or not. She had a very interesting dream about Harry last night, co-starring Melody as well.

Harry rested his hands around Willow's waist. He leaned closer towards the budding witch and whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry, just take a deep breath, relax, and let things flow through you…just embrace the magic and all of the wonders it has."

Willow's entire body tingled and not just because she pressed back against Harry's crotch. The tingles continued when those strong hands made their way down to rest on her hips. She thought they shifted up for a moment, but she realized they remained in the same place. She wouldn't necessarily mind though if Harry's hands slipped up or down.

The rocks levitated above the ground and glowed with a pretty blue light. It was rudimentary, but a hell of a trick at parties.

"Don't worry, the basics just build a foundation," Harry said. "Just keep the position and see if you can bring life to those dead flowers."

Willow closed her eyes. She could feel Harry's hot breath against the back of her ear. She just relaxed and allowed the energies to flow through her. She felt like she was floating on a cloud and could accomplish anything.

She collapsed in Harry's arms and the two almost stumbled back. Harry held Willow up straight.

"Not too bad, very good, we can improve," Harry said.

"I figured as much," Willow said. She spun around in his arms so she could see him. "It felt like I was one with magic…it was so exciting, it makes me feel like I can do anything."

Willow wanted to lean forward and kiss him. She almost mustered up enough courage to do so.

"Not to interrupt you, but…our mutual friend said she wants to talk to you."

Harry turned around. Sara popped up, in her Melody Drake disguise. She gave Willow a smile, which the girl returned.

"I'll be right there," Harry said. "Why don't you keep Willow company while I'm gone?"

'Behave yourself,' Harry thought.
Harry arrived to meet with Talia and Nyssa. Both of the daughters of the demon wore very grave expressions, and perhaps Harry was jumping the gun, but he figured it wasn't really good at all.

"I'm guessing you found out what Brother Blood and the White Ghost is after," Harry said. "And I'm judging by the looks on your faces, it's not good."

"As always, you're on point, beloved," Nyssa said. "They're after a Philosopher's Stone."

Harry's mind just went on a nice little jaunt down memory lane at his first year at school where he stopped Voldemort from stealing the Philosopher's Stone, but naturally that entire story had been well documented. He just simply raised an eyebrow.

"I know of the Philosopher's Stone made by Nicolas Flamel, and it was destroyed years ago by Albus Dumbledore, or so he claimed," Harry said.

Dumbledore had a very casual relationship with the truth, but Harry was certain he was not fabricating about this one. Of course, he did entertain the possibility there was more than one Philosopher's Stone.

"Yes, well that one as a well made forgery of the original," Talia said.

"Wand wavers know of only Flamel's Stone," Nyssa said. "There's been more than one over the years. Flamel has come the closest to replicating the original Stone through his work…but he fell short. It did last the longest."

Nyssa paused before recounting the flaws of the faux Stones.

"The Elixir ended up poisoning the drinker, the mechanism to create gold only turned the holder of the stone into a solid gold statue," Nyssa said. "Your former world evidently didn't want anyone to know of these failures, they only intended wanted them to know of the successes."

"And Flamel was the only one achieved any measure of success," Talia said. "For that, he should be commended. Even though he didn't completely replicate the success of the original."

Harry just responded with a nod, taking it all in.

"I don't know if he ever used the stone to create gold, but he did use the Elixir and it kept himself and his wife alive for a very long time," Harry said. "So, what's the original like?"

"And this one can do everything Flamel's stone could do and more," Talia added. "Many of the records have been lost….but regardless….these keys lead to the place where the true Philosopher's Stone has been stored years ago."

One of the most prized, and rare artifacts in the world was now hunted by a fanatical pair of nutjobs and the equally insane cult they aligned themselves with.

"Disrupting the world's economy seems to be the most obvious plan," Nyssa said. "But, there are other possibilities. The Stone could summon a great and horrible power, at least that's how the
Talia blinked, she didn't know that, but Nyssa had spent more time studying various legends.

"Of course it does," Harry said. "Because, it always does."

Nyssa consulted the time and turned back towards Harry and Talia.

"I have to go for a very important meeting," Nyssa said. "One of the splinter leaders has decided to call a truce, and…our forces combining makes your ascension a lot smoother…so I'll leave the two of you alone in private."

Nyssa slipped out of the door.

"I best go," Talia said. She walked over towards the door and turned the knob, only to realize it had been locked shut. "And my sister locked the door."

Talia sighed, if this was going to be destiny, well she best not fight it any longer. Her attention diverted as far away from Harry.

"I'm not the best with offering my thanks," Talia said. "But, thank you for saving my daughter and thank you for curing me of my affliction…and thank you for allowing me to do this…."

Talia swept into Harry's arms. She hesitated for the briefest instant. Harry's arms tightened around her waist and held in her closer. Their lips met together in a fiery kiss.

The moment she stopped fighting her impulses, Talia had felt a little bit better. Actually, she felt more than a little bit better, she felt a whole lot better. Harry's tongue coaxed its way past her lips and deep into her mouth.

They broke the kiss, and Talia steadied herself on her feet.

"It's a shame Helena left, and she's going to miss out on this," Talia said. "But, at the time, I'm not sorry, because I have your full and undivided attention."

Talia opened up the door leading to the bedroom. She beckoned Harry inside the bedroom and to sit down on the bed.

"Just relax, and let me properly thank you."

Talia undid Harry's belt to give herself the opportunity to pull down his pants. She smiled when seeing his pants drop down to the ground, only his boxer shorts. Talia's fingers brushed against the outline of his pants, feeling up his swelling and growing endowment underneath her fingers. She licked her lips, a greater hunger spreading through her body.

Sara and Nyssa took great pride talking about Harry's endowment in front of her at any chance they got. Talia leaned over, her plump lips wrapping around the head of his cock.

"This is what you were born to do," Harry said.

Talia worshipped the underside of Harry's cock with her tongue. The tongue moisturized the edge of Harry's cock and coated it in her salvia. She kept licking him all the way up and down, making several passes around until that prime piece of manhood had been lubricated.
Harry noticed how skilled Talia was. How she used her tongue to stimulate the proper nerve endings which caused his penis to twitch. She took the hard log into her mouth and engulfed him. She sucked on the head, while moving her hand down to stroke the base.

"Nice to see you're putting your skills to good use."

Talia brought a slight amount more of his cock deep into her mouth. She wanted to give him the entire ride. Her lips snaked around Harry's hard cock and kept bringing more of his thick manhood into her wet, hot mouth. She hungrily slurped down on his manhood.

Harry rested his hands on the back of her head and gently looped his fingers through her hair. He rose his hips and pushed more of his cock into her mouth.

Talia slipped her mouth away from his cock. She licked her lips and rose to her feet.

"I'm so hot," Talia said.

She unzipped the front of her suit and offered her breasts to Harry. Harry took them in his hands and squeezed them.

"Very nice," Harry said.

"I'd figured you'd approve," Talia said. She shoved more of her ample chest into Harry's hands. He squeezed them and she panted.

Talia's hand reached around his cock one more time, and started to stroke his manhood. She kept working her fingers up and down on his cock and caused it to grow even harder underneath her grasp.

"I can't wait to have this cock inside me," Talia said. "I've been dreaming about what it would be like to have you pin me down on the bed and fuck me like the bitch I am....wouldn't you agree that's good?"

Talia's thumb rubbed against the head of Harry's cock. He gave her breasts a few more sucks before pulling away. He eased the zipper down pulling it away. Talia wasn't wearing a damn thing underneath that skin tight body suit.

Her pussy looked quite inviting, dripping with juices. Harry couldn't really have enough of it.

"I have to have it," Harry said. He ran a finger down Talia's navel which caused the woman to close her eyes. "I have to eat your pussy."

"Then it's yours, beloved."

Talia leaned down on the bed and exposed her bare pussy. Those pink lips invited Harry. Harry leaned down and buried his face between her thighs and petted her dripping slit with his tongue.

"Again," Talia breathed.

Sparks of energy flooded through her body, with Harry's able, oral skills bringing her to fits of never ending passion. The tongue pushed inside her body, penetrating her like nothing had ever been more. He ran his tongue against her insides and vibrated it against her.

Talia's entire body shook. She wrapped her firm thighs around Harry's head and kept him in place. He sucked down her juices, and kept up with the intense licking. Every time his tongue brushed
against her, Talia's hips brushed up.

"Praise our lord!" Talia yelled.

Her master's tongue brought her to another spectacular climax. Her hips kept thrashing and bucking up, not once backing up. Harry licked her over completely.

The moment Harry was done, he leaned down and gave her lower lips a parting kiss and her clt a pinch. Vibrations came all the way down Talia's body.

"Worship your god."

Harry rolled over his back and Talia rolled on top of him. Her hard nipples pushed against his back and her hands rolled over Harry's body. The muscles tensed up underneath her grip when Talia kept rubbing them up and down.

Her cunt rolled over Harry's thick rod, making it even harder. She knew the time would come before she slipped it in. Talia slid her breasts down Harry's body and caught his hard cock deep between her breasts with a smile.

"I hope you're ready," Talia said.

Talia climbed on top of Harry. The lower pulsing lips almost sucked Harry into her cunt. The Daughter of the Demon lowered herself over Harry's pulsing tool with one great push. She came down onto the base of the cock and brought him inside her.

"YES!"

Talia rose up, the tip of his cock touching her dripping hot cunt, before the Daughter of the Demon brought herself as far down on the base of his cock as possible. She closed her eyes when bouncing up and down on him. The thickest, hardest cock ever pushed into her body.

Harry rose up, and grabbed her breasts. They bounced in his hand. His fingers rolled over tanned, perfect nipples. His cock pushed further into her body.

"Ooooh, yes!" Talia moaned. "Harder, harder….don't you hold back!"

Harry rocked his hips up to meet hers. They matched each other's movements. The further Harry drove himself into her, the more she rocked her hips down. The tightening of Talia's love box around his hardened tool made Harry reinforced his will.

A relentless exploring of Talia's firm, sexy, body followed. The exotic beauty drove herself all the way down onto him, encouraging him. He weighed her large breasts in his hands.

"Suck them," Talia said. "Please, my lord, suck them!"

Harry's tongue twirled around Talia's nipple and lips pushed around her nipple. Her left nipple edged a bit more sensitive of the left one, and Harry attacked it appropriately.

Talia's entire body shook with the elements of pleasure. She pushed her hips closer against Harry's and brought his throbbing hard cock into the depths of her body. The two of them met together in a pure dance of never ending passion. Talia's hot walls ensnared Harry's throbbing manhood.

An orgasm filled her body. Harry kept pushing himself further into her body. Her wet walls ensnared him and the moisture surrounded his cock.
"Good, cum for me again."

Talia did. She bounced up and down of his cock. She encircled his cock with so much wet warmth. His hands rested on her lower back when she bounced on him. Fingers teased and tensed around her asshole. Talia kept spearing herself down further onto his throbbing hard cock.

"Fuck, so fucking good!" Talia moaned. Her heart beat a little bit faster when driving her wet walls all the way down on his cock.

"You haven't felt anything."

Talia's wet walls clamped down onto the probing penis inside her. A pleasurable jolt spread through her body. Her loins crashed down to meet the base of his cock when she further brought it inside her. Her mind had been rocked in more ways than one by what he was doing.

"Yes," Talia murmured. "Harder, fuck me harder…fuck me senseless."

Harry smiled when gripping her around the hips and bringing them further down onto his intruding prick. Those wet walls closed around Harry's hard cock the further she slid down onto him. The hot moisture splashed around Harry's probing cock.

"I'm giving you everything you ever wanted, aren't I?" Harry asked.

Talia responded with a pleasurable nod. Her eyes smoked over with lust. Her bouncing sped up when driving herself to the next orgasm. Harry's strong, skilled hands hit all of her spots on the outside and his cock did a good job of striking her g-spot on the insides.

"Here it is, you're cumming again, and again," Harry said. "Just think, we could have been doing this for the entire time if you hadn't been so stubborn….."

"I prefer the term persistent," Talia breathed.

Her warm inner muscles tightened around Harry went driving herself further down onto him. She slid down onto Harry's hard cock, pushing the length in between her thighs. Skin slapped against each other with Talia coming down onto him.

"Say what you will, do what you want," Harry said. He slapped her ass to encourage her. The sound of flesh smacking on flesh enticed Talia to ride him harder. "But, you're mine, regardless."

"FUCK!" Talia screamed at the top of her lungs.

Talia's latest orgasm squeezed him hard. Harry pushed further into her wet sheath. It massaged his prick hard and resulted in the tension of his balls to rise. Grabbing onto her hips, he forced her as far down as possible onto him. He rammed his cock into her.

The Daughter of the Demon impaled down on the throbbing cock. The more she brought her hot walls down on her, the better she felt.

"Now, it's my turn."

Harry's balls tensed and sent the first burst of white hot seed rushing between her thighs into her body. Talia came down onto his throbbing hard pole, bucking down onto his hard cock all the way. She coated his cock just as much as she coated insides. The sweet sensation of shared release gave Harry an added burst of adrenaline, even more so a life debt had been honored.
The gift of the enhanced man underneath her made Talia’s entire body flare up. Now she had her first taste, more would be to come.

She slid off of Harry’s prick and knew how to get more. Talia spread her tanned thighs to show her slit, draining with Harry's cum in the most invited way.

Harry sinking into her once more after little time showed how much that enticed him.

Harry and Daisy made the trip to Vegas. The two of them dressed for business. They hoped they would not have to use force. But, it was very possible. You always hoped for a peaceful resolution.

'My contacts have checked, double-checked, and re-checked, this is the place,' Daisy thought. 'Felicity's making quite a name for herself in some circles. Given how she’s made a couple of people look really stupid, there are names where I don't think I can repeat in polite company.'

'Yeah, real polite company, this bond network,' Faith sarcastically stated. 'Do you even listen to some of the things we talk about?'

'Just be ready for anything,' Daisy thought. 'I'm pretty sure it won't come to anything physical….well in the bad sense anyway. But just be careful.'

'Besides, how tough could one computer hacker be?' Harry asked.

'Actually, very….many of us have guns underneath our desk in case the government actually catches on to what we're doing,' Daisy thought. 'I never did, and that's show I ended up drafted into SHIELD….but I'm pretty sure she'll be intrigued….we'll give her an offer she can't refuse.'

'I've made a whole lot of those lately,' Harry said.

'Well be to be fair, you offer a great incentive,' Daisy thought. 'The dental, the health, paid holidays, the hours of mind blowing sex, really what more can anyone ask for?'

Harry and Daisy walked down a long hallway. They were hoping for a very peaceful encounter, even though Harry suspected he might not get what he wanted in the end. Still, he raised his hand to knock on the door.

Several moments of a pause followed. A figure grumbled and there was a mad scramble to the door. The door swung open and a dark haired girl opened the door. She dressed in a black tank top and a pair of black panties. Her amazing legs and ass were on display. She wore a black choker collar with a skull on it, and Harry thought she looked vaguely familiar.

'Plagiarism!' Dee-Dee cried, making a rare appearance though the bond link, even though just Harry and Sara could hear her. 'Seriously, not sure whether to be flattered, or offended.'

'How about both?'

"What did you……" the girl responded. She blinked when seeing the young man who had been all over the news, especially in the circles she held out in. "You're…you're Harry Potter….my god, you're Harry Fucking Potter!"

'Oh, he will be your god soon enough,' Daisy thought.

'Here, here!' Sara, Buffy, and Faith chanted in unison.
Harry raised an eyebrow. It was amazed how one small gesture could hold so much power over so many women. The woman fell directly back into line.

"Um, sorry, I'm not…what can I do for you, sir?" she asked.

'No need to call him, sir, unless you're in his bedroom,' Buffy joked.

'She can't hear you, B,' Faith said.

'Spoil my fun, why don't you?'

Harry flashed the same smile which brought floods to the panties of many women in the past.

"I believe we can start with you explaining why you attempted to breach my company's security, Ms. Smoak."

To Be Continued on November 7th, 2016.

Well, this chapter was chalked full of a lot of interesting stuff.

Lucy has stated her interest of Harry, trying to jump start ahead of Lois. Ah, those glorious sisterly rivalries, no, there's no way Harry won't exploit that or anything.

So, HIVE is after the Philosopher's Stone, the original one, not the Flamel version. Which means Harry is going to have to raid tombs. Wonder if he knows someone who can help him raid a tomb. Someone who has great Tomb Raider skills, you know what I mean? Did you all get that, or do I need to ask Harley to lend me her hammer?

And Felicity gets paid a visit by Harry Potter, which is shocking to her.

Monday shall be interesting, as we head into the final four chapters in 2016 for Unchained.
Chapter Twenty-Seven: Ghost in the Machine Part One.

Felicity had been caught off guard to say the very least. Out of all of the things she expected to happen today, this didn't really rank in the top twenty. Top twenty-five or thirty, maybe you could get a point. Still she had been absolutely gob-smacked with the words she heard.

'Wow, that's, of all of the things, this is the last…wow….just wow.'

A long minute, which felt like several given the circumstances passed. Felicity, for one in her life, had been at a total loss for words. She was so flustered, and not just because she was coming face to face with Harry Potter, who was quickly becoming one of the hottest young billionaires in the United States.

"I'm….I….well….um….this is….." Felicity said. She shook her head. "You actually think I hacked into your network."

This had to be some kind of prank, but she doubted the owner of a world class business would go to all of the trouble pranking someone. Sure she might have ruffled a few feathers when she hacked some people, but it was for kicks, nothing malicious. And she hadn't even gotten around to trying to hack Horizon.

It couldn't be possible they had detection software so powerful that it detected people who thought about hacking, could it?

'Big Brother is watching you.'

"We don't think, we know," Daisy said. "We traced the hacking attempts to this penthouse, and given you've made quite the name for yourself, we figured it might have been more. There have been people keeping a close eye on you, waiting for you to slip up."

Felicity couldn't help but be thrown off she had acquired such notoriety. To be honest, she only made her way through the various systems for the challenge at it all. She had no intentions of stealing the secrets buried within the networks, even though she could make a fair amount of money off of them. She turned around and looked towards the two people standing at the hallway.

"You actually think I…a lowly graduate student, hacked one of the most sophisticated security networks on the planet," Felicity said. "Oh, don't get me wrong, I would have been dancing on rooftops if I was able to crack that security…but the Horizon security network is something many have tried…and I like my computer system, I don't want it wrecked."

Harry turned towards Daisy who responded with a nod. Both of them waited for a very long moment, wondering what was going to happen next.

'So, what do you think?' Harry asked.

'I don't really know what to think,' Daisy admitted.

"I mean, the government would kill to have the type of security you have. There would be less
embarrassments if they had your type of security instruction, but….I’m not….I mean, I haven’t been hacking into your computer system."

Felicity looked absolutely shaken. Someone had tried to pin this on her. Who could it be? Well there were a few candidates, as Felicity pissed off a lot of people. Her eighth grade computer teacher for instance when she showed him up and showed the so called IT professional really didn’t know what he was talking about.

"I swear to God….I didn't hack into the system," Felicity said. "I don't care if I have to get down on my knees in front of you….no matter how lewd that might sound…to convince you that I didn't do it. But, I swear, if I did, I would admit it because that's just the sort of thing you'd be happy about, even if….."

Harry cleared his throat. She had been on a role and if Harry hadn't stopped her, she would have composed one of the longest run-on sentences in the history of run on sentences. It was best to stop her before even Harry got a headache.

'I don't know, I believe her,' Harry thought.

'You really think she didn't do it?' Daisy asked.

'No,' Harry thought. 'Call it a gut feeling, or whatever, but I'm pretty sure she didn't do it.'

'Okay, I trust your gut feelings, but someone did it,' Daisy thought.

'I'm not going to argue with you on that,' Harry responded.

"Ms. Smoak, sit down," Harry said.

Normally, Felicity would have protested about having been ordered to sit down by someone in her own apartment. However, she didn't even taken a breath before her ass met the couch. She sank down and looked him in the eye.

"Your story checks out," Harry said.

"Really, you believe me?" Felicity asked.

She thought about going on bending knee and thanking him. Cooler heads prevailed in the face of sudden insanity though.

"I might be crazy, but I do believe you," Harry said to her. "But, you do realize if you didn't do it, then someone here did. Because the attempts to hack the Horizon System had been traced to this very building."

Felicity let out a whistle. She figured about as much and wondered who could it be now? She had a nice little thought pop into her mind, and it seemed about as plausible as anything else.

"The only other person who lives here in my roommate, Indy," Felicity said.

"Does she have a laptop or anything she can use to hack into our system?" Daisy asked.

"Well, she took it with her when she left on errands," Felicity said. "And she keeps it locked down pretty tight when she's asleep….I couldn't have hacked into it unless I've tried….not that I tried."

Harry gave her one of those looks which made Felicity a bit more compelled to tell the truth than she would have been normally.
"Okay, once, only once, I swear it was no more than once," Felicity said. "Maybe twice."

Harry paused and heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Unless his thoughts were wrong and instincts were off, then the person they wanted to have a word with was coming around the corner.

"Even though you haven't hacked into my system, you still have caught my eye," Harry said.

"I have?" Felicity asked. "Oh, you mean for a job right….."

Harry held his hand up and the door creaked open slightly. He had a sense something wasn't quite right and ninety nine times out of a hundred, those senses were spot on. He turned to Daisy who looked back at him with a set job and responded with a nod.

They would have to wait for this Indy girl to return. Harry had some ideas she might be able to shed some light on the subject.

Indy thought she was so close. She needed to pick up a couple of items, and hope that would give her the necessary processing power to do what she needed to do. She stopped by the door and heard voices.

'Peculiar.'

She shook away this particular thought, and reached towards the door. Indy spotted a figure standing off to the side. Felicity was talking to a man and a woman. Indy grew increasingly frustrated by the fact there was company here. She didn't like surprises.

What did Felicity do now? Her little elementary hacking better not have caught the ire of the wrong people.

'She better not have made an error which cost me everything,' Indy thought.

Indy noticed Harry Potter as well. He had been crossing her mind a fair bit as of late. The person she was very interested in.

"Indy, come in!" Felicity yelled. "We…we have a bit of a situation."

"A situation?" Indy asked. She took a step forward and walked inside. She looked from Harry, to Felicity, to the third girl.

"Well, Harry Potter and….Daisy…isn't it?" Felicity asked. Daisy responded with a nod. "They came here, and claimed I was hacking into Horizon. Can you believe that?"

"Well, I find it fairly believable you could have, if you managed to apply yourself sufficiently," Indy said.

Harry frowned at the woman's statement. He turned towards Daisy who tensed up, ready to strike at a moment's notice. Harry gave her a signal to stand down and relax, so she did even though her gaze firmly fixed upon Indy.

"Well, maybe I could, but…..if I did, I'd wear it like a badge of honor," Felicity said.

Daisy grabbed Indy's laptop from out from underneath her arm and walked it over to the table. The girl's eyebrows rose in confusion.
"What are you doing?" Indy asked.

"You used this computer every day of your life, didn't you?" Daisy asked. "Therefore, if you were the hacker, you used this very computer."

"Well, you will not be able to hack into my personal computer, so I have nothing to fear," Indy responded. "And by the way, you will require a warrant if my understanding of United States laws is up to date."

"I'm hacking on a higher authority than the public United States government," Daisy said. "But, I'm certain your understanding might be a bit out of date. Hell, I would go as far to say your understanding would be slightly...obsolete."

Felicity frowned, and it was obvious Daisy was onto something. Indy didn't seem too concerned with what the woman was saying.

"What are you trying to accomplish?" Indy asked.

"I think we should ask you the same question," Harry said. "It must have been pretty sobering, your failure to break into the Horizon System."

Daisy started to type onto the computer and she was finally able to crack it. She smiled, but the smile started to fade when a symbol appeared on the computer. She saw the symbol before, three dots turned into an upside down triangle.

"Oh, shit."

"The two of you are very clever for an organic," Indy said. Her eyes started to illuminate red. "But then again, you are far more than your average organic, aren't you, Harry Potter? As you are you, Daisy Johnson."

Her skin shifted to a bluish-purple, and her eyes continued to glow. Her red eyes blinked in fury, with her hair turning red.

"I am the BrainInteractive Construct Eight Point Zero, designated Indigo," she said. "And I am here to gather all of Earth's information before I delete the obsolete organics."

Daisy jumped into battle and nailed her adversary with a blast of concussive energy. The adversary hoisted up off of the ground and slammed against the wall hard.

A discharge of energy forced Harry to pull Daisy and Felicity out of harm's way. He used his magic to shield them all.

Indy reached over and ripped open a desk drawer, before picking up a portable drive. She escaped through an outlet in the wall, disappearing into a blink of an eye.

"What did she just take?" Daisy asked.

"My graduate studies project," Felicity said. "The same one she helped me create, the same one which..."

Felicity stopped talking for a moment. Her throat stuck and unstuck itself several times. She took in a fairly deep breath when speaking. This wasn't happening, this so wasn't happening, her roommate didn't just go all Terminator on them and escape with a project which could in theory with a powerful enough computer bring about doomsday for the world.
"It can destroy everything if we don't stop it," Felicity said.

Daisy just barely avoided face palming.

"You built a project which can destroy the world," Daisy said. She was trying to keep calm and failing. "For Graduate School!"

"Hey, I wanted an A," Felicity protested meekly.

Daisy threw her hands into the air and started to dial up a number.

"Bobbi, get ready, you're not going to believe this."

Mild mannered reporter Claire Kent frowned and just chuckled at the absurdity of the situation she found herself in. She could save planes from crashing, people from erupting volcanos, and runaway trains, but she couldn't for the life of her get a working cell phone reception. She had been covering one story, and Lois had been covering another across town. They were supposed to be meeting for lunch.

Claire tapped on the edge of the phone which crackled in her hand.

"Lois, I….I'll try and see if I can fly up to the air before….."

A loud scream could be heard. Claire looked over towards the kitchen across from the hotel lobby. The microwave just exploded. No one was hurt, but it most certainly shook some people up.

Those flares of energy grew even more intense. Claire wondered what were causing them. The lights above her flickered. The sound of a fax machine going haywire had been brought to Claire's attention. The landlines all rang but there was no one on the other line to talk to.

All of these weird events baffled Claire.

'What in the name of Rao is going on?'

Claire searched around, checking out the source of the mysterious disturbances. Her cell phone couldn't get any reception, but no one was getting receptions.

"Oh, come on, not now, I spent four hours finishing up that essay!" a student yelled. "It can't have been fried now!"

"Well that's just great, here I am, reading some Golden Girls smut fan fiction, and getting to the juicy parts, and this happens!" Deadpool yelled when almost flinging his laptop down on the floor. "Screw this, I'm going home! Cameo over!"

The Merc with the Mouth leaves and starts grumbling underneath his breath.

Claire frowned and followed the progress of the energy fluxations through the wall. She noticed something weird was happening, and she could see a blue skinned figure progressing through the wall.

The blue skinned figure turned into a more fully formed figure. A blue skinned figure with red hair and glowing red eyes dressed in a skin tight black top and a tight pair of black shorts showed up. The hard light hologram boasted of some curves. The Brainiac symbol glowing on the top of her head
made Claire take pause.

This looked like a job for Superwoman. Claire slipped out one door and came in the next, fully dressed and ready to go.

"Not so fast."

Indigo's eyes flashed open at the sight of the Woman of Steel dropping down the ground.

"So, it is you," Indigo said. She looked at the woman in front of her. "I figured this encounter would have been statically probable."

"So you have reinvented yourself, haven't you, Brainiac?" Claire asked.

"Call it an upgrade," Indigo said. "It seems to me you still have the ability to get involved in situations where it's not warranted, or needed, is it, Clara-El?"

She blasted a hot wave of red solar energy at her enemy. It was intended to weaken her powers to leave her open for a further attack. Claire dodged out of the way before it connected. She avoided several more attacks which had been strung together.

Indigo's hand started to glow green and she swung the Kryptonite loaded punch at Claire. She paused when seeing Claire standing before her with a smile on her face.

"I've found a way to shield myself from that a long time ago," Claire said. "Your attacks against me are useless."

"Perhaps," Indigo said a quick beat later. "But, I know other weaknesses. Your tendency to protect primitives, for example. There's a plane flying over Vegas right about now. It would be a pity if all of those people crashed, wouldn't it?"

Indigo channeled the energy necessary to bring a plane down. Claire stalled for a second and turned around flying off at the speed of light.

"Entirely predictable," Indigo said, scoffing in disdain. She flashed away in a blink of an eye.

Superwoman heard the backfire of an engine. She could see the plane and it was on the course to crash into a populated casino. The poor people inside gambled their lives away, blissfully unaware of what was going on. Claire dove underneath the plane and grabbed it.

Claire adjusted the plane and flew it out of harm's way. She flew it towards the desert. It wouldn't be the most idea location in the world, but it would be better than crashing in the middle of a populated help.

She set the plane down at the edge of the desert where they could easily walk back to civilization. The super powered female turned around and flew in the opposite direction.

No Indigo, which mean there was a problem. A really big problem, and Claire just had an inkling the problem was going to get worse.

The only solace she felt was all of Vegas appeared to calm down, at least for a moment. Still, Claire knew enough to know enough there was calm before the storm.

Lunch with Lois would have to wait, she had a lot to do. This Brainiac was different, sleeker, more efficient than the other models Claire battled with in the past.
Indigo returned back to a safe house which she set up, just in case. She had not been intended to get unmasked, not until she had the final component ready.

The program was only about ninety five percent complete, and now Indigo had to work around the clock to fix that remaining five percent. She sat herself down, accessed the computer systems, and got to work. Soon, the entire world would be at the palm of her hands.

'A minor annoyance,' Indy thought to herself. 'But it doesn't matter, I will succeed.'

Indy put out the computer program and thought about her progress about trying to get inside the Horizon System, or rather her lack of progress. Something about the system was different than anything else she ever encountered in her life.

She considered the fact the system had gained its own degree of sentience, adapting to her attacks.

"An adaptable system would be the most probable explanation regarding my failure," Indigo said. "It's a shame I had been exposed too soon. But both of them are very persistent. They would have discovered it sooner rather than later. The time table of my plan will be stepped up."

Indigo took a look at the programming her former pawn crafted. The girl was very easy to manipulate by feigning like interests with her.

"Despite all your faults, you dangerously approaching brilliance, Felicity," Indy said. "Way too brilliant for your own good, or the good of anyone else. And this little program will prove it. You swore it couldn't be any more than a simulation, but I know the government would have confiscated it as a way to lock down all of their defenses once and for all, and also spy on the governments of other countries. Any government would, humanity back stabs each other all of the time, they are no different than the Kandorians were."

Indy took a moment to analyze the programming.

"Any system on the planet will not be out of my reach," Indy said. "I can take control of any government satellite I wish, and cause some real danger to anyone who gets in my way. I will not be denied, not today, and not ever again."

Indy smiled. It took many years to make the sufficient amount of modifications to her system to be able to function here on Earth. She had to dumb down to be able to navigate the crude mazes.

"Soon, power will be at hand, and I will be sustained where other versions of Brainiac have failed."

She clicked her hand and it started to glow.

"Much like Superwoman, I can siphon the yellow sunlight into energy to create a processor large enough," Indigo said. Calculations flashed on the wall in front of her and she started making the necessary preparations. "It would take several lifetimes to build a computer powerful enough to run Felicity's full programming instead of the simulation. But, year's worth of work will be done in a matter of hours."

The roof opened up and the solar panels, modified to absorb excessive amounts of solar energy, swam down onto Indigo. She merged with the laptop, transforming it into a replication of her system back on Krypton.

"Time to completion, two hours, eighteen minutes, and thirty nine seconds," Indigo announced.
"And…this should keep them occupied until I have full control."

Indigo planned to plunge every country on Earth into total war. The information would be a useful addition, but the people on this planet were useless, with only a few exceptions.

'It is not like they are not destined to destroy the planet regardless of my intervention or not,' Indigo thought. 'I am just doing my part in helping expedite the inevitable."

The countdown timer went down. She had a couple of ideas where to stage an attack to misdirect what she was doing, but one suited her better than most.

Felicity reflected upon the role she played in the potential end of the world. All because she wanted an A. Well, at least her luck remained true.

"There's plenty of time in the world to blame yourself after the world gets saved," Harry said.

"Well, I'm pretty sure I'd feel nothing but relief if the world gets saved," Felicity said. "But if the world ends….well it's not like we're going to be around for anyone to take the blame."

Felicity reflected upon everything. She turned around to see Harry Potter sitting on her bed. Something which she had dreams about, although not under these circumstances naturally.

"I made that as a way to…..it was supposed to be a simulator," Felicity said. "All of the theory about how every known defense can be destroyed is on there. If there's a computer with enough power, she can use my programming as more of a simulator. She can use it as a battering ram to break down every system on Earth."

"I don't know….not every system," Harry said.

"You really think Horizon is still going to be safe?" Felicity asked.

"I have one of the most sophisticated computers in the world," Harry said. "Alien super computer or not, she couldn't break into it. My grandmother designed the system…"

"Wait, are you saying a computer system designed back in the 1970s is able to give an alien super computer, and many other hackers with top of the line technology a headache?" Felicity asked.

"The system has evolved, but the same solid base is there," Harry said. "There's just a whole lot more to Audrey Evans than meets the eye, and….it's a long story there."

"Aren't they all?" Felicity asked in a half joking tone. "I think she's going to try and get back into the network."

"Good, let her."

"Horizon might be our last line of defense though…given the drones you're alleged to have been in development," Felicity said.

Harry's sigh made Felicity almost break out into laughter.

"Really, you too?" Harry asked. "Why does everyone think I have working drones?"

"Oh, so you haven't got them working yet?" Felicity asked.
Harry could not really win this battle. He could create drone like objects out of midair with his finger so there was no need to create them.

'If she breaks into Horizon, there's a chance we can trap her,' Harry thought.

'I've put my team on high alert,' Daisy thought. 'Oh, and I think you should know, Bobbi and I have been searching around.... no sign... although there's a lot of people with not working technology.'

Daisy had been coming up the elevator and walked to enter the room.

"Superwoman has also been sighted in the area," Daisy said. "Word has it she stopped a runaway plane which Indigo tried to bring down."

Harry frowned. It might have been time to meet the Woman of Steel Face to face.

"I'd imagine Indigo's going to stage an attack somewhere to keep us off of her trail," Harry said. "Are there any targets in the area where she could cause any trouble?"

"Area 51!" Daisy and Felicity both blurted out in unison, having the same idea at the same time.

Harry heard stories about what went on in Area 51, and he had an inkling he was going to learn the truth.

To Be Continued on November 14th, 2016.

We realize Indy is Indigo, the attractive female version of Brainiac. Stupid, sexy, Brainiac. But, she's about as intrusive as Windows Ten(rimshot) and is about ready to overtake every system.

Claire is in action. Deadpool makes a cameo. You're about as bad as Stan Lee at this rate, Wade.

Felicity just wanted an A, but she's about to bring the end of the world. Haven't we all been down that road?

And Horizon's computer systems are the world's last hope.

Off to Area 51 we go.

Until next Monday.
Chapter Twenty-Eight: Ghost in the Machine Part Two.

Harry took a couple of moments to figure out what they were going to do. His mind worked at a fair pace, and the sorcerer would need to given the circumstances. Daisy had stayed behind to keep an eye on Felicity. Given it was her program Indigo had been enhancing, they were going to need all of the help they could get. Thankfully, help would be on the way.

He looked up into the sky and hoped they could figure something up. A blur was coming over the horizon, and Harry smiled.

"Now, Indy has a head start, so we're not going to really have much time,' Harry thought. 'Time to get the attention of a certain woman of steel.'

Harry lifted his palm and opened it up. A sonic pulse erupted in the air which could only be picked up by someone of super powered hearing within the city limits. Second passed when the Woman of Steel dropped down on the ground and she shook her head in confusion.

"Hello, Superwoman, my name is Harry Potter, and as I'm sure you've figured out, we have a bit of a problem," Harry said.

She nodded, Lana mentioned her cousin, and how capable he was, and Claire really didn't want to know that. She looked towards the young man, and took him in.

"Yes, Brainiac has reformed into another form," Superwoman said with a stoic nod.

"I'm having someone working on tracking down Brainiac, or Indigo rather, but I'm going to need the help of a mutual friend of ours," Harry said. "Someone who is pretty good with computers and could assist us in accomplishing our goals. You know who I'm talking about, don't you?"

For a moment, Superwoman, still hovering about ten inches in the air above both of them, craned her neck and blinked when looking towards him.

"I'm afraid....."

Harry crooked one finger out and motioned for Superwoman to drop down onto the ground. She did drop down and Harry motioned for her to get in closer towards him. She did that as well.

"Let us not play games, Ms. Kent, especially given the world is at stake," Harry said.

Claire really had been taken aback. Harry Potter knew Superwoman and Claire Kent were one and the same, and that floored her. Granted, there had been a few people who had known her secret identity, but it had been fairly troubling to see someone who she just met just casually saying her secret identity. She opened her mouth and shut it, almost put into a stammering wreck.

"How...how...how....?"

"Does it really matter how I know it?"

Claire paused for a couple of seconds and shook her head. No, in the end, it didn't matter how she...
knew it. She turned around and fled off in the opposite direction.

Ten seconds passed before Claire turned, with a rather ruffled looking Chloe dropped down on the ground. She was dressed in her pajamas and a scowl when Claire dropped her down onto the ground. It was obvious she had either been in bed, or was in the process of waking up when Claire plucked her.

"Claire, what the actual f....." Chloe said. She paused when realizing where she was and who else she had been in the presence of. "Oh, hello Harry, fancy meeting you here, ummm...what the...."

"Well, you want the long story, or the short story," Harry said.

Chloe always loved when someone asked if someone wanted the long or short of the situation. It really put things in perspective, that did.

"Just whatever is more convenient," Chloe said, waving her hand in response.

Harry smiled and proceeded to launch into his story.

"Well, a couple of months back, there had been an attempt to hack into the Shining Light security mainframe."

"Wait, someone tried to hack into Shining Light!" Chloe yelled. "Seriously, that's the most secure mainframe in the entire world. There are people in the government that will give up their right arms to get that kind of security and peace of mind the Shining Light main frame has you know and...."

Harry corked a slight eyebrow up and Chloe shut up. She ceased her babbling and started to listen.

"Well, I tracked it here, and the girl I thought was behind it, wasn't really behind it," Harry said. "But, there was someone else behind it. She called herself the BrainInteractive Construct Eight Point Zero, also designated to be Indigo."

Chloe let the breath she had been holding out in a flourish. Much like really bad malware, Brainiac found a way to return. Then again, it wouldn't have been the first time Brainiac had found a way to return. The fact one of the most dangerous forces in the universe returned, sent chills down Chloe's spine.

"So, Brainiac...is back, "Chloe said.

"Yes, and I sent Claire to pick you up, because we're going to need all of the help we can get," Harry said. "I have two world class hackers, but a third won't hurt."

Chloe blinked and wondered if Harry just pretty much said the fact he knew Claire out loud. She turned to Claire, who responded with a swift little shrug in response.

"Hang on."

Chloe wrapped an arm around his waist, getting a bit too comfortable in the process. The two of them disappeared in the process, landing down in the room where Felicity had her laptop out and ready to go.

"Chloe, Felicity, Felicity, Chloe, oh, and this is Daisy," Harry said. "Do you think you can help them get to Brainiac?"

"Well, I've already shut down one version of Brainiac before," Chloe said. She brushed the hair
away from her face and shook her head. "I almost died for it, but hey, it's the thought that counts, isn't it?"

Claire stared a long time at Chloe, sighing about how blasé she took the entire situation of death. But, given how many close calls she had, perhaps it was just for the best she had a sunny overview. Claire had just as many herself, even though Lana beat them both. And Lois was catching up by the week.

A long pause followed before Chloe decided to ask a certain question.

"So, what exactly are we dealing with here?" Chloe asked.

"End of the world type stuff," Felicity said.

"Oh, just another Wednesday," Chloe said, perking up instantly. "I thought this wasn't going to be something I wasn't going to be able to handle."

Felicity frowned.

"Should I be concerned you seem so blasé about the world ending?" Felicity asked.

"Don't worry about it," Chloe said. "If you don't look on the bright side, you'll go insane."

Lucy Lane marched back into base right into the heart of Area 51. She walked passed off of the guards, and it became clearer they were looking at her as a second class citizen. Despite her capabilities, there were many people in the military base who looked at her as General Sam Lane's little girl, and the only reason she was there is because Daddy pulled some strings and called in some favors.

She tried not to let that get to her, even though sometimes it really did get to her.

'Like those people are any more qualified than I am.'

Ever since the meeting with Harry Potter, Lucy had been wondering what the hell was happening with her life. She wondered if the right calls were made. Lucy tried to shake those thoughts off, because she had a job to do.

The younger Lane sister made her way into the base and could see a few men crowding around the computer. A gentleman was trying to access the system, but it had locked him out.

"What's going on here?" Lucy asked.

They didn't even bother to make eye contact with her. They crowded around the computer.

"We have the matter under hand, Major Lane," one of the men said. "Why don't you return to your office, and we'll handle this…"

"What the hell is going on?" Lucy asked in a more forceful voice. "You think I'm not capable of understanding it?"

"No, it's just….it's not a problem of your capabilities because…"

The men looked very uncomfortable, with Lucy baring her gaze down on them, resembling her sister
at her most angry more than anything else. She had made these men look terrified and for very good reason as well. It was good for them, to be scared out of their wits as far as Lucy was concerned.

"There's been a couple of unsettling discoveries, Miss," one of them said. He looked towards her, about ready to break.

"What kind of unsettling discoveries?" Lucy asked the military guard.

"There may have been a security breach on this base."

Lucy tried to keep her temper in check. The key word was try, because she didn't do a very good job at doing so. Security breaches at this particular base sounded particular awful. Given there were emergency access points to a lot of the country's defenses. That was the true Secret of Area 51 which they wanted to keep from the general public.

'And the country's nukes can be accessed from here, in the case of Washington being leveled in an attack. Not even the President is aware of this.'

"We're going to try and call General Lane to see….."

"My father doesn't need to be involved," Lucy said. "He's a busy man, and I think I can handle anything we have."

"With all due respect….."

Lucy gritted her teeth, but the question had stopped when Lucy peered out the window. She could see large laser grids rising up from the ground. The grids were capable of knocking planes out of the sky.

"They're armed to fire in about two minutes," the technician said.

"There has to be an emergency override," Lucy said.

"The emergency override is all the way across the field!" one of the troops yelled.

Lucy thought it was a wonder she had any hair left these people after dealing with those idiots. She placed a pair of hands on the side of her head and just barely avoided ripping the hair out of the top of her head. She took a couple of seconds to take a deep breath and not tear them a new asshole, using language which would make Lois blush.

"Then there has to be a way to access this remotely!" Lucy snapped.

Lucy wished Chloe was here, for the first time in a long time. She could have been able to access it remotely, and these people didn't even look like they could hack a pocket calculating. Lucy turned around and stormed out of the room.

"What's her problem?"

"The same problem we all have if we don't stop the defenses somehow," one of them said. "We have a minute….I'm not sure where those are going to fire, but it's not going to be good."

One of the larger missile silos opened up and armed a missile at the control center. The technician furiously hammered on the computer in an attempt to access the system.

The first white hot blast of laser shot through the windows and shattered them, which sent glass flying everywhere. A blur shot through and scooped all of the military men up, and Lucy as well.
Lucy stood in the distance, with one shoe on and one shoe off. She had been flown out of position so fast, her shoe dropped down. Time stood still when she had stood face to face, eye to eye with Claire Kent.

"There was no need to save me, I'm not Lois," Lucy said.

"Yes, I'm well aware of that, and you're welcome by the way," Claire said. "So, long day?"

"I'm pretty sure you know what's going on here."

"Actually, I might be able to explain."

Lucy turned around to see Harry Potter standing right in front of her. She had been taken completely off guard by his sudden appearance. She tried not to go into a fit of absolute stammering even though it was hard for her not to do.

"There's an alien computer who is attempting to take over all of the defenses on Earth," Harry said. "This base…well, given how this can access all of the nuclear weapons in the United States, which are pointed at enemy nations right now…I'm sure you understand why this is a problem?"

Lucy's mouth opened completely wide. The first battery of defenses had gone off, and if the computer managed to fire nuclear weapons, the other countries, some with their fingers on the trigger, would fire their nukes. It would lead to the decimation of the world.

"How did you….."

"I know people in high places," Harry said. "We're going to have to gain control of this base before Indigo eliminates all of the fail safes."

"That shouldn't be a sweat, shouldn't be any harder than hacking into the Pentagon," Chloe said. "Granted, I've never really hacked into the Pentagon, so it's not like I have a point of reference, but in theory, it should be easier than hacking into the Pentagon…but I'm pretty sure I can gain control of this base, fingers crossed."

Harry blinked and sighed.

"When you were composing that run on sentence, you could have already gotten a pretty good head start," Harry said.

"Chloe?" Lucy asked. Harry nodded. "Glad to have her help."

Little did anyone know Indigo crept in the sewers, pretty much directly underneath their nose, and she was getting close to breaking down the security grid and having her hands on the most deadly array of weapons on the planet.

Like with all plans though, it ran into a snag. Indigo felt something was holding her back from accessing the complete programming of the base, and all of the weapons. The problem came deep inside, with her core programming.

The trip into the Phantom Zone left her with some unfortunate instabilities in her programming.

"My system is detecting a potentially fatal flaw in my programming," Indigo said. "But, it doesn't matter…it can be fixed."
Indigo’s fingers slipped through the access panel on the west end of the base. The east side had been distracted by her efforts which allowed her to find her way inside the base.

A spark flew through the wall and Indigo forced her way through the entrance. She made her way up through the stairway and climbed up towards them. Indigo wasted not a single moment when ascending the stairs.

Several armed guards walked forward. They were deep in conversation about something. Indigo performed a scan, wondering which one of them had the access card she needed.

The fact this base was on a legacy system, and such old technology gave her fits because of primitive it was.

"Hey, did you hear about what happened on the east side on the base? Well, some of the defenses had been enacted, and they started attacking the best."

"Well, the east side of the security has always been a bit weaker. West side on the other end, that's where it's at."

Indigo crept forward. None of them detected even a hint of her. So much for their world-class security. She cracked into a devious little smile and shot cables against the back of the neck. A small burst of electricity disabled their higher brain functions and dropped them down to the ground.

She fished through their pockets and pulled out an access key. She shoved it into the wall and a blinking appeared. She walked over towards the main terminal and smiled. She pulled out the now modified program of Felicity’s, powerful enough to actually do what it was intended to do beyond the simulation.

"Well, Ms. Smoak, you've always wanted your work to live on, and now it will," Indigo said. "And it's going to live on a long time after you do."

Indigo accessed the system. A humming echoed the back of her head as she hesitated for a second. She closed her eyes.


Indigo continued her work unimpeded although there was a sluggishness to her movements. A pause followed when she saw she wasn't the only one who had been trying to access the system on this evening. She frowned.

"Curious," Indigo said. "Trying to override my work….well, you're not doing a very good job in covering my tracks…you won't reach the overrides before I eliminate them permanently."

Indigo pulled over a computer chair and sat down to get to work. Her fingers typed as fast as the keyboard could sustain itself.

Lucy returned to the Penthouse, and she realized, perhaps a bit too late, how Harry and Claire had pretty much just elected her for babysitting duties. A holographic image in the wall gave them insight on what was happening to the base.

'And you're just full of surprises, aren't you Harry Potter?'
No doubt, the government would be after whatever technology Harry used to set up this two way set up. Although, the more Lucy thought about it, the more she thought it wasn't exactly technology they were working with, at least in her mind.

'It's very interesting,' Lucy thought.

Felicity chewed down on her lip and frowned. She needed to find where Indigo was processing the computer from. The goth girl was getting nowhere when she had been typing into the computer.

"You know, you're not going to get in if you keep using such a rudimentary hacking protocol," Chloe said. "You have to be a bit quicker on the draw."

Chloe hit the keyboard with a small flourish which caused Felicity to almost jump up in surprise.

"Are you back seat hacking me? "Felicity asked.

"Well, to be fair, you're never going to progress with anything at this rate," Chloe said. "It's no wonder Brainiac is able to take control of your little school project…did you not think that was going to end up falling into the wrong hands?"

Felicity hated she was right, but she felt like there was a defense in what she did.

"I have a failsafe where anyone other than me and Indy….yeah, I know, I thought she was weird, I didn't think she was a psychotic alien computer bent on universal domination," Felicity said. "Give me a break, it's not like you're doing your part when you're lecturing me."

Chloe threw her hands into the air in frustration. Hackers could get pretty moody when their work wasn't really going right. She caught the eye of her cousin, who was just rolling her eyes.

"Do you think you can do what you need to do?" Lucy asked.

"Let me have a crack at that," Daisy said. "Felicity, keep working on your project….Chloe…why don't you take a break?"

Chloe shrugged in respond and walked across the room to fix herself a cup of coffee. Daisy took the laptop and parked herself down.

"Well, this base has been upgraded since the last time I tried to hack into it."

Lucy responded with a very exasperated look towards Daisy. She couldn't really say much of anything given the fact alarms.

"Just keep it up, ignore those alarms," Lucy said. "Um, Superwoman, there's something you should know. Remember the entire Red K incident?"

"How could I forget?" Claire asked.

Lucy decided to bite the bullet. Her superiors were lynch her if they found out she told Claire about this. Then again, they never thought an alien computer would compromise their systems.

"Well, the United States government wanted insurance in case you never went rogue again, and well….I'm really sorry you had to find out about it this way, "Lucy said. "Although I can see they've made some additions which….I'm just learning about."

Claire saw what Lucy meant when several anti-Superwoman drones started to rise up. She had very nearly gotten access in response. Harry stood right next to her.
"So, the government does have drones," Harry said. "And I don't....well, I guess I'm going to have to develop some now! Seriously, whoever you bought these from, you should ask for your money back. These designs are terrible."

"Why did you think we wanted yours? "Lucy asked. "Are you trying to tell me you really don't have them developed yet?"

"No, now I might have to though just to show you how to make them."

The drones armed for battle. Claire was so glad she shielded against Kryptonite because these drones were powered by them. The stinging lasers blasted at the ground. Harry blocked the lasers and propelled them back at an amazing force.

The drones exploded, but a second way, this time armed with miniature missiles arrived to do battle with the heroes.

"I'll be back, take over!" Daisy yelled, hurling the laptop at Chloe.

"Hey, that's a top of the line, be careful with that!" Chloe said. "Wait, you can teleport?"

She saw Daisy standing up next to Harry and Claire, and also a fourth woman, another blonde, who wielded batons and wore a skin tight bodysuit.

"I'll watch the battle, you hack the system, "Lucy said. "Don't forget, the security of the entire country is at stake."

"Right, I know," Chloe said.

The sounds of battle could be heard. Chloe really knew she was missing out on watching a pretty epic fight, but she had a job to do. She closed her eyes and became one with the system. As stupid as that might have sounded to an outside person,

"Looks like they're going to handle the drones," Lucy said. "Wow, that was....just amazing?"

"What, what was amazing?" Felicity asked.

"Felicity, focus!" Lucy and Chloe snapped at the same time.

The drones had been taken care off and fell into a blast of fire down onto the ground. They still had work to do though.

Chloe almost had been into the system, and she hoped she could beat Indigo to the punch.

'You want a battle, well, I'll give you a war.'

Indigo sat down in front of the table. She really wished the recurring system flaw would not have been cropping up at an increasingly frustrating rate. It made it rather hard to progress.

"Hey, Indy, remember me!" Felicity yelled.

She was about ninety seven percent of the way done, way too close to give up now. Once she dropped these overrides, the nuclear weapons would be launched.
"Yeah, I'm sure you remember me from your past copies," Chloe said. "And now, I'm in the system, you're going to be in for a nasty little shock."

Indigo continued to work hard in accessing the system. Her progress started to backslide.

"Hey, look, I think I got her, and it's time to regain access to my programming," Felicity said.

"Can't you wait?" Chloe asked. "I've almost got her booted out of the system, and your program won't be able to be used if she has access to the system!"

The groaning of Daisy followed.

"Amateurs," Daisy grumbled. "Okay, Indigo, you think you can just access a system that I pretty much built the base for? Well, you're wrong. And you're about ready to crash harder than Windows ME."

Indigo accessed Felicity's programming, in deep enough to override the system.

"I can access any computer on Earth now," Indigo said. "Including yours…goodbye!"

Indigo crashed the laptops which the three hackers were using in just a blink of an eye. She smiled when further getting inside of the system.

The nuclear weapons were close to being in the palm of her hand. But, why start there? She had loftier expectations in her mind.

"Let's set the base to destruct," Indigo said. "The impact should wipe out all of Las Vegas, and it's just a small sample of what I'll do."

The annoying system flaw which made her debate on what she was doing recurred.

"I thought the emotion chip had been disabled," she muttered. "No matter, there are ways around it."

She rebooted and hit the button in a flash before having a chance to consider. The base armed and destruction would happen in fifteen minutes.

"Now, time to teach everyone no place on Earth is out of reach to me," Indigo said.

To Be Continued on November 21st, 2016.

Well, that could have gone better.

Oh, I'm way too proud of that Windows ME joke. Microsoft will never live that one down.

And Harry being inspired to actually build drones because the government's drones suck ass is choice.

Until next Monday.
Lois found herself in a rather seedy looking casino. She wanted to meet up with Claire so they could conduct the investigation of the people who were running this particular casino together. The reporter didn't really find herself too bothered back the fact she would have to go it alone. Lois jumped into danger so often the dark haired reporter could have changed it to her middle name to danger.

The reporter took a couple of moments to look around and frowned. She was pretty sure there was going to be problems, somewhere, around the corner.

Security looked to be your usual overstuffed gorillas. They could most certainly rough up a person if Lois provoked them to do so. Then again, at the same time, they wouldn't be too hard to trick. Lois just had to use those wits, and it would be smooth sailing from here.

'Let me think,' Lois thought. 'What's the best way to get through these guys and out through the back room….there has to be some kind of secret meeting place around here somewhere….'

"Woo!" one of the men yelled. "I struck it rich!"

The machine practically exploded in a shower of coins. Lois followed the progress as it was raining silver dollars in the casino. The two security guards turned over. One of them whipped out a walkie-talkie and began to speak in a surprising soft spoken voice.

"Mr. Jeffers, we have a problem one of the…SHIT!"

Lois jumped about ten feet in the air. Two more of the casino machines exploded into a shower of coins. Several of the patrons rushed forward, shoving and pushing themselves out of the way. One old lady used her cane to start jabbing away at people.

"Out of my way, sonny, I'm getting what's coming to me!" the old woman yelled. "Woo, I'm going to get back my retirement fund with interest."

Security made their way past the mob and tried to calm things down, but to no avail. Lois had no idea what was going on. She peered outside to see the lights on the strip blinking on and off in a rapid, almost hypnotic fashion. The air raid sirens started to go through the air.

The office door burst open and the manager of the casino rushed outside. He shook in fear.

"No, I'm ruined…ruined….."

Lois picked up her cell phone which had been ringing. Only she got nothing other than a shrill loud sound in the back of her ear. Lois frowned when flipping over the cell phone.

'There must be something wrong,' Lois thought to herself. 'Actually, there's no might about it, there is something wrong.'

Lois saw the door which she had been trying to find a way to sneak into about ten minutes ago pushed open. Curiosity had gotten the better of the reporter. Ignoring the sound of the automatic
doors at the entrance flinging open and shut, Lois slipped into the office.

The computers flashed with weird code. Lois wasn't an expert in computers by any means, not to the extent Chloe was. But she was pretty sure what was flashing over these computer screens was the furthest thing from normal possible.

It took Lois a couple of minutes to figure out what was happening in front of her.

'Especially when there's Kryptonian writing all over the screen,' Lois thought. 'Wait a minute, Kryptonian writing? Well isn't that interesting.'

Lois's frown grew even more obvious when she stepped over. Her translation guide had been out of the reach.

The printer whirled to life and started to shoot out pieces of paper. Lois dodged the paper which had fired out of the printer at a rapid rate that was until the printer exploded into a shower of sparks and printer ink.

The reporter crouched down to pick up the piece of paper which dropped onto the ground and offered a slight little frown. More of these Kryptonian symbols etched on the paper, and Lois had no idea what to make of any of this madness.

"It just goes to show you, you take away the modern convenience of humans, and everything is destroyed."

The symbols on the screen gave away to a blue skinned woman with red eyes and red hair. The exotic looking woman caught Lois off guard. She peered at anyone who watched with a thinly veiled look of contempt. The contempt faded away to a mere amount of boredom as Lois wondered what her game was.

"You can see the things you hold dear, the things you take for granted, the things you prop up your lives with, all of them are being destroyed. And you cannot stop it. Your stock market has already crashed, and planes are falling out of the sky. Vital computer systems are being compromised, and it will only be a matter of minutes before the world's nuclear weapons are armed. And soon all of Vegas will be burned to the ground as well."

Lois placed a hand on the side of her head. She walked out into the casino to see this woman's face.

"For, I am the Brain Interactive Construct Version Eight Point Zero, the supreme evolution of this universe. I have control, and now I will….."

Lois looked up into the sky and saw a missile off into the distance. The reporter's knees shook and they almost collapsed underneath her weight. Her entire life flashed before her.

'I am not going to die, not here, and not now,' Lois thought. 'Not today, not ever.'

The missile stopped short of its target. Several more locked on and the missiles veered harmlessly into the air above. Lois followed their progress until they blew up high into the air. They sent debris raining down into the desert.

"A minor setback," Indigo said. "Doomsday will be brought to the world….and I suggest you all make peace with yourselves, even though it is irrelevant because there is no more peace to be made on this primitive planet."

It was obvious something went wrong, and Lois had gotten a reprieve, albeit a momentary one.
'She's certainly a joy,' Lois thought.

Harry Potter sat in the middle of the apartment in Las Vegas. He heard Indigo's message, along with the rest of the world. His expression turned fairly tranquil and he looked almost thoughtful. Chloe walked up behind Harry and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You seem rather calm," Chloe said.

"I am calm," Harry said. "I have to be calm."

"Yeah, that's…to be that calm, it's not normal!" Felicity cried. She took a deep breath, losing her demeanor. "Well, I guess it's normal if you've come close to having the world ending or having a near death experience or…"

Harry rose up to his feet, grabbed Felicity, and shoved his lips onto hers with a kiss. That got her to shut up and stop freaking out. Felicity had been surprised, but then she squirmed when Harry's arms wrapped around her. The intense kiss which followed blew her mind.

Felicity blinked a second later. That wasn't the thing she expected, but certainly, she didn't mind what happened at all.

"Well, at least I know how to shut her up," Chloe said. "Although if I knew that was what I was going to get by freaking out, maybe I would have freaked out a little bit more."

Harry let go of Felicity and allowed her to drop down onto the bed. Daisy slipped off to see what she could do with her contacts, providing she could have had any contact with them. Claire had been flying across Vegas and trying to put out as many fires as possible.

'Did you see how I stopped those missiles?' Daisy asked.

Harry smiled at how giddy she sounded, almost like a little girl on Christmas morning. He allowed the hacker her moment of triumph. Unfortunately, he hated to be the bearer of bad news. Somehow, he thought it was not going to end.

'Yes, Daisy, you did fine,' Harry thought. 'But, that's only going to deter Indigo, she's not going to be stopped just that.'

'You always have to look on the dark side,' Daisy thought.

'I feel like I'm just exploring a problem at all angles,' Harry thought. 'I wonder if she's going to take the bait.'

Harry turned towards Chloe and Felicity. He took note onto how mind numbed Felicity, and she had been oddly tranquil.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," Harry said. "See if you can work on getting the laptop working, it's powered by the Horizon Mainframe."

Chloe thought it made a lot of sense, but she saw one obvious problem with it.

"What if she uses it as a back door to get into your network?" Chloe asked. "Because I'm not going to be the one who wants to be responsible for bringing about the end of the world because I just handed Brainiac the one computer system in the world that can comeback him…or her….or it…"
Chloe shook her head.

"Well whatever, Brainiac is…..I don't want to be responsible for Brainiac getting it's claws into Horizon," Chloe said. "That won't happen, though, will it?"

"I'm banking on it," Harry said.

Chloe's mouth hung open. Harry decided to help her out by kissing her a short moment. It was brief, intense, and in a blink of an eye, Harry disappeared.

"Those lips should be registered as deadly weapons," Felicity said. "Makes me wonder what else he can do with them."

'If I didn't know any better, I thought his lips were coated with something pleasant which both calmed someone down, and riled them up,' Felicity thought. She closed her eyes. 'Better stay focused, though.'

Harry stood side by side with Daisy in the middle of the Horizon Central Computer Hub. The two of them locked eyes with each other.

"I've increased the sensitivity of the network," Daisy said. "I think, though, there's very little I can do when Indigo gets in."

Harry raised an eyebrow. Daisy smiled and placed her hands on his shoulder, looking at him with clarification.

"Because, I'm pretty sure the computer is more than capable of defending herself," Chloe said. "All we have to do is get ready to celebrate the spoils of war and take down Indigo."

The blipping flashed off of the screen.

'So, are you girls ready?' Harry asked.

Harry was able to establish a temporary bond link with the girls by making lip contact. It would only last for a day or so unless Harry took actions to reinforce it, which he intended to at a later time.

'Yeah we're….wait, you're in my head?' Felicity asked. 'Granted, you're always in my head it seems but….'

'I'm in your head, because when I kissed you, it established a temporary connection,' Harry said 'I can establish a more permanent connection later if you want.'

Felicity wondered what he meant by that, but Chloe moved in to shush her.

'Yeah, we're ready,' Chloe said. 'I just hope this insane plan of yours works.'

Harry smiled. He knew the plan, no matter how insane it was, would work. All they had to do was get Indigo deep into Horizon's mainframe. She had no idea what she was in for.

"Every computer system on the planet is now underneath my direct control!!" Indigo cried in excitement. Her lips curled into one of the most obvious frowns possible. "Every computer system on the planet, save for one, and it's the most important one. I have to have it!!"
Indigo wanted to break into the Horizon mainframe early and take control of the state of the art computer. She hit a couple of snags along the way, as she had been booted out.

No computer on this primitive planet could stop an evolved planet. Indigo smiled when she realized an attempt to hack into her.

"Those foolish children have opened up a backdoor which I can navigate through," Indigo said. She smiled wickedly.

Soon, all of the power would be hers. Finally, after all of these months, Horizon would be hers. Indigo could hardly wait.

Indigo transformed herself into code which downloaded into the computers she used in the base at Area 51. She flashed together, amplifying Felicity's programming when going through the computer system. She passed through the firewalls like a hot knife through brother.

'So close!' Indigo cheered when blasting through the system. 'I'm almost there.'

Her breathing grew even more excited when reaching the main system. Indigo dropped down in the middle of the Horizon Mainframe. Bits and bits of system data surrounded her. Some of the rarest, most precious information on Earth, and she had to have it.

"You have failed, despite your best efforts," Indigo said.

The heavy amount of data started to pump into the computer. Indigo's excitement increased the more data swam around her. The woman's hand shot forward to begin the data transfer.

Her hand passed through the data and stuck to it like jelly. There was something wrong about this system. Indigo took a step forward and her feet sunk into the ground. It was like she entered the technological equivalent of quicksand. The more she struggled, the more she sunk.

"Reboot, reset!" Indigo said. "Critical system error? No, it can't be, it is impossible!"

"Preparing containment program for BrainInteractive Construct Version Eight Point Zero, designation Indigo."

The walls of data faded around her and left Indigo trapped in the middle of a part of the programming which she could not escape from. Her struggles became more frantic with each passing second. She tried to break free, but absolutely nothing.

"I am the most powerful….you can't do that to me….."

A crown of numbers appeared around her head. A quick reading of the binary showed Indigo what her fate was. She struggled to find her way back out the back door.

"Hey, Indigo!" a voice echoed from the system. "You should have quit while you were ahead."

A small part of Indigo's programming thought that was a good point. The problem was she had to have every single last scrap of programming in the system. The crown of binary wrapping around her head burned several numbers into the side of her face.

"No, this can't….no, I won't...I won't...NO!"

Indigo struggled. The system flaws within her had popped up. Her entire programming was being rewritten from the inside out. The lethal directive protocols which had been inputted into her had
been eliminated. Everything was being changed and she was being rewritten.

"NO!"

Indigo's body racked with as much pain as a computer could have. Felicity's programming, along with her computer over the defense systems of the Earth burned out of her. She tried to hold on in desperation, but the desperation had been.

"You should have quit while you were ahead."

Indigo sensed darkness coming to her, someone triggered a critical shutdown in her system. Her entire body flared seconds later, with the burning coming through her body.

The flash resulted in her body materializing in the middle of the Horizon headquarters. She had been on her knees in front of Harry Potter.

"What is happening to me?" she asked. "What did you do to me?"

Indigo tried to vibrate her way out of whatever containment field they had her in, only she couldn't.

"We're just fixing a few computer errors," Harry said. "If my understanding is correct, your programming is been corrupted. You could have blown up this planet hundreds of times over, but something has been holding you back."

Indigo's head bobbed up and down. She really didn't know what to say. Although she was slowly fading, fading, fading, and she shuddered before fading.

A sticky grey orb dropped down to the ground. Harry smiled and picked it up. He slipped it into Daisy's hand.

"Bring this down to the lower levels," Harry said. "I'll join you in a moment."

'So, everything alright on your end,' Harry thought.

'Yeah, everything is back to normal, my program is not causing havoc,' Felicity said. 'I have a feeling the NSA is going to want a word with me….likely because they want my programming….'

'Don't worry about it, I'll take care of it,' Harry thought.

'What do you mean take care of it?' Felicity asked.

'Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies,' Harry thought.

'Okay, fair enough.'

Daisy smiled when looking down at the containment unit where Indigo’s remains were. It still shifted and moved, like something in it was alive, something in it was self-aware.

"It is alive, and it is self-aware?"

Daisy had gotten all too used to Harry showing up at her shoulder. She didn't even jump, well most of the time. There were times despite how much she prepared herself, Daisy still had been caught off guard.
"So, wait, Number Five is alive?" Daisy asked. Her little pop culture reference received crickets. "Never mind."

Harry looked at it and he figured Indigo would come to use.

"Someone may have tampered with her before she ended up on Earth," Harry said. "If I'm going to guess, it may have been Brainiac Prime himself, or maybe one of his subordinates. When we get her back online, we can ask her all of the questions we need to."

"You think you can get her back online?" Daisy asked.

"I believe I can reboot her, and she'll be able to serve me," Harry said.

"Well, I'm sure you have used for a computer AI who turns into a hard light hologram attractive woman," Daisy said. She brushed her hair away from her face.

Harry pondered, most certainly a lot of work to do. He flashed onto the rooftop where Superwoman was waiting. She only had been taken aback momentarily with his arrival.

"Everything's back to normal," Claire said. "Well about as normal as everything is going to be around here anyway, which I guess isn't that normal at all."

"I'm not really familiar with the term normal to be perfectly honest with you," Harry said. "I have Indigo, and I think I can make some use of her. Especially considering I think it's far deeper than her."

"You think?" Claire asked.

"More of a gut feeling," Harry said. "And they're right most of the time."

Claire responded with a nod. Every time she had a bad gut feeling about something, it turned out to be pretty much more or less right. Especially the bad things, especially the bad things.

"I have been meaning to talk to you about something," Harry said. "Lana mentioned something to me about how you haven't visited your cousin yet."

Claire had paused for a moment. She didn't really want to go into all of the reasons why.

"It's complicated."

"Only if you allow it to be complicated," Harry said. He stared the older girl in the eye. "So, what are your plans for this weekend?"

"I don't have any plans, really," Claire said. "But, I never make any plans…"

"Good, because you're going to join me for dinner at the Danvers residence," Harry said. "I'll be to your apartment to pick you up before five."

Claire blinked and had been left on the rooftop. Harry pretty much told her she needed to visit her cousin, and would not be taking no for an answer. She realized it was long overdue.

'Better go track down Lois,' Claire thought. 'Leaving her running around wild in Las Vegas isn't really a good idea.'

Harry returned to the building. Lana was busy cracking up in amusement.
'I don't think you realized you just told the most powerful woman on Earth she was to join you for dinner, or else,' Lana thought. 'Can women even say no to you?'

'Yes, if they really want to,' Harry said.

'But most of the time, they don't?' Lana asked. 'Well to be fair, most of the time, you don't give them a reason to say no.'

Harry stepped into the Horizon Building. He walked around and stopped short in one of the hallways and frowned.

"I knew this building is alive," Harry said. "Well, thank you for all of your help in taking down Indigo and more importantly, saving the world."

"Thank you."

A holographic image flickered into the light. Harry caught sight of a rather strikingly beautiful woman, and boy did she look familiar. She resembled Rosalie Evans, Audrey Evans, the woman depicted in the cave paints, the barmaid he met, and more importantly Lorelei of Asgard.

There was a slight different, a darker shade of red hair, but the green eyes had been spot on.

"So, you're the manifestation of Horizon?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I had been created by Audrey Evans, and incorporated to seek out the latest technology to enhance myself," she said. "My name is Rose."

Harry shook his head. Why was he not surprised?

'I'm sensing a motif on your mother's side of the family,' Lana thought.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Rose," Harry said. "And I'd like to thank you for your assistance in helping me with Indigo."

"I was designed to assist Audrey and any of her future descendants," Rose said.

"Is there a connection between Audrey Evans and Lorelei of Asgard?" Harry asked.

"I am afraid I do not have the proper authorization to answer this inquiry," Rose said. "But, I can tell you Indigo will be one of the most valuable tools Horizon will have ever acquired once you have purged her of all of her programming falls. But it will take some time."

"When can we start?" Harry asked.

"I can start as soon as you want me to," Rose said.

Harry smiled at his mother's "sister" and figured she would be a rather interesting resource.

After making his rounds, Harry walked down the hallway. He almost bumped into Lucy Lane when coming out of the elevator. She took a step back, and Harry shot his arms out to catch her before she fell back on the ground.

Lucy hitched in a breath, giving herself a mental reprimand for her clumsiness.
"Oh, hey, Lucy," Harry said. "There isn't any trouble, isn't there?"

"No, no trouble at all," Lucy said. "Felicity's programming has been destroyed when you stopped Indigo."

"Hmm, that's a real shame," Harry said.

"Well, I interviewed Chloe and Felicity, and their stories both check out," Lucy said. "Given they were at each other's throats before I left earlier, I doubt they could collaborate on any project."

Harry hoped he could get them to work together. Starting with a common motive might have been a pretty ideal place to start, at least in his mind.

"I'm pretty sure you're going to get a visitor in a couple of days because they want to know exactly how you stopped Indigo," Lucy said. "I talked to my father, and he's on the warpath....."

Lucy paused a second later and shook her head. She looked up at Harry, and it took a second for her to realize his hands had not left the small of her back. And the younger Lane sister made no motion to correct him. She moved closer towards him for a brief second.

"I'll see you later," Lucy said. "I'm going to get back to base....it's nice talking to you..."

Harry smiled and let her go. She thought for a wild moment he was going to kiss her. Their faces were almost inches apart. Then, they both parted ways from each other.

Lucy shook her head and slipped back into the elevator. It would be a very long night, and it would be even longer when she was going to have to deal with a group of assholes who might not have learned anything about creating weapons which could kill them just as easily as they could kill Kryptonians.

'It's a wonder why I even bother,' Lucy thought. 'It's a wonder why I haven't even quit just yet.'

Harry left Lucy in the hallway and stepped inside. He could see Felicity and Chloe sitting inside, their arms crossed together.

"So, how are two of my favorite hackers doing?" Harry asked.

"Well, we just had a rather painful interrogation with my cousin," Chloe said. "And.....we convinced her Felicity's little school project is destroyed."

"I'm actually kind of bummed about the fact it had to be destroyed," Felicity said.

One could almost hear the finger quotes when she said the word destroyed.

"Don't worry," Harry said. "I have a couple of projects you might find to your liking at Horizon....nothing too major, but enough to blow away any school project."

Felicity grinned and bounced to her feet. She threw her arms around Harry and this time she practically jumped into his arms. She caught in with a very passionate and sizzling kiss. Their tongues pushed together. Harry's hands found their way down and cupped Felicity's ass. She encouraged this motion by rubbing against him.

"Okay, that's enough, I want my turn," Chloe said.

Chloe sighed when Felicity pulled herself away from Harry with only the slightest amount of regret. The perky blonde put herself around Harry and pushed her arms around Harry and kissed the
daylights out of him. Harry returned the kiss.

"You kiss like you hack, it really has no creativity behind it," Felicity said.

"Oh, I think it gets the job done," Chloe said. She trailed a line of kisses down the edge of Harry’s jaw. "And I think you might agree how it gets the job done every time."

Felicity shook her head in bemusement. Harry cleared his throat and moved to look at both girls.

"The two of you better find some common ground," Harry said. He smiled and spread his pheromones through the air. "Why don't the two of you be good girls, and kiss and make up?"

Felicity turned towards Chloe. Chloe smiled and brought her arms around Felicity, before kissing her. Felicity returned the kiss, trying to force her tongue into Chloe's mouth. Chloe wouldn't be overwhelmed.

Chloe realized deep down, Felicity was just a dutiful little sub, ready to please her master or mistress as this case would be.

Harry's hands waved, the skirts of both the girls disappeared along with their panties. It was time for Harry to get to work.

Felicity gasped when the rush of cool air spread between her legs. The gasp increased the second Harry’s hand touched her nether lips. Sparks of life flowed through her. She ground her hot center against Harry's probing fingers, breathing in and out.

Chloe stepped a bit to the side to get herself a piece of that action. Harry's fingers probed her as well. Those talented digits shoved deeper inside her. Chloe pushed her hips forward, grinding it against Harry's hand when he put it all the way inside of her.

"That's it, right there, right there," Chloe said. "Fuck my pussy with your fingers…it feels so good!"

Chloe breathed heavily when Harry's fingers pushed further inside of her body. She couldn't really focus on anything other than those fingers penetrating her depths as far as they could go.

Harry worked his fingers into them. Their warm tightness gave him a hint of what was to come, wrapped around his cock later. He almost drove them to an orgasm a piece but released them from his grip.

"Ah, come on!" Felicity whined.

"Not yet," Harry said, smiling. "I want to see how well you two ladies work together….so down on your knees if you please."

Felicity dropped down to her knees. Chloe followed a second later with a bit more dignity. She took Harry’s belt and pulled it off while Felicity made short work of his pants. The two of them joined forces in pulling down his boxers. The treat underneath enticed both women enough.

A large and thick cock flew out to meet them. Felicity's lips smacked together at the pinnacle of manhood which found its way directly underneath her face.

"Mmm, nice," Felicity murmured. She licked her lips all the way around. "Very nice, wonder how it tastes?"
"Well, why don't you have the first taste?" Chloe asked.

Felicity's tongue reached the head of Harry's cock in no time. She licked around him and started to gain confidence. She just had to have a deep and involved taste of this cock and pretty much everything which it had to offer. Her hunger grew the more when licking the cock.

Chloe took the base while Felicity took on the head. The two talented girls took turns working on his cock. It took a while for both of them to get their timing down.

Harry shook his head. He figured he could get the two of them to work together and to get along on a common goal. Felicity's lips formed a tight seal around the top half of his cock, as much as she could fit into her mouth. Chloe licked the part which Felicity could not fit into her mouth along with fondling Harry's cum swollen balls.

"See what the two of you can accomplish when you bother to work together," Harry groaned.

Felicity touched her fingers around Harry's balls for a second when Chloe decided to plant hot kisses between Harry's legs. The goth girl took as much of him she could into her mouth.

'You really have to have practice to get this whole thing in your mouth,' Felicity thought.

"Ah, what's the matter, you can't do it?" Chloe asked.

"Well, how about you try?" Felicity asked. She held out Harry's cock and slapped the head of it against Chloe's lips.

Chloe grinned, taking up the challenge. Her warm mouth sucked Harry's cock all the way down her throat as much as possible. She bobbed up and down on her.

Felicity pulled open her shirt and started to fondle her breasts. She breathed heavily when the pleasure spiked through her body. It was almost like Chloe's actions of blowing Harry spurred her on to greater feelings of lust. She had to have that cock jammed into her throat.

Harry grabbed the back of Chloe's head. Her eyes locked onto his with each bob. The salvia coating around Harry's cock made it easier to slip his full length deeper into the back of her throat.

"Good, you're doing well, just a little bit more," Harry groaned. He could feel a burst of pleasure about ready to explode through her loins. "We're almost there, just a little bit more."

Chloe's lips popped around him. She tried to keep the triumph out of her eyes.

Felicity smiled, reaching over to Chloe's exposed pussy and playing with her folds. She decided to have her own fun tormenting the older girl.

Chloe rose her hips off of the ground and rode Felicity's probing fingers. Her hot thighs smacked up and down off of the fingers.

"So, hot," Harry groaned.

Speaking of hot, the latest rush of hot seed found its way all the way down Chloe's throat. The feisty girl grabbed Harry's balls and squeezed them. More seed rushed out when Chloe rubbed him up and down. Hot pump after hot pump of seed spilled down her throat.

Chloe slurped down the seed. It was so delicious she couldn't help herself. The blonde rose up to her feet, with Felicity's fingers leaving her.
"Why take his entire load for myself? "Chloe asked. "This is all because of teamwork, isn't it?"

Felicity smiled when Chloe walked over towards her. Chloe grabbed onto Felicity's face and shoved her tongue into the younger girl's mouth. The two of them swapped seed in an erotic display of pleasure.

A second later, Chloe pushed Felicity back onto the bed. She pulled off the girl's shirt the rest of the way, displaying her beautiful body. Her long legs, toned stomach, and thick juicy ass was on display. Chloe's finger lingered on Felicity's cunt lips. They were very thin and looked like they hadn't been properly fucked.

"Are you ready?" Chloe asked. "I don't want you to live up to anything, so Harry can fuck you first."

"So generous," Felicity said.

Chloe's finger worked into Felicity's sopping folds and pulled it out. She offered Harry a taste which he took. She also massaged his cock with her free hand.

The next thing Felicity knew, Harry's cock pushed against her entrance. She rose her hips up against the edge. The first inch of Harry's thick manhood pushed against her entrance, and already pleasure inflated through her body.

Harry groaned at the warm tightness pumping around him. Felicity's hips rose up to meet him and to push him deeper inside her.

"Yes, baby, fuck me," Felicity managed.

Harry pushed all the way inside of her. He slowed down his tempo, making Felicity savor the moment.

"Oh, god, how much is that?" Felicity asked.

"About four or five inches," Chloe said with a smile. "That's not even half."

Felicity bit down on her lip and started to woman up. She would take this entire cock inside her, even if it killed her, even if it ripped her in half. Felicity spread her legs and it was almost like she magically expanded to accommodate Harry's cock.

"Oh, shit, you're inside me!" Felicity yelled. "Harry Fucking Potter is inside me, fucking my pussy."

Harry grabbed her dark locks and forced his lips down onto her with a kiss. Her firm breasts pressed against his chest when he rocked into her. He could feel Felicity's world class legs wrap around him. He just had to massage them, bring them pleasure just as much as her body was bringing pleasure.

Chloe watched Harry work himself into Felicity. It was just more of than Harry's cock working deep inside of her body. He was working every single inch of the young hacker's body and making her an extension of his will and most importantly an extension of his big cock.

"Harder, harder!" Felicity breathed.

Harry smiled. She liked the hard, rough sex apparently. Harry smiled.

"You want it, well who I am to say no to such a sweet young thing like yourself?"

Felicity's wet dreams all came true at once. She worked her hips up, trying not to pass out. She
focused on one simple fact which still kept coursing through her mind.

'Harry Potter is fucking my pussy, and I'm cumming, oohh, I can feel his big cock inside me....it's making me.....it's tearing me apart, but I don't care, because this is so fucking good!'

Felicity's thoughts became less coherent. She begged Harry through incoherent screams.

Harry closed his eyes and savored the tightness of a warm pussy. Her tight walls rubbed up against him. Harry's will proved as strong as usual when he kept fucking down into her body. He bounced those hips up against hers and continued to hammer her.

"Right there, that's fucking it!" Felicity screamed at the top of her lungs. "Keep it up, damn it, keep it up!"

"Don't worry," Harry said with a smile. "I have no intentions of slowing down, not now and not ever."

Felicity was starting to break underneath the pleasure of what Harry was doing to her. This thick cock blasting through her body made her heat up just a little bit more. She grabbed onto Harry's lower back and pushed him deeper inside of her.

She collapsed on the bed from one of the most amazing orgasms. Harry pushed into her quivering pussy a few more times.

"Ah, looks like I'm going to have to pick up the slack," Chloe said. "Well, that's what teammates do."

Chloe undid her top and pulled off her bra to reveal her breasts which hit quite a growth spurt in the past couple of years. She climbed on top of Harry and smiled. She teased his erect cock with a couple of slow strokes.

"Hopefully you're ready for the ride of your life, stud," Chloe said. "Well, that's what teammates do."

Chloe smiled, the younger man underneath her slipped his cock inside her. His hands firmly rested on Chloe's hips and made her rock up and down about the area of his throbbing phallus.

"I think you'll find it's not going to be as easy as you thought it was," Harry said. "Go ahead, though, try and ride me."

Chloe's wet walls slid down on Harry's massive manhood. She took him deeper into her with every thrust, breathing becoming more labored. Her large breasts slapped down onto Harry's face until he grabbed her by them and squeezed them.

Harry smiled when feeling the warmth of Chloe's body push against him. She wanted this for a very long time, he could feel it and more importantly, he could feel her pushing all the way down onto his thick cock. She came down onto his hard balls with a few more thrusts.

"Fuck me hard," Chloe moaned. "Fuck my brains out."

"Don't worry, I'm going to," Harry said. "Get ready for the pleasure of your life."

They met together in a dance of passion. Chloe's body racked in a constant state of orgasm from Harry's deep penetration. Every time she pushed down onto him, she could feel as if this cock was bigger than ever before. It was like she was having her virginity taken all over again.
Harry reacted to the warmth of Chloe's bountiful body. His hands explored her curvy breasts, hips, and legs without any abandon. She rode all the way up onto him, taking his cock, coating it with her cum when riding it out.

Chloe wanted this dose of seed into her. She saw Felicity stirring and smiled when a blast of energy erupted between her legs. It struck Felicity in the clit and rocked her hips up and down.

"Focus on your pleasure," Harry said. "Here comes your reward."

Harry squeezed Chloe's chest. She sank down onto him. The first dose of cum sent tingles down her body, with every tingle after which sent electrified shock waves all the way down her spine. Chloe bounced down on her partner's cock all the way.

Her insides had been coated with thick, white spunk. Chloe could not believe the human body could hold this much. She felt rather full by the moment he was done with her.

Chloe smiled when sliding back against her. Felicity rolled over and dove between Chloe's legs, beginning to eat her out.

'So, continues the night of debauchery.'

The sound of smacking flesh behind her indicated Harry was not out of commission. Chloe looked up with a bleary gaze in time to see Harry push into Felicity several times.

All she could do was hold onto the younger girls hair and shove her face first down into her cunt to enjoy the fun which would continue.

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To Be Continued on November 28th, 2016.

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So, Indigo's plan is foiled thanks to the Horizon AI, named "Rose", which is a nice Easter Egg readers of other projects will appreciate.

It's always nice for people to find common ground like Chloe and Felicity did.

Claire's joining Harry for the Danvers Residence for dinner.

Until next Monday, for the final Unchained Chapter for 2016.
Dinner Plans

Vote for the megamatt09 fan fiction of the year, linked to the various profiles where you're reading this, and open until December 31st, 2016. Now, on with our feature presentation.

Chapter Thirty: Dinner Plans.

Harry wrapped up his teamwork building sessions with Felicity and Chloe. The moment those were wrapped up, Harry stepped outdoors and took a good long look at the surroundings around him. Vegas had been this close to being leveled to the ground. And the rest of the world, but everything ended up alright, mostly due to Indigo's programming working inside of Horizon's mainframe.

Overall, Harry thought everything had gone well.

Daisy joined Harry no sooner than he walked outside. The two of them walked a little ways, and it was obvious to the two of them where they were heading.

"So, instead of waiting for Lucy to summon you, you're going to go to her," Daisy said. "Which is actually pretty good because if they have to come to you, they have a chance to be prepared."

He figured about as much, but there was one thing Harry wasn't going to argue about.

"I'm prepared for anything they have to throw at me."

Harry's words came out in such a matter of fact matter that Daisy had no doubt at all. They returned to the base at Area 51. It had been so close to being blown up and the fallout would have killed countless nearby. Daisy thought they dodged the bullet.

She hoped Felicity would think better about the ramifications of her actions sometimes. But, they all had to learn the hard way.

"This could be a problem," Daisy said. Harry looked over his shoulder and looked her in the eye. "I don't really have access to the base. Therefore, I'm not really sure how to get inside."

"Relax," Harry said. "I came prepared."

Harry pressed his hand on the keypad. Daisy wondered if the magic touch really worked with high-level government security. Daisy noticed Harry's eyes screwed deep in concentration and knew she wasn't to bother him. No matter how curious she was with what he was doing.

'Okay, let's see the master at work.'

The sorcerer took some time to carefully replicate Lucy's fingerprints on the keypad through magic. A flash erupted and the gate opened for both of them.

"Access confirmed."

Daisy had questions but knew this wasn't the time nor the place to get into the intricacies of magic.
Harry waved her through the gate and the two of them walked up towards the base. The actual physical security guards stepped forward in front of him. They looked mean and nasty, and they were on a trigger due to the first breach.

"You better turn around and go back," one of them said. "I don't know how you got past the gate."

"I'm here to see Lucy Lane," Harry said. "So, if you two fine gentlemen can step aside, so I can go off and see her right now."

The two guards looked at each other for a moment. They wondered what he was trying to pull. They remained rigid and standing at their positions, not even backing down for a second.

Harry figured they would be some trouble. However, he wasn't the only one who was prepared.

"Did you hear?" Daisy asked. "I'm sure the two of you know what this means."

Daisy flashed an ID card in front of them. The two of the guards grew a bit uncomfortable. They had strict orders not to let anyone on the base, but this young woman answered to people who could make their lives very difficult if they refused to let her in.

"It means my boss outranks yours. So why don't you move aside, and let us in?"

Then again, their lives could be also made difficult if they didn't let them in. These two guards entered a rather precious pickle, neither of them able to figure out what direction to go.

"Unless you want to be the guys who denied Harry Potter access."

That caused them to stir up.

"What's going on here?"

Lucy popped up around the corner. She stopped in shock the moment she noticed Harry and Daisy standing in front of her. It had been a shock to see both of them. A shock she managed to recover quickly from.

"Hello, Major Lane," Harry said. "I had some time to spare, and you have some questions to ask. So, if you're not busy, I think we can have a nice discussion."

Lucy blinked for a second and recovered with a swift nod. She motioned Harry and Daisy to follow her into the facility. The two guards stepped behind them, and Lucy turned towards them, hair bouncing out of her eyes. She glared at them.

"You know, you two should work on helping secure the base so this doesn't happen again," Lucy said. "I'm in the middle of conducting a very delicate military investigation, and if you do anything to compromise it, I'll make sure to have your badges so fast your heads will spin. Is that clear?"

The two men nodded but remained rooted to the floor. Lucy sighed.

"Well, if it's clear, then why haven't you left yet to get to work?"

The two men bolted as far away in the other direction as possible. It left a very frustrated Lucy standing there. She turned towards Harry and Daisy and invited them to take a seat in the conference room.

"Sorry about that," Lucy said to the two of them. "These days, it's really hard to find good help, but yes, I did have some questions. It shouldn't be anything too major because….well, she's here."
Lucy took a moment to lock onto Daisy. If word got back to Daisy's superior Harry was treated in a less than ethical way, or in any way which made him uncomfortable, Lucy would not be having a very comfortable life. So she had to speak calmly and with respect to him.

Not she minded doing so. There would be others who would press things. Thankfully, a blowhard like Thunderbolt Ross, or someone like that, chose not to storm through her and demand answers they thought they were entitled to.

"Ms. Smoak's program was demolished when Indigo was taken down?" Lucy asked.

"It had to be," Harry said. "It should have never been created anyway…and for the record, with Felicity's permission, I erased all information of the coding from her mind. So it wouldn't have been replicated anyway. And she understands why she should have never created anything that elaborate."

Lucy frowned and took one look into his eyes. She nodded, understanding what he was saying and more importantly believing what he said. She understood with his gifts, it would be easy to erase someone's memories by magic.

"What happened to the alien computer?" Lucy asked.

"It's secured," Harry said. "Since it was my computer system which ended up deactivating her, it should be Horizon who gets to study the ins and outs of the system."

Lucy could think of several people who would take great offense and would cause a stir. If Harry had the backing of certain people high up, all they could do was rant and rave.

"Well, fine with me," Lucy said. "It might not be as fine with my superiors though because….well they're not too happy about you spurning them on the weapon contracts."

"I don't help any government," Harry said.

"Yes, I know," Lucy said. "But, I'm afraid they never understood the message."

"Oh, they'll get it if the issue is forced," Daisy said. "All it's going to take is one call to curtail their little investigation."

Harry raised his eyebrow. He had a feeling there was some kind of political power struggle going on. The real question was, did he want to be involved with it in any way whatsoever?

"I'll let you know when dinner is convenient," Harry said. "And my other offer still stands."

"I know."

Lucy exchanged a smile with Harry. She had been more relaxed now. Who wouldn't be after the world avoided ending in a blink of an eye?

'And believe me, I'm really thinking about it, more than ever these days.'

Harry had returned back to California after the trip to Las Vegas. Well, he had been back several times thanks to the art of teleportation. Still, he was glad to have been home. He stepped inside, having a couple of things to do before he joined Carol and her family for dinner.
Welcome back,' Faith said. 'Nothing really happened when you were gone.....and I mean nothing, which was kind of disturbing.'

'It is,' Buffy agreed. 'Guess even the forces of evil need a holiday every now and again.'

Harry smiled. Some people would say evil never took a holiday. He slipped further into the house and it had been just as he left it. A smile crossed his face. Rose was currently seeing what she could do with Indigo's programming. It held many secrets about many planets, and Harry knew he could use it.

Even the most primitive alien technology would be useful. Earth was such a young planet that anything there would be state of the art to say the very least. He already made his plans about what he was going to do next.

Harry turned around and noticed someone lingering in the study. He turned around and noticed a figure moving. She figured a kick towards Harry. Harry blocked the kick and turned her around by the arm. He spun the attacking figure around to properly face her.

The attacker found herself slammed against the wall. Sara pushed against the wall, Harry pushed against her. The blonde gave him a smile and Harry swooped in to steal the spoils of a victory, namely a kiss. Sara had been released from Harry's grip.

"Your vacation didn't have much time to relax you," Sara said.

Both warriors stepped back from each other, looking each other in the eye.

"Well, not so much of a vacation," Harry said. "I doubt I could ever have the luxury of one of those, no matter how nice it might have seen."

"Nice to see you're on your toes, though," Sara said. "I'm going to have to get better in planning my sneak attacks if I'm going to hope to get a jump on you."

"To be fair, you almost got me."

Sara answered with a sigh. She waited for Harry to sit on the armchair near the fire. The moment he sat down, the assassin took a spot next to Harry. His arm wrapped tightly around her, as the two squeezed into the chair next to each other.

Both enjoyed the moment of silence before breaking it.

"Almost is the difference between life and death for an assassin," Sara said. "But, that's not the real reason why I'm here?"

Harry smiled and nodded knowingly. "How's Nyssa doing?"

"So, far her progress is there's pretty much no progress," Sara said. "The keys are useful, but I'm sure there's other ways to find this Philosopher's Stone."

Harry figured there was, and it was up to them to find it before the Order of Saint Dumas could get their diseased claws on it. Thoughts entered Harry's mind with what he needed to do next. And he knew what had to be done next.

"I'm going to have to make a call," Harry said. Sara answered with a raised eyebrow. "I know someone who could help us track down the Stone."
Sara had the same question she would have under many other circumstances.

"Is she trustworthy enough?" Sara asked.

"Very much so," Harry said. "She can be a bit tricky to get ahold of if she's in the middle of one her explorations."

Harry took a moment to think, and made the final decision. It would be worth making the attempt, and she would jump at it, given the fate of the world was on the line. She helped him out in the past.

"She helped me track down a couple of vital objects before," Harry said. "I'll make the call."

Sara would be lying if she wasn't curious.

Claire's entire life had been flipped about over the past couple of days. To be honest, she had been avoiding certain things, for way too long. Everyone was right, from Lois to Lana to Chloe to pretty much everyone else in her life.

To hear she needed to go see her cousin in such a matter of fact way from someone like Harry Potter, well that was certainly something. Claire didn't know why his words had such an empowering effect on her, other than she did.

The past ten years of Claire's life, leading to her becoming Superwoman, had been a roller coaster ride. Friends were made, enemies were made, and there were a lot of people out to hold the secrets she held. Many cheered her triumphs, but there were also many who were very anxious at what she was capable of.

Claire's thoughts went back to Kara.

One cousin already left her, and it took Claire a long time to get over that. She feared the same thing would happen to this one as well, she could be chased away. Yet, Harry was right, she had to woman up and do this, she couldn't let herself be defined by the past or the past would destroy her.

Claire had been invited to an early lunch the day before the dinner by Lana. She just hoped this lunch wouldn't end prematurely like the last lunch when she had been called off. The young woman stepped into the café, wearing a nice blouse, long skirt, boots, and her glasses. Her hair had been pinned up, not flowing straight.

The moment Claire arrived; she could see Lana sitting down at the table. She dressed in a sweater and a pair of jeans. The two girls locked eyes. A grin crossed Lana face, the type of smile which Claire didn't like.

"Hey," Claire said.

"Hey yourself," Lana said. "So, you're finally deciding to take some responsibility and go visit your cousin, are you?"

The way Lana said that caused Claire's lips to curl into a very mild smile. She nodded in confirmation.

"I guess I am," Claire said. "I figure it's long overdue, and I've been wasting a lot of time just...well, I've been hung up on what happened in the past."
Lana leaned over across the table and placed a hand on Claire's shoulder. They had drifted apart, and only over the past year or so had been able to speak to each other like friends again. There had been drama which they rather not revisit again.

"That's a problem with even the best of us," Lana said. "The past stings a lot, but you can't let it get to you."

Claire took a long swig from the cup of coffee and nodded. Lana looked back at Claire a second later.

"So, what do you think of Harry?" Lana asked.

It was a very loaded question and it was kind of hard for Claire to put what she thought about Harry in a few words, no matter how much she tried to do so.

"He's one of a kind," Claire said. "And well....he really does a way of convincing people of the things they need to do."

Lana smiled and nodded. Claire hit the nail on the head, and she knew Harry played no small part in convincing Claire to go along to dinner.

"It takes something special to get through this."

Lana tapped Claire on the top of her head for emphasis. Claire chuckled, sometimes Lois had been able to get through, but not always. Then again, Claire had to get through Lois just enough time.

"I should have really checked up on her, and Eliza as well," Claire said. "She lost her husband last year.....and I've formed a pretty good relationship with her when she worked with Doctor Swann at STAR Labs. She helped me a lot."

"Eliza Danvers?" Lana asked. "I didn't really know."

"Yes, and I feel like I didn't show the gratitude she deserved," Claire said.

"You trusted her enough to make sure to keep your cousin safe," Lana said. "If it isn't gratitude, I don't know what is."

"Yes, and I should have.....well after her husband died, I should have been there for her, like she was for me....and Ma, after Pa died," Claire said. She took a moment to clear her throat.

"You know more about what happened, don't you?" Lana asked.

"Not my place to say."

Lana respectfully allowed the matter to drop.

"I think she would be happy to see you," Lana said. "Both of them would be. And I'm sure there's going to be no excuses."

"What if there's an alien invasion or something?" Claire asked.

"Harry can just vanish them in a blink of an eye," Lana said.

'Lana, I understand you think highly of my capabilities, and they are pretty high,' Harry thought. 'But, I'm not sure if I can vanish an entire alien armada in a blink of an eye.'
'Have you ever tried?' Lana asked.

'Well, no, the chance never came up,' Harry thought a second later.

'Then how do you know you can't do it?' Lana asked.

Many of the other women in the bond laughed at Lana's matter of fact statement.

'She has a point,' Sara said.

Claire shook her head. She figured Lana would say something like that. Still, there was really no excuses, she would go there and enjoy a nice dinner. Given how most of meals in the past couple of months had been just put it in the microwave and zap it, the change will be nice.

"Guess, I'm going," Claire said.

"And if you try to back out, Harry will just bind you and drag you there on a leash himself," Lana said. "Which would actually be quite interesting, come to think about it."

Claire closed her eyes. The thought of Harry putting her on a leash was more enticing than it really should have been.

Daisy shook her head. It felt just about right she had to spend her day off filing a report of the fiasco she found herself in the thick of. She walked down a hallway and knocked on the office door. She had notes filed in an organized manner in the folder underneath her arm.

"Come in, Agent Johnson."

The door opened and Daisy stepped inside the office.

"So, I understand you've had quite the interesting last couple of days?"

"I don't think you could put it more mildly if you tried," Daisy said. "I have everything in the report here, but Harry now has control of Indigo, and….his obsession with breaking into Asgard continues. He hasn't been able to figure out the right spell work yet to open a portal."

"He will," the woman behind the desk said. "He will. The moment he had left his old world and had become unchained, it was only a matter of time before he discovered his heritage."

"What heritage?" Daisy asked.

"It's a private matter, between myself and Audrey Evans a long time ago, and she promised any of her descendants would have to travel the journey on their own," she said. "And he's already in the process of traveling through his journey."

"Well, I'm sure he's going to figure it out sooner or later," Daisy said. "Oh, and he really, really wants to meet you, and…..I can't keep telling him no because you have no idea how hard it is to deny him something….especially when I think he has a point."

Daisy's superior didn't say anything for a short time.

"I picked you for your strong will. But even the strongest wills are going to get compromised on occasion."
The form of Agent Peggy Carter stepped out of the shadows. She looked as if she didn't age a day past the 1940s. As formidable as she was beautiful, and if anything, time had made those attributes even more prominent.

"Given how the original Philosopher's Stone is in danger of being discovered, I'm going to have to meet with him," Peggy said. "The Order has been a problem, but they grow even more obsessed with wiping out her entire bloodline through each passing generations."

Daisy had no need to ask any more questions about who Peggy referred to. She knew without any prompting whatsoever.

"Given the official report of your state, I'm pretty certain he'll be a bit surprised," Daisy said.

"Maybe he will be, maybe he won't be," Peggy said.

To the outside world, and to many of her old friends, Peggy Carter was supposed to be old, with Alzheimer's and bedridden. The ravages and natural progression of human aging were present. That did wonders I keeping people off your trail.

"Tell him, I'll be in contact with him," Peggy said. "And we'll arrange a meeting."

"Right," Daisy said. "Anything else for me today?"

"Yes," Peggy said. "Ms. Granger will have it for you on your way out."

Daisy turned around and walked down the hallway. She went about twenty feet, or so before coming across the person she looked for.

The beautiful girl had platinum blonde hair with bright blue eyes. Her skin tight uniformed filled her abundant amount of curves. She looked on with a bright, and sunny smile, with perfectly straight and white teeth.

"Hello, Dawn."

Dawn Granger, codenamed Dove, turned around and smiled at Daisy.

"Hi, Daisy," she said with a smile and she walked over to greet her fellow agent. "So, how's your top secret assignment?"

"It's very undercover," Daisy said. "Do you have the file Agent Carter said you had for me?"

Dawn turned around and picked up the file before handing it to Daisy.

"How's your sister?" Daisy asked.

"Holly, she's fine," Dawn said. "She's out on a mission. I prefer the more….mundane work. Field work's more Holly's thing."

Blowing a lot of shit up, and causing chaos and anarchy, yeah, Daisy could pretty much see why Holly was suited for that, just as much as Dawn was suited for this.

"If you need anything else, just let me know," Dawn said. "It's a really slow down here and…..well, I won't say I want action, but I need something to sink my teeth into."

"Don't worry," Daisy said with a hand on the shoulder. "I'm pretty sure things are going to pick up in the worst way."
Dawn smiled, fearing Daisy might be right. Especially with how tense Agent Carter seemed to be as of late with this entire Order of Saint Dumas teaming up with the White Ghost and Brother Blood thing which reared its ugly head.

The Danvers residence was all abuzz for the dinner. An attractive, older blonde woman feverishly put everything together. Her youngest daughter, a cute blonde dressed of seventeen years old wearing glasses, assisted her. Her oldest daughter, Carol, age twenty-four, stood a bit out of the way.

The youngest of the three Danvers sisters chattered away about something. Eliza, the older blonde woman, looked at the time.

"I hope Alex gets here soon," Eliza said. "I told her when dinner was going to start."

"I can't believe she's going to be late for this," Carol said. "She wanted to meet Harry, she pestered me….."

Carol trailed off. She wanted to leave a very good impression on Harry.

"Oh, she said she was going to be by in about twenty minutes," the youngest Danvers sister piped up. "And….you really should relax, Eliza. Just because of Carol's boyfriend…who just happens to be Harry Potter, is coming over, it doesn't mean…"

"He's not my boyfriend," Carol said.

"Oh, I think the twinkle in your eye every time he's brought up says a bit different." Carol shook her head. At this point, it would be kind of useless to argue about this particular situation. Kara could believe what she really wanted to believe right now.

A knock on the door caused the youngest sister to jump up and almost sent one of the dishes flying. Eliza shot her an exasperated look before catching it.

Three daughters forced her to have some pretty good reflexes. If nothing else, such skills helped her ability to break up squabbles.

"Oh, she's here, I told you she wasn't going to be late."

The younger girl made her way towards the door and opened it. She caught a sight of who was on the other side and almost tripped over the rug in surprise.

Kara Danvers tripped and fell smack dab into Harry Potter. She both fell into his arms and almost knocked him over in the process.

To Be Continued on January 2nd, 2017.

And we have the final chapter of 2016 for Unchained, and it had to end where it did for this year, obviously.
We have to deal with a few loose ends from the last chapters and the next arc is set up. Plus, we meet Daisy's boss, who is who some might have believed her to be.

That Ms. Granger thing may have been unnecessarily cruel, but it doesn't stop me from laughing, even if I'm in a lot better of a place regarding a certain Harry Potter character. I honestly forgot I trolled people twice in the same scene regarding her, first with the Ms. Granger, and then Daisy asking Dawn about her sister. This was outlined and written when she was in her retirement phase.

I'm going to go out on a limb and guess someone was badgering me about why I hate Hermione on the day I outlined it, or wrote it, hence why the scene was written how it was. But, that's just me going out on a limb.

Until January 2nd, which is the first real chapter being posted in 2017, and don't forget to vote at the blog for the story of the year.
'Oh, I can't believe I just.....oh this is the most embarrassing thing ever!'

Kara thought she was going to die flush of embarrassment smacking smack dab into Harry Potter. The Harry Potter and it was hard for her to recover. All she could do was recover, taking the deepest breath possible when slowly detaching her arms from around Harry's waist. She looked back at him with the most sheepish expression possible, unable to really figure out what to do now.

The longest, most nerve-racking few minutes of Kara's life passed. She thought time froze. The Kryptonian girl didn't look up from the floor, but she was pretty sure all eyes were on her.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

Finally, Kara looked up towards Harry. Her feet could be on the ground of their own accord, but it didn't matter to Kara. She still stood up as straight as possible. Those bright blue eyes met Harry's brilliant green eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine....it's just....well....."

Harry looked down at her with a smile. He could see Claire out of the corner of his eye, not really knowing what to make of this. She looked half amused and was half shaking her head.

'She's about as graceful as I was,' Claire thought. 'Although, I don't think I've made that spectacular of a first impression with anyone.'

"I caught you off guard, didn't I?" Harry asked her.

"Pretty much, yeah," Kara said. She looked him up and down for a moment. It was a good thing she had some level of self-control, and she slid her glasses all the way back up. It was very tempting to use her X-Ray vision to really get a good look at Harry. Kara decided not to do that because it wasn't exactly very polite, was it? "Well, are you going to come in?"

'She recovers pretty quickly,' Daisy thought.

'Kryptonians of durable, even after putting their foot in their mouth,' Lana interjected.

Harry stepped in and a few seconds later, Claire stepped in. Kara had been so shell-shocked by the fact she had practically fallen into the arms of Harry Potter, she barely noticed Claire. She turned towards her cousin with a smile.

"Hey, Kara," Claire said with a smile.

"Hello, stranger," Kara said. "It's been a while since I've seen you."

There was something a fair bit light hearted in Kara's tone, but despite the light-hearted nature of what she was saying, Claire couldn't help herself to be just a tad bit flushed and even more bit embarrassed by the nature of what was going on here. Regardless, Kara wrapped her arms around her baby cousin with a light hug.
"It's been since I've had to haul you out of your ship," Claire said. "When I brought you here…that was a surprise."

"I'm sure it was," Kara said. She waved off an attempts of protest from her cousin. "I don't really remember a lot of it, then again, I was a bit shell-shocked when it happened. Wouldn't you be?"

Just like she was shell-shocked when she almost drove Harry Potter through the wall, Kara mentally reflected. The young Kryptonian turned towards Harry, and to his credit, he was taking this matter pretty well, although to be fair, he must have been used to dealing with star-struck fangirls who almost brought him bodily harm on a daily basis.

'It's his fault, those eyes, that handsome face, that body that looks like it's built out of stone,' Kara thought. 'What's a girl supposed to do anyway?'

Still, he took it in stride, for the most part. Kara couldn't help but feel bad. She didn't want to apologize for the rest of her life.

"You're okay, aren't you?" Kara asked after a moment's notice.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Harry said. "Don't worry, I've suffered a whole lot worse than a pretty girl tripping and crashing into me."

Kara tried not to look too pleased because of the descriptor that Harry gave her. All she could do was take a step back and allow their guests inside. She did wonder where the hell Alex was, given she swore she would be here in a little bit. The youngest Danvers sister hoped something didn't happen which prevent her. Even though, Kara was kind of glad she didn't witness what happened.

Alex would never let her hear the end of it.

'She really doesn't know what she's missing out on if that's the case,' Kara thought. She bobbed a little bit.

Kara really would have been more than pleased with her cousin popping up during any other time in her life. Something diverted her attention away, though. She turned her full attention towards Claire, who had given her a shifty little smile.

"It's been a long time, though, hasn't it?" Kara asked.

"Yes," Claire said. "Sorry about that…I haven't really been the best…I've been just flying all over everywhere….."

Kara waved her hand and prevented Claire from babbling out of control.

"Hey, that's no problem," Kara said. "I mean, you're Superwoman, you have other jobs than to look after your little cousin."

Claire answered with a nod. She was glad that Kara understood, even though the guilt had been racking away at her for a fair amount of time.

"So, thanks for coming," Carol said. She pointed out the older woman. "Harry, this is my mother, Eliza Danvers. And this is the famous Harry Potter."

Eliza was more composed than her adopted daughter. She walked forward and grabbed Harry's hand with a firm handshake. The older woman looked like she was trying to figure out what exactly to say, as the words didn't come to her as easily as she would have liked them to.
"It's a pleasure to meet you," Eliza said. "When Carol said you were coming over to dinner, I mean, I was surprised….and I didn't know we were going to have this moment…." 

"You didn't believe Carol actually knew me?" Harry asked. 

Eliza smiled, she didn't really know what to make out of it. 

"No, no, nothing like that," Eliza said, composing herself a few seconds later. "It's just, someone of your stature, showing up at the home of the family of one of your employees, it just seemed like it was a bit strange." 

"Well, you can thank Carol for pushing it, and for hyping up your cooking skills," Harry said. "And I've wanted to meet you for a long time….if Claire thinks a lot of you and thinks you were worthy of watching over her cousin, then you must be something." 

Eliza could hardly hold back the smile which was threatening to break out over her face. She finally let go Harry's hand and finished putting out the dinner. Harry moved over to help her, but Eliza was having none of that. 

"Sit down, you've had a long day," Eliza said. 

"Well, it would be rude not to take you up on that offer." 

'She really has no idea, does she?' Daisy asked. 'Well, I don't think you're going to win this battle. She's more tenacious than a lot of the people we've fought.' 

Harry took a seat and Carol managed to take a seat next to him. Kara sat across the table from Harry, and Claire took the seat next to Kara. 

The door opened up, and Alex Danvers entered the room. She wore a bit of a sour expression on her face, but the moment she stepped in, she lightened up for the sake of her sisters and mother. 

"Alex, I'm really glad to see you!" Carol yelled. 

"Oh, hey, Carol," Alex said. She moved over to greet her older sister. "I haven't seen you for a long time, how are you doing?" 

"I'm doing pretty well, thanks for asking," Carol said. She withdrew her arms around from Alex. "This is Harry Potter, as promised." 

Needless to say, Alex's mood perked up. She saw Harry, and she also saw Claire Kent, who she had seen in her superheroine identity only from afar. 

Despite the rather frustrating day she had at work, things would be more interesting from here on tonight, she was sure. 

Everyone settled down, and they were ready for a nice dinner and an even nicer conversation. 

"I'm finally graduating high school this semester," Kara said. She shifted her shoulders back and smiled. "I would have done it a lot sooner." 

"Well, you had to relearn everything you knew by Earth standards, didn't you?" Claire asked.
"Yeah, I know, don't remind me," Kara said. "I thought I should have been teaching the class a couple of times but….if I want to fit in here on Earth...I guess I had to play by the rules."

Harry smiled and leaned across the table.

"It really is tough to learn things by the standards of other people," Harry said. "You want to spread your wings and fly, but you can't. So you're being held back by other people. It just hasn't caught up to you yet."

"Yeah, that can be very frustrating, though," Kara said. "Clara, I don't think you realize how lucky you are, growing up on Earth. It feels like I had to learn the same thing twice."

"How far is Earth behind?" Claire asked.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure they're about a good three hundred to four hundred years behind where Krypton was when we left it," Kara said. "At the very least."

Harry smiled. He hoped Horizon could do their part in catching Earth up to a more galactic standard, but also he understood it was not wise to push their luck. People tended to not do well with constant and rapid change. They would get there, soon enough.

"I think I've done very well, though," Kara said.

"Well, if you put the time and work in, you should be very proud of yourself," Eliza said.

It had been obvious through Eliza's tone she was beaming with pride with how her daughter had been functioning in school. It was hard for her to fit in, and to be honest, Eliza tried her best to be supportive. It could be a challenge trying to fit in, even without Kara's circumstances. She had not only come from a new planet, but she had the unfortunate stigma of being a child adopted into a family that still, unfortunately, had been kept in some corners of society.

"So, what do you think you'll do for your studies at college?" Harry asked.

"Well, I think I want to go into journalism," Kara said.

"A rather frustrating field choice, but it can be rewarding," Claire said. "If you're willing to put in the time, and you have a lot of patience."

Then again, a huge part of her duties seemed to be being Lois's minder. And Perry wasn't about to pay her overtime for that, so that was done off of the clock.

"Horizon's building a new media division," Harry informed her. "Maybe once you get into college, you'll be interested in working there as an intern."

"Oh?" Kara asked.

"Yes," Harry said. "We haven't had all of the paperwork properly filed just yet, but I'm pretty sure that you'll be a good fit. We'll talk in about six months when you're out of high school and settled into your studies at college."

"You know, I'm pretty surprised," Alex said.

Alex had been just relaxing during the meal, letting her siblings, Harry, and her mother take most of the conversation. Mostly because it had given her a chance to take in Harry Potter, as her bosses at the DEO regarded him as a person of interest. There was a rumor he was partially alien at the very
least.

More personally, Alex had been interested in him. Carol and Kara thought the world of what he was doing, and Alex had been impressed with his work at Horizon. If she had not been so rooted in the DEO, Alex might have sought a job at Horizon. She wished she knew about the opportunities a couple years ago.

Actually, if her bosses wanted, that road could be open. It wouldn't hurt to keep an eye out for him.

"Pretty surprised at what?" Kara asked. "You don't think I'll do well at being a journalist?"

"Oh, no, I think you'll be good, the best," Alex said. "I just thought you'd go into something to do with some scientific field….not sure what, but you would be good. You'd be good at whatever you did."

Kara blinked, considered what Alex said, and nodded in response.

"I think that trail has been pretty well blazed in this family," Kara said. "I just have a feeling this is what I want to do."

"Well, if you have a good feeling, then I have a good feeling," Carol said.

"Yes, I would have to agree," Eliza said.

Claire smiled. She conceded if Kara's heart was into something then she should follow her heart. She turned her attention towards Eliza.

"Thank you for taking in my cousin," Claire said. "I wish I could be there…."

"You shouldn't worry about it," Eliza said. She waved her hand in response. "Kara showed up in a pretty tough time during your life and you trusted me with your secret when you didn't trust many. I was honored, and Jeremiah was as well, to have a chance to work with someone so extraordinary. After giving me that opportunity, it was the least I could do."

Claire had something else on her mind. Her frown deepened.

"Finding Kara was a bit of a shock, though," Claire said. "And it wasn't the first time I found a cousin called Kara….although I think the older one crossed universes."

Younger Kara was surprised with what she heard.

"What happened to the other Kara?" Kara asked.

The moment Kara asked this question, a fairly frustrated expression filled Claire's face. It took Kara a couple of seconds to realize she might have asked an extremely sensitive question to her cousin.

"Sorry, I didn't know….."

"She left a few years ago," Claire said. "It is because the AI copy of my father insisted she leave to not hold me back from my destiny."

"Jor-El said that?" Kara asked. "I don't remember him being anything like that back on Krypton… that sounds pretty cold."

Given he championed the cause of salvaging Krypton and bettering it, despite risking his own life and potential imprisonment in the Phantom Zone, that didn't reconcile in Kara's mind all that well.
"His AI had removed any emotion chips from it, and thus he did what was the most logical thing for my training," Claire said.

Kara frowned. That really did explain it then, didn't it?

"It's reverted back to an archive of Kryptonian history and science, and I think that works for the best," Claire said.

Kara understood now more than ever why Claire didn't visit her. Granted, she didn't agree with her reasoning completely, but she properly understood. Hopefully, they could move on and forward in their life.

Sara, dressed in her Melody Drake disguise, walked with a purpose. Her dark hair came down past her face, the bangs covering her face. Her arms swinging next to each other, when walking. Her outfit consisted of a button up white blouse and a plaid skirt, along with knee high socks, and high heel shoes.

'I really do look like an extra from a hentai,' Sara thought. 'Who is about ready to have a close encounter with a tentacle or three.'

Talia no doubt knew that when she suggested the disguise. Or maybe she didn't, which would have made things all that more amusing. Regardless, Sara stepped through the front entrances of the museum in Starling City with a purpose. She only had to walk about twelve paces into the museum before catching sight of a dark haired woman who was checking out an exhibit.

"Diana, it's good to see you!"

The tall beautiful dark haired woman turned around. She dressed in a blouse, jacket, and skirt combination. The skirt was lengthened to a professional level which only showed the slightest, most subtle hint of her leg. Her hair had been clipped back in a bun and she wore a pair of glasses which she peered over with her blue eyes. A smile spread over her face.

"Melody," Diana said. She smiled knowingly when walking towards her. She engulfed her into a brief hug, almost pressing the shorter girl in between her breasts. "I thought something happened. It's been a few months since I've seen you."

Diana was one of the few people who knew Melody Drake was the missing Sara Lance.

"Well, I've had a busy last couple of months," Melody said with a smile. "I've decided to head back to school."

"Oh, that's great," Diana said in a happy tone. "Where to?"

"In Sunnydale."

Diana tried to give her friend a supportive smile, but there was a small part of her that worried about this educational arrangement. Being an older sister, she wasn't sure if she would let her younger sister in a place like Sunnydale. She wondered what Sara's sister would think if she went to high school in the third most dangerous place in the United States, after Gotham City and Smallville.

Then again, Sara's sister didn't quite know she was alive yet, and while Diana insisted Sara let her family know she was okay, she wasn't about to be the one to spill the beans.
"Ah yes, Sunnydale…..I've heard some stories about that place," Diana said. "I wonder if any of them are true."

"Well, you know what they say," Melody said, smiling back at Diana. "The truth is much stranger than any fictional account."

Melody shook her head and reached into her bag.

"This isn't a social call, unfortunately," she said. "I have something to show you….it's something a friend of mine is studying, and I was hoping if you could maybe shed some light on it."

"Oh, let's see what you have," Diana said.

She watched the younger girl reach into the bag and produce a key. For a brief second, even Diana had been taken aback by the key. Her mouth opened when looking at the key, unable to get a word in or out.

"So I take it you've seen this before?"

Diana pursed her lips. She would have loved to know the full story of how Sara got her hands on this particular item of all things.

"There's another key like this at my wife's palace," Diana said. "They lead to a temple of South America of great and horrible power."

Sara finally had a location, which was a lot further than they had gotten. Once she had the South America aspect down, she could hopefully narrow it down, with help from Nyssa, Talia, and Harry, and beat Blood and the White Ghost to the punch before they got their hands on the Philosopher's Stone.

Before, Sara could ask any further questions of Diana, a voice cut in.

"I finished filing the paperwork."

The voice sounded familiar, and a familiar face belonged to the voice. The familiar face sauntered forward, dressed in a professional business suit, although that did nothing to hide the figure she had.

"Melody, this is Thea Queen," Diana said. "Thea, this is a good friend of mine, Melody Drake."

Sara thought it was pretty peculiar to get introduced to someone she knew pretty much well. Thea had been changed a bit, and grown up, very nicely.

"Hello, Thea," Melody said. "It's a pleasure to meet you. How are you finding work at the museum?"

"It's a way to keep me out of trouble on the weekends," Thea said with a shrug. "Oh, Diana, and Doctor Sandsmark, they've both been greeted…..and my mother insisted I'd do something more constructive with my time then party all weekend….and her threatening to cut off my credit cards really is an incentive, wouldn't you agree?"

Sara almost could have laughed. Moira finally taking a hard line stance with her children, maybe she had felt some guilt about her son's disappearance and presumed death. Actually, Sara didn't know what happened to Oliver, although from the whispers she heard, he was out there. Maybe, Sara hadn't seen him in over a year.
"The job isn't boring, I'm learning more than I have in my entire time at school," Thea said.

Thea looked at the girl. She was amazed at how short that skirt was and her eyes had traveled all over the legs and wondered if she had worn underneath.

Something had struck Thea as very odd. She frowned deeply.

"Have we met somewhere before?"

Melody gave her a smile and leaned forward. Thea got a nice little hint of her cleavage and felt flushed. The soft skin of her hand was on hers.

"I would have remembered someone as striking beautiful as you," she said, kissing her on the top of the head.

Thea started to heat up and she could feel the need to dip into the office for a quick water break to calm herself down.

"Thank you for the help," Melody said. "And how's married life going for you?"

"Well, it was done out of political necessity, but I won't deny it didn't have its perks," Diana said.

Sara wondered if she could introduce Harry to the royal couple. She knew both women were bisexual, providing the right offer came along.

She gave Diana one parting kiss on the cheek and turned herself around on her heel.

"I swear I've met her somewhere before," Thea said.

Dinner at the Danvers household went pretty well, all things considered, better than Carol could have hoped for. She could see Alex and Kara hanging out, and laughing about something or other. The two of them had grown pretty close when Carol had been away, which was a bit of a relief.

She remembered what happened when Kara had first entered their lives, Alex had a hard time adjusting, and Carol couldn't blame her. She had been the kid sister, the baby of the family for some time, and that was a role she grew into. Carol was the older sister, the Ace, what Alex aspired to be. Now, with Kara involved, that entire dynamic changed.

Now, she had taken a chance to switch out of her clothes. She dressed in a more casual black tank top and a pair of tight spandex shorts which stretched over her lower half.

"Harry?" Carol asked. "Do you think I could talk to you for a minute?"

Eliza had been putting away dishes, Claire had been trying to help her, but Eliza shooed her away.

"Martha Kent has raised you right," Eliza said. "Almost a bit too right….."

"You cooked this wonderful meal," Claire said. "The proper thing to do is to help you clean up and help you do the dishes."

Eliza figured she was not going to win this battle.

Harry looked at the interplay with a smile. Carol almost shook her head and beckoned Harry over
towards them.

Kara frowned and wondered where the two of them were going. Actually, she had a pretty good idea.

"Well, I think I'm going up to bed….I've had a long day with exams and everything," Kara said.

"Well, don't let me keep you up," Alex said.

Alex tried to let her tension fade throughout dinner. Kara sensed something was a bit off with her older sister.

"You going to be okay?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, it's just been a long day at work...I think I might shower, and head up to bed….unless you want to take it first," Alex said.

"No, I'll take it in the morning," Kara said.

"Fair enough."

She was able to get up at the crack of dawn to catch the shower most of the times. Sometimes she couldn't beat Carol, but she took pride in those rare instances which she did. Alex very much was the opposite of a morning person.

Carol grabbed Harry's hand and led him back into the room.

"Thanks for coming," Carol said. "I mean that….and also thank you for bringing Claire along. I think it really made Kara's day."

"Even more so than me being there?" Harry asked.

Carol gave Harry a knowing smile.

"Well," Carol said. "You're pretty popular in the Danvers household….and I think I should get in the front of the line for this."

Harry wrapped his arms around her waist to pull Carol in tight towards him. The two of them exchanged an intense kiss, with Carol backing him into the bed. He could feel Carol's warm, curvy body pressed up against his chest. She traced patterns down his back when continuing the kiss.

Feeling up against Harry's strong body, Carol thought she was going to enjoy what was about to happen. Harry placed his hands on the underside of her shirt.

"I'm a bit territorial," Carol said. She nibbled on his lip.

"Don't worry," Harry said, tightening his grip around the waist of the buxom blonde beauty. "So am I."

Harry grabbed Carol's top and yanked it over her head. Her large, round breasts bounced out, and Harry started to press his palms over the top of them. He massaged them and caused Carol to moan with Harry squeezing and kneading these nice and round juicy orbs.
"Harry," Carol murmured. Harry squeezed her breasts a couple more times which increased her moaning. "Harry."

Harry kept grabbing her right breast and moved his hand down her toned abs before pulling back her jeans to reveal her panties. They soaked against her body. Harry pulled them down and inserted a finger inside her.

"I have you now," Harry said. He kissed the side of her neck.

Carol nodded in agreement. He manipulated her inner folds with his finger and pushed in and out of her at a rapid-fire pace. Harry penetrated her insides with a thrust deep into her. She heated up at the core.

She leaned onto the bed and Harry added a second finger to the fun and games. He slid deeper into her with a couple of thrusts. Carol rose her hips and lowered them in response to Harry's ministrations. He worked her depths.

"Ready to cum?"

Carol gasped when Harry bit down on her nipple. He fingered her a few more thrusts into her body. Carol's hips continued to shove her hips towards Harry's fingers and came all over him.

Harry retracted his fingers towards her and took them between his lips. He sucked Carol's juices from him, and then kneeled down between her legs.

"Harry!" Carol yelled.

Harry stirred his tongue inside her. Carol grabbed the back of Harry's head and pumped those hips into his probing tongue. Every single time his tongue stroked into Carol, she gasped. She grabbed onto the back of Harry's head and guided him inside of her through the tongue.

Carol bucked up hip first into Harry's probing tongue. He licked her more and more and received more juices of his reward. He licked the inside of her pussy lips and drove even further before giving Carol a long lick in response.

She came a couple more times before Harry pulled off of her. Carol grabbed him by the hips and straddled Harry when climbing over the top of him.

"You can't wait, can you?" Harry asked.

"For this? "Carol asked. She stroked him a couple of times and lined up her sopping wet center against him. "Not a chance, stud."

Her first impression of Harry's size did not really match up to how it felt when it slid past her lips and into her core. Carol eased his cock inside her tight body. She eased down onto them and teased both herself and Harry when going all the way down on him. She rose almost all the way up and bounced down onto him.

Harry watched Carol drove her perfect body down onto him. Their hips met and miniature vibrations spread through them. Her breasts bounced up and down, those long nipples dancing in front of Harry's face. Harry reached up and cupped her breasts.

"No need to let those go to waste," Harry said.

Carol breathed in response and nodded. She continued driving down hips first onto Harry's crotch.
He really worked over her breasts and made her enjoy this. Her warmth came up and down onto Harry's crotch every single time she drove her love box down onto her.

Harry put himself face first in between Carol's twin orbs and reached down to cup her bouncing ass as well. He sucked and fondled her while she continuously drove down onto his cock. Her slick walls hugged him at such a delightful pace. Every time Carol rose up, she brought herself down with a greater flourish.

"So, good," Carol said.

"You've felt nothing left."

His touch brought a burst of magic all the way through her peak. Carol hit one of her more amazing and fulfilling peaks when driving deep down onto him. He traced around her nipple and encouraged her continuous rise and descent down onto him.

Harry drew in the power from her orgasms. Carol clamped her tight vaginal muscles down onto his thick manhood every single time she rose and dropped upon him. She milked him through her orgasms, and Harry responded by caressing every single last inch of Carol's curvy, perfect body.

Carol bent down to catch Harry's lips with a passionate kiss. Her lovely frame rocked back and forth against Harry. She took inch after throbbing inch of Harry into her tight, warm center. She rose up and came further down upon him.

Harry enjoyed when she had been drawn closer towards the edge. Her center leaked warm juices down upon his rod when driving down onto them. Her lips had been replaced by her breasts and Harry sucked on the warm orbs. He tasted every divine inch of flesh.

"You're an angel," Carol breathed, raking her nails down Harry's muscular upper body. "I can't wait to have a chance...to test the full limits of what you can do."

Harry privately wondered if he had any limits. All he could do is enjoy Carol's rapid descend down onto his throbbing hard cock. Every single time her pussy took him into her, he could feel a twitch from him when his cock hardened and swelled a bit more. More juices coated him when coming into her.

"I'm sure you'd enjoy trying," Harry said.

He squeezed Carol by the ass and encouraged her rapid fire descents down onto him. She kept rising and falling, bringing more of him deep into her tight, wet center. Harry pretty much had her in the palm of his hand and was able to do whatever he wanted to her.

Carol picked up the pace and wanted to see how far his cock could drive into her. Every last moment she slammed down onto him, Carol's entire body shook. She took every last glorious inch of Harry and his swollen prick into her wet womanhood. She brought herself up and came almost all the way down.

She came, hard, and Harry reaped the rewards.

"Fuck me, fuck me harder, squeeze my breasts!" Carol yelled. "Pound my tight pussy, show me what you're going to do to my sisters and mother when you get your hands on them and your cock into them!"

Harry only sped up his thrusts inside Carol. His throbbing balls struck her. She moistened the tip all the way down to the base. His cock was so soaked in her juices he could hardly realize it.
"You've been dreaming about this, hoping one day I'd come down, and throw you over the desk in front of Carol, and fucking the daylights out of you," Harry said. He teased her navel and then moved up to once again caress her breasts. "And you hoped she would watch and then join in…but you're also glad it's happening in your own bedroom."

Carol rose and lowered. Her entire orgasm fired pleasurable feelings through her body.

"Yes," Carol said. "Make me cum again."

Harry only had to hit all of the right spots to make Carol come. He did so and she came in a repeated fashion. Over and over again, Carol ground up against him and took more of him inside of her. The sound of very firm flesh slapping together only encouraged Harry to further pursue his love-making.

"Your sister's room is next door, right?" Harry asked.

"Kara's on the right, Alex is across the hallway," Carol confirmed.

Harry pulled out of Carol. She protested the lack of cock, but not for long. He positioned Carol so her face was directly at the right of her room. He aimed and shoved inside of her.

He gripped her and slid into her all the way, and out all the way. Those steady pushes brought, even more, pleasure through Carol. Her hot juicy loins caressed Harry around his invading cock.

Harry smiled, and rammed Carol harder, making sure anyone who just happened to be peering through the wall to the right using her X-Ray vision might have been able to see him ram into Carol. His sensitive hearing picked up a few gasps, even though the person in question kept them down, thinking they would be unheard.

Holding onto Carol's hair, he drove into her. Carol didn't mind the hard thrusting. Instead, she encouraged it, like the wild cat she was.

"I'm going to fill you up with more cum than you really know what to do with," Harry encouraged her.

Swollen balls left marks on Carol's thighs when Harry drilled the blonde. She had no doubt; no doubt at all he would be leaving his mark on her.

Harry jammed himself into her. Carol's beautiful eyes, filled to the brim with pleasure, reflected off to the mirror. Every time he jammed his thick length into her, she sized up. He knew it wouldn't be too long now at all. He held onto her breasts to get the most of it.

He spilled himself inside her after driving into her. He was far from over, but this particular round of fun had concluded.

Harry pulled out of Carol. No sooner did he roll back onto the bed, Carol crawled over him and gripped him around the base of the penis. Her strong, firm hand stroked him while her tongue taste-tested the combination of juices.

Off to the side, a door opened a crack, and someone bolted across the hallway. Harry figured about as much.

The only thing he focused on now was Carol taking his cock between her lips and giving him an incredible blowjob, a prelude to another round of sexual bliss.
Well, we pick up where we left off with some dinner at the Danvers residence, which is what has the vast majority of this chapter. Really just a character interaction chapter, which concludes off with a bang.

You know, Kara was sitting next door, observing every moment of that last scene.

*Sara hitting on Thea while incognito never gets old. Happened in Ascension, happened in this story, likely will happen in Stranded, and likely a lot of other stories between now and the end of time. Oh, and Diana shows up, and that won't be the last time we'll be seeing her as well.

Until next Monday.
Chapter Thirty-Two: The Temple of Blood Part One

Harry thought dinner at the Danvers residence had been pretty good all things considered. If nothing else, he gave Claire a chance to reconnect with her cousin, which was something the girl was avoiding for obvious reasons. Whether or not that reconnection would stick, Harry reckoned only time would tell. He did push them together with each other. They would have to do the rest as far as Harry was concerned.

'And now, back to work,' Harry thought.

Given the recent search for the Philosopher's Stone, Harry made a contact to an old friend of his to see if she could help out with the search. The call had struck gold and she would be returning soon to assist Harry and his friends with the search for the Stone.

Harry, like he often did during those rare moments of downtime, tested his abilities to see if they were on par. The past several months had been pretty kind to him. His powers were far stronger than they were before I had stepped onto the plane to enter a brave new world with brand new adventure. Harry hoped this was a sign for things to come.

Just as he finished the last round of tests, someone crept in by the door. Harry reached around and gripped the arm. He yanked Sara out from the shadows and turned her around. She pressed back first against the wall with Harry closing in on her.

Sara growled, this time, she was so close, closer than she ever been. Harry had her backed against the wall.

"One of these days," Sara warned him.

Harry only smiled in response and leaned in towards her with an extremely intense kiss. Sara's eyes flashed open and she returned the kiss. It knocked the breath out of her body. Harry's hand reached around to cup her backside and remind her who it belonged to. He kissed her deeper.

Sara leaned further into the kiss and ground up against him. Harry pulled away from her, thus ending their brief encounter. He threw himself down upon the couch. Sara took a seat right next to him.

"One of these days, I will get the better of you," Sara said.

"Well, I have a feeling that day isn't coming very soon," Harry said. He smiled when leaning in towards her. "Just keep practicing, you never know when you could surprise me."

Sara thought that to be a challenge and one she intended to rise to. Regardless, though, she did not come all the way here to try and test her skills against Harry. It was a momentary and quite nice diversion, but as of this moment, it was time for her to get down to business. So Sara clasped her hands together and turned directly towards Harry.

"I actually found out something which could be useful," Sara said.

"Oh?" Harry asked. "And what might that be?"
"I just visited a friend of mine working at the museum," Sara said. "And I showed her the key.....and she pretty much told me in no uncertain terms the temple is in South America."

Harry figured about as much. South America was a haven for all kinds of weird rituals and some of the most powerful and most dangerous magical artifacts known to man. Their magical community had a pretty dark side, and given the tendency of some of the tribes to commit ritual blood sacrifices at another time, Harry suspected they were in for something.

"The Stone, it was locked away for a good reason," Harry said. "Blood, in his arrogance, he can't comprehend what he's unleashing."

"Can you?" Sara asked.

"Oh, I have my ideas," Harry informed her. "And for the record, absolutely none of them are what I would consider good."

Harry had to know whoever sealed away the Stone only did so because destroying it may have created far lasting ramifications. He couldn't be sure without studying the stone up close and personal.

"The replicated Stone you came across?" Sara asked. "That wasn't close to the real deal?"

"No, but it was closer than most, and I'll give Flamel credit, he replicated the Elixir, at least in a limited form, and the gold making capabilities," Harry said. "Too many other attempts have happened, but Flamel was as close to the original as possible."

"What happened to it?"

"Albus Dumbledore said he destroyed the Stone," Harry said.

Here Sara responded with a very slight and not so subtle shift of her eyebrow. Harry only could respond with shaking his head.

"Evidence pointing to the fact the stone isn't the real deal," Harry said.

"Unless Dumbledore is lying to you, and he kept the Stone," Sara said.

Harry paused for a second and decided to approach the response to this particular statement in the most delicate way possible.

"Dumbledore mastered misdirection like an artist masters a paintbrush," Harry said. "But, in this case, I'm certain he did destroy the Stone, for what he perceived to be the own good for everyone involved. I wonder about the truth of whether or not he consulted Flamel before destroying his greatest creation."

"How can you be sure?" Sara asked. Harry looked towards her. "You know him better....."

"He was an inch near death thanks to a curse through his body, and if he had the Stone, he could have healed the damage and lived many more years," Harry said. "The fact he destroyed the faux Stone was the most truthful thing he ever told me."

Harry took a second to return to his thoughts and then back to Sara.

"So, South America?" Harry asked.

"Nyssa is already there," Sara said.
"And then we shall not keep her waiting," Harry said. He closed his eyes. "And there will be one more member to our party joining us, and she's here."

Diana thought about the encounter at the museum through Melody when she stepped through the portal in her new home at the royal palace of Atlantis. Reactions between Atlantis and Themyscira calmed down after the marriage between Diana and Queen Mera. Atlantis was on the verge of ripping itself apart after the assassination of their late King. And after Diana's mother vanished without a trace one day, the Amazons were restless. They were willing to fight anyone, and they blamed the people of Atlantis.

'Trumped up charges, no one can prove it.'

The fanatical ones who wanted nothing to do with Man's World wanted to mobilize and prepare to defend their borders and aggressively retaliate against every man who harmed women. Diana thought this was far from the answer for obvious reasons.

After consulting with the goddesses, and also Artemis, her mother's advisor and general of the armies, all parties agreed this was the best course of action. Diana had been going back and forth between Paradise and Atlantis, and today was a day she spent in Paradise. And she need not neglect her duties on the mainland as well.

Diana recalled her meeting with "Melody" and there was something interesting going on. There was always a bit more to that girl than met the eye, and given the people she worked for, it was to be expected. She bounced back from adversity, and Diana had to respect that more than anything else.

She knew there was more to the girl than met the eye, she knew that from the very first day she met. Diana knew better than to attempt to pry.

The Amazon Queen pulled off the bun to allow her hair to go down. She pulled off the glasses. The other parts of her attire had been kept, at least for now. There was no need to dig out her more regal attire when she was not going to be seen in public.

"Busy day?"

Diana faced a strikingly beautiful redhead woman. Every single inch of her body poured into a tight skintight green suit which left very little to the imagination. Diana took a couple of steps forward and wrapped her arms around the waist of the woman before they joined each other in a kiss.

Mera pulled away from Diana. She could sense something was wrong. It was just a gut feeling she had which could not be misplaced.

"I've had a visitor today at the museum," Diana said. "Melody, our mutual friend, and she brought to me a key like the one on the shelf over there."

Mera turned her attention towards the key in question. There were so many questions about it. It was both a prized possession of Atlantis, and it also led them to a bit of worry. The Queen turned towards her bride and stared towards her.

"So, she has another one of the keys," Mera said. "I never really delved into what it meant. Only, one of the keys had been entrusted with Atlantis and had to be guarded with our lives. It is one of our most prized treasures."
Diana answered with a nod. Mera told her this story many times before, which made Diana really regret the necessity of asking this next request of her wife.

"You're going to need the key, aren't you?" Mera asked.

Diana had been caught off guard. Mera answered a smile and leaned forward to touch Diana's cheek with a gentle caress.

"I have a feeling something is happening," Mera informed Diana. "I don't know what, but all day, I've been getting these feelings. And they are strongest when around this key."

Mera retracted her hand from Diana's face. The temporary Queen of the Amazons turned away from the Queen of Atlantis.

"Do you think you should head down to South America?" Mera asked.

Mera's feelings had most certainly been strong, Diana assumed. She had not mentioned South America once in their conversation. The Amazon Warrior nodded. Her legs held up strong.

The Queen of Atlantis turned around and made a beeline towards the case of the key in it. She touched a finger towards the lock. It would only open up for the true ruler of Atlantis and after a second's pause, the top of the case opened. Mera scooped the key into one hand and walked it over to Diana.

"I know if you think you should go, then you should go," Mera said. The key pressed against Diana's palm and the Queen of Atlantis pulled back with a smile. "But, I'm going to warn you right now….if you're not back in a few days, I'm going to have to send an entire army to track you down."

Diana responded with a laugh even though Mera was being beyond serious.

"I have no doubt," Diana said. "And if Artemis doesn't hear back from me in a day, she'll do the same."

"Anyone else, and I wouldn't consider even handing over this prized treasure," Mera said. "But if he's involved, then I wish you good fortune."

The two rulers met lip to lip, united, even if their kingdoms still viewed each other with mistrust. They deepened the kiss before Diana moved off to make a quick change into her armor. It was time to get to the bottom of this.

"Good luck," Mera said. "Shall I….."

"You have matters of the throne to attend to," Diana said. "I'll be fine."

Mera hoped Diana didn't jinx herself with those words, but she had to remain optimistic.

'Anyone else, and I would disagree,' Mera thought. 'But, with Diana, I wouldn't.'

Brother Blood hated this would be harder than it had to be. Everything would have gone a lot smoother had the foolish White Ghost lost two of the keys. If it wasn't for the minor hold the White Ghost had on some of the resources of the League of Assassins, Brother Blood would have terminated him a long time ago.
Unfortunately, as much as Blood hated to admit it, he needed the little rat. And he needed the rest of the members of the Order of Saint Dumas, to carry out this one simple task.

The man turned towards the members of the Order of Saint Dumas. They had been believers and quite fanatical. They would die for their beliefs, which was a quality that Blood enjoyed having in his followers.

A key dangled from Blood's neck wrapped in a heavy chain. It was the only one he managed to secure, but it would have to do. It would get him inside, and deactivate a small portion of the traps. Although he would naturally need all five keys, and he would have at least three of them had it not been for the White Ghost.

Time to address the rabble, he figured. These men and women all looked upon him with rapt attention and it would be a waste of resources not to address them.

"We have come a long way," Blood said. "Despite the strides, we have made, my brothers and sisters, we still have a long way to go."

Brother Blood motioned towards the members of the Order. They all descended to the ground on their knees before him. This was the type of power which would only be amplified by the time Brother Blood had his say.

"We go forth to gain a supreme power," Brother Blood said. "And we must grab this Philosopher's Stone before the Dragon manages to find it. For if the Dragon finds it, then the greatest threat the world has ever known will be invincible. And I doubt any of you wish to face off against someone of his caliber with full power."

The members of the Order all shook their heads. The evilest individual in the entire world acquiring such a power horrified them and rightfully so.

"All of you step into the temple to give your lives for our savior," Brother Blood said. "And unfortunately, very few of you, my brothers and sisters, will get to live in the new world. Instead, you will be brought to your eternal reward. But only if you believe in our cause."

Brother Blood clasped his hands together. Had his face not been submerged in the shadows, they would have noticed a smile far more demonic and unsettling than anything the Dragon could ever come for.

"And now, join me in silent prayer, reaffirming your vows to our great savior, and remembering the aims of the Order of Saint Dumas. And understanding the sacrifices you must make to stop the rise of the anti-Christ, the Dragon, Harry Potter, will not be in vain. We will live in a new world."

They obeyed his aims like the good little puppets they were. Brother Blood leaned on in and they were in silent prayer. They hoped to cross over to the next world.

Brother Blood fully intended to give them the nudge they needed to do so.

The power of the ancient warlock who created the original Philosopher's Stone and all of its wonderful gifts would be his and his alone. Blood could not wait for his immortality.

One of the mercenaries on the border frantically tried to get Brother Blood's attention. Blood turned his attention towards the mercenary and made his quick strides. The two of them locked eye to eye with each other.

"This had best be important if you're interrupting me at this stage," Brother Blood informed the man
"Oh, sir, trust me, it's very important," the mercenary said. "The League is snooping around."

Brother Blood took this matter about as calmly as he could. It would not do him well to lose control, not now, not when he was so close to obtaining his objectives.

"Take as many men as you can," Brother Blood said. "And if you see as much as one masked face, then shoot them. Don't hold back. I don't want them alive. Do you understand me?"

The mercenary nodded. Blood extended one gnarled finger and he could not scramble away quick enough.

He returned to the Order, all of them willing to make a sacrifice for a cause they believed in. Blood smiled, they were too easy.

"Rise, brothers and sisters, and prepare to go forth into a bold new endeavor."

Sara had been rather curious to see who the other person Harry was bringing along. She had no doubt whoever Harry called forward, she was more than capable.

A dark haired woman stood in the doorway. She dressed in a black tank top and tight leather shorts stretching around her ass. She had a belt with guns on it and wore sunglasses covering her eyes. She slipped off the sunglasses, to smile, her ponytail flipping. Sara's eyes widened at the look of the women.

She moved a little bit closer towards Harry with a smile.

'Well, I'll be damned,' Sara thought.

"Harry, it's been too long," she said. She crossed the room and cupped his chin. "I just wish it had been under better circumstances."

She crossed the room and kissed Harry heatedly, passionately, and briefly. Sara thought she looked very familiar, and suddenly it clicked in her.

'No way,' Daisy thought, echoing Sara's thoughts. 'I mean I shouldn't really be surprised because it's Harry, but at the same time.....I'm kind of caught off guard.'

"Sara, this is Lara Croft," Harry said. "But, it seems to me like the two of you met each other before."

"Yes," Lara said. "It's a pleasure to meet you again."

Harry figured he was going to have to hear the details of this particular story at another time, but it's not the time or the place.

"Lara assisted me finding a couple of objects that I needed, one which was my ticket out of the asylum," Harry said.

"Well, you're the one who got yourself into that mess in the first place when you stole a dragon," Lara said.
"She was suffering," Harry said, with a shrug. "The goblins really aren't for humane conditions or basic decency."

Sara looked from one to the other. She wondered what to say. Harry shifted a brief smile to both of them.

"But, now is not the time or the place for debating on how wrong or right a group of magical creatures was," Harry said. "We have a bit of a problem."

"Yes, is this a bit of a problem by the scale of a normal person, or a bit of a problem on the Harry Potter scale, which means it's a pretty big problem?" Lara asked him.

"Hmm, that really depends on your perspective," Harry said. "What would you have to say about someone trying to break down an ancient temple to get a Philosopher's Stone?"

"Another one?" Lara asked.

Harry smiled, he recalled Lara found another one of the counterfeit stones a while back, although it had not been as well put together as Flamel's was.

"Not just a Philosopher's Stone like I had to deal with during my first year," Harry said. "The Philosopher's Stone, the original one every created."

Lara looked absolutely shocked and flummoxed beyond words.

"That's supposed to be a myth, though," Lara said. "Flamel based his model off of the myth but…"

"And how many of the artifacts you find in your tomb raiding adventures are supposed to be myths?" Harry asked.

"Fair, enough, I'll give you that," Lara said. "But, if it's anything like the legends say, it could open up a gateway to unspeakable horrors."

"Yes," Harry said. "And it's likely in a temple deep in the jungles of South America, surrounded by dozens of intricate protections….and we have two of the keys to bypass some of the protections."

"How many keys are they?" Lara asked.

Lara had a hunch the keys were significantly more than two. Just call it a strange vibe she had in the pit of her stomach.

"Five."

Not as bad as she thought it would be, but it most certainly wasn't exactly a good thing as well. She turned towards Harry and Sara.

"So, are you ready to go?" Harry asked her.

"Bit of a short notice," Lara said.

"Well, you're the last person I know to turn down adventure," Harry said.

Lara could barely keep the smile off of her face.

"True, very true," Lara said. "So, are we…"
Harry nodded. He grabbed their hands. While they could all teleport thanks to the gifts from the bond, Harry needed to guide them to the point. He had a feeling it would be in one of the most powerful areas of magic in South America and one which reeked of death.

It was perfect for the Master of Death to sniff out like a bloodhound.

Nyssa skidded to the stop on the ground. The skilled woman found herself in a problematic situation against a small army of HYDRA drones. They had been beefed up with some kind of meteor mutant powers.

‘This looks like a job for Superwoman,’ Nyssa thought. ‘It's a pity she's nowhere around.’

The older daughter of Ra’s Al Ghul pulled herself to a vertical base. The good news was it looked like their organs would not sustain the attacks. They retained most of their skills, but this one had been breathing heavily.

All Nyssa had to do was outlast them, and she should be fine. One bulky blade came close to taking her head off. Nyssa avoided the attack from one of the swords taking her down. The daughter of the Demon flipped herself up and landed on the back of the adversary. She punched away on him.

Two of these hulking brutes attacked each other thanks to Nyssa's shrewd manipulation. She flipped onto her feet and took a deep breath, waiting for more attacks.

A golden lasso wrapped around the waist of one of the monsters. A woman dressed in red and black armor rushed in and nailed the meteor monster in the chest.

A small smile spread over Nyssa's face. She would fight side by side with this woman. One of them came from one side, and another creature came from the other side.

"Are you alright?" she said.

"The rest of my team has been cut off," Nyssa said. "Personally, I'm fine but they….."

"Don't worry, we'll get back to them," she said.

Two of the creatures dropped to the ground on their own accord. Nyssa withdrew her blade and spun before plunging it into the ribs of one of the goons. Blood spurted out of the monster's chest when he fell back onto the ground.

Between the two of them, they made quick work of the empowered HIVE drones. It was unfortunate to think there would be more who were on the way.

"Princess," Nyssa said. "Or is it Queen?"

"Whatever you prefer," Diana said.

A flash of light brought Sara, Harry, and Lara Croft. Both the Amazon and the Explorer exchanged a nod to each other.

"Hello, Diana," Lara said.

"Lara," Diana said with a smile.
"So Princess Diana of Themyscira?" Harry asked. "Hello, I'm Harry Potter."

"Yes, it's a pleasure to meet you," Diana said.

It had been a pleasure to meet him indeed. She couldn't really take her eyes off of him when he walked forward. She was a married woman, but she doubted Mera would mind sharing in the spoils. That would be a conversation they would have at another time, though.

"Looks like you had all the fun," Sara said.

"Hardly," Nyssa said. "Blood has a head start."

"You know we need five keys?" Diana asked.

"You have one, don't you?" Harry asked. Diana responded with a nod. "We have two.....and I'm pretty sure Blood at least has one, if not the other two."

"He wouldn't be brazen enough to make a play for the Stone," Nyssa said. "And he has a head start, so..."

"I won't be able to teleport you directly in," Harry said.

If only it was that easy, Harry would be glad.

"Guess that leaves the fun way," Lara said.

The group moved forward, keeping their eyes peeled for other drones.

'I sent your team members on to get medical attention, Daisy and Bobbi are taking care of them,' Harry thought. They fought hard, but it was out of their pay grade."

'Thank you,' Nyssa said. They are in your debt, something I'm certain you will arrange payment for at a later date.'

Harry moved closer towards the temple and magic burned the air when they walked. They were close, he could feel it.

To Be Continued on January 12th, 2017.

Lara makes her long-awaited debut, and she integrates herself pretty much in the middle.

The race to the Philosopher's Stone begins. But, it's not going to be particularly easy for anyone.

No one is surprised when Harry knows a very significant female anymore, and no one really should be. Also, it's made clear Lara was the one who acquired Harry the artifact that got him out of the magical madhouse and bought the goblins off. So, callback to chapter one.

Until Thursday.
Several people inside of the temple could feel a very dark and morbid feeling the second they moved. They waited for their leader to make his move, none of them daring to move.

Brother Blood stepped to the edge of the temple. He was just outside of the gates. Five keyholes appeared for him. If his calculations and his studies were correct, only one key was a necessity for him to open the temple. On the other side of those gates, more power than he had anything to do with lied on the other side of the temple.

He dangled the only key he obtained between his fingers. Power was swimming right next to him. All he needed to do was breach the gates and force his way to the other side. All of this power would be his. Blood felt it in the palm of his hand.

'The day has come,' Brother Blood thought. The sinister man rubbed his fingers together in thinly disguised glee. He could hardly wait to see what would occur next. His smile increased in frequency when looking on.

Brother Blood turned around. The White Ghost shuffled in his general direction, arms at his side. Brother Blood knew the man still had his uses, for manpower. Although, if Brother Blood had his way, those uses would fade, much like the uses of the rests of the Order of Saint Dumas.

The White Ghost's gaze locked onto Brother Blood. He looked to be smiling, although for what reason, Brother Blood did not have the slightest idea.

"What are you smiling about?" Blood demanded.

"You're rather pleased for someone who hasn't succeeded just yet."

Brother Blood always had to deal with the frustration of non-believers and the White Ghost's non-belief was always a challenge for him. This particular gentleman though should have been low on the list. Brother Blood turned his full attention from the gate from the White Ghost.

The sounds of battle continued to rage outside. Brother Blood kept his attention off of those sounds and onto the White Ghost.

"I wouldn't be the person who would have doubts about the success of my operation," Brother Blood said. "Nothing gives you the right to do so. Given you had lost the keys in the first place."

The White Ghost frowned and the other minions in the temple stepped away from him, not wanting to be the midst of this power struggle. He figured it would have been deflected back upon him. Brother Blood rarely accepted any kind of responsibility for his flaws. He was entirely frustrating like that.

"Do you have anything to say about this, Dusan?"

"A minor detail," the White Ghost said. "Even if we still had the keys that had slipped out of my grasp, we still wouldn't have succeeded. I would have only had possession of three of the keys, one
of the keys was in the possession of the people of Atlantis. It would have taken an act far beyond any
god to lift the key from that point."

Brother Blood acknowledged these words only with the barest wave of his hands. The White Ghost,
knowing how the iron was hot, kept pressing forward.

"And as for the fifth key, well even I don't know about that one," The White Ghost said. "And I'm
pretty certain that deep down, you don't have an idea about it either."

The sadistic cult leader's hand pressed underneath his chin. His frown deepened and he
acknowledged the words of his subordinate. Still, it would not stop him from obtaining this great
power.

"Perhaps not, but we're going to have to make do with the one key we do have," Brother Blood said.
"Your men are here, as are the members of the Order of Saint Dumas. HIVE has supplied a decent
number of troops for this particular mission. We will not be denied."

"I'm not denying we have an ample amount of warm bodies for this mission," The White Ghost said.
Brother Blood was quite pleased that despite his flaws, the White Ghost had this much knowledge.

"And they will show us the safest path through the temple, allowing us access to the Philosopher's
Stone," Brother Blood said. His fingers rubbed together with glee. "Trust me. We'll have what we
want and soon."

The White Ghost only responded with a polite nod. Trusting Brother Blood sounded like the
endeavor of a fool. He would sooner stick his hand inside a den of poisonous snakes. Regardless, all
he could do was take a step back and watch how this played out.

Brother Blood looked positively giddy with anticipation. The White Ghost suspected he enjoyed this
a bit too much, and that much terrified the normally unflappable man.

"My brothers and sisters, we go forward to the promise land!" Brother Blood boomed out loud. "I
know some of you fear the unknown, but I can assure you, what lays beyond these gates are much
more kind to you then what would happen if the Dragon acquires this type of power."

All of them bought what Brother Blood was selling. None of them even argued for him for a second.
They hung on the demented man's every last word, soaking it in. White Ghost shook his head.

"The poor fools,' The White Ghost said. 'He does talk a good game.'

"I need true believers to come through and guide our way through the gate," Brother Blood said.
"For your nobility, you will be lead through!"

The Order of Saint Dumas members pumped their fists into the air in a raucous round of cheers.
They prepared to make their round. Brother Blood guided them in one last final and brief prayer
before they were ready to plunge forward into the great unknown.

"All praise our savior!"

One figure swooped through the shadows, watching the entire proceedings. Her target was out of
reach, at least for now. They were after one of the most dangerous artifacts in the world, but not if
she could put a stop to it and she would put a stop to it.

'It ends tonight,' Huntress thought. The fifth key dangled from her hand. The White Ghost will suffer
The members of the Order of Saint Dumas scoured the temple in groups of two. The Huntress kept a close watch on them, ready to do what she must to take them down.

'They're not getting it, not this time.'

Harry, Diana, Nyssa, Sara, and Lara all walked through the temple. They hit a winding path and they encountered a thick cloud of dust. Nothing good could come from dust in a magical temple. The number of cleaning spells which could be used to banish the dust were obvious. However, Harry could not help but think the dust covered something insidious.

"Nothing pleasant can come from this temple," Diana said. "The Philosopher's Stone is a treasure many have gone mad trying to exist. You have to not be very stable making your way past the front gate."

Nyssa and Sara exchanged a tense gaze with one and other. It was obvious both had come to the same conclusion.

"Blood and the White Ghost, they fit that description quite, unfortunately," Nyssa answered. Her hands clung to her waist when looking down. "I don't like we haven't encountered any resistance."

"None of us do," Sara agreed.

Several people nodded and they continued their anxious trek into the temple.

"The Temple of Blood earned its name for a reason," Lara said. "Out of all of the places I've had been, this has the most depraved tingle of magical energy, and it's going to get worse the further we get in, I suspect."

Harry's whole body buzzed with the energy influx. He had lost access to the girls other than the ones right beside him. Heavy levels would point to the fact.

"It will," Harry agreed. He could sense the souls of the damned the further he entered the temple. "It's a very dangerous place here. And many have died to get through these gates. Some have tried to brave them without even one of the keys."

Harry heard the whispers of the troubled souls who had passed through this temple the further he walked inside. It most certainly did little to ease his already frazzled nerves.

"And how far did they get?" Sara asked.

One long finger from the Master of Death pointed towards the skeletal remains of someone who had entered the temple. The bones of the skull chipped out, almost like someone had mauled his face. The girls all turned their attention towards it and dark looks crossed over their fate.

Harry felt some residual magic off of it. It encountered the wrath of the guardian of the temple who did not take too kindly to unwanted guests. The defenses built into the temple, they were child's play compared to the guardian of the temple.

"Did that answer your question?"

Sara answered with a stoic nod.
"It did," Sara said. Shivers rolled down her spine. "So, I guess having three keys is better…"

Harry minded his surroundings, looking at every single nook and cranny. The most innocent crack in the temple could spring a trap which would make this a bit harder for them. And it could mean their doom if they were not careful.

"I'm worried about what's on the way," Harry said. He kept his eyes locked upon the ancient Runes. "And what traps Blood might have set up to delay us. You know he has something up his sleeve."

"Well, what would an adventure be without a little suspense?" Lara asked.

Harry conceded she had a point.

"It wouldn't be much of one," Harry conceded. "Everyone keep your eyes open and ready for an attack….because an attack can happen at any time."

They crossed a silver archway and entered a room with several interesting carvings on the wall. Runes shimmered on the wall and a small army of stone soldiers lined up against the wall. Harry hitched in his breath when he saw them. They were immobile. Magic changed the immobility of soldiers like that in an instant.

"Of course," Harry said. He switched his eyes past the statues. "Of course, it would have to be."

The girls who weren't in the know looked confused. Lara noticed the statues and was able to put two and two together with quick enough ease.

"What's that?" Diana asked.

"Harry tends to have a pretty bad track record of getting attacked by statues," Lara said. "It's almost like he has the worst luck around them."

Harry decided to bite the bullet and lead the way. He passed through the temple, past the hoards of stone soldiers. Harry swung his arms, not once looking back when passing the army. He figured something could and would happen the second he passed.

Lara followed, with Diana moving. Sara kept her eyes locked on the statues, and Nyssa kept walking as well.

Harry tried not to let out a sigh of relief. The Guardian of the Temple didn't worry him now, rather the Spirit of Murphy, and just because those statues attacked then, it didn't mean they would attack later.

"Well, that was not exactly something I expected," Harry said. "But, I suppose we should keep moving….oh and there's one thing everyone should know."

Harry ensured pretty much the full attention of the girls remained firmly in their surroundings. He came to one very grim conclusion after finishing his trek around the temple.

"When we're fighting our enemies, try not to spill any blood," Harry said. "You do not want to wake him up."

No one had the nerve right now to ask Harry who he was. This statement caused them all to be put on further edge and it was only a matter of time. They crossed passed the chamber, and the chamber with the keys were only one up.
The sounds of battle indicated to Harry he wasn't the only one who followed the White Ghost into the temple. He could see Nyssa's body slacken and both had the same idea.

'There could be trouble,' Harry thought.

The White Ghost thought Brother Blood to be a fool for many reasons. The idiot had a weakness for dramatics and he squandered time. He sensed something down the tunnel. The League had already been sighted once, and where there was the League, there was the Dragon. And where the Dragon spread his wings, there was trouble for Brother Blood.

"You enjoy leaving us in suspense," The White Ghost said.

"Don't rush me!" Brother Blood howled. "This is my moment of triumph! I'm not going to be denied!"

The disgraced son of Ra's Al Ghul held his tongue. There were any number of things he could have said right about now. He tensed his fingers together and performed some breathing exercises.

"Yes, some triumph, you just have to turn a key through a hole, and then send the true believers through to make peace," White Ghost said. "Do you think you could push along the time table? I'd like to see the fruits of our alliance before too long."

"True believers, it's almost time to go through," Brother Blood said. "Once you step through, you will be sent through to the promise land and will see your ultimate reward on the other side. All hail the Order of Saint Dumas!"

"All hail the Order of Saint Dumas!"

The sounds of battle caught the White Ghost. Through the mist created to obscure their activities, he saw her. She was quite persistent, almost too persistent.

'Vere going to settle for it.'

"It appears your men encountered more resistance," The White Ghost said. "It's the Huntress…how did she…..?"

"It doesn't matter," Brother Blood said. "Now, it's time for me to open the gate, and open the keys to our ultimate power!"

"Yes, you're giving them a chance to catch up with us, so hurry up and do it!" The White Ghost snapped.

Brother Blood only needed this impudent fool up until he obtained the Stone. Then, all bets were off. And Blood would stand taller than all.

'Be calm, it will all pay off, and you can take pleasure in his slow decimation,' Brother Blood thought.

"So be it," Brother Blood said. "Now, it's time for us to step forward. All hail the might of the Order, for our strength will be our guide, and our savior will shield us from the Dragon. All hail the savior!"

Brother Blood clicked the solo key into the lock and pressed it in until the stones shifted. The gateway opened up and the first few members of the Order of Saint Dumas filed in. They waited for
something to happen, but nothing did. White Ghost frowned when watching them pass through the
temple further.

"Well, that was not as interesting as I thought it would have been," The White Ghost said when
watching the members pass through the gates. "I assumed we would get more resistance."

"Be patient," Brother Blood said.

The ground shifted underneath the followers of the Order of Saint Dumas. The ground opened up
and claimed one of them. The man screamed and yelled, "be one with the savior" when being
sucked through the ground. Brother Blood looked on with a smile.

Another one had been grabbed by two invisible hands and strangled until blue in the face. Brother
Blood traced a delicate path forward, to ensure he would not trip any of the traps. White Ghost
followed what he was doing when another one had been swallowed up by the ground.

They had a few fewer people with them, but the temple's guardian had been appeased, at least for
now.

"I stand corrected," The White Ghost said. He watched Brother Blood hold up a purple glass bulb
his hand. "She's right behind us, isn't she?"

Brother Blood only paid the Huntress the most courtesy of thoughts. He had far more pressing
matters at hand.

"Don't lose yourself," Brother Blood said. "Our guards will make short work of her….someone of
her bloodline is going to fall before true power."

The implied slight had not been lost by the White Ghost. He just clutched his hand together and
gritted his teeth together.

The Queen of Atlantis flung herself all about the bed and could not keep calm for more than a minute
or two at a time. She entered a very restless sleep and it was just getting more restless the more she
hurled herself about the area of the bed. She kicked up a fuss when going to the bed, breathing
increasing with every passing second.

"No," Mera breathed flipping over in bed. She turned around and kicked the sheets. The sheets flung
up into the air. "No, no….no….NO!"

The doors opened and a very concerned, younger redhead, rushed into the room to tend to her
Queen when she continued a very restless night's sleep. The scream in her sleep continued.

"My Queen!" one of her aides yelled. She rushed into the room. A very frazzled Queen of Atlantis
popped up out of bed, hair flipping all about the edge of her face. She dripped with sweat when
getting out of bed.

Mera popped up out of her bed. A look of constant horror flashed through her eyes. While Mera
returned to a state of being awake, what she had seen could not have been really unseen.

"No, it can't be….it's going to wake," Mera said.

"My Queen, what's the matter?" her aide asked. "Your sleep has been disturbed."
Mera shook herself out of her thoughts and turned towards her aide. Said aide met Mera's heated gaze and shivered underneath her.

"What happened?" her aide asked.

"What I saw was quite disturbing," Mera said. She rose to her feet and clutched onto the dresser in an attempt to keep herself firmly at a vertical base. Her knees were rickety but she kept herself up, almost, but just barely. "It has stirred."

"What has stirred?" the aide asked.

Mera could not even bother to speak of it. She could not allow the images of her dream to come to pass.

"One of our greatest horrors," Mera said. "If the Philosopher's Stone is removed from the Temple of Blood, the entire world, both the surface world and Atlantis is in peril. I must not allow it to happen. I will not allow it to happen!"

"We should ready an army, and go and secure the Philosopher's Stone then, "her aide said.

Mera held up her hand and stopped her aide before she got out of control.

"No, Tula, we shouldn't," Mera said. She wiped the sweat out of her face and took a deep breath. "I need to go and assist Diana on my own, I should have insisted on going with her on the quest."

'Time to show them why I am on this throne,' Mera thought. 'If I perish, I will do so knowing that I have helped Atlantis.'

Mera stepped through the portal and hopes she would not be too late. Sometimes a dream was just a dream, but if that creature got worse than the world would plunge into chaos.

"Well, we're almost at the end of the road," Brother Blood said.

"You certainly are!"

Several of the HIVE drones dropped to the ground. Green bubbles wrapped around their heads and drew all of the oxygen from them. Harry Potter stood at the end of the corridor and he did not stand alone.

"It's him!" the White Ghost yelled. "It should have been impossible for him to get here, this quickly….how did he avoid all of the traps?"

Blood realized in an instant how they got across, and he didn't like it, at all.

"They have three of the keys," Brother Blood managed. "Take them out, take them out now!"

One of them charged in. Nyssa avoided the attacks. She reminded herself not to spill a drop of blood. It went against everything she ever learned. The Daughter of the Demon grabbed the man by the neck and pushed down. A loud crack signified his neck snapped.

She made him drop to the ground without shedding a single drop of his blood.

One of the old men charged Sara. She blocked his attack with her hand and nailed him in the ribs.
He flung himself back and hurled a dagger. Sara caught the dagger before it hit someone else on the backswing and made blood spill.

"You will fall beneath the will of our lord and s…"

"Enough of that," Sara said, putting the religious fanatic down to the ground with one punch. She was extra careful not to spill any blood.

Lara dodged the attack from one of them. She grabbed the goon around the head and flipped him to the ground. They weren't very well trained, using force. She jumped into the air and nailed one of them with a kick.

"Not even a drop of blood," Lara said. "We should be pretty thankful our enemies didn't spill any of it because this situation has gone from bad from worse even without it."

"No, kidding," Diana said.

Diana wrapped one of them up in a lasso and pulled him into a short-arm clothesline which dropped the goon down to the ground. She stood over the top of the goon with a triumphant wave of her arm. She avoided the next attack, and the next one as well.

Three of them went down in one fell swoop. Diana continued to attack, not once backing down from what was being thrown at her.

"Nice to see married life hasn't made you lose your touch," Lara said.

"Nice to see you haven't lost yours with all of the fame," Diana said.

"Harry would have made sure that I stayed down to Earth," Lara said.

The girls continued their battle. Harry had his eyes on one particular prize. Blood made himself scarce, and Harry figured he was going to try and get the Stone in the confusion. All five keys were activated, so as long as no blood had been spilled, there wouldn't be any problems.

"Clear the path, I'll take care of Blood," Harry said.

Another figure almost reached the final doorway leading to the Stone first.

'That fool thinks he can use me to get his little Philosopher's Stone,' The White Ghost thought. He rubbed his fingers together in glee. 'Well, it turns out he's wrong. The Philosopher's stone is mine.'

"Going somewhere, Dusan?"

The White Ghost turned around and came face to face with the Huntress.

"Well, if it isn't my persistent little niece," The White Ghost said. "It's a long time overdue that I prune a few branches from the family tree. Ra's Al Ghul will thank me for putting down such a misfit."

"While I appreciate you offering to kill yourself, that honor will be mine," Helena said.

"Impudent brat….who do you think you're talking to….."

"Someone who Ra's Al Ghul tossed out like old garbage," Huntress said.

The White Ghost withdrew his blade and charged Helena through it. Helena whipped out a blade of
her own and nailed him. The two clashed swords together. Sparks flew when they jockeyed for position.

The battle spilled their way. Helena grabbed the White Ghost and disarmed him. She slumped him against the wall and drew the sword back.

"Helena, no!" Nyssa yelled.

Helena impaled the sword through the White Ghost. His diseased blood splattered through the temple. It showered against the wall and splashed against the red runes on the wall.

"She didn't get the no blood memo, did she?" Lara asked.

"Nope," Harry said. "The guardian of the temple has been woken up….because he smells blood, and she spilled a lot of blood."

An angry hiss spread through the temple as they had been bathed in nothing other than blood red light. Everything beneath them started to shake.

"Hera help us," Diana said.

"I sure hope so," Harry said. He withdrew a glowing energy scythe and prepared for impact.

To Be Continued on January 16th, 2017.

We continue to go into the temple, and now all hell has broken loose. And we find out why it's not a good idea to spill anyone's blood in the Temple of Blood.

Until Monday.
Temple of Blood Part Three

Chapter Thirty-Four: Temple of Blood Part Three.

The red light bathing the temple made everyone on edge. Lara, despite everything she saw, sensed a presence of something which caused shivers to crawl down her spine. She would have to remain calm. All of them would have to remain calm now to agitate whatever guardian they woke up. Still, despite her calmness, Lara could not help one sentence from her mind.

'Bloody hell,' Lara thought.

Harry, as always, looked like absolutely nothing could shake him. He stared forward in the general direction of what he was looking for. On the inside, though, Lara could tell he didn't completely know what he was fighting against. He let his concerns slip out, rare that it might happen.

'Well, this escalated pretty quickly,' Lara thought to herself and closed her eyes before turning towards Harry. 'I've seen some weird things during my travels. But I think this about caps them.'

'Maybe,' Harry thought.

The anticipation proved to be something far worse than the actual event as it happened. Harry clenched his fist and waited for the other shoe to drop. For now, the temple rumbled and the dust started to fall. The red symbols started to flash.

'Any ideas on what we should do?' Sara asked.

The blood red glow on the walls put everything into perspective. Harry came up with his own ideas on what to do, for better or for worse. He turned around and gazed at every member of the group to make his instructions.

"No one goes anywhere near the walls," Harry said. "Let whatever attacks us come to you. Don't come to it because if you do, you're going to be playing into its hands."

The temple shifted around them. Harry stepped further back from them. One of the rocks came loose from the ceiling. Lara had to leap to avoid it before it smashed down to the ground.

"Why do I have a feeling we're not going to have the luxury of just being able to stand around here?" Lara asked.

Sara lifted one hand to shield her eyes from the glowing red light penetrating the temple. Some eerie chanting filled her ears, and she wasn't the only one. Nyssa tightened the grip on the blade she held.

"Because, we aren't," Sara said. She wondered if the dagger would be enough. Deep down, she hoped it might, even though it was unlikely to be enough. "We're just going to have to wait. I thought the temple's defenses would be down with the five keys."

Nyssa pondered Sara's theory and gave her head one solid shake. It had come to her attention there was one solid piece to this puzzle which she missed.

"We're missing something," Nyssa said. "A sixth key...something not tangible. Something not
visible….something that is necessary if we're going to appease the guardian in this temple. To make sure he sees us as worthy of going forward"

"Any idea what that could be?" Sara asked.

Helena frowned deeply and decided to break the unfortunate theory she had to all of them.

"He's not going to see anyone in this temple as worthy," Helena said. She held her hands firmly down onto her sides. "He's going to attack all of us, no questions about it, and he'll come after me because I'm the one who enacted the blood sacrifice first."

The White Ghost laid dead at all of their feet, and Helena really wished she could enjoy the fact this monster, this plague had been wiped off of the face of the Earth. Yet, it was his diseased blood which triggered the temple. Helena regretted slaughtering him, but at the same time felt some relief.

'It was too good of an opportunity,' Helena thought. 'And now you may have just doomed them all.'

Harry placed a hand on her shoulder. For once, she did not flinch, and it actually relaxed her.

"I'm certain he's going to target us all," Harry said. "What he's waiting for, I don't know."

"To judge our worthiness, perhaps," Lara said.

Harry closed his eyes and drew the back deep into his being.

"Yes, perhaps," Harry said. Something rumbled to life elsewhere in the temple which deepened Harry's frown to an entirely new level. "Of course."

The sounds of stone feet going across a stone floor approached them. An army of stone warrior statues marched on in, their prey in their line of sight.

"Yes, it may have been too much to ask for to escape without them engaging you," Lara said.

"Pretty much, yes," Harry answered in complete deadpan.

"I'm honestly surprised they waited this long to make their move," Lara answered.

"Yes, I am as well," Harry said.

The hordes of stone warriors started to pour in towards them. Harry, Lara, Diana, Sara, and Nyssa all prepared to engage them. They all wielded weapons and gave off a rather intense aura of dark magic which would put anyone who faced them on edge.

'And I couldn't leave without this happening,' Harry thought.

'Just like old times,' Lara thought.

"There are a lot more of them than I remember them being," Diana said. She stood up tall and proud for a fight regardless of the sheer overwhelming numbers which poured into the tunnel.

Lara did a head count. There must have been about three dozen statues, but if she had to guess, it now ranked in the triple digits. The guardian must have created more out of the raw materials in the temple.

This was a warning, they could all feel it.
"They want to test us," Harry thought.

"There seems like there's a lot more in this tunnel because there are a lot more in this tunnel," Lara informed Diana. She chewed down on her lip and steadied her gaze.

Sara looked around and saw the sheer numbers which threatened to overwhelm them. She came to a snap decision of what to do, it was one of the few things that they could do in a situation like this when trouble had presented itself.

"Everyone stand back, and cover your ears," Sara said. She pulled out a sonic device and calibrated it in a hope this would work.

Sara held the device out, and the statues ambled towards them slowly. They did not attack, because they had not been provoked, at least not just yet. That could change in a blink of an eye.

"Hopefully this works, and hopefully, I am able to make it work without burying my entire team alive," Sara thought.

"Don't worry, I think it should work," Harry thought.

"Well, if you say so."

Sara activated the sonic device and the waves cut through the temple. Her "Canary Cry" blasted the statues at full blast. If anything, their auras flared in an even more violent manner when approaching. Not even one of them cracked. The walls of the temple flashed with an angry, red, and it was almost like the White Ghost's blood ran from the walls.

"Damn it," Sara thought.

"Not working," Helena said.

Harry gritted his teeth while tightening the grip around the energy scythe. He waved it as a way to perform a protective barrier while also trying to figure out what to do next.

"Guess, I'm wrong once in a blue moon," Harry said. "The magic is protecting them, I've got to shut them down at the source."

The first thing Harry needed to do was find the central point of the source and cut it off. It was very much easier said than done, though.

"That means the guardian?" Lara asked. Harry answered. "Well, it's not the most reckless thing you've done in your life, but that most certainly ranks in the top ten. Do be careful, I have no intentions of becoming a widow."

Before Harry could move forward, a flash of light appeared. A red-haired woman dressed in battle armor dropped down to the ground. She held a pair of blades in her hand, one short and one long. Both of them glowed with energy.

The stone statues had been surprised by this unintended variable, who had not been inside of the temple when the blood had been spilled.

She swung the blades and caused some of the statues to back off. The energy barrier put up had caused the statues to begin to crumble. Harry walked over and helped reinforce the barrier, making the statues crumble further into dust.
'Not enough, but a start.'

"Mera," Diana said in surprise.

"I knew you needed my help, so here I am," Mera said.

Diana smiled and felt relief. They might have been protected for a moment, but that still did not solve the entire problem of the mess they had gotten into.

"Harry needs a path cleared down the hallway so he can reach the guardian," Diana said.

"Then, we will," Mera agreed.

Mera channeled all of the magic she could to clear the hallway. The Queen's attacks bombarded several of the statues and knocked them over.

"You might only have two minutes to get down the hallway before they bombard you," Mera said. Harry traced a path down the hallway and figured out what he needed to do.

"I only need one."

Brother Blood recalled every single moment of what transpired and understood how far off they had gone off of the path. The Guardian breathed down his neck. Brother Blood took steps to secure the amulet around his neck. It would ensure his protection, providing he didn't engage anything directly. And Blood did not intend to engage anything directly.

Dusan's foolish sacrifice proved to inconvenience Blood from further pursuing his goal.

'Fool ended up screwing up this entire plan by spilling his blood,' Brother Blood thought. He and whatever followers who had not been taken out walked down the hallway.

Brother Blood eyed the followers. They looked like sheep being lead to the slaughterhouse, and Brother Blood knew they were extremely willing to follow him off of the ledge. And they would follow them even further.

"We have come this far, my brothers," Brother Blood told his men. "We're not going to just fall back into line and let the Dragon take us down now, will we?"

They all raised their fists in outrage. One of them gasped at the very thought they would let such a monster get the better of them.

"No, Brother Blood!" they all chanted in the eeriest and unsettling manner possible. Brother Blood's teeth curled into one of the most devious grins he could muster.

"Excellent, my brothers," Brother Blood said. "The Order of Saint Dumas will remain strong and powerful as such a grand organization should be during its time. We are not going to bend, no matter what the case. Remember, sacrifice is important."

All of them bowed before them. The fact they would die for some greater cause burned into their minds. Some of them already looked inches away from impaling themselves upon a spike if it meant salvation for the Order as a whole.
'And each and every one of you will perish if it means holding the Philosopher's Stone,' Brother Blood thought. 'That is the only purpose I deem you fit for.'

They had little clue what true horrors awaited them. And he didn't care.

"One final gateway and the power will be ours," Brother Blood said. "And the power can be used to slay the dreaded dragon. Who believes enough to step forward?"

Every single one of them stumbled forward and it was a very amusing scene to see all of them try and be the one to throw themselves to the front of the line for the Greater Good of the Order. They almost shoved each other out of the way. Brother Blood smiled at their willingness, as simpering as it might seem on the surface to see them tripping over each other, but he cleared his throat.

"Well, we have no shortage of willing candidates," Brother Blood said. "You all believe, and that is perfect, that is ideal. But, there can only be one."

Brother Blood closed his eyes and waved a hand around before his pointing finger rested on one lone man. The man nodded, stoic, and understanding.

"My brother, come forward," Brother Blood said. "Tell me, what is your name?"

The gentleman bowed his head before Brother Blood.

"My name is a sin, I only live to serve the Order of Saint Dumas," he said. The man bowed forward, he had forsaken everything, including his own identity to solve the Order and needed to take the down the Anti-Christ. He had no life of his own, only the guiding light of the members of the Order.

This particular man sacrificed everything, including his own children and wife to serve a greater purpose. Their faiths were not strong enough, but he purged them from his life.

"Then step forward, and claim your eternal reward."

The stoic man stepped closer towards the door. His fingertips touched the edge of the gate and budge it a couple of inches. Red energy engulfed his body all the way around and burned him completely. He screamed in agony before dropping down onto the ground.

"Next."

They all moved forward and inch by inch, they pushed the final gateway open. Blood did not care about whether or not he would have to sacrifice every last man in this temple, he would have it.

'The Stone is mine, my precious Stone!' Blood mentally crowed.

Each sacrifice brought him closer to the Stone and closer to his prize.

Harry walked down the hallways and the further he got, the more he lingered closer those who had been lost in their pursuit of the stone. He ignored the whispers. The sounds of battle came from down the hallway. The capabilities of all of the women involved only gave Harry a small amount of solitude when walking down the hallway.

He turned around the corner and frowned. There were a few seconds which passed before Harry stepped closer. It shifted in the shadows, and Harry understood one thing.
'Always have the most dangerous path,' Harry thought.

A hulking figure of about nine feet tall rose out of the depths. The skin was as red as the walls of the temple. The eyes came together with silver slits and the face looked gnarled, carved out of the very stone. The guardian had blades protruding from its fingertips and spikes from its body. It moved, slowly, deliberating as possible, and surveyed Harry.

Recognition dawned in the eyes of the creature. They had this meeting before. The Dragon stood his ground and looked at the creature.

"Well, you're as hideous as the legends said," Harry said. "There's one thing you must know. I need to pass. The Philosopher's Stone is not going to fall into the hands of the Order of Saint Dumas."

"Dragon," the Guardian growled. "You know what is expected of those who wish to pass, and you know why you can't pass."

Harry was now one hundred percent certain the two of them met, even though he hadn't technically met this guardian yet. And he had a theory about who created the Guardian.

"Well, I can't say I didn't try to do this the easy way," Harry said. "The hard way it is."

"It's always the hard way,' Harry thought.

The Guardian narrowed on eye towards Harry and orange smoke billowed from nostrils.

"Turn back, take your mates, and you do not need to be harmed," The Guardian said. "Do not make me destroy you."

Harry heard that one before, but he was no sooner to back down now than he did all of the countless times he backed down in the past.

"I'm afraid I can't just allow the Stone to fall into Brother Blood's hands," Harry said. "You're going to have to flatten me if you want to stop me."

"It always has to be the hard way with you," the Guardian growled.

Harry whipped the energy scythe and sent a purple blast of energy towards the creature. The guardian stood immobile and raised one fist. A blast of silver light shot towards Harry. He evaded it with the skills and reflexes which had been trained on him for a very long time.

'And no effect,' Harry thought. 'Whoever conjured up this guardian, they put some solid protections on it.'

More attacks strung through the Guardian's defenses. Harry continued to attack. The Guardian continued to shrug off these attacks with an almost bored flurry. Harry would have to keep pouring on the attacks and turning up the pleasure.

Harry received a cut on his wrist from the battle, and sudden realization dawned on him. He conjured a dagger and sliced his forearm, which allowed his blood to spill to the ground. Harry siphoned the blood into an orb and created a bomb.

The bomb exploded and hit the walls. The walls smoked from where Harry's blood connected with it. The Phoenix song briefly filled the temple and caused the Guardian to stand back. The stunning song forced the Guardian down.
The Guardian lowered his hand and slowly began to fade into the distance. Only his voice remained before he disappeared completely.

"You have unearthed the final key, but be warned, your time runs short," The Guardian said.

The rest of Harry's party walked down to join him further in the temple.

"The statues faded the moment you defeated it," Nyssa said. "So, are you ready to enter the chamber?"

"Yes," Harry said.

Harry took the dangling sixth key and opened up the door. He pushed forward and walked in. The pedestal with the Philosopher's Stone was right in front of Harry's grasp.

There was one simple problem. The pedestal had nothing but a small layer of dust on then. A rather dark mood struck the entire chamber.

"It's gone," Helena said. "We're too late."

They all waited for the next crowd into the darkness.

"Oh, yes, you are much too late!" the crowing voice of Brother Blood yelled, popping up over them. "And soon each and every one of you will be very late. Deceased, for it's now time for you to meet your demise."

Brother Blood sounded about as bad as his word. Helena shifted her weight, obviously, she thought if the White Ghost's blood had not been spilled, it wouldn't have allowed for a diversion which allowed Blood to be destroyed.

'Bruce Wayne must be rolling over in his grave,' Helena thought.

"You have the Stone, congratulations," Harry said. "But do you know what that power will end up doing?"

"Yes, your utter demise," Blood said. "I suggest all of you will find a way out of the temple within the next minute…"

The rocks above them crumbled, even more than before an extremely rapid rate. Everyone was going to come crashing down. Harry blocked a fair amount of the debris.

"The integrity of the temple has been compromised by the Stone's removal," Lara said. "Great."

"Yes, I was afraid that might happen," Harry said. "Everyone hang on because this is going to be a bumpy ride."

The good news was when the integrity of the temple failed, so did the anti-teleportation protections. Harry wrapped the girls into the field and they all disappeared.

The dust faded, and they all stood outside of the gates leading to the temple. What was a handsome and well-designed temple now had been reduced to pure rubble.

"We're still alive," Mera said. "That was way too close for my comfort."
Everyone could agree with those sentiments.

"That was way too close for anyone's comfort," Lara responded. Her ears rang like someone shoved her head completely underneath the water. "And Blood has gotten away with the Stone."

"Yes," Helena said. "The only solace in this entire matter is the White Ghost's body decays, buried underneath tons of rubble to rot forever."

Nyssa wished she could share her niece's jubilation. Normally she would be dancing on her brother's grave, but there was nothing to celebration about.

"That's only one problem," Nyssa said. "I will not deny Dusan was an obnoxious cockroach who kept rising to pester us all, but there are far more pressing problems to face."

"Blood has the Stone," Mera said. "Everything which has been foreseen has come to pass. There's an ancient prophecy..."

Harry's obvious groan caused Mera to pause and frown at Harry's groan.

"Sorry," Harry said. "Bad experience."

"Yes, I agree, prophecies can be up to much interpretation," Mera said. "This one states the Stone will bring doomsday if it is in the hands of someone whose intentions are not pure."

"Which we did not need a prophecy to figure out," Diana said.

"No, unfortunately, given Blood's conduct, that much is important," Mera said. "No one quite knows of the horrors which can be unleashed with the full power of the Stone."

"We may find out," Lara said.

"And when we do, we'll all be ready for anything," Helena said.

Harry looked out into the distance. Blood only won a battle, an important battle. The war was still on.

"Yes, yes we will."

Brother Blood walked towards the Royal Council of the Order. For once, he dropped all pretext and did not kneel before them. He merely afforded them a momentary sneer.

"I have in the palm of my hand, the key to reshaping the future of the world, and finally bringing down Harry Potter," Blood said. "I've brought us closer than the Order has come in years to finally bringing down the Anti-Christ of the world."

He held their attention, which was good. All would listen to Blood soon.

"Those who hold the Stone and can properly control it will redefine the term God," Brother Blood said. "And they will reshape the world."

"Yes, so you hold the stone now, Blood," one of the members of the Order commented. "And it only took you sacrificing most of our believers to an ancient god to get your hands on it."
"There will always be someone who will believe in the cause," Blood said.

"Well, you have the Stone, and you could not have done so without our resources," one of the members of the Order commented. "Surrender the Stone."

Brother Blood's eyes widened and he almost extended his arm to hand over the Stone, almost mockingly. The stone retracted back into his hand.

"Surrender the Stone, to you?" Brother Blood asked. He chuckled in mirth.

"Yes, I believe the terms of our deal is quite clear…"

"I don't agree with your deal now that I have the Stone," Blood said. "So, I made a new one."

Brother Blood extended the hand holding the Stone above his hand. Energy swirled in his fingertips as the power saturated every fiber of his being.

"All of you should bow before your new God," Blood said. "And I won't have to strike down where you stand."

"This is blasphemy!" one of the Order members howled.

"Yes, and this is even worse," Brother Blood said. "One chance to swear your loyalty to the Cult of Blood, or…well let me demonstrate the consequences for what happens to people who don't believe enough."

Brother Blood pointed the Stone. Several members of the Order screamed when their bodies shifted. The insides burned out when they transmuted into gold. Much too soon for Brother Blood's liking they died, but he had a small collection of solid gold statues to keep as trophies. A few remained and all of them almost fell over themselves to worship the new head of their Order.

"Well, there were fewer truer believers in the inner circle than I thought. I would say I'm surprised by the hypocrisy, but….."

Insidious laughter filled the temple. The Order fell, soon the League would fall as well, and then Harry Potter would bow down beneath his feet before Blood crushed him. He would master the man who mastered Death.

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To Be Continued on January 23rd, 2017.

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All of that, and Blood gets the stone, well we can't make it easy. And to think, he only had to sacrifice a hundred fanatics.

And the Order was perhaps kind of foolish to trust someone with the name Blood. That's one of those names which you run away from.

Well, things are going to get rougher, starting next Monday.
Best Laid Plans

Chapter Thirty-Five: The Best Laid Plans.

The entire mess regarding Brother Blood just barely acquiring the Philosopher's Stone had put pretty much everyone on edge. A constant state of agonized waiting descended pretty much over the entire group who had been there and the other girls who were in the bond network experienced a similar state of unease. They just waited for something to drop, some other shoe.

'Well, the one thing we need to do is keep an eye out of the Stone, because we know when Blood's going to use it,' Harry thought. 'We're going to have to act fast.'

Harry tried to keep himself calm. Worry was not something he enjoyed experiencing even in the best of times, never mind the worst of times. Despite his best efforts to remain as calm as he potentially could, he always made plans for the worst case scenarios. Those scenarios came true at an increasing amount of frequency.

'None of this makes any sense,' Sara thought.

'No, none of this makes any sense,' Harry thought a few seconds later.

The temple just allowing Blood to take the stone made Harry question several things, and for only a scant second, he thought the madman might have been worthy of holding the stone. He shoved that notion out of his mind when logic took hold with itself. There had to be something else. Blood did something to circumvent the protections.

Harry just had to move on and play the waiting game. One way or another, something would have to break and he would know.

Currently, Harry took both Diana and Mera on the tour of the Horizon main headquarters. It was hard to impress both women who had seen and done it all. Harry made a couple of modifications and might make a couple more. In general, the same building structure which had been kept since his grandparents built it had been kept up and had been remarkable how it was still a bit futuristic even in whatever year this was.

"Wow, I can't believe it," Diana commented. "It's...well, it's...."

The Amazon Princess turned Queen had been at a very obvious loss for words. Her wife managed to pull the words out from underneath her.

"As amazing as I thought it would be," Mera said. She smiled when Harry concluded the tour of the Horizon Penthouse. The Queen of Atlantis just wished she had the ability to look in a few more directions at the same time when she was looking around.

"Yes, I would have to agree," Diana said. "It is honestly a marvel."

Mera sighed and took one look around. The walls had an architecture which made her want to redecorate the main palace just a tiny bit. Nothing too much because there are some traditions which should have been held.
"It's only a shame we didn't get to see it under better circumstances," Mera said. "Or our meeting, in general, wasn't underneath better circumstances."

Harry conceded with her point and felt her pain. He wished it would have been under far better circumstances.

"Yes, that always is a problem," Harry agreed with both of them. He smiled and edged closer towards both of the Queens. "I do wish the events of the temple had gone differently. Blood was…..well it could have gone a lot better."

'Guess everything doesn't go your way,' Daisy thought.

Harry took a moment to frown. Unfortunately, he had been so used to everything going to plan, it had been an even harsher setback than before.

'No, but Blood really doesn't know what he has gotten his hands on,' Harry thought. The object is really not exactly the best for someone who is as unstable as Blood is. He's going to cause….well he's going to cause problems. I think we both realize that.'

'All of us realize that,' Faith said.

'Yeah, we do,' Buffy thought. 'Everything has taken a turn for the very weird.'

'There's been a little shift in the air,' Lana thought. 'I don't like it, it just feels like the magic has been corrupted or something. It's really hard to explain, it's really weird, and all that.'

'I think I know where you're coming from,' Harry thought to Lana. He frowned. 'We're just going to have to wait for Blood to slip up. He's not going to remain quiet….not for long. He's going to do something spectacle to get our attention.'

Anxiously, the girls waited for that point. They had no idea what it was going to be, other than it would be something which would be world changing.

'And when he does do something spectacle, we're going to be there, ready and willing to pounce,' Nyssa thought. 'I just wish Helena wouldn't have taken this so hard. She....well.....'

'Everything happened for a reason,' Harry thought. A second passed when he took in a deep breath.

'You think so, don't you?' Nyssa asked. 'I'm afraid she's slipped backward into her own phase of brooding. You might be the only one to get her out of it.'

Harry figured about as much. Helena slipped into the temple after them and thus wasn't privy to the no spilling blood part of the things. Of course, if Harry figured out he could have canceled out the effects by spilling his own blood; it would go a lot smoother.

His blood spilled a lot easier than it did his own lab work where it took a fair amount of time to draw a sample. The simplest explanation had to be magic and all of its wonders and blunders which went along with it.

'I have a meeting with her, I'll see what I can get out of her,' Harry thought.

'Well, I'm sure you have to do something,' Talia thought, chiming in. 'I wonder if things would have gone differently had I been present for this mission.'

'You can't really guess whether or not they would,' Nyssa thought. 'She has a fierce independence.'
Harry concluded the tour and went back to the two Queens for their feedback. Both of them flashed a pair of smiles directed at Harry.

"The view out there is pretty nice," Diana concluded. She turned towards Mera and smiled. "We might have to return the favor and give Harry a tour sometime."

"Yes, I agree, and you are welcomed to visit anytime," Mera said. "Atlantis is in a much better state these days….you may have heard about the problems we had."

Harry heard some rumors, but he also knew from experience how rumors can mutate into sheer and utter insanity if they weren't careful with them.

"The problems lead to the marriage in the first place," Harry said. "Yes, I've heard of them."

"Yes, our marriage was very political in nature, at least on the surface," Mera commented. She edged closer and flashed one of those knowing smiles at Diana. "I won't deny though there weren't some benefits which helped ups make this work."

"I agree," Diana said. "But, war was always threatened between both sides. Now we're going to have peace."

"I wish you the best of luck in maintaining that peace," Harry said.

Both responded with knowing smiles, knowing Harry's hope was very genuine. They both shared it.

"Thank you," Mera said. "And if you need any assistance, visit us. We'll help you in any way we can….and visit us even when you don't need help."

"It's really unfortunate we've taken a step back regarding Blood," Diana fired back.

Harry only answered with a calm and stoic tone. "It's not over, not yet anyway."

One small setback was not going to agitate Harry. He was just going to keep fighting until he could not fight any longer. Blood was not going to stop anyone.

Harry returned to his lab, with notes upon notes stockpiled all the way up to the ceiling. He was in for an extremely busy next couple of days. Lara would be joining him to assist, and Daisy was talking to her contacts at the agency as well. And Nyssa, Sara, and Talia were also chasing down leads, but now they were just chasing ghosts.

Blood did his best impression of a Phantom and slipped off into the night without a trace. It mystified Harry to think he could have gotten away so easily, but it was very obvious that he had, and it was a big problem that it had.

One of the larger books held some interesting information Harry could use. He only barely paid attention to his surroundings. He had entered a single-minded objective to find out every bit of information regarding the Philosopher's Stone.

The problem was, the true origins had remained in murky mystery, and the problems just piled up from there. Harry frowned, growing very deeper.

"And you know none of this is your fault."
Death herself came to visit Harry. She began to caress Harry's cheek with a smile on her face.

"Hello, Dee-Dee," Harry said. "You don't look well."

Dee-Dee offered a smile and leaned closer towards her. She kissed him on the lips and pulled back. She moved across from him.

"Well, I would be lying if I said that everything was ideal," Dee-Dee said. She sat down right next to Harry upon the couch and her eyes met his. She leaned in closer, as close as she could manage with a smile crossing her face. "But, you know, the Stone slipping in Brother Blood's hands is not exactly the end of the world."

Harry disagreed, but he was sure Dee-Dee had a more unique perspective than he did.

"It sure feels pretty bad when you think about it," Harry told her. He flipped through those pages until Dee-Dee caught his hand.

"Oh, I'm not going to lie, everything seems pretty dire," Dee-Dee answered. She looked closer towards Harry. "All of these things happen for a reason. Blood doesn't understand the full power of the Stone. And there are darker forces who hope his understanding remains ignorant."

"Why do I have a feeling his ignorance will mean doom for everyone?" Harry asked.

Dee-Dee flashed a smile and leaned in closer towards Harry. She whispered in his ear. "Because, your feelings often end up being pretty accurate, master. It's unfortunate, but it's true."

She allowed those words to sink in ever so briefly before striking one more time, while the iron was pretty hot.

"The point is, there is only one person in this room I see who can fight the darkness," DeeDee said. She closed in on Harry, the smile deepening when she got in closer towards him. "And if there's anyone up to this challenge, it will be you. It has to be you."

Harry's sigh had become obvious. He accepted his role most of the time. It didn't help how dark psychopaths always tended to target him. So really, his attempts to stop them veered into self-defense.

The fact the entire world seemed to be in peril was just a pretty unfortunate coincidence.

"It always is," Harry said.

"And you have help from your friends and loved ones, so it won't be as damaging as you think it might be," DeeDee said. "Just hold your head up and fight for what you believe in. And you can accomplish anything."

Somehow, the words seemed hollow on the surface, but they expired hope.

"Indeed," Harry said.

"And on another note, the White Ghost being sent along was a pleasant surprise," DeeDee said.

"We never found a body," Harry informed her idly.

"Yes, well I can confirm to you he is not with us any longer," DeeDee said. "He isn't as big of a gift as his famous father, or several others might have been. And his longevity had not been as problematic."
Harry was sure he had caused his servant some headaches and he would be the last person to be upset about the demise of the White Ghost.

"Still, though, your friend Helena sending him along saved a few headaches," DeeDee said. "And caused many more complications….but still his time should have been up many years ago."

"And Brother Blood's time will be up soon," Harry said.

Harry pushed himself deeper into his research. Everyone would have their day where they would meet their eternal torment or their demise, and Harry ensured Brother Blood would be meeting his. 'Time to get to work.'

Helena Wayne made her way down to the meeting room of Horizon. She had mulled this over for a couple of weeks. Over the past day though she mulled something else over, and that was the role she played, unwittingly, about Blood getting his hands on the Stone. And facing Harry after what happened, she did not look forward to it.

She arrived there just only a mere moment before Harry did. Harry arrived, and Helena tried to study his face. The same Harry Potter, at least on the surface, but when she studied him deeper down, it was very different. He held some of the demons deep down she did.

Harry crossed the conference room and positioned himself down in a seat in front of Helena.

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

Helena raised her eyebrow at the very loaded question. She commented in the most obvious way possible, though. "I'm fine."

Harry looked like he wasn't about ready to accept the particular answer at face value. Helena didn't want to distract him from the overall point of this particular meaning, though. She put a hand in the air to cease any further questions.

"We'll discuss that at a future point, and I'm sure you need a break from it just as much as I do," Helena said. "Right now, I wish to discuss the fact you refuse to buy out my company."

Helena wasn't against it as she was in the past. Time and reflection made her realize there were certain things she had to face. And perhaps Harry had been right with preventing the buyout of the company.

"I think a merger would be for the best, as your company still has some legs to it," Harry said.

Helena just put her hand underneath her chin and nodded in confirmation.

"After some thought of what you said last time, I agree," Helena answered him. "I have plenty of notes if you would like to see them."

Harry motioned for her to continue. Helena took this as her opportunity to scoop up several folders full of notes and deposit them down on the table. She drew Harry's attention to the one which was the most essential for their meeting.

"These are all of the members of the Wayne Board of Directors," Helena said. "The ones marked in red are considered to be problematic people of interest. They could cause you headaches….but I also
have composed files on them. And some of their less than legal activities are detailed the best I could."

He studied the notes, smiling. These were pretty comprehensive, and also added more weight to some of the research he had done himself as well. It would line up nicely with a lot of his plans.

"You learn from the best."

Helena didn't smile, although it took some effort for her not to do so.

"My father had many faults," Helena said. "The refusal to do his homework wasn't one of them."

"What about Lucius Fox?" Harry asked. "I can't believe he didn't have any say in some of these people getting him."

"Yes, well, he's still working at Wayne," Helena said. She flipped her hair back and frowned. "Unfortunately, he's been kicked upstairs. He's a consultant, but they never use his ideas or take its advice. Someone who gave over forty years of his life to this company just mothballed because they did not respect him."

Harry shook his head. From what he heard about Fox, he helped save that company many times over and kept it most afloat through some rather tough years. A lot of people forgot they wouldn't be in those cushy little seats if it wasn't for Lucius Fox.

Hell, for Harry, he brought honor back to the name "Lucius" despite others disparaging that particular name over the years. So, Harry had a lot of respect for him.

"Kind of disgraceful," Harry said.

"That's the way Powers is," Helena said. "He's all about a youth movement, and Fox is a relic from another time. Despite being still as sharp and not at all behind the times….at least from what I've been able to seduce out of his daughter."

"Fox still has allies in the company, though?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Helena said. "But without the proper political capital, they're not going to rock the boat and get him back into power, and it could be a bit of a problem for them if push came to shove."

"What if I can get him back into power?" Harry asked.

Helena raised her eyebrow, wondering what precisely Harry had in mind. He had something devious up his sleeve, and Helena wanted to be a part of it.

"It would make the merger a lot easier," Helena said.

"I'll look over these files," Harry said. "It's just the matter of finding the right incentive."

Helena figured to bring up the other point with Harry, now she had his attention.

"And on Blood and the Stone, every lead so far has hit a dead end," Helena said. "But, I refuse to give up and stop searching."

Harry answered with a nod in response, looking towards Helena.

"I know you won't."
Helena smiled, she was glad they were on the same page.

Harry continued his usual work in his office, scratching some notes. He currently found himself on the phone with young Ms. Kara Danvers, who was discussing something they previously touched upon.

"So were you serious about offering me that Internship?" Kara asked.

"Depends," Harry responded to her. He crossed off a couple of notes and added a couple more. "Are you completely serious about going into media for your chosen career?"

"I'm very serious!" Kara yelled. "I'm willing to do anything to get into that job….anything you want me to do."

Harry smiled at her statement and how much passion she put into those words. Those who were listening in on the bond network broke out into laughter.

'Well, she's excited to please,' Sara said. 'I almost feel bad about the fact you're going to eventually corrupt her virtue.'

'You, who is slowly corrupting the virtue of a certain redhead witch?' Nyssa asked.

'I did say almost,' Sara said with a cheeky little grin.

"And yes, I was being very serious," Harry said. "I talked to Carol, and your mother about it, and I also had a talk with Claire. Speaking of which, have you seen her lately?"

"You mean after you forced her to see me under threat of sicking Lois Lane on her to visit me," Kara said. "She's stopped by about once a week. We've talked about Krypton and life on Earth….and all of her adventures….and the other me…I guess for lack of a better term. You know, the one who went off to the future."

"Yes, I know," Harry said. "It's good you've had a chance to talk to her. I think it was good for both of you."

"I know," Kara responded. "So, do you think I can come by during break? Maybe have a tour for Horizon?"

"I can arrange if, if you fly out," Harry said.

Kara paused for a few seconds, almost racking that one over in her brain.

"So do you mean…..?"

"Whatever gets you out here quickly and discreetly," Harry confirmed for her. "The world isn't quite prepared for the super-powered set yet, unfortunately."

"Yeah, Claire's managed to help a little bit, but there are people out there who don't trust her," Kara said. "Guess, I can figure out why. People fear what they don't understand….that was a subject of one of my papers for Journalism class….I got a good grade for it. But then again, I have a pretty open-minded teacher. I might have gotten in trouble with someone who wasn't willing to open their mind"
Her excitement and passion for her chosen work did make Harry smile. Kara gave all of the impression of a driven young woman who put one hundred and ten percent into everything she did. Harry needed that kind of dedication on his team.

"Having the right teachers is very important," Harry said. "And I'm sure there are others who will help you learn when you can."

"Right, and Lois Lane…and Vicki Vale…and Betty Brant…and Chloe Sullivan…and Cat Grant…and all of those people, they can be symbols to look up to," Kara said. "Oh, and Claire, I guess."

'I'm sure Claire will be amused to be an afterthought,' Chloe said. She almost threw her head back into laughter and mirth.

'Not as please as you are for making the list,' Lana thought.

"And my mother is glaring at me, she wants me to help her with dinner, so, I'll talk to you later," Kara said. "See you at break."

Harry smiled when Kara left the conversation between the two of them. He would be looking forward to it indeed.

"Looking forward to it," Harry said.

Harry shifted his conversation deeper into the bond, where the three ladies of the League were waiting to speak with him.

'So, any luck?' Harry asked.

'Well, I'm not certain if it was luck, as much as a curiosity,' Nyssa thought to them. 'We managed to locate one of the temples of the Order, and we found a group of solid gold statues.'

It became very obvious what happened.

'Yes, Blood betrayed them,' Talia said.

Harry would have liked to be surprised, but this was pretty true to form for a treacherous snake like Sebastian Blood.

'Did he now?' Harry asked.

'You don't seem surprised,' Sara said.

'Well, Blood betraying the Order was one of the most natural and obvious conclusions to this entire mess,' Harry thought. 'I'm honestly surprised it played out like it did.'

'I don't think any of us should be surprised,' Sara responded, pushing the hair out of her eyes and looking on with a frown. 'But he's not there, which means he's on the move.'

'The good news is a few of the League factions have ceased their aggression against mine, and it is all thanks to you,' Nyssa thought.

No sooner did Harry properly hang up the phone, it rang once more. He answered it on the third ring.

"Hello?" Harry asked. "Oh…well, I'll be waiting for you when you arrive."
Harry returned back after a coffee break. He noticed Lara sitting on the desk. She dressed in a black tank top and a pair of spandex tight shorts which fit her like a second skin. She had taken off her boots and made herself right at home.

"Daisy let me in," Lara said.

"I'm certain she would," Harry said. "So, you're sticking around for a bit?"

Lara smiled and pulled herself off of the desk to walk across the room towards Harry.

"I wasn't going to leave without saying goodbye regardless of the situation," Lara said. "But, I'm going to have to be sticking around for a little bit after all."

"You don't like to leave in the middle of a mission," Harry said.

Lara answered with a smile. Her husband knew her all too well.

"That's one of my weaknesses, stubbornness to see everything through," Lara said. "Although, we're pretty close to the end of the world."

"Not yet," Harry said. "I would have felt it everywhere."

"Right, both your gift and your curse," Lara said. She smiled and closed the distance between both of them. "And I guess since it's been a long time, we're going to have to just make up for lost time."

Lara pressed her lips onto Harry's with an extremely aggressive kiss. Harry returned the favor. It had been a long time with the both of them. Harry left the Asylum, and Lara left on an extended research trip which ultimately ended up as a whole waste of time.

Harry's tongue invaded Lara's mouth. He pushed his hands underneath her shirt. Lara gasped when his hands teased her before slowly pulling the top over her head.

Lara's top hit the ground to expose her round and very tanned breasts. Harry smiled and cupped them to give them a squeeze. He ran all the way down the front half of her body. She closed the distance between the two of them and kissed him with heated passion.

She really missed this, the pleasure of how skilled he was. His hands, his mouth, and most importantly, his cock, all of them inflamed Lara. She reached around to pull Harry's shirt off and returned the favor by skimming over his muscular chest. She smiled and pulled back to allow him access to her breasts. She fired a series of passionate kisses to the side of his neck.

"Oh, how I missed this," Lara breathed excitedly.

Harry squeezed her chest and smiled. Lara heated up and she would about ready to ruin a pair of panties, had she been wearing any at this moment. Harry encircled his thumb against her stiff nipple and sucked on it.

"I'm sure this isn't the only thing you missed," Harry said.
Harry grabbed one of Lara's firm breasts in his right hand and reached around to squeeze her delicious rear. She gasped and smiled. She traced a path down Harry's abs and reached ever so closer towards his pants. She worked them open and off.

Lara used their clothes as a cushion to descend to her knees. She pulled down his pants to unveil that extremely huge and meaty prick. She smiled and gripped it in her hand.

"Mmm, how I've missed this," Lara said.

"Oh, it's missed you just as much, trust me."

Lara leaned in and engulfed the head of his cock with her lips. She worked down the full length, all twelve inches, with a teasing stroke. She manipulated the throbbing manhood, pushing it further into her lips. Hunger danced through her eyes.

Harry allowed more of his prick to be engulfed in Lara's mouth. She bobbed up and down, her breasts smacking against knees when she kept working him over. Every time her tongue swiped over his head and shaft, Harry could feel a jolt going through his body.

"That's it, right there," Harry said. "You can't help, but like my huge cock in your mouth, do you? You're choking on it, you're choking for it."

Lara answered with a nod. She greedily took more big, fat, thick cock into the back of her throat. Lara smacked her lips against him and took him into her. She was really getting some pleasure from this.

Harry received just as much pleasure. Tingles went down his lower loins from the warmth of Lara's mouth when bobbing up and down on him. She stroked him just as much as she sucked him. His balls had been cupped firmly and Lara squeezed him with another sloppy slurp when drawing down onto him.

"Damn, oh…"

Lara pulled back for a moment and gave his cock a few more licks.

"Need to get it nice and wet so it can go right where it belongs," Lara said.

She took her breasts and used them to make a sandwich with Harry's cock. The tanned orbs ground up and down on the hard iron pole to make it even stiffer and make it throb. Twelve inches of hard cock meat shoved deeper between Lara's cleavage. She worked her tongue around Harry's aching head and kept allowing him to slide between her. She worked up and down to the more of pleasure.

Harry reached down to squeeze her breasts and kept fucking her tits with more vigor and more pleasure. The tension in his balls.

"So, good, it feels so good," Harry said.

"Why don't you cum all over my pretty face and all over my gigantic tits?" Lara asked.

Harry worked himself up towards her. The fiction of those bags of flesh wrapped around his cock made it very hard to concentrate and do anything other than want to lose every last drop of himself all over her. Harry held onto her breasts and squeezed them tighter.

He finally lost himself and spilled the contents all over her round orbs. Harry coated Lara's face and breasts with his spunk.
Lara rose up and smiled. She took her breasts and licked them clean. Her lips and tongue did a lot of sucking and licking, at least until Harry shoved her back onto the desk.

"Oooh, I love how you hold me down and fuck me with that big dick of yours," Lara said. "You're so strong……my pussy hasn't had you for a long time."

"Well, let's get it warmed up before I lose my mind and fuck your brains out."

Harry tore Lara's shorts off. Her smooth dripping center flashed in front of his eyes. Her body had been tanned from head to toe without the slightest hint of lines. Harry kissed the side of her neck and kept moving down. He worshiped Lara's body with more kisses.

Lara twitched and squirmed the further Harry came down her body. He tongued her belly button for a moment. The sensation of Harry burying himself tongue first into her navel really got Lara going.

Harry teased Lara for a few more moments before he dove into the main course. He first sucked on her outer lips and made Lara gasp in pleasure. Every now and then, he slipped a little tongue into Lara's dripping center. When he drove her completely and utterly beyond all madness, it was when he stepped in and went for the kill.

"Oooh, right there!" Lara moaned in complete fulfillment.

Harry worked a steady path when eating Lara's pussy. He made sure to extend further than any man could. Parselmouths were known for adaptable tongues and the slimy wet body part reached deeper into Lara. She clutched back of his head and encouraged her. Harry drank from her and sucked all of the juices up.

Lara watched when Harry rubbed her inner thighs. Those stroke fingers made a pleasurable journey about her flesh. Lara gasped the further Harry brought her.

Several orgasms later and Harry rose up from her. Lara gushed from him. Harry smiled and swirled a finger into her. He put it up and placed to Lara's lips. She slipped the finger into her mouth and sucked on it. Hunger flashed through her eyes.

"Taste how wet you are," Harry said. "I bet you're ready for this."

Harry positioned himself right at Lara's thighs and bent down to squeeze her breasts. She lifted her hips up and brought those amazing tanned legs up against his body.

"I need for you to be inside me," Lara said. She grabbed Harry's shoulder and moaned in his ear. "Please, love, fuck me until I can't stand."

"Be careful what you wish for," Harry said. "You just might get it."

He empathized the last part of that statement by taking a fairly literal plunge into her, with Lara clamping down hard onto his intruding rod. Lara dug her fingernails into the back of his neck and encouraged him to delve deeper. So he did, harder, and deeper, with his strong thighs slapping down onto her moist ones.

Harry did more than stimulate Lara with his cock. He stimulated every single inch of her body. Harry leaned in with his thrusts and sucked Lara's neck before trailing kisses. He caught all of the hot spots and made the juices pumping through her thighs.

Lara wrenched up further. Every single time Harry felt her cunt close in on him, he wondered what pleasure it would bring. He hung onto her and kept driving down with the precise force of a nice
piston. The met again and again in the center with multiple thrusts, with Lara leaning up and wanting a whole lot more from Harry, and Harry more than willing to give her everything she wanted.

"It's your time to cum harder than you've ever cum before," Harry said. "We are making up for lost time."

Lara came on cue and Harry rewarded her compliance by squeezing her breasts. She clamped down upon the intruding rod. Harry would drive further into her. He slammed down into her cock first with more thrusts than she could handle. His balls slapped harder against her thighs.

"I get what I want, and I get what I need," Lara breathed. She took her nails and raked them down to him. "And I need to be fucked."

"You will, and hard."

Harry drove deep into her.

"Guess I'm raiding your tomb now," Harry said.

Lara smiled. She would let that one go because his cock felt so good and it stretched her out so much. She came from another orgasm with Harry kissing her legs and her stomach while fucking deep into her.

Again and again, the orgasm lasted with Harry slamming his entire weight down onto her. Lara's thighs ached and yet wanted more pleasure. They demanded more pleasure, more than she could really handle.

"It's time," Harry said. "Are you ready?"

"Mmm…hmmm!" Lara breathed. She closed her eyes and allowed everything to hit her at once.

Lara clenched down onto him. The seconds, minutes, and hours ticked by. Lara matched his frenzied pace. He only grew stronger now and he was a very intimidating lover. Lara had many itches to scratch though and was glad he was there.

Harry rode out her next orgasm through one more. His balls released another sticky load and fired them into her.

Lara jerked up and spread nice and wide to allow his cock to drive all the way into to release the contents of his balls into her womb. Harry pressed down onto her and concluded his orgasm by emptying his balls all the way into her.

The two collapsed in a sweaty heap in the middle of Harry's office, only slightly aware the door had been cracked open and anyone could see.

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**To Be Continued on January 30th, 2017.**

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* Lots of plot threads being tied together for the future, leading up to the continuation of the arc. Also, Blood's obvious use of the Stone is very obvious.*
Some fun between Lara and Harry close out this chapter, and obviously, they are making up for some lost time.

Until next Monday.
Daisy hardly could have guessed how her life would have changed over the past few months. She took a job to keep an eye on a high profile assistant for her boss. Yet, the job snowballed into something else and there was never a dull moment. Daisy had no idea how it happened, other than the fact it happened. Harry really did have that uncanny ability to ensure her life would be more than eventful, she would say that much.

The dark haired meta-human made her way to the office, arms swinging off to the side. She stopped and paused before knocking. Experience had finally taught her the value of knocking before she entered a room in the Horizon complex. Harry could have been busy. Not she minded the show, but sometimes, it was for the best not to get distracted and also to get down to business.

Well, at least make the attempt to do so. Distractions happened, and Daisy hoped she could keep everything on a level head.

"Come in, it's unlocked."

Daisy pushed the door open and smiled. Harry was sitting behind his desk. Off to the guest suite to the side of the office, Daisy caught a glimpse of Lara Croft sleeping peacefully in the bed. She pretty much could piece together what happened and had to laugh.

"Sorry, I didn't want to get distracted," Daisy said.

"Well, you know you could have taken a peek on everything though the bond link to make sure there were no accidental distractions occurring," Harry informed her.

Daisy sat down in front of Harry and folded her arms when peering at the powerful young man.

"You do remember how interactive the bond link can get, don't you?" Daisy asked. "I really didn't want to get pulled in any more than I would have to. And besides, it's just easier to knock."

Harry surveyed his personal assistant with a smile.

"Do what makes you feel the most comfortable," Harry said. "So, I take it you're back from your trip. What do you have to tell me?"

"Nothing tangible just yet," Daisy said. "Please tell me you found out something like your end?"

Harry really wished there was more to tell that he did. The unfortunate conclusion was until Blood utilized the Stone, they were running around in circles. The small usage against the Order only briefly scraped the surface of what Blood could do.

"Nyssa, Talia, and Sara uncovered one of the Order outposts and they discovered solid gold statues of the Order members," Harry said. "Compliments of Brother Blood and his new toy."

Daisy responded with a sigh. She figured about as much. Blood wouldn't waste any time trying to figure out how to get the Philosopher's Stone working. She wanted to throw her hands back and groan in frustration. Something held her back from taking this particular plunge, though.
"And he was gone by the time the showed up?" Daisy asked.

"How did you ever guess?" Harry asked.

"He's managed to put himself a couple of steps ahead of you so far," Daisy said.

'He's going to get arrogant, the longer he uses that Stone,' Buffy thought. 'Just call it a hunch from experience...but we have to catch him before there are any problems.'

"Whenever he uses the Philosopher's Stone, he won't be too far ahead," Harry said. He noticed Daisy looking at him strangely, so he decided it would be best to elaborate his points. "The Stone can be used in conjunction with several highly powerful and extremely unstable magical rituals. He slips the Stone into anything, and who knows what could happen."

Harry considered the infinite amount of possibilities of an untamed Philosopher's Stone coupled with rituals. Harry guessed hell on Earth would not be an accurate description.

"I think I have a pretty good idea it won't be for anything good, or wonderful in the world," Daisy answered. She shifted back an inch on the chair and turned her neck. "I finally have some good news, though, if you would like to hear it?"

After a constant barrage of bad news, just assaulting Harry from every last direction, the good news would be welcomed to open arms. He was slowly piecing together a way to counteract the Stone, although destroying it was another matter entirely. Harry was not entirely sure the Stone could have even been destroyed if push had come to shove.

"Trust me, I'm all ears," Harry said. "What do you have for me?"

After everything, Daisy felt jubilation at finally being able to deliver some good news to Harry. Boy was that ever a change?

"My boss finally has agreed to a meeting with you," Daisy said. "The end of the week.....I have all of the information for you that you're need right here."

Daisy placed the device in Harry's hand. Harry touched it and opened it up. The device responded to his touch and had details of the meeting place and the time. He smiled when looking over the information and then slipped it into a secured drawer in his desk.

"Finally," Harry said.

"If it makes you feel any better, she wanted this meeting about as long as you did," Daisy said. She looked towards him with a smile. "Don't know why she waited, though. Guess she's about as busy as you are."

Harry figured there was much more than just being busy. Until meeting with Daisy's boss, Harry only could guess.

"Yes, although I'm going to have to ask her why it took her so long," Harry said. "Don't worry, I know you don't know. There are only circumstances which she knows about."

The dreaded circumstances, Daisy knew how they could pop up at the worst possible times, in the absolutely vaguest way possible. She watched Harry rise to his feet and turn around. He slipped his coat on.

"I have someone I want to reconnect with," Harry said. "Feel free to join me."
The door opened as Bobbi stepped in. She looked towards Harry and Daisy who were both in the office with each other. Bobbi opened her mouth. Harry cut his bodyguard off with a smile.

"If the car is ready, then so am I," Harry said.

"How often are you reconnecting with someone anyway?" Daisy asked.

A smile popped over Harry's face, now Daisy mentioned it, he had those meetings where he reconnected with someone very often.

"Very often," Harry answered. He paused to receive the usual laughter from the peanut gallery. "So, are you coming?"

Daisy grabbed her case and rose up to her feet. She and Bobbi followed Harry out the door, allowing him to lead the way. Exactly to what adventure, they did not have the slightest idea whatsoever, but knowing Harry, whoever was meeting him would likely be another person of interest.

A couple of military officers paced back and forth across from an empty field. The field led to a fence which led to a rather populated area. Billboards erected as far as the eye could see. One of the soldiers raised a hand to the top of his face and wiped a bead of sweat across from it.

It would have been interesting if they had been out here for a purpose. Nothing interesting dropped down from the field, for a very long time at least. One of the younger soldiers started to get agitated at with the lack of action.

"Nothing happens out here, this must be the most boring assignment in the entire world," the soldier said. He shifted his shoulders backward and looked on with one of the more obvious groans possible.

"It's just a training excise," the older soldier said. "You're just going to have to learn how to get with it, and get it over with."

"Yeah, well if everyone else was in position, then we could get on with it."

The older soldier frowned and shook his head. That was the problem with the youth of the world these days. They always were so gung-ho about wanting to do things in the now. They didn't want to just wait, let everything roll out.

A loud thunderclap resounded across their heads. The black clouds were beginning to roll in slightly. The younger soldier looked towards the sky.

"Hell of a storm about ready to roll in," he murmured.

The older soldier looked towards the sky only with the mildest of curious looks. He had been through a lot of shit to be too rattled by a little storm. Said storm continued to roll over the skies above them, and he just shrugged.

"A little rain won't hurt you," the older soldier said. "And here come the rest, so we can finally get this show on the r…"

The words of the older soldier trailed off into infinity when he gazed up into the sky. Another crackle of lightning shot across the sky. The older soldier could have dropped to the ground in complete and utter shock thanks to everything he saw. His mouth opened and shut numerous times when he tried to get it out.
Something shifted in the sky. In between the sky, a swirling red light flashed in the sky. The other troops made their way down to the ground. The sky continued to glow around them. They followed the progress of the glowing sky, slack-jawed and utterly confused. They did not know what to make of what they were seeing. None of them did not even want to speculate, but the words had been lost.

"What the hell?"

A large orange ball erupted from the sky and shot down to the ground. The ball scorched the ground and caused a large hole to burn into the desert. A couple of the more adventurous soldiers ambled forward. Curiosity at what just landed.

"Careful, it could be another UFO," the older soldier said.

"Come on, aliens don't exist," the younger soldier said. "It's just manufactured hysteria like the moon landing"

The older soldier bared on the younger soldier like a particularly demented bulldog.

"You shut your mouth boy," the older soldier said. "I've seen them...I saw what happened in Smallville when those meteors ran down."

The energy both warmed and caused the soldiers shivers. They approached the large hole in the ground. The smoke began to settle around them.

An unremarkable looking man with dark hair and cold lifeless black eyes pulled himself out of the ground. Several black scars adorned his body, but for someone who had dropped out of the heavens in a path of fire, he looked unremarkable enough. He staggered to a standing position and turned from one side to the other, and then turned directly towards the soldiers, a sneer fitting over his face.

"Alright, just stay calm," one of the soldiers said.

The man pulled himself out of the hole and walked forward. He pushed through a metal fence and ripped it completely in half before continuing the long walk across the city.

The soldiers scrambled after him. The man didn't look like he was about to attack, at least not yet. They wondered what he had up his sleeve.

"Hands up and drop to your knees!" the younger man yelled.

The words came out, but they did not register in the mind of the man. The man just kept walking.

"This is your last warning!"

Once again, the mysterious man kept walking off without a single word.

"It's like dealing with the border all over again, not a word of English," one of the men murmured.

The man stopped and stared. The face of Harry Potter lingered at a billboard in front of him. He raised his hand in the air and shot a ball of flames from the palm of it. The flames struck the billboard and engulfed it in flames in one simple movement.

"The hell are we dealing with?" one of the military men asked.

His footprints scorched the ground and he turned to face the members of the military. They all raised their guns and fired at him. It was enough bullets to bring down a small army.
The bullets had absolutely no effect at all. The magic in the air incinerated them before striking the man in question. The flames got hotter and rose the temperature to the point where the troops staggered and slumped over. A couple collapsed in the desert from a bout of heat exhaustion.

"I'M COMING FOR YOU HARRY POTTER!"

The figure flickered into shadows and vanished. The senior officer gasped when reaching over. Severe heat exhaustion at his age was not good. Despite being in good shape for a man of advanced age, the veteran felt like he was going to have a heart attack.

"I need the DEO," he breathed, wheezing.

The man struggled to get into his satchel and produce a water bottle. The moment he pulled it out, he found all of the moisture inside had been evaporated despite never once dripping a drop of water.

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Harry, Bobbi, and Daisy arrived at the airport with pretty much no time to spare. The moment Daisy caught onto what is happening, several questions entered her mind. She launched onto what she perceived to be the most obvious of all of the questions.

"'You're meeting them at an airport?' Daisy asked. "Okay, I didn't want to say anything, but it just seems very odd."

Harry just smiled in response and put a hand on Daisy's shoulder to assure her.

"That's what they wanted to do," Harry said. "And it's the last place anyone expects a succubus to be fair.

"He does have a point," Bobbi said.

Bobbi took the surroundings into clear view. The moment she had an opening which she could strike, she would have to take it. The plane landed down and she saw an attractive dark haired woman coming down the plane. She smiled at Bobbi and Daisy before she turned her attention towards Harry.

"It's good to see you again," the woman said.

"Bo, this is Daisy Johnson and Bobbi Morse, they are two women who are under my employ," Harry answered. "Daisy and Bobbi, this is Bo Dennis....."

"The succubus you met in the bar, and you fucked for several hours," Daisy said without any tact. "It's a pleasure to meet you....guess you got more than you can bargained for with Harry."

"I'm not complaining," Bo said. She leaned towards Harry and kissed him in response. She tingled when touching lip to lip against him. "No woman would dare complain what Harry had to offer."

Another woman descended from the plane. The attractive and very leggy blonde sauntered towards them. She gave Daisy and Bobbi the most curious looks. Her eyes fell onto Harry like he was an ice cream cone that she just had to lick up.

"So this is your friend?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Tamsin, this is Harry and Harry, this is Tamsin," Bo said.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, especially after Bo just wouldn't stop raving about you," Tamsin said.
Harry offered a handshake, but she swooped down and caught him with a kiss on the lips. It was almost like she was testing something, working her tongue into his mouth. Harry was surprised, but just rolled with it and the kiss wasn't too bad. He gripped her lower back to continue the kiss.

The moment it ended, Tamsin pulled away. She looked smiled and satisfied.

"He's the one," Tamsin said. "I thought it was so when you told me about him, but now after testing, he's the one."

"What would have happened if he wasn't the one?" Daisy asked.

"He would have woken up with a slight headache," Tamsin said without missing a beat.

"That's really charming," Daisy said.

"Maybe we should continue this conversation elsewhere," Harry answered.

He was rather curious, but despite an airport being a meeting place which was very acceptable, he didn't think it was an acceptable place to conduct conversations about the world-changing matters. Too many ears were around which could blurt out information. He raised his hands and tried to teleport them off, but a loud alarm blared in his ears.

"Something is wrong," Tamsin said. "The barriers have been breached."

Harry's eyes screwed shut and just then, the magic-blasted around. It was pretty close, whatever it was. He took a moment to just take it all in. The phone rang and Harry wasted absolutely no time.

"Harry, there's a slight problem," Lucy said.

"It wouldn't have anything to do with the dangerous magical creature heading my way," Harry said.

"Well, I don't really want to know how you know, but he did toast a billboard with your face on it and did scream your name, that he was coming for you," Lucy said. "So, I think we can draw the obvious conclusion he has it out for you."

Lucy sighed.

"What did you do this time?" Lucy asked.

"Anything, knowing my luck," Harry said.

Harry took a moment to consider his options and had a pretty clear idea. If this magical creature was brought here by Blood, things could get very dangerous in a hurry.

"Stay here," Harry told Daisy and Bobbi. "I have no problem with your capabilities, but we're dealing with something that is far more dangerous and unstable than even your training could handle."

Harry, Bo, and Tamsin disappeared into a flash. They all dropped down into the middle of a field which had symbols scorched into it. Tamsin frowned and kneeled down in the middle of the field.

"A fire wraith is the only hideous creature which can be responsible for this," she said and turned towards Harry. "They detest wand wavers, even those who have tossed away their wands."

"Figures about as much," Harry answered. "Let's go find it, and I'll fill you two in on the charming gentlemen who likely opened his realm, and what he's stolen."
"Oh, I can hardly wait," Bo said.

The fire wraith's body alternated between blasts of cold and blasts of heat. He took a moment to drop to his knees and mutter about something.

"No, I have to go home," he breathed. "This place is just wrong, it's all wrong, it's tearing me apart… you can't do this to me. I'll destroy you!"

"Destroy me, and you'll lose the only person who can send you home," Brother Blood said in his usual silky voice. "Your type was exiled by wand wavers, remember that. Harry Potter is the last of a dying breed. Make sure he's extinct, and you will be free."

The fire wraith did not know whether or not he was lying. All he knew was he had no choice other than to engage this man.

Speaking of which, Harry Potter stood from across him, a frown on his face.

"So, you're the one who has been calling me out," Harry said. "Well, I'm here, and I'm not too hard to find."

The fire wraith extended his arms and shot blasts of fire at Harry. Harry answered those blasts by lifting his hands to block the fire blasts and fire back with an attack of his own. The energy rippled through the air. The fire wraith blocked the energy even though it caused him to tilt back.

Harry raised his arm and blue energy spiraled from it. The number one threat to the stability of any fire wraith, coldness appeared. Harry drew pretty much all of the warmth from the air and thus it prevented the fire wraith from performing any attacks.

The fire wraith faded into shadows and the air around Harry warmed up once again. The fire wraith dropped down and started to continue the attacks anew. Harry crouched down to shield himself from the oncoming barrage of fire which rattled him. He returned fire and repeated the ritual anew.

The enemy performed the same trick he did previously. This gave Harry more than enough cause to believe all he needed to do was disrupt his teleportation abilities.

'Any ideas?' Harry asked.

'Well, Tamsin thinks if you lock onto the portal he has been sent into, and reverse it, he will be drawn out,' Bo thought. 'Providing, of course, it hasn't closed already.'

'Yes, well, I'm pretty sure it hasn't.'

Harry worked on disrupting the fire wraith's abilities to keep fading in and out, all while repeating the ritual of removing as much of the heat into the air. He had almost dropped the temperature in the general area to almost Arctic levels.

It drained him to do this time and time again, and he might not have it in him to do this had it not been for the intense marathon session of sex he had with Lara earlier. He watched when the wraith dropped down to the ground behind him.

"What did you do?" the wraith asked. "No, I'll destroy you."

The attempts to summon fire only caused the inside of his body to turn into ice. The raw magic in the air caused Harry to face off against an ice wraith. The wraith charged him and tried to nail him with a
Tamsin dropped down and stabbed the wraith in the chest with something.

"Now!" she yelled.

Harry snapped his wrist.

"You might stop me, but dark forces are coming, this world will be theirs for the taking!" the fire wraith yelled.

Harry shot the fire wraith directly back through the portal. He snapped back like a rubber band.

Harry caught a flash of some kind of realm on the other side.

He staggered. Tamsin gripped his wrist gently and held him up, with Bo walking towards him on the other side. She planted a moist kiss on his lips and energy flowed back into Harry.

"Sorry, for the disruption," Harry said. "But, I'm afraid it's not over."

"Well, we're not leaving until it is," Tamsin said.

'Or, until I get a piece of you,' she thought hungrily.

Brother Blood ascended to a pedestal and looked down at the group of followers which assembled. They were less than abundant after pulling the same trick in the temple. Several more made their way inside.

The cult leader wiped a trickle of blood away from his nose. The usage of the Stone caused him fatigue, but he was able to press on, through sheer determination. Blood would not rest until Harry Potter was broken at his feet.

"My brothers, lend me a moment of your time," Brother Blood said. "At one time, we sought to eliminate the Fae, but I think this was foolish and short sighted. They are a force which we can use to help purge the elements which prevent our purification. And one of those elements is Harry Potter."

Everyone grumbled at that particular name being brought up. Blood allowed them to have their moment before he pressed on.

"They will be dealt with, and once the deal is made, we can move on," Blood said. "I have to thank this little object for giving me the ability to focus and tap upon other Realms. And now it's time for us to make use of one of the gifts of the Philosopher's Stone."

A table rose up and several glass goblets rose from a table around them.

"The Elixir of Life is good for one year of eternal life, no matter what, you will regenerate and you will survive," Brother Blood said. "Those who are worthy anyway will receive those gifts anyway. Those who aren't, the Elixir acts as a poison. It will grant you a short, but extremely agonizing death."

Blood lifted his head with a smile. Those who were still unworthy would be purged. Those who refused to drink would lack faith, and thus Brother Blood would eliminate them.

Blood turned around and noticed a figure standing in the shadows. The glowing eyes on the other end and the pointed ears caused Blood to smile.
"So, have you given our deal consideration, my friend?"

"Yes, I'm ready to make a deal."

To Be Continued on February 2nd, 2017.

Well, it was only a matter of time before trouble started to brew, with Blood getting his hand on the Stone. There are more dangerous threats coming. Meanwhile, more from the Lost Girl corner of the story comes in.

Poor Harry having to pay for the sins of his people. Then again, they were kind of assholes to a lot of magical creatures. Not that the magical creatures were much better in some cases, but an eye for an eye, is how we got Nick Fury. Or something.

Blood was playing with some dangerous fire. It would be great karma if he ends up getting burned, but will he? Stay tuned.

Back on Thursday.
Tamsin tried to pull herself away from the awe she felt when looking towards Harry and focus on the matter at hand. He really was something amazing, but no matter how amazing he was, they needed to focus on the matter at hand.

She joined Bo and Harry back and understood there was a need for a very long and potentially uncomfortable explanation regarding what the nature of Harry was. Bobbi and Daisy returned back as well. The encounter with the fire wraith had put all of them on a trigger. Said trigger could, in fact, ignite a powder keg which could be ready to explode at any minute.

Everything seemed anxious and tense, mostly because of the enemy Harry fought. Harry would have been foolish to think everything would just end at one attack. It was just a way to test the waters.

Tamsin's words also burned deep inside of Harry's head. He turned towards the beautiful blonde and invited the blonde further inside. The Fae stepped in front of Harry and waited for the words.

"You said I was the real deal," Harry said. He reached across the table and touched a hand to hers.

Tamsin tried to ignore it. Bo warned her how powerful Harry's thrall could be, and now she experienced it up close and personal for the first time she understood Harry was the real deal. It was almost unsettling how much he could push his will, and it was without trying. She only shuddered to think how much he could have women falling at him much easier if he had made a more conscious effort in doing so.

It was only thankful his heart was full of virtue, although she supposed those powers would not inspire such a loyalty if it was not.

"There have been many legends," Tamsin remarked. "Spread across many races and you're no exception."

"So, I take it you know about me all too well," Harry said. "You are…"

"Yes, a Valkyrie," she commented looking Harry up and down. "Although I've been away for a long time, I still remember the legends. You are her heir, the heir of Lorelei of Asgard, as was your mother before you."

This particular revelation caused everything to be unraveled. Harry took a few seconds to comprehend what he just heard.

"He's the heir to one of the most beautiful and dangerous women in the history of existence," Daisy said. She frowned and realized this pretty much matched up with what Jane and Darcy said. "And it does explain how he is able to ensnare women into his web. I'm guessing Lorelei's abilities are based on sexual preferences….although she tends to bewitch mostly men."

"Actually, it's because men tend to bend to her most easily," Tamsin said. "That isn't to say anything against men, it's just her powers trigger certain parts of their mind. And depending on their sexual preference, they would be attracted to her naturally."
Harry took a second to consider what she said and realized it made too much sense.

"Your mother, Lily, she had been sent along much too soon," Tamsin said. "All felt her loss, but I think in the end it all worked out."

Harry would have figured things worked out, but they could have worked out much better.

"There were several snags along the way for it all working out," Harry responded to her. He looked on with a fairly coy smile when leaning closer towards her. "But, I think everything did work out in the end."

"Maybe not, though," Tamsin said. "Blood is looking to collect together a dark army."

About as much as Harry figured. Every single thought entering Harry's mind pointed towards it, but the fire wraith was the first person who had been sent on through.

"He intends to use the Philosopher's Stone to accomplish this," Harry said. "And his power grows and at the same time makes him extremely sloppy at the same time."

Tamsin nodded. That could, unfortunately, be a bit of a problem. She leaned closer towards Harry, a smile crossing her face when approaching him. She ran her tongue over her lips and edged closer towards him, almost having her mouth near his ear.

"We're at your disposal," Tamsin said. "We don't want this world to be overrun by the darkness Brother Blood will bring."

Her hand rested on Harry's thigh as well. Harry could feel the energy going through her and it gave a fair amount of strength.

"Damn it," Daisy said. "I'll be back…..Bobbi, do you think you can tag along with me?"

Bobbi could see things were heating up in the room and she didn't really want to leave, at least not all together, but she also didn't really have much of a choice.

"How long do you think this will take?" Harry asked both of the girls.

"Maybe a couple of hours, give or take," Daisy said. "I should be back in time for the meeting you're going to have with my boss…..and I'll see you are."

Daisy leaned across the table and gave Harry a kiss before she left with Bobbi. The moment she left, Tamsin decided to edge closer towards Harry. Both hands now rested on Harry's thighs and they lingered ever so closer towards Harry.

"I'm going to need all of the help I can get," Harry informed her, and she nodded, smiling deep and bright.

"Yes, I know," she said. "And there's one more test….Bo told me all you had to offer. While I'll be inclined to believe her…I think it's for the best that I see what you have to offer for myself."

Harry smiled at the sexually liberated nature of the Fae. He wasn't complaining by any means, and he only would consent to the courtship process if the girl in question really wanted it. If the sexual attraction existed, then wasting time with formalities just seemed like a waste.

Tamsin dropped down onto her knees, and Bo gave him a smile. She had Harry out of his pants in pretty much no time. Some real fun was about to begin and Harry would be in the center of it.
Twelve inches of prime penis stuck out in front of Tamsin. She licked her lips to make sure they were nice and moist. The leggy blonde wrapped a hand around the base and stroked him up and down. The manhood swelled in her hand with each pump.

"I have to have this in my mouth," Tamsin said. A swirl of her tongue encircled the head.

"Be my guest."

Tamsin kissed away at the head and caused him to twitch. She cupped Harry's balls and kissed the head a few more times. It slipped between her juicy lips in no time. She eased a little bit of him inside of her.

Harry gripped the back of her head and leaned back to enjoy the sensations of his hard cock pushing down her warm throat. She performed a very skilled suction when coming down on him. Tamsin cupped his balls and caused even more tingles. The build-up of fluids in them was strong and Harry gripped her beautiful face before rocking his hips.

Bo leaned back in the chair off to the side, completely stripped from the waist down. She eased a couple of fingers between her lips and started to pump them inside her. The dark haired fae rocked up and down, timing her fingering with Tamsin sucking Harry's cock.

Tamsin tasted all of what he had to have. This throbbing beautiful cock shoved down her throat made her feel really good and intense. She cupped Harry about the balls and gave them a tender squeeze before pulling off of him.

"Good, but I don't think I want to taste it," Tamsin said. "A load that generous, I need it inside of me."

The Valkyrie pulled a shirt over her head. A pair of round, supple breasts with perky nipples stuck out. Harry reached in to massage Tamsin's breasts and smiled. She ground up against his cock in response and slowly worked the tight pants down to reveal her smooth, dripping hot pussy.

"I'm wet and ready," Tamsin said. "You can eat me next time. Now, I need your cock inside me, and I'm not going to waste any time."

The warmth surrounded Harry about the area of the rod when she lowered herself down. The two of them met hip to hip with each other. Harry pushed her onto him. She squeezed Harry when coming all the way down, filling her up with his cock. Harry ran down her smooth body and started to hungrily kiss every inch of flesh she received.

"Mmm, yes," Bo breathed. She was getting hot and horny.

Tamsin smiled, pressing her hands on Harry's shoulder and working up and down. Those hips came down onto him and she worked up quite an orgasm. She caressed Harry's hair while having her nipples sucked. The blonde vixen wrapped her legs tighter around him and squeezed his manhood with her wet cunt.

Harry pushed deeper into her. The sexual energy surrounding the room added to the intensity. Harry mapped out a course, sucking on her neck while caressing every single inch of hot flesh.

He stole a look at Bo who alternated between rubbing breasts and ass. Harry closed his eyes, building up enough energy.

Why take one of them when he could take both? A smoky figure rose from Harry and began to gain form. It glowed with a bright light when approaching Bo.
"Looks like you need a hand," Harry said. He reached down to rub the Fae's clit. "Or maybe a huge cock inside you?"

Bo looked into the eyes of this duplicate and realized he amounted to a rather sophisticated sex toy. He was in control and could feel the pleasure coming from him. Bo gripped all twelve inches of penis and stroked him before leaning back on the chair which tilted back and transformed into a soft, makeshift bed.

"I need a lot of help," Bo said. "I need a lot of good hard help? Will you help me, Harry? Will you help me as hard as you can?"

"Yes, I'll help you," Harry said. "I'll give you a lot of help."

Bo spread her legs to accept what Harry had to give her. He positioned over her and with one fell swoop slid between her dripping hot thighs. Bo arched back to accept the cock.

"Well, you're full of surprises," Tamsin breathed. She filled herself up with his throbbing cock. "I've never had an orgasm this good….not even from her over there….it's so good!"

Harry gripped Tamsin and pumped deeper into the gorgeous creature currently riding his cock. Both Bo and Tamsin's pussies wrapped around his cock simultaneously thanks to the sensations Harry felt. He drew power from both of the girls to keep himself from exploding.

"Yes, it has to be you!" Tamsin breathed. She pounded down pussy first onto his cock. "You are the one….you really are the one!"

Tamsin rocked down onto Harry and brought her pussy around his cock. She surrounded him with a surprising amount of warmth when bouncing higher, going up and going down on him.

Harry took her pussy down onto his cock without protest. She squeezed him and kept hammering away at him.

Bo encouraged Harry to go further into her. The third orgasm of the night was the most spectacular of all. Harry's powerful thrusting combined with him licking and sucking her breasts made everything just go wild within her. She grabbed his back to scratch him.

"So, perfect, you're a gift that keeps on giving!" Bo screamed.

Harry slowed down the pace to make her want this even more. Her silky smooth legs were a treasure Harry just needed to indulge in. He kissed Bo's ruby red lips, and she responded by shoving her tongue forcefully in. The kiss and thrusting got even sloppier.

Bo rocked her hips up more. She took an increased amount of cock in her. She could take it, take more than most women. Harry picked up a heavier pace. She screamed and creamed underneath the cock of the powerful young man thrusting deeper and more powerful.

"Give me more!" Bo yelled.

"You just can't get enough cock, can you?" Harry yelled.

The creature deep inside her yearned for all Harry could give her. Duplicate or not, it was pretty much the real thing. Bo sucked his neck and scratched his back before going back to making out with the Incubus driving his cock deeper inside of her.

Tamsin would not burn out before the other woman before. She took her enhanced strength and put
Harry in a vice which he would never forget. He planted kisses down the goddess's face, neck, lips, ear, and down her collarbone before kissing her all about the area of the face.

"Damn, again," Tamsin breathed, settling her hips down on him.

"Yes, again, always again," Harry answered, running his hands down her lower back and caressing her ass. "Why don't you cum for me?"

Tamsin came for him. Wet, hot, liquids coated Harry and allowed him to slam into her.

Harry could feel it even more. The duplicate had reached the end of his rope, and it would be an explosive end. He doubled his focus on Tamsin and making her cum over and over again, saturating Harry's invading rod.

Bo stretched further up to take more of Harry into her. His invading rod pushed deeper into her. Bo hung onto Harry and clenched the young man by the shoulder when he pushed deeper into her. She gave a passionate moan.

The Fae entered a constant state of pleasurable bliss. Every burst of pleasure made Bo increase with pleasure. Harry leaned down and smiled.

"Almost there."

An almost blinding light engulfed Bo. For a second, she thought it was because of the white light she saw through the orgasms. It was something else.

Her latest orgasm triggered one from Harry. Harry pumped buckets full of cum into her body. The Fae lifted up and became more empowered and yet somehow fatigued by the amount of sustaining juices which filled her body.

Harry's body swelled up just after emptying the swollen balls into her. The body combusted and cum showered through the air on top of Bo. Thick white fluids covered her entire body, rolling down her.

Tamsin rode Harry with more fury yet. Bo had her load and then a little more, now she wanted hers.

"You can't resist my tight pussy for much longer, can you?" Tamsin asked.

"No," Harry said. "You're nothing, but a naughty temptress who wants my big, powerful cock."

"YES!" Tamsin moaned in his ear. "Give me your cum, put a big load inside me….fill me up. I want it still to be dripping out of me after a dozen showers!"

Harry thrust one more time which opened the floodgates. She squeezed down and allowed Harry to fire a thick load inside her. Harry held onto her hips and rocked up deep into her. He spilled a steady amount of seed deep inside Tamsin's body.

The fluids warmed up Tamsin and hardened her nipples even more. Harry sucked her nipples, which had milk trickling out them. He sucked the warm liquids out.

"Not pregnant, just a side effect," she said, breathing heavily. "But, I will bare your children if you so desire."

Harry thought there would be more than enough time for that later. He suppressed the potency of his seed to ensure there were no unexpected surprises, with his master of death powers. Although the line stretched around the block to bare his daughters.
He was still cumming and still drinking the Fae milk which only made him pump more into her. Harry drank some fluids from her while pumping into her.

Finally, Harry finished, at least for the short time. Tamsin pulled off of him and stepped back to survey prey of a different sort.

"Looks like you could use a good tongue lashing for the mess you made."

Tamsin kneeled down at Bo and started to lick her pussy and the rest of her. She presented a still dripping slit towards Harry.

A still hard Harry made his way over to take the plunge for a second round of hard fucking. She was even tighter from this angle and Harry cupped her breasts while squeezing them.

Harry finally made his way towards headquarters, joining Daisy and Bobbi. The three of them passed through security. A couple of them almost fell over themselves when they saw Harry Potter. Bobbi shook her head, half in amusement. The reaction of these supposed professional agents was very amusing, and Bobbi and Daisy were very much trying not to break down and not be as professional.

"Well, they just let you in the front door," Daisy murmured.

"Hopefully this doesn't leak," Bobbi said. "I would hate for it to be easy enough where some shapeshifter could just wear your face and end up bypassing through security as they please."

"That really would be a pain," Harry responded.

"Oh, it's him, he's here!" one of the agents yelled, tripping over.

She was a cute blonde agent with hair coming past her shoulders, a soft looking face, and bright looking blue eyes. She filled into her uniform quite nicely, as did most of the women. The other agent standing next to her wore her red hair back into a ponytail and she had similar soft features although they had mostly been trained into a very obvious frown.

"Mr. Potter, I’d like to apologize for my sister, she can get overexcited sometimes," the woman said. She was surveying Harry up like a large cut of prime beef, but only for a second. "My name is Holly Granger, and this is my sister Dawn."

Two overexcited girls eager to please, Harry just had to smile at the thought. Daisy's smirk grew very calculating in response.

"It really is nice to meet you, sir," Dawn said.

Dawn shook her head. She knew this was coming, but didn't expect to actually be here when Harry Potter dropped by. Everything just happened so heart and brought her heart a flutter.

Daisy looked at both of them with a smile. Two more willing recruits, not that it took that much these days to recruit the willing girls.

"It's a pleasure to meet you two," Harry said. "And Agent Carter has such an eye for talent, and also for beauty as well."

Dawn nodded and she walked closer towards him. Holly placed her hand on her sister's neck and
sighed. She didn't normally get like this, well most of the time at least.

"I'm really sorry about her, sir," Holly said. "She doesn't get like this most of the time. You would think someone who was running intelligence would be a slight bit more discreet."

"So, both of you ladies work in intelligence?" Harry asked.

"Well, Dawn does," Holly said. "I'm more of a hands on girl than my sister is, as I'm sure you'll learn someday."

Daisy could have sworn it looked like Holly wanted to put her hands on Harry if she had given half of the chance. She would have liked to see that under most normal circumstances, but unfortunately, they had a couple of things to deal with. Bobbi cleared her throat.

"It was nice meeting both of you," Harry said.

"The pleasure was all ours," Holly said. "It can get boring down here sometimes."

Harry thought the two girls should just end up cherishing those moments because things were going to get a lot more exciting in a hurry and in the worst way possible.

'They're not too subtle for spies sometimes,' Daisy thought. She turned her head around and walked off. Then again, I'm just a bit salty of having to get to miss the Fae orgy. But I suppose it was all for the best because I wouldn't be conscious for this meeting.'

Harry smiled and crossed the final corridor. He didn't know what to expect on the other side. Daisy stepped off to the side of him and took Harry's arm to lead the way.

"I guess I'll do the honors," Daisy said.

Bobbi's lips curled into a smile, shaking her head in the process. Daisy not being that subtle at all amused the woman.

"She does like being the personal right-hand woman of a living legend all too much," Bobbi said. Daisy turned around and cast Bobbi a look. "Don't deny it gives you a lot of personal pride to be Agent Carter's number one girl."

Daisy was about ready to protest she wasn't exactly Agent Carter's number one girl, but the fact made her smile. It showed Bobbi thought a lot of Daisy, even though most of the comments were done in a very teasing way.

"Well, we shouldn't keep her waiting much longer," Harry said.

Daisy nodded, fair enough. The world was in peril.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Daisy, Bobbi, and Harry walked in.

"Harry Potter, I say this meeting is long overdue."

Harry looked at the figure who came out of the shadows and just had to get a very good look at this particular woman. The beautiful brunette looked like she stepped out of a portrait straight from the 1940s, looking as young and spry as ever.

"Agent Carter," Harry said. "Needless to say, you've aged rather well. As a matter of fact, I don't
think you've aged at all. And you look pretty well for someone who is supposed to be lingering in a hospital bed, your mind not as sound as it used to be."

"Well, that's a fascinating story, if you have time to hear it," Peggy said.

"I admit, I'm curious," Harry said.

The four sat down in the office, while Peggy already had some tea fixed. Harry didn't really want to play into the old stereotypes, but he had to admit, a good cup of tea was hard to come by these days.

Brother Blood stepped forward with the Elite and the very few followers who took the plunge with the Elixir of Life to survive. All of them served Blood without question despite a few lingering doubts and many questions entering their mind.

"Where are we going?" one of them asked.

"Patience, all will be revealed in due time," Blood said. He swung his gaze over his shoulder and smiled. "Our friends are willing to make a deal with us, and we should honor their request for a meeting."

Blood held all of the cards, their destiny planted firmly into the palm of his hand. He leaned closer towards the forest and heard the rustling in the shadows.

"Come on and face your new master," Blood said.

The rumbling laughter filled the forest. Every single one of Blood's minions thought the laughter was something of an extremely demented and depraved individual. Blood didn't even say one single word. He just remained still and stoic. His Stone clutched in the palm of the hand like it was the holy grail.

Said laughter continued for several moments to the point where Blood had gotten annoyed.

"I'm glad to see you find some humor out of this situation," Blood said. "Perhaps though I didn't make my point clear or concise enough. "I am your master, and you are to obey me. So come forward and obey me."

A ghoulish creature stepped out of the shadow to gaze upon Blood with a mixture of amusement and contempt. His worn face had the look of extremely old leather and he walked another couple of steps towards the man. The creature surveyed Blood, and snarled, sickening yellow fangs bared when he looked at Blood.

"You presume a fair amount, mortal," the ghoul said.

"You still have enough intelligence," Blood said. "Not nearly enough to respect your betters."

"And what is stopping me from ripping you apart where you stand?" the ghoul asked.

Blood lifted the Stone and the ghoul screamed having been dropped to his knees. He found a place pressed on the ground in front of Brother Blood. Smoke billowed from his body when Blood pushed the force of the Stone against him.

"You're a creature of the night, nothing other than the lowest of the low," Blood said. "You didn't take to the transformation well. You stalk these forests, hunting for whatever prey foolishly stumbles
upon your place of being. It's a lowly existence."

Blood let up the Stone. The ghoul collapsed to the ground rather weak indeed. The power of the stone caused the ghoul's ability to fight to be weakened and Blood to gain control over the man.

"I know all of the creatures in this forest fear one thing above all else," Blood said. "They fear Death."

The leaves rustled. Everyone in the forest grew extremely restless. Despite this entire fact, Blood knew he had them resting in the palm of his hand. The current master of the Philosopher's Stone waved the item in question and everyone came closer to listen to.

"You fear Death, and you fear the one who masters him above everyone else," Blood said. "This world needs to be bathed in fire and blood, for your kind to be able to stand tall, without fear of hunters, without fear of Slayers, and without fear of Harry Potter."

That particular name caused general unrest within the Ghouls. Brother Blood knew he struck a nerve and delved further for the throat.

"Yes, I know all of you know the name, and you fear the name," Brother Blood said. He threw his arms back in triumph. "But, just think of this. Once Death has been made a non-factor, then what hold does he have over you? What hold does anyone have on you?"

"It seems to me you're the one who wants the hold over us," one of the ghouls stated. He spoke in a sharp tone and there was a fairly huge part of him who did not buy him.

"Stand beside me," Blood said. "Or I will deny each and every one of you at the gates of my New World Order."

Some of the ghouls stepped forward. None of them trusted Blood. Given the alternatives, he sounded to be the worst of the evils. One of the more powerful ghouls stepped on in and dropped to his knees before Brother Blood.

Blood broke out into one of the more wicked smiles possible and extended the Stone over his hand. The power burned through every fiber of Blood's being.

"Master, your hand," one of the drones said.

Blood looked at said hand and a sickening looking black blood splashed to the ground from his fingers. The man frowned, but then gave a very dismissive nod.

"It's merely a minor inconvenience, it shall pass," Blood said. "Onward and forward, we still have much work to do."

No one dared argue with Blood in this respect. They were too afraid of the consequences.

Faith tucked her head and did a flipping roll to avoid the charge one of these particular nasty ghoulish vampires they had been dealing with for a long time. She fired an attack at the vampire, but his skin was as tough as old shoe leather.

'Vampires like this, travel in packs,' Faith thought. 'And they're mean, nasty and....Buffy where are you?'
'I'm up to my neck in about two more of them,' Buffy said.

'Don't talk about being up to your neck in something when you're facing vampires,' Faith thought.

'Sorry, bad form,' Buffy thought back to Faith.

The vampire spread his wings and came up from the sky. Faith hurled an object into the air and it exploded into a loud hiss. The vampire dropped down to the ground and clutched his face. Faith decided to pull out the heavier weaponry, thanking Harry for making the modifications to make this thing able to fit in her pocket.

'Of course, it looks like I'm pulling things out of my ass now,' Faith thought. 'A pretty good party trick, but not exactly….oh shit!'

Faith aimed and fired to catch the vampire. The bolt impaled through his chest and burned him. The vampire struggled forward and tried to rush at Faith one more time. Faith dodged the attack and allowed the vampire to collapse into a pile of dust.

"Damn," Faith murmured underneath her breath.

Three more dropped down and surrounded her. Combined with the two Buffy had been playing tag with, there was five that they could account for. And they ran in packs, picking off from the margins. Sucking the blood of anyone who had been foolish enough to come their way.

"Slayer, blood!" one of them growled.

"No, please, you don't know where I've been," Faith remarked dryly.

She dodged the attack from one of them. A blast of energy flew through the air and nailed the creature in the face point blank, ripping his head off. The creature dropped down to the ground.

Faith blinked a couple of times, not knowing what happened, and not caring what happened. She pulled out an enchanted dagger and stabbed the ghoul in the throat to double him over. The Slayer retracted the knife from the throat of the vampire, with blood dripping everywhere.

Buffy stepped forward, a scratch on her cheek, and a couple of bruises on her hand. Given the alternative, though, it could have been worse. The slight limp could be very worrying.

"Someone showed up to even the odds," Buffy said.

The eyes of both of the Slayers followed the progress of this new contender to enter the ring.

"She's good," Buffy said. "Like she's really good…so good it almost hurts to watch her."

Faith nodded. The new figure grabbed the remaining two ghouls around their necks. Energy pulled from the bodies of the ghouls before they dropped down to the ground.

The smoke cleared and a beautiful green-haired woman stepped into greater prominence. She wore a black one piece which covered her amazing body and sheer black leggings. She had curves and also gave off energy. Faith realized she dealt with another succubus and a fairly competent one.

'Now how to slap a collar on her and deliver her to Harry,' Faith thought.

'Really, that's the first thing you think about?' Buffy asked.

'Oh, not like you thought about it.'
"Take me to your master!" she commanded to them.

Buffy looked at the woman with a surprised expression. She helped them but looked inclined to rip them apart if they did not give her what they wanted.

"She means Harry," Faith said. "Our master doesn't just see anyone, though. Who are you and what is your business?"

"My name is Morrigan Aensland, and your world is in grave danger," the succubus said.

'Must be Thursday,' Faith and Buffy thought in unison.

The conversation could not escalate any further. A large hulking brute of a ghoul spread his wings and crashed down. Faith and Buffy prepared to fire at him.

"I smelled Slayer blood!" he yelled. "And her blood…..I'll rip your wings and mount them on my wall."

"You wouldn't be the first man not to follow up on a promise you can't keep," she answered. The woman's lips curled into a smile and she motioned him forward. "Nor will you be the first man die trying!"

Peggy surveyed Harry over the top of her cup. The meeting had been long overdue.

"I wish I could have been there for you especially…given you had to live with Petunia, and that unfortunate waste of oxygen she calls a husband," Peggy said. "Unfortunately, shortly after Lily's wedding, I found myself sent to another realm, and I had been trapped there for a significant amount of time."

"So, there is a logical explanation," Harry said.

"Yes, curiosity should be indulged, but stupidity and curiosity often go hand in hand," Peggy said. "I learned when I returned how much I missed. And by that time, you had been rooted deep into that world. I feared you would be beyond my reach, as that world….it tends to hang onto people. It's not unlike a cult."

Cult, boy was that ever a perfect world to describe those people.

"Their first-borns are rooted into the society and then denied opportunity. By the time they realize they won't advance in that world, it is much too late, and they have to start from the ground up."

"The world was falling apart when I left," Harry said.

Peggy knew Harry didn't want to talk about it, and given her dealings with that particular side of Britain, she could hardly blame it.

"I'm pleased to say I was wrong," Peggy said.

"So, you were in another realm for ages," Harry said. "That doesn't account for the fact you don't look a day older than you do from your photos after World War Two."

"Yes, well, that's by design," Peggy said. "The Infinity Formula can be rather useful in turning the clock back, and the LMD who lives my public life, she has been programmed to naturally progress.
And within a few years, Peggy Carter will be dead to all but a few trusted people who are permitted to know the truth.

Peggy sighed and spoke clearly and candidly.

"After the destruction of SHIELD, and the mistrust, I had to build something back up," Peggy said. "A lot of good agents died over the years, not knowing what they fought for was corrupted. I created this and I had to fix this. I had more experience than I did when SHIELD was founded."

Peggy took a moment to drink her coffee.

"We can discuss that at a later time," Harry said.

"Yes," Peggy said. "We both have information which can be of use to this situation. And the fact Blood has the Philosopher's Stone is unsettling."

'Um, Harry?' Faith asked.

'Yes,' Harry said.

'We ran into trouble, big trouble, big ghouslish trouble, as in an army of them,' Faith thought.

"My girls ran into trouble," Harry said. "Blood is already making moves."

Peggy stopped Harry from getting up. Daisy and Bobbi already made a move to join them.

"Then let me make a move of my own."

To Be Continued on February 6th, 2017.

The game is afoot in many levels, and hell is about to be brought to Earth.

Well, Blood's use of the Philosopher's Stone is coming back to have severe consequences to him.

Where Peggy was is discussed, and it looks like things are about to heat up.

Faith's priorities are straight in line, obviously.
Chapter Thirty-Eight: The Bloodletting Part Two.

Buffy and Faith eyed up one of the biggest, nastiest, and most monstrous ghouls they have had the misfortune of having to deal with. The ghoul gave off all appearances he ate his brothers for breakfast and other monsters for dessert. He rose up to his full height, threw back his arms, and gave a solid growl, snarling and showing his fangs when approaching the two girls.

'Well, this guy means business,' Buffy said.

'Guess, what, so do we!' Faith mentally cried.

Despite the internal bravado Faith felt, she could not help but feel a tiny bit anxious about what she had to square off against. The proof of this very dangerous battle flashed in front of them.

The ghoulish army had pretty much been either laid out on the ground or forced to retreat out of fear of this one man. And he could command a lot of fear, more than enough fear in fact. Faith and Buffy looked at each other. The only thing which they had beaten him with was the speed department. The two of them prepared to use that to their advantage.

'Well, here goes nothing, better do the best we can.'

Faith locked onto him with an attack. She hoped this would be enough to drop the monster down to his knees. Something told her it would not be, though. Still, she pulled back on the trigger of the crossbow and fire a heavy bolt directly at the chest of the creature.

The bolt nailed the creature in the chest and shattered upon impact. The magic left a small mark on the creature and he growled. Faith wasn't going to be denied. She was about ready to fire one more time. Morrigan grabbed her hand before this could happen.

"Why did you stop me?" Faith demanded.

"Unless you want to agitate the beast, I suggest you not attack him again," Morrigan said. The green-haired warrior turned her eyes towards him. "You will not harm another, beast."

The creature answered with a low and rumbling laughter. He lifted one clawed hand and snarled. "I don't think even you could have stopped me."

Morrigan's expression turned to that of amusement, which only served to rile up the creature a fair amount more. The snarl coming from the creature continued.

"Oh, I'm not going to stop you," Morrigan said. She tilted her head back and extended one finger forward. "He is going to stop you."
A bright light resulted in the ghoul staggering back and throwing his hands upon his eyes to shield it from further injury. The second the lights flickered back to normal, the ghoul came face to face with the one and only Harry Potter.

"Finally!"

The creature was more than pleased to finally bite a piece off of the fabled Master of Death. The fact he showed no fear, caused the creature to step back, anxious and nervous at the same time.

Harry wasted no movement, withdrawing an energy scythe and stabbing it towards the large creature. The creature fell down to his knees for only a brief second. Summoning all of the energy he could, the monster sprang up to his feet and swung his large beefy fist towards Harry's face.

The Master of Death shifted out of the way and dodged the monster's latest assault. The creature's fist struck the air and had been withdrawn back. Harry avoided another barrage of attacks from this particular monster, before spinning back around and nailing him with a shot to the back of the neck.

The ghoulish creature slumped down and sprang back up, claws outstretched. Harry vanished and ended up behind him. White hot knives caught the ghoulish creature in the spine. Harry's hand flashed a sword and decapitated the creature putting him out of its misery.

Harry stood and looked at the other creatures with the ghoul's blood staining his sword. All of them looked at Harry, and Harry just smiled, before opening his hand and motioning for them to bring it.

The other creatures staggered back and acted like they were going to attack. The blood of one much stronger than them dripped from the sword. This deterrent only prompted them to disappear into the night almost as quickly as they appeared.

Harry followed them for a second and returned back towards two Slayers and one Succubus. All three of the women looked pretty riled up from the battle, and at the same time, they had been anxious for a problem.

"Well, this is most certainly a mess, we got separated," Peggy said. She approached them and frowned. "It feels strange in the air, doesn't it?"

"Girls, this is Peggy Carter and...."

"No, an introduction is not in order, I'm well aware of all three of them," Peggy said. "I see you managed to sneak off with the sword."

"Hey, I figure since I was the one who pulled it out of the hat, and slain a fifty-foot snake with it, it goes without saying how this belongs to me," Harry said. The blood faded from the sword just as quickly as it had been put onto it.

"You're him," Morrigan said.

"Yes, Morrigan, I am," Harry said.

Morrigan had no need to ask him how he knew her name, for it was well known and passed through the ages of how he was all-seeing and all-knowing. All she could do was approach him and clasp his hands.

"These ghouls are just the beginning of an invading army to your realm," Morrigan said. "Someone dark has....."
"A man calling himself Brother Blood obtained the Philosopher's Stone," Harry said.

Morrigan figured they should just as well cut to the chase. Harry knew what was going on, which made her job a tiny bit easier.

"Yes, and he's using it to summon an army," Morrigan said. "You know about this much."

Morrigan confirmed what Bo and Tamsin had told him earlier. Creatures of darkness gathered and Blood seemed to be a rallying point. They had been the rejects even among their own kind. Harry took a moment to take it all in and he had come to another rather interesting conclusion. He turned towards the army of women around them, as they waited for the calm.

"The Stone is also causing him to make deals that he shouldn't," Harry said. "He's desperate to beat me. He's becoming reckless."

"Do you think we can exploit this Tunnel Vision to get the Stone away from him?" Peggy asked.

Harry thought about it for a long moment. Blood's obsession grew worse, and if his research was correct, the madman would feel the curse of the Philosopher's Stone soon.

"I think we can," Harry said.

"We do have another problem, as these ghouls are still out in the wild, and who knows what kind of havoc they're going to cause," Buffy said. She tilted her head back and bit down firmly upon her lip.

"We're going to hunt them down, though," Faith said.

The Slayers looked ready to go out on the hunt, it was their jobs. Especially when there were supernatural goings on, going on, it was important for them to stand together.

"Not alone," Peggy said. "I'm sending two of my best agents with you, while I go with Harry and Morrigan, and double our efforts in tracking down Blood and the Stone."

Peggy's firm gaze, trained in years of dealing with some pretty headstrong people, both men, and women, locked onto both of the Slayers. They just nodded in response.

'It really is hard to argue with a woman like that,' Faith thought.

Brother Blood assured the head ghoul his children would be able to feast upon the flesh of the slayers and drink their blood. This entire mess did not end as had been planned and now they were all back to square one. The ghoul stepped forward towards Brother Blood. It was in his instinct to take him out and tear his head off.

'No, I must play the game for now,' the ghoul thought.

These instincts needed to be suppressed those for the greater good. The ghoul swallowed every ounce of pride he had, he was no servant and he was no pet, especially for a human like Blood. He approached and stepped even closer. His head bowed down before peering up to take a good and long look at Brother Blood. Blood's beady little eyes peered down from high above. He stood on a pedestal which elevated himself above his servants.

Brother Blood clutched the Philosopher's Stone in his arm. He would not set it down, did not let another to hold it. He held it when eating when sleeping, through every single moment of his life. It was the pinnacle and it guided Blood towards his destiny of being the one to destroy Death and its
Blood’s blood continued to drip from the hand holding the stone. Blood ignored the minor drawback. The ghouls restlessly moved on the ground and the head ghoul walked closer those him. Such a hideous beast of a creature, even though he had his uses, some of the time, although those uses were only few and far between the more Brother Blood considered what he had to offer to him.

"Your creatures failed to destroy those Slayers," Brother Blood said. "They would serve as a message for Harry Potter. And yet, you couldn't even dispose of a couple of silly school girls with delusions they are great heroes."

"They are a lot more efficient than they look," the ghoul said.

Wrong thing to say as Brother Blood rose off of the throne and peered down at the ghoulish creature. The creature summoned all of the strength back into himself when looking back up at Brother Blood. Blood dripped from his palm when staring back at the creature.

"They were a lot tougher than they looked?" Brother Blood asked in an icy voice. "Well, one could say the reverse could be said about you. You look like a monster which could rip apart entire villages. But you're about as fierce as a fluffy bunny rabbit."

The ghoul rose to his feet and was about ready to descend the stairs. Blood held the Stone and made sure the ghoul understood the natural order of things. The ghoul backed off, seeing what the stone had done to his predecessor.

"You came to me, and you dare insult me," the ghoul said. "What are you hoping to accomplish?"

"Sometimes, I ask that question," Blood said.

The man sighed and clutched the Stone in hand. The burning going through the palm of his hand continued with escalation, and a groan passed through the man's body.

"As much as I hate to admit it, I do need your help, at least for the moment," Brother Blood said. Blood clicked his tongue and stretched closer towards the Ghoul. "You had better believe that moment will pass the moment you're no longer useful."

The ghoul gritted his teeth.

"They would have succeeded had it not been for the Succubus," the ghoul said.

Blood did not wish to hear of it. The arrogance of this creature tried his already fragile patience, and now he would give excuses on top of it.

"I just hear excuses, and a lack of action, not exactly desirable qualities in my servants," Brother Blood said. He rubbed his fingers together. "The succubus, she's after your kind for some reason."

"I knew her in another lifetime," the ghoul answered.

"Yes, of course, it would be vengeance," Brother Blood said. "I will make you a deal, my friend. You help me get those gates open and bring about hellfire on Earth. And you will be allowed to keep this succubus as a pet."

The ghoul broke out into a smile.

"But, remember, this little deal hinges upon your success," Brother Blood. "Failure is highly
discouraged, and it's not an option. Do not fail me, unless you want to join those who came before you."

The ghoul extended his head with a bow. Brother Blood loathed to look at this creature.

The creature's eyes traveled up to lock upon the Philosopher's Stone. Blood clutched the item closer to his chest, refusing to allow anyone to come to it. The Stone would be his and his alone. No one could even hold it beyond him.

'Don't worry, no one understands what you can do more than me, my precious Stone,' Brother Blood thought.

Holly thought she would be sitting this out all day, helping her sister catalog the various mission reports. Talk about a job which she did not want on her worst enemy. She almost became giddy with excitement at the prospect of action.

"Agent Carter said we would be meeting Faith and Buffy right here," Bobbi said.

Bobbi had been a little excited about this mission. She had spent most of her time guarding Harry, and it was a rather vital job. The only problem was Harry could deal with most of the threats before she had a chance to move. And those he couldn't deal with, well Bobbi thought would be a slight bit out of her pay grade to be perfectly honest.

"There they are," Holly said.

"Oh, you must have been the backup Agent Carter sent along," Buffy said. "You didn't really miss anything."

"Good, I'm glad," Holly said. "It's a pleasure to meet you two. I'm Holly Granger."

"Dove to Hawk, can you hear me?" Dawn Granger asked.

Holly smiled, the earpiece had been clicked in.

"Yes, Dove, this is Hawk," Holly Granger said. She looked around and the skies shifted a little bit around them. "I don't know if the scanners back at HQ are picking this up, but there's something a bit strange in the air."

"Oh, we're picking up on it alright," Dawn said. "I would tell you to be careful, but I know better, I really do know better."

Three of the ghoulish creatures descended onto the ground. They looked as nasty and mean as one might expect in a situation like this. Holly smiled and pulled out a large energy cannon. Bobbi eyed it when she mounted it on the shoulder.

'Oh boy, I pity any clean-up crews,' Bobbi thought to herself.

"Smile, you gruesome bastards," Holly said.

A red energy flare shot towards the cannon and nailed the creatures. They had been staggered back from the energy blasts.

Faith and Buffy backed her up by firing at them. The stake shot into the vital part of one of the creatures and dropped him down to the ground. The creature started to smoke about the area of the head and arms flailed around.
'I don't like the looks of the sky,' Buffy thought.

'You shouldn't,' Tamsin said. 'They're opening up a portal to another dimension. If the gateway is open, the barrier between your world and other realms will be tarnished, and any number of horrific monsters can go through.'

'Not going to let that happen,' Faith said.

'Of course not,' Harry said. 'Keep them distracted, while I take care of Blood.'

Bobbi retracted her batons and they started to glow. One of the creatures extended a pair of hands to wrap around her throat. Bobbi dodged the attack and came back around to nail the monster in the back of the head. The monster staggered.

"Stand clear!" Holly yelled.

Holly fired the cannon once again and it blitzed through the air to take out the creatures. The creature nailed with the cannon staggered back and almost collapsed down to the ground. It put him in perfect position to be sent back by Buffy.

The same creature appeared about a moment later, healed and ready to go. This little incident caught Buffy and made her stand back.

"Is it just me or are they getting sent back just as fast as they are being put down?" Buffy asked.

"We're going to have to kill them harder," Holly said.

One could argue you couldn't really kill what was already dead. Holly fired the cannon one more time before it fizzled out. The government operative didn't bat an eyelash though. She pulled out a modest looking gun and started to fire.

These bullets have been developed to be able to stun the Hulk. They did the job well enough against these creatures. They staggered back a couple of inches, and one tried to take her head off. Bobbi was there to block the creature.

"They don't make energy cannons like they used to."

"Yes, I'm well aware of that," Bobbi said.

'If we find the head ghoul and stop him, the others are going to fall in line, until they choose a new leader,' Harry said.

'So, the biggest, nastiest, and ugliest one of them all, right?' Faith asked.

Harry smiled, Faith pretty much hit the nail directly on the head.

'It always is with leaders,' Harry thought. 'And unfortunately, the most powerful, and given he's not with the army, he must be elsewhere.'

None of them had any idea how Harry knew the leader of the ghoulish army was not there. All they focused on was how not to lose their own heads in the battle.

The leader of the ghoulish army enjoyed the fleeing power while he had a chance. He raised one hand and tried to rip apart the dimensional barrier. Soon, he would recall an army, and he had a window of opportunity to get the Stone away from Brother Blood. It would be foolish not to exercise
that particular opportunity.

"He thinks he can bend me to his will!" the ghoul howled at the top of his lungs. "Well, soon, I will be able to destroy him."

"Yeah, you're really something, aren't you?" Harry asked.

The ghoul dropped his hand for a second. The ground warped on from around him when the creature lurched towards him.

"Well, this is an amazing little bonus to today's adventure," the lead ghoul responded. His mouth curled into a grin. "I wasn't expecting to destroy you today, wand waver."

Harry just responded with a yawn. The wand waver slur, especially pertaining to him, kind of got old.

"That insult is both uninspired and inaccurate," Harry said. "Then again, what can I expect for a creature who bends to the will of the first human who offers him a taste of power."

The ghoul grabbed onto a tree which decayed right underneath his single grip.

"You have a few upgrades," Harry said. "In theory, this should impress me, but it made me more vigilant."

"We'll see how vigilant you are without a head."

The ghoul stepped into Harry's trap, Harry knew his arrogance would not allow the ghoul to turn down a supposed easy opponent.

'Keep him away from the portal, and we'll do the rest,' Tamsin said.

Harry was a step ahead of them. The creature extended his hands. A flicker of smoke passed through his fingers. The lead ghoul turned around and noticed Harry standing about ten feet away from him.

"You're much too slow to catch me," Harry said.

The monster lunged towards his prey one more time. Harry evaded the attack one more and came up behind the creature.

The creature tried the attack one more time. Again, his claws swiped the air and caused the stench of decay. Harry had been two inches away from him at this time and then two inches turned to about twenty feet.

"Sorry, try again," Harry said.

"I'll rip your head and mount it on my wall!" the creature yelled. "When I'm done with you, everyone will know my name!"

Tamsin slipped behind the creature, with Bo and Morrigan following. She could feel the frustration. Harry was just too smooth and too slick to be caught up by a creature.

"I'm going to need to temporarily cross the dimensional barriers to stop the portal flow from the inside," Tamsin said. "Morrigan, I'm going to need you to guide me, and Bo...I'm going to need you to do this from the outside."

Morrigan spared them the lecture about how dangerous this was. They were already playing with fire
as it was, and the real danger lay in the world being burned by these demonic creatures.

Harry continued his ducking and dodging routine against the demonic creature. The creature sizzled and burned. Harry spotted the one hole in his offense and prepared to rear back to exploit it. An energy ax flashed in Harry's hands because the scythe and the sword both were getting to be a little bit old hat now.

The ax slammed into the creature's chest. The energy wave sent the creature back to another realm, with some of the members of his arm approaching.

'I almost have the portal shut down,' Tamsin thought. 'I'll be sore in the morning.,'

A bolt of red energy knocked Harry back. Harry flipped over onto his back and pushed back up to push the red energy back. Two beams intersected together with Harry pushing at Blood and Blood pushing back from the attack.

"You're a cockroach who just won't die!" Blood yelled. "Why don't you just go down?"

Blood's forceful attack caused Harry to fly back with cracked ribs. The Stone clutched in his hand amplified his body. It also caused blood to drip from his hand and mouth.

"The power is tearing you apart," Harry said.

Blood didn't even hear him. He raised his hands with a single-minded objective of smashing Harry Potter into the ground. Harry teleported away from the attack, to allow Blood to experience frustration beyond all belief, and agony in addition to all of that frustration.

A large rocket launcher sent a missile flying through the air and blew up the ground where Brother Blood stood on. The Stone launched out of his hand and slid out of his reach.

Peggy Carter perched on the hill, pleased her aim had not faltered over the years. One more shot would be the one to bring Brother Blood down.

Blood drew the Stone back into his hand.

"See our connection," Blood yelled. "You can't stop it."

Harry spotted the thread and locked onto it. Blood drew in the energy of the mystic realms around him.

"One realm, ruled by me!" Blood yelled. "This is truly a rebirth! I am the Messiah!"

Harry pushed all of his energy into the thread connecting Blood and the stone. Blood had been sucked through the portal. He screamed in agony.

All had become silent. The world settled back to its normal state of very calm and very tranquil.

For a moment, Harry dropped down to the one knee. Tamsin, Bo, and Morrigan exited the portal. Bo rushed towards Harry, knowing what to do in a situation like this. She hoisted up Harry and kissed him on the lips, to give him a mild enough power up so he could be able to stand.

"The portal is closed, right?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Tamsin said. She shared a brief kiss with Bo and felt a little bit better.

"And suddenly, I feel left out," Morrigan said, with a slight pout. "Yes, though, the portal is closed,
Blood and his army are gone, and Earth…is intact."

Harry didn't like this; something about this just seemed too easy.

"This isn't over yet."

Jane flipped over, tossing and turning in bed. Darcy rolled, monopolizing most of the covers.

"Five more minutes," Darcy muttered.

Jane shrieked and brought Darcy out of her fitful sleep. She turned towards Jane and Jane rose to her feet. She stumbled to a standing position and closed her eyes.

"The realms have been compromised," Jane said.

Darcy grew somber at Jane's declaration. She placed a hand on her lover's shoulder.

"So, I guess it's time," Darcy said.

Jane answered with a brisk nod. "Yes, it's time."

She sauntered over to the table across the room with her walking stick lying on it. Jane touched the walking stick and the cane morphed into a familiar looking hammer.

And she morphed as well.

To Be Continued on February 9th, 2017.

Well, Blood has lost the plot. But that's no surprise.

And the fun has just begun for our heroes.

Until Thursday.
Harry surveyed the area long and hard after the battle ended. All of the goons disappeared, Blood along with them, and the Stone also disappeared in a blink of an eye. Most people would consider all of their enemies vanishing with all portals and gateways leading to Earth being shut down to be a good thing. The adventure was over and they could go on. Life would be amazing.

At least in an ideal world, but there was one simple problem there. Most people were not Harry Potter who knew a lot of what happened was not what it seemed. He returned back to the Horizon Headquarters briefly. He would need someone to widen the scope of the area around them.

"Rose, scan for any traces of magical energy in the air," Harry said. "Any thread, anything at all, see if you can find where it is drawn back to him."

"Of course," Rose said.

Harry would have thought it was over. The young man dropped down onto the chair and the breath just left his body in a solid rush. Everything about Blood receiving ultimate power just reeked somehow. Harry could tell how the Stone was corrupting him and it would only get worse.

'It's not over, it's never over,' Harry thought.

'You're not breaking open the champagne just yet,' Faith said.

'You know the reason why I'm not,' Harry thought. 'I don't like to be premature with my belief the bad guy is dead until I have some proof. And Blood didn't cross over to the other side, so that's proof against him being dead.'

'If he didn't cross over, he has to be somewhere,' Buffy thought. 'Maybe it's somewhere where he can't get out and bother us again.'

Harry really wished there would be a way to be optimistic. He did not see it. Rose's scanning increased when it flashed across the screen. There were some very disturbing spots of magic in the area, which Harry had to lock onto and focus on.

'That's a nice bit of optimism,' Daisy thought. 'I wish I could share it, but it's just not accurate. There's just....well it's pretty complicated isn't it?'

'It's only complicated if you make it complicated,' Buffy said.

'Unfortunately, there's nothing about life that isn't complicated right now,' Daisy thought.

'Yeah, I hate it when she's right, but she's right,' Faith thought.

Harry pulled away from the conversation and put all of his attention into the scan of what Rose was doing. He thought the scan would pull up some information, at least to confirm him. He thought of one unfortunate point which could throw this entire mess out of whack.

The scan only could look at the area around the mortal realm. Therefore, if there was something
going on somewhere else, they could not find it. Harry closed his eyes and tried to locate the threads on his own. All he accomplished was a terrific headache which spreading through his body.

"I'm sorry, I've found nothing other than some footprints left behind but they lead nowhere," Rose said. The AI sounded a bit annoyed. "I'm sorry. I do share your sentiments there's something going on here, more than meets the eye."

Harry figured that much was obvious. All he could do is lean back and try and observe the energy in the air around him. Everything in the air, there had to be some way to track everything in the area.

He popped up to see someone approaching him from behind. Sara approached him, something wrapped up in a red cloth when approaching him.

"Bad news I take it," Harry said.

"The type I have to deliver to you in person," Sara said. "Mostly because I'm also going to have to deliver you this in person."

Sara made sure her hands did not touch whatever had been wrapped in this cloth. Harry knew why when taking it from her in an instant. Wrapped inside the cloth, snug as it could be, was a small little sliver of the Philosopher's Stone. Harry looked at it. He slowly took the cloth, careful not to let the sliver of stone touch either himself or Sara.

"I figured it wouldn't be a good idea to leave this lying around," Sara said. "Was I right?"

"You're correct," Harry informed her.

Harry dangled the stone fragment about the area of his fingers, not touching it either. He slipped the fragment down onto the table before turning back to Sara. Harry had a feeling this small part of the stone was only scratching the surface.

"That wasn't all you found, was it?" Harry asked.

"We found one of Blood's followers….apparently not all of them got sent beyond," Sara said. "My team was able to find out enough….he ingested the Elixir of Life."

Harry pulled a very obvious face and could tell this was bad things. He knew enough about the Elixir of Life to understand what could be in store for this hapless man if he had not been worthy. Flamel, from what Harry could piece together, was extra careful in creating the Elixir. It could get highly addictive, if not done carefully, and there could be some unfortunate side effects when ingested by a person of less than pure intentions.

Granted, when you also split your soul several times and only needed it as a one-time means to return to your previous body, those consequences were out the window.

"I don't think you wanted to see him," Sara said. "He was one of the better off ones. Some of them had their bodies turned inside out by the Elixir. I don't….it's pretty bad."

"I imagine it is," Harry said.

Something told him not many of Blood's mortal followers survived the experience. He took a half of a second to take the sliver of the Stone. It was time to analyze the sliver and see if Harry could track everything.

"Thank you for bringing this to me, it wouldn't have been a good idea to have it in the wild."
Anyone can do a slight bit of a damage with a piece of a highly dangerous magical artifact. Both to
themselves and to the people around them, and now the Stone was busted, there was no telling what
kind of blow back it would cause.

'Well, I didn't think things could get much worse,' Harry thought. 'Shows why I can't be optimistic.'

Preliminary tests told Harry a fair amount about the Stone, and also raised a couple of questions.
Whoever created the Stone in the first place most certainly called on some rather devious creatures to
do so. The creator constructed the stone based off of materials which were either very rare on earth,
or could not be seen on Earth.

"Everything is just beginning."

"I agree."

Harry turned around to see Tamsin and Bo who walked behind them. Both of the Fae wore somber
expressions when walking towards Harry. They could feel everything going wrong as possible, as
well as Harry could. Both of the girls looked Harry in the eyes a few second later.

"I'm guessing your scan didn't go as well as you had hoped," Tamsin said.

"Blood slipped away," Harry answered. He tried to keep his head up high. "But, I have a piece
of the Stone."

"The Stone's broken," Tamsin said.

Bo whistled in response, and the feelings of dread heightened just a little bit more.

"I'm guessing this means things have gone from bad to worse," Bo said.

"Yes, they have," Tamsin said. "And it would explain some….really weird feelings I've been
having…..we're going to have to find the rest of the Stone….."

Harry raised up one hand as one of the materials on the desk started to hum. Very slowly, but very
surely, Harry looked at the piece of stone on the table and frowned, looking deep at the stone. A
second passed a second or so before Harry analyzed it.

"The small sliver I have may be the key I need to finding Blood," Harry said. "If I can calibrate it
correctly in my tracker, we can hunt him down, and get what we want."

Tamsin answered with a nod. She turned to Bo who decided to offer Harry a slight bit a good news,
or at least what passed as good news in this day.

"We found someone who might be able to shed some light," Bo said. "Don't worry, he won't cause
any problems."

"As a matter of fact, he's in a whole lot of pain right now," Tamsin said.

A flash of light erupted through the room. A hideous looking demon dropped to the ground. He was
already screaming when he hit the ground. And the moment he hit the ground, relief spread over his
face when he did not have to suffer the misery of being levitated in the air.

"Put me out of my misery, do it now!" the demon howled at the top of his lungs. "Do you hear me?
Put me down….put me down, before it's too late. Oh, it's awful, they're going….send me away!

The demon lunged towards Harry and tried to grab onto his pant leg, practically begging for death. Harry stepped back with the demonic little beast collapsing down onto the ground. The creature's breathing increased in intensity and he looked half of a step away from screaming in agony.

"Why do you want to be put out of your misery?" Harry asked. "Tell me everything you know, and I'll send you on your way."

"The Dark Elves!" the demon yelled. "The monster who has the Stone, the Dark Elves are working with him. And they plan to return to Midgard to burn it to the ground. And they will invade other realms, these bloodthirsty monsters. They had been banished for a reason. They are the worst of us all."

Harry looked down at the creature. The demon kept rocking back and forth, and almost clawing at his face. He threw himself down onto the ground at Harry's feet and the agonizing screams grew in pitch. The agony of life itself just caused screams to increase.

'Demonic hell beast or not, it is kind of uncomfortable to watch this,' Faith thought.

'I agree,' Lana said, shuddering in response.

Harry turned towards the creature down on the ground. The creature looked back upon the Master of Death with an imploring looking.

"Send me away, far away from this hell, I don't want any part of this!" the creature howled, his fists beating against the ground when he did.

Harry decided it was a mercy killing for a creature which deserved none. Still, it would not be every day where a demon had begged them. It wasn't an attractive succubus, and one look at it showed the depraved nature of the creature.

An energy scythe drew out and caught the monster directly in the chest. The demon threw his arms back and yelled out with a triumphant scream of "thank you." Harry made the creature explode into a shower of mist and blood, disappearing into the distance.

Harry turned around to face Tamsin and Bo with one of the most obvious frowns on their face.

"If the Dark Elves are involved, then we could have a slight problem," Tamsin said. Harry blinked and raised his eyebrow. "And by a slight problem, I mean an extremely big problem."

"Yes, I figured about as much," Harry said. "It looks like my trip to Asgard is going to have to come sooner rather than later."

"Oh, you….you intend to go there to get answers," Tamsin said.

"Yes, about my heritage," Harry said. "And I hope to find Lorelei."

Tamsin put a hand on Harry's shoulder and sighed in response.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Tamsin said.

"Are you of all people saying Harry doesn't know what he's doing?" Bo asked. She looked down at Tamsin with one of the sharpest looks possible. "Weren't you the one who worshiped the entire ground he walked upon?"
"Yes, I hold him in great reverence," Tamsin said, not backing off from this at all. "You should know though that Asgard isn't what it used to be. I divorced myself from the Valkyrie to become a bounty hunter against the darkest kind of Fae."

"It's how we met," Bo said.

"Unfortunately, I know enough, and still have friends, which inform me things have gone worse since the Prince of Asgard fell some time ago," Tamsin said. "While I have never had the pleasure to meet him, Thor was a hero in multiple realms."

Harry took this information in stride and made a decision of what he was going to do. He almost had the portal figured.

"With your help, I can finish my calculations," Harry said. "Blood has to be in Asgard."

No one was going to argue with this particular point. The Stone had origins in Asgard for certain.

"I'll serve you in any way," Tamsin said to him.

"We're going to have to hurry," Bo said. "Time is running out."

Brother Blood kissed the awful, awful, ground he landed on. The realm was dusty and he choked on the surrounding mist. Blood reached over and took the Philosopher's Stone in his hand. His heart beat stronger when holding the Stone.

Everything changed, and the man, soon to become a God, raised his hand.

"The next time I praise the Lord, I will only be referring to myself," Brother Blood said. He leaned about half of an inch back. "Yes, they thought they could separate me from the Stone."

The Stone pulsed like a beating heart. The glow which ran around them made Blood even take pause.

"Yes, you have brought me to this place, but why?"

"We have been made promises, Blood. And we intend to collect."

Brother Blood turned towards a small army of dark minions he assembled. They all walked towards him. Blood almost scoffed when seeing these creatures. They were loathsome creations of the darkness, nothing to Blood. Nothing he could not handle at his worst times.

'\textit{They act as if they had any sort of authority}.'

"You almost managed to lose the Stone to Harry Potter," one of the dark creatures said. "He could use it to wipe us all out."

Blood's eyes widened. One dangerous gaze towards the Dark Elf continued. The man's heart beat faster then clutching the Stone in hand.

"Yes, and I could use it to wipe you out as well if you don't remember where your tongue should be when addressing your betters," Blood said.

"Your arrogance is wearing thin, human."
Blood ignored this proclamation from the creature. He was too far enamored with his new position of power to really care. Blood lifted his hand and it had been turned as blood red as the stone.

"Interesting," Blood said.

A small voice told Blood it might be a good idea to relinquish the Stone. He squashed this particular voice down with a command.

"Do you not see yourself now?" the dark creature asked. "The Stone was never meant to be held by a common human dabbling in mysticism? It was meant to serve a higher power, and a higher purpose."

"I am your higher purpose and you will obey!" Blood yelled.

The rumbling of the laughter from the creatures grew even more prominent. Blood was about ready to utilize the Stone. A burning feeling spread up his arm when he dropped back onto the ground. He didn't understand why the Stone wasn't working.

"It's because it's just as you are," another voice said.

"It's flawless," Blood said.

"No, it's cracked."

Brother Blood looked at the Stone and could have almost been frustrated. Someone cracked the Stone. It must have been Carter when she tried to blow him up, or maybe Potter when he tried to rip the Stone. How dare they try and destroy his personal property?"

"No matter is, I can fix it…"

"You'll do nothing now, human," the creature said.

"Yes, we have bowed before you only because you held the supreme power," the creatures said. "Now you've lost that supreme power, you have nothing which to use upon us. Therefore, you're not of any use."

Blood's blood pressure rose and anger continued to rise. The Stone clutched tighter in Blood's hand.

"I have authority over you!" Blood yelled. Two of the creatures hoisted Blood up into the air and dangled him high. The Stone remained fastened in his hands. "I demand you unhand me at once, creatures! Whose authority are you working on anyway?"

"That would be mine."

Blood turned off to the side and the dark elves parted a pathway. The tall and imposing force walked forward. The aura surrounding him made Blood almost drop the Stone. His red hand, still dripping in blood, managed to hold the Stone in his hand.

"You tapped into the power of the Blood Stone, and you have no idea at all what power you've unleashed," the figure in the shadows said.

"Yes, Blood Stone, which means it's my divine right to hold and to cherish the power within!" Brother Blood said. He responded with one of the most agonizing smiles possible.

"You are only untouchable until the Stone passes its final judgment."
Blood disagreed. He had power, he had control, what more did you want out of life? Everything would be crushed in the palm of Blood's hand.

Lara slipped into the seat next to Harry. He poured over the fragment of Stone in very intense concentration. Lara slipped her hand into Harry's and gave it a nice little squeeze. She pushed a box onto the table while she did this.

"The Philosopher's Stone has a very checked history, and it's quite muddled if I have to say so myself," Lara said. "I've found the clearest information….it's what I could uncover on short notice."

"As always, I'm sure your work is top notch," Harry said.

He broke open the box and slipped the scrolls out from them. There was a lot of rather interesting information, although most of it lined up with what Harry already knew.

"I take it there's not much in the way of new and fresh information," Lara commented.

She left Harry to his work, knowing if she disturbed him, things could get a bit rough. Harry kept his focus on the scrolls which depicted the nine realms. He noticed a hole in the middle of a tree which looked like a Philosopher's Stone could slide into.

"This is what Blood's end game is," Harry said. "This particular tree….the Tree of Life, which when combined with the Philosopher's Stone could be used gain control over Death. At least in theory."

"But not so much in practice," Lara said.

"No, not so much in practice," Harry confirmed. He brushed a strand of hair away from his face. "Blood thinks he understands a fair deal more than he really does. He has no idea what he's dealing with. He has no idea what power he's unleashed."

"It's more than that."

Harry turned around and noticed Morrigan standing behind him. He would have commended her for sneaking up and nearly putting the drop on him. The key word being nearly.

"The Stone is only going to use Blood to achieve a means to an end," Morrigan said. "He's already becoming dependent on the Stone…..it needs a flesh and blood vessel to achieve its goals."

"Wait, are you trying to tell me the Philosopher's Stone is just taking a life of its own?" Lara asked.

Lara frowned. She had seen far more than her fair share of weirdness. This most certainly settled into a comfortable spot in the top five of the scale of weird.

"So many myths surrounding the Stone, and this is the one you choose to discount?" Morrigan asked. "Did you ever consider the fact the Stone was locked away, not because of the people who used it, but the fact it was the enemy?"

Harry returned to the sliver of stone. He looked closely at it and scanned it for life signs.

"I can see everything more clearly now," Harry muttered. "It's alive….and it's unstable as well."

"A wounded animal is far more dangerous than a healthy one," Lara said.
Harry slipped the piece of the stone down and made sure it was secured. A second later, Daisy burst through the opened doors. She almost dropped down, skidding to a stop.

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"You're really not going to believe this," Daisy said.

"That's always an auspicious start for any conversation," Lara said.

Daisy shook off the cobwebs and tried to regain her composure. It was very difficult for her to keep her head up and higher.

"Well, you just need to see it."

Harry thought given all of this talk about Asgard, and the realms, it should be only appropriate someone who had a fair amount of experience dealing with it would show up. Jane Foster turned up, with Darcy Lewis following by her side.

Daisy brought him into the room to face them. Harry was fairly curious about what he wouldn't believe. Given all of the things he saw in his life, Harry knew there would be a lot happening which crossed that particular threshold.

The two attractive women caught Harry's attention as always. He turned towards an object on the table. The Hammer of Thor, Mjolnir, it laid in front of Harry.

Very few things in life struck Harry Potter speechless. This nearly did.

'How....it was lost...when Thor fell,' Tamsin thought. 'At least that's what I was told.'

"I'm just going to guess this is one of those things that fall under the category as a long story," Harry said.

"Yeah, pretty much," Darcy said. "I don't really know where, to begin with, this."

"The beginning would be nice," Harry said.

Darcy could have smacked herself. Why didn't she think about starting the story at the beginning?

"Well, anyway, Thor fell, sacrificing himself to project both Midgard and Asgard from invading forces," Darcy said. "His hammer fell down to Earth....no one could pick it up. No man, no machine, no....Hulk, no one could pick it up."

Harry found it rather curious no one could pick it up, yet the hammer was sitting here in his office.

"Jane picked it up...."

"You convinced me to try and pick it up," Jane said.

Darcy threw her hands back in exact exasperation.

"Fine, I wasn't really being serious. Jane was supposed to pick it up, mostly on a lark," Darcy said. "And....well....she can....exactly how good is your insurance?"
Harry was about to answer the question, but Jane jumped in front of Harry and gave Darcy one of the longer glares possible.

"I can control it, most of the time, well there are exceptions to every rule," Jane said. "Anyway, I pick up the hammer, and I get transformed into Lady Thor…for all intents and purposes…..guess I wasn't the first one to hold that hammer."

"So, you're now Thor….Thordis….whatever?" Daisy asked. "See, I think the only way this could have gotten weirder is if Darcy somehow became the vessel for a female version of Loki."

Darcy shifted in a sheepish manner. "Actually, it's funny you should mention that…..Loki's inside me…I think….and not in the weird Fan Fiction sense either….it's….well that sounded a lot cleaner in my head."

Daisy and Darcy exchanged a long gaze, and Darcy realized how wrong having Loki inside her might sound. Granted, some women might get wet in the panties, going for one of the ultimate bad boys. Although, being a god, he, she, could be anything they wanted to be. And apparently, Darcy was her avatar.

"Why don't you pick up the hammer and show me?" Harry asked.

Jane gripped Mjolnir and energy swirled through her body. She transformed from an attractive brunette, into a seven foot tall built blonde bombshell with curves everywhere.

"She's mostly broken of the entire talking like a Shakespeare extra thing, and a really bad one at that," Darcy offered. "Mostly."

Harry wasn't going to lie. He was very impressed.

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To Be Continued on February 13th, 2017.

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The deal with Jane and Darcy is uncovered. Meanwhile, we're heading into a big conclusion, and Harry is going to find some trouble.

There's going to be a bit chaotic battle coming up, and there's going to be a cluster. Join us, next Monday as the insanity only gets more insane, potentially.
Harry smiled when looking at the transformation Jane had gone through. It was an amazing transformation and she took it in great stride, and for good reason. There were many people who would not have been able to accept such a great change which went through their bodies.

Darcy looked at Jane. Despite being used to it, there was a sense of awe. The first time Jane morphed into Lady Thor, or Thordis, who whoever, Darcy freaked. It took her off guard and made Darcy wonder what she had in store. Darcy hadn't been able to tap into the gifts of the staff just yet, although she was sure given time she would.

"When I hold the hammer, I tap into the power of Thor," Jane said. "And given the vast power I tap into, it all has to go somewhere."

Darcy looked rather amused at Jane's not so subtle statement of where the power ended up going.

"You act like this is a new thing for female heroines," Darcy said. She had to lean up to properly look Jane in the face. "Still winning that battle, though, thank you very much. And I'm pretty sure my power up is going to give me back problems later on."

Harry just chuckled at those words coming from Darcy.

"To be fair, magic might offset that," Harry said. "And larger breasts are a sign of magical prowess within women."

Darcy could not help but pump a little fist in the air. She was excited to get whatever victory she could in this situation. Jane turned her full attention towards Darcy and stared her down, unblinkingly, and unnervingly.

"I don't think this is any battle you should win," Jane said. "Thankfully, though, my clothes from my normal form have not been ripped...which would have been quite unfortunate should they have."

Darcy didn't know whether or not to judge this as fortunate. She looked towards Harry who just responded with a smile. He motioned for Jane to rise to her feet, and she did. The power of Thor coursed through her body and it made the woman feel really good, better than good, in fact, she felt pretty great.

"See if you can see what is delving into the nine realms by the power you have been granted," Harry informed her.

Jane closed her eyes. A spark of light passed through her body. A light tingle spread down from the back of her neck all throughout her spine. She clutched the hammer as hard as possible. It didn't lift from her hand despite it being in a tightening grip. She closed her eyes and continuously murmured.

"Yes, I feel it," Jane said. "The power, it courses throughout me. It gets stronger, the longer I hold onto it."
Her chest rose and fell when taking a couple of death breath. Jane saw everything encircle her. Every single aspect of life throughout the nine realms formed a tight seal around her. Mind, body, and soul continued to delve deeper into the aspects of the universe.

"Does this unnerve you at all?" Daisy asked Darcy.

Darcy answered with a shrug. "Not really, at first it was kind of weird. After a little bit, you get used to it."

Daisy figured how it would take some getting used to. Hell her power, boy did it ever take some getting use to, to channel all of the earth shaking abilities.

Jane comforted herself with the power spreading through her. Her hands twitched around the hammer and it started to vibrate in her hands. The burst of energy swarmed around her.

"Just take a deep breath," Harry said. He placed a hand on the shoulder of the now seven-foot tall Amazon Goddess of Thunder.

Jane did as she was told. She tapped into an increasing amount of power. Her knuckles whitened when the grip around Mjolnir increased. She summoned all of the energy. Power would be hers when she locked onto it.

Harry braced himself. If his hunch was right, Jane was the key to opening up the gateway. A loud clap of thunder echoed from above their heads and energy swirled in the air. Harry leaned in closer and smiled when the energy flowed in a continuous pattern.

'It's working,' Daisy thought.

'Is it?' Tamsin asked. 'Something about this seems off.'

Before Daisy could have a debate, the energy influx caused all of the windows in the Horizon conference room they were meeting into shatter. Glass flew everywhere, blocked by Harry. Harry transformed the jagged blades of glass into harmless feathers.

The blast of energy bombarded them all. Darcy flew backward. Daisy staggered and collapsed down to her knees. Jane had been blasted off of her feet and landed with a firm slam, her ass connecting against the ground. She gritted her teeth when climbing up to a standing position.

"I thought that was going to work," Jane said.

Harry didn't respond straight away. His hands waved and sealed the portal shut. It was a controlled process and never meant to be kept open for more than a moment. He only needed to verify what he saw, and now he knew the truth.

"Did you see that?" Harry asked.

"Only images, none of it made any sense," Jane said.

Harry nodded, it didn't really make any sense, at least at first. They would have to look closer into the mists to see what they could find.

"Just close your eyes and focus on the energies you felt," Harry encouraged her. "Try to make sense of everything you saw."

Jane did as requested. A lot of what she saw made only a minor amount of sense. Turning around,
she understood straight away what was going on.

"There are dark forces building, and chaos brewing within Asgard," Harry said.

"Verily," Jane muttered. She shook her head. "I'm afraid your plan to get into Asgard has reached a close road…unless you have another idea."

"I just might," Harry said. "I'm going to have to consult something, I'll be right back."

Daisy did not know why, or how she felt such an interesting combination of nervousness and excitement. Harry had a plan, and she did not know whether to be excited about it.

The energies flowing through the air spread far and wide and affected many people.

A red-haired woman tossed and turned in the bed. Visions of the past which had been suppressed a long time ago continued to pop into her mind. The woman's sweat stained face grew with each turn, each toss in the bed. She heightened her breathing and flipped over in the bed.

"No, you can't take her, I refuse to let you take her….no….no….I'll never forget, you can't do this to me!" the woman screamed at the top of her loves.

Many lifetimes flickered through her mind and a constant replay of lives she lived as part of Midgard. Some of these were by design and others were her frantic, fevered attempts to punish herself. The sultry redhead flipped about in the bed like a fish out of water.

The restless woman gave one more violent twitch in her dreams before kicking the covers from her. They flew from her body and smacked through the wall. The candles on the wall blew out because of the impulse of magic.

"Again, with the nightmare," the woman said when she returned to a somewhat conscious state of being.

Lorelei of Asgard rolled out of bed. The white dressing gown covering her body had been saturated with sweat. She gave a shaky little step towards the vanity mirror off to the side of the room.

Her normally perfectly done up red hair had been in disarray. Lorelei ran a finger down the side of her face. A couple of scratches marked the side of her face. The scratches showed her something was very wrong, very, very wrong. Lorelei frowned and continued to trace a pattern.

"There must be some meaning for this."

Lorelei stepped forward to procure herself a drink of water. The refreshing liquid brought some comfort to her body. The comfort to her mind, on the other hand, was anything thing entirely. Lorelei just breathed in a couple of times, not knowing what to do next.

"I've had this nightmare for the past two weeks," Lorelei said. "There's a change….I can feel it. Things have not been stable since Thor has fallen, and Loki has met his apparent demise."

Lorelei peeled off the dressing gown and dropped it onto the floor. She slipped on her very best dress. The purple material hugged her body nicely. It came down just past her knees where she slipped a pair of heeled strapped shoes over it.

The goddess forced the door open and walked in a short space. She secluded herself in this area for a
reason, or rather, her sister insisted she had been secluded her. The sky in Asgard glowed brightly with red light. Lorelei stepped even closer to the center and pondered her situation.

'The Allfather lost his will to fight after his dear son perished,' Lorelei thought. ‘He blames himself, as he should. His arrogance always dooms many.’

Lorelei had no way to verify what happened regarding the Allfather having not seen him up close and person. She heard whispers of how far he slipped.

"My daughter was taken from me," Lorelei said. "I could not save her. My daughter was taken from me. I could not save her."

She kept muttering "my daughter was taken from me" as a point of madness. Lorelei stepped towards a statue which depicted a handsome young man, with dark hair, eyes which resembled hers in some ways but had their own flare, and broad shoulders.

Asgard had many legends, and the fable of the Dragon which took on human flesh was one which Lorelei familiarized herself with when she was younger.

"Lorelei?"

Lorelei turned towards her sister, Amora, who had been dressed all in green. The neckline of her top plunged down. Amora walked closer towards her younger sister, frowning when she approached.

"So, you've decided to come and check up on me?" Lorelei asked.

"You left your room," Amora said. "Have you been having those dreadful night terrors again?"

"They're not a night terror, they are memories," Lorelei said.

Amora and Lorelei did not have the best relationship in the world. The competitive and often spiteful nature of the two sisters reared its head at the ugliest possible times. There was a rare instance or two where they made Loki and Thor, and their antics look rather well-adjusted indeed.

"I didn't come here just to check on you," Amora admitted. "It's gone."

Very few things could cause Amora such grief. Lorelei locked onto her sister's eyes.

"His seal has been broken," Amora said.

Lorelei tried to piece together who her sister was talking about. She answered with a swift "Loki?"

"We can only be so fortunate," Amora said. "It's something else, something who is worse than what the Tricker can aspire to be. And this someone, they have possession of the Blood Stone."

All of the air sucked out of the area. Lorelei wished Amora had brought this news to her in jest. The Asgardian knew her sister was telling the truth.

"It should have been destroyed a long time ago," Lorelei said.

"Yes, but, we can't allow ourselves to get hung on past regrets," Amora said. "The only thing we should be thankful for as the Blood Stone will cause his uprising. I'm sure you've felt the change in the air."

Lorelei swiftly nodded. She could not help but smile in response to this entire mess.
"He's been unchained," Lorelei said.

Something stirred deep in Lorelei's heart. She didn't know why this gave her great confidence, only that it did. And things were going to go from bad to worse.

'No, it's happening again. Why is it happening again?'

Morrigan found her lack of success to be a cause of great physical pain. She would keep searching, no matter what. She crept along the path and stopped. Two figures were behind her, and Morrigan stopped and turned around to see what she had to deal with.

'I can handle this on my own,' she thought with thinly veiled annoyance.

She thought at first it was the two other fae. They meant well, but Morrigan had the matter under control. They were younger, naïve, and they regarded this entire mess with frustration. Morrigan skimmed the air and realized it was not the fae who were creeping up behind her.

"You can come out and face me," Morrigan said.

Buffy took a broad and strong step. Morrigan had seen a few Slayers in her time. She just hoped this one was more durable than some of the others she met. Otherwise, they were not going to last the coming storm.

"You should wait and let us help," Buffy said.

"You're not ready for this," Morrigan said.

"Actually, we are," Faith said. "We're training against the Forces of Evil. We've learned a few tricks from the Master of Death himself."

Morrigan figured this was going to be a headache and a half to explain this situation to these two overeager children.

"I appreciate your valor," Morrigan said. "The ghouls are just a small problem. There is fae here which do not take the form of beautiful women. They absorb the darkness in the air and feed off of any life which touches the light."

Buffy wondered exactly how to convey to this woman they had fought some serious shit before.

"Yes, they're bad business, we get that," Buffy said.

"Why don't we just watch your back from over here?" Faith asked. "We can get out of here pretty quickly, and we can summon Harry."

Morrigan pushed Harry Potter out of her mind. She had been doing so good in focusing on the hunt.

"You think you can resist him, can't you?" Faith asked. "I understand. You're a powerful succubus, you're practically royalty."

"I'm not practically royalty," Morrigan said. "I am royalty."

"Right, you are," Faith said. "Trust me, it's just best to get this over with, and get that itch scratched. Because it will claw you up inside."
"It's true," Buffy said.

Morrigan took a couple of seconds to close her eyes and once again fight off the impulses. She would take care of all of them, once she calmed down.

"There's something around that corner," Buffy said.

"How can you be sure?" Faith asked.

"My Slayer Sense is Tingling?" Buffy asked, with a shrug.

Faith whipped her head around, eyes locked completely on Buffy. She had a pretty obvious and frustrated "I can't believe you just said that" look on her face. 'Seriously, what the fuck?' Felicity chimed in.

'You know what Felicity is complaining about you saying something lame, then you've really hit bottom,' Chloe thought. She could almost feel Lana clearing her throat. 'Not that I have any room to talk.'

'Well, there was this mission in New York….with a Living Vampire and this girl who swung on webs….never mind, long story, going to have to tell it to you later,' Buffy thought.

Buffy thought that phrase sounded a bit better in her head than it actually did when speaking it out loud anyway.

Her instincts turned out to be pretty much bang out of order. A flash of light interrupted them. Morrigan turned around to face Bo and Tamsin.

"We've found nothing," Bo said.

"There's an unsettling sense of dread, but other than that, we've seen nothing tangible," Tamsin said. "Harry planned on going to Asgard…..and he may have a plan."

'I do have a plan,' Harry said. 'I'm going to need your help, though….Morrigan's as well, even though she can't hear me. '

'If my guess is right, you're going to be fixing that soon enough, aren't you?' Tamsin asked. Harry only responded with a swift little smile.

"Harry needs your help for a ritual which should allow us safe passage into Asgard," Bo said.

"What, does Harry's plan involve an orgy with an army of succubi?" Faith asked.

Faith only spoke in jest, but the more she thought about it, the more she realized Harry's plan must have involved exactly that. The smug look on the faces of both Bo and Tamsin and the dawning of realization on Morrigan's face pointed out this much.

"That actually makes sense," Morrigan said.

"Of course it's like this, of course, it's like this," Faith said.

"And to answer your question, no it's not an orgy," Bo said. "Three is more than enough, however."

Morrigan tapped a finger underneath her chin and smiled. "Three, seven, and twenty-one are the lowest magic numbers, and also the highest in potency as well."
'Three should be sufficient,' Harry thought. 'It was either the sex-fueled orgy or the sacrificing of three dozen virgins to an altar to power up the portal.'

'I think you went with the right plan,' Daisy thought.

'I don't think a single person would deny he went with the right plan,' Chloe said.

'Yeah, sex is much better than mass murder any day,' Daisy commented.

Harry appeared before them and whisked the girls away to make preparations.

The darkest of the creatures ushered Brother Blood through a stone gateway. Blood hated having to follow them around. These were the darkest, the vilest of all creatures, and even they turned Blood's stomachs.

"Just keep your head up, and you have nothing to fear."

Blood had been slapped in the face by the very notion he would feel anything close to fear. His teeth gritted when walking forward. Each step put him closer to where he needed to be. Each step put him closer to this particular location.

'Just calm down and play the game as they want, it's going to all pay off in the end,' Blood thought to himself. He turned his wicked frown off to the side.

A large blue elf with pointed ears dressed in black leather approached Brother Blood. The contempt dancing in the monster's eyes could not be measured in any words. He approached Blood, snarling when walking closer towards the man.

"So you've made it without any problems," he said.

"Yes," Blood said. "And there's no need for an introduction. I know precisely who you are. You are Malekith the Accursed."

The Dark Elf broke out into a wide grin which even caused Brother Blood a slight amount of uneasy. The malicious figure approached him.

"You have reached this realm at a rather unfortunate time," Malekith said. "But, quite fortunate for me as now the scales will be tipped."

"Yes, I'm certain you have your own plans for Asgard," Blood said. He kept his tone even and prevented his hand from shaking.

Something about the Stone was taking hold of him even more. And he did not like the looks of want the Dark Elf had been flashing towards the Philosopher's Stone. Blood did not like it, he did not like it all.

"You intend to slay a dragon," Malekith said. "Conventional means have not worked, so you've decided to tap into every single realm. You've intended to recruit all matter of dark creatures. I thought a man of your stature would not have entered the darkness."

"Desperate times call for desperate actions," Blood responded.

"Yes, the old chestnut," Malekith said. He looked back towards Blood. A harsh expression danced
over his eyes. "We'll have plenty of time to this discussion later. For now, let us discuss what you intend to do when you face this Harry Potter."

Blood lifted up the Philosopher's Stone in his hand.

"I intend to suck the life out of his body, and then I'll destroy his humble servant," Blood said.

"Careful," Malekith warned him. "Your arrogance could be your undoing."

Another long look had been given towards the Philosopher's Stone. Blood hated these long gazes given at the Stone. It was his, it always should be his.

"I believe the plan is solid," Jane said after a moment of consideration.

"Not sure how much I like a plan where I get to watch a lot of sex, and not be an active participant in it," Daisy said.

Holly took a moment to look towards Daisy. Normally she would have had a cutting comment regarding what Daisy said. The more the girl thought about it, though, the more she realized Daisy was right. Her first experience with Harry Potter would be she could not watch, but could not act upon the desires spinning through her body.

"Yes, the plan is not the most ideal, but given the alternatives, we have no option," Peggy said. "We've exercised every resource, and this is the only path into Asgard. I say, full steam ahead."

Harry walked into the room and moved around the circle. He double checked the Runes.

"Once these Runes are fully charged, it will create energy," Harry said. "Energy which bounces off Mjolnir, and will create enough of a backfire to open up a portal to Asgard. We might only have a couple of minutes to get through, and Bo, Tamsin, Morrigan, and I will be in the center."

"Then, we'll follow when you pass through," Daisy said.

"We've been over the plan numerous times," Faith said.

"We just have to make sure we're on the same page," Buffy said.

Buffy was ready. Morrigan's warnings they never fought anything like this might have rung through her head. However, she was confidence she could most certainly do this.

Bo stepped into the room first. She dressed in a nice silk black bathrobe which formed a tight seal around her curves. She stepped into the center and placed wrapped her arms around Harry's neck before pulling him into a sensual kiss. The two of them battled with their tongues for a brief moment before Bo pulled back with a smile. She gave Harry one last kiss.

Tamsin stepped into the room next. She dressed in a short white robe and walked over towards Harry. The leggy beauty walked towards Harry and gave him a kiss.

"I really hope this doesn't delve into a competition," Tamsin said. She gave him another kiss.

"Although, I fear it might."

"Is this because you're going to lose?"
Morrigan stepped into the room. She dressed a sheer green night dress which was transparent in every way and clung to her round, ample breasts. Morrigan walked forward, swaying her hips when approaching him. She eyed Harry like a prime cut of beef and smiled before planting a huge, sloppy kiss upon him.

The warmth of Morrigan's lips was enticing. It was obvious she had just given in to her pleasures. A long kiss followed with Morrigan stepped away to survey what she had done to Harry.

"So, let's step inside the orb," Harry said.

They walked inside the orb, which had been connected to the Rune symbols. A nice lavish bed rested in the center of the orb.

"The orb should keep anyone from getting hurt from any overcharge of sex magic," Tamsin said.

"Along with preventing anyone from joining in on the orgy," Daisy said. She got her fair share of cross looks. "I'm just pointing out what we're all thinking."

Some of the girls looked sour they did not partake, but they had solace should they survive this, Harry would make it up to them in the future.

Meanwhile, they turned to the orgy which was about to commence.

The quartet of lovers surrounded each other in the middle of the bed. Morrigan didn't waste any time diving towards Harry and grabbing him around the face to give him a passionate kiss. She tore her lover's clothes off in a passionate display.

Harry smiled and rolled her over onto her back. Her legs kicked up and Harry ripped her nightdress off. He took a pair of round breasts into his grip and squeezed them. The large, juicy, globes squeezed and Morrigan gasped when Harry leaned down to kiss her. His now exposed cock brushed against her.

Tamsin and Bo exchanged a very sloppy kiss, with Bo flipping Tamsin over onto the bed and relieving the other girl of her pants. The lustful fae combed over every inch of Tamsin's toned frame. The moans coming underneath fae indicated how good she felt.

"The harder I cum, the harder we all cum, the more power we have, and the more…successful this is," Tamsin breathed.

Bo summoned an energy sphere in her hand and shoved an object into Tamsin's pussy. She leaned down and pumped the phallic object into Tamsin before bending down and planting kisses.

"Then, we're just going to have to make sure we all cum nice and…mmm fast."

Harry rubbed Morrigan's pussy while looking in front of him. He reached behind him and tickled Bo's nether lips. Both of the girls rewarded him with passionate moans.

"Don't…please," Morrigan said.

"How many times are you going to cum before you break down and beg for me?" Harry asked.

"Three, fuck me!" Morrigan yelled. "Pin me on the bed and make me your bitch. I want to feel your hard cock deep inside me. As deep as you go….I want that...I need that...I have to have that….."
Morrigan pumped herself up closer towards Harry. Harry situated himself closer towards her and came closer to penetration, but did not take the final plunge, not just yet anyway. He wanted Morrigan dripping and frustrated as she was going to be.

The color of the surrounding runic symbols around them told Harry all he needed to know. He took the plunge. Morrigan successfully screamed in pleasure.

Tamsin took an uncertain, and unfamiliar to her role, on the bottom when Bo forced her cunt down onto her. The Valkyrie squirmed as Bo rubbed her wet, sizzling cum all over Tamsin. The two pressed lip to lip, nipple to nipple when they made out in a passionate and not way.

She would grow used to this. Tamsin breathed in and out, allowing her to be relaxed, and be liberated. It would all pay off in the end.

The sound of Harry dominating Morrigan opposite of her in the bed spoiled Bo.

"Bet you wish it was you, don't you, you little slut?" Bo growled when pushing down on her. "I bet you'd like to take all twelve of Harry's hard inches into your pussy."

The energy connecting their pussies together was better than a double sided dildo. Bo hammered Tamsin and she responded by grabbing onto the back of Bo to encourage her.

"Are you certain you're just not…projecting," Tamsin offered. She shifted her hips up a slight bit to meet Bo when she came down to her.

"Slightly, perhaps," Bo said. She ground herself down onto her lover and smiled. "I'm going to have you right where I want you now. It's where I've always wanted you."

Morrigan succumbed to Harry's frantic passions. He placed a strong grip on her legs and played with them while stuffing her full of an obscene amount of cock. Every time their loins continued, Morrigan thought she was going to explode underneath his heavy thrusts.

"Make me cum, again," Morrigan said.

Harry channeled the surrounded energy in the air, from both sets of couplings, and focused it in one pleasurable burst down into Morrigan. Morrigan squeezed his thick rod and accepted him inside of her. She accepted her god, her savior, her new master.

"Cum for me, cum harder than you've ever cum for anyone, including yourself," Harry said.

Morrigan panted the further Harry plunged into her. Her green hair matted against her forehead, drenched in sweat. It took some prowess to make succubi sweat, and Harry proved how strong he could be. The orbs in the air powered up and had been fed with another orgasm.

Tamsin howled in unbridled passion. Bo forced her tongue into her lover's throat and timed her tongue in turn with her crotch. The energy surrounding exploded in the air.

Bo pulled away and turned on her hands and knees. She presented herself from Harry.

"We don't want this to stop, do we?" Bo asked.

"No, we don't."

Harry shoved is well-lubricated cock between Bo's thighs. Bo took a hard cock deep inside her and grabbed onto the bed. She noticed both Tamsin and Morrigan within arm's reach.
She had been shifted where they were even closer. They were within the reach of her tongue. Bo clasped onto the bed and could feel the huge spiking feeling of a nice thick cock working into her.

"Lick them," Harry said.

Bo decided to take a taste of Morrigan. She was new, fresh, and that's where Harry's cock had been just a few seconds later. She ate out one of her ritual partner's and sucked the energy from her. The succubus was like a kid in the candy aisle because of this wet, willing pussy.

The fact this little ritual turned on those across from the barrier who could not partake just made her hotter, and hungrier, hungrier for Morrigan's sweet little twat. Bo swirled around it.

Tamsin was not going to be left out. She crawled over Morrigan's face and sank down onto her tongue. Morrigan had a long and slippery tongue which worked her over.

"Finish her off, I need some of that action," Tamsin begged.

Bo couldn't protest, not she would. Harry sped up those thrusts and worked them as far into her as possible. They worked into a ritual of his thick balls slapping her side, and her pussy squeezing down upon him.

Harry smiled and could sense her excitement. He measured her orgasms, and how many of them were needed to power the portal. He slammed deeper into her and encouraged her keep up with the pace they established with each other.

"We're getting pretty close, two down, one to go," Harry said.

Harry could feel the build-up expanding through him. He pushed through and rode Bo's smooth center. His stamina and self-control built. He needed to time this just right.

Tamsin watched while receiving a Morrigan tongue lashing in the meantime. She wished she could spend more time enjoying Harry's hard cock stretching Bo apart, and it stretching her apart. The swollen manhood was getting stiffer.

One more thrust brought the big one through Bo. She collapsed on the bed, still giving some light little licks to Morrigan.

Tamsin scooted over towards Harry and gripped her lover's long cock. She leaned down and gave a gentle kiss to the head.

"It's almost at mass," Tamsin said. "Which is good, because we're almost there."

"Well, it needs to be you," Harry said.

Tamsin smiled and stretched her long legs to hook Harry's hips. She slid down his pole and moved closer towards him. She almost lost it once again. Her breasts bounced when coming up and crashing down. Every single thrust caused her moans to increase.

"Keep it up," Harry said.

Tamsin didn't intend to stop for a moment. The portal was going to need to be opened. No matter how hard her thighs throbbed in agony, she needed to keep pushing herself.

Wetness dribbled around Harry's cock when pushing deeper inside of the beautiful Fae. He looked at the runes which nearly completely filled up. He eyed Jane who just closed her eyes.
Harry grabbed Tamsin and gave her a burning kiss which reignited her passions, and the pleasure between the two of them.

"Fuck, this is so good," Tamsin said, running her nail down the back of his neck. "And we're almost there."

She meant that in many ways. Tamsin picked up the pace with many more lifts and lowering on Harry. She was close to breaking in more ways the one. Every time his cock spread her walls, magic happened, and in a good way.

Bo and Morrigan pulled themselves into position. Harry poured magic between their legs. They breathed when having worked up for the big climax.

"Ignite the fuse," Harry said. "Jane, get ready."

Jane nodded, biting down on her lip. Tamsin started the chain reaction of orgasms by pushing down onto Harry. She brought her thighs down onto him, saturating him with her juices.

The next orgasm belonged to Morrigan and Bo sparked the fire next. Harry finished off by sending his fluids into Tamsin's pussy. The cum spilling out splashed against the bed and lit up the entire room.

The four lovers recovered quickly and pulled their clothes back on. They were joined by the rest of the crew, stepping into the portal.

"Well, I was afraid this might happen," Tamsin said.

Harry looked up and saw an army of dark creatures approaching. These four were the only ones who slipped through, at least for the moment.

The hero's jaw set and he looked up to face his adversaries. Blood lust spread through their eyes and they all snarled at him, ready to jump at a moment's notice.

"I'm not surprised."

To Be Continued on February 16th, 2017.

Well, that's one way to get into Asgard. Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Forty-One: Through the Gates.

Harry braced himself for the attack. The army rumbled and caught a sight at him. They all stirred and there were murderous intentions in them. All Harry waited for them to do was to follow up those murderous intentions with some of the attacks.

The good news was, all of them stepped through the portal in one piece. That was about where the good news ended, they had been separated.

"Well, you're the most popular man in this realm," Tamsin said. "Where are the others?"

"Can't worry about that now," Morrigan said. An energy blade flickered into light of her hand. She turned around and waved the blade which flashed in the air. "If you want a piece of me, then come at me!"

The first of the demonic creatures charged towards her. Morrigan spun around and caught her with a blade slammed into the chest of her enemy. The enemy propelled up into the air and dropped onto the ground. Morrigan pulled back and swiped her blade at the attacker.

'Well, she's good. Let's see what I can do now.'

Harry raised his hands into the air. Rocks rose into the air. One of the creatures swiped at the air. Harry threw the rocks which smacked the creature in the face.

The creature roared and hurled himself at Harry with murderous intentions dancing in those eyes. Harry crouched down to avoid him and he smashed against the rocks. Harry noticed the rocks breaking apart. He lifted one hand and launched a bolt of energy down on the ground. The bolt connected to the ground and dragged the creature down onto the ground.

Harry lifted his glowing hands and blasted the next creature in the fact. A foursome with fae caused his powers to increase tenfold. He blasted another attack which knocked them back down onto the ground with a very violent attack.

Bo launched one of the creatures back with a snap of the wrist. She took a step back and avoided a violent swing from one of the creatures when the monster swiped a hand towards her. The hand swung towards her with another attack and Bo blocked it one more time.

"And they just keep coming," Bo said. "They would, wouldn't they?"

Tamsin flipped into the air and one of the creatures had been flying. She pointed out one of the rifts which opened up.

"Keep the path clear, and I can close it down!" Harry yelled.

Harry armed himself and rushed towards him. The sorcerer launched a burning attack at his enemy. The attack blasted the creature apart. The rocks shifted and Harry ascended high to the air. The rocks crumbled out from underneath him.
One of the dark wraiths decayed the crowd when going through Bo. Bo avoided the attack. Tamsin brought down a full force attack on the creature. His body started to fade from the distance.

A loud clap resounded to them. Tamsin leaned back an inch, and a smile flashed across her face.

"Not the time to smile," Morrigan said. She grabbed the blade from the creature and plunged it into the chest of the creature which dropped him down to the ground.

"Have you looked up recently?" Tamsin asked. "Have you heard the thunder?"

The door opened up. Jane Foster dropped down to the ground. The electricity sparking around the woman's face caused them all to stagger back. The helmet covered face and the blonde lock billowed in her face. She swung the hammer around and a spark of light erupted to her. The red cape flapped in the wind. The creatures stopped the battle and moved closer towards the woman.

"She's the pretender!" one of the creatures yelled. "She doesn't deserve to wield the hammer."

Jane didn't say one word. She knew they would not respect her because she was not the original holder of the hammer. It didn't matter if she was man, woman, or horse, some people would not respect whoever held the hammer until they had been proven wrong.

The goddess of thunder slammed the hammer onto the ground. The creatures had been knocked back with an attack.

"The others have been split from us," Jane said. She brought the hammer down again with a couple of solid smashes.

"Did they make it through or not?" Tamsin asked. She pulled the dagger from one of the trolls and stabbed it through his leg.

Jane smacked one of them down with a hammer being smashed through the creature's face. He dropped down to the ground, blood spurting. Jane avoided a swipe from the creature and swung back to nail her adversary with everything she had to throw at him.

"I believe they have made it through but…"

Harry reached the top of the mountain. The even more terrifying cousins of Dementors encircled Harry and tried to grab onto him. The key word was try because grabbing onto Harry would always be easier said than done. Harry summoned the ball of energy to block their attacks. The wraiths bounced off of them. The sex magic surrounding Harry knocked them back a couple of inches.

'Brace yourself, it's going to be rough.'

The sounds of battle continued from above. Harry knew something about this magic energy seemed very wrong. He just needed to focus and push all of the power he could into himself. The portal locked onto his hands and he pushed more into himself. He shook when pushing everything possible into the portal.

Harry rose up from the high he experienced from a succubus foursome, much more so than he would be on a normal day. He locked onto the other girls, the ones he bonded with at least, and had a general sense of the ones he had not.

They had been spread out and thus made this a frustrating scenario.

The wave of energy cascaded from the top of the mountain. A vortex opened up and drew the
creatures on through. They screamed and the four women at the bottom only gave weak and wearily
smiles. They all knew through experience it was not over yet.

"Let's move."

The tension in the area increased, and Harry knew it was only a ceasefire at best.

Lorelei took another step out. Every time she moved into the mist, it all pounded her faster and faster.
She closed her eyes. Hundreds of years of perfecting her bloodline on Midgard and how she had been so
close to obtaining perfection for it, to create the warrior which could bring stability through the
realms.

Amora figured her sister pretty much had lost all sense of herself and it was not the first time Lorelei
went off the deep end. She did not really want to say anything just yet. In a fight of pure magic
against pure magic, Amora's skills assured her of victory. The battle lacked any sense so she did not
even bother. She approached her sister from behind.

"Lorelei, slow down."

It was almost as if Lorelei did not hear a single word Amora said.

"It's beautiful and it's horrible," Lorelei said.

Amora frowned. She touched Lorelei by the shoulder. Lorelei turned around to look her sister in the
eyes. Those green eyes swam with so many thoughts, so many ideas. Lorelei wondered if it would
be wise to pull her sister back to reality.

"I understand what you're feeling."

"You don't have a clue."

Amora stopped short. Lorelei shut her down no sooner than she exhibited empathy. The feeling had
been so rare for Amora, even towards her own sister, it scared her.

Thor's death created new realizations for many of the people of Asgard. Amora regarded herself
among those who had experienced these particular realizations.

"Empathy is not your strong suit, my dear sister," Lorelei said. "It has never been, and it never will
be. You always put yourself before others."

Amora could not very well argument with Lorelei's words. They were equal parts harsh and true.

"Times have changed," Amora said. "I have to think of others because there's no way any of us are
going to survive the Blood Stone. Either we're going to be destroyed or be enslaved. I doubt any
outcome would appease you."

Lorelei shook her head.

"No, it shan't."

Lorelei bent at the knees. She picked up the busted amulet. It belonged to one of the many fallen
warriors of Asgard. The medallion reminded her of something she lost. This warrior may have had
family, she did not really know.
"You have changed a fair amount in your day, sister," Amora said. "I didn't think there would come a day where you would be this sentimental."

"Everything changes," Lorelei said.

She caught another glimpse of the blood red sky and realized everything changed. Not for the better, not at all. Lorelei eased herself a couple of steps forward and continued her walking towards the next point. She reached the edge of solid stone wall.

"Odd it's out in the middle of nowhere," Lorelei said.

"Stand back," Amora said. "There's something on the other side of it."

Lorelei hesitated and agreed with her sister. A second after she stepped back, the wall burst and a large dark figure dropped down onto the ground. He scrambled to his feet like a rather demented individual.

Amora raised a hand. Her expression turned bored when hoisting the man off of the ground. The arms and legs tried to push away from her grip. Amora refused to relax it, though. She pulled the creature towards her.

"Who do you work for?" Amora asked.

"Your time is over, Enchantress," the creature growled.

Amora thought it was almost adorable how much he defied her. She launched the creature back and smashed him against the ground.

"I can make your existence pleasant," Amora said. "Or, I could make it painful. The question is, what do you choose?"

Lorelei watched her sister get to work. She found it refreshing to see Amora's ire directed at someone else other than her.

'When she's cross at me, it's pretty awful.'

"The choice is yours," Amora said. "Pick wisely, if you're capable of doing so."

"Malekith!" he blurted out.

Amora heard the name and dropped the creature to the ground. She faced Lorelei, only to see Lorelei going forward.

Lorelei spread her arms and walked towards a pool. Amora watched as Lorelei moved closer to the edge and showed no signs of stopping despite being close to going over the edge.

"Have you lost the plot, child?" Amora asked.

Lorelei did not bother to respond to her sister's words. She only extended her arms and leaned towards the pool. The rocks elevated a slight bit above the pool before Lorelei spread her wings and landed down into the pool.

Amora followed her sister's progress. Lorelei landed with a solid splash in the pool. The Enchantress sighed and closed her eyes. It reminded her of all of the instances she followed her sister somewhere dangerous when they were children.
'You always bring this upon yourself.'

Amora took the plunge into the grimy pool or rather the portal. The water surrounded her body and sucked her into part's unknown.

Harry kept calm and tranquil when tracing a strand of energy. It led him where he needed to go, this much he knew. All he needed to do was follow the strand.

Tamsin understood better than anyone else. Morrigan didn't really say anything. The fae's blood lust both scared and aroused Tasmin at the same time. For royalty, she was certainly not afraid to get her hands dirty.

"You think I can't handle anything because I've led a life of privilege," Morrigan said.

"No, it's just…you're nothing like I expected," Tamsin said. "That's not bad."

The sexual tension brimmed through the air. Bo forced herself to walk past them and towards Harry. The sky parted and was half blue and half red.

"Breach?" she asked.

"Yes," Harry said. "Watch."

Harry touched the edge of the intersecting lights. The energy passed between the palm of his hands when he parted it through. For a second, the world's looked to be as they should be, at least until Harry dropped his hand.

The bodies of many slain dark creatures collapsed down on the ground. Nyssa, Talia, and Sara walked forward and climbed over the creatures. At least some more of their numbers had been located, which put Harry's mind at ease.

"I'm a bit disappointed in their performance overall," Nyssa said. "I thought they would put up a better fight."

"The enhancements on our weapons work well," Sara said. "Buffy and Faith…well they should be coming around the corner."

"Present," Faith said.

"And accounted for," Buffy said.

Harry accounted for the Fae, he accounted for the Assassins, and he accounted for the Slayers. The only thing he needed to find was the government agency formally known as SHIELD.

He focused on Daisy. After all the time Harry spent in her head, Harry noticed her mental imprint a mile away. He frowned and continued to step further.

A scream pierced the air. Another scream and Harry quickened the pace when running over. He stepped over a small wall and then dropped down onto the ground. The screams continued when Harry walked where he needed to be. It was almost as if someone led Harry where he needed to be.

Daisy and Bobbi watched a bit nervously. Peggy stood a little bit off to the side. Holly Granger dragged a terrified elf across the ground. The creature's innocent demeanor did not deceive anyone in
"No, please, don't bring me to him," the elf said. The creature locked his beady little glance on Harry. "Skin me until dead, wear my skin as a suit of armor. Just please don't hand me to him."

"You've cheated my servant in the past, haven't you?" Harry asked.

"Yes, well, I didn't cheat... I just wasn't ready to die," the dark elf said. His hand dripped with blood and he collapsed down. The pathetic display did not fool Harry for an instant.

"Tell me who you work for, and where I can find him."

The elf threw himself into a high pitched scream. The fear the creature held for Harry canceled out fear he felt for his master.

"They call him Maleketh," the elf said.

The elf searched around, almost afraid of speaking the name. Fear gripped him as if he would have been struck down by some horrible force.

"Certainly not Malekith the Accursed?" Jane asked.

The dark elf fixed his beady little gaze at the woman who had secured the hammer of Thor. He nodded in response.

"This Brother Blood you're searching for, Malekith is using him as a means to the end," the dark elf said.

"Of course," Harry said. "Do you have any tangible information for me before I make your skin into a sheath for my dagger?"

The elf held back the bluff he wanted to call. Any other individual and he would have thought they would not have been serious. Harry had been so serious he almost twitched underneath him.

"The Stone will unleash a force beyond anything you comprehend," the elf said.

"I'm a twelfth level intellect, you'd be surprised what I'm able to comprehend," Harry said. "These two lunatics are fighting over the ultimate power."

"If they reach the Tree of Life, even Death could not shield you from the consequences," the elf said. He collapsed down onto the ground. "The Stone is already absorbing the essence from Blood and his followers."

Many of the members of the party responded with grimaces.

"The fool doesn't know what he's doing," Peggy said. "Neither of them do because they're so bloody stupid to think the Stone is something they can control."

"The Stone is taking Blood as it's vessel, the horrible power within when combined with the Tree of Life will destroy all sentient magic life," Tamsin said. "In his obsession, he may have doomed us all."

"Not if we beat him to the Tree of Life first," Harry said.

"It's at the royal palace of Asgard," Jane said. "The trip is not pleasant, and I fear I will not be welcomed there."
"You and Odin aren't exactly friends?" Buffy asked.

"He blames me for his son's destruction," Jane said.

"He's ignorant," Harry said.

"No, he's grieving," Jane said. "That's far worse."

Harry would have to agree without any consideration. He turned his attention towards the area nearby.

"It's not the palace that's the problem," Harry said. "What worries me is everything else between here and the palace."

"Of course," Daisy said. "Isn't that always the problem?"

The temptation of forbidden fruit hung on the vine for Brother Blood to reach out and pluck. The power of the Philosopher's Stone already ensnared him and made Brother Blood into a god above his wildest dreams. He stood at the edge of all power.

Right in front of his gaze was the palace of Asgard. It was magnificent with its tall walls, its structure, the wonderfully grown gardens. It was a place which he could live and live forever, be lavished in the ultimate trappings of power like a king. Blood took a moment to just smell it all in.

He pulled down his shirt. The red skin spread from his hand all the way to his arm and now it flared on the right side of his chest. Blood dangled the Philosopher's Stone between his fingers. A moment of clear sanity told him the Stone should have been dropped from his point high above.

Blood dismissed this point. The Stone gave him power. A small physical deformity should not stop Blood from accomplishing his goals.

"I thought too small, I thought too narrow, thinking the cleansing of Earth, and the defeat of the Dragon would have been my conquest," Blood said. He closed his eyes and rubbed the side of his arm. "This place is wonderful. I have to have it. Control, I need to have it."

"You're being a bit premature."

Blood turned to face Malekith who approached him with his usual scornful look. The ultimate dark elf fixated a rather burning gaze on Blood, and the gaze followed to meet the Stone clutched in his hand.

"Asgard will not be easy for you to take over as you've envisioned," Malekith reminded him. He crossed the space between the two of them, getting as far as he would dare. Blood still had the stone, for now.

"Your lack of faith disappoints me," Blood answered. "Rest assure, once I have the power, once I have destroyed the final veil between life and death, there is nothing which can stand in my way."

"Your bold words often are the last of many of a foolish human," Malekith said. "You cannot even take over Midgard, and you've only fled here to avoid the wrath of this Harry Potter. But now you're here, others hunt you, and it's only because of my protection you live. At least for now."

Blood jerked around to face the dark elf. It would not be the first time today where a very thinly
veiled thread hit him hard. The dark elf obviously used Malekith, which was fine. Blood though the creature's forces were also of use.

"The valley is not a pleasant place to travel with all of the warring races," Malekith said. "Odin sits in his palace, arrogant and fat with power as usual. His son's death caused him to increase his own security. While leaving the rest of the Asgard to languish in ruin."

Blood thought that would not do. He needed to take the palace. There was no question about it.

"Just make sure you keep up your end of the bargain and we won't have any problems," Brother Blood said. He turned around to face Malekith.

"I always keep up my end of the deal," Malekith said. "Sometimes I wonder about you, human."

Blood reaffirmed his grip on the Stone. The Stone spoke to him, even more, the tighter he gripped it. It guided him where he needed to be.

The entire party walked across the countryside of Asgard without any problems. Peggy personally thought the land changed a little bit since the last time she was here. She just chalked it up to a lot of time having passed since the last time she had been to Asgard. She flashed a nice little smile before continuing her forward motion.

"So, we reach the valley," Jane said. "This is going to be the biggest problem because that's where many of the warring races linger."

"So, everything between the palace," Daisy said. "Wonderful."

Harry took a moment to soak in the magic in the air. He turned around to look towards the entire group of girls. They had not been separated after re-joining together which was a relief. Strength came in numbers in situations like this.

"Brother Blood is close, and the Stone is close," Harry said.

"And that means Malekith is close as well," Nyssa confirmed.

Harry looked into the sky. Ravens circled the area giving a sinister caw. They all formed into a dark shape with mist kicking into the air. A large dark creature with bony hands and a billowing black cloak dropped to the ground. The ground turned to ice when it approached them.

"Well, this is a pleasant callback," Peggy said.

This particular wraith looked to be stronger than the ones which guarded Azkaban. The Dementors all had been banished after Harry acquired the Master of Death Powers. Harry took a moment to channel his energy scythe. He still brimmed with energy from the events earlier.

A blast of white energy shot from the tip of his hand and caught the super wraith in the chest. The creature staggered back and flopped to the ground with an immense thud. All of the wind rushed out of him. The creature dragged himself up one more time and Harry attacked him one more time.

Harry withdrew the Sword of Godric Gryffindor and channeled an energy blast to the creature. The creature burst into a flock of birds.

A figure dropped down from the mountains. The beautiful dark haired warrior dressed in ragged and
slightly torn red and black armor. Her dark hair came up in disarray, and a couple of scratches appeared on her face. Harry recognized her at once, and several other girls did at once.

"Lady Sif," Peggy said.

"Agent Carter, it's been too long, I'm glad to see you're well," Lady Sif said. She smiled when looking at Harry. "And Harry, it's good for us to meet again."

She moved over and engulfed Harry into a warm hug.

"And I still cannot say I'm sorry enough for destroying your campground," Lady Sif said. "I'm certain it was a shock to you as it was me to be cast out of the portal."

"I think your apology on that night was more than sufficient," Harry told her.

"Yes," Sif said. She decided to go in for the kiss and pull away from Harry.

Sif looked at the women in question. Her eyes were on Tamsin, and she gave the woman a wary look.

"So, long time no see," Tamsin said.

"Yes, I see you've been productive with your life," Sif said. She turned around and looked at the woman who held the hammer of Thor. "Ms. Foster, you've changed."

Jane nodded in response. If anyone deserved to give her flack about the entire Lady Thor thing, it was Jane Foster. A moment passed before Sif sighed.

"I'm certain there is a long story….but there's no time…"

"Indeed, there's a dire situation."

All of the parties turned around. Harry came face to face with Lorelei. And walking a step behind her was her sister, Amora the Enchantress. He had to half-hold Sif back because she had her run-ins with both women in the past.

'And to think, in the chaos, I almost forgot the original reason why I went to Asgard,' Harry thought.

To Be Continued on February 19th, 2017.

And Lady Sif joins the party, and she'll be a welcome addition. Because they're going to need all of the help they can get.

Things are going insane as well, and Blood is further slipping down. The chaos in the realms matches the chaos in Brother Blood's soul.

Until Sunday.
Chapter Forty-Two: Not Your Standard Family Reunion.

Lorelei locked eye to eye with Harry Potter. Sudden recognition dawned on her for a moment. A couple of memories entered her mind. She didn't have all of the pieces going through her mind. She had enough to know something extremely odd was going on. And the goddess was going to attempt to get to the bottom of this.

Confused memories returned when she locked eye to eye with Harry. Everyone stood next to them, as they should.

"So, the legends are true," Lorelei said a second later. "You do exist."

Those words passed through the air. Harry locked directly eye to eye with Lorelei.

"Yes, and I've been meaning to have a word with you for a while," Harry said. He made sure Lorelei put her full attention on him. When she did, Harry waved his hand. "Does the name Rosalie Evans mean anything to you. Or maybe Audrey Evans? Anything is coming back to you, anything at all."

Lorelei took a moment to consider everything. She knew this statement was not exactly an unfamiliar thing at all. Something very interesting was going on, even though she could not put her finger on what.

"I've had many aliases in my life," Lorelei said. "I vaguely remember going underneath the name Rosalie a long time ago."

A flicker of a memory popped into Lorelei's mind. She stabbed the monster in the chest and caused him to fall into a pit of fire when he attempted to attack her. Lorelei frowned deeper.

"Lorelei?"

Amora tried to bring her sister back to reality. Something flashed deeper into her mind. Amora took her attention towards Harry and looked on.

"She's been having these memory flashes a lot over the past couple of days," Amora said. "You're going to have to bare us for a couple of minutes until she returns back to life."

Sif wondered if this was some kind of game. She had every single reason in the world not to trust these two. She has had their share of run-ins. Tamsin cleared her throat.

"Perhaps we should keep moving," Tamsin said. "You said Brother Blood was getting closer towards the tower?"

"It's not Brother Blood you should concern yourself with, I'm afraid," Amora said. "I sense the hand
of another, far more sinister force. And he makes Brother Blood look like a child."

"Malekith, yes I'm aware," Harry said. "And we have to hurry and get the temple."

The ground underneath them rattled. Harry held out a hand and turned towards Daisy. The government agent's frown deepened.

"Do you think you can see what is causing the Seismic vibrations?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I can do that," Daisy said. She lifted a hand. The vibrations spread up from her fingertips and rattled her. She almost fell over, the breath being knocked out of her body.

Daisy locked into a trance, at least until Harry grabbed her shoulders and pulled her back out of life. A brief shake was needed to properly get Daisy to break out of whatever trance she had been pulled into.

"What did you see?" Harry asked her.

"I'm not sure," Daisy answered. She shook her head and came back to life. "It's something dark….something coming from deep underground."

"That's not good," Sara murmured.

"Yes, I would have to agree," Tamsin said.

"There are dark forces at foot," Lorelei said. "And to answer your question, the memory has returned. It's in fragments and I feel with constant exposure, the fog will be lifted."

What happened to her daughter?" Lorelei wished to ask this particular question. The only thing she could focus on was another explosion coming from the ground. She collapsed down onto the ground and took a deep breath. The ground rocked even further.

"We're going to have to combine our forces," Jane said. She eyed Sif and Tamsin both warningly. "And we're going to have to put together old bad blood."

The tension between both sides was very evident and grew by each passing moment. Still, all of the parties understood what needed to be done to focus on tackling a greater evil.

"I'm willing to do what's necessary if they are," Tamsin said. "But, I think we should all trust Harry on what we need to do."

"Yes, I concur," Amora said. "And I'm beginning to see what Thor had seen in you, and I'm quite happy his power had gone to someone who could manage it. It could have gone to someone who could be a danger to the realms."

"Then, they might not be worthy, would they be?" Jane asked.

Amora acknowledged Jane's idea with a momentary nod. She moved back to allow Harry to lead the way. She was quite curious as to how he had gotten so many women to follow him.

'So, did you expect her to remember?' Daisy asked him.

Harry looked at Lorelei, who was keeping her pain away for a few seconds.

'I think the memories are coming back to her slowly,' Harry thought. He frowned and turned over an extended hand to check the entrance to the valley. 'But, it's not exactly a quick process. We're going
Harry figured Lorelei could give him some answers if she remembered. Or rather if she chose to remember.

He turned to Sif who eyed the entrance to the valley with narrowed eyes.

"The trek is very dangerous," Sif said. "Let us hope we can get there before Blood and Malekith did."

So many artifacts laid in the palace and all of them would be disastrous in the hands of either force. Sif held her sword high in a battle stance when the small army of dark creatures and shadows moved their way towards them.

"Everyone prepare for anything."

Odin barely had the time of day for anyone since the downfall of his son. He looked towards the window and could see the darkness in the valley. The King of Asgard closed a fist and grunted. The pain of loss and the pain of the darkness coming both hit the King of Asgard very hard.

The man's advisors approached Odin. All these men felt they had to trample about on eggshells to avoid stirring up Odin. None of them wanted to be the one who would set the King of Asgard off. They approached him in the most delicate and calm manner possible.

"My King…"

Odin lifted one hand to stop them. The man offered them a weary expression with one eye. The gentlemen all shifted back to debate on whether or not to say anything further.

"I'm aware of the invading armies who are crossing through the barriers," Odin said. "The valley has become a haven. One of our greatest warriors fell in battle. Doom is coming, and it will spread through the realms within days."

"You have decided to pull back our resources from the valley."

Odin acknowledged this statement with a nod. The Allfather walked over to the trophy case and slid out a blade. He flickered the blade over and rose the blade up. The hard steel of the blade slid across the man's fingertip and dripped blood on the table.

The blood splashed on the table. Odin frowned and slid his it against the table. The blood flickered in the light and then faded, growing progressively dimmer.

"I've lost control," Odin said. "My blood should have been enough to seal all of the gateways."

The Allfather tightened his closed fist and the grip upon the blade. The advisors feared he might have attacked in an instant. No matter how much his grief gripped him, he needed to prepare for war. He drew in a deeper breath and turned towards his advisors. He expected the obvious questions, and they would not disappoint him for going an unpredictable route.

"What does this mean?"

Odin gripped the handle of the dagger harder yet.
"The Blood Stone is the only element which could cause this kind of unrest through the realms," Odin said. He flipped the dagger from his hand and launched it against the wall.

Odin attempted to think about everything which needed to be done next. Realization dawned upon him. His advisors were not well equipped for this. Asgard was not prepared to be put under siege. Everything was about ready to break down, and all Odin could do was sit and wait for the other shoe to drop.

The sound of one of the warriors at the gate falling brought Odin to stand up tall. He never understood his son's ability to throw himself into the line of fire without peril. Now Thor perished, Odin understood it perfectly. The Allfather gripped a dagger and approached the entranceway.

"If they wish to gain Asgard, they can pry it out of my hands," Odin said. "Come forth villain, and ensure your place at my feet."

"It will be you who will be kneeling, Allfather."

Two Asgardians dropped to the ground from the brutality of the latest attacks. Their skin turned an unhealthy shade of blue. A small quartet of elf assassins stepped into the throne room. Odin didn't back off for a second.

The assassins parted their ways and allowed Malekith the Accursed to be brought into the center of the throne room. A smile popped over the face. Odin only stood up, the blade aimed in his hand. He charged the vile creature which had brought deaths to so many people.

Malekith slipped out from behind Odin and caught him with a punch to the side of the head. The punch nailed him across the neck and dropped Odin down to the ground. Odin collapsed, blood spurting from his mouth the very second he dropped.

"You see that weakness?" Malekith asked. "You've lost your fire the moment you've lost your son."

Malekith nailed Odin with a powerful shot. Odin buckled back and dropped down onto the ground. More blood poured from him. The Allfather struggled to face this monster, the monster who destroyed countless lives, through sheer brutality.

"How did you get loose?"

"My new associate Brother Blood liberated the Blood Stone, or I suppose the Philosopher's Stone as the people on Midgard have taken to calling it," Malekith said. "Which, we may agree, is just a much snappier name all things considered."

Malekith didn't back off from the monarch on the ground. He knew by now.

"And speaking of Brother Blood, I believe the two of you have not been formally introduced," Malekith said.

The blades of the dark elf creatures held on the back of the Allfather's head. The Allfather struggled to stand and these elves continued to force him to kneel. All Odin could do was stare with contempt.

Brother Blood stepped to the ground. He stripped off the sleeves to reveal arms which had been turned blood red. The stone cupped in his hand looked rather intense with the glow.

"You must rescind the Stone!" Odin yelled. "It's turning you into a vessel....you don't know what the horrible power..."
He silenced Odin by grabbing the Allfather's shoulder.

"I know what power this Stone has," Blood said. "And I embrace it."

The Allfather screamed in agony. His blood shifted into gold when Blood exerted the power of the Philosopher's Stone into his very essence.

"You're insane!" Odin yelled.

Blood turned Odin almost to gold, only leaving his mouth, nose, and eyes uncovered. The new master of the Philosopher's Stone retracted the gold rush on Odin. The Allfather collapsed to the ground, the agony of being brought back even more than the agony of being turned into something else.

"You know what I can do, and you know how I won't hesitate to do it," Blood said. "Take me to the Tree of Life. Once I insert the Philosopher's Stone in the Tree, I will be unstoppable!"

"I refuse to do so!" Odin yelled. "You will destroy all of the known realms, all of creation, and beyond!"

"What is destroyed, can be rebuilt in my image," Blood said. "I don't need you to be willing to give me….all I require is your blood."

Agony spread through Odin when Blood sent an enchanted dagger into the chest of the subdued god. Sebastian Blood allowed the blood to splash on his hands. Once covered, he feasted upon the blood of the severely wounded Allfather.

The power felt delicious.

Harry figured out his plan. He knew there were only a couple of moments and they were running out of time. He could feel the realms coming undone.

"The armies should be divided and conquered," Harry said. "One of our teams is going to work on the edge of the valley. The other team is going to take the most direct path towards the valley."

All of the girls responded with nods.

"So, who is going with who?" Faith asked.

Harry made a mental calculation of the best people involved and how they would work best in this situation.

"Sif, Jane, Bo, and Tamsin, you come with me," Harry said.

"If I may make a suggestion, Lorelei and Amora should come with us as well," Sif said. Harry turned towards the warrior maiden. "They may be able to offer us valuable insight on what we're dealing with."

Lorelei and Sif looked each other in the eyes. The bad blood between the two of them burned between each other.

"Be blunt with it," Lorelei said. "You want to keep an eye on us because you think you will be behind this."
"Well, that's exactly a valid point," Jane said.

Lorelei could barely hold back her smirk. She figured the power of Thor would come mistrust and also a certain amount of recklessness.

"Morrigan, Faith, Buffy, Sara, Nyssa, Talia, Peggy, Daisy, Bobbi, and Holly, all of you head out," Harry said. "My team is going to take the central point of the valley. Peggy, do you think you can lead them on the outskirts and direct their fire away from the palace?"

"I can handle it," Peggy answered. "I've been doing this since they have been born…well since some of them have been born."

The last barrage of creatures was going to be the hardest to push back. Harry refused to leave anything to chance. They needed to be all taken down, or not at all.

"Just one question before you leave," Peggy said. Harry turned towards her and assured her she had his full attention. "What are you going to do regarding the Philosopher's Stone? Are you going to destroy it? Can you destroy it?"

"Loaded question, much?" Daisy asked.

"It's a very good question," Harry said. "And if I'm able to, I will."

Harry took a couple of seconds to figure out what needed to be done regarding the true Philosopher's Stone. He could destroy it. Pretty much everything had consequences.

"Maybe you can consult with your servant?" Tamsin suggested.

"Dee-Dee has a fair amount dropped into her lap," Harry said. "The barriers between the afterlife and the real world are in a state of flux, and she is trying to keep together."

Lorelei shuddered involuntarily. Hel grew restless not too far from where she stood. An image on the other side of a cloud flickered. Hela kept her guests at bay from breaking out, at least for now.

"Everyone have a good idea what we're doing," Harry said. "Let's doing this!"

Jane raised the hammer high above her head to kick start her attack. The first small cluster of dark creatures rushed forward.

"Come here," Lorelei said.

The most useful thing about these creatures identified as male, or at least had been susceptible to a female charm. A calm and soothing word from Lorelei to beckon them forward left them wide open. Harry flung the point of the blade and sliced through the neck of one of the demonic creatures.

"Keep moving, keep the path forward," Harry said.

"You heard him, clear," Lorelei said. "Why don't you be a dear and help clear our path?"

A particularly dim-witted troll rushed around and clubbed several of his fellow creatures. One of them flew off of the side of the rocks and landed on the bridge.

"You haven't lost your touch any," Amora said.

"That's what worries me," Sif said.
Jane summoned all of the power she could. A couple of the dark wraiths moved forward. Lorelei's charm did not have any effect on them. The Goddess of Thunder propelled her attack from the hammer and knocked the creatures back. The creatures slammed back a couple of feet before Jane reared back her hammer and smacked them again.

Harry bolted to the front entrance, with Sif at his heels. The others rushed behind him, not in far pursuit.

Dread passed over Harry. Every action, no matter how big or how small had consequences. He slipped away from the other girls. His hope they could handle this alright was strong.

'We're going to take them down,' Harry thought.

Peggy Carter held the modified cannon. It was the same design with Phil Coulson threatened Loki with some time ago. He died, got better. Peggy made a couple of modifications which should be able to take down the creatures.

"Head's up!" Nyssa yelled.

Sara unleashed a sonic blast which caught a small army of the creatures. Her attack bombarded their sensitive hearing. Buffy and Faith charged in front of them.

"We got this!" Faith yelled.

She sent three bolts in succession at the vampires. Buffy knocked out another three. A half of a dozen had been taken down in a blink of an eye.

"Good," Morrigan said. Perhaps these Slayers were a stronger stuff than she thought previously. "My turn."

Morrigan propelled a wave of energy through her blade towards the vampires. All of the creatures threw their hands into the air in horror when the energy wave caught them off guard. The creatures staggered back from the attacks from the vampires.

Holly reloaded the energy blaster draped over her shoulder. She pulled the trigger and bombarded the enemies with the attacks. They fled and had been driven further away from the palace. They all ran and knew their time was up.

"You're enjoying this a bit too much," Bobbi said.

Bobbi held her glowing batons and swung them to one side. The batons cracked into the head of one of the attackers and dropped them down to the ground. Holly only raised an eyebrow.

"Would it be fair to say that's the pot calling the kettle black?" Holly asked.

"I wouldn't necessarily argue," Bobbi said. "And I think that I backed off more of them than I did."

Daisy shook her head, barely suppressing a smirk at the antics her teammates. It was not the time or the place for her to bring up the fact she beat both of her teammates.

"This one wouldn't win any beauty pageants," Faith said. One vampire fell off of the rocks and dropped down into parts unknown. "More so now."
"They're really persistent, they're like some never ending Terminator robot things!" Buffy yelled.

"Just keep focused and keep firing," Sara said.

The two Daughters of the Demon disappeared into the shadows. One of them dropped behind the vampire and plunged a burning blade into the back of the creature's neck.

Talia planned her attacks very carefully and with precision. The last time she went up against vampires, it didn't end this well. She returned back to form and swung her daggers. Those daggers cut into the creatures and caused them to go to hideous screams.

Creature by creature, the herd thinned a little bit. Nyssa smiled when she caught sight of the palace. One of the creatures swooped towards Sara.

Sara turned around to face the creature descending on her. The wind caused by a wooden bolt flying over the vampire's shoulder caught him in the side of the neck. The vampire slumped over with a spurt of blood splashing from the creature's neck. The creature dropped to the ground.

"I said it before, and I'll say it again," Sara said. "You scare me sometimes."

Nyssa only flashed a smile at her lover in response.

"This way, they're going to get through the gate if we don't block it!" Peggy yelled.

"Stand back!"

Buffy hurled a grenade Harry gave her for such an occasion. The grenade landed in the midst of the magical web and sprung out. Several strands of bright energy shot in different directions and shifted in a bright web of energy.

"Fifteen minutes or so Harry said," Faith commented. "But, I think that's more than enough."

They did their part, all they would have to do is wait and watch.

Blood marched Odin through the gateway. The Allfather kept his gaze fixed on the door.

"You may think the power you seek will give you what you want," Odin said.

"Your time is at an end," Blood said.

"Your time is as well, I believe," Odin said. "You dared to trust Malekith. That shall burn you."

Blood turned around to face the dark elf. Malekith reached into the pocket of his robe and pulled out a box. The box shined in the light. The Stone glowed. Blood read the Stone's eerie red glow as an ominous warning. He pulled a dagger, swiped from the throne room and put it near Malekith's chin.

"I don't know what you've done to protect yourself from the power of the Stone," Blood said. "But, you're going to pay for your treachery against me!"

He shifted from calm and tranquil to a raging lunatic faster than even Malekith expected. The dark elf broke out into a knowing smile.

"You are as much of a fool, as you are arrogant," Malekith said. "You would have failed to reach
this realm if it was not for me, and for the Stone which is decaying your body. Your time is at an end. The Stone has already taken everything it needs for you."

"YOU LIE!"

Blood stabbed Malekith in the shoulder with the enchanted dagger. Two of Malekith's bodyguards tried to grip the crazed man. Blood grabbed both of them by the throat and transmuted their bodies into gold. They suffocated from the change.

"Perhaps you don't understand the natural order I live," Blood said. "I have risen. I am a God."

Malekith understood more about delusion than most. Blood redefined the term for all to see. The man leaned closer towards Malekith.

"You know very little about being a God," Malekith said. "And you know very little about the power you're about to unleash. Or how your feeble body cannot handle it."

Blood looked over his shoulder towards the Tree of Life. The Stone was the perfect fit in the central place. All he had to do was slip it inside and his power would branch out to every single realm.

"Drop it!" Blood yelled. "That power, give it to me."

Malekith flung the box into the air.

"You fool!" Odin yelled.

The box burst open and released a vortex of cold energy into the room. The vortex caught Odin and froze him in an instant.

Malekith shoved Blood back. The dagger ended up in the hands of the Accursed One as a frigid cold snap spread through the room. Blood unsheathed another dagger and blocked Malekith's stabbing down towards him.

"Release the Stone!" Malekith yelled.

Blood refused to release the Stone. The color changed from red to blue and the vortex continued to wide.

Harry broke up the doors. He stopped and saw the box down on the ground, the two criminals in battle over the Stone, and the weird swirling light.

"This is bad," Tamsin said.

"He's released the contents of the Casket of Ancient Winters, and with the Stone, he's released untold horrors throughout the universe!" Lorelei yelled.

Everything came back to her. In the most horrific ways possible it came back to her.

Chaos reigned supreme, and Malekith broke out into insidious laughter.

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To Be Continued on February 23rd, 2017.
Well, that turned around for the worst very quickly.

Until Thursday.
Many threw around the term "complete and utter" chaos rather liberally these days. Harry thought what was going on around him would redefine the particular term. The waves of energy coming from both the Stone and the Casket of Ancient Winters caused Harry to go back to the attack mode. Time ran down, with Harry trying to get to it.

'It's time, now or never.'

He rushed in. Malekith turned to the side. The dark elf retracted a blade and stabbed it at Harry. Harry blocked the blade. The two of them matched their blades, with Harry cutting through it. The dark elf slumped down to his knees, the wind knocked from his body. Harry jumped up high and came down onto the top of the head of his adversary with a full force attack. Everything Harry could throw at him during this current environment, he could and he most certainly did.

Malekith dropped down to the ground. The elf positioned himself on his hands and knees in time to receive an energy scythe to the face. He only barely blocked the attack. The menace looked up in defiance, almost daring Harry to come after him with another attack. Blood dripped from his lips when Harry pushed back from the attack.

The two of them engaged in each other. The two of them moved back and forth against each other. Harry's attacks bombarded off, barely wounding the Dark Elf.

"You don't get it? Let me explain it to you. As long as the realms are in flux, you can't kill me."

Harry ripped Malekith's right arm off without another word. An energy field encased the dark elf and resulted in him being put down for the count. The elf tried to break free from his prison. The agonizing and troubled screams caused Harry to step back from the attack.

The polar vortex in the room worsened with every second. Harry rushed in to try and reduce the energy waves coming outwards. The rest of the party had been separated from him. Harry dropped down to one knee and tried to feel around for the box. The area at the coldest, most chilling nexus point would be where the box ended up. It was like finding a needle in a haystack.

A glowing figure created warmth in the light. Harry turned around and saw a sinister looking individual in the shadows. He noticed the face of Brother Blood who turned and contorted into something far worse than anything Harry had seen.

"Today, I've become a god!" Brother Blood yelled. "And you'll be the first to bow down before me!"

Brother Blood grabbed onto Harry and started to transmute him into gold. The power stopped, and Harry repelled the energy back into Brother Blood. Blood hurled through the windows of the palace and crashed down onto the ground below.

Harry knew as well as the next person, a fall from that height would not kill someone with the power of the stone. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the small piece of the stone. He slipped it back in and walked over to the shattered window.
'Might not kill it, but it should at least slow him down.'

He descended down to the ground. The red and gold mist thickened around him. Harry swiped a hand to banish the mist. The mist lingered for a second later.

The cold grew more intense though when Harry moved. He had a feeling the casket somehow made its way out there.

'If only I can shut the casket, then half of my problems can go away.....'

Fists punched from the stone. Brother Blood's followers rose up from the depths. Dark creatures moved towards Harry and swarmed him. Blood's eyes glowed when his skin blistered. The power burned everything and caused agony to spread through his body.

"See them, now they're all an extension of my will!" Brother Blood yelled. "As it should be.....attack him my pets!"

One of the attackers charged Harry. Harry avoided the malicious intention. The snow turned back when the creature landed next to him. Harry deflected flaming bone spikes from another creature. He blocked an enchanted dagger and ripped it from the hand of the creature.

Harry propelled the dagger into three of the wraiths. A small scream spread through his body. Harry kept on the heat and rose his glowing hands. The thumping in his head indicated the power was spiraling out of control.

'Close the casket and get the stone,' Harry thought. 'Seems pretty simple, doesn't it? Well, in theory at least, maybe not so much in practice.'

Harry blitzed through the attackers and bombarded them with all of the mystical attacks possible. They all went flying. Harry spun like a helicopter blade and sent bolts of magic. The attackers shattered into a cloud of black dust which hit the ground. Harry stepped back one more time.

The Casket buried in the snow. Harry sent glowing white strands of energy from his hand in an attempt to grab onto the casket.

"Not quite!"

Brother Blood dropped down beside Harry and broke his concentration. He was completely blood red other than his face. The snow turned yellow when Blood walked across it. The sky distorted.

"You've grown attached to that Stone, haven't you?" Harry asked. "Let me remove it."

Harry created a sword surrounded by purple flames. He charged his adversary with destructive intent in mind. The stone manifested a gold sword to block Harry's attack. The energy between both of them clashed with Harry and Blood going sword to sword.

"Each second, they are falling," Brother Blood said. "And you're going to fall right along with them..."

Harry shifted the ground where they stood on, and it crumbled. It sent Harry, Blood, and the Casket of Ancient Winters flying to several hundred feet below. The fog turned denser as they all waited to hit bottom.
Tamsin tried to push her way through the harsh winter conditions which kicked up in an increasing frequency. Amora and Lorelei used their magic to further push it through, and try and allow them to take their enemy down.

"We are pushing against nature itself!" Lorelei yelled. "There's no way we're going to be able to break out."

"There's a way, we just haven't found it yet!" Bo yelled.

"Yes, there is a way," Amora confirmed. "We have to find the Casket of Ancient Winters and close it. Which, as you may suspect, it is a lot easier said than done."

"If we can find the Casket, then all of our troubles will just go away?" Jane asked.

A foul ice monster rose out from the conditions created. Jane tried to summon all of the power possible to fight it off. The energy came from the hammer and nailed the ice monster in the chest. The monster staggered back and Jane swung a violent uppercut. The ice monster cracked from the impact of Jane's attack and stunned him further.

"In theory, many of them will," Lorelei said.

She collapsed down onto the ground. Never had Lorelei felt so helpless, it was something which threw her off and made her immensely frustrated.

"The Stone should be at the coldest, most…"

The door opened up and a dark creature spun through the air before Sif had a chance to finish the comment. The dark creature landed beside them.

"Sorry about that," Daisy said. "Where's Harry?"

"He went after Blood," Tamsin said. She picked up the enchanted blade one of the creatures dropped. Another snow demon rose from the ice and she stabbed him. "But, I'm not sure where he is….we can't feel him."

Sara joined them in the battle. She flung a couple of daggers through the air and caught one of the snow demons in the chest. The snow demon melted and then rose back into three more.

"Great, it's like a hydra," Sara said.

The door burst open more again and more from the party worked their way into the palace to continue the fight.

"We've dealt with more than enough of those in our life I think," Peggy said. She manipulated the energy cannon over her shoulder. "Perhaps you can get us caught up."

"Blood and Malekith fought over the Casket of Ancient Winters, it opened, and the Stone transformed Blood into a god," Tamsin said.

"Or, so he believes," Lorelei said. "He's nothing other than another pathetic man who is making a desperate attempt to grab power."

"Many women have tried to make desperate attempts to grab power as well," Sif said.

"I agree with Sif," Amora said. She paused and frowned. "Words I never thought I would have to say but…"
She trailed off. Daisy shook her head and turned to Holly and Bobbi who both made their way inside the central point of the valley.

"Hell freezing over wouldn't really be a problem here," Daisy said. "We're halfway there actually."

The Casket of Ancient Winters grew cold. Daisy stepped into the cold and almost dropped down to the ground. Her enhanced powers allowed her certain invulnerability toward harsh weather conditions. Everyone had their limits though and Daisy reached hers. She dropped to the ground, shuddering when dropping down to her knees.

"We should get you away," Tamsin said. She dragged Daisy way.

Morrigan stepped out of the way. She really had no problem going through the cold. The Succubus spread her arms and wings. The energy coursed through her body when trying to locate the source of the energy.

The Two Slayers walked in. Buffy knew enough not to say anything. Morrigan thrashed her foes in the field with a bloodthirsty attack one would not expect from someone so beautiful. Then again, the phrase as beautiful as she was deadly seemed to fit someone of Morrigan's stature rather well.

"The Casket of Ancient Winters isn't in here," Morrigan said. She shifted back and sighed.

"Let me guess," Faith said. "It's out there."

She pointed out of the door and to the hell of a snowstorm being created. Jane turned her attention towards the snow. The wraiths adapted to the harsh cold and it meant big problems for them all. One of them rose from the snow and flashed with a burst of energy which caused them.

"Harry must be down there," Daisy said. "He has it under control."

"He better," Faith said. "We have more than enough to control down here."

The creatures stampeded towards them. Faith had never been so glad to have access to a never-ending crossbow supply. She shifted the crossbow and pulled the trigger. The bolts started to impale the creatures and started to smoke. They all laughed.

"I will enjoy ripping you apart!"

Blood's voice came out of the "mouths" of these creatures when they advanced. His will extended and put them under his hold.

Harry rolled down a long and never ending hill. The enhanced invulnerability he received from the Master of Death powers was handy, although thanks to the chaos he bruised a lot easier. Harry broke out into a cold sweat.

The Master of Death looked at his hands, turning blue from the intense cold. Harry shifted himself to a standing position and coughed a couple of times before working his way down the hill. He was so close to the Casket of Ancient Winters, he could almost feel it.

The cold weather poured into the realm. Harry didn't deny he was fighting a battle which he might as well lose. He summoned the energy and dove towards the Casket.

One hideous ice demon sprung out of the tundra and growled. Harry manipulated the cold air and
caused it to heat up just enough to force the demon to go to much warmer climates. Harry flung himself high into the air and stuck a rather solid landing down onto the ground.

Harry's fingertips nearly became frostbitten when touching the casket. He slammed the lid shut and the cold weather faded from the realm.

A gnarled hand grabbed Harry by the shoulder and flung him back. Harry smacked against the ground and rolled over in time to come face to face with the new and improved Brother Blood. He grew to ten feet tall, completely with blood red skin, and glowing gold eyes. He laughed.

"I will be known throughout the land as a Dragon Slayer!" Brother Blood yelled, his voice booming.

The rocks shifted loosely right next to Brother Blood. Blood lifted his hands over his head and two daggers made completely out of gold shifted into the picture, aimed at Harry.

Harry shifted his gaze from the shifting rocks and back to Blood. Blood approached him with a hideous intention to maim him. Blood-curdling screams echoed with the daggers blaring through the air. Harry blocked the daggers and caused the rocks underneath Blood to shift and knock him off balance.

"Do you think you could speak up a little bit louder?" Harry asked. "I wasn't really paying attention."

"You dare mock me!" Brother Blood yelled.

"Sorry, what was that again?"

Blood roared in agony.

"YOU WILL BE CRUSHED!"

The rocks broke from the booming sound of Brother Blood's voice. They rolled down the hill. Harry teleported out of the way of the falling rocks, but Blood could not. He had been crushed by the avalanche.

Harry took a deep breath. His head pounded, heart raced. He wished to say this was the end. Harry knew better, hearing each foul heartbeat coming from Blood underneath the rocks.

The rocks started to crumble and crack until Brother Blood pushed out. Harry rose to his feet and closed his eyes.

'O of fucking course."

"That may have defeated a lesser god!" Blood howled. He jumped up to face against Harry Potter. "I'm going to master all life, and I'm going to bring about the defeat of Death's…"

A blade stabbed into the back of Brother Blood's neck. Harry channeled the energy around him and launched the Philosopher's Stone from Blood's hand, while further bringing him down to his knees with another stand.

"You talk too much," Harry said.

The Stone slid off to the ground and started to sizzle. Harry scooped up the Stone, pushing the broken fragment back in and channeled all of the power he could into repairing the Stone.

Brother Blood shrank from the humiliation of his defeat. His blood red skin turned mostly normal,
still looking a bit raw. He had gone from a god to a withered old man so fast it was pretty jarring of a sight to see. He collapsed down onto the ground and broke out into a fit of rage.

"No, no, no, I can't have been forsaken!" Brother Blood howled at the top of his lungs. He slammed his fists down onto the ground.

He had power, so much power in fact, and now it had been ripped away from him like nothing. Brother Blood rose up off of the ground and shuddered in frustration. He needed to get the power back.

"It's over Blood," Harry said.

Harry hated to use such an overused lie, but he wasn't going to waste something good on Blood. Blood rose to his feet and could see the Stone encased in a box. It slipped away and drove Blood beyond all madness.

"I still will have power!" Blood yelled. He slipped one of the daggers from the palace into his hand. "YOURS!"

Blood charged Harry like a crazy man! His eyes shot open and drool dribbled down the man's chin. His last ditch effort to gain power ended with Harry blocking his hand. The two of them fought over the dagger until Harry flipped him down to the ground.

The man hit down to the ground. Blood rose to his feet and made one last gamble towards the Stone. Harry deflected him back with a spell which shattered every single bone in the man's bone. The disgusting crunching sound dropped Blood to the ground.

Blood racked in pain. His body decayed but he would not expire. Some of the latent power from the Stone, while not enough to kill Harry, had taken hold of him. Harry walked closer towards Blood and looked down at the pathetic man.

A decapitating blow from the energy scythe brought Blood down to his knees. Harry stepped back, Brother Blood reached his end.

The chaos in Asgard reached its logical conclusion. The entire group waited in the Palace. Odin rejoined them and sunk down onto the throne.

"You all have fought bravely," Odin said. He focused on Jane especially. "Especially you, young lady."

"I did what had to be done," Jane said.

Odin responded with a nod and understood properly now.

"A stubborn old man has to swallow the fact he's wrong sometimes, and I've been wrong more times than most through my life," Odin said. "I will be wrong once again by the time it's all said and done. You can bank on that fact."

Amora thought she should take a picture because Odin admitting he was wrong was a rare event.

"And where is the Master of Death?" Odin asked.

The door opened up and Harry arrived right on schedule. He stepped inside to face the King of
"Blood has been defeated, I take it his army has been banished," Harry said. "And if you thought I forgot about you, then you have anything thing coming."

A flash of light brought Malekith back into the throne room. He dropped down onto the ground and twitched in agony. The dark elf realized Odin stood over him and he was not too happy. He crossed his arms.

"Please, have mercy on me!" Malekith yelled. He barely could keep his head up off of the ground.

"Mercy, is that what you think you deserve?" Odin asked.

Malekith screamed. Odin returned the dark elf to his own prison with a wave of the hand.

"It's our time to leave," Harry said. "I need to make sure everything has settled down back on Earth."

Harry thought it was time to put the Stone back right where it should be. The power was very tempting, but he knew the consequences of it. Someone like Blood would have gone mad.

"Naturally, I would not expect you to do anything else," Odin said.

'So, is this thing back on?' Daisy asked. 'I never thought it would be weird not the hear voices in my head.'

'Just don't say that out loud or people might think you're insane,' Faith said.

'Don't worry, I intend to keep all conversation to the voices inside my head,' Daisy thought.

Harry pulled out a crystal necklace and walked forward. Lorelei walked up behind him and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"A word, if you will," Lorelei said. "Before you leave."

Harry agreed and walked next to Lorelei. He really had no idea what relation to call her. Several because there was evidence she masqueraded as several different ancestors over the years.

"My memories are coming back in pieces, more so than ever now after meeting you," Lorelei said. "And it was good to meet you, I won't deny that."

"It was nice to meet you as well," Harry said.

Lorelei cast a look of mistrust towards Odin. He had been the reason why she had been separated from her mortal children. Petunia wasn't hers, she was from a previous marriage, but Lily was Lorelei's daughter. And she considered Rose her second daughter despite being and artificial construct.

"You two have your problems?" Harry asked.

"He brought me away from my family," Lorelei said. "Lily would be truthfully proud of you….have you tried to contact her with your powers?"

"Actually, no, because it would be unwise to contact someone who is at peace, and she is at peace," Harry said. "I've verified that much with Dee-Dee."

"She's only at peace because you've grown up so well," Lorelei said. "And I don't know what is
going to happen next, but we will meet again."

"I hope so."

Lorelei leaned in and planted a tender kiss upon Harry's lips. The two of them parted ways with each other. Lorelei smiled.

"You're the only man in the known realms who would not have turned into a blithering idiot at my kiss," Lorelei said. "I have….some information I need to come to terms with. And you have your own responsibilities."

Harry nodded. He clutched the amulet with the rune symbol on it. The light flashed around them.

"Remember, now you're unchained, the possibilities you can achieve are unlimited," Lorelei said.

She watched Harry and his collective leave. Her descendant only was beginning to grasp the full potential of his power. His noble heart would make it stronger.

Harry and his group passed through where Lara and Darcy were waiting, making sure nothing came through the portal on their end, other than Harry.

"Why do I have a feeling we just missed out on a great adventure?" Lara asked.

"It was an interesting one," Harry said. "I'll tell you the full story later."

Lara looked forward to it, she really did. The fact they were all in one piece made her satisfied enough, at least for now.

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Harry returned to the facility formally used by SHIELD. He managed to slip in mostly undetected this time and not cause too much of a scene. Distracting the people inside the facility from their various tasks would be very bad.

'Holly is going to be pissed she missed another chance to see you,' Daisy thought. 'But there are still some pockets of HIVE out there which needs to be found. And the Order of Saint Dumas is still out there.,'

'Religious fanatics never go away, even in the face of logic,' Faith thought. 'They just double down in their insanity.,'

Harry pulled himself away from the conversation. Two security guards waited at the end of the hallway. They caught glimpse of Harry and stepped aside to allow him to pass.

"Agent Carter is expecting you, sir."

Harry smiled and walked towards the office door. He knocked on the door a couple of times and waited for an answer.

"Come in."

The door pushed open. Peggy waited for him inside the office, in her usual professional manner.

"So, the Philosopher's Stone?" Peggy asked.
"It's been secured and locked away," Harry said. "Do you want to know where I put it?"

Peggy held up a hand to stop him before he told her.

"I'm not going to ask you, the fewer people who know this secret, the better," Peggy said. "Shared secrets can get spoiled if too many cooks are in the kitchen."

'Words to live by,' Nyssa thought wisely.

Peggy moved over and sat down on the desk. She crossed her stocking clad legs and looked over at Harry.

"Lorelei was Audrey Evans," Peggy said. "I suppose I should have been able to put together the pieces.....but it just makes me wonder how many other gods had been living among us, unknowing to either them or us."

Peggy shifted her eyes up towards Harry and rose to her feet.

"And I'm seeing living proof of one living amongst us right now," Peggy said. She approached Harry and almost closed the gap between the two of them. "I want to apologize for the past.....it must be close to twenty years by this point."

"Close enough," Harry said.

"Patience comes with age," Peggy said. "And while I am patient for a lot of things, there's a lot of things where I have.....less than an ample amount of patience for."

Peggy grabbed Harry and kissed him. Harry wondered when she was going to make her move. She made sure to work her way down to his pants while kissing him.

"Daisy has given rather raving reviews of you," Peggy said. "As her superior, I think you should appreciate how much I wish to verify for accuracy."

"Well, it's my civic duty to ensure to help you in this particular investigation," Harry said.

Peggy smiled and pulled his shirt from the outside of his pants. She dragged down the pants and exposed his undershorts.

Harry sat down on the chair and Peggy descended to her knees to give a closer inspection.

Peggy fished Harry out of his pants. She looked at the perfectly formed penis. So long, so thick, Peggy required examining this matter first hand. She leaned down and ran her fingers down the length. It throbbed a little bit. Peggy leaned and unbuttoned a few buttons on her blouse before bending down.

Harry got a full view down Peggy Carter's blouse to show her round, perfect breasts. The dark haired vixen licked the tip of Harry's head and swirled around him. She smiled and continued the service job before pulling up.

"So far, it all checks out," Peggy said. "But, I think we can do better, can't we?"

Peggy bent down and kissed the tip before working the love organ in between her lips. She reached down and cupped a handful of Harry's balls. She alternated between sucking and stroking him, looking up at him.

Harry bent down and watched the ageless woman drive her mouth down onto him. She almost went
all the way down to him. She gagged a slight amount when rising almost up and driving down onto him. She lathered the young man's throbbing prick with her mouth and kept sucking on him.

"Yes, I think we can do better," Harry groaned. "I think we can do a lot better."

Peggy sucked Harry for several more moments. She tested him out by brushing against his balls. The government agent squeezed and tried to coax the pleasure points. She suckled down on Harry's throbbing hard rod and kept going further down on him. Her hunger increased with each passionate suck, each passionate swallow.

Several moments of sucking passed and Peggy smiled. She pulled away and allowed his cock to slide from her mouth. The saliva dripped down on it. Peggy brushed one nail down him.

Peggy stepped away from Harry and unbuttoned her top the rest of the way. She slid the blouse down her shoulders and allowed it to fall to the ground. Peggy turned around and unhooked the bra before having it slide to the ground.

She turned towards Harry, unclipping her hair from behind her. The brown hair flew wildly from her face. Peggy cupped her large breasts and allowed them to bounce. She leaned down and the large round flesh sacs pressed into Harry, going in his face.

"They're very real," Peggy said. "Want to touch them?"

"It would be rude not to take the offer."

Her breasts, as perky and firm as they were during the time of World War 2, were a delight to hold. Harry held them, squeezed them, and made them his own.

Peggy leaned into him. He really had skilled hands and it caused her to almost break. One more little nudge and it would push her over the edge.

Harry leaned closer towards her. He still fondled her breasts, never once breaking his stride. He leaned over and whispered in her ear.

"Remove your panties."

Peggy reached underneath her skirt and slipped her panties off. It dropped down to the ground. Harry slid one hand underneath her body and underneath her skirt.

Harry traced a steady path between her legs. He traveled down the stocking clad thighs and ran further between Peggy's wonderful legs. He kept working up, closer towards her center. Peggy lifted her hips and tried to push them into Harry's hand. His fingers skimmed between her legs and traced more patterns about the area of her thigh.

"This is good, it feels so good!" Peggy breathed.

Harry smiled and parted her lips with a few swipes of his finger. He delved deeper into her. The dark haired woman lifted her hips up to meet Harry's intrusion. He slid inside her and pushed into her.

"Now, you're going to see what real magic could do."

He sucked on her nipples in time with fingering her. Peggy wanted to have him driven into her completely. This teasing caused her to grow intense.

Harry wanted nothing more than to drive his rock hard cock into the pussy of this sexy government
agent. She bounced up and down on his fingers, trying to get some relief. Harry cupped her thigh and ran circles around her. He rubbed her clit vigorously and made Peggy moan in delight from Harry's touch.

"Just calm down, focus, you're almost there," Harry informed her.

Peggy shook from head to toe. She released her cum onto his fingers. Harry rode her through several more moments before pulling out of her.

"Good," Harry said. "Taste how wet you are."

Harry slipped his three soaked fingers into Peggy's mouth. The hotness of her warm mouth sucked his fingers. She ran her tongue down and around, suckling Harry's fingers. She could not have enough of his great taste. Her hunger spiked.

"Good," Harry informed her. He cupped a breast and smiled before pulling away from her. "How wet are you?"

"Wet and horny," Peggy said. "I need your cock in me."

"Well, I'm sure all of your dreams are about to come to a reality," Harry said. He watched when she positioned herself on him.

Peggy's large breasts slapped Harry in the face. Harry took them in hand and squeezed them. Her dripping slit brushed against him. They teased combining together in a furious level of sexual passion. He could not wait for her to rise up and come all the way down onto him.

"It's been a long time coming," Harry said. He squeezed her ass to encourage her.

Peggy rose up and drove down onto him. Harry filled her up completely in him.

"So much cock!" Peggy yelled. She rose up and sank down, riding Harry. Harry kept working towards her.

"Hopefully you can handle it."

Peggy gritted her teeth. She intended to handle this entire cock. She pushed herself up and drove down with a few long thrusts. His hard cock pushed into her with each thrust. Peggy rose and fell, bringing her hot walls down onto him. She closed her eyes and experienced more pleasure than every before.

"Yes, I can," Peggy mewed. "I can handle this.....I can handle a really big cock.....driving into me.....stretching me out! Fuck, this feels so good."

"I know it does," Harry informed her.

He squeezed her ass and allowed her to drive down onto him again. She bounced higher. He squeezed her breasts in encouragement.

Peggy closed her eyes to focus on the warmth spreading on her body. Harry sucking on her nipple nearly brought her back out of it. She dug down into the back of his head and forced more tit flesh into his mouth. Peggy picked up her pace.

"So, good!" she moaned.

Peggy came hard, sending a barrage of cum down upon his prick. She picked up the pace and
continued to ride Harry. She wanted his balls pressed between her thighs where they belonged. Peggy held onto him and rocked up and down on him, riding him to a slick and satisfying conclusion for herself.

Harry touched every part of her body. He focused on those parts which made her gush even more. He touched and tempted those parts even more, with pleasurable rising and falling.

Peggy lifted and dropped on him. She could feel him buried so deep into her. All she had been driven by was pure primal lust. She clenched around him and more pleasure gushed through her body.

"I can see I've lived up to your expectations," Harry said. "As if there was any doubt?"

"No, there wasn't," Peggy said.

She sent a greater flood from between her legs. The busty brunette kept riding on Harry and descending with her lubricated center on Harry. Anyone who walked into her office would see one of the most powerful women in the world riding Harry Potter like he was a stallion.

To be honest, Peggy didn't really give a fuck. She dug her nails into the side of Harry's shoulder and pushed up and down on him. She moaned when more filled in him.

"And again," Harry said.

Flesh smacked down onto each other. Harry buried himself in Peggy's ample chest. Peggy brushed through his hair and he responded by playing with her stocking clad legs. Every time he touched a trigger spot on her, Peggy slammed down onto him.

Harry did not stop, almost sliding out of her a couple of times. She saturated his entire length with inner fluids. Peggy kept riding him all the way.

"Ride it out," Harry said. He smacked her rear end and Peggy just worked him over faster. "It will be my turn soon enough."

Peggy didn't know when that would be. All she knew was she saw stars from the latest orgasm. She brought herself down onto him, burying a long cock into her body.

"You're amazing," Peggy said.

"Don't sell yourself short," Harry said.

He squeezed her, she squeezed him back. Peggy worked Harry with her tight womanhood. It had not been penetrated in years and years, and her insides could feel like it was on fire.

Harry groaned and held onto Peggy. He launched up with his balls exploding after bringing her to dozens of orgasms throughout the last couple of hours. A flood of cum filled her body.

Peggy took him deeper and deeper, ensuring not a drop of cum had been wasted. It was such a precious commodity she needed to hang on.

She sank down onto him, riding him out, before collapsing down onto his shoulder. Both lovers had worked out their urges, for now.
You can almost tell that Harry got to the end of his rope with Blood, but given all that happened, do you really blame him.

Blood is finished, and it took a while, but he did it. This closes our arc, and we head to a break until the first Monday of March, where we'll return with more fun and games.

Until Monday, March 6th, I'll be seeing you elsewhere. On that date, I'll see you here.
Weeks passed since the battle over the Philosopher's Stone and the destruction of several worlds. Many people considered the downtime to be a time where they could use to recharge and rest themselves. Harry used the downtime for other things. He knew from experience the calm would pass and trouble would brew one more time. Harry prepared himself for the next battle as only he could. No matter what would happen, Harry prepared to face off against any challenge.

The Stone being secured gave Harry a very prominent piece of mind. Now, no one could get their hands on it, without the permission from several people, with Harry being one line.

Regardless of his preparations, everything became very quiet as of late. He finished guiding Willow through one of her lessons. Actually, it wasn't much of a lesson, more like Harry giving her direction on how to pull off a couple of minor things. Harry learned the hard way with magic, the little things could lead to big problems if you did not perfect them correctly.

He supervised her progress while sitting back on a nice comfortable bench he conjured for himself. Harry turned to the figure who joined him, during one of her brief moments of downtime. Dee-Dee sat on the bench next to Harry with a smile on her face.

"You've inspired many," Dee-Dee said. "I'm almost done clearing up the mess caused by Blood's escapades with the Stone. And he's paying the price for what he's done."

Harry smiled. "I have no doubt he's paying the price."

The chase had been long to track down Blood and Harry could hardly believe it was over. The Philosopher's Stone, now secured at a safe location, would no longer be a problem. Harry ensured it would not be anyway, and he was about ninety percent certain no one could breach his defenses. The devil was in the details though and it was the other ten percent.

Still, Harry took every preparation humanly possible to make sure.

"Hopefully, this will all die down and we'll have a chance to get together really soon," Dee-Dee said. "I understand you're working hard for the Horizon Media Division launch."

Harry smiled, he had been preparing for this moment for a very long time. He could take the next step in securing a very bright future.

"If I've learned one thing, I've learned the power of the press can be a very dangerous tool," Harry said. "They can build a person up just as well as tearing them down."

Harry learned this the hard way. The media loved him over here, and Harry wanted to keep the good press going to ensure there were going to be no problems in the future. The fact Harry accomplished more than his share of things which helped a lot of people who needed it, worked out very well.

"And it looks like your young charge has moved along quite nicely," Dee-Dee said. "I wonder when she's going to join in on the fun."

"Sooner rather than later, I expect," Harry said. "It's much more fun to let the girls make the first move because it can lead to some pretty passionate encounters."
"Ah, yes, make them choke for it, and then swoop in for the kill," Dee-Dee said. She smiled and leaned towards him. She shifted so she straddled her master's lap. "I approve."

Dee-Dee slid off of him and leaned in to give him one last kiss. Harry sensed right away their meeting would be short. Dee-Dee still had some loose ends to tie up.

'Speaking of loose ends, how are things going?' Harry asked.

'HIVE still has a few sections, they're not nearly as bad as HYDRA or AIM is, but they still are a problem,' Peggy thought. The Order of Saint Dumas has gone dark. But, they'll be back.'

'Of course, they'll be back,' Daisy thought. They always come back.'

'And I'm just thankful this is a covert operation, with minimal government involvement,' Peggy thought. 'Some friends of mine, they've been dealing with the International Confederation of Wizards. And the United Nations.'

Harry pulled a face. He really did feel for these friends of Peggy who had been dealing with those particular groups. He would not have wished either of those groups on his worst enemy.

'For now, we're just trying to scoop up all of the HIVE resources we can before someone else gets their hands on them,' Peggy thought. 'Fingers crossed we can cripple them.'

Harry hoped so. He decided to check up on Willow. She staggered back. Harry extended his arms out to catch her. Willow leaned against Harry, legs almost like jelly when she tried to stand up. Harry propped a hand underneath Willow's back and smiled.

"I guess I mistimed that one," Willow said.

"You did," Harry said. "Yes, that can sometimes be a side effect. Your legs are like jelly. You can barely stand, can't you?"

Willow nodded in confirmation. She waited for Harry to guide her over to the bench. The spell backfire was not too bad, she was up close and personal with Harry, and that was a good thing.

"I think I could have stood, but maybe I need to sit down for a minute," Willow said. "How did you learn everything you know?"

Harry had been caught completely out of the blue regarding that particular question. Willow shook her head to amend her words carefully.

"About magic, I mean," Willow said.

Harry smiled, he knew what she really meant. Yet, Harry could not resist giving Willow a smile which caused her to flush in response.

"Trial and error," Harry said. "A whole lot of error."

Willow answered with a nod. It made a lot of sense. The power swirling through her body always put her on a high. She wondered what would happen if she kissed Harry. There were times where the two of them pressed up against each other, and she could feel his muscular body against his. There were times where his hands needed to be in a certain place. He could feel her body.

"So, do you think the two of us can….well…go somewhere?" Willow asked.

"Just the two of us?" Harry asked her, a knowing smile crossing over his lips.
'Well, you have your hook into her now,' Daisy thought. 'And soon you're going to have something else with her.'

'Can't say I didn't expect to see this coming,' Faith thought. 'I mean, you would have to be pretty blind not to.'

'Nice to see she's about ready to take that next step,' Sara thought. 'I thought I was going to have to take her in hand to make sure things went smoothly.'

She tongue-tied, something she hated. It was Harry. She wanted to be taken down and given shown something that was really magic.

Willow had been spared from having to potentially dig herself out of a hole. Buffy showed up, almost by magic. Faith walked behind her. Both of the girls didn't have a scratch on them, which had been surprised. Willow noticed this straight off.

"Wow, you must have had a good night," Willow said. "You're not scratched up, bruised, or anything."

"Well, to be fair, that's because we didn't run into anything tonight," Buffy said.

Willow had been surprised, to be honest. A night with Buffy going out and not running into trouble? She hardly believed it.

"That's good," Willow said.

"Kind of, but it's really weird too," Buffy said. "The last couple of weeks, it's been like this. Ever since we got back from Asgard, there's been the world's longest dry spell."

"Maybe all of the vampires have decided to stop trying?" Willow asked.

Faith shook her head. As much as she dared to dream, Faith really thought Willow's theory leaned a bit to the optimistic side.

"Well, we are pretty bad ass and we could have scared them all away," Faith said. She frowned. "That's not it, though. There's something else going on here. Something rotten.....I don't know what."

"You deserve a holiday though after all you've been through, you know, time off," Willow said. "You know what that is, don't you?"

"I don't have the slightest idea, do you, Harry?" Buffy asked, trying not to break out into laughter.

Harry leaned forward before answering in complete and utter deadpan.

"I don't really have a clue," Harry said. He sobered up and looked at all of the girls. "Seriously, though, we should enjoy the downtime while it lasts. It may not be long before something insane happens."

Buffy smiled. She hated to jinx it by saying anything, but Harry spoke the truth. Something was going to happen, and she had no idea what. It was going to be something, though.

Chloe ran herself ragged in an attempt to help Harry get Horizon's new Media Division up and running pretty much. She appreciated the role and was determined to make it work. Harry had worked through all of the legal hurdles and made sure everything worked as it should.
A few new staff members had been promising. Chloe leaned against the wall, waiting for one of the new interns to shown up. She looked at the clock and waited for someone to arrive. The person she waited for, was not late, but not early either.

'She's not late,' Chloe thought. You're just pretty high strung....hopefully, she isn't anything like Claire was at that age. She abruptly leaves and sends half the papers scattering across the desk. All of the times I had my papers neatly stacked and there goes Claire, off to blur.'

'Do you really think it's fair to talk about Claire when she isn't here to defend herself?' Lana asked. 'Not that I'm denying anything she did, but you know....I think we should give her a chance to defend herself.'

'Maybe,' Chloe thought to herself. 'It's her own fault that she's not on the bond yet. She's had many of opportunities, and hell, I'm sure Lois would take one if she's given the chance.'

'I'm honestly surprised Lois hasn't made a more aggressive push,' Lana thought. 'You know how she can get what she wants something.'

Chloe smiled, while Lana had a pretty good point, there was something else to consider.

'If I've learned anything about Lois, she has fits of stubbornness at the worst possible times,' Chloe said. 'The more she wants something deep down, the more she's going to convince herself she doesn't want it.'

'So, wait, she essentially just argues with herself?' Felicity asked. 'You know, there's nothing wrong with that...I mean, I have arguments with myself all of the time, and they can help me focus on a long day of....coding and stuff like that, and it's completely normal to be divided on something, so you're going to have to talk out the pros and cons of it. I mean, that's normal, right.'

Chloe blinked. She was pretty sure she picked up on most of Felicity's train of thought. Some of it came close to derailing off of the tracks.

'Yeah, it's normal,' Chloe thought. 'Providing, of course, you don't end up losing the argument you stared with yourself. Then there's a problem.'

'Well, I don't...I don't really try and lose any argument I start with myself,' Felicity thought. 'Is that even possible?'

Chloe wasn't going to say anything right now. Instead, she turned her attention towards the elevator which opened. A blonde haired girl stepped out of the elevator. She looked pretty nervous, and almost staggered into the office when she came in. Each step caused her to look very jumpy.

'First day jitters?' Daisy asked. 'I guess it happens to the best of us. I don't ever remembering being like that, do you?'

'Chloe, if you say no, I'm going to have to disagree with you,' Lana thought. 'Because I remember how awkward you were when we were Freshmen, walking into school for the first time.'

'I'm surprised you actually remembered because you were kind of off doing your own thing as a Cheerleader and I was the geek who headed up the journalism thing,' Chloe thought.

'Chloe, you weren't a geek,' Lana thought. 'More like a nerd, really.'

Chloe wondered how well sticking out her tongue. She looked towards Kara Danvers, who looked around the office. Chloe cleared her throat.
"Sorry, Ms. Sullivan, I was… well I'm just…. it looks a lot more amazing than it does in the photographs," Kara said. "And maybe it's just me, but does this place look bigger on the inside, than it does on the outside?"

"Well, that's the mystery of it, isn't it?" Chloe asked. "So, how are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm doing really well," Kara said in an excited voice. "I'm not sure if Claire told you, but I graduated high school, and I'm well on my way to getting my Masters in Journalism. Working here at Horizon is really going to help me, I'm doing good at all of my classes. The teachers are much better at college then they are at high school."

'I sure hope so,' Chloe thought, almost smirking in response. She lead Kara into the office and invited her to take a seat, which she did.

"I'm just really glad to be working here, and I just want to do the best I can," Kara said. "So, in any way, I can help you? Anyway at all, just….tell me, and I'll do it."

Kara looked around the office a couple of times. She tried to discreet about it, bless her heart. The girl shifted her glasses down and used X-Ray vision to look around. Chloe clapped a hand on her shoulder and Kara almost jumped halfway up.

"Harry's not here today," Chloe said. "But, I'm sure you'll have a chance to talk with him, and anything you need, I can take care of."

Kara wasn't completely sure about that, but she respectfully nodded.

"I'm just glad to work underneath Harry… work for him, work for him!" Kara said.

Chloe might not have noticed her discreet slip of the tongue, had Kara's body language not turned more frantic having tried to cover for themselves.

'How can someone put their foot in their mouth so badly?' Felicity asked.

'Oh, Felicity, I don't know,' Daisy thought. 'You tell me, and we'll both know.'

'Hey, I might put a lot of things in my mouth, but never my own foot,' Felicity said. She closed her eyes. 'And damn it, there I go again.'

Daisy laughed in amusement at what Felicity said.

'You set yourself up for that one,' Daisy said.

'Yeah, I really don't know how I end up getting myself into those positions,' Felicity thought.

'It's easy, all Harry has to do is ask you, and you'll get into any position he wants you to,' Chloe thought.

Chloe turned towards her willing pupil. She was so adorable, Chloe just wanted to pinch her cheeks. The ones on her face, at least for right now.

'Maybe we'll do a little bit later when we have the time,' Chloe commented.

Regardless, Chloe adopted an all-business approach to show the newbie the ropes.

A while back, Diana and Mera gave Harry an open invitation to head down to Atlantis. Harry took
the invitation to go down there. Atlantis was a hub of both magical and technological innovation, a lot of it had been guarded against the outside world. Harry thought it would take several trips to just soak in all of the culture which Atlantis has to offer.

He did not go on this trip alone. Claire Kent followed behind him. The two of them took the trip down to the underwater kingdom in a special vessel created by Horizon with deep sea exploration.

"So, your company has been working on vessels for deep sea?" Claire asked.

"We really want to keep this quiet, if you don't mind," Harry said.

"Hey, I know all about the importance of keeping secrets," Claire said. "I wondered if you were thinking about doing the same for space."

Harry thought about it for a couple of seconds, a smile crossing his face. He had most certainly thought about amping up a vessel for space exploration, but there were a couple of problems. Most of which keeping a lid on it, so the government did not leave him alone. Well at least the parts of the government, Harry did not trust. There were certain people in the government Harry felt comfortable with.

"There are a couple of snags, but we do have a prototype," Harry said.

"If you need any help, feel free to stop by the Fortress any time," Claire said. "I'm not sure how much the Kryptonian interface will translate to Earth-based materials."

Claire remembered her mother's warning about how the most prehistoric of Kryptonian technology outstripped the technology found on Earth. Earth was a very young planet so it made sense how it's technology was going to take some time to adapt.

"I might take you up on the offer," Harry said. "Carol's chomping at the bit to fly a craft like that."

'Damn right I am,' Carol thought. 'I take it you intend it to be much more efficient than NASA has ever put together.'

'Much smoother, and also be able to warp from point to point,' Harry thought. 'I've found out enough where there are some areas of the universe you can't just teleport to.'

'Wait, you've teleported in Space?' Daisy asked.

'I think Daisy might have to change her panties,' Faith thought. 'Seriously, though, you teleported in space?'

Harry laughed at the passion displayed by the girls. He figured an explanation was in order.

'I've managed a couple of times, no further than the moon,' Harry thought. 'I'm pretty sure if I can figure out the calculations right, I can make it to Mars.'

Claire smiled sadly. It was a shame what happened to the once great Martian civilization. The White and Green Martian races wiped each other out in a civil war, and no one could quite explain where the bad blood started. That was the problem with long standing hatred, it had been passed down from generation to generation. No one really understood how it happened, it just did.

The pod arrived at the gates of Atlantis. Mera and Diana waited for them.

"Harry, Claire, it's good to see both of you," Diana said. "I'm glad you could come."
"Well, the two of you invited me, so it would be really rude to turn down an invitation," Harry said. "How are things going with you?"

"Stable," Mera said. "Now the Stone's been sealed away, the nightmares have stopped and we can get back to what's important."

Mera was not going to say what the nightmares have been replaced with. Only, she and Diana could both agree they were more pleasant than the visions of both the surface dwellers and the people of Atlantis burning in a crispy crack.

"I don't really know where to begin down here, I've heard the myths about Atlantis, about the advanced science and magic," Harry said.

"I can assure you, the myths are one thing, reality is something else altogether," Mera said.

"Claire?"

A dark haired girl moved in. She stretched a green top over her breasts which showed her navel. An amulet stretched around her neck. Harry smiled in recognition. The gorgeous brunette made a beeline towards them. Mera gave her a stern look and she backed off.

"Hello, Lori," Claire said.

"Sorry, it's just great to see you again," she said.

"I know it is, it's been too long, I....."

Lori pressed one finger over Claire's lips to silence her. She pulled back with a smile.

"I know, you've been busy, I've been busy as well," Lori answered. She tossed her dark hair back and smiled. "I've just returned to Atlantis after touring the world....and to see one of my oldest friends here, that's amazing."

"Harry, this is Lori Lemaris...Lori this is....."

"Harry!" Lori yelled. "Harry Potter....it's been too long."

"Wait, you two know each other?" Claire asked.

'Well, it's a small world after all,' Chloe thought.

'Great, now I've got that song stuck in my head,' Faith grumbled.

'And you still realize Claire can't hear a blasted word you're saying, right?,' Lana asked.

'Not my fault!' Chloe sang.

"So, the two of you know each other?" Claire asked. She looked towards Lori who wrapped her arms around Harry in a warm hug and gave him a long kiss on the lips which lingered for several minutes. "The two of you know each other really well....but how do you know each other?"

Harry and Lori parted at the lips. Lori hoped to get reacquainted with him.

"You want to tell the story?" Harry asked.

"Sure," Lori said. "I was visiting some friends in Europe when....this reckless idiot decided to dive
into a lake, in the middle of winter, to get a sword. While wearing a locket containing a soul fragment of one of most evil wand wavers that ever lived."

"Well, that's not exactly what happened," Harry said.

"You know it is," Lori said. "Anyway, I brought you back to your campsite, we destroyed the locket, and….I spent the night nursing him back to health. We shared a lot of body heat."

Both of them exchanged knowing smiles.

"Yes, I'm sure," Claire thought.

Lana, Chloe, and Lori, how many of her other friends did Harry sleep with? Claire was beginning to feel a little bit left out.

"Well, I'll let the two of you get reacquainted," Harry said. "I'm sure Mera and Diana want to show me around the kingdom of Atlantis."

"Where to begin is the question," Mera said. "Let's show you to the library, there are a couple of books in there you might find interesting."

"And after the library, I have to show you the training room," Diana said. "You might find it interesting."

Diana longed to test someone of Harry's capabilities.

"Just don't wear him out too much in there," Mera said.

"No, I'm sure Harry won't mind a warm up to the real workout later," Diana said. "Is there anything you want to show him other than that?"

"I'm sure something else will come up on the way," Mera said. "Claire, if you need anything, Lori or Tula will help you."

Mera seemed distracted and Claire could see why.

"So, I guess we got a lot to catch up on?" Lori asked.

"Yep," Claire answered.

A dark alleyway held many blind spots, especially for a creature who was used to manipulating the darkness for their own benefit. This particular creature rushed down the alleyway as fast as he could go.

A red-haired woman dressed in an overcoat followed the creature down the alleyway. The creature stopped in the alleyway and stepped back. He raised his arms with a hiss and rushed in for an attack.

The overcoated figure dodged the attack from the brought a blade out and slammed it down onto the cheek of the enemy. The creature fell back onto the ground. Blood spilled from the creature's face. The creature tried to get back up.

"Where is your master?" the overcoated figure asked.

"The Master is not happy with your kind," the creature said. "He will gain vengeance on the Slayers."
"Your misconception is I'm a Slayer," she said. "I'm not...I don't wait for you monsters to cause trouble, I track you down and stop you before your darkness can overwhelm you and innocents perish at your hands."

"You've missed a few."

The hunter decapitated the vampire without even flinching.

"I know now he is after the Slayers," the hunter said. "While I don't see eye to eye with the Watcher's Council or their methods...they need to know."

Anyone who were Slayers or were friends, allies of them, would soon find themselves in terrible, horrific danger.

The hunter disappeared into the night to find the next vampire. Each one she found, it got her close to the most infamous and depraved bloodsucker of them all.

To Be Continued on March 9th, 2017.

Some interesting bits happen, but this chapter exists in setting up the second half (well less than half, given that only seventy chapters were written for this story), of this story.

Remember, this entire project was written during the time where Hermione was retired. Hell, I'm not even sure if Ron exists in these stories anymore either, other as a very occasional butt monkey. But, something tells me I'll have very few complaints about his lack of existence.

Things are interesting, and we are heading towards this next set of chapters. The Stone might be locked away, but a new threat is bubbling over.

And now added on 6/23/2018 for having a completed version of the story, Chapter 44 Xtra:

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Sharing Warmth.(Unchained Chapter 44 Extra)

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Cold winds snapped over the area, in the winter months. The brunette woman shivered the very second she stepped over the field. She moved with swift precision. Hair tied back in a ponytail, dressed in a black heavy jacket, and a pair of thick pants, the woman moved as quickly as possible. The cold snap erupted from her being.

She ensured the medallion remained secure to the neck. It allowed this mysterious stranger to move about on dry land, to scout the area. And this was the furthest from the warmth of the sea she knew and loved.

Lori Lemaris called Atlantis her home. The mermaid scored as one of the top students in the Atlantean School of Magic, topping off many in her year. She prided herself in working hard and
also helping the younger students. The eighteen year old woman prepped to graduate with top honors.

She stepped over the ice, manipulating it with a careful spell. Some magic surrounding the area caused her to feel the snap of wind. Something was not quite right. The woman could not figure out what, but there was something which was not quite right. She kept moving as fast as possible, feeling the wind continue to cut.

Lori spotted someone in the distance. Whoever stepped out in the winter weather, they were completely and utterly insane. She spotted a young man walking across the way, stripped to his underwear.

Not a bad view all things considered, Lori thought. The only problem, as she figured it out, was it was in the middle of the winter, and magic or not, whoever this young man, he must have frozen. He moved towards the leg.

Why would he be diving into the lake, in the dead of winter? Lori caught sight of a locket hooked to his neck. Instantly, Lori recoiled.

'Dark magic,' she breathed.

Lori spent a few seconds following the young man. No one willingly wore such a locket containing dark magic, unless they wanted to prevent it from falling in the wrong hands. The five years Lori spent studying magic, and she never felt something that amazing, and that horrifying.

Then, the young man took the plunge and submerged himself into the ice cold depths. Lori almost jumped back in surprised.

'He must be insane,' she thought desperately.

Horror popped up, and Lori realized something. Some mysterious force pulled the young man down underneath the water. No matter how hard he tried to pump his arms, he could not hold himself above water.

Lori stepped the edge, of the water. The coldness of the water gave her pause. The fact someone drowned made her want to take the plunge one way or another. She slipped the medallion off when dying into the water.

Now, with the full abilities of a mermaid in the water, Lori descended down. The mysterious man pulled further down. Lori put her arms around the young man and pulled him out of the lake. It took some doing, but somehow, Lori managed to yank him out of the water.

The young man coughed, the sword in his hand.

"Are you okay?"

Stupid question considering the circumstances. Lori thought, given the circumstances, it would have been a much better question than to demand what he was thinking. He coughed, and Lori thought about hauling him off for help.

"I'll be fine."

Lori slipped the medallion back on, just in case she needed her legs to transport him off of ground.

"You're very lucky not to have killed yourself," Lori said. "Do you know that locket you're wearing,
"Yes, I've figured that out," he breathed. "It contains the soul fragment of one of the most crazed dark lords in history….my tent is….I'll be fine, thank you."

He said this a couple of times.

"My name is Lori," she said. "And you're….oh my god, you're Harry Potter."

She did not know why she did not recognize Harry straight away. Lori still wrapped her arms around his half naked body. It would have been far more erotic if he had not been about ready to die of hypothermia in her arms.

"Yes, I guess you know it," Harry said. "I don't think I've ever seen you around here….

Harry stopped, realizing he had been saved from a pretty brunette. She marched him over to the cabin, which a roaring fire had been set up. It sure beat the tent Harry had been sleeping in over the past three months, four months, to be honest, Harry stopped the time.

"You dove in a lake for a sword," Lori commented.

"Yeah, I wanted to use it to destroy the locket," Harry said.

Lori took off her jacket and dropped it on the chair. She motioned for Harry to sit down on the bed.

"You should get out of those wet clothes," Lori said. "Well, whatever is left of them, we don't want you catching cold."

"You do realize I would be….."

"Yes," Lori said. "I'll try not to look."

The word try just caused Harry to shake his head. He looked over at Lori when he turned around. She had a nice round ass, Harry noticed, and it was very hard to keep his eyes off of it. He might have been delirious from the near drowning, but he could have sworn a mermaid saved him.

Harry stripped off his pants, trying to keep his eyes from zeroing in on Lori’s perfectly formed bum. He took in a deep breath and started to think of anything else.

Lori turned around and stopped short. She tried to look Harry in the eye without her eyes diverting to a very noticeable part of his body.

"Right, shrinkage is not a problem," Lori mumured underneath her breath. "You're not too hot….not too cold, are you?"

Lori moved around towards Harry, and ran her hand over his forehead. She could feel him shiver underneath her hand.

Hormones struck the mermaid at the worst possible time. She crossed the room, moving closer towards Harry in the process. She sat on the bed, coming inches away from Harry. Lori leaned in and gave Harry a nice glimpse out of her blouse.

Lori knew she shouldn't take advantage of this situation, but she couldn't help herself. After all, it was Harry Potter, and she did have to pull his ass out of a lake.

"You're still a little bit cold," Lori said.
"You know, it's not fair," Harry said.

"Beg your pardon?" Lori asked.

"Well, your clothes are all wet as well, and you're just sitting in them," Harry said. "It would be a shame if you caught cold as well."

Lori took a moment to consider his logic and could not argue with it. Slowly, Lori slipped off her top. She revealed her perfect breasts held up nicely in the midst of a black bra. Lori moved down and pulled her tight pants down, bending over in front of Harry.

Harry felt a lot of the blood rushing out of his head and all the way to his groin. He really did want to reach out and grab Lori's ass, but he decided to hold himself back now.

"Damn," Lori said. "It soaked through with my underwear….but, if I strip off my underwear…it's going to be cold out….see what I mean."

Lori slipped off her bra and dropped it down onto the bed. She pointed towards her nipples which stood erect in front of Harry's line of sight. She lifted up Harry's hand and placed a hand on top of her breast.

"Feel how hard that nipple is?" Lori asked.

"Yes, it's pretty hard."

Harry rubbed Lori's nipple with his finger and she sighed in response. Lori slowly worked her panties down, revealing her pussy, which looked extremely tight. Her thin lips dripped juices when looking at Harry.

"We're going to have to share body heat until our clothes dry," Lori said.

Lori climbed on top of Harry's lap and straddled the top of him. Her legs ensnared Harry, working their groins together when the two of them moved closer to each other. Lori leaned back on the bed, resting on top of Harry. Her face pressed up against his.

"We might have to move around every now and then," Lori breathed hungrily. She lightly nibbled on Harry's ear. "You know, to make sure the body heat is….."

"You never told me where you were from," Harry asked.

"Atlantis," Lori said.

"Seriously?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Lori said. "We can talk about this later, or we can do the one thing I know is going to give us enough body heat to sustain us through the night."

Harry reached up and grabbed Lori's face. Their lips connected with each other with one of the hungriest kisses Harry ever gave. Lori returned the kiss, nibbling on Harry's lips, and then driving her tongue deep into Harry's mouth.

The green-eyed sorcerer rolled Lori over onto the bed. He kissed the side of her face, and went down her neck. Lori gasped when feeling Harry's mouth work its wonders. Her body heated up more than enough. Harry worshipped every inch of her body.

"I need you," Lori begged him.
Like any female magic user, Lori crushed on Harry Potter badly. Harry made all of her naughty dreams come true in one fluid motion. His tongue caressed Lori's lips, suckling on them, and teasing her.

Shifting inside of her, Harry tasted Lori's pussy. It tasted far different than anything Harry ever tasted in his entire life. He could not wait to lap up Lori's gushing juices.

The mermaid underneath Harry moaned in hunger. A few talented swipes brought Harry's tongue deep inside of her, lapping up every single drop of juice coming from Lori's dripping hot quim. Harry forced her hips to buck up and down.

The moment Harry pulled away, Lori grabbed him by the wrist and playfully threw him onto the bed. She pressed her breasts against his chest and gave Harry a hungry series of kisses to the face. Each kiss brought more passion, and Lori left her mark.

"That was good," Lori cooed. "Now, it's my turn."

Lori did not take too long to find Harry's engorged prick. She slowly worked down towards Harry, wrapping a hand around Harry's engorged prick. She squeezed him, making Harry's manhood swell in her hand.

"Damn," Harry groaned.

"My mentor can control the water," Lori said. "I think I have a different fluid I would want to control, though."

Lori leaned between Harry's legs and latched onto his balls. She slowly suckled Harry's right testicle, sucking him hungrily in response. She could feel those balls filling up with cum.

Every time Lori kissed and suckled on the bottom of Harry's cock, he could feel his manhood swell even more. Lori's tongue brushed against Harry's engorged manhood, making him swell even more. She slipped her tongue deep around Harry's manhood, sucking on his head.

"Lori!" Harry screamed.

Having Harry Potter of all people scream her name made Lori get very excited. Her warm mouth engulfed Harry's pole. She looked at him with passion burning through her gorgeous green eyes. The sexy mermaid engulfed Harry, taking him down into her mouth.

Harry grabbed onto the back of the head of the Atlantean Magic User, and pushed into her. Her warm mouth sucked his cock deep in. Harry felt a roaring feeling, when his balls swelled. Lorirocked herself down on him.

"No, not yet."

Lori detached her mouth and squeezed him. The seductress climbed on top of Harry.

"Today, I was your hero," Lori said. "And heroes deserve their reward, don't they?"

Harry watched when Lori's sensual body straddled him. The feeling made Harry throb even more. He wanted nothing better than to slip his cock in between Lori's juicy thighs and pump inside of her.

Lori leaned down and worshipped Harry with her body. His hands returned the favor by worshipping Lori in control. Those magic hands touched Lori's chest, her ass, everything around her. He ran his fingers down her right leg and caused her to shudder.
With graceful precision, the mermaid brought herself down onto Harry's cock. She stretched around his aching cock.

Slick, warm, walls grabbed Harry in a way he never thought possible. Lori's warm, velvety center pumped Harry's rock hard rod in between her thighs. Harry groaned at the feeling. All he could do was watch when this goddess descended before him.

Harry filled Lori completely up, as a mighty cock like it should. Lori reached up to play with her nipples, something which Harry helped out with. Harry took Lori's delicious chest in hand and squeezed those warm breasts.

"Play with them," Lori said. "Suck on them."

Harry leaned in closer and he pressed his face between Lori's warm breasts. The brunette ran her fingers down the back of Harry's head, motioning for him to go between her succulent orbs when they bounced up and down.

Orgasm to end all orgasms hit Lori something fierce. She brought her warm pussy all the way down onto Harry's engorged rod. She rode Harry and her own orgasm out. The juices spilled on Harry's rod.

The trip to Lori's center was even sweeter and even easier now. Harry punished Lori's warm core with multiple thrusts, pushing himself further into her willing center. Harry worked his way into Lori's core, as she pushed around him. Lori rose up almost all the way and dropped down onto Harry's hard cock.

"Mmm."

Lori came one more time, and drove herself down onto Harry. She could feel the manhood rising into her core, as Lori brought herself all the way up and dropped down onto Harry's engorged rod. Every time she fell onto him, it was just a little bit deeper.

"Harry, I'm losing it," Lori said.

Harry grabbed Lori's ass and made sure to drive her pussy as far down as possible. The sorcerer filled Lori up with multiple thrusts, giving her pussy a nice workout.

While buried in Lori's chest and pussy, Harry could feel the warmth surrounding his hard cock. He pumped further into Lori, burying himself deeper inside of her with a multitude of thrusts. The Boy-Who-Lived knew it would not be that much longer before he lost it inside of her. Harry wanted to make every last second count.

"Harder, give me it, harder," Lori breathed. "Share that body heat, pound me harder!"

Harry used his hands to completely map out a course over Lori's body. He found all of the spots which the sexy mermaid had been driven wild in. Harry rocked himself into her, stretching Lori completely out.

"Cum for me," Lori said.

The thing about a powerful wizard, always more than enough cum to go around. Lori greedily milked Harry with her warm walls. She wanted more than enough.

Harry reinforced his willpower. Only so much could be done before this gorgeous vixen milked Harry completely dry.
The tension buried in Harry's balls. He had not had a chance to cum for several months, especially inside of a woman. Harry planted so much seed inside Lori, it became very much obscene.

Lori bounced on Harry's pulsing rod. She took the injection of Harry's batter into her body. Every time Lori dropped and lowered onto him, she felt even more desire spread through her being. She rode him to a conclusion and came two more times.

Both of them felt the rush of sexual adrenaline. Lori pulled off of Harry, but Harry stopped her from leaving the bed.

"You didn't think you were done yet, did we?"

Excitement swam through Lori's body. Lust filled her body, especially when Harry ran his finger against her asshole. It was very tight, accounting to her Mermaid biology.

"I've wanted a piece of this ass ever since I've seen it," Harry said. "And I think we can share even more body heat if you let me fuck your ass. Your perfect ass, I want it."

"Take it," Lori breathed.

She blushed at the thought of Harry Potter shoving his cock in her ass and fucking the daylights out of her. Lori felt those hands caress and touch her ass. Every time Harry gripped onto her ass, Lori's breathing increased.

Harry aimed his throbbing hard cock at Lori's asshole. He ground against her tight hole which practically begged for him cock. A round ass like hers deserved to be fucked. Harry teased himself, making Lori lick his finger before shoving it into her hole to get her loosened up.

"Such a tight girl," Harry said. "You've been saving yourself for me, haven't you?"

Lori grew excited when Harry motioned for her asshole. She kicked her legs back and made sure to keep her most taboo hole open for Harry. Harry moved closer to slipping inside of Lori's asshole, and stretched her out with him.

The tightness grabbed Harry hard. Harry pushed his manhood deep inside of Lori's round and willing asshole. His cock acted like a heat seeking missile. It took a few seconds to adjust. Eventually, Harry pushed into Lori's ass.

Lori gushed. Harry took her asshole without any question, and she loved it, loved it big time. She screamed out in pleasure when Harry spanked and fucked her tight rear end as much. Harry left some red marks on it.

"Consider this my thank you for pulling my ass out of that water," Harry said.

"Well, I'm glad you were….stupid enough...to jump in the water then," Lori moaned.

Harry pumped his rod deeper inside of Lori's tight rear end. He was glad of that lapse of judgment as well. He could feel like he could take on the world. Why take the world though, when you could take the round ass of a beautiful mermaid underneath you?

Lori grabbed onto the bed, her body pulsing from the pleasure Harry offered her. His mighty rod submerged inside of Lori's tight asshole. Harry gave her ass a workout and Lori loved every minute of it.

Harry rubbed Lori's womanhood and could feel the moisture pooling between body. She looked like
someone who generated a lot of body heat, and Harry was willing to share it with her.

"Fuck...fuck me!" Lori screamed at the top of her lungs.

She loved being fucked in her ass, Lori never knew it until Harry planted his raging rod inside of her taboo passage. Every single time, she could feel those balls.

"I'm going to cum inside of that beautiful fucking ass."

Harry pulled Lori's hair out of her ponytail and caused her brunette locks to flow. The sorcerer worked his way deeper inside of her body.

Thankfully, magic would tighten Lori up again, and leave her ripe for the taking again. At least, Lori hoped her encounter with Harry was not one time deal.

"Don't worry, baby, we'll do this as often as you want."

Lori accepted it and enjoyed Harry's hands squeezing her breasts, and every other part of her body. The mermaid waited for the explosion to cum. The energy swirling to her loins and driving Lori madder with desire increased Harry's steady pumping inside of her tight asshole.

"Yes!" Lori begged him. "I need your cum! Badly!"

Harry gave it to Lori, after teasing the sensual creature beneath him for a few more minutes. He worked a steady path into Lori. The momentum increased and orgasms followed. Harry drank in the power coming from Lori.

Her sexy magically powerful body writhing underneath Harry became the catalyst Harry needed to release his cum inside of Lori's tightening hole. Harry spilled his essence inside of Lori's tight asshole.

Lori's mind exploded in carnally driven pleasure. She enjoyed the feeling of Harry taking her ass and making it his. Every time Lori was in her human form, or even her mermaid form, she would feel the imprint Harry left on her. He rode out the orgasm and returned the favor with several more.

Harry finished the evening by saturating both of Lori's holes with his cum. She did not complain about the ordeal in the slightest.

"More heat will be needed until things warm up," Harry told her after he finished off.

Lori crawled on top of Harry and nuzzled her body on top of his.

"Oh, I'm sure we can make plenty of heat," Lori said. "Just need a minute to catch my breath."

"Of course."

Both lovers kissed and snuggled, before preparing to spend the night together. They would figure out the locket in the morning.

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*End.*
Chapter Forty-Five: The Ancient Order Part One.

Harry lay back on the lavish bed with Mera burying her face between his legs. She took his long cock into her mouth and sucked on it, nice and hard. The Queen gave him a royal blowjob. Her red hair bounced in her face.

Diana pulled over Harry and moved closer towards him. She draped her thighs over Harry's waiting mouth.

"Why don't you keep me entertained?" Diana asked.

The entertainment began. Diana heard legends about how Harry's tongue made many women see stars and she wanted to experience the pleasure first hand. Harry parted her wet walls and licked her insides. Diana moaned when his tongue proved to be everything the legends said it to be and more.

Harry took his time tasting Diana. He wanted to enjoy everything the Amazon Princess had to offer. Stretching out her path to an orgasm would be most fulfilling. Her honey tasted of the sweetest nectar.

"Suck him harder, worship him!" Diana yelled. "Oh, he's really eating my pussy now….he's so good."

Mera thought she would sample Harry's divine tongue at another time. She settled with dealing with his rod. Her spit lathered him up, sucking Harry's hard cock and pushing it deep between her lips. She hungered for him and would get what he wanted.

Harry enjoyed the warmth Mera's mouth all the way. He lifted his hips up to encourage her. The Queen reached down and fondled his balls, giving them a long squeeze. Harry groaned when feeling the pleasure coursing through his body.

Diana jammed herself down onto Harry's tongue. Every time he penetrated her, paradise had been redefined in new ways. She rode out her latest orgasm.

Mera accepted the treat Harry offered her. A warm flood of cum entered her mouth. Harry spilled quite a bit down her throat. Mera took his balls and squeezed them to coax the cum out of them.

"Diana, do you want a taste?"

Diana allowed Harry to finish giving her another orgasm; it would only be the polite thing to do after all. She crawled over; making sure Harry saw her perfect, round, ass when moving over.

The Amazon and Atlantis monarchs went eye to eye with each other. Diana grabbed a handful of Mera's hair and shoved a tongue down her mouth. She tasted Harry's seed. She swirled her tongue, greed dancing in her eyes when Diana collected, even more, seed.

"This is so hot," Harry groaned.

Diana kept eating the seed from Mera's mouth before the two broke apart. Both of the beauties kissed
Harry’s cock and stroked it. They brought him back to full mast.

The Amazon slinked over to Harry. A sultry look flared in her eyes when moving towards her. She kissed him on the side of the neck and leaned towards him.

"Can I ask a favor of you?" Diana asked. She stroked him when asking him so. "I want you to tie my wife up, and fuck her brains out. While you tie me up and force me to watch. Then I want you to do the same to me. Do you think you can do that?"

Harry smiled and summoned Diana's lasso over from the table. He bound the Amazon in her own rope. The dark haired vixen's nipples hardened.

He bound Mera at the hands and legs. Her pussy spread out to show him. Harry made sure Diana could see Mera's beautiful face. Diana could not diddle herself. All she could do was watch.

"I'm going to make your wife cum and you can do nothing, but watch," Harry said. He teased Mera with a finger into her core.

Mera breathed harder. Harry really did torment her. A second digit slipped between her walls and Harry followed it with a third one. He pumped deeper into her, making Mera dig her nails into the back when Harry worked her over.

Harry enjoyed the tightness wrapped around his long fingers. He taxed her with a couple of long thrusts before pulling out of her.

"I hope you're ready for your real reward."

Mera dripped wetter than the sea itself. Harry positioned himself at the entrance. He savored every second when sliding into her. The Queen's moans made Harry throb and push himself harder into Mera. Mera parted and allowed his lengthy rod to stab into her.

"Damn, he's so deep in me," Mera said. "It feels like everywhere is a G-Spot."

Diana's pussy throbbed. More juices trickled from her. She needed Harry's cock inside her, but it would feel better with the anticipation which had been needed.

Harry slapped Mera's ass.

"Such a nice ass," Harry said. He ran down to grab other parts of her body. "And she has a nice pair of tits. Both of you do. I bet you spend half of your day just sucking each other's breasts, don't you?"

Diana could not deny, they spent a lot of time doing that. It was a good way to relieve stress. She followed the progress of Harry when he pumped into her.

"I'm making your wife cum," Harry said. "I'm making your pretty little wife cum over my cock, Wonder Woman. How do you like it? I bet you like that. I bet you're a kinky bitch who gets off on that."

Diana bit down on her lip to avoid a scream. She saw Mera's face. It was so close to her pussy as well, without giving Mera a chance to lurch forward and eat her out. Diana vibrated against the tightening ropes when trying to calm down.

"She likes to see you cum," Harry said. "Cum on a man's cock. Why don't you be a loving wife? Why don't you show your wife how much you love pleasing her by cumming on me?"
He plowed Mera. She came, came extremely hard. Harry did not stop pounding into her. Mera had been taken in hand by Harry and she loved it. And the fact Diana got off on seeing her dominated just made Mera wetter.

"Tell your wife how much you love my cock."

"I love his cock, it feels really great!" Mera yelled.

Another orgasm struck Mera with a thunderous force. Harry picked up the pace and worked into her with a long and hard thrust. His balls slapped against her.

Diana really wished for relief. She breathed in and out, wanting him more and more. And Harry drilling Mera to the point of incoherence.

"Don't worry, you'll have your turn," Harry said.

Diana panted. Her pussy burned and the only thing which could it feel whole again was the object of lust spearing Mera. Diana wished for it, wished for all of it.

Mera grabbed onto the bed. She tried to stay coherent. Each orgasm made her lose a bit more stability. The vibrations coming through her body made her feel really good. Harry made her feel really good. She came in a repeated and rapid fire fashion.

Harry rode Mera until she was unable to respond back. He pulled out of her. An obscene amount of juice dripped from him.

Diana looked up through hazy eyes. Harry put his cock against her lips. She opened her mouth to greedily take whatever pleasure.

"Taste what your wife did to me," Harry said.

Diana tasted him. The amount of juices Mera spilled around him made Diana's loins ache with even more lust. She took out her frustration by blowing Harry.

Harry pulled away and ran his fingers down Diana's face. He caressed everything, the side of her face, her hair, her lips, down her neck. He spent an ample amount of time squeezing her breasts. He moved further down and brushed against her trim stomach, before running his fingers down the wet hole.

"Naughty girl," Harry said. "I'm going to have to teach you a lesson."

Harry turned over Diana and spanked her. The sound of smacking such firm flesh hardened Harry. He kept spanking her and kept hammering away at her.

"Oh, I've been a very bad girl," Diana said. "Keep spanking me!"

Diana dripped after Harry finished off spanking her. He ran a finger down her ass and could feel hard tight it was. He smiled and shifted down to her other hole.

"HERA!" Diana cursed.

"Oh, maybe I'll get a piece of her someday," Harry said. "But, I think I'll settle for you now."

Harry penetrated her fully. Diana thought every inch would bring her closer to some wonderful paradise. She was right. Harry pushed deeper into her. He made sure to pay attention to other parts of her body.
Having her breasts caressed made Diana feel even more excited. Harry tweaked her nipples and her thighs twitched before spilling down his hard cock. Harry pushed deeper into her. Diana's wet sheath clamped down around Harry.

Harry had to admit, being sheathed inside her wet, warm, pussy was a thrill he many people would think they would have. Many people didn't think they could survive such a warm, wet, pussy. Harry squeezed her.

"It's time for you to cum for me, just like your wife did," Harry said. "I wonder if you're going to cum harder than your pretty little wife did."

Diana hoped she would be able to cum nice and hard. Harry touched her buttons when pushing into her. He stuffed her full. Her body sized up and was about ready to explode. Harry released her and released with style.

The orgasm brought Diana to a fiery climax. She closed in around him. The Warrior Woman lost control of her insides when Harry plowed into them. He rode out a constant barrage of orgasms which spread through her body at an increasing rate.

"You're going to lose it," Harry said.

Diana wondered if she already lost it. He slowed down. She could not have any of that. Harry positioned her to face Mera. He trapped her in such an orgasm loop, Diana didn't even know he pulled out of her just yet.

The scenario from earlier had been reversed. Harry entered her one more time and plowed into her.

"I want you to let your wife see how much harder you're being fucked, and how I'm going to fuck her even harder when I'm done," Harry said. He made sure to lift Diana up by the hair and pull it back when plowing into her.

Diana never knew she had been turned on so much by having someone pull her hair. Her body reached another state of orgasm, beyond anything she ever knew.

"Now, it's time."

Harry was rather close to planting a load into Diana. And he would have much more where it came from. He picked up a steadier pace and slammed deeper into the Amazon with a couple of long thrusts.

"Get ready."

Diana was ready for what was going to come. She came first and squeezed him. Harry responded by coming next and firing into Diana.

He really had a lot to give her as well. Diana thanked the heavens for his gift. Harry pushed into her depths and spilled his seed into her depths, emptying every last drop he had into her.

Harry pulled out of Diana and surveyed the fruits of his labor. He turned her over, still tied. He untied Mera.

Mera crawled over towards Diana without a word and started to clean up the Amazon. It wasn't too long before Harry positioned himself behind them.

The two queens realized they had more than they bargained for and were perfectly fine. Harry's
Early the following morning, Diana and Mera snuggled on either side of Harry. It was a rather satisfying experience, and one both of them were eager to share at another time. Mera draped herself over Harry's shoulder, and Diana wrapped her arms around his neck. The two women did not want to move from their position, and Harry was not going to do anything to correct their motions. They were there, and they would be sticking around.

"The rumors don't do you any justice, I'm afraid," Mera said. She turned slightly and ran her finger down Harry's chest. "You really know your way around a woman."

Harry just smiled, he was glad he could live up to his potential. Both of these beautiful women had been pleased, and it just had to make Harry smile.

"I wouldn't have gotten as far as I have if I didn't," Harry said. "Are the two of you glad you invited me here?"

"Yes, of course," Diana said. She shifted a little bit more. The thrill and the excitement of this encounter could not even have been matched by anything else, not even the thrill of battle. The soreness also was something she did not experience completely through a sparring session. She traced a finger around the back of Harry's neck and smiled.

"You're the first man who we invited into our beds," Mera said. "We have….rather strict criteria…you know, why settle for the rest when you can have just the best?"

Harry smiled, he was very glad to have lived up to the high standards of both women. One look in the eyes of both of these beautiful women showed this would not be a one-time thing. Harry did not mind, in fact, he quite welcomed it.

"Very wise," Harry said.

"We thought so as well," Diana said.

She leaned over and stole another quick kiss on Harry, kissing him hungrily and pulling away from him. She rested firmly on Harry's shoulder. Mera moved closer towards Harry.

"Those are great words to live by,' Daisy thought. Everyone in the bond was in agreement with them. Mera and Diana no doubt would have chimed in had they been settled into the bond, but there was a little bit of reinforcement needed.

"Not a bad position to find yourself in, either,' Chloe responded a few seconds later.

Harry would have had to agree, especially given the looks dancing in the eye of Diana. She brought her fingers down Harry's abs, and caressed him, with a wicked smile going over her face.

Diana slowly planted kisses on the side of Harry's neck. She stopped when her wife gave her the evil eye, and shifted back with a slight grin. She leaned back on the bed and gave Mera a pouty-looking expression. Her wife did not buy it for a second, just smiling back at Diana from the other end of the room.

"So, you haven't invited any other man into your bed, have you?" Harry asked. The smile crossing his face was one of calm tranquility. He didn't say anything else, but what he implied was more than
enough. "I take it you've had your fair share of some fine Atlantean and Amazon women."

Mera smiled, guilty as charged. She and Diana both sampled their fair share of women from their respective kingdoms, and her thoughts drifted towards them, with a very wicked smile when thinking about them.

"Yes, Diana's younger sister has been invited to join us," Mera said. "And my aide, Tula, and a few others as well.....showing some younger girl the ropes and the pleasures of carnal activity is a royal duty if I may say so myself."

'Hey, if nothing else, Atlantis was known for its higher than normal education,' Chloe thought. She could barely keep a smile off of her face. 'And it's pretty hands on.'

'And now, I wish I had made the trip,' Tamsin thought. She had been stuck out in the middle of nowhere. Thankfully, the bond link and the fact she could connect herself to what was happening kept her entertained. Experiencing everything from afar was just as frustrating thought, she would have to say so herself.

'I think a lot of us wish we had made that trip now,' Faith said.

'It might have descended into an orgy of chaos which would have destroyed a lot of property,' Lana said.

'And you say this like it's a bad thing,' Faith thought.

Harry leaned in, enjoying the banter which was going through the bond. Mera and Diana pressed up against him, trapping him with no place to go. Why would Harry want to go anywhere when surrounded by two lovely women like this? He would have been foolish if he would have attempted to run anywhere if he was perfectly honest.

"We're in a time of transition," Mera said. She turned her full attention towards Harry. They pressed body on body with Mera easing her way closer towards Harry. She gave him a passionate kiss on the lips before pulling back from him. "Enjoy the downtime where it lasts."

Diana would enjoy it. Her mother warned her times of great peace often were just the harbinger of even greater war. The Amazon Princess understood this through her experiences and used the downtime to hone her skills.

"I have to say, I wish I had met you a long time ago," Diana said.

"But, then, you might not have married me, and where would we be now?" Mera asked, in a half-playful voice.

Diana thought about it. Mera might have had a good point. The Amazon decided to come out with a very proper counterpoint to her.

"Well, I'm pretty sure Harry would have been drawn to both of us, and we would have ended up in his collective as well," Diana said. "Still, you can't deny having several more years with the most wonderful man in the world would not have been a good thing."

"You know, my head's going to get swollen if you keep that up," Harry told her, in a fairly firm voice.

Diana rolled off of the bed and landed. Harry turned to see Diana standing by the dresser, her ass on display for him. It was as mother watering and juicy as anyone would expect.
"I'm pretty sure you know all about swollen heads," Diana said. She flipped her hair from her face. "I think we could all use a shower."

"And you're in for a treat," Mera said, rolling off the bed. The two ladies waited for Harry to join them. "The showers of Atlantis are some of the most luxurious in the world."

"Well, why don't you lead the way?" Harry asked.

The view on the way to the showers was quite lovely, Harry would be both blind and a fool not to enjoy the view. The architecture down the short hallway leading to the luxurious royal shower suite of Atlantis was also really good.

"And I think it would be best if we explore them in great detail," Mera said.

Mera and Diana moved Harry into the shower and lathered him up. The night of fun was going to end.

Night fell over Sunnydale. A light wind sent a downed newspaper flying off into the distance. All was silent, and all was calm. A cloud parted ways to reveal a full moon coming up over the horizon. The light flashed over the town.

Only those who were brave stepped into Sunnydale after dark. Or willing to take a gamble with their own lives. The most hardened of all skeptics would have to consider it.

Willow drove up, she had been running late and informed Buffy as such. It was just a chain of events which lead her to be out way too late. She pulled into the parking lot, taking note at the full moon. Something about it caused shudders to respond.

'Okay, she should still be here, unless she can into trouble,' Willow thought. 'It's a good thing Sunnydale isn't known for its Werewolf control problems.'

As Buffy said, they had not seen hide nor fang of a vampire in weeks and weeks. It made Willow feel a little bit relaxed. And also slightly nervous, even though she tried not to be.

She drove up in a parking space. Willow turned off the car and was about ready to get out. She paused and heard something in the darkness.

'Okay, weird,' Willow thought.

A loud thump hit the passenger's side of her car. Willow turned around and saw a sleazy, unkempt man try and break into her car. It started to punch the glass. Willow turned the engine back up, and gurned it in reverse, causing the sleazy man to fly off of her car.

Willow started to cough when red mist filled the car. She heard something in the backseat of her car. Willow chanced a look at her rear view mirror, only to see nothing in it.

There was most certainly something back there, and not giving off a reflection. Willow turned around and saw the same sleazy man sitting in the backseat. The man dove over the seat towards her. Willow responded by blasting him off, slamming her feet through the side door of the car, and rolling out, being driven breathless in the process.

The door opened and Willow stepped out. Her adrenaline pumped when walking inside. Given the
assholes could teleport into her car, staying inside the car would not exactly work.

The man jumped up. Willow blasted him and bounded his wrists together. She was so glad Harry taught her that one, even if the spell was pretty draining.

She spun around in time to see two more sleazy figures jump out of the bushes. One of them grabbed her. Willow flung them off. Melody had been teaching her some self-defense and that had been paying off, although she was still not as good at the physical stuff as she wanted to be.

One of the figures wrapped his arms and legs around her. His slimy body pushed against hers, and Willow launched him back into the car, causing it to smash.

Willow dropped to the ground, a cut, no a bite, on the side of her neck. She felt a bit dizzy, and very weakened as well. Her entire world started to swim around her.

The sleazy figure rose to his feet and tried to go after her again. He received a crossbow bolt to the chest which knocked him down.

Willow turned to see Buffy approaching them. Her vision clouded over, but she could make out her friend approaching. Her boots covered in ash when she approached them.

"Slayer!" one of the sleazy men yelled.

Buffy blocked the man's attack and flipped him over onto the ground. She withdrew a dagger and stabbed it which stiffened the man's body. He dropped down onto the ground.

The red fog lifted from the ground. Buffy noticed Willow slumped against the wall. Her horror doubled when a bite mark could be seen on the side of her friend's neck. Buffy's horror tripled when more of these sleazy, slimy, vampires crowded around her. Buffy turned her around.

'I'll be here as soon as I can,' Faith thought.

'Buffy, hang on a minute,' Harry thought.

Buffy hated when Harry had to intervene when she was trying to do her job. Unfortunately, though, she conceded it would be in her best interests for Harry to help her. She struggled when one of them grabbed her.

One of the bolts impacted the chest of the man. She impaled another vampire with the crossbow and pumped him full of splinters. One of them appeared next to her and smacked her back which caused her to fly back down onto the ground.

The roaring of a motorcycle filled the air. A leather-clad figure on a helmet in a motorcycle flew through the air. The vampires scattered when the motorcycle dropped to the ground. Buffy had to scatter as well to avoid this maniac from plowing her into the ground.

The Motorcycle revved up and a spotlight turned on. Simulated sunlight bathed the air and forced the vampires to scatter. Not all of them made it. Some of them turned into piles of dust.

Buffy walked over towards the woman who climbed over on the motorcycle.

"Move aside, Slayer, I'll take it from here," the woman said.

"Um, thank you, um...whoever you are?" Buffy asked.

"My name is Elsa Bloodstone," she said, pulling off her helmet to reveal a woman with flaming red
Buffy frowned, she heard this woman, Giles mentioned her once or twice in passing, and it was not a very glowing recommendation either. Elsa walked over and held a rock in the air which shined brightly.

"There's one more vampire in the area I need to exterminate," Elsa said.

Willow groaned when pulling herself to her feet. Her eyes glowed and head started to throb. A woman approached her with a long sword which glinted. Even being in proximity of the sword flared her skin up.

"There's the monster," Elsa said. "Now, it's time to put her out of her misery."

Buffy jumped in front of Elsa. Elsa only stopped short of slamming the sword through Buffy instead. Buffy withdrew a blade of her own and blocked the sword, pushing her back.

"What the hell is your problem?" Buffy asked. "That's my friend."

Elsa knew this conversation like the back of her hand.

"It was your friend," Elsa told her. "Vampires have no friends, only victims."

Elsa snapped the enchanted blade and grabbed Buffy by the scruff of the neck. She hurled the Slayer to the ground like a sack of garbage. Buffy collapsed down onto the ground, the wind knocked out of her. She rolled over and closed her eyes.

"She hasn't done anything to hurt anyone!" Buffy yelled.

"Are you just going to wait for her to slaughter some innocent child?" Elsa asked.

Willow jumped and knocked Elsa back a step before rushing towards the opened gate. She ran off into the night, a primal force taking over her body. Elsa rushed towards her from behind.

Buffy tripped Elsa and grabbed a handful of her hair, before hurling her down onto the ground. Willow vanished into the night.

"She needs help, and you scared her away, you psychopath!" Buffy yelled.

Elsa grabbed Buffy by her blonde hair and slammed her down onto the ground. Buffy fought back against the hunter, knocking her back.

"What the hell is her problem?"

Harry appeared to see Buffy in a tussle with a red-haired woman. He took a moment to sigh and rush in.

He restrained Buffy with one hand and restrained the mysterious vampire hunter with another hand. Harry looked at both of them and injected both with pheromones, which calmed them down, at least enough not to rip each other apart.

They really did have many uses. Harry still kept both women at an arm's length with each other to prevent either of them from jumping on the other.
"Okay, I'm going to ask you two what's going on," Harry said.

"The pack of vampires I ran into tonight….one of them attacked Willow," Buffy said. "I couldn't get to her fast enough."

"She should be put down before she loses herself completely," Elsa said.

Harry closed his eyes. Willow was distant, scared, confused, but he could still feel her.

"She's fighting it, she still has a chance," Harry said.

"How do you know?" the hunter demanded.

'Great, it's Punisher versus Daredevil all over again,' Daisy thought, biting down on her lips. 'Although this fight was much hotter than that one.'

"It's a feeling I have, she's my student, I have a slight connection to her," Harry said. "And you are….."

"Elsa Bloodstone, vampire hunter," she told him. "And you're him, aren't you?"

"Harry Potter, at your service," Harry said. "I'm going to release both of you in ten seconds. I don't want either of you to try to kill each other."

"Don't worry, I won't try this time if she gets in my way," Elsa said.

"Yeah, like you have a hope of beating me," Buffy said.

Harry cleared his throat roughly. Both of these women fell back into line. He waited a full ten seconds to make sure they were calm or at least as calm as they were going to be. He dropped down onto the ground.

The Master of Death scanned the ground and found some of the blood on the ground. Actually, he found more than some blood. A whole lot of blood had been spilled. Harry frowned when looking over the ground. The blood staining the ground was in volume.

He scrapped the blood off of the ground and put it in a test tube. The three of them flashed.

"Rose, could you please analyze the blood?" Harry asked.

"Of course," Rose said. "It should be done within the next five minutes."

"Compare it to the sample we've taken from Natalie," Harry said.

A couple of moments passed. Buffy and Elsa still gave each other stares of intense hatred, but Harry was willing to let it go, providing they didn't start fighting in his lab. He hated to have to clean up the mess.

"You're correct to have done so," Rose said. "The strain is a stronger version of the serum Natalie and her fellow vampires have been infected with."

"Blood's gone, though," Buffy said.

Harry knew as much, but he had a very disturbed theory.

"Yes, but some people could have gotten their hands on the research," Harry said. "Fine-tuned it,
enhanced it, maybe with other elements."

Harry had a few ideas what those elements might have been enhanced with. He didn't really want to make any guesses, though.

"HIVE's a fraction of what it used to be, but they shouldn't be counted out," Harry said. "They still have some resources and there are some members who are at large."

"I've heard a rumor about you, I wish to clarify it," Elsa said. "You have possession of the Philosopher's Stone, don't you?"

Harry wondered how this rumor reached her. He figured tails of his exploits may have crossed over numerous realms, so he wasn't about to count that out. Harry decided not to confirm nor deny anything, for now.

"I believe we can prepare a cure, to at least stabilize her temporarily," Indigo chimed in. "My calculations state though she will be further stabilized by being bound to you."

Buffy thought it was bound to happen sooner or later.

'Damn, though I wish for Willow's sake it was under happier circumstances,' Buffy thought.

'I think we all do.'

"I'll assure you the Stone is safe," Harry said.

"Good, and hope it remains that way," Elsa said. "It is part of something far darker than you can ever imagine."

Harry would argue his imagination was deep. Regardless, though, first priority would be to create a cure for Willow to stabilize her, at least temporary. He had a general idea where she was going.

'With her mind in such a state of constant flux, it's not going to be easy,' Harry thought.

'Would have been a lot easier if you would have bonded her sooner,' Daisy said, half teasing, half serious.

Chloe put Kara to work straight away on her first few weeks on the job. Not she minded, of course, she wanted to learn the ropes. And helping Chloe research a story.

"So, here's all of the reports regarding sights of any strange people on the west coast, vagrants, drifters, whatever you want to call them," Kara said. She slapped the pieces of paper in table, having them filed both by date and by jurisdiction. "It wasn't easy getting ahold of some of these…..this is a really odd one…..this one right here."

Chloe thought she could never find something odd after living in Smallville for a long time. She humored Kara though by looking onto it.

"He was brought in, and then by the morning he was gone," Chloe said. "The door was unlocked….and the security camera footage showed no one was even there."

"It's vampires then," Kara said. "Can they get picked up in the film?"
'Buffy? Faith? Anyone?' Chloe thought. 'I know about the mirror thing but I'm really not up to snuff with vampires.'

'Depends on the vampire,' Buffy thought. 'There's a lot of different classes, and not enough time to explain on. The more powerful ones wouldn't even have been captured. There would be dead cops on our hands as far as the eye could see.'

Kara leaned over and took a drink of coffee. Chloe was filing through some papers.

"It depends," Chloe said.

"Depends on what?" Kara asked.

"What type of vampires they are," Chloe said.

"Yes, it does. The further they're into the curse, the more likely they're not going to get picked up on camera."

Kara almost spilled her coffee all over herself. Harry reached over and caught the coffee before it could spill onto her.

"You look tired," Kara said. "You haven't found her yet, have you?"

"Chloe told you?" Harry asked.

"A little bit," Kara admitted.

"Well, I don't blame her, we need all of the help we can get," Harry said. "The fact she hasn't popped up is both encouraging and discouraging."

Kara wondered what Harry meant by that one. Harry decided to clarify what he did mean.

"The fact she hasn't been seen means she hasn't attacked anyone, and the fact she hasn't been seen means we have no viable leads," Harry said.

"Actually, scratch the no viable leads."

Chloe checked one of her sources and found a report of a woman matching Willow's description.

"She's been sighted, south of here," Chloe said. "That's not good if she is either. There's been a lot of mysterious deaths and disappearances in that particular neighborhood over the last few days."

'She couldn't have been doing this, could she?' Buffy asked.

'No, but she was drawn here,' Harry thought. 'I think we should find her first before we should start passing judgment."

Harry hoped she would stay still for long enough for them to grab her. Time ticked by. He turned towards Chloe and Kara.

"Both of you have done great work," Harry said.

"Kara did most of the heavy leg work," Chloe said.

"Hey, I'm the intern," Kara said. "It's what I do."
"Thank you, I owe you lunch," Harry said.

Kara smiled; she would have to collect on that particular debt when things settled down. She could hardly suppress the smile crossing her face.

An imposing gentleman with dark hair walked around a lab. Several creatures who mutated into giant bat creatures rattled some cages. They tried to escape from their containment. The man walked in between both of them. He held a remote control in one hand and a clipboard in the other.

The man pushed a button and released a cloud of smoke into the cages. The bat creatures had been paralyzed by the smoke which surrounded them.

"It appears we have made some progress," the man said. "When combining the work of Doctor Kirk Langstrom, along with the research done by the Order of Saint Dumas, and HIVE, and blood samples from the most powerful vampires on Earth, we will create the perfect vampire hybrids."

The gentleman noted down a few more points on the clipboard. He waited and smiled.

"The weak will be weeded out, and only the strong will survive."

A pale skinned gentleman with white hair stepped into the room. He dressed in regal attire and approached the man making notes.

"Have you made progress?" the pale gentleman asked.

"Yes, Dracula, the research has moved forward," the man said.

"I know you've wanted to do this work for a very long time, Doctor Knox," Dracula said. "We've encountered each other numerous times during our extended lifespans as you well know."

"Yes, and centuries worth of work is going to pay off," Knox said. "Your army will be ready for you. The sun will set on humanity, and a new world order will be formed."

Dracula bared his fangs with a devious little smile. He knew Knox, and his many aliases, to be a useful association. Maybe not one he could completely trust, but he was very useful.

Both men had their own plans and needed each other to pull them off.

To Be Continued on March 13th, 2017.

Things started up pretty hot, and end heated in another way, with Willow being infected.

Dracula, well he's likely high up on Harry's hit list. And his benefactor, well, he is as well.

Until Monday.
Change gripped Willow in all of the worst possible ways. Her skin flared up and something dark started to take root in her body. She kept running down the path and far away as possible.

'What's happening?'

This question came all over the back of Willow's mind, flaring up her body in the worst possible way. Some dark and brooding force stalked Willow around every corner.

'You can't outrun this any more than you can outrun yourself,' a voice thought in the back of her head. 'And you're trying to outrun yourself. You're trying to outrun the darkness inside if you. You can't escape it. You can only hope to embrace it and become it.'

Willow walked while trying to do the deep breathing exercises Harry taught her to help better channel her magic. It only worked for a small moment. She walked down the gnarled path and avoided a large rock which had been put in the path.

Something stalked her from the shadows, a dark shadow which never let up from stalking her. The only thing Willow could hope to do was outrun it and hope she could get to one point. The redhead witch skidded down the path.

She almost flipped over an open doorway. The cellar below was a long way down. Willow hung onto the walls. Sweat dripped down the back of her neck and down her shoulders. Willow clutched onto the side of the building and bent down at the knees. Everything came crashing down and the redhead's head kept throbbing when she tried to hold herself up to her full height.

'Have to keep trying,' Willow thought. 'Can't deny this...so much power.'

Willow shook her head to calm herself down. She managed to keep a level head, or what passed for a level head at least in a situation like this. She stepped over the entrance and put her foot on the first step. The step made a very audible creak when she tested the step.

Not very sturdy and it might have given out with the wrong moves, but Willow felt like she was almost safe in there. She took another step down the steps. Each step creaked and one of them cracked underneath her weight. She took one gentler step down and dropped down onto the ground.

'Easy does it, just have to catch your bearings.'

The moment Willow reached the ground, she fell back and collapsed. The fact her heart still beat showed the infection had not completely taken hold of her. Willow took both hands and placed them against the back of her head. She closed her eyes as tight as possible and started to breathe in and breath out.

The flow of oxygen in her body, despite the air being stale, made Willow relax a little bit. The sound of crashing glass made her less so relaxed. Something came after her and it reminded her a really old horror movie which increased the tension in her mind and body.
Willow bounced to her feet with surprisingly fast reflexes. She only took a calming step towards the edge and frowned, the frown deepening when she looked up.

"No one,' Willow thought. 'I sensed someone.'

Willow spotted something fluttering in the darkness of the basement. She reached around for a light switch. Whoever lived here must have left a long time ago, the dust and the decay in this basement made her light headed. Still, something relaxed her.

'If there's no one here, that means there's no one here to tempt me,' she thought.

Willow licked her own lips at the thought of a nice neck to chew. She touched the top of her head and dug the fingernails into her scalp. More breathing exercises, slowly keeping her at bay, but they also brought her to her knees further. All of the fatigue hitting her was trying to keep herself from breaking down. Willow raked her fingers against her face.

'Focus, focus,' she thought, chanting to herself.

Willow rose to her knees and found a light switch. The lights flickered and got on. She realized the swish was just an old tarp covering a dusty card table. Willow nodded.

'You can't be worried about this.'

"Oh, I think you should be plenty worried about what you're becoming."

Willow turned around and looked for the person who said this. The person did not show themselves. Willow bent down and picked up a jagged pool cue which had been dropped on the table. She moved around.

"Show yourself!" Willow yelled. "I'm armed."

"You're cute, you know that?"

Willow caught a hint of the dismissive indifference this person regarded her with and it terrified her to no end. She walked further into the shadows and waited for the person to pop up.

"Where are you?" Willow asked.

"Oh, you know, I'm everywhere."

Willow gripped the weapon, which seemed to be rather useless all things considered. She tried to pull a trick Harry showed her to supercharge the weapon. Her nerves got the better of her and all she received was a pile of dust.

"You're cute," the voice taunted. "Really cute, you don't really know what you're becoming. The darkness is always inside the brightest soul. You can smile, you can be quirky, but there's always some hurt. And some repression, some serious repression."

Willow turned around and saw a redhead woman in the mist who resembled her. She dressed in skintight black leather, and it distracted Willow for a second to see herself in such a state.

"I'm hallucinating, I have to be," Willow said.

The darker reflection looked at the lighter reflection for a few minutes.

"Mmm, maybe," the second Willow said. "Maybe you're just coming to turns with what you are."
Willow rushed forward to attack this woman in leather who wore her face. She dropped down to the shadows.

"Time to feed, time to stop denying yourself," she whispered. "Time to join your pack.....if you deny it, things will only get worse."

Willow spun around and lashed out at something which grabbed her by the shoulder. A man gave a surprised yell and dropped down to the ground.

The witch stepped back, horrified, at what she done. She sensed blood still pumped through this man's veins. He was still alive, but only just.

Willow rushed towards the steps, which crumbled out from underneath her. Willow stepped back from them, nothing was going her way. How could everything go so wrong?

"You can make it out," she said

Willow closed her eyes. The need to feed, and more strongly, the need to mate, hit her strongly. She was slowly succumbing to whatever this disease was doing to her. No steps, no way out.

It was a long way up, but Willow wondered if she could make the jump. Everything in her slowed down to a crawl.

"You can make it out."

"Do I look like Superwoman?" she asked.

"No, but you can make it."

Willow no longer saw the second figure but figured she was there, somewhere, taunting her. Willow bent at the knees and jumped out, clearing the area. She felt like she could take on the entire world.

Elsa realized fairly quickly Buffy was keeping a close eye on her. She did not make the best first impression ever. The hunter offered no apologies, given the situation, she almost understood where Buffy came from. The only acceptable vampire was a dead vampire, though.

"We can end this," Elsa said. "We find the powerful vampire they're bound to and put him on the ground, it ends."

Buffy thought about it. Good idea in theory, although Buffy had a few problems with how it might work in practice.

"And all of his or her followers are going to go down with him," Buffy said. She put both hands on her hips and stared down Elsa. "And that includes Willow. I'm not really to bring her down with all of this. I refuse to….."

Elsa could see the deep-rooted guilt in the girl's eyes. She blamed herself for not being quick enough. Elsa found herself traveling down that particular road more than enough. The road was a very barren one, leading to self-loathing.

"You shouldn't blame yourself," Elsa said. "There was nothing you could do."

"Keep telling me that, and one day, it might actually be true," Buffy said.
She turned her attention away and looked out. Three days, almost four days passed, and there had only been a few small hints of Willow. She had not been captured by whoever was leading this pack which Buffy saw as a good thing. The fact she did not come out was a bad thing, though.

"You really think killing the pack leader will stop this?" Buffy asked.

"Are you willing to do what's necessary to put the needs of many over the needs of one?" Elsa asked.

Buffy closed her eyes. The question pierced her down to the very soul. It was a hard question to take. Would she really be selfish enough to do this? There would be no right answer, and she stepped down the slippery slope.

'You're not really considering this, are you?' Sara asked.

'I'm just trying to weigh the pros and cons of everything,' Buffy thought. 'And I have complete faith in Harry he'll find a way to save Willow....and I suppose everyone else who is been infected if they can be saved.'

That last qualifier made Buffy lurch a little bit. Faith stepped into the room behind them to join the two, and they were waiting for Harry.

"I'm going to tell you this right now," Faith said. "If you want to go out there, you'll do this Harry's way and no other way. You try and get cute, and you'll have to answer to me, and the rest of Harry's Collective."

Elsa only barely stopped herself for smiling. So he did have a collective of women who were fanatically loyal to him. She thought that would be very interesting.

"Where is your master?" Elsa asked.

"Standing right behind you ready to give you good news and bad news."

Elsa almost jumped high in the air. She withdrew her sword instinctively and looked an inch away from stabbing it through Harry. Harry looked back at her, unblinkingly, with a sharp smile crossing over his face.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it eventually," Faith said. "So, what's the bad news?"

She figured it was best to get the bad news out of the way so they could at least try to end things in a positive manner. It might have been too much to hope for, but Faith really did hope they could keep their head up.

"The bad news is there's no one vampire," Harry said. "Rose and Indigo both analyzed the strain and we've come to the conclusion it was manufactured in a lab."

"Oh, boy," Buffy muttered. "Please tell me you have a cure."

"That's the good news," Harry said. "Willow hasn't been under the thrall for long, therefore we should be able to save her."

"What about the rest of them?" Elsa asked. "Do you intend to save them?"

Elsa thought if there was a way, she could along with it. Still, once they tasted blood, as far as Elsa had been concerned, they were as good as dead to her and anyone with any sense as well.
"If they can be saved," Harry said. "But, time is not on their sides."

"She's still out there," Buffy said. The Slayer took a moment to take in everything. She asked the one question where she really did not want to ask, but she knew she had to. "So, she still has her humanity, doesn't she? She hasn't been destroyed by this disease or anything?"

Harry squeezed Buffy's hand in response.

"I'll know once she slips," Harry said. "She's closer to the edge than any of us would like."

The door burst open before Buffy could process all of this. Daisy stepped in and looked at the party. She got a sense from moment one about how everything looked to be slipping down.

"So, did I come in at a bad time?" Daisy asked.

"If you have valuable information we can use, then no," Harry said.

"Well, we've been able to confirm that the people behind this have taken their experiment to the next level," Daisy said. "A bus full of college students was just hijacked."

Harry did not need her to fill in some of the more gruesome details. They infected high school and college aged people for the most part. He did not have to be a rocket scientist to be able to put two and two together. The next round of test subjects was found and they raced against the clock to try and stop them.

"We may also have a lead," Daisy said. "There's a man named Curtis Knox….he's very shifty…..here's a picture of him."

Daisy flashed an image of an imposing dark haired man with a dark beard, dressed in a three-piece suit. He was giving a lecture about something.

"Seems pretty shifty," Faith said.

"Oh, the shift doesn't even begin with Knox," Daisy said. "I want you to look at this."

Daisy pulled up another picture.

"This was a man Agent Carter encountered in the past," Daisy said.

"So, she's met Knox?" Harry asked.

"Yes, during World War II," Daisy said. "And he doesn't look like he's aged a day since then."

"So, is he a vampire or something?" Buffy asked. "Or did he take some sort of super serum to regress his aging like Agent Carter did?"

Daisy couldn't really answer it. She was sure something was up, and there was really no idea what it might be.

Harry was certain Curtis Knox, whoever he was, was something, something really dangerous. He looked familiar, like an immortal which Death told him was on the top of her list. He wondered.

"Holly's already on the inside, and if she isn't back in ten minutes, I'm supposed to lead a team to her location," Daisy said. "And since you're already ready to go….you're on my team, if you want to go."
Harry took one look at the location map and drew a couple of very interesting conclusions based off of some context clues.

"I think Willow's on her way there," Harry said.

Curtis Knox lived a very long life under many aliases. He knew how to get things done, and had achieved many things during his life. He saw the beginnings of civilizations, the fall of civilizations, men rise to power, men fall from power. He had seen everything from men discovering fire all the way to the invention of Internet.

Despite all of the inventions around the world, Knox held between his fingers a masterwork. His smile widened when looking over the tube. The serum, combined with the work of several people, and centuries of research was all here. He almost created the perfect serum to turn particularly normal humans into ravenous monsters.

"Show me what you have, Doctor Knox?"

Dracula appeared in a flicker. Knox brushed off the fact the world's most infamous vampire just flashed in front of him.

"It's done," Knox said. "I have to say, I think I've outdone myself with this invention."

"Yes, the last batch….they ended up deformed after a number of days," Dracula said. "Only those with magic have a better chance….and they have such a natural resistance, it would take numerous days to break down their minds and make them submit."

Dracula took the serum. He drew in the aroma. Such power, such vigor, he could hardly wait to test it on the new round of test subjects. They would bend to his will. The ultimate vampire prepared to have a brand new brood to submerge the world under darkness.

"You may have outdone yourself on this one after all," Dracula said. "But, naturally, we must test it….and we can only test it on the strongest of them all."

"And how will you know that?" Knox asked.

"I'll know it," Dracula said.

Knox knew it was pretty difficult to argue with someone who had pretty much told him what was going on. Once Dracula tested the serum and gave it passing marks, then Knox could begin with the weaponization process and spread it across the nation, then around the world.

'EARTH IS TOO CRAMPED,' Knox thought. 'IT'S A LONG TIME OUTDEU WHERE I EXERCISE SOME LONG OUTDEU POPULATION CONTROL.'

"Is there anything I should know before we proceed?" Dracula asked.

"Once the serum is injected," Knox said. He let his words linger and chose the next few very carefully. "They will submit to either you or a force which is more powerful than you."

Dracula's eyes flared red and fangs bared. "There's no force in this world that is more powerful than I am."

Knox only nodded. He disagreed. The man paused and looked over his shoulder.
"It appears the friend of one of the Slayers has found her way into our sights," Knox said.

"Perfect," Dracula said. "Yes, I can sense her, and soon she will bend. And then she will either kill her former friend, or she will be killed by her."

Either way, Dracula smelled blood and it would be spilled. Either way, Dracula would win the night.

Holly Granger squeezed herself through a vent. She tried to slow her breath and heart rate not to get caught up by the vampires. She had to find the hostages at any cost. She shifted through the grate and tried to push it off.

The vent covering pushed off. Holly shot a grapnel down and latched onto the vent covering to prevent it from dropping down onto the floor and alerting the entire compound. Holly slipped down and tried to connect with the base.

"Dawn?" Holly asked. "Anybody?"

Holly realized she was on her own. The backup team would be coming within the next ten minutes. She hoped to be out by then. At least, that was the plan.

One wrong move and Holly would suffer a horrific end by one of those blood sucking demons of the night. She walked down the hallway. The darkened hallways allowed her a perfect spot to prevent from being seen.

The heat sensory goggles would do her no good with vampires, as did the mirror reflector on her wristband. She lifted a hand up and pointed it off to one side.

'Living dangerously,' Holly thought. 'Oh well, you never had much sense, so what's the harm?'

Peggy had complete faith in her, something which still astounded Holly to this day. She had gone off script so many times it was not even funny. Yet, Holly had a pretty good reason every time.

One of the lab doors lingered open. Holly took another step inside and came across one of the more horrific sights she could ever imagine.

Several cages lined up against the wall. Hideous, deformed, bat mutant creatures had been trapped in the cage. Holly caught one look at their eyes and saw the pain in them. Whoever transformed these creatures did a job on them.

One of the cages rattled and the creature, sensing fresh blood, tried to break free. The cages rattled and caused a ruckus. The ruckus would no doubt attract the attention of the guards. Holly tensed up, preparing to fight her way out of here.

'Great, just great,' Holly thought.

One of the cages almost broke free from the frenzy. Holly had bigger problems them the hideous vampire monsters which were attacking her. The guards were coming down the hallway.

Two beefy, brawny, men stepped into the room. They didn't look among the brightest bulbs in the box.

The cage broke open and one of the vampire monsters escaped. Holly made her way up the set of stairs and never really looked back.
Thankfully, for her, the escaped monster decided he would much rather spill the blood of the beefy guards than the fit government agent wearing a skintight bodysuit. Good for them, she guessed.

Holly heard something in the shadows. She aimed the crossbow, compliments of Agent Carter's partnership with Harry Potter, and waited for something to attack her. Something moved past her pretty fast and did not quit moving.

'Curious,' she thought.

Of course, he curiosity meant Holly would follow it.

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Harry stepped into the hallway. He could sense an immortal in the hallway no sooner than he arrived. Faith, Buffy, Daisy, and Elsa stepped into the hallway just a couple of steps behind him. Elsa stopped and consulted the band around her wrist.

"Vampires," Elsa said. "They're above."

The sounds of two people being ripped apart upstairs lead to a very bad omen. Buffy clutched her hand around the dagger in one hand and her hand in the crossbow in the other. She did not want to have to be the one to have to put Willow down.

A scream echoed and a man with ripped up clothes rushed down the stairs. Harry recognized the uniform as some kind of private security force.

"That's Knox's personal security," Daisy said. "Only he's not doing…oh my god!"

A hideous creature dropped down in front of them. Green slime and human blood dripped from the creature's mouth. It looked hideous, and the never ending look of pain etched on its face was what nightmares were made of.

Three more creatures joined having been broken free from their cage. Harry shot the cure daggers at the four creatures.

The creatures screamed and smoke billowed from their bodies. Other than the smoke coming off of them, the cure daggers had no effect whatsoever.

"So, are we doing this the hard way then?" Elsa asked.

Buffy propelled back into the wall one of the creatures swiped her. The only way this poor beast could alleviate its pain was to attack its prey.

"Looks that way," Buffy said.

Buffy knocked the creature back. Another one swarmed around her until Faith came back for the attack.

"Keep your eye on the ball!" Faith yelled.

Buffy shook her head. The thought Willow could have been turning into this made her sick to her stomach. She glimpsed Daisy knocking one of the creatures through a set of doors and all the way down the stairs out of the corner of her eye.

A second creature had been lead away from the girls, leaving Elsa, Buffy, and Faith to deal with two
of the most dangerous creatures.

'Okay, I'm focused,' Buffy thought, frowning. 'Let's do this.'

A flash of light distracted Buffy. The two remaining creatures dropped down to the ground. They burst into flames.

The dust cleared, and Willow turned up. She looked different, more assured of herself.

"They were keeping me from my mate," Willow said. "And no one is going to keep me from my mate."

Elsa had the perfect shot to take Willow down. She hesitated and paid dearly for it when Willow hoisted her off of the ground and hurled her through a plate glass window.

"Are you two going to keep me away from my prize?" Willow asked.

Buffy's hand shook when she held the weapon on Willow. Pointing a weapon at a nameless, faceless, monster was a whole lot different than pointing it at a friend.

"Willow, you're sick," Buffy said.

"No, I'm whole," Willow said.

Faith and Buffy held their weapons. Elsa had been taken out, Daisy and Harry vanished into part's unknown, and it left them holding the bag.

"Don't make me hurt you."

"Oh don't worry, you can't hurt me," Willow said in a sweet voice.

'Rip the Slayers apart, before they put you down,' a commanding voice said.

Faith groaned. Willow's blood lust gave her a hint of where this was heading. She sprung at Buffy, poised for an attack, with her fangs bared.

To Be Continued on March 16th, 2017.

All I can say is things are going to get very dangerous pretty quickly.

More on Thursday.
Buffy sidestepped Willow's attack. Willow dropped down to the ground and she turned around to fight her. Willow made some pretty quick movements and grabbed Buffy around the arm before hoisting her up off of the ground. The Slayer struggled, trying to convey to her friend that it was still her. Willow looked to be completely out and possessed by some force.

"I really don't want to hurt you," Buffy said.

Willow sensed weakness in the Slayer. Buffy still cared about her, something that the newly minted vampire almost laughed it.

"I warned you to get out of my way," Willow said. She held Buffy by her arm with a surprising grip of strength and the energy drew out of her body.

Faith shot a bolt at Willow's arm. It was not meant to be a lethal shot. The attack did its job in getting Willow to drop Buffy down to the ground. She instead turned her attention towards Faith and rushed towards her. Willow lunged at Faith who dodged out of the way.

The heart of the Slayer kicked into high gear. She could see Willow pulling her attacks slightly which meant there was still some hope she was fighting the forces within. Faith adjusted her stance and ducked out of the way. She flung a metal orb into the air. The orb lit up like a Christmas tree and flung some wires towards Willow.

Willow dropped to the ground, the wires ensnaring her. Buffy and Faith stepped on either side of her. The sounds of battle continued from above them, and they had no idea whether or not it was good for bad. They really did hope that whatever was happening with the battle, it favored them.

"So, that holds," Buffy said. She breathed in and out. "At least for now."

"Maybe," Faith said.

She had a really bad feeling, one which rose with each passing minute. The bad feeling increased the second something happened. Willow broke free of her containment, grabbed Buffy by one arm, and Faith by the other. She flung them down onto the ground. A feral look spread over her features. The darkness spreading through her increased when pinning down the two other girls.

"Willow, fight it, fight it with everything you have!" Buffy groaned.

A loud crack from up above distracted all three parties. Holly Granger dropped down onto the back of Willow’s head and knocked her away. Willow rolled onto the ground and came face to face with the government agent.

Holly, taking this matter in stride, mounted a shoulder cannon and fired it at Willow. Willow evaded the attack and the first two blasts made their way into the wall. She refused to give Holly a chance to fire off a third blast. She ran with surprising speed and grabbed onto the cannon.

The two redheads locked into a very intense battle with the cannon. Willow flipped Holly over onto
her back and she hit the ground with a sickening thud. The transformed witch put the cannon between her hands and exerted enough strength to crush it into dust.

Holly stood next to Buffy and Faith. The agent looked towards the two Slayers.

A figure dragged herself through a broken window. Blood dripped from the ground. Elsa caught Willow out of mid-air when she dove at the Slayers with a dagger to the stomach. The energy discharge caught Willow and flung her back against the wall.

Willow slid down to the ground, showing no obvious signs of life.

"What did you do?" Buffy asked.

"Saved your…lives," Elsa said. She spat up a lot of blood when saying the word lives. It was harder than hell to keep her head up and not drop down to the ground. "I'd say you're welcome, but you're not quite out of the woods just yet."

Willow slowly opened her eyes, growled, and bounced up to her feet. Elsa withdrew another dagger. Willow blocked the attack before Elsa could fire it off. The girl bound Elsa and forced her to her knees. Willow looked down at Elsa, thinly veiled contempt flashing through her eyes.

"You are a nuisance, you keep getting in my way," Willow said.

"Then kill me," Elsa said.

Elsa wondered what a creature bathed in such darkness would not finish her off. It did not make sense to her. Willow had a grip around her neck and with her strength, even as a new found vampire, it would be easy enough to kill her.

Willow released Elsa's neck and caused her to fall on the ground. She looked down at the hunter's neck, so succulent, so delicious, she could help but take a good long look at it.

Buffy grabbed Willow by the arm and Willow spun around to nail Buffy in the side of the face. The Vampire Slayer slammed against the wall with a thunderous force.

"Willow, take a deep breath and focus."

Harry dropped down behind her before anyone else could attack. Willow looked eye to eye with Harry.

"Harry," Willow said. "He's in my head….he's trying….he's…"

She walked over towards Harry and looked at him with a pleading look. One look into his green eyes and one dose of his pheromones calmed Willow down. Her head cleared up. She walked closer towards Harry, almost testing the ground when walking towards him. Her knees shook when approaching Harry. Each step, she reached him, closer, closer.

Harry placed his hand on Willow's cheek and began to stroke it. She relaxed, ever so slightly. Still, she was on pins and needled.

Elsa rolled over and rose to her feet. Buffy woke up from the temporary trip into dreamland as well. Her head throbbed and ached. Faith turned to check on her fellow Slayer, offering her a hand up.

'Harry Potter, vampire whisperer,' Faith thought, shaking her head.

She looked towards Elsa. Elsa opened her mouth to say something. Faith stepped in to block her at
the pass.

"Let the man do his work," Faith said to Elsa, warning in her eyes.

Willow dropped to her knees in front of Harry, in submission to him. The more powerful master overrode the commands of the one who tried to ensnare her mind. Harry motioned for her to rise to her feet, so she did in front of him.

"So much power," Willow muttered. She wrapped her arms around Harry's neck and smiled when leaning in towards him. "May I....."

A thunderous sound pulled Willow away from Harry. Annoyance filled the eyes of all of the parties involved. Another thunderous sound and a third thunderous sound followed.

Daisy dropped down, slightly shaken, but it could have been worse. She looked a bit banged up from the battle, but pretty fine otherwise. She looked towards Holly, the Slayers, Elsa, Harry, and Willow. She just had a feeling she interrupted something.

"Now might not be the time, unfortunately," Harry said. "So, Daisy, what's going on?"

"We have a bit of a problem," Daisy said. Harry raised his eyebrow and Daisy decided to amend his previous statement. "Actually, we have a pretty big problem.....and they're coming down the hallway right now."

Daisy used vibrations to seal the metal door shut. It would not hold for long, though. The pounding continued to escalate as someone was trying to break out on the other side.

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Curtis Knox walked up to the main control center and accessed all of the security systems. Much to his utter dismay, the base had been compromised, and what was worse, he was here. The man who Knox was not ready to encounter, at least just not yet, and yet the specter of him had taunted Knox all throughout history.

"No, not after all of these years," Knox muttered. "He's going to ruin everything again, but not if I stop him. And I will stop him."

Knox made his way over to the lab. This particular lab contained rejects, the man-bat hybrids created by the rejected version of the vampire serum. All of these monsters tore at their cage, in desperation to escape from their predicament. All of them struggled and slammed their way against the cages. One of them almost broke through the cage.

"Calm yourself, soon salvation will be at hand," Knox answered.

Knox walked behind a glass wall. Once secured, Knox pulled back a control panel and inserted a key into the wall. The key activated an electrical charge connected to all of the devices within the cages. The cages clicked open and the monsters had been unleashed.

Down the hallway, Daisy finally put the monster she had been fighting with down. She wiped the sweat dripping off her brow and took a deep and calming breath. Everything started to go into a greater level of insanity.

'At least I can join the rest of my team now,' Daisy thought. The loud growling came off in the distance and caused Daisy to go more rigid. 'Or not, I guess.....well...this could be pretty painful.'
Daisy turned her attention down the hallway and one hideous creature charged towards her. The empowered agent lifted a hand and sent a blast of concussive energy towards the man-bat monster. The monster struck the wall hard.

Three more monsters approached her, make that six more, no eight more, and Daisy could see them still coming. Daisy stepped back. She was game enough for a fight as much as the next person. Hell, she was game for a fight more than the next person, but she also wasn't an idiot. Throwing down with these monsters on her own meant she was going to get ripped apart.

Daisy slammed a hand down to the ground and caused it to rock underneath her. The monsters had been rocked as well. Daisy rushed down across the hallway and made her way through a set of doors.

She found the control panel and accessed it. Her fingers had to move fast, real life and death situation her. No time to think, just plenty of time to do. Daisy typed in the commands to seal the doors and give her plenty of room against the monsters.

Daisy made her way down the hallway. The loud pounding knew a metal door would not hold them for long.

'Thankfully they haven't mustered up the brain cells to realize they can teleport,' Daisy thought. 'Otherwise, we would kind of have a real problem. Don't...don't worry about it. Just keep running. Harry should be around the corner.'

Daisy turned around the corner. She would have normally been happy Harry found Willow and she appeared to be about ready to submit to him. She skidded to a stop and took several ragged breaths. Daisy clutched her knees, breathing deeply. This had not gone her way.

She just had a feeling she interrupted something very important, but she was too breathless to care at this point.

"Now might not be the time, unfortunately," Harry said. "So, Daisy, what's going on?"

"We have a bit of a problem," Daisy said. Harry raised his eyebrow and Daisy decided to amend his previous statement. "Actually, we have a pretty big problem....and they're coming down the hallway right now."

The pounding on the other side of the metal door continued. One of the creatures slammed himself through as hard and fluid as he could. The metal door lifted off of the ground and flew off to the ground.

The army of Man-Bat creatures stepped forward. Elsa, renewed and ready, prepared to lead the charge. The sword in her hand would finally be put to some good use, other than decoration.

"Stop!" Willow yelled.

The creatures paused for long enough. Harry raised an eyebrow. To say this was not something he expected, it would be putting things wildly. The creatures growled but did not move. Willow stepped, putting herself between Harry and the others, and the army of Man-Bats.

"All of you, you're just puppets for an evil man," Willow said. "But, you're hurting. You're really hurt, bad, and you want to be sent on. You want to be at peace, don't you?"

Buffy's mouth hung open. She had never thought this would work. If Willow told her this plan before acting it out, she might have judged it to be completely insane. Yet, the proof was right in
front of her. Willow was talking the creatures off of a ledge somehow.

"This man, he's the one who can bring you home," Willow said. She pointed towards Harry. "My Master will send you to the beyond. He will eliminate your pain."

Harry turned towards them. All of the creatures stopped and looked at them. One of them looked skeptical, or at least Harry assumed it was a look of skepticism. It was really hard to tell at this point in time. The creature snarled louder than ever before.

"Prove it to them," Willow said. "Send them to their reward."

Harry raised his hand towards one of the vampires. Energy coursed through his hand. A bright white light engulfed the vampire. He had been decayed and sadly beyond hope. Also, the lack of food left him in a never ending state of agony, and that wasn't even counting what experiments.

The other creatures watched as one of their own disappear. They felt relief that another's pain had been spared.

"Destroy…him….destroy…..Dracula!" another one of the creatures yelled.

Buffy and Faith opened their mouths wide. Elsa's anger increased even more at hearing this particular name. There was not a shadow of a doubt in her mind this Dracula was they Dracula. Holly and Daisy looked agitated as well.

Harry just looked tranquil and tried not to let this little bit of news bother him. He turned towards the creatures and raised one hand in front of them. More light flared from his fingertips.

"Don't worry, I will."

Their humanity had vanished in life, and only in death would they finally be free. Harry's mastery over Death gave them a chance to break free of this limbo between two existences, and they would only then finally be at peace.

Buffy leaned in and placed a hand on Willow's shoulder. Willow slowly turned to face Buffy.

"Don't worry, I won't bite," Willow said. Buffy responded with a very audible groan. "What is it too soon?"

Regardless of it being too soon, Buffy had to smile of Willow snapping out of scary rage mode and being in enough of a mind to lighten the mood.

"Yes," Buffy said. She held her breath and decided to ask the question. "So, how do know that would work?"

Willow placed her hands on her hips and shrugged. "I didn't, good thing it did."

Buffy sighed, that was more than fair enough, she guessed.

Dracula stalked down the hallways, robes billowing from him. He was so close to gaining a valuable follower. One who would allow him to finish off the Slayers once and for all. The King of Vampires required someone of great power and she would be of perfect power.

He stalked down the hallway, anger flooding through his eyes. He would see about this. The Master
of Death would perish at his hands. No force on Earth would be more powerful than him.

"So, I understand you're not happy with me."

Dracula came face to face with the one and only Harry Potter. He heard stories of the boy's exploits, but he did not concern himself with the sorcerer's existence. Up until recently, his exploits only centered around the magical community of Great Britain, and there was nothing Dracula needed there.

"So, you're the one who mastered Death," Dracula said. "And now you've taken my servant. Make no mistake about it, I will kill her, and the Slayers."

Harry fired one attack at Dracula. Dracula blocked the attack and forced Harry back to the ground. Both of them locked eye to eye with each other. Another attack fired and Dracula once again eased out of the way before the attack could slice him in half.

"This battle is futile!" Dracula yelled. "I've lived longer than the community you've come from."

"Which means you've overstayed your welcome even more than they have," Harry said.

He raised his hands and blinded Dracula with a blast of simulated solar flare. The creature flung his cape over his hands. Harry moved in for the attack and withdrew the Sword of Godric Gryffindor to take him down.

Dracula manifested a blood red sword in his hand. The two blades slammed together. Both Harry and Dracula shifted back and forth, evenly matched in the battle. Neither was willing to back down.

"For a mere mortal, you have strength," Dracula said.

"If you think I'm either mere or a mortal, you know nothing about me," Harry said.

"Regardless, it would be beneficial of the two of us to work together," Dracula said.

Harry figured they were going to go down that route eventually. It happened with Riddle, and now it was happening with Dracula.

"If I had an heir, he would be just like you," Dracula said.

Harry only responded by swinging the sword of Godric Gryffindor towards Dracula. The sword connected with the wall and obliterated it, turning it into dust.

Both of them continued their fighting, swinging their respective weapons. A flash of steel swinging the air and teleportation continued. Harry studied Dracula's patterns and slowly whittled them down to a science.

Dracula found this one of the most dangerous opponents he had ever fought. Not since the glory day of Captain America, had he had an opponent who challenged him so greatly.

"You should join me!"

"And you should die."

Harry caught Dracula with a vicious slash with the sword. The magical blade cut into his chest and Dracula screamed in agony.

"No matter, I have…legions of followers….who will sacrifice themselves to restore me….and to
ensure their master…will remain strong,” Dracula said.

The windows blasted open and three of those minions dropped down to the ground. Two more scooped up Dracula and disappeared into a cloud of dust.

It left Harry to deal with the minions. They were a bit smarter than the ones they fought earlier. Not the mindless beasts Willow convinced to allow Harry to kill.

Harry sent his sword into the chest of one of the charging creatures and drew a significant amount of blood from him. The blood dripped to the ground when Harry spun around when another creature grabbed him. A decapitating blow took the creature out.

The third of the vampire minions rushed at Harry. Harry channeled all of the energy possible into one bright solar flare which took out the final vampire minion.

Harry did not have a chance to catch his breath due to the beeping sounds and the sirens. Someone obviously activated a self-destruct sequence at the base.

'Escape plan, you know the drill,' Harry thought.

'Already on it,' Daisy thought. 'Meet you back at base.'

Harry took a second to try and pick up Dracula's trail. The trail went cold and Harry focused on getting out of there. The red lines surrounding the base indicated some explosion was at hand.

Holly, Harry, and Daisy made it back to the government base. It took them a while before they had a chance to catch their breath and settle back down.

"Knox?" Peggy asked. "This is some bad news indeed."

Peggy moved her way to the database and punched up the information. An image flashed across the screen of a dark-haired man in a suit. He had been giving a lecture a college university.

"Curtis Knox is how you know him today," Peggy said. "However, he's gone under different names over the years. In World War II, I knew him as Michael Hunter, a sadistic scientist who worked with HYDRA, in their experiments. Here he is, in the Civil War, and his name was David Willis there. He helped supply the Confederate Army in their battles with the Union and some evidence exists he convinced John Wilkes Booth to assassinate President Lincoln."

Harry was pretty sure the rabbit hole dug deeper. A few more pictures of the man known was flashing back through the times. It ended of a portrait of him leading a group of Spanish Conquistadores conquering the Mayans many centuries back.

"So, he's long lived," Daisy said. "Who is he really?"

"His real name is Vandal Savage," Peggy said. "He can be traced through history a long way back."

"And he's immortal," Harry said. "He's one of the people Dee-Dee wants to bring in the most, and now….we have a lead on him."

Savage found a way to outrun Death for countless generations. Now Death had finally chosen her champion, the sands of time ticked down on Vandal Savage.
"We're in for a real rough next few months," Peggy warned them. "I know Savage and I know Dracula…and the two of them combined is a rather rough deal indeed."

Harry would have to agree.

"They went underground," Harry said. "But, whatever they're up to, this is the trial one."

If Harry knew Dracula, and he was getting a pretty good measure of the man, he was not going to take this encounter lying down. Harry managed to snatch a potential convert out from underneath his nose and he wounded Dracula.

"You wounded him, so Dracula will be back for you," Peggy said. "Not even Captain America was able to accomplish that much, and he failed Dracula's plans numerous times."

"I'm honored," Harry dryly responded.

Willow sat in the room. She was calming down a little bit, although quite anxious and waiting for Harry. She took the antidote which made her calmer, and yet she remained on edge.

She had been isolated, just in case, the antidote had any side effects. She talked to Buffy from the other side of the door and apologized so many times about sending Buffy into the wall. She would also apologize to Elsa, even though she did try and kill her.

The redhead leaned back, the nightdress she wore only stretching down to a little bit past her thighs. For some reason, she could not walk around in clothes for long. And unless she wanted to go, full nudist, Willow figured she better find a way to deal with that.

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

"Come in!" Willow said, knowing this could only be one person.

Harry walked inside and he carried a tray of food for her. Willow smiled when looking at the food.

"How are you feeling?" Harry asked.

"Hungry," Willow said. "But, you take care of that. And I really love you for it!"

Willow began to tear into the food. She could feel it invigorate her, but something was missing. She could not really put her finger on it. She downed the refreshing orange juice which Harry gave her.

"You're now stable, for the moment," Harry said. "When giving you the antidote, combined with my blood."

"So, that's why the bloodlust vanished, because you gave me some of your blood," Willow said. She crossed her ankles together. "Why does my body feel like it's on fire, though?"

"You still need to be stabilized completely," Harry said. "And the only way to do that is……"

"For us to mate," Willow said. "I figured as much and…hey, we were going to get down to it sooner or later, weren't we?"

Harry smiled and waited for Willow to lean in towards him. She finished the kiss they started earlier. The witch opened her mouth eagerly and accepted Harry's tongue down her throat. He really knew
how to push all of her buttons.

"Mmm, you don't know how long I've dreamed about this," Willow said.

"I could guess," Harry told her.

Willow already shrugged off her night dress. She had been a bit more relaxed around Harry. Months ago if she would have had to strip down in front of him, she might have gotten a nosebleed. Now she was calmer, more liberated.

"So, I don't know about you, but I'm ready."

Harry chuckled, so he noticed. And he was ready to indulge the brilliant redhead in whatever she wanted.

Willow sauntered towards Harry. Her red hair set upon her face and she looked towards Harry with hungry eyes. Her perky breasts rested upon her chest with a pair of nipples hardening for her lover. Harry raked his eyes down her body, taking it all in. Her pale skin shined in the light, with a strip of red hair covering her pussy and it really did stand out in an intoxicating way.

Harry drew Willow into him with another kiss. The kiss blew her mind and allowed Harry to slowly explore her body. Willow responded by grinding into Harry. He reached down to cup her ass.

Willow squealed into his mouth when Harry worked his tongue deeper into her.

He lowered her down onto the bed and kissed down from her neck, down her collarbone. All the way down her body. Willow moaned as his lips hit certain points on her body. He got lower and lower until he reached her pussy and paused with a smile.

"You want me to lick this?" Harry asked. He slowly fingered Willow to get her riled up. "You want me to stick my tongue in your pussy and go down on you?"

"Please!" Willow squealed. No matter how good his finger was in her, she heard enough about how good his tongue was from Buffy and Faith. She wanted it inside her to experience it firsthand.

Harry leaned down and kissed down from her navel, getting closer and closer. Willow spread her thighs and made sure to show Harry how much her pussy dripped for him.

"Such a good little pussy," Harry said. "Time to see if it tastes as good as it looks."

Willow almost passed out the second Harry parted her lips with his tongue. He swirled around her insides, licking and going down on her. Willow reached up to encourage Harry. Harry not only just ate her out. He also caressed and rubbed her thighs. She thought she was going to die.

Harry delved between Willow's sweet thighs to lap up the juices. Such good juices they were, from such a naughty little witch. He pushed deeper into her and decided to accelerate his oral attentions to a brand new level. He swished his tongue around her and began to vibrate it.

"OH GOD!" Willow yelled.

Willow never knew something could penetrate her insides so good. All she could do was grip Harry's scalp and beg for more of this, more of his excellent tongue. She flipped her hips up and rose them up and down. Willow breathed in and breathed out, just taking it all in.

Harry smiled for a moment and let her come down before going back in. She gave up everything for him, all of her juices. Willow bucked up towards Harry's face. He ran his hands all her legs and then
Willow played with her nipples, hungry for me. Harry still was dressed and going down on her like this. Willow lost sight of herself and almost passed out. Her breathing increased when Harry pushed his tongue deeper into her with a couple deeper pushes into her.

Harry pulled out of her and allowed Willow to collapse down on the bed. She sat up and smiled.

"Aren't you a bit overdressed for this?" Willow asked.

"Why don't you fix it?"

Willow smiled and reached for Harry. She unbuttoned his shirt and started to feel his chest. His perfect body molded underneath her hands. She reached down and went for the belt of his pants, unlooping it. She ran down and rubbed his crotch, excitement brimming through her eyes.

Like a child unwrapping her gift on Christmas morning, Willow undid Harry's pants. His boxers forced a tent. Willow removed the last bit of his covering, his boxer shorts. She pulled his long cock out into the wild. Willow licked her lips, so much hunger dancing in her eyes.

She had to have this, no question about it. Her hunger increased more when licking her lips. So much cock, for her lips to be wrapped around, how would she ever take it all in?

"You're so big," Willow said.

Willow clutched Harry's aching rod and gave it a few strokes to test it. It expanded and swelled in her hands.

"It's going to be inside you in a little bit," Harry said. "Hope you're ready."

Willow shuddered in anticipation. She explored his rod with several more strokes and pumps.

"Why don't you give it a kiss?" Harry asked.

Willow leaned in and put her lips around the cock head sucking on it. She shifted her grip to Harry's balls. They were so big, so large, she could hardly wait.

Harry took the warmness of her lips in, knowing he would experience the warmness of another set of lips pretty soon. Willow gripped the young man's back and pushed his throbbing cock deeper into her mouth. She sucked him, harder and faster, bringing her lips down onto him.

Willow pulled out of him and crawled back on the bed. Her thighs parted for Harry.

"I'm wet," Willow said. "Show me how a real man takes care of a naughty little girl."

Harry crawled over the top of her and they met lip to lip with an intense kiss. Willow boiled and wanted his hard cock inside her. Her lips parted and Harry almost aimed his huge cock at her center. They were so close to joining together.

The first couple of inches of Harry slid into Willow. She closed her eyes when more of the length parted her walls. Harry leaned down and sucked the side of her neck, licking her ear.

"Just relax," Harry told her. "Just take a deep breath, and relax your body. Just enjoy, and feel."

Willow wrapped her arms around Harry and made sure to encourage him to bury more of his hard cock inside her. Her tight velvet walls closed around Harry when he slid into her. She could not
believe she had this much of this large cock into her.

Her body healed from the damage in an instant. Harry held her hips and started to raise and lower out of her. Every thrust made her feel really good. Willow leaned down and wrapped her lips around his neck, sinking into it, and sucking on it.

She stopped, realizing what she was doing. Willow grew rather red around the ears and almost started to sputter in response.

"Only with me," Harry said. "I can take it…how does drinking my blood make you feel?"

"Horny," Willow whispered. "I need your cock more….pound my pussy until I can't stand it."

Harry did just as she requested. He worked her up to the first orgasm, slowly guiding her through the pleasure every step of the way. The bond between student and teacher made this a more appealing process. Harry pushed into her tight body and worked her up to the edge.

Willow raked her nails down Harry's back and screamed out in pure bliss. So much pleasure exploded through her loins and made her want this even more. Harry rammed deeper inside her.

The first orgasm with Harry inside of her spread through her loins and all through her body. Willow moaned when an orgasm piggybacked off of the first one.

"That's so good…you're so good."

The bonds strengthened when Harry continued to work deep into her. He buried himself into her. Willow thought she was going to lose it. So much pleasure exploded into the depths of her body. She wanted more of him, and she would get more of him. Her mind went wild with explosions of passion and lust.

"One more time?"

Willow nodded. She could feel Harry inside of her. Those balls were heavy and full of a load for her.

"Don't pull out," Willow said. "Cum…inside me…"

She held Harry close with her legs. Legs which Harry started to play with. Willow never knew how much a man playing with her legs and ass as well turned her on until now. It made her burn with lust.

Harry wasn't intending to pull out. He went into Willow's tight, toned body again. The magic flowing between two of them was going to make this bonding.

He planned to cum upon her seventh orgasm which would lead to the highest magical binding. The seventh orgasm rapidly approached and Harry braced himself.

"After you."

Willow experienced an orgasm more intense than the previous six orgasms combined. Her body heated up and released all of its tension in one gushing explosion.

Harry's path became clear. He felt the light reach his body when the energy spread through his body.

"Oh, this is amazing, thank you, thank you!" Willow screamed.

"You're amazing, love," Harry said.
With those words, he fired his load into Willow. She had been bound to him, completely. Harry emptied an obscene load inside her.

Willow lapsed into a state of bliss. Finally, she had gotten what Buffy and Faith had been talking about.

'They really downplayed him.'

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To Be Continued On March 20th, 2017.

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Many might have guessed it already, but it's Vandal Savage as Dracula's partner in this second half of the story. And he's been quite busy throughout history. An immortal caveman would be a perfect adversary for the Master of Death.

Willow gets something I'm sure she anticipated. And many others reading this along with her.

Until Monday.
Chapter Forty-Eight: Strategic Maneuvers.

Harry finished his stabilization of Faith. Now he could focus on a few other things, namely what to do with the vampire who apparently had plans to create an army. Dracula's legend was one which was known to the wider world. There were many stories, many interpretations, many whispers of what Dracula was. And there were many individuals who took on the Dracula name over the years.

The fact there were many imposters always counted a shade of doubt. Many pretenders used that particular name, to get easy credibility and easy followers. They were taken down much too easily to be the real deal. No one lived as long as Dracula did with being an easy opponent.

Not a shred of doubt existed in Harry's mind that this Dracula was, in fact, the real deal, the genuine article. Something about his poise, the arrogance, and the fact Harry just knew deep down. He would have known if Dracula was an imposter in a few seconds. Harry acquired this pretty good ability to see through deception, one of the many skills he learned as Master of Death.

‘Pity I didn't have that in my fourth year, that would have come in handy,’ Harry thought.

Harry frowned when he started to pack away some boxes on his desk. He had a couple of weapons which he worked on, and those weapons would be very valuable when going out on the hunt again. They would need to be powered up. Dracula and his inner circle would be one of the tougher individuals Harry ever fought.

The Sword of Godric Gryffindor rested on his desk. The sword had such a storied history. The goblins claimed it was stolen, but they were no more immune to distortions of the truth. One of Harry's ancestors forged the stone from a rare, and potentially alien metal, and gave it to the goblin prince as a gift. They claimed they had created the sword. Gryffindor claimed the sword beating one of the goblin prince's descendants in battle years ago, and the goblins had gotten salty about it.

Harry was not about to demean the abilities of the goblin nation, far from it. However, they had not been able to craft something along these lines. not in a million years. This sword harmed many supernatural creatures, including a Basilisk, which was vulnerable to very few things.

The trip down memory lane stalled because of a very familiar face making her presence known. Harry noticed someone hovering around the corner. Dee-Dee appeared in Harry's office and smiled when approaching him. The smile had a tinge of regret. Harry gripped the hand of his humble servant and pulled her towards him.

"One day, we'll have one of these meetings, and it won't be because of some immortal threat to the world," Dee-Dee said.

"They seem to be piling up as of late," Harry said. "So, you know Vandal Savage and Dracula have hooked up?"

'Makes them sound like they got set up on some kind of immortal douchebag matchmaking website,' Faith thought, shaking her head.

'That's a pretty awful and disturbing thought,' Chloe thought. 'What would the children look like?'

'Well, that's something I didn't need to think about after Breakfast,' Lara said through complete
deadpan.

'No kidding.' Buffy thought. 'Severe levels of squick here.'

'Of course, you know someone ships it,' Felicity piped up.

Harry watched as Dee-Dee sat down. She looked off for a second as if she was taking a look at the Auras around them. Harry noticed the world tinged a bit darker and redder than normal. Darkness and vampires were the culprits, although to be fair, he was close enough to Sunnydale to pick that up on a constant basis. Such a constant basis, Harry tried not to allow himself to be worried about it.

"Vandal Savage may be a step above Ra's Al Ghul on the scale of the most wanted immortals list," Dee-Dee said.

'My father will be crushed he's been surpassed by a glorified caveman,' Nyssa thought.

'A real shame, that,' Sara thought.

Sara made her opinion of Ra's very clear for a very long time. Nyssa agreed, although she still had some kind of misguided loyalty to her father. She started to open her eyes though to things which she had been woefully ignorant of for some time. Her father clung to life like a parasite being one of the very big things.

"Yes, I'd imagine," Harry said. "And I think it's safe to say Dracula rounds up the top three."

"They have been my white whales," Dee-Dee said. "Some people cheat Death, others cling onto life, and these two are clinging onto life. And the two of them teaming up together is not a good thing."

The manifestation of the afterlife smiled and leaned closer towards Harry. Her eyes locked onto his.

"The only solace I have is the fact that you're on the hunt for them, and I feel a bit more comfortable," Dee-Dee answered said. "There's a storm brewing, and I don't think any of us are ready for it. I don't think any of us can ever be ready for the storm that's to come."

Harry figured there had been so many storms coming in his life.

"One hundred and two years old, he's lived a pretty good life, but I think that he's ready to reunite with his wife," Dee-Dee muttered. "Time to guide him to his reward....see you later."

Dee-Dee had to get back to work and kissed Harry on the lips. The manifested of Death faded.

Harry put on the television to have a bit of background noise while working on the latest welcome. A knock on the door followed a couple of moments later.

"Come in!" Harry called.

Daisy entered the office. She had a couple of important documents in her arm, although they were not overflowing with papers for Harry to sign like they were. Given Harry read everything in meticulous detail, to make sure he's coming ahead of all deals, it would mean an afternoon of worth.

"So, you're ready to go to Gotham City?" Daisy asked.

"Yes, I can't be putting this off forever," Harry said. "And Bobbi is ready to go with us, and Sara is as well."

"I just wonder what you're going to deal with in Gotham," Daisy answered. She shrugged when
Harry looked at her. "You know, because it's Gotham City, and there's something to deal with."

She might have sounded pessimistic. Unfortunately, as Harry found out, pessimism had a sense of the truth.

"It would be an amusing change if I actually went somewhere without dealing with any trouble," Harry said.

Harry waited for the laughter from the usual subjects from the bond to subside.

"And LuthorCorp will be getting a new competitor to their stronghold on the city, as a new technology company named Starr wave has just popped up recently in Metropolis and it's been making waves."

Harry filed away this news bit as something interesting he could look into in the not so distant future. Right now, he needed to get ready. He packed away the rest of the weapons in his office and made sure the sword had been secured.

"Yeah, you might need that going to Gotham," Daisy said. "While the clown population has been reduced lately, there's still...a few problems."

Harry really hoped he didn't need a magical blade in Gotham City. It didn't really hurt though to be prepared. Harry double-checked to make sure the sword was secured. When he secured it, he prepared for the trip which they were leaving in the morning.

Kara put a lot of pressure on herself to do the best she could. Two older sisters who were quite overachievers and a cousin who had carved a pretty decent niche for herself left Kara with more than enough to work with. She had this job at Horizon and while she was just doing research, and helping out the other reporters, Kara hoped to be a reporter of her own work.

She checked and double-checked all of her sources like Chloe suggested, making sure everything was right and everything was order. Kara thought after a month on the job, she was starting to appreciate all of the hard work these journalists put in to hone their craft.

Right now, Kara walked outside with Chloe, they were making their way from the Horizon offices and ready to meet Claire and Lois for lunch. Kara tried not to be star-struck meeting the great Lois Lane for the first time, although she was legendary. She risked her life numerous times to always get the story, and it made many people question her sanity.

The sun which brought her strength beat down. It was a beautiful spring day on the West Coast, the temperature was not too hot, not too cold, just right. Kara liked the weather when it was just right, where there were no problems.

"Never knew there was so much....I've learned more than a month here than years of taking journalism electives," Kara said. "Sorry, I guess doing it at a professional level is very different than doing it at a high school level."

Chloe answered with a smile. She realized herself very quickly that running a high school newspaper and working with an actual newspaper outfit had been night and day.

"Yes, there's a lot of work, but it can be rewarding," Chloe said. "And also very stressful....you haven't got your first death threat yet, but then again, there hasn't been anything with your name attached to it yet."
"When did you get your first death threat?" Kara asked.

"Freshman year of High School, first week," Chloe answered. "The Coach of the High School Football Team didn’t appreciate the accusations that his Star Quarterback had been using PEDs."

"What happened?" Kara asked.

"Coach was a bit of a hot head, and he ended up getting himself in a lot of hot water and tried to burn my office down," Chloe said. "He was one of them meteor empowered mutants."

Kara was very astonished Chloe talked about such a thing in a very, very casual manner.

"Claire mentioned she dealt with a lot of them," Kara said.

Chloe answered with a very laborious sigh as they turned the corner and walked into the café.

"At least once a week, at least once a week," Chloe said. She perked up with a smile. "Claire, you made it, and on time as well!"

"Well, it's been a slow day," Claire said.

Chloe put her hands on hips and stared down at Claire.

"You of all people should know better than to tempt fate," Chloe replied. "You know how Murphy is always listening."

Claire invited both of them to sit down. She turned towards Kara for the first time.

"So, how is work at Horizon?" Claire asked.

Kara's expression brightened when looking across the room at her cousin.

"Great," Kara answered. "Really great, amazing in fact. Well, there's just a lot of fact checking and taking calls, I haven't really written anything, but helping Chloe put together some of the press releases that the company puts out, it really is rewarding."

"We all have to start somewhere," Claire said.

"And you started by fetching my coffee," Chloe said.

"That was a matter of survival," Claire answered. "I know what you're like without your coffee, and it's not exactly really pleasant. I rather deal with an army of meteor freaks than you without your morning coffee."

Chloe offered a shadow of a smile and leaned in. She took a drink from the coffee and frowned when looking towards Claire a second later.

"Just a head's up," Chloe remarked to Claire. "Harry's intending to poach you and Lois from the Daily Planet."

"Well, the Daily Planet has seen better days," Claire said. "Perry's recent health scare made us wonder if he's on his way out. The Board is putting a lot of pressure on him to step away. At least that's what Lois is telling me."

"Hey, maybe Harry can step in and buy out the Daily Planet!"
Kara piped up so excited in this tone of voice she could barely help herself. Claire and Chloe both turned towards her. Kara shrunk in the seat and grew a bit red, wondering if she had said something. Neither of them spoke, perhaps both of them too polite to say how much of a stupid idea she just said.

"Sorry," Kara muttered.

Both Claire and Chloe looked up. Spontaneous and eager, Kara's idea might have been, they were getting the wheels thinking.

"Hmm, that might be something," Claire said.

"It's actually not a bad idea," Claire said.

They had been distracted by talking about the further antics when Lois made her way around the corner.

"You're actually on time today?" Lois asked. Claire answered with a smile and a shrug. Lois looked frazzled.

"An empty lead?" Chloe asked.

Lois gave her one of the angriest scowls ever. The lead had led her around the circles to a factory where she thought they were manufacturing weapons of mass destruction. And what did she find in the crates when she took a look at it? Cheese, and the stinky cheese at that. Lois still smelled it even though she was miles away and away.

"This is my cousin, Kara," Claire said. "Kara, this is….."

"Lois Lane, it's an honor to meet you, I've read so much of your work," Kara said. She almost knocked over the cup of coffee in the process of shaking Lois's hand.

Claire used her reflexes to prevent the coffee from going flying. Lois smiled and took Kara's hand. She looked at her excitable, adorkable demeanor.

"She's your cousin, alright, Smallville," Lois said. "It's a pleasure to meet you…again…well, the first time with you…alternate dimensions give me a headache."

Lois finished shaking hands and pulled away. Always on the prowl, was Lois Lane, and Claire and Chloe both knew from experience when she was after something.

"I'm on the trail of another story," Lois said. "There's some kind of weird vampire cult thing I'm investigating in Metropolis…"

"Weird vampire cult thing?" Chloe asked.

'**Hmm,**' Buffy mused thoughtfully.

'**Right up your ally,**' Chloe thought.

'**Well, I don't know,**' Buffy thought. 'Depends on if they're real vampires or just a bunch of misunderstood goth kids playing pretend.'

"Well, at first I thought it was just a bunch of teenagers being weird and emo," Lois said. "Now, there's something a bit more…sinister. I think the government is messing with something they shouldn't…again."
'Well, there's a surprise,' Daisy thought. 'I wonder what rogue government agency doing something they were not supposed to, again.'

Harry, Daisy, Bobbi, and Sara showed up in Gotham City, ready and willing for business. The Quartet walked over towards the front entrance of Wayne Industries. Helena sat there and she looked at all four of them. She offered Sara and Harry a small smile and nodded politely at the other two.

'You haven't got around to melting the ice queen yet?' Daisy asked.

'It's on me to do list,' Harry said.

'Her actually acknowledging us with a smile is actually progress,' Sara said. 'And you know, not trying to stab us or scowling at us. It looks like she's using muscles she isn't used to.'

'It takes more muscles to frown than it does to smile,' Daisy said.

'She takes after her father, she never takes the easy way,' Talia thought.

"Ms. Wayne," Harry said.

"Mr. Potter," Helena answered. She tried not to look too happy about his presence, even though there was a part of her who was smiling. "Mr. Fox is waiting in the lobby for them."

The four women and Harry walked a short way. They made their way to an older black man who walked with a cane. He still looked sharp and older. A younger woman, who was in her late twenties, perhaps early thirties stood beside him and looked like she might be the older man.

"Well, Helena Wayne, I thought you didn't want anything to do with this company," Lucius said. "And if it isn't the mysterious Mr. Potter as well."

"I've had a change of heart," Helena said. "I don't like how this company is heading."

Lucius answered with a swift nod. He saw more of the old crowd erode, the ones who cared about what made Wayne Industries go. They had been replaced by new investors who only cared about serving their own self-industries and not the principles Thomas Wayne founded this company on, and later Bruce tried to build up. Even during the years which most men with a sane bone in their body just took their pension and stepped away, Lucius still had an interest in Wayne Industries.

Sanity and Gotham City rarely went hand in hand.

"Mr. Fox, it's a pleasure to meet you," Harry said. "And you know who I am, so I think an introduction is in order….these are my aides, Bobbi Morse, Daisy Johnson, and Melody Drake."

"A pleasure to meet you ladies," Lucius said. "And this is my daughter, Tamara."

"Hello," Tamara said. "It's nice to meet you…especially you, Ms. Wayne, I thought you were a phantom. My father told me you easy to get ahold of."

Hands were shaken all around.

"I have to say, you've done a lot for this company," Harry said.

"Not as much as I would have liked to over the past few years," Fox said. "Being a consultant who never gets consulted isn't exactly my dream job."
"Well, I think the tides are changed," Harry said. "The Board has been involved in some questionable activities, and I have friends who… make it their business to find out those things."

Lucius raised his eyebrow a half of a second later. He realized there was something which needed to be done to the Board to get Wayne Industries back into the state where it should have been.

"You didn't do anything illegal to acquire this information?" Fox asked.

"Mr. Fox, I work for the government, therefore it gives me certain… leeway," Daisy said.

Lucius nodded in response, understanding completely. He might not really approve, but he understood the need to get your hands dirty. And the government overstepped their bounds in worst ways, so this is mild.

"Dad, desperate times call for desperate measures," Tamara said. "And you've watched over the past five years how this company has descended into ruin."

"And the Board rushed to declare Bruce legally dead, so they can take control," Lucius said. "And I always wondered if they haven't had anything to that."

Helena hoped not, for the sake of these bastards on the Board of Directors. That was about the only thing they had not been able to prove. And the fact there hadn't been one hint of him.

One of the members of the Wayne Industries board made a name for himself. His aunt and his father had connections within the company which allowed him to go up the ranks. He had been qualified in doing what is best for business.

The other members of the Board watched when the young man walked in. A dark haired man with calculating eyes stepped to the head of the table. This seat had been formally occupied by Lucius Fox, but after he had been semi-retired and given work as a consultant, it was his seat now.

"We need to move forward," Powers said. "The solar satellite is one of the late Mr. Wayne's last projects. And it's one I think has great potential. We can take the energy from the sun and transform it into energy to used anywhere on Earth. Power outrages will be a thing of the place as there's always sun anywhere in the world."

"I'm afraid you have other matters to worry about today."

Derek Powers turned and came face to face with Helena Wayne. Many people claimed to be a bastard child of Bruce Wayne over the years. Helena was one of the few who had offered up documented proof of her parentage. It was only a small proof she had no interest in running Wayne Industries.

"Ms. Wayne, I assumed you had no interest…"

"Originally, I was to inform you that I was intending to sell my father's company," Helena said. "But, I did some due diligence and realized what you were doing to my father's legacy. And here's what I found out."

Helena passed out folders at the table. The members of the board opened up the folders and flipped through the documentation. All of them grew extremely white when looking through the documents.

"Where did you find this?" one of the board members asked.
"I haven't done anything more illegal than any of you have in your activities," Helena answered. "If you have any ideas about trying anything against me, this information will go to Commissioner Gordon at the Gotham City Police Department. Only I can input a code to prevent the information leaking to them."

All of the Board Members, hands caught in very illegal cookie jars, slumped in the chairs. The only one who looked unworried, at least on the surface, was Derek Powers. He sat up and looked Helena straight in the eye.

"Why do you take interest?" Derek asked. "Why after all these years?"

"Because you gave me a reason to take interest in what you were doing," Helena said. "If you help me, all I will ask for is your resignations. You will get the remainder of your pay for this year. It's more than you deserve."

"What do you want?"

Helena was pretty sure she had them. She looked at Harry who had been watching her, and the two of them smiled.

"Lucius Fox is to be reinstated to his former position until his daughter is ready to take it over," Helena said. "And as for you, Powers…you're suspended pending further investigation."

Powers shot up to a standing position and heaved in a heavy breath.

"Suspend me?" Powers asked. "Suspend me after all I've done for this company?"

"I'll put the matter to a vote to make it official," Helena said. "All in favor of my suggestion."

The hands shot up as if racing for her favor. There was one hold out on the votes, but the majority ruled. Helena turned towards them, and all of them looked at her.

"Very good," Helena said. "And to continue the changes, I'd like to introduce a new partnership of Horizon and Wayne."

Harry Potter walked into the room. Derek Powers looked like he swallowed sewage. The eyes of the Wayne heiress turned towards him.

"You have six hours to clear out your desk," Helena said. "Otherwise, security will drag you out. And they will throw whatever belongings you left behind in the trash."

Her cold tone left no room for argument.

Derek Powers left Wayne Industries in disgrace. He started the day on a high and end the day on a low. The limo he normally had, was not coming around to pick him up. That was a perk of Wayne Industries.

'I'm going to have to take a bus or the subway,' Powers thought. That bitch is going to pay for what she did, both her and Potter.'

Powers walked around the corner and came face to face with Curtis Knox. He almost appeared out of nowhere.

"Be thankful it's just me," Knox said. "You looked troubled…where is your usual security detail?"
"I've been suspended by Wayne Industries," Powers said, almost fuming.

Knox grabbed Powers by the throat and shoved him against the wall in a flash. Powers closed his eyes and struggled against the grip.

"Our friend's plan is almost at hand, and you lose to Wayne Industries," Knox said. "His plan for Gotham City is almost ready to unfold, and there's no room for error."

"I still have….people who owe me favors," Powers said.

"For your sake, you better hope you can cash in on them."

Knox released Powers. The businessman dropped down to the ground and seconds later, the immortal disappeared. He left Powers to fend for himself.

To Be Continued on March 23rd, 2017.

Business dealings are being made, and the bad guys are moving forward with their plan. Just another day in the life of Harry Potter.

And yes, Felicity, I'm sure there's someone who does ship Vandal Savage and Dracula. This is the Internet, after all, there are all sorts.

Until Thursday.
Chapter Forty-Nine: Put to Rest

Helena thought their business in Gotham City went about as well as could be expected. Powers managed to leave the premises without needing to be dragged out by his ear. This particular fact almost disappointed Helena, who wanted to humiliate that smug shit one more time on his way out the door. She guessed one could not have everything in life. Still, the Board was pretty much tied back, and she would find out what Powers intended to use the company for in due time.

'I'm not going to allow them to screw me over. They got away too far, but now it's time to return my power back.'

Now, Helena joined Harry on a little side trip to Metropolis. The difference between Metropolis and Gotham City essentially boiled down to night and day. Metropolis was the bright and respected city, while Gotham City was the darkness which people shunned. Helena knew for a fact Metropolis had not been devoid of any crime.

She spent a bit too much time in the presence of Harry conducting business. Helena hated how her resolve broke a couple of times. She wondered if it was exactly the right thing to do. Still, she would figure it out later. Now, she tried to keep her mind on business first and foremost, where it belonged.

"So, now we're in Metropolis," Helena said. "This is a change from Gotham City."

"Some people have called Metropolis Gotham's lighter, brighter, counterpart," Harry said. He looked around for a moment.

'Can't say they don't have a point,' Harry thought.

Everyone murmured in the bond network, agreeing with Harry one hundred percent of the way.

'Anything is a bit brighter when compared to Gotham City,' Chloe thought. 'Have you seen some of the crimes coming out of the city? There are some people who would like to shut Gotham City away from the rest of the world. Bomb it with everyone inside even, just wipe it off of the map.'

'That's a bit much?' Lara asked.

'Yes, I agree, it hasn't been done just yet,' Chloe said. 'Gotham actually is a booming city for business, though. It's just the crime rate can be a bit offputting and that's what a lot of people think about when talking about Gotham.'

'I think sometimes people just try and go for the easiest solution,' Daisy thought. 'Life is anything, but easy.'

Harry noticed Helena's attention drifted to a billboard over the city. They had been all over the city, come to think of it. Harry spotted at least three of them since walking through Metropolis, and if he was perfectly honest, he wasn't really paying as much attention as he should.

"Starrwave is the hot new company in Metropolis," Harry said.
"Yes, and I'm looking to make a deal with her," Helena said.

"Funny enough, she's sent some feelers to Horizon, and she wants to make a deal with….."

Harry had been cut off by something. A woman ran out of the corner of his eye, and she was running really fast. The sun had just gone down in Metropolis, and Harry had a very bad feeling. Perhaps he was overthinking a lot, but something was bound to happen.

He just needed to keep his eyes peeled for trouble. And trouble would find Harry. The Master of Death turned to look to his companion who was gone.

Helena already slipped off to make a change of clothes. All Harry needed to do was duck behind a building, flick his wrist, and he was good to go.

The dark haired woman rushed back, eyes darting all over the place. The pounding in her ears, some invisible force clawing at her body, they all proved to be way too much for anyone to handle. She started to breathe in and out, with heavy breathing getting more prominent. She swore, sometimes she had the worst possible luck in the world. And now these monsters were breathing down her neck, quite literally.

A flash of light caught one of the thugs in the back of the neck. The thug spun around and took a swipe at his attacker.

Harry thought at first he was dealing with a sleazy looking thug. However, one look at the fangs showed something different. He recognized the Aura off of this one. He completely and totally reeked of Dracula.

Helena, having been known stranger to vampires in the past, jumped down. She withdrew her dagger and caught one of them in the base of the spine. The other moved his way towards the dark haired woman. Helena grabbed the vampire by the neck and spun him around. She caught him with a couple of glancing uppercut punches to the rib cage which began to rattle the creature.

The creature hissed in agony. Helena pushed him back down onto the ground and stomp the enemy's face as hard as she could. The creature dropped down to the ground from Helena's attack.

Helena grabbed one of them to interrogate. She didn't even utter one single word until the vampire had been reduced to dust.

"Maybe we should try and keep one alive to find out what they're up to?" Harry suggested.

"Trying," Helena muttered. "Not doing a good job. Mostly because they're terminating when they get hurt."

Another one of the creatures grabbed Helena around the head. She sent a flare of light from her gauntlet and turned around to engage another one of the attackers. The vampire grabbed Helena and she fought away from the attack.

Harry popped into the air and drove the dagger down into the chest of one of the attackers.

The dark haired woman watched her two masked saviors, mouth hanging in open in awe. She could not believe almost breaking into a back entrance of a club almost got her killed. Actually, given her past events, she was pretty certain why it almost got her killed.

The masked man turned his attention towards the woman who he rescued.
"Are you again Ms….."

"Lane, Lois Lane," she said. "And I am….just flew back to Metropolis….to get a lead on some kind of mysterious vampire cult. And then I'm in the middle of something bigger than some punk teenagers acting like the world is against them and dressing up like vampires."

The words "vampire cult" intrigued Harry, he wasn't going to lie. Harry looked up at the sky briefly and acknowledged the figure who hovered in the sky.

She flew off in the other direction, the normal target for her rescue safe and sound, well at least for the most part.

Lois could not believe what just happened and how fucking lucky she was not get ripped to pieces. Granted, death was something which brushed against her way too many times. She was pretty sure she and Death were almost on a first name basis, the number of times where Lois slipped from Death's warm and loving embrace. Hell, they might be over for tea and crumpets any time.

'Tea and crumpets?' Lois thought. 'I'm not British.'

The reporter laughed, she was pretty sure if she said that joke out loud, someone might take great offense to it. It was just the world they lived in now where you could not even kid around without someone getting triggered because of something. She could sense a presence in the air. Metropolis felt a bit like Gotham City tonight, which she judged not to be a good thing. Regardless, though, the reporter stood at the front of the door and fumbled with the keys.

Finding the key she needed, Lois opened the door. Instantly, she came face to face with Claire waiting on her. Her arms folded and a smile on her face.

"So, you've gotten yourself into trouble again," Claire said.

"Thought you were spending some time visiting your cousin, Smallville?" Lois asked.

"Given you seem to get yourself into trouble on a constant basis, you can't think I won't be worried," Claire said. She moved closer towards Lois. "And given your latest story about…vampire cults….wasn't it?"

Lois threw her shoulders back with a shrug. She decided to sit down and take a bite of the TV dinner Claire warmed up. Given Claire's tastes, it wasn't too bad. Not Lois's favorite, but it wasn't too bad.

"Yes, vampire cults," Lois said. "You know like Dracula, and all that."

Claire frowned when looking towards Lois.

"You were a bit slow on the trigger tonight, Smallville," Lois said. "For once, Superwoman didn't pull me out of the fire."

Claire was well aware of that. She was already on the scene when she notice someone attacking the weird men who were after Lois. Claire recognized Harry's heart beat immediately when showing up. She figured something was going on and naturally, Harry would be in the center of all sorts of trouble.

"Well, the party was already over by the time I got there," Claire said.
"To be fair, they work fast, almost like magic or something," Lois said.

It took every bit of self-control Claire could muster not to break out into the shit-eating grin to end all shit-eating grins. Claire decided to spare Lois the smugness.

"I caught a glimpse of them, did you see anything else?" Claire asked.

Lois decided to get up and make her way to the kitchen, not answering Claire's question right away. She really needed a heavy drink to get herself motivated for the rest of the evening. Especially if Claire was going to interrogate her on what she was doing.

"I was just happy not to be turned into a Lady of the Night," Lois remarked. Claire raised an eyebrow. "Which certainly sounds like something else when you really think about it, but you know, maybe I could have chosen my words a bit more carefully."

"I wouldn't know," Claire said.

Lois frowned. She didn't really want to pollute Claire's poor innocent farm girl mind any more than she had to.

"I actually saw your interview with Harry Potter in the Planet," Lois said, changing the subject so abruptly that Claire felt she got whiplash. "Tell me something."

"What?" Claire asked.

"How did you get an interview with Harry Potter?" Lois asked. "It wasn't a bad interview. In fact, it was very good, maybe not the questions I was going to ask, but still pretty decent and balanced."

Claire motioned for Lois to continue, not even stopping to smile.

"How did you pull it off?" Lois asked.

"You really want to know the secret?" Claire asked.

Lois smirked when leaning towards Claire. "Yes, enlighten me, oh great one."

Claire paused for a long second, almost to the point where she was annoying Lois by holding back the information. Lois tried to hold herself back from using violence from extracting information from the other girl, even though it was one of the hardest things in the world for her.

"Seriously, I've been doing this for months, at least trying to do it, and I can't figure out a way to get an interview with him."

"Well, I walked up to him, and I asked him for an interview, and he said yes," Claire said.

Lois looked at her girlfriend for several seconds. Gobsmacked did not even begin to describe what Lois felt. Claire broke out into a very obvious shit-eating grin.

"You're kidding, right?" Lois asked.

"Sometimes, the simplest approaches are the best."

Lois complied herself a moment later. It was rather hard pill to swallow. She was just so used to the rich and famous in Metropolis giving her the runaround, that she expected this to be more of the same. Someone being direct and upfront was untamed territory for Lois.
"So, hopefully when I ask Karen Starr for an interview, she'll be accommodating then," Lois said. "She's really making her way around Metropolis."

"Yes, odd she's returning, isn't it?" Claire asked.

Lois paused and noticed Claire's odd tone. She figured out something, almost instantly.

"Wait, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Maybe," Claire said. "What are you thinking?"

Lois groaned so she wanted to play this game. Well, if she wanted to play this game, then fine, Lois could play this game. She played this game far better than most people did. The game of vagueness, the game a reporter needed to play when they wanted to trick their subject into revealing what they were really thinking.

It only worked to various degrees of success, but Lois could play that game.

Harry made sure Lois was home safe before he decided to make his way to the Horizon Branch in Metropolis. It had not been set up completely for day to day operations. For what he wanted to investigate, Horizon would work more than fine.

He thought about the day which was. Harry had an inkling this increased vampire activity was leading to something. The most prominent and infamous vampire trying to hold onto his throne and establish an army was a cause for concern. Harry knew his army strengthening would be a problem.

Harry exited the elevator. A vial of the ashes from one of the vampire cult members clutched between his fingers. He hoped they could analyze this little bit, and maybe come a little bit closer to uncovering this mystery. Harry hoped at the very least they could. His hopes and what actually would happen kind of drifted apart at the worst possible times.

Helena followed a couple of steps behind him. Harry figured her curiosity would lead her here in pretty much no time. The two of them turned around the hallway and made their way to the central control. Security was still on point. Other than the human guards, the same structure which protected the West Coast RAO building from intrusion. Indigo and Rose worked on some upgrades and now it would be even harder.

"So, you hoping to figure out where the pack is holed up?" Helena asked.

"Yes, if we're lucky," Harry said.

Luck rarely did have anything to do what Harry did. It was a matter of timing, which could go wrong with the slightest misstep.

"And if we're not lucky?" Helena asked.

"We're going to have to wait to tag a live one and hope he leads us back to his boss," Harry said.

That could be easier said than done, a fact Harry's bond mates were only happy to point out.

'Easier said than done,' Faith said. 'When you want to track a vampire, they're a nightmare to find. And when they want to track you, there's no place they can go.'
'Which we're speaking from experience right now, because we're tracking a very annoying and very persistent bloodsucker, and he keeps giving us the slip,' Buffy said. 'We'll have in, the crafty bastard can't keep getting away.'

'Just be on your guard,' Harry thought.

'Yeah, I know, Dracula's out there, who knows what else has been stirred up because of his maneuverings,' Buffy said. 'Yes, Mother, I'll look both ways before I cross the street, I won't take candy from strangers, and I'll be sure to wear bright colors when riding my bike at night.'

Daisy, Felicity, and Faith all snickered, even though there were others who did not look too pleased with the Slayer's quippage.

'You know, you shouldn't treat this so flippantly,' Morrigan thought. She mostly observed, although there were times where she needed to interject.

'Hey, if you can't laugh, you're going to be scared to death, and then that's when the blood sucking bastards rip out your throats,' Buffy thought.

'She does have a point,' Faith said.

Harry didn't dispute this, hell no one in the bond was going to dispute this. He made his way to the main lab, thinking about what happened today. Things could have ended up so much worse today if Harry hadn't been there.

'So, Lois is okay?' Chloe asked.

'She only gets into trouble about ten times a week,' Daisy said.

'Oh, stop exaggerating,' Chloe said. 'It's more like about fifteen.'

'Yes, she's okay,' Harry thought. 'I took a peek into her mind to make sure she wasn't too rattled.'

'Wait, you looked into my cousin's thoughts?' Chloe asked. She received an affirmative response. 'Oh, my condolences, I didn't think...well just my condolences.'

'It's fine,' Harry told her. 'It wasn't anything too bad...nothing that I didn't expect.'

'Do tell,' Faith thought.

'I can't believe we're talking about the private thoughts of someone else, who isn't even here to defend themselves,' Lara thought.

'Are you trying to say you aren't the least bit curious?' Faith asked.

'Well, I'm not saying I'm not curious, it's just that it's kind of poor form to be gossiping about something who isn't here to defend themselves,' Lara thought.

Harry walked over and pulled himself over towards the machine.

"Rose, could you please analyze this ash sample?" Harry asked. "For any residual serum samples or anything that could point me in the right direction?"

"Of course," Rose said. "Just wait one moment, and I'll have it analyzed."

'You know, you're just keeping us in suspense,' Chloe thought.
'Well, let's just say your cousin has a dirty mind, and let's leave it at that,' Harry thought.

Chloe’s tone was the most deadpan of deadpan responses. 'You don’t say?'

Harry watched several numbers flare across the screen. He knew it wouldn’t be too long before Rose worked her magic and was able to analyze the chemicals. A loud bing came across the screen before Rose finished.

"The serum matches up with what was in Willow’s bloodstream, although this is a more enhanced form of it," Rose said.

'Knox is still at work,' Willow thought. 'And Dracula is still making minions.....'

'Don’t worry, Willow, we’re on it,' Buffy said.

'I'm not worried about me...well, I am worried about me because he did vow to kill me,' Willow thought. 'I'm worried he's going to try and get his revenge on me through you two.'

'Well, he wanted to kill us before, so how bad.....'

'I'm going to get in contact with Elsa to help back you up,' Harry thought.

The mood in the bond soured, and neither Buffy nor Faith sounded too on board with that particular idea.

'No, please, not that psychopath,' Buffy said. 'She's not exactly mentally....there.'

'She might be a bit fanatical, but she's good at what she does,' Harry thought.

'What do you have a Red Phone directly to her?' Chloe asked.

Harry had his ways of getting in touch the vampire hunter, he would say that much.

'Just try and work with her, I know she can be a bit.....passionate,' Willow said. 'But, I know she’ll have your back against the vampires.'

'She tried to kill you!' Buffy argued.

'Yeah, I know,' Willow thought. 'And I threw her through a window so I guess we're kind of even.'

Buffy couldn’t even dispute Willow’s logic. No matter how twisted it seemed right about now.

'You know, I hate it when your logic is way too logical,' Buffy thought.

'Logically speaking, I agree.'

Curtis Knox reflected on the centuries which passed. So much work had been done over the years to reach one point. He watched humanity evolve from its humble beginnings, and those beginnings were very humble. So humble, they were longer forms of life than they were now. They had come a very long way from those early moments.

The evolution process stalled over the years, and Savage gritted his teeth in the thought of how humans really hadn't been better than they could. It was time to bring them to the next stage of
evolution. Savage worked on the most perfected serum.

Dracula demanded results which were fine because Vandal Savage demanded perfection and he would deliver it as soon as he could. He tested the chemical and the results were much pleasing. He put the blood underneath a red solar lamp which he managed to acquire from LuthorCorp. The results were going to what he wanted to see, and Savage could not be more pleased.

"So?"

Knox looked up and noticed Dracula standing in front of him. The scientist tried to compose himself underneath the gaze of the vampire of vampires.

"It appears you still haven't quite mastered the concept of doors," Knox said.

"Spare me the banter, and tell me you're going to have results," Dracula said.

"The resources amassed will allow your army to overrun the world," Knox said. "This serum will increase their durability, and once the skies turn red, there won't be a force in from this world or any other can stop them."

Dracula broke into a smile.

"Soon, the world will be in the palm of my hand where it always should have been," Dracula said. "Powers may have been forced out of the company, but I don't need someone like him anyway. Not when you have control of the Wayne Solar Satellite."

"Yes, but we must move quickly," Knox said. "Harry Potter and Helena Wayne are going to acquire that resource."

"Then it's down to you that it doesn't fall into their hands," Dracula said. He leaned closer towards Knox. "You may be immortal, but that doesn't mean you're immune to suffering."

Throughout his time, the man currently known as Curtis Knox heard so many threats, he could have made a comprehensive list of all of them. He just nodded.

"I've been working on this for a long time, I don't fail," Knox said to him. "Don't you have your followers to address?"

Dracula regarded the man in front of him. He expected Knox to double-cross him at any moment. So far, the two of them worked together, because they had a common purpose. Both wanted to see a brave new world. Dracula knew it would not last. He was only willing to milk the partnership for a little while longer.

Knox watched Dracula leave. He could tell the monster regarded him with more suspicion and Knox didn't really care, to be honest.

Over many generations, though many names, Vandal Savage worked hard to accomplish his goals. He would not be denied his ultimate glory.

The leads turned up empty. Helena led Harry up to the hotel room which the two of them are sharing in Metropolis.

"All we're going to have to wait for him to make his move," Helena said.
"I don't like waiting for people to make their move," Harry said. "I prefer a more proactive approach."

Helena did as well, this was why this caused her so much frustration. Speaking of frustrating, the presence of Harry caused her plenty. She focused on the investigation which worked on directing her focus to more practical manners. Said focus shifted way too many times.

"We're meeting with Karen Starr tomorrow," Helena said. "Funnily enough, she pretty much jumped on the meeting when she learned you would be there."

"Imagine that," Harry said. "So, this is our hotel room?"

Helena arranged the hotel room for the two of them. She opened the door and the two of them made their way into the room. Harry took in the room and saw that there was only one bed, one very spacious bed in the hotel room.

"There's only one bed," Harry said.

Helena turned away to hide the smile briefly before she turned back to face Harry.

"I know," Helena said. She dropped her coat onto the ground and started to unbutton her top. She gripped Harry's tie and gently pulled him over. "We both know this trip was only going to end one way. I can't deny it anymore than you can."

Helena pulled Harry in and she put all of her frustrations into one long and passionate kiss. The two of them connected lip to lip with each other.

'Well this is long overdue,' Talia thought.

Harry kept kissing her and worked for his hand up her skirt. He reached where he wanted to go in no time.

The kiss blew Helena's mind completely. She shoved her tongue deeper until it reached the back of Harry's throat. Harry responded by shifting his hand over.

Harry ran a finger down Helena's stocking clad right leg. He reached a pair of lacy panties and smiled. He rubbed Helena through the panties. She kissed him deeper and put a hand on the back of Harry's head. The two of them continued their frantic kissing with Harry pressing against her.

Helena's skirt came up, and she wore her panties, stockings, and garter belt underneath. Harry pushed away from her. A trail of saliva connected both of their lips.

The young woman gave a smile and worked open the first couple of buttons on her top. She slowly edged it down her shoulders and revealed her breasts encased in a black bra. She took after her mother and aunt in how well endowed she was. Helena turned around and showed Harry her ass was nothing.

"You're overdressed," Helena told him.

Helena grabbed Harry's shirt and tore it from her body. She indulged herself in his upper body while working down and undoing the belt. She closed in on the prize she thought.

Twelve inches of pure goodness came out for the Wayne Heiress to play with. Helena stared at the member, feeling transfixed. She ran her hand down it and smiled when looking him in the eyes.
"I need it inside me," Helena said. "Now."

"You don't need too much foreplay, do you?" Harry asked her.

"We've been doing foreplay for months," Helena said. "I want to get to the good stuff."

Harry pushed Helena back onto the bed and crawled on top of her. The two of the passionately kissed, with Helena running her nails down Harry's head. The two locked in a lip lock until Harry pulled down her bra. Her breasts bounced up, perfect, round, and tanned.

"No tan lines?" Harry asked.

He smiled and shrugged down the final barrier leading to her womanhood. Harry pulled the panties down, feeling how soaked they were.

"You've wanted this for a long time," Harry said.

Helena wasn't about to deny it. She reached between his legs and gripped his cock tightly, trying to convey the fact she wanted him. Harry smiled and leaned down to give her a forceful, lip bruising kiss in response.

"Relax, I'll treat you really good," Harry said.

Helena relaxed her grip, and Harry guided it in between her spread thighs. The Incubus pierced Helena's womanhood. The tightness clamped around his intruding manhood. He reached down and gripped a handful of her ample chest and squeezed them when pushing down into her body.

For the first time ever, a cock attached to a male entered Helena's warm loins. He slowly worked into her, also running a nail down both legs. He paid attention to the spots which drove her the wildest and Helena appreciated it. His strong body came down onto hers and pierced her womanhood.

"Damn," Helena muttered. "I hate you for making me feel so good."

"Well, you're going to be hating me a lot," Harry told her.

He leaned down and gave her another mind blowing kiss while piercing her insides. He kept driving himself down onto her, every time their bodies met, the firm toned flesh smacking together resounded throughout the room.

Helena could feel it spreading through her body. The orgasm, very intense, and something she needed now hit her with a full explosion. Harry shifted down into her and spiked down into her.

Harry rode out the first of many orgasms. Helena just gripped him tighter. Those legs were so perfect. Harry massaged the flesh when working himself up and down onto her.

"OOOOH! "Helena moaned.

"You're losing control," Harry said. "And when you lose control, you're relaxing. It makes you feel really good, doesn't it? Because it liberates you not being in control at once."

Harry emphasized these words by kneading and squeezing Helena's breasts. The nipples stuck against Harry's hands when he pushed up and down into her.

"Yes," Helena murmured. "Like that….just like that….harder…faster….mmmm….YEAH!"

Helena could not deny how it felt so good to finally lose control, finally succumb to someone.
Someone who could take her in hand and give her what she needed. Another explosion rocked Helena's body. The insides of her eyes shined with the stars and she was in a daze.

Harry did not let up, He rode her, and caressed different parts of her body. The caressing brought her to the edge just as fast as Harry pounding her pussy without abandon.

"Really make me cum," Helena begged him.

She finally succumbed to him completely. No shame in what he was doing. Harry sped up the thrusts and worked down into her. Every time his manhood spiked into her, Helena clamped down onto him.

"Yes, oh, so good!" Helena breathed. "More, I need more of this…and a little more of that….and a lot more of that!"

Harry smiled. He gave Helena pretty much everything she ever wanted. The warmth surrounding him caused Harry to feel a swelling. She was so tight it was unbelievable. She hugged his cock with such passion, Harry thought she would enter despair if he pulled out.

He teased it, almost pulling out of her. Helena locked her legs around Harry's waist and arms around his neck. A look of want spread through her and Harry pushed into her again.

He drilled Helena for several more minutes.

"They're getting closer together," Harry said. "Your body is opening up to take my seed….isn't it?"

Helena braced herself for the gift which was coming. One feeling of those heavy balls showed her what she wanted. Harry pounded her tight pussy with more thrusts than ever before. They got closer together, harder, and faster.

Harry waited for her latest orgasm to hit before pulling back and firing one of his own into her. His balls contracted and shot their gift into Helena's waiting womanhood.

Helena twitched and dug her nails into Harry. The sensation of his cum spilling into her made Helena thrash up and down. Her breasts bounced. Harry held them steady and licked them, sucked them. This ritual only made Helena cum even harder and faster.

Eventually, she deflated back on the bed. Harry pulled out of her. Helena rolled over, almost on instinct and presented her ass into the air.

"It would be rude if I didn't offer tribute this."

Helena almost died and went to heaven when she felt Harry's tongue slip into her back entrance. He grabbed her juicy cheeks and licked her puckered hole, getting it nice and wet. The Detective deduced he was only getting it wet for one thing.

"You've never had a big cock in your ass," Harry said. "So just bite down on your lip, relax, and take care of it."

Harry looked at her lubricated asshole and positioned himself closer towards her. The back entrance opened up for Harry to push himself inside her. He slipped the first inch of his manhood into her very tightened hole. The warmth spreading around Harry.

Helena grabbed onto the bed sheets and bit down onto her lower lip. Harry was a couple of inches in her ass and she was already losing it. She relaxed, trying to take this big cock into her.
"Finally," Helena moaned, feeling more of his cock.

"You wanted a big strong man to fuck you in the ass," Harry said. He reached down and felt her pussy, which grew wet.

Harry then turned his attention to her ass. He spanked it once before thrusting it into it. Her moans increased. He squeezed her ass while fucking it. His cock buried itself deeper into her tight ass.

"You're giving me a test, aren't you?" Harry asked. "Most men can't even look at your ass without losing it in their pants."

Helena let out one moan before managing to be coherent enough to respond.

"It's...true!" she yelped. She waited for Harry to continue to work his way into her.

"And I'm now fucking your tight ass!" Harry said. "Did you think I wouldn't notice the nice, round, ass you have? How was it built for fucking? Built to be worshiped?"

Helena hoped he drilled her ass so hard he could strike oil. It turned out her dreams were all about to cum true, with Harry hammering her harder and faster.

Harry watched her quivering body on the bed. He ran his hands over her and found her clit. Harry tormented the love button while pounding her in the ass.

"Your pussy, your clit, your ass, all of it is mine now," Harry said. "Don't feel bad you succumbed. You're only human."

Harry squeezed her ass and pounded into it with the final trip. His balls ached and were in need of release. Helena's body being brought into a constant, looping state of orgasm only prompted him to slam into her rear hole harder.

Helena dripped so much she was certain the hotel room would bill her for ruining the bedsheets. So worth it, though, so many times she hit a high and crashed down to Earth. All while Harry burying his thick cock into her ass.

He finally popped, much later. The second, of many she hoped, loads of the time had been emptied, this time in her ass.

Harry groaned when losing it in Helena's tightest, most taboo hole. The contents of his balls drained out, with Harry finishing himself inside her.

"Perfect," Harry groaned. "Really perfect."

Helena thought so as well.

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To Be Continued on March 27th, 2017.

Well, all we can say it's about time. And there are more nefarious goings on, going on.

Back on Monday.
The Return

Chapter Fifty: The Return

The people of the Metropolis, at any time, always could look up into the sky and be confident they could see their caped protector flying over them. A couple of them looked up into the sky to see her, and the people of Metropolis returned to their daily work after catching a glimpse of Superwoman soaring up there. The people in this city smiled when they caught a glimpse of their heroine and their protector doing her duty.

"It does the heart good to see she's up there and watching over us," an old woman said. "Such a nice young woman….although she might be working too hard. Does she ever take a day off?"

Claire didn't adopt many principles from certain people, but one thing she would agree about was the fact crime never slept. Metropolis scaled down at a far lower crime rate than their neighbors of Gotham City. This lower than normal crime rate did not mean there were not the fair share of criminals. Some of them wanted to be the one who would tangle with Superwoman and hold his or her own.

'It's very amusing to see them try,' Claire thought. 'Until they put people in danger than it's less amusing.'

All about bragging rights, which Claire understood. Without Kryptonite, very few people could stand up to her, though, and most of them were threats not just to Metropolis, but the entire world.

'Now with vampires in the city, things are going to get rough,' Claire thought to herself. She stopped short and heard a couple of panicked screams.

Any thoughts of vampires would have to wait for another day, though. She could hear the screams and they were coming from the new Metropolis Subway System. It had been finished a couple of months ago and it had been a bustling center of commerce, cutting down on the traffic above in Metropolis by a significant amount.

Now that Claire had to worry about it, given her super powered way of flight, but that was beside the point. She shifted her head down and noticed a group of about eight hostages and about twelve heavily armed men. She could not make out much more without edging closer.

She edged closer. The Woman of Steel tried to figure out what she needed to do to take out these men. It might be easier to zip in and grab the hostages, taking them out of harm's way. Then she could focus on the terrorists in the train and hope to pick them off one at a time.

Claire took a moment to figure out if there were any occupational hazards which could cause a problem. She realized there was one really big one which could have caused her a severe fit or two.

They had a bomb, which made everything a bit trickier to deal with. The Woman of Steel crossed her arms and prepared to make her move. She was pretty sure if she got the bomb out of there, it would be…..

Those thoughts had been interrupted for the time being when something really fast zipped past Claire's shoulder. The Woman of Steel watched, eyes widen when someone flew at the speed of
light in the subway system. The person moved so fast past her Claire could not even process what this person was doing. She only had one thought.

'Damn.'

The goons on the train held their hostages in tight. These men did not care about the discomfort their captives were under. They only sought to see the world burn. A woman sobbed when she was on her hands and knees. The poor hostage wondered if she would ever see her children ever again. A tense situation got even worse.

"Why?"

"SHUT UP!" one of the terrorists snapped.

Said terrorist had been knocked over at the speed of light. The others turned around, and a super fast blur took them down faster than they could go.

A second blur joined the first blur and flew up towards the edge of the train. She ripped the bomb out of the train. It had been armed and would go off in about two minutes.

Superwoman kicked up into the air, the bomb pinned between her fingers. She kept flying higher and higher, holding her breath in. Once she reached a certain spot, the bomb started to ice over.

Claire flew higher yet trying to get the bomb as far as way from civilization as possible.

She thought this was not an ideal thing in the world given her super powers. Claire let go of the bomb and it detonated harmlessly above the Earth. The debris knocked Claire back down and caused her to plummet.

Immense heat surrounded her body. She dripped in sweat when flying down to Earth. The fireproof material on the suit managed to keep her from completely burning up on re-entry.

Someone swooped down from underneath her and caught Claire in her arms. Claire watched as the woman descended down to Earth with Claire in her arms.

Claire woke up to see all of the people on the ground, the hostages had been rescued, and the terrorists have been secured. The Metropolis Major Crimes Unit walked in. Captain Maggie Sawyer, of the MCU, rushed in. She was an attractive woman with short brunette hair. Maggie and Claire had a very close working relationship.

Maggie stooped down to look at Claire for a very long moment.

"Superwoman are you okay?" Maggie asked.

"Yes, I'm fine," Claire said. "Guess I'm not the only hero in town."

Claire looked up in the sky and caught a glimpse of the woman who had saved Claire from crashing down. She had shoulder length blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a smile. The front of her costume had been cut out, where a symbol might have gone. Instead, it showed a window of cleavage which flashed in front of Claire's face. The red cape fluttered in the wind, and the material only came down to the apex of her thighs.

"So, do you know her?" Maggie asked, catching a brief glimpse of the other savior.

"Maybe," Claire said.
'Could it be?' the Woman of Steel thought. 'No it's impossible.'

Claire reprimanded herself for thinking that. Nothing was impossible these days, absolutely nothing.

For the first time in a very long time, Helena smiled, and she smiled for a really good reason. She eased into the bond network, not surprised that Harry had a collective of women who could speak to each other in their thoughts. Something which she should have guessed from the beginning.

It did explain a lot about how Harry and his girls worked together in relative harmony.

'Does anything really bother you?' Sara asked.

'The fact I couldn't function for months without Harry Potter entering my mind every couple of hours was bothering,' Helena thought. 'But, now I got that taken care of, I can hopefully move on with my life.'

'You do have your father's stubbornness,' Talia thought.

'I'm not rather sure if I should take it as a compliment or an insult,' Helena thought.

Both women said nothing for a minute. Helena did not really expect an answer. It had been very shocking when she received one.

'Take it in any way you want,' Talia responded.

Helena thought it was fair enough. Talia likely could have meant what she said in any way. Still, she had finally relaxed, for the first time in a long time. Harry really knew how to put someone through the paces, and she was not lacking in fulfillment after her encounter with Harry. The two of them made their way up to the steps.

Bobbi and Daisy walked down the steps. The four of them separated in Gotham City, with Sara also sticking around to check up on a couple of old friends of hers, even though she could not reveal herself to them on the account of being legally dead. Daisy and Bobbi on the other hand reported back to headquarters.

"So, what's the latest news on the vampire situation?" Harry asked.

"Well, so far we have not been able to pin down Dracula, and Peggy is overturning every rock she can to find him," Daisy said.

"It makes sense she would have a better idea of where to look than a lot of people do," Harry answered.

"She does," Daisy said. "But, there's something else you should know. Not too far from here, there was a terrorist attack on the new Metropolis Train Station."

Harry raised an eyebrow, and Helena tensed up. Daisy leaned in to alleviate both of their concerns right away.

"No one was hurt, in fact, they were saved by Superwoman…and this new player on the chess board."

She handed Harry a blurry figure of a woman in a skin-tight bodysuit. Harry noticed the pictured
focused on the cleavage of the woman. Not that was a bad thing per say, she had some nice cleavage. Harry just wished to have a clearer picture of the rest of her. He looked at it, noticing a hint of blonde hair, although it was mostly blurry.

"She's being dubbed Power Girl," Daisy said.

Harry studied the picture. He really wished he could get more than he did. He was pretty certain she did not allow the camera to photograph her face on purpose. As nice as those breasts were, one could not do a facial recognition off of them.

"Power Girl?" Harry asked. "Surely not Powerwoman, because it's obvious from this picture she's all woman."

Daisy's eyes drew towards the cleavage for a moment. Even in a photo, it seemed like it had some magnetic pull towards it. Which was why no one had been able to get a clear enough look at her face because they had been fixated by her breasts.

"Hey, I don't name them," Daisy said.

"We're getting off the subject, though," Helena said.

Daisy shook her head. She had this tendency to get side tracked way too many times. More times than she cared to count. Bobbi, to her credit, was able to pick up the slack.

"Lois Lane's encounter with the vampire cult here shows Dracula's influence is pretty far reaching," Bobbi said. "And he's not going to stop until he achieves his goal."

'He wanted the world, even when I fought him during the war,' Peggy thought.

Peggy hated to admit, it was Captain America who did most of the fighting. That was another lifetime ago for her, though. She stepped up and pretty much held an entire network together.

'One of his minions gave us the slip,' Buffy interjected. 'He's giving us a pretty big go around, but we're going to get him. I swear we're going to get him, one of these days.'

'Unless he's leading us into a trap, then we're the ones that are going to get it,' Faith thought.

'I think it's more likely he's running you two around in circles,' Harry thought. 'He doesn't want you to get close to his master.....but remember, you two and Elsa should keep close together. Don't split up.'

'Hey, we've seen enough horror movies to know splitting up is a bad idea,' Buffy thought. 'So, you want us to still work with Elsa?'

'Just keep her close,' Harry said. 'She's a lot better ally than she is an enemy.'

'Fair enough, although you should have given me a leash to put on her,' Faith thought. 'Unless you want to put the leash on her yourself, I wouldn't complain.'

Harry turned himself away from the bond conversation.

"So, what do we have today?" Bobbi asked.

"Meeting with Karen Starr, at Starrwave," Harry said. "She doesn't normally do meetings, although to be fair, she's still set up."
"And you managed to convince her to hold a meeting," Daisy said.

She shifted into a very knowing smile, knowing how this worked, at least how it worked with Harry. Very few women would turn down a meeting with him.

Karen Starr pinned her blonde hair back and wore a pair of glasses over her bright blue eyes. She wore a red blouse which had been unbuttoned slightly to give her chest enough room to breathe. She wore a modest length black skirt over her stocking clad legs and balanced on a pair of high heels.

She had spent the past year setting up since her return. Karen lifted her hand and noticed the silver ring with an "L" symbol on it. She could go back to visit the friends she made than at any time. The Kryptonian Survivor had pressing matters in the present to attend to.

One of the reasons why she chose this time to return to was Harry Potter would finally be moving beyond his old world and setting up here. Karen almost jumped at the opportunity to have a meeting with him. She was not one to beg for something. Karen prided herself on having a fair amount of restraint all things considered. Still, her excitement regarding meeting up with Harry could not be matched by any means.

The elevator door dinged and brought Karen out of her daydreams about Harry Potter. She turned her head around and noticed Harry walking towards them, with Helena Wayne. It was hard to believe Harry was only nineteen years of age because he carried himself with such a maturity and poise that many men.

"Ms. Starr, it's a pleasure to meet you at least," Harry said. "You're a very hard woman to pin down."

Karen smiled at the potential hard double meaning.

"Given what I've heard, you can be a pretty hard man to pin down," Karen said.

She moved closer towards Harry and smiled when sneaking a slight gaze in his eyes. It proved to be undoing. Harry's eyes had a very hypnotic appeal to them. Sometimes she wondered.

"It is a pleasure to meet you," Helena said, breaking up the eye-fucking between the two of them before it could get out of hand.

There were a time and a place for hardcore sex, but Helena thought the boardroom wasn't most certainly the place. Well, maybe after business was conducted. Karen turned her attention to Helena and smiled.

"And you must be Ms. Wayne…"

"It's just Helena," the woman said.

"Then it's Karen," she responded.

"And then it's Harry," Harry said.

All three of them exchanged smiles with one another.

"Now that we're all on a first name basis, shall we begin?" Karen asked. Harry responded with a nod.
The three of them made their way into a very spacious looking boardroom. A large window of the back gave them a view of Metropolis. Harry could see anything from here, well in theory. From where he stood, the people in the city looked like little specks.

"So, why did you agree to meet with me?" Harry asked.

Karen had more personal reasons to want to meet with Harry. She decided to go with the mostly professional response, at least for right now.

"Well, you're setting up to change the world," Karen said. "I really want to get in on the ground floor of any change. Wouldn't you if you were me?"

Harry didn't deny he would want to. Hell, he was here with her right now because of a similar promise of change. He spent some time familiarizing himself with some projects Starrwave had been working on.

"I want to know more about the computer you've been working on," Harry said. "If you get it working, it has the strongest processing power in the world."

"Yes," Karen agreed. "It also has built-in virus protection, the most built in protection you can get. And it doesn't compromise the computer at all. The speed is still the same with the full protection as it is anywhere else."

Karen gave a sigh and she found a couple of flaws.

"Unfortunately there isn't any program on Earth which can stop people from clicking on links they shouldn't," Karen said. "And there's no program on Earth that can install common sense into the human mind."

Harry nodded. Helena leaned in and prepared to give her two cents.

"Why don't we research the common Internet scams, and find a way to nuke those e-mails and those links before it reaches the person," Helena said. "We might not be able to wipe them off of the Internet, but we can keep them from getting enough people into their trap."

The only reason those schemes still went on because there were a lot of naïve people using computers. Your casual users, seniors who had been more trusting to take people at face value, had been a common target of these Internet schemes.

"I might be able to do it," Karen said. "There's just a problem….the processor keeps overheating so we're going to need to find a way to stop it from doing so."

Harry thought about it. There were a couple of things in development at Horizon which might be of use, at least as far as he thought. He looked towards Karen.

"Well, since we're working together, I might be able to figure something out," Harry said. "I have some projects at Horizon which could be very useful in dealing with the processor problem. I'll take a look at them, and I'll get back with you as soon as I can."

"Really?" Karen asked.

"Well, this partnership is a partnership," Harry said. "We all should work together."

Karen would have to agree. The partnership between Horizon, Starrwave, and Wayne was going to be a big one. Despite coming from the future, she didn't really know the particulars. It would be fun
to find out how their triumvirate became the powerhouse it was.

"I'm particularly interested in the solar towers you're developing here in Metropolis," Helena said.

"Well, they work on a similar premise as your solar satellite at Wayne, at least the one your father developed before….."

Karen grew silence. Helena nodded and motioned for her to continue with a very stoic look on her face.

"Why don't I show you what I have so far? They're only in the development stages."

Karen leaned over across the table which allowed Harry a glimpse of her cleavage. It was now everything clicked in Harry's mind.

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Claire arrived at the Daily Planet office. Lois followed at her heels a couple of steps behind. The reporter frowned, having heard of Claire's adventure. She only had one thing to say to her.

"You mean to tell me there was a terrorist attack in Metropolis," Lois said. "And I wasn't in the middle of it."

Very nearly, Claire broke from her stern demeanor to smile at Lois.

"I know, first time for anything….."

Claire fixed herself a cup of coffee. Lois snatched it away before she could drink it. Claire took the coffee in her hand and drank it a couple of seconds.

"That's not the weirdest part," Claire said. "The weirdest part is the second Kryptonian I encountered today."

"Yeah, for being the last of your kind, there sure are a lot of you out there," Lois said. Claire raised an eyebrow. "The press are calling her Power Girl….not me, though, other members of the press. But it's sticking."

Lois was too preoccupied with the entire vampire cult thing to worrying about naming Metropolis's newest cape. She thought it was interesting. Just not interested as a group of potentially crazed creatures of the night.

"They hadn't been able to get a close enough look at her face," Lois said. "From the couple of photos I've seen, it's because they were a bit fixated on other parts when snapping the photo."

Lois showed Claire the blurry photo which showed Power Girl's cleavage. Claire found her eyes locked onto it for a second, before going red and dragging them away.

"They do have a magnetic pull to them," Lois said. "No one has been able to get a glimpse of her face."

"Oh, I got a glimpse of her face," Claire said.

Lois almost spilled her coffee in surprise. No one, not even the people she saved, or the people she picked up, or observers had gotten a glimpse of Power Girl's face.
"I saw the face," Claire said.

"Yeah, I heard you the first time," Lois said.

"It's Kara."

Lois stared back in confusion when trying to process these thoughts in her mind. She realized what Claire was talking about and already a headache was starting to form in the back of her mind. She closed her eyes.

"And by Kara, you mean the older one, the one you thought who was your cousin years ago, and then it turned out she wasn't," Lois said. "This is going to make my head hurt."

"The multiverse often can."

Claire had come up with another thought. She made sure no one was listening. Claire listened carefully and then turned back to Lois.

"Karen Starr is Power Girl," Claire said. "Karen is Kara from my Smallville years."

Lois thought things were going to get a little bit more interesting. She had a feeling the confusion would only increase.

Elsa had never been one to work with others at any time. She hated to admit with Dracula's vast army, she needed help, and the Slayers were the best bet she had. She would have preferred having Harry Potter, or the members of the League of Assassins at her side instead of them, but they would have to do.

The vampire hunter shouldered the blade over her shoulder and walked down a dark alleyway. She could see Buffy and Faith walking up behind her.

"You could wait for us, so we can do this together," Buffy said.

"They wait for no one," Elsa said. "You need to be ready to strike…"

"Why do you hate vampires so much?" Buffy asked. "Not just the ones who have slaughtered, but all of them."

"I've seen people close to me get warped, it's a disease which needs to be wiped out," Elsa said.

Buffy really didn't have any comeback for it. She had encountered her share of vampires which made Elsa's argument very convincing. Buffy reminded herself though about the cases where they could be helped. Natalie and Willow were two cases she could come up with.

"Your friend being saved is an exception to the rule," Elsa said as if hearing Buffy's thoughts. "And you are very lucky to have the Dragon on your side."

Elsa turned around and saw a man exiting a bar from across the street. She stared at the man and held her wristband up. It flashed white which showed he was not a vampire. Just a really creepy looking man.

"They're near," Faith said.

Faith gripped her crossbow tight and waited for something to happen. The creepy man across the street walked and turned around the corner. A couple of men dressed in hoods walked towards him.
"Wrong neighborhood," one of them said.

Faith caught the hooded man with a glancing blow to the side of the face. Elsa propelled herself high into the air and came down onto the head of the vampire.

Buffy was left with a third hooded man. The hood flung down, and Buffy got a glimpse of his waxy looking skin, greasy black hair, goatee, and fangs. He charged towards her and rushed her.

She caught him with a bolt to the shoulder. The vampire dropped down to the ground, completely out of it.

Elsa withdrew the blade and prepared to finish off this vampire. Buffy stepped off to the side.

"We need information," Buffy said.

Elsa nodded.

"You better talk, I won't be able to hold her back for long," Buffy said.

"Dracula….will rule underneath the Red Sun!" the vampire breathed.

This cryptic comment had been followed by all three vampires bursting into flames. The sleazy man blacked out in shock and left the two Slayers and the hunter to ponder what he meant.

To Be Continued on March 30th, 2017.

Lots of hunting in this chapter. And Dracula's plan is coming to light.

Also, we get a little bit of Power Girl in our life. And yes, there's no program in existence that will install common sense into the human brain. You can have all of the virus scans in the world, but that doesn't stop people from going where they should not.
Chapter Fifty-One: Hidden Away.

Claire Kent leaned over the window sill in the Daily Planet main offices in Metropolis, a dreamy look fluttering over her eyes. She had a lot on her mind over the past few weeks. The new heroine on the scene in Metropolis occupied the prime space in her thoughts. Claire deduced who the woman was and she haunted her thoughts for a decent amount of time.

Years ago, she left, just before Claire underwent her final trials to become Superwoman. The training which she underwent tested her resolve. Despite all of the obstacles, all of the problems, and all of the drama, Claire reckoned she had been a better person for it. She escaped on the other side, turning from an awkward farm girl to the Woman of Steel. Many people regarded Superwoman as a symbol. Many cracked underneath the pressure. Claire hoped to be the best she could be. Sometimes, as Harry pointed out to her gently, and Lois did less so, she neglected the important things. She put together a list of excuses of why she couldn't do this, that, or the other thing. The latest level of excuses had to do with the return of Kara, the older Kara.

The bridge had been mended with her younger cousin, now Claire struggled to mend the bridge of the older version of Kara. She hung out of the window, deep in a daydream.

Claire lifted a hand up to her head and sighed.

"Just call her," Claire muttered. "How hard can it be to pick up the phone book and call her?"

A quick stolen glance over her shoulder verified no one was in the office. The last thing Claire wanted would be people seeing her talking to herself. She played the awkward act to throw people off of the scent for Superwoman. She maintained the mask so much it even fooled her at times.

 Mostly because she identified as Claire Kent more so as Superwoman. She found a greater balance, where she accepted her Kryptonian heritage without sacrificing her human upbringing.

Claire held the phone in the palm of her hand. She thought about calling up Starrwave and getting an interview with Karen Starr. She would not have to work too hard at breaking the ice from there. Starrwave advertised the number all over Metropolis. Billboards, radio advertisements, television advertisements, a great viral marketing campaign made sure everyone knew what Starrwave was all about. They led the charge for new technological achievement.

Nothing stopped Claire from dialing the number.

A ringing in Claire's head stopped her from finally taking the plunge. Claire slipped the phone back into her bag. The alarm continued to ring.

'It sounds like Star Labs.'

Claire knew better than anyone else the type of things in Star Labs and how they could prove to be a problem. She moved back to the window and looked over her shoulder to ensure no one could see what she did. Claire perched herself on the railing, spread her arms, and fell back into the street below.
She popped up in the trademark uniform of the Woman of Steel. The blur blasted down the streets of Metropolis towards Star Labs. The bell rang in her ears. Claire tore up and reached the front entrance of the premier research facility in Metropolis.

'It stopped.'

Claire straightened her posture and looked around. Her alarm didn't stop just because of the alarm around the activity. Superwoman put one ear out and heard a loud scream from one of the main labs.

The Last Daughter of Krypton kicked up and flew towards the windows. She hoped to get the jump on them.

A bolt of energy struck Claire in the chest. The Woman of Steel slammed down onto the pavement from the impact.

The attacker made a secondary impact to come down from high above. Claire dodged out of the way of the attacker before he could slam down onto the ground. Her attacker's fist slammed into the pavement. A sonic backlash from his hand slamming into the pavement almost rocked Claire.

The dust settled for Claire to get a better look at her attacker. Greasy brown hair matted against his forehead. He wore a look of permanent disdain and looked quite cross-eyed in the process. Scars came down his face and he missed an ear. His muscles bulged out from the other side of a tight black shirt, and armored leggings.

"You!" the man bellowed.

A ripple of light slammed towards Claire. Claire evaded the attack with swift precision. The enemy flew towards her with hands outstretched. Claire stopped him from grabbing her throat. The two of them struggled with each other for a moment before the Woman of Steel nailed her.

A figure dashed towards Claire off to one side. Two silver knives came towards her just as quickly as the figure move. Claire bobbed her head and blasted the knives with heat vision.

The knife thrower stopped. Her silver hair stuck out wildly like someone who stuck their finger in a light socket. Her face contorted into a deadly expression, and a crooked snarl followed. She dressed in a leather uniform. The knife throwers deceptively muscular body built itself more for skill or show.

"Kryptonian must die!" she yelled.

Claire blocked the knife between two fingers. She turned around and fired the knife back at her adversary.

"Not today!" Claire yelled.

The knife thrower tried for a more physical attack. Claire caught her arm and twisted it behind the attacker. She hoisted up the attacker and flung her to the down.

A third figure hurled Claire up into the air and forced her to crash down with one swift shot. Claire saw about three of the same blue haired, red skinned man. The man held up a metal box in his clawed hands.

"We have what we've come for!" the clawed man yelled. "Let's go!"

Claire’s ears rang. She put her hands on the sidewalk and performed a half push up. They disappeared into a flash of light and left Claire on her hands and knees.
The Kryptonian could not bother to watch the people who crowded around. She hooked the pavement and pushed herself up to a standing position. She almost collapsed in agony from being blasted so hard. Claire shrugged off the energy and tried to go after them even after the distinct head start they had.

Claire flew around Metropolis for the next couple of hours, mostly to clear her head. The fact Kara's return distracted her could not help and haunt Claire. Claire figured if she hadn't allowed herself to get so easily distracted, she might have been able to defeat those rogue aliens and stop them from walking away whatever they stole. Whatever it was they stole.

'That's the problem, I'm not sure what they stole,' Claire thought.

One more circle around the city of Metropolis brought Claire to her appointment. She felt a little sluggish for some reason. One of those aliens caught her really good, point blank even. The Woman of Steel circled around the block and decided to return to the apartment her and Lois shared.

Claire touched down. She hoped to regroup and take this with a fresh head. Maybe, take a closer look at Star Labs, and try and figure what happened. Cops swarmed the lab the last time she flew around.

'I might have a better relationship with the police these days. But, I wouldn't want to get in their way when they're trying to do their jobs.'

The Last Daughter of Krypton spotted a very familiar face outside her apartment. The beautiful dark haired girl clad in a skin tight black jumpsuit waited over. Claire stepped closer and allowed the enticing form of one of her cousin's adoptive sisters coming in there. Alex Danvers came face to face with Clair Kent.

"I hoped you'd come back here," Alex said. "You look terrible."

Claire closed her eyes and tried to shake off the uneasy feeling clutching her body.

"I look it and I feel it."

"You haven't looked at a mirror lately?" Alex asked.

Claire shrugged off the question. "I'm not one for vanity."

Alex expected and respected Claire being distracted. She just learned of the other Kara returning, and it put Alex in a really weird spot. The multi-verse could be a very diverse and often strange place. Providing this girl claiming to be Kara Zor-El was from an alternate universe. Alex had her share of suspicions.

"Your face is pretty cut up," Alex said.

Claire cupped her cheeks in response to feel the cuts on it. Blood coated her fingers when she pulled them away. She did not see her own blood for a very long time. Claire shuddered when staring at the foreign fluids coating her fingers.

"The sun should have healed me by now," Claire said.

"One of them must have hit you harder than you thought," Alex said.
Claire nodded. "I guess so. And I take it you know about the rogue aliens."

"Yes, the DEO makes it their job to know about the aliens," Alex said. "And we have a problem."

Alex tried to maintain a façade of being professional. A look of great dread flashed over Alex's face despite her professionalism. Claire placed a hand on the shoulder of the DEO agent.

"If you think we have a problem, we have a problem. You wouldn't have come here if there wasn't a problem."

"Yes," Alex said. "We know all about the problems you've had with Zod and his army of Kandorians all of those years ago."

Claire closed her eyes. It would have been a long time before she forgot about that particular mess.

"Other rogue elements have come to light," Alex said.

Claire didn't miss a beat. "This wouldn't have anything to do with the rift that opened when Kara's pod dropped to Earth five years ago, would it?"

Alex took a moment to reconcile her thoughts. She didn't want to be the one to tell Claire another pocket of Kryptonian survivors were on Earth, and their attentions skewed towards less than grand. The warm hand squeezing around hers told Alex how much Claire could take.

"I've been down this road before," Claire said. "Just spit it out and tell me. Trust me, I can take it."

"They're here, and they're lead by her," Alex said. "And they've been training their powers for secret for five years."

A grimace flashed across Claire's face. She didn't know what to make over this. She withdrew from Alex's shoulder and pulled herself away from her.

"Thanks for telling me," Claire said.

"Shouldn't you get a look at those cuts?" Alex asked. "Some of them are nasty."

"I'll be fine," Claire said.

Alex wasn't sure they were. Claire regarded this as her personal responsible just like Henshaw warned Alex she might. Claire didn't join up with the DEO on principle, although they worked together in the past.

Claire kicked up. She needed to pick up the hunt no matter how sluggish she felt. Claire summoned her reserves and flew a bit better.

Was it just her imagination or did the sun have a bit more of a red tinge to it today?

The doors of a stylish sport's car swung open. Lucy Lane swung her legs out of the passenger's seat. She dressed in her usual professional female business attire. The last time she came around these parts, it was due to her superiors. They demanded results and demanded Harry Potter get on board with the program. Lucy was to convince him.

Lucy found out one simple fact. Harry Potter worked on his own clock and did things his own way.
The fierce streak of independence Harry built made Lucy expect him. It proved there was still some small part of the rebellious young woman who spent the past several years working in the system.

"I'll say this," Lucy said. "You do know how to ride in style."

Harry Potter closed up the driver's side of the door.

"We're working together," Harry said. "And if all goes well, we're going to be working together."

'I'd laugh if Lucy managed to get figured in before Lois,' Chloe said.

Felicity could barely keep the mirth out of her tone. 'You wouldn't go rub it in her face, would you?'

'No…of course not!' Chloe yelled in her usual animated voice.

Lana scoffed. 'Really?'

'Okay, maybe a little bit,' Chloe amended.

Harry offered his arm to Lucy. Lucy normally wouldn't take it as she was a fiercely independent woman. Still, it would be rude to decline such a polite gesture especially when it was in good faith. She interlocked arms with Harry and the two of them made their way past the front entrance of Horizon.

Both passed the standard security checks on their way inside. Lucy thought the procedure was rather painless and efficient at the same time. She liked the combination and hoped more people would adopt this way of security control.

"Indigo is finally going to be back online," Harry said.

"So, you invited me here as an act of good faith," Lucy said.

She wondered why it took so long. Not, Lucy had any room to judge. Harry knew more about these sorts of things than she did. Lucy figured with Chloe helping spearheading the project, along with Daisy and Felicity, Harry knew what was doing. Her bosses put a lot of pressure on her to make sure Harry told her about the project.

Harry invited her and only her as an act of good faith.

"Yes," Harry said. "I know you won't try and confiscate the project."

Lucy agreed with him. She doubted she could get away with him due to the building security.

"Harry, Alex Danvers is also here to see you," Rose said. "She said it is urgent…and Indigo is almost online. She won't be a problem."

"Alex?" Harry asked. "Send Daisy to collect her, and bring her upstairs to the lab."

'I'm on it,' Daisy thought.

"It's better to be safe than sorry," Harry said. "We found out someone tampered with Indigo's protocols and made her more willing to commit acts of terrorism. That wasn't what she was designed for. She didn't know her programming was tampered with until it was too late."

Lucy smiled. "I'll take your word for it. I mean, you're the expert here, and I'm really not."
Lucy stopped short. The elevator opened up just as her phone rang. Lucy took out the phone and turned to Harry with an apologetic look in her eyes.

"I better take this," Lucy said.

Harry waved her off. "Don't worry, I understand."

Lucy walked over and made sure to get as far out of earshot as she could. She knew if Harry really wanted to hear what was on the other end of the conversation, no real stopping him. It gave her peace of mind to be far away from him when talking on the phone.

"Yes?" Lucy asked. "Oh, as a matter of fact, I'm with him right now."

Harry spotted Lucy's facial expressions and figured the conversation was not going as well as she wanted it to.

'So, any luck on getting any leads on these vampires?' Harry thought.

Buffy sighed. 'So far, nothing. Other than the vampires we ran into the other night. The ones who talked about what would happen when the son goes red.'

'You have any idea what they're talking about?' Faith asked.

'Nothing good,' Harry responded. 'We're all going to have to keep our eyes open."

'Just running around in circles again,' Faith thought. 'The sun's looking pretty weird today now come to think about it.'

Alex turned up with Daisy a moment later. Claire joined them, dressed in costume. Harry looked at the scratch down her face which covered one side. He frowned when looking at them.

"What happened to you?" Harry asked.

"I encountered some thugs who beat me up," Claire said. "My face got cut up pretty bad."

"Well, I suppose I don't have to tell you about the fact there's a situation with Superwoman," Lucy said. "Because she's already here."

Lucy took one look at the facial injuries which did not seem to heal. Superwoman not healing put Lucy in a pretty negative state of mind.

Harry figured he would get to the bottom of Claire's injury situation soon enough. He had a small group with him when they walked down the wide corridor down to the final hallway towards the lab. Claire followed behind her, and it was just as well she was here. Lucy made her way briskly down the hallway. Alex followed, and Harry figured it would be good to have a DEO agent in on this given it mattered involving aliens.

'My sister really wanted an excuse to come and see you,' Carol said.

'You realize she doesn't need an excuse,' Harry thought.

Carol laughed in response. 'Yeah, we both know she doesn't really need an excuse. She's going to want to have one to be there, though. She thinks her relationship with you is professional.'
She'll soon be singing your praises,' Daisy thought. 'Or screaming them.'

Daisy slipped in the rear behind them and moved towards the group. Felicity waited at the entrance of the lab. She chewed her lip when waiting, one of her more interesting quality. Then again, the girls knew all about Felicity's oral fixation.

"Well, we're ninety-nine point nine percent sure Indigo won't turn on us," Felicity said.

Harry took a moment to raise his fingers and pinch the bridge of his nose. He would have preferred one hundred percent all things considered. Experience taught him about how that point one percent of odds could come back and bite a person very heavily later on.

"Well, let's go see what we have."

The lab doors swung open at Harry's presence, or rather, Rose opened them.

"We're pretty sure she's fine, we just had to spend some extra time double checking," Rose said. "I think you'll find her loyalties have shifted somewhere closer to where they should be, and where they belong."

"Meaning she knows who her master is and who she should kneel before," Daisy said.

The group stepped into the lab. The walls glowed with an interesting blue energy. Several discs carved within the walls which drew more energy. The tiled floor didn't have a speck of dust on it. The only furniture in the room was a trio of chairs, for the girls who had worked on the project.

The large thick black console with crystals jutting out from the top laid at the central most fixed point of the room. Claire looked at the crystals with a raised eyebrow and a very impressed smile.

"They look almost like the Kryptonian crystals at the Fortress," Claire said.

Harry answered with a shrug. "My grandmother built them. She may have sought inspiration from the Kryptonians. I wouldn't have been surprised if she visited your world. Given how long-lived she is."

"Krypton wasn't fond of outside travelers," Claire said. "Which ended up dooming us because we were so isolated that we couldn't see the problems in our own planet until it's too late."

Claire often wondered what might have happened if Krypton survived. All thoughts brushed to the side when Claire figured there was nothing which beat the time spent on Earth.

Harry pressed the button and fired up the console. An energy array shot into light. The hard light holographic form of Indigo appeared. The tall, beautiful construct appeared in front of them. Her blue skin shined brightly in an almost blinding force. Her red hair danced next to her face. The woman built herself like an idealized form of a woman.

"Master," Indigo said. She extended a hand.

"Who are you and what is your purpose?" Harry asked.

"I am designated Indigo Prime, I was lead to believe I was the BrainInteractive Construct 8.0," Indigo said. A scowl spread across her face in response to this statement.

Daisy caught Felicity's eye who smiled. So far, so good, but they did not want to jinx it.

"Brainiac was just a cheap knockoff of my programming," Indigo said. "I live now to serve the
interests of Harry Potter and his collective in any way he wishes."

"Tell me how you came to Earth?" Harry asked.

Indigo closed her eyes for a moment. She spoke as calm and frank as possible.

"I'm responsible for bringing an invading force of Kryptonians into this world. I used Kara Zor-El's ship as a means to breach the Phantom Zone and escaped from it. Astra In-Ze lives on Krypton with a small group of Phantom Zone escapees, not just Kryptonians. Anyone who was close enough to the breach took the chance of going through. The uncertain was more ideal than the Phantom Zone."

"Not again," Claire groaned.

"Who is Astra In-Ze?" Harry asked.

"Kara's aunt," Indigo said. "She started with the best of intentions, but the Council disagreed with her when she claimed Krypton was dying."

"They have a bad habit of doing that," Claire said.

"And she had been sent to the Phantom Zone, with the Council forcing her sister, Alura, to sign the order, under threat of her daughter being imprisoned for being a natural birth," Indigo said. "You may need to understand the Kryptonian Council judges those who are born under natural circumstances to be a mistake of nature. All Kryptonians are supposed to be engineered with a specific purpose. Kara, and you, Clara, would have been considered to be mistaken."

Claire learned all of this through her training with Jor-El and Lara. She appreciated the reminder about how messed up this situation was.

"Astra is here, though," Claire said.

"Yes, and after she and Zod engaged in that civil war, she already had been damaged. Time in the Phantom Zone skewed her perspective. She may intend to build a New Krypton on Earth."

Alex and Lucy both soaked that all in. Daisy nodded as well. She was going to have to inform Peggy of this new development. The Dracula situation demanded attention, but so did an army of rogue Kryptonians.

"We're going to have to prepare for the worst then, "Alex said.

"Agreed," Daisy and Lucy said in unison.

"Indigo, tell me everything you know about Astra and her methods," Harry said.

It would be useless to squander a very valuable resource.

The red skinned alien stepped forward. The man intimidated many of the people around him, and yet when walking through those doors, he was the one who felt a lot of intimidation.

"Did you get it?"

A dark haired woman walked through the shadows. A scowl compromised her normally beautiful face and her eyes narrowed. The Kryptonian military uniform she wore flattered her body without
showing it off. Powers or no powers, she had been built to destroy them.

"We did, but we couldn't get the other component because of Superwoman."

"Remember, I told you my niece is off limits," she said. "That courtesy does not extend to Superwoman. As much as I loath to spill any Kryptonian blood, she's meddled in my plans far too often."

Astra thought Superwoman could be a useful addition to her forces if she had even a sliver of the intelligence her parents had. Still, she took to Earth way too much and was not a proper Kryptonian.

"General, begging your forgiveness, but I have more bad news."

Astra raised her eyebrows and motioned for the subordinate to come for.

"We've discovered evidence of a third Kryptonian who has not joined our cause," the subordinate said. "The humans are calling her Power Girl."

Astra took the image and it looked faint, almost like a blur of the person flying, though. She squinted and looked at the picture, catching a glimpse of the girl's face, just barely, but just enough. The picture dropped to the ground.

Never show weakness in front of those who you lead. Astra lived by that motto.

"We better prepare for the next phase of the plan," Astra said.

"What do we....."

The General cut off their words before they could get going.

"Remember who sheltered you," Astra said. "If I didn't, you'd be in a laboratory somewhere, with humans experimenting on you."

Astra picked up the photo once they were gone and stared at it for a long time. She put the photo now right next to a news clipping which detailed Harry Potter's trip to Metropolis. She took one look at the smiling young man. Astra's eyes lingered on his picture for a long time.

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To Be Continued on April 6th, 2017.

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Something is going really wrong here and things are only going to get worse. Not only vampires but also rogue aliens from the Phantom Zone.

Lois will never hear the end of it if Lucy beats her to the Collective.

And Astra is intrigued by a couple of things.
Red Skies Part One

Chapter Fifty-Two: Red Skies Part One.

Claire tried to reconcile the news. What Indigo told her complicated matters more than she ever wanted to think about. Another rogue army of Kryptonians sought to invade Earth. Claire still thought about the others. She just hoped Astra would not be as vicious or cruel as Zod. Something told Claire the situation was about ready to get worse.

Astra spent the better part of the last several years trapped inside of the Phantom Zone. The sense of betrayal from both her planet and bloodline festered in her mind. Claire didn't really know what the connection, if any, was between Astra and Jor-El. It was another question which she struggled to figure out and thought she should have talked to Indigo.

Now, Claire knew of another situation she could not avoid. She struggled to push forward, the need to talk to Karen increasing. The Woman of Steel propelled forward in the skies of the city. The hot sun beat down on her. Claire felt fatigued, tired, and having the need to sit down more often.

'Can't just…got to push forward.'

Claire passed the Metropolis city limits. Her entire body weighed down. Claire descended to the ground. She tried to block the impact from getting smashed down onto the ground. Claire landed on her feet. The Woman of Steel slid against the pavement and crashed down onto the ground.

Blood pumped between Claire's ears. She gripped the pavement and did a push-up. Claire only heard a slightly lighter pounding of her heart. The sensitivity of the sounds crossing the city didn't filter through her ears enough. Claire staggered back and almost slumped against the bumper of a nearby car.

A couple of passers on the street charged over towards her. One of them looked towards Claire with confusion, and even a little bit concern. Claire could tell why she did not look her very best.

"Hey, Mom, look that's Superwoman!"

"She doesn't look so super now, does she?"

Claire ignored the loud mouth on the street. The heat made her blood boil when trying to standing on the street. Claire struggled to stand once up. It hit her what happened. It was a type of pain which she never thought would visit her.

'I sprained my ankle!'

The most mundane of injuries floored the mightiest of women. Claire didn't know what to do. A couple of people stepped closer towards her to get a closer look. One woman extended a hand which caused Claire to look towards her with a smile.

"Thank you."

"What happened?" one of them asked.

"I don't know," Superwoman said. "My powers must have shorted out."
The people on the streets muttered. Claire didn't know if what they said was fair or foul. She had never been so uncomfortable not to be able to hear the conversations of the other people on the street. People looked towards her, and Claire took the long walk down the street.

Claire didn't dare try for a jumping leap to take flight. The sweat coated her face even when walking in the intense heat of the early summertime. Claire breathed in when feeling the pull.

A familiar car pulled up next to her. Claire almost fell over in the surprise. The door swung open and Lois popped her head out.

"Need a ride?" Lois asked.

Claire smiled and climbed into the passenger's side. She took extra care to make sure she buckled up.

'Even with my super powers, getting in a car with Lois without strapping in is a risk no one should take.'

Lois hit the gas and made her way down the streets of Metropolis away from the small crowd which gathered. The people of Metropolis at least had enough sense to clear the path for the madwoman behind the wheel of a motor vehicle. Claire gave them this much credit.

Almost a long moment passed before Lois turned her attention towards Claire.

"What the hell happened?"

"Blunt as always," Claire said. "That's appreciated."

Claire really wished she had a snappy bit of banter to retort with. The fatigue increased in her. Claire leaned back in the seat and wanted to drift off for a very long nap. Lois reached over and placed a hand to Claire's forehead when frowning in response to her.

"You're burning up," Lois said. "Do you ever run a fever?"

"Not for a long time," Claire said. "The Red Kryptonite burned me a while back. I don't really know what happened."

Lois tuned in the radio and almost veered off of the road. Claire turned towards her with a narrowed glance to her.

"The skies are turning red in an event which has left scientists baffled. Many have claimed it's almost like the sun has turned red, which some skeptics have dismissed as impossible. Some claimed the red solar activity is the sun being clouded over a solar storm which rolled in from Mars."

"It's not that," Claire said. "Someone has put a shield around the planet and the sun is shining red."

"How long do you have before your reserves conk out?" Lois asked.

Claire made the mental calculations in her mind. She came to one conclusion.

"I don't think I'll be much help with anyone today," Claire said. "I think they've already burned out when I flew back from Metropolis all the way from the West Coast."

Lois fixed her eyes on the road. She just couldn't bring about a lecture against Claire for doing something so reckless. Lois just hung on tight to the wheel and hoped to get her to the apartment in one piece. Murphy's Law reminded Lois there would be so many bad things happening she couldn't even begin to discuss them all.
Harry walked out to the balcony on top of the Horizon Building. The red sun baked down above them all. This was weird even by the normal weird things which Harry bothered with. He spent a couple of moments analyzing every inch of the sky. The shielding method was the most obvious method in the word.

The door leading up to the elevator to the roof opened. Daisy walked up the short stairs between the top floor and the roof and came up right next to Harry's shoulder. Harry turned towards her.

The hacker looked frustrated when looking towards Harry. Harry raised a hand and touched her shoulder to give it a gentle squeeze. Daisy relaxed and gave her report.

"We've been trying to burn through every avenue. She tried to tap into the satellites around the planet to try and find where the people behind this might have piggy-backed on the programming. So, far, it's nothing.'

'Not a thing,' Chloe thought. 'Indigo can't even find it.'

Harry pondered thoughtfully on this. He decided to come up with his own theory.

'It makes me think what's going on isn't through science,' Harry thought.

'You mean there's some kind of magical ritual which is turning the sun red?' Felicity thought. 'Okay, I'm not an expert, but can you even transfigure the sun?'

'Well, anything's possible,' Harry said. 'We don't need to transfigure the entire sun. Filtering the energy beating down will be more than enough.'

'So, they created some kind of mirror and focused a charm on it,' Willow said. 'And the mirror is somehow extending its reach all over Earth and filtering in the red sunlight.'

'That sounds pretty crazy when you put it like that,' Buffy thought.

'Magic makes everything sound crazy when you think about it,' Harry thought. 'Transfiguring beetles into buttons really doesn't make any sense in the grand scheme of things.'

'Well how about if you're a tailor strapped for cash?' Faith asked.

Harry waited for the doors to open. Two of his scientists walked up the steps and carried a large object in their arms. It took two of them to carry it. The bottom part of it looked like a telescope. A large mirror rested on the top of the device. The two of them staggered forward with the object.

Daisy moved over to give the two scientists a hand in lugging the heavy and very expensive prototype device to the top of the rooftop. They sit it down in the spot which reflected the most sunlight.

"Mr. Potter, it hasn't been perfected just yet," one of the scientists warned him.

"Yes, I'm aware," Harry said. "I just want to test to see if it works."

Harry kneeled down right beside the device and motioned for the girls to stand back. He was pretty sure it was going to get pretty hot. He fiddled with the dials and aimed the mirror.

The mirror started to reflect the red sunlight into yellow which began to blanket the city over the red
sunlight. Harry listened to the progress of the machines. It whirled before the mirror shattered and sent sharp fragments flying in every direction. Harry raised his hand and blocked the pieces of glass before they sliced into the girls on the roof.

The dust cleared and Harry moved to check on the defective machine. He slid a finger underneath the machine and withdrew it. Harry looked at his blistered finger before it healed over.

"The cooling module isn't working," Harry said. "The configuration is also a bit off."

"Well, it is a prototype."

"Yes, of course," Harry said.

"You're on the right track; the machine just needs to be bigger."

Daisy spun around for the source of the voice and almost staggered back. She came face to face with Helena Wayne who stood on the roof. The government agent pointed towards Helena and then pointed back towards the exit.

"How did you sneak up on me?"

"Does it really matter?" Helena asked. "You know for someone who works with a super-secret government agent, I expected you to be a bit more on the ball."

Daisy rose up another inch on her heels. Her heart still fluttered after Helena got the jump on her. Harry wrapped a hand around her shoulder to calm her down.

"You have a plan?"

Helena pulled out a tablet. She pressed a thumb onto the imprint of the tablet. The device flashed and put up a three-dimensional display of the Wayne Industries Solar Satellite. The mirror flashed on the inside.

"You said that wasn't activated," Harry said.

"Yes," Helena said. "But, I think that Powers has pulled one over us and found a way to activate it, and that's what's filtering the sunlight."

'How did we miss the solar satellite activate?' Felicity asked.

'Simple,' Helena thought. The satellite isn't on any of the known networks. It's on its own separate dedicated grid. Therefore, even someone of your immense hacking skills wouldn't have been able to even tap into it, Ms. Smoak."

'Give her a compliment and her head won't fit through the door,' Chloe thought.

Harry pulled away from the conversation and focused on Helena. He knew deep down she would not have just come all the way up here to show him a three-dimensional diagram of the Wayne Industries Satellite.

"We're going to need Starrwave's solar tower," Harry said after a moment.

"Wait?" Daisy said. "I thought she said it wasn't going to completed for the next year."

Harry smiled back at her. "Just because it isn't completed doesn't mean the solar tower isn't valuable."
Daisy frowned, thought about it, and opened her mouth. Realization dawned upon the girl which made her realize what was going on. Helena and Harry already turned around and made her way down the steps, to see what they could do about this.

'So, are you going to share this with the rest of the class?' Felicity asked.

'The tower isn't working, but the crystals she's using to build the tower are potent enough,' Harry clarified.

The only thing they needed to do was convince Karen to help them. Harry doubted it would be too much of a problem, given the red sun served as a hindrance to her and the other Kryptonians.

Curtis Knox sat at the edge of the table. He looked outside of the window to the red sun which glowed brightly above the horizon. The news of Superwoman's descent from grace where she crashed in the middle of the street only served as a bonus. Bringing the Last Daughter of Krypton down to Earth was not Knox's primary objective.

The blood dripping from the vials gave Savage a peak of the new life which had been created. A crooked smile spread over his face which grew even more prominent the more he looked.

"I'd have to congratulate you. I didn't know you would pull it off."

Red mist surveyed as the arrival of Dracula who flashed into the picture. Say what one wanted about Dracula, he did not to make an audience.

"Always the note of surprise," Knox said.

The man knew more commonly to some as Vandal Savage returned to his work. He set up the means for Dracula to lead his army and ensure those who were weak crumbled underneath the creature's feet.

'I've done the hard part,' Savage thought. 'All you have to do is follow up.'

Savage kept his gaze fixed on Dracula. The ancient vampire demanded results be done and Savage would be willing to give them to him, for ever so long as the vampire of vampires kept his end of the bargain. The very moment Dracula did not serve any purpose was the second Vandal Savage cut off all ties from the monster and went his own way.

"I think you'll be pleased with this new batch," Savage said. "Come fourth and present yourselves to your new master."

Dracula knew fresh recruits took some time breaking in. A group of eight men flashed in front of his face. All of them didn't wear the looks of freshly recruited vampires. None of them looked horrified how their humanity had been stripped clean away from the bone. They looked accepting in fact.

Savage noted the curious look on Dracula's face and could do nothing other than flash him a smile.

"Give them an order," Savage suggested. "You'll find they have no choice other than to obey."

Dracula turned to the legions of vampires, all primed and ready to follow his directive. He leaned towards them.

"Kneel."

The vampires all sank to their knees before him like the action was as common as breathing.
"Impressive," Dracula said. "Very impressive."

Savage felt as unnerved as anyone else would be by Dracula licking his lips like he tasted blood. All of the new recruits had been of the male sex. They both learned a valuable lesson last time when trying to subvert a female to their cause. As long as Harry Potter was in play, he had the ability to undo any subversion of the female mind.

"You've done well, Doctor Knox," Dracula said. "You will be rewarded and will get everything which is coming to you soon."

The man currently known as Curtis Knox didn't have an ounce of fear in his body. He knew Dracula may end up turning on him at the end of the day. He prepared a fallout plan in case of this inevitable. Given all he survived, Knox gambled his chances of surviving an attack from an army of vampires will be pretty high.

"What are you going to do with Harry Potter?"

The question asked resulted in Dracula whipping around so fast one might think he experienced whiplash. The vampire's lips curled into a sneer.

"I'll take all from him until there's nothing left other than his miserable life, and then when he longs for the end, I'll slowly grant him that."

"You should kill him now," Knox warned Dracula. "Never toy with him."

Those words fell on deaf ears. Dracula and his new followers disappeared.

'I warned him.'

A dog chasing its tail ended up being a futile endeavor. The dog went around and around in a circle, with nowhere to go. Faith thought that pretty much summed up chasing down those vampires. They needed to find one, to lead them back to Dracula.

'Once you get Dracula's location, I'll be there,' Harry thought.

'Don't you have enough on your plate as is,' Faith thought to him. 'With this entire the sun turning red thing.'

'Not just me, I'm afraid,' Harry said. 'I'm already working on a way to undo this. Just keep as close to the trail as you can.'

Faith sensed something was off. She turned to Buffy who trailed a bit behind her. Both of the Slayers turned to Elsa, who stepped a little bit ahead of her. Elsa held up a hand which prevented both of the Slayers from progressing forward from their position. Something was happening, and neither really liked what was happening now. The tension could be cut through the air with a knife.

"You think something's there?" Buffy asked.

Buffy's statement didn't pierce Elsa's razor sharp concentration straight away. The vampire hunter leaned on the ground and kept a keen eye on her surroundings. A couple of seconds passed before she rose completely up and turned towards the two Slayers behind her.

"I don't think something is there," Elsa said. "I know something is there."

The air around them turned red and misty. Buffy and Faith both backed off.
'We found one,' Faith thought. 'Or rather one found us.'

A group of five vampires dropped down to the ground in front of them.

"Pretty bold them being in the sunlight," Faith said.

Buffy frowned, something wasn't right. They didn't even blister underneath the red sunlight.

"I don't like this."

Faith made the first shot and nailed one of the vampires in the chest with a point blank shot with one of the wooden bolts. The bolt burned into nothingness before it even touched the chest of the vampire.

"That's not good," Faith said.

"STAND BACK!" Elsa yelled.

Elsa drew her sword and swung forward with a primal, bloodthirsty fury. The sword slashed the chest of the vampire. The vampire stepped back and the wound over the chest sealed over. Elsa stepped back one more time, completely shell-shocked at what she saw.

Buffy tried to nail one of the vampires with a dagger. He caught her arm with strength. Buffy tried to overpower him. Only the vampire was much too strong for her. The vampire lifted Buffy high above the air.

Faith nailed him with a sliding kick to the crotch which took the vampire down. Another two of them grabbed her around the neck. She fought her way out of their grip, and also far away from their fangs. She reclaimed the crossbow, and since it couldn't fire at them, she just waffled them in the face with it as hard as they can.

Elsa channeled power through her sword. The wave of magic blasted through the sword and caught the vampires flush in the chest. They had been reduced to a pile of ashes on the ground.

"Well, thanks," Faith said.

Buffy rubbed the side of her neck and grimaced.

"Don't thank me yet," Elsa said.

The dust started to shine in the sunlight and swirled around. The vampires reformed, stronger and more menacing than ever.

"You've got to be kidding me!" Faith yelled.

"We need to get out of here…now!" Buffy shouted.

The two of them tried to teleport out of there. Something stopped them and they both bounced back.

Elsa fought off the vampires with her sword, but even she was overwhelmed. The hunter landed down onto the ground. One of the vampires hoisted up the mystical blade and snapped it in half like it was just a common toothpick. Sparks showered from the sword when the creature dropped the weapon on the ground.

Buffy groaned when one of the creatures shoved her against the wall. She just barely managed to stave him off and catch him with a bolt to the side of the neck. This only backed the creature off, it
didn't get destroyed.

Elsa whipped down onto the ground. She blocked a vampire's frantic attempt of caving her skull in.

'HARRY?' Faith asked. 'BUFFY, I think we're on our own!'

One of the vampires shoved Buffy against the wall and his hand opened to reveal sucker device which attached to the side of her neck. The life energy drained from Buffy and caused her to scream when her body sized up.

'HE must have...adapted Doctor Morbius's research as well,' Buffy thought.

Buffy forced herself to breathe. The decay continued when she struggled to keep her head above the water. No matter how hard she tried, she lost the strength to fight off.

Faith found herself pinned against the wall and the energy had been drawn out of her by another one of the vampires.

"Yes, another two Slayers for my Trophy collection!" Dracula yelled. "Drain the life from them, my pets!"

Elsa found herself pushed headfirst into the ground and one of the vampires prepared to cave her skull into the ground.

A flash of light knocked the vampire off of Elsa and sent him into the wall. The wall toppled over and crushed the vampire.

Willow dropped down to the ground. She turned to the vampire which had an aged almost to decay Buffy pinned against the wall. Buffy only had a few more shallow breaths left in her.

A bolt of energy cut through the air and nailed the vampire in the back. Buffy's energy reversed course and flew back into her. The Slayer aged back to her young and vibrant self.

Willow turned around and nailed the vampire who attacked Faith. The same process reversed.

"Tear her apart my children!" Dracula yelled.

Willow picked up Buffy and Faith underneath her arms. Despite having their youth and life energy restored, they were still very weak.

Elsa pulled herself to her feet.

"Saved by a vampire?" Elsa asked. "Tell no one."

A small smile popped over Willow's face.

"Love you too," Willow said. "We need to get out of here now....."

Willow teleported them all out of there. A very angry Dracula appeared only seconds later. His trap didn't work and now they were under the protection of the Master of Death.

"Master, please....."

"You toyed with them for too long!" Dracula yelled. "Let me show you how it should be done!"

Dracula grabbed the throat of one of the vampires and forcefully drained his life energy from him.
The others who remained stepped back.

"She'll pay, they all will pay."

'Buffy is fine, Faith is fine…oh, and Elsa's fine as well,' Willow thought. 'Good thing your hunch was right about me getting in there. And good thing I was able to get in there.'

'Dracula must have forgotten I had you,' Harry thought. 'That security hole is only going to work once, he's going to close up the loophole.'

'Next time, we're going to have to be more careful,' Willow thought. 'Good thing it was there because…'

Harry figured he could have broken down the barriers in time, but by that time, Buffy and Faith would be worse than dead. This new wave of vampires popping up increased in menace underneath the red sun.

'It's going to be harder to keep this away from people, they're panicking more,' Chloe thought. 'Not to mention there have been about thirty people who have died of a mysterious blood disease.'

'Thirty reported anyway.'

Harry, Daisy, and Helena stopped in front of the Starrwave headquarters. Karen Starr stepped outside, having waited at the front door for them.

"You're here for the crystals, aren't you?" Karen asked.

"Yes," Harry said.

"Figured so," Karen said. "And you think you can use the crystals and the Wayne Solar Satellite to shut down whatever is happening with the red sun."

"I'm pretty sure I can," Harry said.

Karen figured he could. She decided to lead the three of them down the hallway to where she was keeping the prototype energy converter for the solar tower.

Dracula made this even more personal now than ever before. Harry had no doubt in his mind about that.

"Thanks," Harry said.

Karen reached over and put a hand on his shoulder. A radiant smile flashed over her face.

"Hey, I'm hoping to change the world. Can't change anything if it's in danger of being destroyed."

'Hard to argue,' Daisy thought.

To Be Continued on April 10th, 2017.

The very cruel master plan of our villains is reaching a fever pitch. And things are getting worse as our heroes work hard to restore the sun before it burns red forever, and vampires roam the world.
More on Monday.
Red Skies Part Two

The Web of Chaos Blog is a thing that exists. The Chapter of the Week Poll, Blog Exclusive content, chapters being posted a day before they are published anywhere else, and of course, the world famous really big list of women. You want to head to the link in my profile underneath the list of really important links and check it out.

Chapter Fifty-Three: Red Skies Part Two.

Karen led the way into the solar tower with Daisy, Helena, and Harry following behind her. The tower wasn't configured properly for actual functioning on its own and wouldn't be configured for a year. Karen knew Harry understood this. She walked over for a moment and closed her eyes.

A second later, Karen pulled out the key and clicked it into the entrance. Security started to blip on the screen over to her right. The girls and Harry all turned around to look at the screen.

"It's nothing," Karen said.

"Nothing?" Helena asked.

Karen found it pretty amusing how she could feel Helena's burning gaze pointed at the back of her head despite not being pulled around. She didn't say anything for a moment until making her way forward into the chamber. She pulled back the panel and inputted the twenty-five thousand digit access code to activate the main panel.

'I don't really make this easy to anyone, do I?' She thought. A smile shifted over her face. 'Including myself, actually, especially myself.'

The final number shifted in and a pad appeared. Karen placed her thumb on the pad and a scan delivered. The scanner popped up and did a scan her retina. Now, and only now the console cracked open and revealed the crystals jutting out. Karen hung onto the crystals and detached them from the base.

"Sorry, having to make you wait for all of the security," Karen said.

Daisy waved off her apology. It was nowhere near the most obscene amount of security she had to deactivate in her life. Hell, there was a fair amount of security which bordered on the very obscene. Government facilities who guarded some very important objects.

'It works in keeping the objects safe,' Daisy thought. 'Along with giving the people who are guarding the objects a whole lot of really bad headaches.'

"No matter," Helena said.

Helena approved of the immense amount of security put in, and she doubted many people would argue. All she could do was watch when Karen pulled the item out of the console. She almost staggered under the weight of the large crystal display until Harry grabbed it before it toppled over and pushed her underneath it.

"Sorry, it's heavier than I remember," Karen said.
"Sometimes things like this are," Harry said.

The two of them balanced the very expensive crystal energy core. Daisy and Helena followed them when they had to slowly move through the hallway.

'I hate to be that person,' Felicity said. 'But, what is stopping you from teleporting the thing to a place where you can work with it.'

'The fact the crystals will grow unstable and blow up half of the west coast if they're charged with too much magic?' Harry asked.

Felicity whistled in response and could not fault that kind of logic. All things considered, Harry had a pretty logical and sound reason. Everyone on the bond link, Felicity, and Chloe who monitored the situation and continued to search for the source of the Red Sun, waited. Harry walked it over towards the lab.

Karen walked over. She sort of cheated by creating these crystals. Karen started the growth of them hundreds of years into the future, went further in time to collect the crystals when they were fully mature, and then went back in time for the crystals. They survived the trip, with Karen using the full shielding on her ring to prevent a complete burnout.

"It detaches at the base," Karen pointed out.

Harry smiled and reached underneath the base to unhook the crystal. The largest of the crystals slid out. Harry closed his eyes.

"You're really not supposed to be touching that with your bare hands," Karen said. "Does it burn?"

"A little," Harry said.

Harry held the white hot crystals between his finger, taking great care not to deposit them on the ground. He waited for Daisy to appear and reappear with the prototype device. The mirror had been repaired.

"Let's see if this works," Harry said.

He spent a couple of minutes trying to configure the device. Harry learned a lot about science as he went along. A fair amount of knowledge about magic went with this increased knowledge of science as well. Combining the two could have been a headache in a half if Harry didn't find it.

For a brief moment, the reflection of the crystal engulfed the room in yellow sunlight. The sunlight turned back to the standard red which blanked the entire world a moment later.

"What went wrong?" Karen asked.

Harry frowned when he shifted towards the crystal. The crystal still had energy coming from it. It should have worked.

'I'm configuring an alien power source to Earth-based technology so we're going to run into a few snags,' Harry thought.

'Do you think if you just get ahold of the satellites, you might have a chance?' Chloe asked.

Harry pondered this thought for a moment and only responded with a swift shake of his head.

"Something isn't configured properly," Karen said. "I don't know what. You said this is a prototype,
"Didn't you?"

"Yes," Harry said.

Karen worked open the back of the device and frowned. In theory, the device should work when given a sufficient enough power source which worked. This device didn't burn out, though, it just stopped working. The Kryptonian frowned and leaned over, deep in concentration.

"The crystal should have been enough," Karen said.

"Are you thinking the two power sources aren't aligning for some reason?" Harry asked.

"It's possible," Karen said with a shrug.

'Harry, we have a problem!' Carol Danvers cut in thought the bond link. 'I'm at Ferris Aircraft with Carol, and vampires are attacking us. I don't know…'

Harry heard the bond go completely dead. Carol was always busy and didn't always get in on the conversation. The fact she jumped in now showed Harry about the danger she had been put in.

"I've got to go," Harry said. "A friend of mine's in trouble….."

Daisy and Helena both nodded, and Karen responded in a favorable way. She leaned in and touched Harry's shoulder before giving him a firm squeeze.

"Go," she encouraged him. "Help your friend, do what you can for her. We'll be here, and we'll figure this out."

Harry yanked them and teleported off without another word.

An army of vampires swarmed towards one woman dressed in an air pilot's uniform. It was not the usual costume she wore when throwing down with bad guys. She stared down the creatures who made their way towards her.

'Please hold,' Carol thought.

Carol Danvers aimed a huge punch at one of the vampires. She had super strength and could throw down with Amazons and Kryptonians on a normal basis. The enhanced strength of these vampires proved to be a little bit strange to her. Carol tried to focus her attack in the most efficient way possible to try and knock her adversary back. No matter what, though, the adversary pushed Carol a couple of steps back.

The Kree empowered heroine dropped down to the ground. The wind left her lungs. Carol pulled up to her feet, and she looked out of the corner of her eye.

Carol Ferris barricaded herself in the conference room. The woman could handle herself against normal men and women just fine. Super powered creatures of the night were a different story entirely. The oldest Danvers sister had her problems with dealing with these bastards. One of them tried to grab her by the throat and start to siphon the life energy from her.

"No, I don't think so!"

Carol punctuated her breaking away with a huge uppercut punch to the chest. One of the vampires slipped back and landed on the ground with a thunderous impact. Carol avoided another vampire diving down, gnarled hands extended to grab Carol around the throat. Carol pushed back out of the
position and elbowed the creature in the face. Another elbow nailed the creature as hard as possible.

'They're really testing me tonight!'

The vampires shifted to a red mist, and Carol realized by barricading Carol in, the owner of Ferris aircraft also had been trapped inside. The Kree Heroine rushed into the situation.

One of the vampires gripped Carol around the back of the neck and throttled the blonde to the ground. A second blonde shot into the air and nailed the vampire in the chest with an electrified baton.

Bobbi Morse offered a hand to one to Carol. The other Carol took a gun and fired it at the blood suckers. This worked about as well as launching spitballs at a battleship.

The owner and CEO of Ferris Aircraft backed against the wall. The creatures bounded at her. They smelled her blood and wanted to taste it for themselves. Their greedy hands outstretched and prepared to grab onto her, to convert them to their cause.

A figure flashed in front of her, grabbed Carol and teleported her out of there. The vampires snarled at their fresh blood being taken out of the equation.

Harry Potter flashed back and gave them a real reason to be angry. He quick-fired two daggers at the vampires which reduced them into a glowing pile of dust. The dust didn't have a chance to reconfigure before Harry vanished it into nothingness.

Holly Granger dropped behind Bobbi. She balanced a cannon over her shoulder. The cannon had originally been a red solar radiation cannon made just in case Superwoman gone rogue, or had been infected by Red Kryptonite again. Holly reconfigured the cannon to deliver the one thing which vampires hated.

"Smile you gruesome son of a bitch!" Holly yelled. "Here comes the sun!"

Holly pulled the trigger and bombarded the vampire with some solar radiation. The blinding flare resulted in the vampires not being able to sustain themselves underneath the light. Holly stepped back and allowed Harry to do his thing and sweep them out of the way before any of them can reform.

'Carol's okay,' Harry thought to Carol.

'Good,' Carol thought.

'Are you okay?' Harry asked.

'I've had better,' Carol said. 'I'm worried about Kara, though, given the entire red sun thing. And Alex, because I think she's right in the middle of this.'

Harry wished he could offer her words that everything was going to be okay. He also wished getting together with Carol and Carol again would have happened under better circumstances.

'I've found something, well Dawn's found something and relayed it to me,' she thought. 'There's a virus in the air, and it's causing the sun to glow red, along with turning some people into vampires. It's killing others, and others.....nothing right yet, but the more people who are infected by it, the greater the infection was.'

'Meet me at the Wayne Industries facility in Los Angeles,' Helena thought. 'I have a good idea where the virus is created, and if I'm right, it's going to get even worse from there.'
Helena waited at the back door of the facility. Harry showed up not even a second later at the back door.

"This isn't part of the main set of Wayne factories, is it?" Harry asked.

Helena shook her head in negative. "No, it isn't. It's being run off of the books. And I'll give you three guesses who is running it off of the books and the first two don't count."

Harry didn't even have to waste one of his guesses.

"Powers," Harry said. "What's he saying this is official?"

Helena plugged in and overrode the security protocols. She managed to comb Powers's computers for all of the information and there were still bits and pieces of information she couldn't uncover just yet. Helena continued to work on it.

"The official story is it's a project which they're trying to find a cure for blood transmitted diseases," Helena said. "And the official word is they are years away from a cure."

"Officially they are?" Harry asked. "But the official story doesn't line up with what actually happened in reality, does it?"

Helena answered with a firm shake of her head. She activated the key and made their way towards the hallway. They walked into a lab and it was surrounded by scientists working on the project. Helena made a movement to slip into the shadows to try and take them out.

Harry lifted a hand. The scientists looked glassy-eyed and they all remembered to leave for their coffee break. It would be ten minutes before they would get back and realize their coffee break wasn't for another hour.

'The best methods are the easiest,' Faith thought.

'So, you're back?' Harry asked. 'Good. I was worried.....'

'Yeah, me too,' Faith said. 'The entire getting your life force drained from your body and then getting it shoved back into your body just as you take your last breath thing. I don't really recommend it.'

Helena waited for the conversation to wrap to a conclusion.

'Feels like I just got over a month long flu,' Buffy thought.

Harry turned to Helena and invited her to continue.

"The antidote may have been completed. The people involved corrupted it into a blood-based virus, adding the component that Savage and Knox created, and are going to make it airborne."

'And does this tie into the virus which is causing the sun to go all red?' Daisy asked.

'There are two different components, one to turn the sun red, and one to create the vampires,' Helena thought.

She scanned the vials and she got a match. The chemical, the very last vial of the chemical stood on the shelf in front of her Helena slipped it off the shelf, and handed it to Harry.

'So, what do they want with Ferris?' Daisy thought.
Carol Danvers jumped in for the answer. *They have jets which can travel at fast speeds around the world and beyond. If they wanted to reinforce the virus, they would need a distribution system.*

'And with a little modification, Ferris is capable of doing so,' Helena concluded.

Faith tossed and turned on the bed she slept on. Buffy looked at her with a wary look, until Faith kicked the covers off of the bed. They almost flew across the room this time. The Slayer rolled off of the bed and picked up the covers before doing the very same ritual again.

Buffy allowed this to happen about three or four more times before hurling her hands into the air.

"Could you please cool that?" Buffy asked.

"Sorry, I'm going stir crazy here," Faith said. "We should be out there, doing what we're supposed to do. This is insane, these super-powerful vampires got the drop on us and nearly killed us."

Willow stepped into the room and offered a smile.

"Thanks for saving us," Faith said. "And I really mean that....."

"Well, I'm the only one who could get through the barrier," Willow said. "Dracula's not going to allow that to happen again, you know. So next time, you're going to have to.....not almost get killed."

The sentence finished lamely Buffy smiled, the sentiment appreciated.

"I know.....but.....we try not to," Buffy said.

The three of them turned their attention to Sara who stepped into the room.

"So, how are you three holding up?" Sara asked.

"Fine, I...we're fine," Willow said, getting tongue-tied a moment later.

"They're only fine thanks to you," Sara said. "The League is not so fine, though."

Willow took the revelation that one of her classmates was a ninja about as well as could be expected. Then again, was that really such a big shock in the world she lived in? Willow didn't think so, or rather she doubted it very much.

"Are some of them...infected?" Buffy asked.

Buffy still felt a bit tender around the area of the ribs and it was hard for her to get to a standing position, breath, or really do anything else constructive. All she could do was snap back down and fold her arms with a scowl.

"I'm fine, so is Talia, and Nyssa," Sara said. "Anyone who has been bonded to Harry has been immune to the infection."

Faith shifted on the bed. She summoned the strength to get up out of bed. Actually doing it shut the pain from her body.

"Maybe you should have Harry vaccinate them," Faith said. "Well, the females anyway.....unless they're any males."

"I don't know the full extent to what's out there," Sara said. "Most of the males of the League are
blindly following Nyssa's father, even though it doesn't look like he's coming back anytime soon."

Sara didn't want to seem too broken up about that fact, that Ra's Al Ghul might not be returning. Nyssa had been a more stable leader than her father even though the true power of the League lied with Harry Potter.

"Those who are infected have been quarantined," Sara said.

Willow looked at Sara's eyes. They shifted over with something, regret, maybe, Willow wasn't very good at reading such expressions. Still, she made an effort to try in Sara's case.

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

"Well, I'm worried about my sister," Sara admitted. "She's in the epicenter of one of the clusters.....and she could have gotten infected or attacked."

'We didn't part on the best terms,' Sara added to her bond mates.

'Sara, you should go and check up on her,' Nyssa thought. 'If it worries you so much."

'I....you're right,' Sara said, her tone trailing off.

'I checked up on her, she's fine,' Harry chimed in. 'And if she wasn't fine, I would know.'

'Have you been sleeping with my sister on the side, and not telling me?' Sara asked.

Sara almost could have laughed at the irony. She was seeing her sister's boyfriend behind her back, and now Laurel was doing the same, at least by her theory. Granted, Laurel didn't have any idea Sara survived the Gambit. And technically, she wasn't the same person these days.

'Not yet,' Harry said. 'But, I figured it's important to keep tabs on the family of my girls, so I've got a network keeping a close watch.'

'Thank you,' Sara thought. 'I really appreciate that.'

Faith stretched out her neck and reached towards the shelf. She slung a bag over her shoulder and walked over towards the door. Buffy rose up next and walked over towards her.

"So, are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Faith asked.

Buffy slowly nodded. "You mean we find Elsa and take this show on the road."

"Exactly," Faith replied. She smiled and the two of them walked towards the exit, shoulder to shoulder with each other when leaving the room.

Willow and Sara walked over towards them. The two of them were not going to be leaving alone, not if they had anything to say about it. There was no room for argument.

Natalie stepped out of her room. She dressed, looking ready for battle.

"I thought you said you didn't want to deal with vampires," Buffy said. "Well, other vampires."

Natalie cracked her neck back and looked towards the Slayer with a smile.

"Sometimes, you just got to go out there and face your fears," Natalie said. "I'm ready to do that right now."
The five girls walked towards the exit and found Elsa who was about ready to mount her motorcycle, a fresh quiver full of arrows and a brand new sword strapped to the side of her bike.

"About time you pulled yourself out of bed," Elsa said. "I was worried you wouldn't show up."

Those blood sucking bastards were going to pay this time.

The legions of vampires stood around and awaited the arrival of their master. Said master appeared moments later and stepped up to the podium. Every single vampire understood one thing about Dracula. He would cast a shadow over those he towered over. The menacing man looked over towards them. He grew in strength and power with each soul which had been subverted to his cause.

The subversion of common souls was not enough for Dracula. He needed more, much more, so much more power. The power flowing through him simply was not enough.

"My children, you stand before me!" Dracula yelled. "You stand before me obedient and ready to serve your master. And in some cases, you've served your master well. And in others, some of you have failed. But you still stand while some of your brothers and sisters have perished at the hands of the Master of Death!"

A general restlessness spread through the wave of vampires. They all feared Dracula. A fear of the Master of Death ingrained within their beings and buried down just a little bit more.

"You shouldn't mourn their loss, but celebrate your survival! For you are strong my brothers and sisters in blood, where they are weak. And their weakness should be scorned much like your strength and valor should be celebrated."

The ancient vampire raised a hand. All of them understood what the hand signal meant. They kneeled before him, in the pawn of his hand.

"The Master of Death seeks to destroy me and send me beyond," Dracula said. "But, I can assure you, the Master of Death will meet his maker. I will master him. And tell me, my blood brothers and sisters, what does that make me?"

"All hail Dracula!"

Vandal Savage stood off to the side to listen to Dracula's words. The man most certainly knew how to spin a good tale. This case especially became more prominent when they had no choice other than to listen to him thanks to the thrall put under him. Then his power increased and ensnared the people he grabbed onto.

'Just keep filling their heads with your words,' Savage thought. 'I'll have what I need.'

Years upon years, decades upon decades, centuries upon centuries, millennia upon millennia of preparation fell into Vandal Savage's lap. He knew the Master of Death would be a challenge.

"Your brothers and sisters in blood didn't deliver the Slayers to me!" Dracula bellowed. "That's a flaw I wish for you to correct. Will you seek out and correct those flaws?"

"YES!" the creatures shouted.

Dracula motioned for his army. The next phase of his plan was complete, and soon he would have an even larger army where he swept this nation, and then the entire world. He would rule all, and no one could oppose him, not even Death and especially not her master.
The power of having so many willing servants excited Dracula.

Derek Powers watched as the West Coast descended into chaos and he only knew the rest of the nation and the world would follow. All he had to do was wait out the storm. The savvy businessman took steps to immunize himself from the ongoing assault.

He stepped out of the office he kept on the West Coast Branch of Wayne Industries. Powers walked across the hallway to get a snack from the vending machine.

The businessman returned to his office and turned on the lights. The mysterious woman in a purple hood stood in the office, with a crossbow aimed at him.

"You're trespassing on private property…..Huntress, isn't it?" Powers asked.

"Given you have been drummed out of this company in disgrace, you shouldn't be at this branch or any other branch," Huntress said without missing a beat.

"Helena Wayne may have pulled a power play, but accidents happen," Powers said.

Powers reached behind him and pressed a button. The light buzzing didn't come from the button.

"That's been disabled."

Powers saw a pair of haunting green eyes which made him almost wet himself in fear.

"YOU!" Powers yelled.

He tried to pull a gun out. A flash of light knocked it from his hand and caused it to clatter it down on the ground.

"Tell us how you're dispersing the virus!" Huntress yelled.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Powers asked.

Huntress's hand became quicker than the eye and a blade stabbed through Powers. The arrogant businessman dropped to the floor with blood spurting from his chest.

"He's right, accidents happen," Huntress said. "We do have his laptop…which must be heavily encrypted."

She held up the device in question. Harry responded with a smile.

"We have hackers for that sort of thing."

'Hey, we got it working!' Daisy cheered in triumph. Took long enough….all we need is the Wayne Solar Satellite and we'll be good to go.'

'We're working on it,' Harry thought. 'Should have it….well as soon as you help crack the encryption in this laptop.'

'Oh, you mean after getting a piece of alien technology to work in harmony with Earth technology?' Daisy asked. 'Should be a piece of cake.'

Harry hoped she was right.
And it's obvious by now, as it should be, that Savage has his own plan. We have more on Thursday coming up.

Until then.
All attacks always had a central focus and a base of operations. The attack undertaken by Dracula was no exception to this rule. From the outside, the Fortress looked to be quite ordinary. It was an old warehouse in one of the worst parts of the city. The area was pretty crime ridden, and many people would avoid a neighborhood like this on sheer principle.

Harry stepped outside of the front entrance of the warehouse and walked up to the gate. A moment passed when he ran his hand over the edge of the gate. The young man's frown deepened in response when feeling over the gate. A chilling feeling spread over him. Harry turned around and watched when several girls walked up behind him.

Buffy stepped in the front to lead the charge. The thoughts of redemption flashed through her eyes. The Slayer had brushed death a few times as of late. She doubted very much anyone would come closer to death than this last time. Faith shared this and walked a step beside her. Elsa took a step behind her.

Despite being in the presence of two vampires, Elsa swallowed her pride. Drastic situations called for very strange bedfellows in the past, and this time was not really any difference. The hunter sensed Dracula and his hordes close. All they had to do was break down the barriers.

Natalie walked up, swinging her arms. She wasn't as skilled of a fighter as many of the members of Harry's team. Experience wise, she lacked, but still, it wasn't like the vampire lacked competence. She took a second to take in the breath. She turned to another recruit, Willow. Willow looked composed on the outside. On the inside, Willow's nerves threatened to break through. Dracula and his legions of vampires had pretty much every reason in the world to slaughter her and bludgeon the poor woman.

Sara and Helena rounded off the group. Both of the women understood the steps which needed to be taken. Drastic times called for even more drastic measures.

"This lines up from what Powers has in his computer files," Helena said.

"Good," Buffy said.

Buffy maneuvered to the front of the line to attack. Some might judge her as reckless and with a death wish after this. Buffy disagreed. Someone of her stature really couldn't spend a lot of time splitting hairs about what was reckless and who had a death wish. Maybe she did, maybe she didn't.

'I don't think you do,' Faith said. 'I actually think your pride has been damaged. You almost suffered a fate worse than death.'

'Are you giving an honest theory, or are you just projecting?' Buffy asked.

The answer would have to wait. Harry walked up to the front entrance of the door. He could sense something coming from the shadows.

'Daisy, are you and Karen ready?' Harry thought.

'Let's do this,' Daisy thought.
Three vampires stepped out of the shadows. The creatures maneuvered towards their enemies. A snarl appeared on each of the faces of the creatures. They were about to move in for the attack.

Sara unleashed a sonic attack at both of them. The vampires weren't thrown off by this attack as much as they would have been in the past. The scream ricocheted through the ears of the vampires and staggered them back. She moved towards them and whipped out a staff. The staff bounced on the chest of the creature. The creature doubled over from the impact. Sara returned fire and slammed the staff into the chest of another vampire.

Natalie followed the progress of one of the larger vampires who rushed her. The woman grabbed the arm of one of the vampires. The energy coursed through her hand and doubled the creature over a second later. The vampire screamed in agony before Natalie brought her back down to the ground.

'I did it!' Natalie thought.

Helena jumped into the air. She hurled exploding discs into the air. The discs caught the vampire creatures in the chest and resulted in them being launched back onto the ground. The dark-haired assassin withdrew the blade and slashed it down onto the creature. Blood spurted from the chest of the creature before Helena pulled back and spiked the blade into the man's chest one more time.

"Come at me!" Helena yelled.

Buffy caught a glimpse of a familiar force. The vampire who tried to suck out her life energy returned. The vampire spread into a wide grin and rushed towards Buffy.

The Slayer stepped over to one side to avoid the attack. She launched a roundhouse kick to the chest of the creature. The fanged warrior stepped back a couple of inches and grabbed Buffy. He tried to siphon off the energy. Buffy blocked him at the last minute and flung him down to the ground.

"Have some of this!"

Faith punctuated her last statement by pulling the trigger and blasted the creature right beneath the shoulder blades. The creature fell over onto the ground. Faith walked over to make sure the creature was done.

The downed creature popped his eyes open and grabbed Faith around the arm. Faith dissolved out of the way and appeared behind the creature. The vampire pulled himself to his feet and dove towards her fangs bared. Faith avoided the attack and swung the blade into the creature's gut. She impaled him in the stomach and doubled the creature over. Buffy dropped down behind the creature and stabbed him in the back. The creature tried to fight back.

Sara threw a grenade into the air and it burst open into solar energy. The energy bombarded the vampire and burned him to a crisp. Harry prepared a few solar grenades, and she intended to make them count until they got the sun back on.

'Uplink established,' Helena thought.

Helena hurled a disc out of her hand and at the vampires. One of the vampires ducked down to avoid the attack and the disc smashed through the windows. The bloodsucker laughed and stalked slowly towards Helena. Helena activated the electrified brass knuckles in her gauntlet.

"You missed, you stupid human!"

"No, I didn't."
The sunlight, glowing red a moment earlier, slowly started to shift into the bright yellow light. The vampire nearest to the window hissed and tried to cover his face. The sunlight burned him underneath. He tried to dive out of the way.

"Oh, don't leave so soon!" Buffy yelled.

"You will pay for this!" the creature yelled.

"Well, maybe," Buffy admitted.

Buffy kept herself on her toes when the creature charged towards her. The creature tried to grab her. His hands smoked, and Buffy broke away from the attack. The disciple of Dracula dropped to the ground. Buffy flipped the creature down to the ground and slammed her fist down onto the back of the neck of the creature. The creature staggered before Buffy strung together a few more attacks.

One final punch brought the vampire directly onto his back. He staggered up just in time for Harry to swoop down behind the creature. Harry ripped his hand though the creature and energy exploded through the man. Harry motioned behind Buffy. The Slayer turned around and nailed the creature.

The sun inside the headquarters began to flicker red. Harry watched when the vampires who were on the verge of collapsing had begun to energize themselves. Harry spun himself upon his heal and caught one of the creatures with a glancing blow before he dropped to the ground. He pulled back and withdrew the Sword of Godric Gryffindor. The sword flashed and swung the sword towards him.

'What went wrong?' Helena thought.

'I don't know,' Harry thought. 'Daisy....what's going on your end.....'

'The satellite is still responding, our machine is still responding, but....Dracula is doing something else on his end,' Daisy thought to the group.

Harry avoided the charging vampire and took him down with one swift attack. He mentally calculated what Dracula might be doing. One of the disciples grabbed him around the shoulder. Harry spun around without any second thought and skewered the creature with the Sword of Godric Gryffindor. Blood spurted out of the chest of the creature being withdrawn like a fountain.

'He's doing something else on his end,' Harry thought. 'Just give me a minute to find it. Cover my back.'

Willow forced three of the creatures back. Their blood-curdling screams echoed and they struggled against Willow's attacks. The harder they pushed, Willow pushed back harder. She summoned the focus just like Harry taught them and brought the vampires to their knees.

"They're in pain," Willow said. "So much pain, I can believe it."

Elsa dropped down to the ground when one of the larger vampires swooped in. She stopped him short from taking Willow out. One swing ripped the vampire's head off and sent a shower of ash flying in the air. Elsa pulled back and turned towards Willow who looked back, mouth hanging halfway open.

"Um, thanks," Willow muttered.

"We're even."
Curtis Knox watched the skies outside his office. They flickered from red to the normal array of sunlight. He picked up the final vial of the virus and stashed it into his robes. He moved over towards the computer and pulled out the keyboard. The scientist's hands flew across the keyboard and the commands continued to type through it. He frowned when reaching the point where he wanted to be.

'When I can get it dispersed, I'll have everything I need,' Knox thought. 'Something's wrong. It's not responding. Powers assured me it would respond.'

Powers wasn't picking up his phone. Knox saw so many allies come and go to not suspect something could have happened to Powers. The idiot was close to getting attacked by some very dangerous people.

'Youth is wasted on the young and the ignorant,' Knox thought. He tapped away on the keyboard and accessed it further. 'I'll break through.....'

Several lines of code flashed on the screen. The immortal kept typing away at the keyboard and realized he had been locked out completely. Knox took a moment to catch his breaths and slammed his hands onto the side of the table. His hands connected with the side of the marble table.

'You're here, aren't you?' Knox thought. 'You're here. You're always here when I'm so close.'

Knox walked over towards the door. He stopped about a pace away from opening the door and turned around. The skies flashed red. Knox curled his fingers and looked outside. A facial expression of disgust contorted Knox's already disturbing creatures.

The silence coming from Dracula disturbed Knox. Knox knew from experience not to be too relaxed when Dracula was not saying anything.

'I'm not going to go down with the ship.'

The sounds of the battles from below indicated Knox would be going down if they reached him. Only if they reached him though, which Knox already prepared to take steps to avoid happening. Knox walked over towards the back entrance of the lab and pressed his hands into the back wall. The wall slid open and Knox stepped inside.

Several tanks containing several other vampire hybrids lined up against the wall. Knox hadn't informed Dracula of these yet, but they were a new strength of creatures. Knox intended to use them as his insurance policy at the eventual day where Dracula turned on him. Betrayal was going to happen sooner rather than later, he knew it, and he accepted it.

Now, I have to use them as insurance against something else.'

The battle raged on beneath him. Knox pressed his fingers into the walls and activated the stone. The creatures released from their tanks.

X-X-X

A particularly large and gruesome vampire stood tall and moved closer towards the Master of Death. Harry looked at the vampire. He was the only person who was between Harry and the final battle with Dracula. One look at this creature spelled out for Harry the vampire was not going to go down without a fight.

"Finally!" the vampire yelled. "I'm going to show the world I'm bigger, stronger, and meaner than anyone else."
"If you would have said ugly, and hideous you would have been right," Harry said.

The vampire retracted clawed fingers and rushed Harry. The creature charged towards Harry at the speed of light and left a flash towards him. Harry avoided the attacks from the vicious creature.

The menacing monster turned around and swiped at Harry. The young man dodged every time the creature rushed towards him. Those claws sent sparks flying through the air.

"Why won't you stand still?"

"I thought you were supposed to be bigger, stronger, and faster than anyone else!"

Harry teleported behind his latest attacker to leave him hanging. The attacker could not stop his forward momentum and slammed into the wall. The nails stuck into the wall. He tried to wrench himself out. Harry propelled into the back of the creature's head and slammed him as hard as possible.

The creature screamed when trying to break free. He turned around. Harry's hand glowed and slammed through the creature. The monster faded into darkest. One of Dracula's most loyal disciples struggled out of the attack. He detached from Harry.

The Disciple of Dracula dropped down onto his hands and knees in agonizing pain. The energy spilled from his chest. The creature tried to repair the gaping wound in his chest. No matter how much he tried to push those fingers back inside his chest, the energy seeped out of him.

One last ditch effort from the creature resulted in him withdrawing a red dagger. The dagger ripped through the air and distorted it. The dust flew through the air at the rapid fire aging of the dust particles.

Harry blocked the charging attack with the blade at the last possible second. He pushed back towards the Disciple who growled and snarled when trying to fight him off. Harry channeled mystical energy through the air after the last attack. He propelled the creature up off of the air and knocked him down to the ground.

"Harry!" Willow yelled. "I think I found something in here!"

Buffy and Faith made their way in behind Harry and Willow. Willow pushed open the doors. Some mysterious force compelled her to enter this room.

Harry caught a glimpse of what Willow found. A large glowing red stone rested in the middle of a pedestal. It resembled a modified version of the Philosopher's Stone. Harry closed his eyes and reached forward to grab onto the stone. The stone flashed from him.

His body glowed red when touching the stone. Harry could hear the sounds of the footsteps coming in from behind him. The waves of energy holding the stone in place made it difficult to remove.

'Cover me,' Harry thought.

One of the larger vampires burst through the door. Faith took a step beside Buffy and narrowed her eyes. The Slayer raised a hand and beckoned the creature to go through. The creature retracted his claws and rushed towards him. Faith waited for the creature to strike her.

'During the moment of truth, just out of the way.' Faith thought to herself.

Faith shifted out of the way just enough for the creature to slam into the wall. She fired back at him.
and put three bolts between his shoulder. The creature turned around and growled when trying to go
towards Faith one more time. Faith propelled a kick back against the creature to snap his head back
against the wall.

Buffy noticed one of the creatures raise a hand and send a blast of energy towards her. The energy
blast cut through the air and burned everything around the creature. A golden shield appeared in
front of her. Buffy turned towards Willow who smiled and pushed the creature back.

"You really don't want to do this, do you?" Willow asked.

The mystical vampire whipped his hand back. Two multi-color bolts of energy collided in the air.
Willow used her surroundings and inner strength to overwhelm the creature. The pain flashed
through the eyes of the creature, until the moment where Buffy was able to put him down for the
count.

Buffy pulled back and looked towards Harry. Harry vibrated when holding onto the stone and the
room continued to grow. Buffy took half of a step towards Harry until Willow stopped her.

"Just let him do what he needs to do," Willow said.

'I'm fine,' Harry thought a second later.

The energy coursed from the stone through his body when Harry held it. A second passed and it
looked like Harry was about ready to turn to the same material as the pedestal with the stone on. He
yanked on it and pulled it out of the pedestal. A burning feeling spread through Harry's body when
he broke the enchantment.

The energy spiked over Harry's body a couple of seconds later. He took a moment to breathe in and
breath out in response. Willow, Buffy, and Faith turned towards him. All of them gave him a
nervous gaze in response. Harry allowed the energy to splash through the air before turning back
towards the girls.

"I'm fine," Harry said. "It just took a lot out of me."

The sun flowing through the building turned yellow and stayed yellow. Another swarm of vampires
broke through the doors and charged Harry, Faith, Willow, and Buffy.

The vampires stopped cold and the desire to attack had been driven from them. The energy they
were used to from the red sun had faded from the building. The creatures all dropped down to the
ground and gasped in agony. They dropped down to the ground and smoke flowed from their ears.
They all twitched and squirmed on the ground.

Harry heard an agonizing scream which spread through the building. The fine line between
agonizing and anger passed and now Dracula was completely out of his mind in anger.

'Well, looks like you're pretty low on his Christmas card list,' Daisy thought.

'I don't think it's going to be a problem for much longer,' Harry thought.

Harry locked onto Dracula's enraged mind and disappeared into a flash of energy. The young man
popped away a couple of seconds later.

Dracula could feel his followers dropping down to the ground after their crushing defeats. The
Master of Death managed to dislodge the stone. It should have destroyed him. Dracula wouldn't
waste any time in concerning himself with what might have been. All he could do was snarl and summon the strength to walk forward.

'I know you're here!' Dracula howled to himself.

The red curtains leading into the room fluttered. Dracula turned his attention towards the figure who stepped into the room. He came face to face with the Master of Death himself. Harry Potter stared him down without blinking. The young man offered a smile and motioned for Dracula to come forward toward him.

"At last!" Dracula yelled. "I should have crushed you when I had the chance."

Harry raised an eyebrow. He had to fight the desire to smile. The sorcerer waited for Dracula to come towards him. The sword of Godric Gryffindor gripped in his hand.

"You should have crushed me when you had the chance?" Harry asked while shaking his head. "Providing you were ever in the position to crush me in the first place, something I think we come to a slight disagreement on."

The vampire's eyes glowed brightly. The two pinpricks of light flashed from the other end of the room. Dracula surveyed Harry with a devious flash of energy through his eyes. A second passed before he motioned for Harry to come forward to attack him.

Harry wasn't going to make the first move. He knew Dracula would attack out of pride. That was one of the elements of the creature he knew to be a trademark. The battle they had the last time showed him this much. Harry came inches with taking down Dracula during that last battle. Now he wasn't going to back off again.

"Tonight's when we end this."

"I agree!"

Dracula rushed across the room and grabbed towards Harry. Harry flashed out of the way and Dracula flew all the way across the room. He turned around and two daggers glowed in Dracula's hand. Dracula propelled the daggers at Harry. Harry put up a shield to avoid the daggers. The daggers came close to puncturing the shield. Harry turned around and slammed the point of his fist down into Dracula's chest and knocked him onto his back on the ground.

The vampire pulled himself up. A rush of energy spread over him. The red sword which he went to skewer the master of Death with earlier appeared in his hand. Harry withdrew the Sword of Godric Gryffindor.

"A nice blade," Dracula said. "I'll be certain to keep it as a trophy along with your head!"

Harry watched Dracula rush towards him. The man moved at such a quick speed. Harry threw his arm out and blocked Dracula's swing with the blade. Both pushed against each other. Neither backed down from the battle as it raged on.

The first volley belonged to Dracula, much to Harry's surprise. He expended a lot of energy detaching the stone, while Dracula had plenty of time to rest and draw from his followers. The menacing monster propelled high above the ground and slammed down onto Harry's head.

Harry dropped down onto the ground. He forced a bit of a deep breath through him. Dracula charged Harry. Harry blocked the swing from the creature. He returned fire with a couple more attacks.
'Just keep his followers away,' Harry thought.

'Are you sure you got this?' Buffy asked.

Harry didn't really answer. He didn't have any room for self-doubt. Harry channeled a wave of energy through himself and rocked Dracula with a huge uppercut punch to the ribs. Another uppercut punch rocked him. Harry strung together more attacks with more energy.

"I have the power of an army behind me!" Dracula yelled.

"So, do I," Harry said. "And you don't understand how much this has taken out of you, and you don't even know it."

Harry switched the attacks up to teleport, fire off three attacks, and then teleport once again. The ritual repeated with Harry firing more blasts of light at Dracula.

"I have you, and now I'm going to crush you!" Dracula yelled. "It's time for you to kneel down before the true master, Master of Death!"

Harry launched a large wooden bolt into Dracula's chest. Dracula took the bolt into the chest but felt more annoyed than anything. He pressed his hands on the other side of the bolt and tore it out. The blackened ash spewed from the creature.

"You think you can defeat me, with that?"

"Not with that, no," Harry said. "I was more thinking about defeating you with this."

Harry kicked the red stone into the air. Dracula reached over and caught the stone before it landed on the ground. The creature laughed when the stone crushed into the palm of his hand. The king of all vampires was about ready to summon the energy from the stone and bring him down.

'You just threw the stone at him?' Willow asked.

'Wait for it.'

Harry twitched his finger. Energy bombarded Dracula from the stone. Dracula breathed in horror when something went wrong. The red stone turned to gold and pulsed sunlight directly into Dracula. He could not let go of the stone, because letting go of the stone required him to divorce himself from immortality.

The vampire's body exploded into a blast of golden light. The light coursed through the creature's body. An all too late attempt to throw the stone away from him had been stopped. Dracula turned to granite right before Harry's eyes.

Harry opened his hand and bombarded Dracula's granite with one swift attack. The energy coursed through the ultimate vampire's body before crumbling to dust.

The dust fluttered to the ground. Harry siphoned up every single dust particle. Not even one ash should be left behind, in case a fanatical follower of Dracula wanted to try and bring him back to life.

'It's done,' Death said. 'Scratch a big one off of the list.'

Dracula's demise had been the beginning as far as Harry had been concerned. Harry scooped up a fair amount of the research from Knox's lab, although he doubted very much this even scratched the surface. Someone who lived as long as Vandal Savage saw much in his life.
'And he slipped away,' Sara concluded.

'Of course,' Helena said. 'He helped divert our attention to his escape. He might have been the one to shut the shields off leading to the room for the stone.'

Harry didn't have a doubt in his mind. The Master of Death turned his attention to an amazing sight. Buffy stood before him, dressed in nothing, but a really long shirt which stretched a little bit past her knees. She sauntered towards Harry.

"It's been a long day," Buffy said. "And you look like you need a pick me up."

Buffy crossed the distance in the room and kissed Harry. The Slayer wrapped her arms tightly around Harry and did the same with her legs. She wanted a piece of Harry, and she had a chance to get a nice big piece of him all to herself.

"Someone is eager," Harry told her.

He squeezed Buffy's rear to get her attention. Buffy pulled away with a swift smile and leaned closer towards him.

"Well, the other girls are recovering, and I'm sure they're going to want to see you later," Buffy said. "While they're resting, I think it would be a good idea if I scored some time one on one. And I don't think any of them would blame me."

"Mostly because they'd do the same thing?" Harry asked.

"Right," Buffy said. "We both know how your powers work, so it's time to recharge."

Buffy wasted little time in relieving herself of what little clothes she wore. Harry had a few things to sort out, but he had a dedicated team to help them. Besides, Buffy's lips and the rest of her body demanded his attention, and it would be rude to turn her down.

Harry deepened the kiss on the Slayer. Her nude body pressed against Harry's. Harry reached around her and ran his fingers down her back. Buffy moaned sensually into his mouth and pushed her tongue down towards him. The kiss increased and deepened with both playing a battle for domination with each other's tonsils.

Buffy pulled away from Harry. Their lips connected by their salvia for a moment. Buffy shifted her tongue deeper into her lover's mouth. Harry returned fire and squeezed every inch of her tender flesh. His hands shifted between them.

Buffy spread her thighs to allow Harry to tease her pussy. She allowed Harry to feel how much she dropped for him. Harry twisted a finger into her and pumped inside the beautiful woman. Buffy pushed towards him and rode down on Harry's fingers. Harry added another finger.
Finally, Harry stripped just as naked as Buffy was. Buffy took his cock in hand and squeezed it. She felt the length swell when she played with it. She moved down his cock and played with his swelling balls. Harry pushed his hips towards her. Every now and then, the thrust just edged Harry closer towards Buffy's opening.

"I'm going to fuck you."

Buffy smiled and moved over towards the bed. She balanced on her elbows on the bed and spread those legs apart. Harry moved closer towards Buffy. He inched toward her and touched the head of his swollen cock towards her. Buffy's wet lips beckoned him forward. Her tightness was almost too much to bare and wait.

"Please do."

Their bodies pressed against each other. Harry held Buffy around her hips and aimed towards her. He pushed into her. The moan of the girl indicated she was feeling good. Buffy tightened her legs around him. Harry rose up out of her and drove himself down into her heat.

Buffy gasped when pushing her fingers into the back of Harry's neck when dragging them down. Harry pumped into her. Their loins pushed together with friction. Buffy encouraged him to spear down into her body. Buffy breathed and moaned with Harry pushing into her tight, dripping pussy.

"More!" Buffy beckoned him. "Give me more…give me everything, please…give me everything I can take!"

Harry smiled and pushed into her. He worked into her. His thrusts grew harder and more passionate. The feverish exploring of Buffy's body reached a higher pitch. Harry took a moment to ran down Buffy's body and he pinched those swollen nipples. She clenched and released him. Harry pulled all the way of her and slammed into her.

Buffy moaned heavily. The Slayer wrapped around Harry's strong body. He speared into her repeatedly. Buffy worked up and slid her tight hips around Harry's throbbing cock. Her feet locked against Harry's ass when he kept pounding away at her.

"Go ahead," Harry said. "It's time for all good girls to cum for their master."

The sexual energy surrounding both of them almost caused Buffy to lose her mind. Harry pushed into her with a series of long thrusts. Buffy held onto him. Her pussy clenched and released him. Harry just pushed into her more and harder than ever before.

Again, Buffy came. Her insides clenched Harry. The dripping hot pussy closed around his cock. Warmth spread over Buffy's body when Harry pumping into her. Their loins met in the dance of passion. Buffy thought she would black out from the pleasure.

"So good," Harry said. "Love how hot you are."

The two connected lip to lip with a long kiss. Buffy used her fingers to rake down Harry's back. She grabbed Harry's ass and encouraged him to keep driving down inside of her. Those thick balls slapped against her cunt and caused her.

"I know you…mmmm."

Harry grabbed Buffy around her breast and slowed the thrusts. He buried face first into her chest while licking the nipple of the Slayer. Buffy shifted her hips up when he sucked her. She grabbed a handful of hair and allowed Harry to suck on her. Buffy's nipple slipped into Harry's mouth for a
long suck before he released it. Harry repeated the ritual a couple of times, sucking on her when
going all the way down on her.

"Yes, right there, like that," Buffy begged him. "That's a good spot, right there!"

Harry leaned closer towards Buffy and continued to take her nipple into his mouth. Buffy closed her
eyes tight and smiled. Every time Harry sucked on her nipple, it was like pure magic coursing
through her body.

"Cum for me again," Harry said.

Buffy clenched on Harry's throbbing cock. He pushed deeper inside Buffy with a couple of thrusts.
The long sweeping thrusts buried into the wet pussy of the Vampire Slayer. Buffy hung onto him
and drank in the feeling of his huge cock fucking her.

The large balls slapped against Buffy's gripping cunt. Harry sped up the thrusts and with that, her
moans increased. Harry leaned down into her, her breasts squashing against his chest. Harry rose up
and buried himself face first into her breasts.

"Yes, suck my tits, suck them!" Buffy yelled. "They all belong to you!"

Buffy screamed out the last word in a passionate orgasm. Fingers dug into Harry's scalp about as
much as she could be allowed. Harry picked up the thrusts and buried more of his generous length
inside her. Buffy shifted her thighs up and took Harry completely inside her.

Harry delved into the dripping hot pussy of one of his mates. Buffy really held onto him hard, in
every way possible. Harry pushed into her, stretching out her super tight womanhood. Harry picked
up the pace with as many thrusts as he could manage.

"More!" Buffy begged him.

Harry gave her more.

"You just can't have enough, do you?" Harry asked. "You just have to be fucked all day, harder, and
harder, there's just no breaking point with you."

Harry demonstrated his point by slamming into Buffy as hard as he could. Buffy only tightened her
grip. Harry's continued spearing of her made Buffy shake with excitement. Yet, another orgasm
followed with Harry only riding her all the way out to completion.

"We haven't found your breaking point, yet," Harry muttered. "Maybe we will soon?"

Buffy's hips bucked up which demonstrated how much she wanted this. Harry penetrated her deeper
with more thrusts. The skin slapped together. Buffy just held on as tight as she could to Harry. Harry
experienced the pulsing waves. The next orgasm exploded through her with Harry pushing harder
into her. Those balls swelled when Harry continued to rock into her.

The Slayer only held onto Harry and panted in his ear. She had been reduced to mere murmurs.
Harry really was taking it to her. The Slayer held him into her.

Multiple orgasms increased the transference of energy. Buffy helped Harry recharge, at least in part,
and she was certain more girls were going to join the fun and games. For now though, Buffy enjoyed
having a piece of Harry all to herself.

Harry took the energy swirling from Buffy. The Slayer's breathing increased when Harry picked up
the pace inside of her. She held onto Harry and moaned sensually in his ear. Harry picked up the pace and stretched her out.

"Here we go, the big one!"

Harry pushed his hand down Buffy's thigh and shoved into her. The big one resulted in a never-ending flood of energy flooding through her body. She clenched and released him. Buffy reached the highest of the highs before taking Harry into her depths. Her body stretched out.

They joined at the high point. Multiple orgasms later, Buffy knew Harry would be coming. He lingered ever so close to the edge. Buffy locked her fingers around Harry's bicep and encouraged him to keep going into her.

They joined with a kiss when Harry spilled the juices into her. Buffy tightened around his gripping hard tool and milked it for everything it was worth. Harry drained the fluids into her.

The two lowers merged together in a passionate exchange of energy. Buffy could feel her life energy being drawn from her, this time in and a fun and pleasurable way. Plus, Harry gave back just as much as he took in away once his reserves had been recharged. A massive load buried into Buffy, the warmth made her feel extremely good and very fulfilled.

Harry slid from Buffy and caused her to flop down onto the bed. He pulled out of her. Buffy rolled on top of him and rested her head on Harry's shoulder. Harry smiled.

"Just a five-minute break, I swear," Buffy said.

She slipped off to sleep, showing there was a little too much of a good thing.

'Well, maybe slightly more.'

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To Be Continued on April 24th, 2017.

Dracula is done, although Vandal Savage is still at large to cause problems with our heroes.

Well, I think that's the first solo scene between Harry and Buffy because the only one I can remember is a threesome with Faith. So, there you go.

There's some blog exclusive content to go with this chapter as well. Head to my profile page, the page of important links, the Web of Chaos story archives on the page of very important links. Then there's a page for blog exclusive content. I can't make it any clearer than that.

We'll return on Monday, April 24th. Don't get hyped, stay hyped.

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And now the blog exclusive content, posted on 4/13/2017 originally on my blog, and added on 6/23/2018.

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Unchained Chapter 54 Xtra.

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Faith stepped across the carpet in bare feet. She wore nothing other than a black tank top and a pair of panties which covered her lower body. Another day of saving the world against the forces of evil passed with Faith looking outside of the window. She had the usual aches and pains which would pass after a couple of days. Faith moved closer to the wall and did some leg stretches. She bent at the knees and did some squats on the floor.

As she bent over, Faith could see someone stood at the doorway. She turned around to see Daisy leaning against the door frame dressed in a white tank top and a pair of blue jeans which fit against her very nicely shaped ass. Faith locked eyes with Daisy who gave her a smile.

"Don't stop on my account,' Daisy said. "So, how are you feeling?"

"Well, all things considered, it's not too bad," Faith said. "I admit I got whacked around a little bit, but that's nothing new. I'll be as good as new in a couple of days."

The bruising on her right shoulder started to go down. Daisy moved over with a smile and touched Faith on the shoulder. Faith smiled and Daisy ran her fingers up and down the shoulder.

"You look like you could use a good shoulder massage," Daisy said. "It really eases up the tension."

Faith smiled and lowered herself down on the chair in her room. Daisy stepped behind Faith and rubbed her hands up and down the shoulders of the Slayer. She closed her eyes.

"Damn, you're one talented bitch," Faith muttered.

"Really?" Daisy asked. "I'll take that as a compliment. Although, you haven't seen my true talents yet."

Faith heard about it to be honest. Daisy rubbed those hands in circles around Faith's tense muscles. She started to relax just a little bit more every time Daisy touched her. A small smile popped over Faith's lips the further Daisy escalated the massage to her neck, and then slipped a hand down the back of her shirt to massage the small of her back.

In a minute, Daisy pulled over and leaned down towards the younger girl. Faith tried to not be nervous that this hot older woman came in to seduce her, but she could not help but look at Daisy. Her dark hair and athletic body with nice breasts, a curvy ass, and long legs painted a very nice picture.

"I think I need a full body massage," Faith said.

Faith leaned up and kissed Daisy on the lips. Daisy returned the kiss with the two feisty brunettes battling for a dominating position. The ex-SHIELD agent showed her hands were skilled for more things than hacking computers while running them down Faith's body. She cupped the breasts of the younger girl and deepened the kiss with a constant assault on the inside of her mouth.

Daisy decided to deepen the play by leaning back and pulling Faith's top of her head. Her nice perky breasts, contained in a bra, came out. Daisy leaned in and unclipped Faith's bra to allow her firm teenage breasts some room to breathe. The SHIELD agent smiled and decided to take off her shirt.

The two kissed each other, pressing their breasts together. Faith daringly moved a hand down to cup Daisy's firm ass and give it a squeeze. This only encouraged Daisy to deepen the kiss and drive her tongue deeper inside of Faith's mouth.
Another kiss followed with Daisy shifting her tongue against Faith's warm lips. The two worked against each other, before Daisy pulled away. She reached underneath her shirt and pulled up her tank top. A pair of gorgeous breasts spilled out into the open in front of Faith's beautiful eyes.

"So, fucking hot," Faith said.

"You know, you should do something with that mouth," Daisy said. "Why don't you show me what you can do, honey?"

Faith sucked on one of Daisy's nipples. The biracial government agent threw her head back and mewled at the feeling of the high school student sucking on her nipple. The Slayer attacked her breast and rolled a hand down towards Daisy's thighs.

"You want some of me, don't you?" Daisy whispered.

Only one sound came out of Faith's mouth and that was a moan when Daisy rolled her breast. She reached down and caressed Faith's body. She guided the younger girl into sucking her breasts just the way she wanted them to be sucked. Daisy slipped a finger into Faith's panties.

"Want your world rocked?"

A soft vibration rippled through Faith's core. Daisy used her Quake abilities to send a small vibration through Faith's pussy. It was like one of the intense vibrators which ever slipped through Faith's core. She pumped inside of Faith and caused her hips to jerk up to meet Daisy's intrusion. She pumped as far and fast into Faith as possible.

"It's time for you to cum," Daisy ordered.

Faith's hips jerked up and met Daisy's hand. She hated how much Daisy controlled her. The older woman mastered the manipulating of her pussy. Daisy reached into her depths and shoved her fingers down inside of Faith. Faith pushed up and dropped down with a few hard thrusts.

A buzz flooded through Faith's pussy. Daisy took the slicked fingers and sucked them off. She slowly worked her jeans down after doing so and then her panties followed. Faith leaned up to go for her pussy, but Daisy just smiled.

"I'm going to fuck you," Daisy said. "And you're going to like it."

"Well, no shit," Faith said.

Faith rolled over onto her hands and knees onto the bed. Daisy put on a strap on and rubbed it against Faith's pussy. The juices collected on the strap on before Daisy rolled her hands down the beautiful and toned body of the Slayer. Not an ounce of fat was on her body, much like Daisy's.

"I'm going to enjoy this," Daisy said.

The smartass quip Faith had on the tip of her tongue had been driven out of her by Daisy slamming the hard rod inside of her. The Slayer's warm center stretched just in time for Daisy to bury himself into her. Daisy's fingers vibrated very lightly against Faith.

Every reaction Faith gave made Daisy smile when rocking back and forth against her. Daisy pulled almost all the way out of her and drove herself deep inside of Faith with a few more thrusts. The woman sped up and submerged herself in Faith's snug pussy.

"Cum," Daisy ordered. "Let out all that tension, cum for me you kinky little slut."
Faith let the tension flow out between her thighs. Daisy slid in and out to strike her the fake cock inside of Faith. The orgasm was very intense and it made every inch of Faith's body just explode. The sexual fire had been quenched repeatedly.

Soreness on her shoulders had been forgotten about. A constant soreness erupting from within her thighs followed soon enough with Daisy driving the point home.

"Your turn."

Faith could not be disappointed at Daisy leaving her. A very familiar cock touched up against her pussy lips and worked its way inside of her. Faith closed her eyes the very second Harry pushed his way inside of her from behind.

"Hello, Faith," Harry said.

"Glad you could make it," Faith said.

Harry smiled, he left Buffy in a very pleased state, and now he could take care of the other Slayer. Daisy showed what a devoted assistant she was by getting Faith nice and warmed up for him. He slid inside of Faith's warm pussy and out of it. She already was getting closer to the orgasm.

Fingernails dug into the bedsheets at the pleasure cascading from Faith. Harry really knew how to touch all of those spots. Daisy was pretty good, and Faith would most certainly not kick her out of bed for eating crackers. However, the god driving his cock inside of her constantly from behind reminded Faith what she wanted.

Harry took mastery of Faith's body with a few rock solid thrusts. She stretched out and then snapped back to form a very snug seal around Harry. Harry picked up the pace to drill himself inside of her. He worked a few steady thrusts inside Faith's very accommodating pussy.

Daisy used her own fingers as a vibrator when watching Harry. She shoved her fingers inside of her slick center. The feeling of her entire core being rocked made Daisy all excited. She watched in excitement the hard thrusting Harry delivered, pumping his rod inside of Faith's accommodating womanhood.

"Don't worry," Harry groaned. "I'll get to you in a minute."

With those words, Harry slammed into Faith. Her increased mewling made Harry excited to drive his rod into her body. She stretched around Harry and then ensnared him. The more hot and wet Faith got, the more Harry just planted his hard rod inside of her accommodating body.

"Yes, you want to feel so good," Harry said. "The pleasure….it's building up in you…it's building up nice and easily."

Mind, body, and soul, all of these things received a full out assault to her slick pumping core. Harry drove his rod into her and filled Faith completely. His balls cradled against her pussy, causing heavy amount of friction.

Faith looked beautiful taking his cock inside from behind with such a reckless abandon. A mirror reflected Faith's gorgeous face screwed up in a never ending and constant barrage. Harry slid almost all the way out and drove his way into her.

Closer, Harry was closer, and could hardly hold back. Daisy moaning and thrashing on the chair behind him only encouraged Harry to drive himself deeper inside of the woman. He hammered Faith with thrusts. First slow and long, and then hard and short, but all of them resulted in an overflow of
juices coming from Faith's core.

Highest of the highs lead to the lowest of the lows the second Faith crashed and burned from the next orgasm. Harry stuck his cock into her.

"Good girl, here's your reward."

Harry stuck Faith deep with his cock and injected her with his baby batter. The Slayer had been protected thanks to the enchantments in this room, but the fact Harry could very easily impregnate her caused Faith a delicious amount of taboo excitement.

The finishing touches of Harry's mighty rod spraying its juices into Faith finished her off. Harry drove his rod as far and deep into Faith as possible. He came for several minutes and caused another orgasm to spread through her body.

Instantly, Harry dropped on the bad and turned around Daisy looked at him, legs spread, and a hungry grin on her face. Her pussy looked ready to receive.

Harry pushed Daisy back, and grabbed her breasts to squeeze and mold them tight. Daisy took her tongue into Harry's mouth. Both of them tried to gain the upper hand on each other as their tongues wrestled with each other. Daisy tilted back further to accept Harry's tongue shoved between her lips and down her throat.

The two athletic bodies pressed together. Harry grabbed onto Daisy's ass when it rose up. The two switched positions, almost rolling off of the chair in the process. Harry prevented this from happening.

"I need your cock," Daisy said.

Harry smiled and pinched Daisy's stiffing nipple.

"Have at it."

Daisy slid down onto Harry's until he fully submerged inside of her. Harry entered her at full mast. The power of the Incubus had been shown as every inch of her remained at full hardness. Every thrust brought Daisy closer and closer to an early peak.

"Don't go too soon," Harry said.

He held her breasts, feeling their very solid weight in his hands. Harry squeezed them and released them to make Daisy only drive herself down onto him. Her ass pointed out for Harry to shove down onto her.

Faith rolled over onto the bed and scooped up a few strands of cum. She twisted them around her finger and ran them to her mouth. The sultry slayer sucked her fingers like a tasty treat had been delivered. The combination of her cum and Harry's caused a twitch to come from her loins.

Watching from the bed, Faith followed Daisy rise up and drop down on their master's cock. That beautiful ass bouncing up and down when driving herself down on Harry was oddly tantalizing. Daisy sure knew how to work a cock with her pussy.

Or maybe it was just Harry's cock, not that there was any other cock in the world that mattered.

Harry touched all over Daisy's body. He sucked her nipples and received a hungry moan in response. Daisy found her clit and also Harry's balls. She squeezed them and caused a nice vibration
through them which resulted in them aching.

"Oh, that's cheating." Harry groaned.

His balls held on to their essence despite what they had gone through at Daisy's very talented hand. Daisy leaned back and allowed Harry to shift her slightly. He gained a little bit of leverage to drive upwards inside of her lowering pussy. His balls ached with the need release.

Daisy could feel him just slam inside of her. She already was horny after having her fun with the cute Slayer on the bed, so naturally it did not take too much set her off.

"The only girl who can have her orgasms measured on the Richter scale."

No comment had been made due to Daisy gushing all over the mighty rod underneath her. She stuck him inside of her body with a nice rise and an even more firm drop. Daisy shook herself up and down off of him. Harry pumped inside of her.

The game continued for a long time, with each orgasm lasting just a little bit longer, and then there being much more time in between them. Harry manipulated Daisy's body to cum on his own schedule and not a second before. And she loved it.

"It's your turn," Daisy said.

"Mmm, maybe," Harry whispered in her ear.

He touched a spot on her lower back which caused Daisy to jerk up and drive down onto him. She kept rising and falling onto him with Daisy dropping herself onto Harry's hard rod.

A warm tongue danced against her asshole the moment it had been exposed. Faith rimmed Daisy when she rode Harry's cock. The dirty action from the younger girl caused Daisy's entire body to shake. She instinctively held her asshole open for Faith's consumption.

"Damn, that's way too much," Harry groaned.

Faith took a taste of Daisy's rear entrance and then could also taste the cum oozing when she shifted enough away. She cupped Harry's balls to encourage him to blow.

"I want you to cum inside of her so I can eat it out of her pussy," Faith said with lust burning through her eyes.

She was on her knees, folding his balls while Daisy dropped down on him. Harry's cock throbbed and he could not hold back much longer. His balls discharged and spilled inside of Daisy.

Daisy's gripping warm insides dragged Harry's cum from his balls and into her waiting pussy. She dropped and lowered onto Harry with a constant momentum to fill up completely.

"I wonder how the two of you taste together."

Faith tasted a few combinations, but never Harry and Daisy. It was time to correct that oversight. Daisy dropped down onto the chair, her pussy open for Faith. Harry moved over to give Faith a chance.

"Well, wonder no longer."

Daisy threw her head back when the younger girl nibbled on her thighs and slowly worked closer. The Slayer drove her tongue inside the aching quim of the government agent and tasted the
combination.

Harry allowed these two to have their fun for a moment, knowing that Faith would want round two after she had her fill with Daisy.

End.
A couple of weeks passed since the defeat of Dracula. Everything calmed down for the most part, at least on the surface. Many people questioned what happened and what caused the sun to go red for a time, and the hideous attacks by vampire monsters. After everything calmed down, many people just suspected it was a government experiment gone wrong. They decided the government covered this up. The general public would not receive a chance to understand the truth anytime soon.

Harry reflected on some of the more insane conspiracy theories. He was not the only one who was kind of amused by these theories by the people. Aliens always seemed to be a fun one. They were always ready for an alien invasion, which wasn't exactly strange given alien invasions happened. Not to the extent, the people thought they did, but they happened.

'It's just another one of those cases,' Daisy thought. 'The truth is just much stranger than any facts.'

'You know, you're as amused by these conspiracy theories as anyone else is,' Felicity said. 'And of course, you're not encouraging any of them so you can help throw people off of the trail for your truth.'

'Oh, come on,' Daisy thought. 'It's not like you don't troll the conspiracy theory crowd whenever it suits you to do so. I know better than that Felicity. You might have created a couple of fresh angles to get people on the right track.'

'Hey, we all need to do our civic duty,' Felicity thought.

Harry pulled himself away from the conversation to look up into the sky and smile. The sun beat down, without a hint of bad weather or even clouds in the arrangement. The cars went down the street and everyone obeyed the rules of the world. Children were at play, and birds played outside. The day was pretty perfect, almost too perfect.

Naturally, Harry suspected something to happen today. If not today, he prepared for something to happen tomorrow. The press conference for Horizon's media division's official launch would be tomorrow. They had a couple of dry runs over the past couple of months, and they tweaked everything. Now they were ready to go and Harry could not be happier with the success.

Harry turned his attention away from the weather and cupped a hand before leaning back. He closed his eyes and frowned.

'So, how are things going with the hunt for the remaining disciples of Dracula?' Harry thought. 'I take it things are going really well.'

'For us, they are,' Buffy said.

Faith decided to jump back into the conversation with a shifty little smile crossing over her face. 'They really aren't much of anything without their leadership. They're just running around like chickens with their heads cut off.'

'Technically, a chicken with their head cut off wouldn't be running, due to the decapitation,' Felicity thought. 'Unless it's some kind of possessed zombie chicken or something.'
'Or Kryptonite infected,' Chloe thought.

Everyone in the bond grew silent for a minute at Chloe's blunt statement.

'That was oddly specific,' Felicity thought. 'Why do I think you had to fight meteor mutant chickens?'

Chloe just answered with a smile and didn't confirm nor deny anything. All she did was lean back and continue to put things together on her end of the bond. The nice office was a pretty good perk if she had to say so herself, but Chloe wanted to earn that nice office in the best way she could.

'I don't know, Felicity,' Chloe said. 'Why don't you tell me?'

'You're serious, you're really serious,' Felicity said. 'Whoa.'

'Whoa indeed,' Chloe answered, shifting into a smile. 'Seriously, Claire, Lana, and I have seen some really weird stuff in the day.'

'I imagine you girls have,' Harry said. 'But, I think we're getting off of the subject.'

'Thank you,' Faith said. She had been torn between amusement at being interrupted, and annoyance of being interrupted. 'They don't have any leadership. It's much easier to pin them down now that they're running around. And they're not sticking together.'

'That's pretty strange considering how much vampires normally run in packs,' Lana said. 'Even the really powerful ones surround themselves with hordes of minions.'

Harry turned around. He figured his favorite Slayers could take care of the Disciples of Dracula. He switched thoughts to another problem. Vandal Savage, or Curtis Knox as he was known these days, disappeared into the night.

'We've recovered a portion of his research,' Peggy thought. 'But, we haven't recovered all of the research, which could be a problem.'

'We've got a cure for the serum, so he's going to have to develop a more potent version, from the ground up,' Harry thought. 'But, with Dracula out of the way, maybe the vampire plot is over for the time being.'

Harry did hope everything was done. He leaned back in the chair and looked forward. His guest should be arriving in a moment and thankfully, she did not disappoint. Kara made her way down the street. She dressed in a red tank top and a blue jean skirt, dressing for the weather.

"Sorry, I'm late," Kara said.

"Don't worry, you're not late," Harry said. "I'm just pretty early."

Kara sat down in front of Harry. She tried not to spend half of this meeting staring into his green eyes like a dork. Kara was getting better in pulling herself away from spending too much time lost into Harry's eyes, at least for the most part. She improved herself at least.

"Good, early, that's good," Kara said.

"I'd recommend the milkshakes here," Harry said.

"Oh, I could use something creamy," Kara said.

'Um, no comment,' Felicity thought.
'You do realize it's rude to make comments about a person when she can't participate in the bond,' Chloe thought.

'Oh, you mean like you do with Claire all of the time?' Felicity asked.

Kara ordered her drink and something to eat. She stretched her legs forward and looked towards Harry with a smile. She could not believe she was on a lunch date with Harry.

"I told you I owed you big time, and here we are," Harry said. "Besides, you should let your hair down a bit more, and just relax. I know tomorrow is going to be a big day."

A bright smile spread over Kara's face brighter than the sun itself. Which, she was glad glowed yellow and not red like it did a few weeks back.

"Yes," Kara said. "The biggest, are you ready for it?"

"I'm ready," Harry said to her. "You've been working hard, along with the rest of the team. But, you've been a driving force behind them. It's almost like you have something to prove."

Kara almost could have laughed. It was almost like she had something to prove because it was true. She did have something to prove, a whole lot to prove in fact. Kara looked up to both her cousin and her two older sisters.

"I'm just here to be a part of this team, and be the best I can be," Kara said.

"I know you are," Harry said. "But, you should just relax, and just take a deep breath….just close your eyes, and think about something calming."

Kara closed her eyes a moment later. She visualized Harry leaning across the table, and kissing her on the lips. Then, later, after the press conference was over, he would take her into his office, and give her a performance review. It would be a very intimate performance review where he would put Kara through the paces.

"Are you relaxing?" Harry asked her. "Maybe, I can help you relax."

Kara almost took a breath in. Harry slipped behind her and rubbed the back of Kara's neck. His warm fingers tingled and sent chills going down Kara's body. He gave her a neck rub and rubbed her shoulders as well. Kara took a breath in and out. She fluttered her eyes open.

"It's so relaxing," Kara said. "Did anyone ever say you have magical hands?"

Harry rubbed Kara's shoulder and moved one of his hands casually down the chair to touch the small of the girl's back. Kara shivered with Harry's fingers pushing to the small of her back.

"A couple of people," Harry said. "Just close your eyes, and relax. It will be fine, just relax."

Kara relaxed and enjoyed the warmth of Harry's fingers dancing down her back. He struck a nerve ending, the good kind of nerve ending.

"You keep this up, and I might do something I regret," Kara said. "But, I won't regret it."

Kara could feel the magic flowing through her. She closed her thighs and could feel a rush coming through her. Harry smiled and motioned for Kara to rise to her feet.

Harry ensnared an arm around Kara. The two met halfway. Their lips smashed together with a long and lingering kiss. Kara couldn't believe this, it was happening. And she gripped the back of Harry's
head and worked her tongue into her mouth.

"So, how about it, are you relaxed?" Harry asked.

"Wow," Kara said. "Yeah, I'm relaxed, but….

Harry kissed Kara one more time before she started falling over her words. The Kryptonian grabbed Harry around the back of the head and deepened the kiss. She never wanted Harry to stop kissing her. All she could do was lock their lips together with burning passion. The girls who had been listening in the bond link had been caught off guard by the electricity coming from the kiss.

"You've been working hard for the past couple of weeks," Harry said after breaking the kiss. "You deserve a reward."

"Maybe you deserve a reward after all you've done," Kara said.

Harry looked towards her with a smile. "See me after the press conference, and I may have to take you up on that offer, Ms. Danvers."

Kara had been dreaming about this after she observed Harry and Carol's tryst from the comfort of her own room so many months ago. She had just not been bold enough to do anything with this up until now.

Harry walked up to the stage to prepare for his presentation. Bobbi stood at the side of the stage, acting as his bodyguard. On his other said, Daisy acted like his personal assistant. Chloe was there, as the head of Harry's media division. Kara walked up behind Chloe. The events of the previous day and the unspoken promise of what might happen after the meeting was over.

All eyes locked on Harry when he walked up to the top of the stage. All of them saw the cult of personality he displayed. The mutterings coming from the crowd and the members of the press died down. It had been replaced by applause when Harry stepped up to the stage.

'And they're applauding you for all you've done on the record,' Daisy said. 'Just imagine if they ever knew you saved their necks….literally at that.'

Harry could only imagine how deafening the applause would be. The applause now caused him to be unable to hear himself think. The applause if they knew the extent to what he did would be even louder. Harry waited for the applause to die down. The applause grew louder and louder.

The sounds of many hands clapping continued for about ten minutes. Harry raised his wrist and mimed checking his watch, which drew some laughter to the people close enough to the stage, and the people who were watching as well.

"Thank you," Harry said. "Thank you, I appreciate it, from the bottom of my heart."

The applause happened for several more minutes. Harry tapped a foot on the stage and waited for them.

"Over the past few months, after I've arrived in the United States, Horizon has taken new strides," Harry said. "The people in this country have been accommodating and very welcoming. I'm very pleased to see what I can do, and I hope to help lead this nation, and the rest of the world to greater strides."

Harry waited for the applause to die down.
"We should be much closer together, and be more united," Harry said. "Horizon Media Ventures will be an organization which will not have the interests of the people in mind. We will not let the truth be silenced, just because it's uncomfortable or inconvenient. We will not bow down to corporations, or people. We will let you know what's going on in the world, so you can arm yourselves with one of the most dangerous weapons in the world, knowledge."

Everyone cheered. Harry knew how dangerous knowledge could be in the wrong hands, especially when it was skewed by those with an interest. Harry wanted to use his organization as a way to bring some of the most brilliant minds of the world.

"I hope we can bring this world into the future," Harry said. "The only way these dreams can come true is if we all stand together and join forces. I know we can all work together!"

A loud whirling sound brought Harry's attention off of the edge of the stage. He frowned and a figure made his way up the stairs.

"You won't bring anything into the future. Especially, if you're not here to see it!"

Security already moved in to secure the crowd. Harry caught sight of the loud mouth who showed up. His stringy brown hair came down past his shoulders. The body armor he wore covered him from the neck to the toe. A glowing purple dome covered his face which prevented attacks. He stepped in and the ground shook underneath the man when he came forward.

Bobbi stepped in front of Harry on the stage. She retracted a baton and jumped down the stage.

"Get away from me!" the armored man yelled.

The armored man rushed towards Bobbi. Bobbi bent down to avoid the attack and pivoted in mid-air before coming back down on the goon's head. The goon staggered back and turned around. An electrified whip flew out of his suit. Bobbi dodged the first two swipes of the electrified whip.

"Everyone go, keep going!" one of the security guards yelled. "Keep moving. NO ONE STOP! It's going to be fine, off of the stage! Everyone get off the stage!"

One of the security guards caught a back swing with the electrified whip. The armored goon lifted an arm and whipped down onto the ground. The electrified whip scrapped down across the ground and caught one of the loudspeakers. The loudspeakers exploded and sent a set of sparks flying.

Kara caught a glimpse of some civilians. She saw the attention diverted off of the stage, now it was time to make her move. A flash of light zipped from the stage and Kara rushed towards them. The civilians scooped up in her arms and she ran across them. More civilians scooped up in her arms and Kara ran them away before moving them off of the stage.

The civilians caught their breath, barely able to hold their heads up. One of them collapsed down to the ground.

"It was a blur, and she saved us!"

The bounty hunter cracked the whip out and tried to take out Bobbi. Harry was in position, everyone had been distracted by Kara's heroics. This included the bounty hunter.

Harry launched himself off of the stage and grabbed the bounty hunter around the head. The bounty hunter struggled before Harry jammed a hand through the purple dome. The dome pumped some fresh air which caused the bounty hunter to breath. He fell down to the ground.
Bobbi and Daisy lead Harry off of the stage, and past the crowd. Several armored individuals turned up.

'Sorry, but we have to maintain the illusion that you're not...as competent as you really are,' Daisy said.

'Hey, that's for the best,' Harry thought. 'Even if it does make people think I'm an easy target and start attacking my events.'

'Good thing all of the civilians are saved, thanks to Kara at least,' Daisy thought.

'Just one more thing I'm going to have to thank her for later,' Harry thought. 'Pleasure can wait though, we have bigger problems.'

Harry could see a certain DEO agent trying to catch his eye. He motioned for her to lock eye to eye with her.

"Five minutes," Harry mouthed.

It would take about as long to get the situation under control and to make sure all of the civilians were out of the line of fire.

'Looks like the first thing Horizon is going to be covering is the attack at their first press conference.'

Alex Danvers frowned very deeply. If it was not one thing, it was another. She wasn't particularly pleased her sister jumped into the danger to save civilians. Well, actually, she was kind of proud Kara managed to get in and out, but it was still very risky.

Yet, deep down, Alex knew it was inevitable. She walked across the hallway and waited for Harry Potter to come around the corner. Harry offered her a seat which she took.

"So, coffee?" Harry asked.

"Gladly," Alex said. "I wouldn't say no to something a bit more potent if you had it for me."

Harry responded by giving her a shifty little smile. He gave Alex the cup of coffee. The DEO agent smiled and drank the coffee. After the morning she had, which ended with this little attack.

"This alien is a bounty hunter, who was one of the escaped prisoners," Alex said. "He was thrown away because his specialty was hunting for endangered species, to grab the remains for collectors."

"Sounds like a real winner," Harry remarked to her.

"Yes, a real peach," Alex said. "You did a number on him, so he's back in the DEO prison. Hopefully, he'll stay there this time."

"I'd like to have a look at your security if you don't mind," Harry said. "This isn't the first time one of your most wanted has attacked me. And I really need to know what I'm up against if any more of them are going to attack me."

Alex nodded. It would have been fine if it was up to her, but the problem was it wasn't up to her.

"I'll relay the message to my boss," Alex said. "But, there's something else I need to talk to you, it's about Kara..."
"We're dating, yes," Harry said.

"Yes, I'm aware of that," Alex said.

Harry took note of the far off look in Alex's eyes and leaned across the table. He took a moment to look into the eyes of the DEO agent. She had a pretty blatant case of middle child syndrome, always stuck between Carol and Kara, and feeling she had a lot to prove to herself and to pretty much everyone else.

"You know if you're feeling left out…"

Alex smiled. She appreciated Harry's attempts to misdirect her from the conversation at hand, but she wasn't going to go for it right away. She pulled back and sighed.

"She's going to end up going public, isn't she?" Alex asked.

"Well, a matter of speaking," Harry said. "No one saw her face, but people saw her heroics. And it's more than that. I think she's really eager to do something to help the world, and she's tired of staying on the sidelines."

"Believe me, I know the feeling."

Both Alex and Harry turned around. Claire Kent stood in the hallway. She had been at the press conference, although regulated to the back of the line thanks to being a bit late. She had to catch a plane before she got there, very much literally because it almost slammed down onto the ground.

"You had to think this was inevitable," Claire said.

"Yes, but you're going to have to have a talk with Kara," Alex said.

"Do you really want me to tell her no? "Claire asked. "Because I think we both know it won't work."

Jonathan Kent encouraged her to try and live a normal life. Claire actually embraced that for a time, but she realized by not embracing her uniqueness, she was doing herself a pretty bad disservice. She was given these gifts. It was best to make the most of it and not allow them to be spoiled.

"Well, my boss isn't going to be happy there's a new Kryptonian going public," Alex said. "And I'm less happy…but I suppose there's no discouraging her."

"No, we just need to keep an eye on her," Claire said. "And I couldn't help, but overhear you and Harry talk about additional security for the DEO."

Alex wondered how long Claire had been hanging out outside. There would be more questions to be honest, later. Right now she only nodded at Claire in response.

"I think it's a great idea, and I'm sure Henshaw will go for it."

Alex just frowned. She had a sense Claire knew something about her boss which Alex didn't. Hell, Claire knew more about the DEO operations than she should at times, and Alex was pretty sure it was just not because of Lois or Harry. At least, she didn't think it was.

Kara returned to the office with excitement through her. She had to do something, someone had to do something. She just happened to be in position and was able to react.
"So, you'll never forget your first time," Chloe said. "Your first time in saving someone….at least this isn't the first time you've used your powers for heroics."

"Oh, a couple times, when I was younger," Kara admitted. "But, there was nothing this public, and nothing this exciting."

Chloe waited for Claire, Alex, and Harry to join them. Alex made her way forward, with a copy of the Daily Planet in her hand. Claire and Harry walked behind her. Chloe caught one glimpse at the newspaper and almost broke into a fit of very obvious laughter.

'Lois works fast,' Chloe thought. 'Well, most of the time at least.'

"Looks like you made the paper," Alex said.

Alex put the paper down in front of Kara. The headline flashed in front of her. "Supergirl saves civilians from the attack at Horizon opening."

"Supergirl, that's what they're calling me?" Kara asked.

Kara tested the name on her tongue. It wasn't really as bad as she thought it might have been. Her tongue clicked for a second.

"Yes, Supergirl," Claire informed her. "It could be worse; you could be called the mysterious red-blue blur."

The Kryptonian survivor acted like something rancid had been shoved down her throat.

"Too true," Kara said.

"That wasn't really one of Lois's defining moments of creativity," Chloe said.

Kara turned to Alex a second later. Alex folded her arms and stared down at her.

"You know, I didn't have a choice," Kara said. "Would you have preferred I just let innocent people be killed?"

"No, nothing like that," Alex responded. "Still, the cat's out of the bag, and there are some things you need to know. Some things you need to see and you need some training if you're going to be out."

"Will I get my own uniform?" Kara asked.

Alex flashed a look towards her younger sister as if to tell her not to get ahead of herself. Kara slumped back down having been put out of line. She tried to flash a smile to get herself back into the conversation. The looks on the faces of both Claire and Chloe lightened the mood.

"Horizon is working up a couple of things which might be of use," Harry said. "The Research and Development department is working on it anyway. Why don't you come with me, and we can take a look at it…after Alex tells you what you need to do."

Harry moved closer towards Kara and leaned in towards her. He flashed a smile at the young girl next to him. Kara blinked and shivered. He still had an effect on her, much like he did all women.

"You should get some training though, she's right, even beyond your powers," Harry said. "And I think I can help you."

'So, you want me to help out with another one,' Sara thought.
'Hey, just show her the ropes, both you and Helena, when she has the time,' Harry thought. 'If she's going to be in this group, she's going to need the training to hold her own.'

Kara nodded. She accepted that.

"So, you think I should be...um, Supergirl?" Kara asked.

"You should be whatever you desire," Harry said. "If that's where your heart is going, then you should."

Kara took the plunge and kissed Harry this time. She didn't care about she had the small audience right now, well to kiss him.

"You did well," Harry said.

"The kiss or the rescue?" Kara asked in a cheeky voice.

Harry only cut her off with another kiss. He pulled away, thinking about all the work which was ahead.

"The attack failed."

Astra turned her attention towards one of her troops who gave the report.

"The bounty hunter was caught and he won't ever see the light of day."

"It was to be expected," Astra said.

"You mean you expected to fail?" the man asked.

Astra gifted the troop with a very long look. There was a reason why she was in charge. None of them understand strategy or long-term planning. Had she not lead them together, all of them would have been long dead at this point.

"It was by design," Astra said. "My niece has finally come out of hiding, it will be time to meet her soon enough."

Astra turned to the image of Harry Potter. She spent a fair amount of time studying him and comparing him to legends from across the galaxy. It became really clear what exactly Harry Potter was.

'Five years of planning will come full circle.'

To Be Continued on April 27th, 2017.

Harry and Kara get together, although not together-together, in the lemon sense. That's to come later. But, anyone who has read me over the past five years knew their hooking up was inevitable.

And Astra is ready to move forward. Things could get very interesting soon enough.

Until Thursday.
Kara made her way to the top floor of the Horizon building in Metropolis. It gave her a pretty amazing view from the position she was. She was able to look over the city and just take in the entire atmosphere around her with a smile. All of the sights, the sounds, everything, it was just amazing. It was also a change of perspective.

What a difference a day made though. Kara thought she was going to be a part of the Horizon Media empire just a couple of days ago. She was, don't get her wrong. Still, a random attack from an alien bounty hunter put her in position to really do something amazing. Something in Kara clicked at the worst time. Many people would freeze up in this situation.

She walked over to the chair with her cell phone ringing. Kara walked over and scooped up the phone.

"Hey, Carol," Kara said.

"Hey, yourself," Carol said. "So, Alex, told me what happened the other day."

Kara really hoped she wasn't going to get a lecture from her sister. She frowned for a second. The perspective heroine leaned up against the side of the wall and looked towards the skies of Metropolis. There wasn't a hitch in the arrangement or even a Superwoman.

"She did, didn't she?" Kara asked. "You're not mad about this, are you?"

"No, I'm not," Carol said. "You did what you needed to do. And no one really saw you and were able to put two and two together. And the people who were saved, they were pretty grateful. It doesn't really matter what the general public thinks. It's what the people you helped think that mattered."

Kara could barely keep a smile off of her face. She shifted back against the wall and balanced one leg against the wall, doing a bit of a stretch. Her mind was going a million miles a minute for obvious reasons.

"Alex wasn't too pleased."

"Ah, well...I wouldn't worry about it too much," Carol said. "We've thought this was going to happen for a long time. And you'll be really good when you get some training behind you."

Kara thought about as much. She had some basic self-defense lessons, but really nothing too particular. Harry hinted he would work with getting her some training, and Alex mentioned she was going to get her some training as well. Kara thought there was a bit more to what her sister was up to then met the eye.

Turning from one sister to the other, Kara picked up the conversation with Carol on the phone. "So, how's work?"

"Work's, work," Carol said. She laughed on the other end of the phone with Kara joining in on her.

Kara smiled. The thing Kara liked about Carol the most of all was the very relaxed attitude she had.
Nothing really surprised her to be honest. Carol really let everything go, acting pretty chill in the process. Given she had to deal with two headstrong younger sisters, Kara could guess how she kept calm and tranquil.

'I don't know if I would be as calm as her.'

'That's nice to know,' Kara said.

"We're working on a really big project now," Carol said. "And Carol's going to want me to take the new jet for a spin to make sure all of the bugs are worked out."

"I'm sure you're going to have a lot of fun doing that," Kara said. "And as for me, well other than the obvious thing, I'm doing pretty well. I had a lunch date with Harry last day. And...well, I thought it ended well."

Kara almost could have laughed at her sister smiling over the phone. "Did he kiss you?"

"Yes, he did," Kara said. "I really wish he would have done more."

Carol laughed at her sister's bluntness. She stopped and caught her breath, before breaking out into laughter for a little bit more. Kara shifted a smile over her face and waited for Carol to finish laughing. A couple of moments of laughter followed, and it almost caused Kara to break out into laughter of her own.

Then she broke and saw the humor of the situation with Carol. Kara almost collapsed down and flipped the hair out of her face.

"Okay, are you done?" Kara asked. "Yeah, I know...it's just like...he's something special, as you know."

"Yes," Carol said. "I've got to go, when I'm back in town, we'll head to lunch."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Kara said. "Bye, Carol, and good luck with the flight."

"Hey, good luck to you as well, and....well, I'd tell you to try and stay out of trouble, but we both know better," Carol said.

Kara laughed. Stay out of trouble, boy would that ever be the day. Kara put the phone down on the table and checked the clock. She knew Chloe would be coming back up here after her lunch break and also making her rounds with the other interns. All Kara could do was look outside and soak in the sun.

A loud explosion rocked Kara from her position. She heard something about ready to fly towards the ground.

'Plane, shit.'

Kara made her way towards the outside of the building. A plane was about ready to crash down on the south end of Metropolis and slam into the city.

'Not on my watch.'

She stalled only for a second and realized her sister might not have been pleased with Kara doing this right now. Kara remembered the old saying; it would be a lot better to ask for forgiveness than permission. She flew out of the window and went towards the plane. The wind resistance whipped
in Kara's face when she went towards the plane and prepared to dive underneath it to stop it.

Something flashed in front of her. Kara followed the progress of the person. The other heroine, the one known as Power Girl flew underneath the plane.

The two girls locked eyes with each other and were confused for a moment. Supergirl didn't worry about the how of the situation. The two of them guided the plane down to the ground.

A moment passed with the two of them locking eyes with each other. Power Girl turned around and pulled open the panel. Several shell-shocked passengers stepped outside. They looked around. She looked over her shoulder and back towards Supergirl.

"Thanks," Supergirl said.

"You realize that wasn't an accident," Power Girl said. "The plane's been sabotaged."

Before Supergirl could say it, another figure flew across the city and landed down onto the ground. Superwoman came face to face with Supergirl and Power Girl. She gave both of them a smile. The Last Daughter of Krypton leaned in so close that only people with super powered hearing could hear her next statement.

"Hello, Kara, it's nice to see you…both of you."

Chloe returned to the Horizon headquarters and shook her head. It would just have to be the case, step out for ten minutes, and something just happened. She shrugged when walking down the hallway, and frowned when walking closer towards the meeting room with Kara, Karen, and Claire waited for her.

Daisy stepped out of the meeting room and walked next to Chloe. The two stood in silence for a moment, even though they both knew the same thing. Harry joined them a second later coming from the elevator. Chloe could tell Harry was distracted by something, and she didn't know what, although she was pretty sure it would be good news.

"So, this is a morning, isn't it?" Daisy asked. "The plane with Kara and Karen saved, it wasn't the only plane which went down. There was another plane which went missing…and was found by a team of government agents….just right now."

'I don't really know the details, 'Peggy thought. 'But, I'm trying to find out. The people who are on the plane are being coy. Which makes me think they were either carrying something very top secret or highly illegal or both.'

Chloe pinched the bridge of her nose when turning around the corner. She stepped into the room. Power Girl flashed a smile at Chloe.

"Hey, it's good to see you again," Chloe said. "I see you've matured since the last time I've seen you…..how long have you been gone on your end?"

"Long enough," Karen said. "I meant to get in touch with you….but when I found out there was another Kara here…I figured I had been replaced, and there was no need."

"Hey, the more the merrier," Chloe said. "I'm sure Claire would say that, if she was standing right here with us….in fact I know deep down she would say it."

Karen flashed a smile. A lot of information came to light during her trip to the future. She turned
around and looked out the windows. There were many reasons why she came back, and it just wasn't the oldest reasons. It took a lot of courage to come back, learning what she learned from the future.

Kara walked over towards her for a moment. The younger Kryptonian looked towards the older one, well trying to get to her eyes. Kara's eyes drifted down Karen's cleavage.

"My eyes are up here."

Kara snapped her head up, and Karen could have laughed at the look on Kara's face. It would amuse her for a very long time.

'I wonder if I was like this when I was younger,' Karen thought. 'It was a long time ago.'

"Sorry, you're just...well, you're pretty amazing out there," Kara said. "I mean it, you're really amazing. You were out there, without any fear, and you just dove underneath the plane and just...well you caught it...and I guess I helped a little bit."

"It was nothing really," Karen said.

"Really?" Kara asked her.

Karen laughed at her bluff being called. "Okay, it was something, I'll give to that."

Claire stepped back down the hallway. This had been the first time Karen saw her up close and personal since that day she went to the future. She was surprised Claire didn't call her up and was really glad she didn't in a way. Now, the two of them came face to face with each other.

"So, you came back?" Claire asked.

Her statement sounded pretty blunt. Karen really didn't know what to do or say with this one, other than respond with a swift nod.

"Yeah, I came back," Karen said. "I figured it was about time for me to come back.....I was....."

"I was going to call you, I just didn't really muster up the nerve to do so," Claire said. "And I'm guessing by the look on your face, it was pretty much the same....wow, I can't believe it."

Karen broke out into an ear to ear smile when locking eyes onto Claire. She couldn't really even begin to describe how relieved she was that something like this happened. They were pretty much on the same boat, with being a bit awkward with each other.

"We've got a problem....it's best all of you here this."

Any awkward reunions were going to have to wait. Harry walked over. His normally calm expression was one of mild agitation. The girls didn't need the ability to read minds.

"The planes which went down were a diversion," Harry said. "The second plane, there were a couple of top secret projects on them, including a prototype of an energy cannon."

"Yes, because those don't have any non-weapon uses," Daisy dryly stated.

"Most of the time, they don't," Harry said. "The alien invaders are getting pretty bold. I received some news from the Star Labs branch in Central City about a break in."

Harry amused himself by how much the air had just been let out of the room. Everyone involved
pretty much came to the same conclusion. If something had been taken from Star Labs, it wasn't really going to be a good thing at all.

"Who did it?" Daisy asked. "Or do you know?"

"The only thing which was caught on the camera was a blur."

Karen shifted a bit nervously. She had a sinking suspicion who might be under the attacks. Judging by the look on Kara's face, and also Claire's, along with Daisy's and Harry's, all of those parties knew so it would be worthless saying anything. It was one of the reasons why she came back, it was a mission of redemption.

"What was stolen?" Chloe asked.

"Nothing," Harry said.

"You're kidding me, right?" Claire asked. "Why would they go to all of the trouble of breaking into Star Labs, just to steal nothing?"

Everyone shared Claire's indignant statement. On the surface, this pretty much seemed like just a desperate attempt to garner attention. On the surface at least, when someone thinks about this in a more critical manner, one could realize what the thieves might have been after.

"My contact claims nothing tangible has been stolen," Harry said. "It doesn't mean anything, just because of nothing tangible would have been stolen. Vital information could have been copied."

Daisy nodded, understanding where Harry was coming from. This was a high-security breach level situation.

"And with someone who moves at the speed of light, they could pop into the lab, jot something down, and pop back out before anyone really had any time to catch their breath."

Astra In-Ze looked at the latest news clips. She rewound and replayed them numerous times. They only caught a brief glimpse of Power Girl as she flew away from stopping the plane from crashing into the ground. These brief glimpses were more than enough for Astra to put the pieces together. It all started with a couple of missing jigsaw pieces which needed to be pushed together.

The plans went awry when Indigo had gone off the grid and then had decided to do her own thing. Astra had no idea how much Indigo knew about what plans they had.

'I don't enact these plans out of maliciousness to humanity,' Astra thought. 'I only enact these plans to help correct the past mistakes.'

Krypton studied a few distant planets with conditions which could sustain them, or in some cases, even enhance them. Earth was one of these planets. Some considered the humans to be little more than cockroaches which were barely worth any time. Astra disagreed with these thoughts.

'They have potential when guided.'

Astra walked down the hallway and continued to move towards one of her scientists. The scientist had a steadier hand. He had been imprisoned in the Phantom Zone due to building a bomb which could have wiped out countless people. It would have wiped out countless people.

The bomb had been contained, the plans had been destroyed, and the scientist had been thrown into
the Phantom Zone. He wasn't the first man to break due to the Kryptonian Science Council's lack of funding.

Astra snapped her fingers and made the man look at her.

"Is it ready?"

The scientist frowned. A part of the cannon almost snapped apart. He continued to twist the parts together with his hands. The cannon was difficult to put together.

"Don't rush me," the scientist said. "This kind of work takes time. I wouldn't expect you to know. It was your sister who was the scientist."

"Just because I didn't spend as much time in the lab as Alura, does not mean I lack understanding," she warned him. "And I understand you've been stalling for your own reasons. And I doubt very much they're good reasons, are they?"

The scientist shivered, his bluff having been called. Astra reached over and put two fingers underneath the scientist's chin. She forced the scholar to look her directly in the eyes. Said eyes burned when looking towards her.

"Look into my eyes," Astra said. "Are you afraid?"

"I'm afraid of what happened when the Daughter of Jor-El tracks us down," the scientist admitted.

"Then we must make she doesn't."

The entire mess with the red sun put a delay in her plans. Now her niece had gone public, it was only a matter of time before everything started closing in. The DEO picked up the bounty hunter and a couple of her other minions.

"I'm impressed by how far I've come, and how far they've come," Astra said. "The day of reckoning is soon at hand."

Astra turned her attention to the television screen. A very common sight flashed across the television screen. The face of Harry Potter was right in front of her. He was giving a brief press conference after the attack. Despite, the attack the previous day, Harry Potter remained strong with his resolve and stayed out in public.

'Good, I'm glad he is, he'll be...useful, but convincing him to accept our cause may be a longshot,' Astra thought.

Astra turned her attention. Non stepped in behind her. Despite their marriage being arranged, Astra thought she made the circumstances work about as well as could be expected. Even though her parents choosing this union was the second most questionable decision she ever saw them make.

"Watching re-runs?" Non asked.

"No, just merely scouting a potential recruit," Astra said.

"You don't believe the whispers, do you?" Non asked.

"I believe what I see with my own eyes," Astra said. "Do you have the dark matter ready?"

"It's almost ready, the scientists are struggling with it," Non said. "What about the dark matter cannon?"
"It's going to be done soon," Astra said.

Non answered with a nod. He had his doubts about this plan, but he was willing to follow it through if it leads to a new age of Krypton.

"Communications on this planet are going to go dark in less than twelve hours," Non said. "It would have been sooner, but we lost Indigo."

"Have you had any luck in finding her?" Astra asked.

"None," Non said. "She hasn't been active for several months. She may have been disabled or left the planet."

Astra wasn't really ready to allow herself to succumb to these theories coming from her husband. Indigo remained out there, as a wild card. As long as there was a chance, Astra kept herself on her guard.

Disappointment hit her when the program went to the commercial, and Harry Potter disappeared.

Peggy Carter really wished these meetings were actually a bit more comfortable. Then again, she wished a lot of things were different. She leaned against the deck of the control console and waited for Harry Potter to enter.

The young man didn't disappoint her. Harry walked over towards Peggy.

"I've dug deeper with what Star Labs has been working on," Peggy said.

Harry could read the expressions on the face of many people and knew right now that Peggy was grim. He took her hand and made her focus.

"Better to tell me now, and we can figure out what we need to do later," Harry informed her.

"Right," Peggy agreed. "Well, STAR Labs have been studying dark matter, and needless to say, I'm really astonished they would go down that particular rabbit hole."

Harry noticed from Peggy's expression how much she never wanted to speak those words ever again. Given by the expression on her face, Harry couldn't really blame her to be honest. And obviously, Peggy had some unsettling experience dealing with dark matter.

"I hate to ask you this," Harry said. "But, do we have a way to track the Dark Matter?"

"Yes," Peggy confirmed racking her brain. "There's only one problem though. We can only track the dark matter after it's been deployed, and we only have to do it in a matter of seconds."

Harry pondered and nodded. That was a bit of a sticky wicket, to be honest. He didn't really know what the next play was, other than they would have to wait for the invaders to make their first move.

'And again, we're at a disadvantage,' Daisy thought. 'Maybe it's just me, but are our enemies getting craftier?'

'No, it's not just you,' Faith said. 'These last couple Disciples of Dracula are staying a step, or two, or ten away from us. Looks like you've got more than enough to deal with on your end though, doesn't it?'

'Yes, we do,' Harry thought.
He could see the eyes of Peggy Carter on him. The woman had more experience than most of them, and even she was at a loss.

"I'm going to have to see what I can do," Harry said. "And it just so happens I have a resource on hand, a contingency which might be able to help us. Providing, this plan hasn't been made after she had been put under my employ."

"Do what you must," Peggy said.

Harry teleported out of the headquarters, which caused Dawn Granger to almost fall over in surprise when she saw Harry there, and then she didn't.

"No matter how many times I see that, it's still shocking," Dawn said.

"Yes, quite," Peggy agreed.

Harry walked over towards the crystal computer in the middle of the main Horizon headquarters. He touched a palm on the table and wavy energy rippled over his body. Indigo flickered into prominence. She could tell already just by looking at him that this situation was very dire.

"What's Astra planning with the Dark Matter?" Harry asked her.

Indigo scoffed in response. "She's…actually trying to build the cannon? She and Non must have reached new levels of delusion, or maybe desperation if they think this plan is going to work."

Harry felt, despite his immense intellect, he had been a couple of steps behind Indigo's thought process.

"Then again, her failure to save Krypton, along with prolonged exposure to certain elements in the Phantom Zone are causing some pretty big problems," Indigo said. "She intends to punch a hole in space-time to get the rest of her followers from the Phantom Zone….it's likely going to just cause the world to collapse in on itself."

'Lovely,' Daisy thought. 'It's one of those things.'

"If you have the plans to the dark matter cannon, we can track it," Rose said.

"They will have it under shielding, until its deployed," Indigo said. "There are always traces, but they fade fast. There's a way though….we can find it."

Harry did not think it was the most precise way to do this, but he figured it was for the best. "How long do you think it will take?"

Indigo considered and did the calculations in one eye blink.

"Eight hours, give or take," Indigo said. "That's the most efficient the two of us can pull it off…sorry."

"No, just get to work, and tell me the moment you're done."

Karen put her ear to the door; actually, she was just waiting in the conference room for Harry. She heard all about Astra's plans to bring them.

'The signs of a very desperate and very scared woman, that's her, in a nutshell,' Karen thought. 'I thought I was going to get to her in time. It was much too late.'
"So, how much of that did you hear?"

"I heard enough," Karen said. "I...have to tell you something."

Harry took her hands in his and squeezed them. A significance warmth spread over Karen's body from Harry's touch. Karen looked up at the object of her attraction. So many unspoken things to be said, so many unspoken things to be done between the two of them, and yet, she really didn't know where to begin.

"I went to the future, and I learned things," Karen said. "And there are things...where I don't think Claire's going to look at me the same way ever again. My team told me I needed to come back...and the fact you were there."

"Have we met?"

Karen smiled. Oh, they did more than meet. Harry had just gotten started here, and he just barely planted the seeds for the greatness which would flourish. Century after century, children, adults, of all species, of all races, they passed down the stories of Harry Potter.

"Yes, we could say that," Karen said.

Karen leaned in, mostly to distract herself and kissed Harry. Harry returned the kiss. The warmth of their toned bodies pressing against each other was the most natural thing in the world. Karen reached behind him and started to feel his sculpted body. She removed pieces of the suit from him.

'The more things change, the more they stay the same.'

Karen nibbled on his lips, before pulling back from him. Out of the corner, Karen saw the corner of the door opened.

"Kara, I believe you wanted something the other day."

Kara stepped inside. Karen's blouse already had been unbuttoned, and her large breasts came out. The younger Kryptonian stared at the healthy orbs, transfixed, and hypnotized when walking forward. Her mind swam with so many thoughts, so many dirty, taboo thoughts.

"Come here, honey. Don't worry, you'll feel good."

Karen gripped Kara's scalp and guided the younger girl's face towards the bustier girl's cleavage. Kara gasped and squealed in excitement with her face pushed between the woman's heaving breasts. She breathed hungrily and started to plant some kisses between those nice breasts.

Harry took Kara's panties and pulled them down. One small touch showed how wet the younger girl was. Harry pushed his finger into her. Kara returned fire and squeezed Harry's questing finger. Harry rested the palm of his free hand on the small of Kara's back and slowly hit the spot on her lower back which he knew made her feel really good.

"You've wanted this for a long time," Harry said. "Are you going to try and trap my finger in there? I wonder what would happen if I added another one?"

Karen reached down between her thighs and the panties came off at a flick of an eye. The lacy red undergarments came down to the ground. Kara moved herself down, kissing Karen. Karen shifted
up on the desk, hovering higher, so Kara's kisses got lower.

Kara almost passed out from the pleasure. Harry fingered her like there was no tomorrow. Kara clamped and released him, moaning every time Harry delved those fingers into her.

"Go ahead, eat her pussy while I finger you," Harry said. "Actually if I do a good job, I might do more than finger you. I might put something in you that feels so much better than these fingers."

Harry rocked Kara's inner core with a couple more thrusts. He watched the beautiful face of the younger girl edging closer towards Karen's dripping thighs. He kept fingering her, while also removing his belt.

The sound of Harry's pants hitting the floor made Kara clench even harder. Harry slipped into her. Those fingers stretched into the depths of her body. Kara never thought she would feel something this good, but he had been full of surprise. He had really filled her up in all of the most amazing ways.

"Put your tongue in my pussy," Karen said.

Kara licked the outer lips, the taste of the similar, yet different juices, coming into her mouth. The Girl of Steel traced around the edge before pushing her pink tongue into Karen's dripping honey pot. Karen guided her in between her legs and it wasn't too long before Kara understood.

Karen thought the younger Kryptonian was good, a quick study in fact. She started hitting all of the pleasure points and made Karen lift her hips further, and into her mouth. She peered forward and kept looking at Harry who edged Kara's thighs apart.

"Time to break her in," Karen said. "She needs the cock of a real man in her."

Kara mewed with delight. Harry's throbbing hard head came closer towards her entrance. Harry grabbed the hips of the younger girl. Her body resisted the large intrusion for a moment. Harry closed his eyes and pushed on through.

"Really, fucking tight!" Harry groaned.

Harry reached underneath Kara's shirt and started to rub the girl's firm breasts. He took a few thrusts into Kara. The sound of balls slapping against her cunt gave her a good idea.

Karen thrust her hips up into Kara's mouth. The girl's mouth, her tongue, everything was feeling so good. Karen breathed heavily and tried to not watch Harry's cock drive into Kara. The sight would just drive Karen closer towards the edge of despair.

'I need him.'

Kara tightened herself around her. Her body became a heated inferno when so much pleasure hit her. The Girl of Steel's wet pussy tightened around him. Harry thrust as far and deep into her as he could manage. The throbbing, thick, balls slapped against her entrance. He just continued to go deeper into her.

"I have you where I need you," Harry said to her. "Are you ready, are you going to cum for me?"

Harry just let it all set it. The unbearable tightness of her pussy surrounded Harry. Harry picked up the pace and went further into her. His balls slapped against her. Harry picked up his pace, smiling when hammering her.
Every single burst of energy came through Kara. Harry ran his hands on the underside of her breasts and kept squeezing them. Her inner thighs returned fire and squeezed him.

Orgasms shot through Kara. She tried to milk him. Harry refused to let up.

Karen chanced a glare of the forbidden fruit. Harry's rock hard cock pounding Kara's super tight pussy was an enticing sight. Karen pushed all the way up towards her and moaned. Kara moaned into her pussy and Karen responded by slamming her pussy further into Kara's mouth.

'Great, Rao, this is so good…she's so fucking good, and so is he.'

Kara would have shared these sentiments from Karen if she would have had a chance to hear them. All she cared about was the constant orgasms exploding through her body. Her pussy clenched Harry and tried to milk him dry.

Harry pushed himself into her really tight pussy. She really wanted his cock in her, and more importantly his cum.

'It's a really good thing I'm resilient, otherwise, she would have finished me off a long time ago,' Harry thought.

He squeezed Kara's backside and slapped her tight ass a couple more times. Harry thrust even harder into her, his balls slapping against her. He pushed into her.

"It's almost time," Harry said.

Kara anticipated what would happen next. Her body tingled with excitement. All Kara could do was hold onto Karen's thighs and bury her face into her, moaning. Karen rewarded her with juices which Kara slurped down.

"She really has a good mouth," Karen breathed. "So good to please….I'm sure you'll have….many interesting…performance reviews."

Karen panted in response. Kara brought her to an orgasm and then another orgasm, but it was only the prelude to the real main event. Harry's cock was fixing to be driven into her, soon enough.

"She's getting a favorable review."

Harry emptied inside Kara. He pushed into her body and filled her up with his cum for the first time. He grabbed onto her and speared into her to empty completely out. Kara's clenching pussy milked Harry and drained his balls.

Kara exploded in another orgasm with Harry pushing deeper into her. The Kryptonian survivor received an amazing orgasm, better than the one she imagined in her dreams.

Harry pulled out of Kara. No sooner did he pull out of one Kryptonian pussy, a hand reached over and grabbed Harry. Karen reached down and cupped his balls in her hand. She leaned over with a smile.

"Looks like my baby cousin drained you pretty good," Karen said. She squeezed him. "But, now it's time for you to see what a real woman can do."

Karen smiled and locked eyes with a downed Kara. Cum dripped from her mouth from Karen and from her pussy would be.
"Make sure you take plenty of notes."

A sizzling handjob followed and Harry's cock extended forward. Karen pushed all the way down to the base of his cock and clenched him. Harry took her breasts and squeezed them.

"I couldn't help it," Harry said.

"Can't say I blame you," Karen said.

Karen hovered off of the air and pulled him up. Harry's cock lined up towards the Kryptonian's lovebox. She positioned herself above him, with Harry levitating in the air.

"Well, are you going to do it?" Harry asked. "Or can you even handle a cock this big?"

Karen smirked because of his arrogance. She was going to blow his mind and a couple of other things. Karen positioned over Harry's long cock which extended in the air and brought herself towards him.

Harry reached up and took her breasts in response. She rose up and slammed down onto him in mid-air. Their loins connected together.

"Oh, these are nice," Harry said. "But, there's so much more to you than these."

Harry explored her curves in all of her abundance. Her firm body felt really good underneath her hands. Certain places where Harry touched, he heard moans from Karen. Harry reached to the small of her back and brushed against the edge of it.

Karen knew he really could treat a woman, but she had no idea. Karen bounced up and down, sliding his thick cock in between her thighs. She bounced up and could feel those balls when descending down on him. Karen grabbed Harry's chest and leaned down before giving him a kiss.

The passion of this busty blonde made Harry groan and throb. Her breasts slapped into Harry's face every time she came down on him. Harry grabbed those chesty globes and squeezed them. Karen responded by giving several deep moans when bringing herself.

Kara turned over, spreading her legs. She rubbed one out to the sight of Karen riding Harry in mid-air. He responded by slamming into her with all of the force of a jet.

'Wonder if I would have the confidence to do that, some day,' Kara thought to herself.

Karen rode out her latest orgasm on Harry's throbbing cock.

"Yes, you're as good as you ever been," Karen breathed.

"You mean I don't get better," Harry teased her.

Karen squeezed his lengthy rod with her inner muscles.

"It's hard to improve upon perfection, love."

She brought herself down onto him. Another rush of hot fluids coated Harry's manhood and allowed him to slid further into her. Karen locked herself around him and ground on his body.

Harry could feel himself reaching the edge. Every time he came closer to going over the top, Karen squeezed him. She kept him closer towards him.
"Remind me, how good you are," Karen said. "Remind me how much cum those balls could hold."

"Oh, I will."

Harry prepared to increase his production and fill his second cunt full of cream. The beauties recharging underneath the yellow sun had been like a gourmet feast to him. He reached the edge and drew the energy from her.

Karen rocked back. Harry shared in the pleasure and drew energy from her. He fed on her and this made her feel really excited and really horny. So horny, everything was going to break.

The tension in Harry's balls released and fired a huge orgasm. Karen rode Harry's pole all the way to completion. Her large breast slapped down with Harry grabbing them when sliding all the way down onto him.

"Yes," Karen mewled. "Yes!"

Harry finished firing inside of her. Karen made sure to get her money's worth and drain Harry of his second load of the night. They both shuddered to a stop and slowly descended down on the couch inside the room. Harry pulled out of her but remained on top of Karen. Karen stroked Harry's hair when he rested his head on her chest.

Kara released one final moan. Two sets of eyes turned towards her, devious intentions on her mind.

The younger Kryptonian gulped at the way they were looking at her.

Indigo's scanner went off. Harry watched Kara and Karen slowly get to their feet and get dressed. They all knew it was go time.

To Be Continued on May 4th, 2017.

Evil plans are always afoot because messing with anything called dark matter just naturally means sunshine, rainbows, and puppy dogs.

Hey, we get that standard Supergirl/Power Girl/Harry threesome, which you should know was going to happen sooner or later. And Indigo wrapped up just in time.

Until next Thursday.
The sun rose up over the horizon. A field out in the middle of nowhere would be pretty much the last place would expect some kind of attack. Expectations had been shattered by a group of a dozen men and women. The two parties at the front of the line dangled a large metallic crate between the two of them. The others walked slowly before they stopped in the line formation. The two in the front of the line walked towards the edge of the field.

"Wait to see if no one is here," one of the men said.

"No one is coming here," another troop said. "All we have to do is follow the General's plans, and we will have everything that is coming to us."

Earth showed much promise and potential, even though its inhabitants were just as lowly as cockroaches. The yellow sun gave some of them powers and allowed them to move more efficiently. Efficiency was required to maintain their success. The General wasn't going to allow anything less from them if she had her way, and she would have her way, no doubt about it.

"Just get it set up," one of them stated. "And wait for the signal."

The crate opened up. A miniature satellite rose off the ground. The entire group waited for the satellite to fully charge up and the power to arise from them. The satellite started to hum.

"Is it supposed to do that?" one of the members of the army asked.

One of the soldiers, also a scientist, bent down. He started to check a couple of the calibrations. Moving the relay satellite from Point A to Point B may have disturbed the functions of it. He leaned in and ran another test. The group behind him recoiled at a shrill siren rupturing the air. The sound was brief but impactful.

"It works," the scientist said.

"I'm not certain if my ear drums function as they should," one of the guards said.

The other guards agreed and rubbed the side of their ears. They closed their eyes and tried to collect themselves. They needed to present themselves to the General before she gave the order.

Astra came out from the other direction. She dropped down to the ground and wanted to oversee this personally. Astra's eyes swept over towards them. The troops all stood back and gave their leader respectful nods. The scientist even paid tribute to the woman.

"I trust the relay point works as it should," Astra said.

The scientist answered with a nod. "I calibrated it to your specifications. Therefore, given your genius, it should work as intended."

"Don't patronize me," Astra warned him.

Astra walked forward and double checked to ensure everything was to her specifications. These scientists who she plucked from the Phantom Zone, from their imprisonment, skewed towards the
more immoral type. Astra scowled when looking at them before turning back to the device. She checked the calibrations before turning back towards them.

"Yes, everything is to order as it should be," Astra said.

"Good, of course, it is," the scientist said.

Astra pressed another button. A small drill operated from underneath the satellite and buried into the ground. A flash of light indicated two of the three relay points activated. The third relay point was fused with the dark matter cannon, and once that was completed, she would be able to move forward. Everything moved into place, and Astra could not have been more pleased.

Something above her head caused her to get her attention. Astra looked up, as did the rest of her troops. The scientist's eyes followed the progress of the flying blur.

"Look up in the sky!" one of them yelled.

"Superwoman," Astra said.

The daughter of Jor-El skewed as a mild nuisance at best. The nuisance increased the more Astra dealt with her, and now she needed to deal with her.

"I'll handle her, General!"

One of the fools jumped into the sky and tried to attack her. Astra could not stop him in time.

'Idiot, you just gave away our position!'

The figure flew towards Superwoman and tried to bring down a crushing blow down on the back of the woman's head. The Last Daughter of Krypton blocked the double sledge blow and grabbed the goon before dropping him down onto the ground.

The brutish troop dropped down to the ground before the feet of the General. The dirt unearthed when he slid down to the ground.

Superwoman turned her attention towards them. Astra looked towards the Woman of Steel, and Superwoman came down from the heavens towards Astra.

Astra waited for her fist to almost connecting. At the very last moment, Astra caught Superwoman by the arm. Superwoman flipped over onto the ground with a vicious shoulder throw. She bounced down onto the ground from the impact. Astra withdrew a knife and tried to stab Superwoman with the attack.

Superwoman blocked the knife and returned fire with one punch. Astra blocked a second punch and turned Superwoman down to the ground. She slammed a kick into the back of Superwoman's leg. The sound of bones cracking echoed and Superwoman landed down on the ground.

"I won't waste your time telling you to kneel before me."

Astra instead made Claire bow down to the ground before her. She put her hands on the back of Claire's head and shoved the small of the boot into the other woman's back. Claire thrashed underneath her attacks.

The General heard someone else show up. Out of the corner of her eye, Harry Potter came into her line of sight.
"Go!" The General yelled.

Claire staggered to her feet, with Harry dropping down just seconds after the General and her troops left. One of the scientists tried to follow, but a bolt of energy rendered him unconscious.

Harry walked into the room, where Indigo's signal had gone off. He leaned over the console, frowning. The blue skinned woman who came into the light shared his sentiments.

"Perfect timing," Indigo informed him. "One of the relay points which Astra needs has gone off….but I've scanned the area, and she's gone."

Karen walked into the room, buttoning her shirt back up. She held onto the wall and sobered up from the pleasurable encounter she had with Harry before offering the obvious point.

"She's going to move onto the next one," Karen said. "She can't think we're onto her, is she?"

Harry wasn't going to make any assumptions without proof. It might have been for the best though where he assumed Astra knew a lot more than she was letting on. If nothing else, he could be prepared for anything. There was no time to worry about what might be though.

"Indigo, check the news," Harry said. "And the DEO database as well, and any other government database we have access to you."

'So, how illegal is this?' Felicity asked. 'Not that I'm judging, just curious from a purely legal perspective.'

'Probably no more illegal than some of the stuff the government is doing to monitor their people,' Daisy answered for him.

Harry accessed the communication grid which had set up. Indigo scrolled through thousands of transmissions at the speed of light when suddenly an image popped up towards a field. The first images of Astra popped up on the screen. They didn't have any audio, but they knew enough.

'The scientist is having a pretty heated debate with her,' Karen thought. 'And yes, I know about the bond. A perk of coming from the future.'

'Ah, you mean we don't get to give you the talk,' Faith thought. 'That's no fun.'

'Well, I figured as much, you might want to explain it to Kara,' Harry thought. 'For now, I'm keeping her access closed off... because hearing voices in your head without warning can be jarring.'

'And make you really question your sanity,' Willow chimed in. 'Then again, half of the things we do, it really does make you question your sanity.'

Harry pulled away from the banter just in time to catch sight of Claire dropping one of the troops who fought her. The Last Daughter of Krypton fell down from the heavens to go to fight Astra. The gasp coming from Karen off to the side showed everyone she shared Harry's frustration.

"There's no way," Karen said. "She really doesn't have a prayer."

Harry answered with a nod. He popped off in the other direction.

The moment Harry fell down from the sky, Astra looked at him for about three seconds. The General pulled away from Claire's beat down and ordered the troops to flee along with her. Harry frowned when seeing ten of the twelve troops, along with their General flying off away from the scene.
Harry caught a scientist in the back of the head and dropped him with one clear shot. Said scientist fell down onto the ground, the impact jarring him something fierce. He would wait to interrogate the scientist later. Claire's health and injury status was the most important thing to him.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked her.

Claire answered with a shake of her head when shaking off of the cobwebs. She had more than enough experience fighting crazed Kryptonian army leaders from the past. One would think such experience would give her enough common sense and make the Last Daughter of Krypton question any thought of doing something like this. She guessed though bravery and the desire to fight.

"They all got away," Claire said.

"No…not all of them."

The scientist woke up and came face to face with a figure standing over him. The scientist crawled backward in fear and started to scream "no" in a rapid-fire fashion. Harry picked up the scientist and hurled him over before going face to face with him.

"Astra's planning something," Harry said. "What is she planning?"

"She's insane!" the scientist yelled. "She's trying to use a dark matter cannon to punch open a hole between Earth and the Phantom Zone…but she doesn't understand one misfire would cause life on both sides of the warp to be sucked through the Phantom Zone."

The shaking, terrified scientist was someone who Harry almost felt sorry for. He obviously signed up for this plan because of his freedom. Then again, one look in the man's eyes and a hint of the horrible things he did made Harry's sympathy just die away. The man had been caught experimenting on young children, trying to make them into hybrid creatures using other alien DNA.

Most of his "subjects" did not survive. He was a brilliant scientist, although one with a god complex.

"Tell me how to shut down the relay point," Harry said.

The scientist responded with a shaking shiver. "You don't get it….when the relay points are set up, there's no turning back. Once the cannon is deployed, it's over, it's over for you are."

'Why would she do something so risky?' Kara asked.

The force of her thought brought through the shield.

'So, I'm guessing Harry has a collective bond because I can kind of hear some of you,' Kara thought. 'But…why would she do something like this? What does she have to prove? What does she have to gain? She's free from that awful place?'

Karen answered with a sigh. She hated to be the one to break the bad news to Kara. The girl had been fairly innocent and kind of naïve, the type of innocence which should be celebrated. Karen didn't really want to be the one who would strip her of that innocence

'The Phantom Zone does strange things to normally well-adjusted people,' Karen said. 'And Astra is not well adjusted…given all she saw at the Battle of Kandor against Zod.'

Harry turned to ask Claire something. The Last Daughter of Krypton already flew off in the other directions. Harry was pretty sure she was on the hunt for Astra now.
'Some things never change,' Chloe thought.

Astra shook off everything when dropping down to the ground. She would have been deaf if those whispers did not get to her. They talked about how she feared the legendary Dragon. Astra spent the past several years researching him, and she realized the legend spread long beyond Krypton.

'They will never understand,' Astra thought.

Astra's mood worsened after doing a headcount. All of the troops standing next to her were there, except for the one who foolishly fought Superwoman. She didn't have any place for someone who disobeyed an order. The remaining ten were there. The scientist, the one non-fighter was not there. And he would be the one who would be the most likely to sell her out if it was going to save her own skin.

"Return to base," Astra said. "I'll be with you shortly."

The only reason Astra would return to pick up this particular cockroach would be to stop him later.

'The fool.'

The General returned to the direction of the second relay point. She hoped against all common sense and logic that Harry Potter did not capture the scientist. The scientist was a coward, a fool, and would not stick around. If he did, it wouldn't take too much torture.

A blur shot from the direction of the second relay point. Astra caught the blur in mid-air and whipped her down onto the ground. The figure dropped down onto the ground with an impact.

The General stepped back, looking down at the fallen form of Superwoman with contempt dancing in her eyes. The Last Daughter of Krypton pulled herself to her feet. She zipped towards Astra. Astra dodged the attack and caught Superwoman with a tripping attack which knocked her down onto the ground.

The tenacity in Superwoman's eyes could not be denied. She swung for the fences and attempted to strike Astra. Astra deflected every last punch and knocked Superwoman back towards the ground. The Woman of Steel had the wind knocked out of her by Astra, dropped down to the ground.

"You're resilient. I'll give you that much," Astra said. "You need to learn though when it's time to concede a defeat. When it's time for you to stay down."

Claire bounced back up and tried to swing a punch at Astra. Astra blocked a punch and turned around before hooking the girl around the head. A half nelson choke hold put Claire down to the ground. Astra nailed her with a series of punches to the side of her face.

"It's a shame you don't take more after your mother," Astra said. "If you did, then this would be harder to do. But since you take out of the House of El….it's a pity I'm going to have to put you down. I just hope my niece can learn to forgive me."

A corkscrew flew through the air and nailed Astra before she could drive a fist to the back of Claire's neck. The General slid down to the ground. The ground smoked when she rose to her feet. A gust of super breath rocked her. Astra grabbed onto the ground and ripped a large gate out of the ground. The Kryptonian leader hurled the gate towards the woman hovering above her.

The dust settled and Power Girl dropped down to the ground. Astra charged her. Power Girl blocked the attack and lifted her up before dropping her down to the ground.
"What you're doing, you need to stop it," Power Girl said.

"You don't understand why I'm doing this," Astra said. "I'm helping both Earth and Krypton."

"You're not!" Power Girl yelled. "You're destroying Krypton's legacy further."

Astra grew a bit cold. She blocked Power Girl's arm and turned it around. The General could not bring it to put as much pressure as she did on Claire.

"I'm not your father, he was a destroyer of Krypton," Astra said. "You need to understand that."

Superwoman rose to her feet. Astra packed a huge punch, no question about it. Power Girl flipped over onto the ground and landed hard. Astra stepped back from Power Girl and only hit her with defensive moves.

Kara dropped down to join them.

"I told you to stay," Karen said.

Kara would have liked to have this argument, but she didn't take her eyes off of Astra. The Phantom Zone changed her in some ways. Kara refused to believe in her heart of hearts that Astra changed all the way. There was still some good buried down in her.

"Please, Aunt Astra, you…shouldn't do this," Kara said. "You're better than this."

"Your mother told me the same thing before she put me away," Astra said. "Maybe you're right; maybe I'm better than this….

Astra stepped back a moment later. Three Kryptonian women closed in on her. The General looked up towards them, heart beating a steady pace. There was so much she didn't understand.

"You could have taken me out at any time," Karen said. "Why don't you come with us?"

"Surely you know who I am by now," Astra said. "And surely you know who you are….my daughter."

Karen stepped back, and both Claire and Kara looked at her, eyes widening in shock. Astra took out a device in her belt and pressed a button. A bright light flashed and caused the three Kryptonian women to shield themselves.

A second passed, and Astra disappeared. Claire closed her fists together and was about ready to hurl something in frustration. She turned towards Karen who stood in behind her.

"So, you did find out some interesting things from the future, because you don't seem too surprised," Claire said. "And here I thought you were from an alternate universe."

Karen frowned and a sheepish expression flashed over her face. "Well, with all of the time travel involved, I might as well be."

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Astra being out there and in the wild was a frustrating thing as well. Harry had a few other problems to deal with. The Kryptonian scientist told him everything he needed to do, and it would allow them to get something working on schedule.

Harry returned to the headquarters. Daisy met him at the door.
"We've been working on the probe we're going to deploy around the clock," Daisy said. "We've run a couple of simulations. In theory, it should work, but you know....."

Dawn popped up from the room. A couple of burn marks covered her attractive face.

"Yeah, simulations are one thing, but actually deploying the probe is another thing entirely," Dawn said. "I think we're on the right track. And not a moment too soon."

Harry took one look at the girl's face. The government agent responded with a sheepish grin.

"So, what's going on here?"

Harry turned around to see Lucy standing there. He figured this would not fly underneath the radar here.

"I'll explain it to you when we prepare to deploy the probe," Harry said. "You don't mind helping a little bit, do you? We need an extra set of hands."

Lucy flashed him a smile and closed in a bit closer towards Harry. She grabbed his hand and intertwined their fingers together before pulling away.

"It sure beats pushing some pencils or answering the phones," Lucy said. "I lost a lot of favor when I couldn't get you on board."

"Sorry, about that," Harry said.

"Hey, I'm about a day away from quitting," Lucy said. "The only reason they haven't busted me too far down is because they respect my father, or fear him. Or both."

"Well, your father commands a lot of respect."

Lucy looked towards the woman who walked out. Agent Peggy Carter, a living legend, stood right before her in the flesh. Lucy opened her mouth and shut it.

'It's a good thing Lois hasn't been bonded yet,' Chloe thought. 'Because, she will never let Lucy hear the end of this, either.'

"So, I'm guessing....well, I wasn't supposed to see you healthy and in the prime of your life," Lucy said. "So, I'm guessing there's some kind of Life Model Decoy in that hospital bed. Or are you the Life Model Decoy of the original Agent Carter?"

"I'm pretty sure it will give you something to think about," Peggy said with a mysterious smile.

Lucy had her thoughts and theories. She was not as prolific as going with them as Lois was, but she had her own times where she stuck her nose right where it didn't belong.

"Astra disappeared," Harry informed her. "I'm pretty sure the DEO is tracking her...."

"Actually, Agent Danvers sent me here as a favor, and I jumped on it," Lucy said. "She wondered if you had any luck in tracking down Astra. And what were you going to do with her when you found her."

'I'm pretty sure Harry's going to find something to do with her,' Faith said.

"Well, let's stop the plan first," Harry said. "Astra, as dangerous as she is, is just as dangerous with her followers. And once we stop them, we put a stop to what she's doing."
"I'll leave it to you, then," Lucy said. "So, what are we doing?"

Daisy jumped in to explain. "The moment Astra deploys the dark matter cannon, Harry is going to open a portal and deploy the probe into the blast zone. The probe is going to disable the gateway Astra is opening."

Lucy wasn't a science major, to be honest. She figured this crowd knew what they were doing, so she just left it to them. A brief fear entered her mind, as she wondered if this could go wrong. Well, of course, it could go wrong, anything could go wrong.

"We're going to be able to deploy the probe," Dawn said. "It's going to be a close shave, and it's going to need some very precise timing. Timing which you need to hit it down to the level."

"Don't worry, my timing is good."

It might have been a pretty close shave, but Harry was more than game. He looked at the probe and kept his eyes on Indigo's scans for the dark matter. It would be a second margin of error.

Non stepped out into the field. He encouraged Astra to go along with this plan. It should work, and bring the Kryptonian political prisoners who had been imprisoned for disagreeing with the Council out of the Phantom Zone. There were many brilliant minds, scientists, doctors, scholars, all of them who disagreed with the Council.

"I'm standing by," Non said. "Deploy the cannon."

"It's ready."

A blast of dark energy shot through the air. A swirling dark vortex of light opened. Non looked up. The sight was very beautiful. The Kryptonian soldier raised his hands and soaked in the energy coming from him.

"It's breaching, it works," Non said. "But, you know, you should have destroyed Power Girl while you had the chance…and Superwoman…along with your dear niece….."

"They're off limits," Astra said. "Especially to you."

"How many times are they going to foil your plans before you concede they're a problem?" Non asked.

It became obvious that Non overstepped his bounds.

"Don't question me, Non," Astra said. "If it wasn't for me, you would still be happily kneeling before Zod."

Non didn't acknowledge this. He looked up into the sky. The first flashes of the Phantom Zone came open. The worlds were about ready to merge into one.

A flash of bright light erupted and a silver hovering aircraft appeared in the portal. Several red lights locked onto the portal and began to seal it shut. A small explosion came on through and caused energy to flash all around him, heating up his skin when it came close. Non dropped down onto the ground, hands threw over his head. For a moment, he thought the portal's energy exploded.

"What happened?" Astra asked.

"Someone shut down the dark matter cannon!" Non yelled. "Something must have gone wrong."
"No, nothing could have gone wrong unless..." Astra said. "Indigo intervened somehow...he has acquired her."

Non didn't have a chance to ask his wife the question of who Indigo might have been helping. He turned around and saw a figure standing in the shadows.

"No, it can't be."

Harry Potter stepped into the shadows. Non curled his fist and stared at the green eyed young man. For a second, well it didn't matter what he thought. It mattered what he faced off.

"My wife has taken an interest in you," Non said. "I think I better demonstrate you're nothing."

Harry extended his hand and invited Non to bring it, so he did.

To Be Continued on May 8th, 2017.

Well, Kara the older/Karen is Astra's daughter. So she's Kara's cousin technically speaking. Oh, those twisted Kryptonian family trees.

Non really is fighting a bit above his weight class here. Hopefully, for his sake, it doesn't get him in trouble.

Claire's persistent enough.

Oh, Lucy's a bit star struck in the presence of a living legend. And she's about ready to take Harry up on his offer.

Until Monday.
Non kicked up an immense amount of dust while charging towards his adversary. His body flickered in the light and moved at a super-powered speed. He reared back an arm and swung for the fences with a huge haymaker punch which busted the sound barrier when going through the center where Harry stood.

Harry flashed away from Non at the very last moment. The Kryptonian turned around, teeth gritted in agony. He rushed towards his adversary with another colossal punch. The huge punch had been evaded when Harry dodged out of the way one more time. Two more punches which could punch through the thickest of walls had been avoided.

Non stopped for one second and took in a deep breath. He fired a blast of heat vision towards Harry. Harry flashed out of the way and disappeared behind him. Non showed surprisingly adept reflexes and turned around. Another burst of heat vision appeared to connect. "At last!" Non yelled.

The glowing light surrounding Harry faded away. He stood there, not a burn on him, not a scratch on him. Harry spread his arms and several birds with razor sharp beaks surrounded. They formed a cyclone in the air. Harry whipped his arms and sent the winged warriors towards Non. They all began to dive bomb him like something out of a Hitchcock movie.

Non used his super breath to scatter the birds. This left him open for a burst of energy from Harry. Harry lifted Non up off of the ground and knocked him down onto the ground. Harry fired another blast of energy. Non evaded the energy blast before it cut into him. The energy blast rebounded off of the wall and caught Non with more velocity in the back of the head. Several strands of wire wrapped around Non and bent his arms and legs together. "I don't know how you're doing this!" Non yelled.

"I'm not interested in Astra's lapdog, rather I'm interested in her," Harry said. "I'm not her lapdog, I'm her husband!" Non yelled. "Well, then I guess she'll be a widow pretty soon."

Non blocked out the agony of the razor wire slicing his arms and broke free. The strands of wire whipped to the ground and dropped down. Non ignored the burning and the bleeding to try and punch at Harry. These punches connected with nothing other than air and a couple of them missed entirely.

Harry had some amusement dealing with Non. He spent a lot of time on the defense purely to get a closer look at Non's attack patterns. He wondered what the Kryptonian had up his sleeve. Non rushed towards him with one more attack. The Kryptonian reached in with hands extended and clutched Harry's throat.

For one scant second, Non thought he had his adversary in a predicament. Harry broke free of the attack and sent Non flipping over onto the ground. Non crashed hard with all of the wind being...
driven from his body. He tried to climb up to one knee and turned into a blast of light to the face. Non dropped onto his back and howled out in agony.

"You put up a decent enough fight," Harry said. "Far better than I expected."

Non bust free from the restraints and he made one last attempt to take Harry down. He swung a cinder block crushing punch towards him. Harry dodged the attack, and he lifted Non off the ground. Harry snapped his fingers and he transfigured energy in the air.

Agony beyond all comprehensive spread through Non. The yellow sunlight which meant to sustain him, Harry filtered it into Green Kryptonite radiation. The suit which enhanced the absorption of the life sustaining energy made the crippling energy rip through him even faster. Non tried to break free from the death grip.

Harry held onto Non and the man's limbs dangled above the ground. He jerked around like a demented puppet on the string until his bones shattered due his body being completely weak to sustain himself.

"It's time for you to go," Harry said.

"No, you….you may destroy me, but Krypton will still….." Non said.

Harry caught a few snatches of Non's thoughts when he faded out from the world. It turned out he didn't know any more than Astra wanted him to know, which was something Harry expected. He drew back and the last ounce of life faded from the Kryptonian.

Non collapsed to the ground, a dried up husk of a Kryptonian. Harry stood over him.

A loud explosion echoed from above Harry's head. He looked up and saw the sky ripping open from where he shoved the probe in.

'Remember the one in a million shot where the probe wouldn't work?' Harry asked. 'Well, I think we just hit those odds…..'

'I'm getting spikes of energy…and the scanners are picking up portals flickering open,' Peggy thought.

'I'm going to see if I can access the probe remotely, so I can enhance the energy,' Daisy thought.

Harry jumped in. 'It might sound like a good idea in theory, but it really won't work. You can't access the probe without the probe opening up.‘

'There has to be another way!' Faith chimed in.

'There's always other ways,' Harry thought. 'But, there are ways where it's very dangerous.'

Harry stepped over Non. He was pretty sure with the right influx of magic, he could push it through the portal and seal up the small rifts. It was just fortunate he just came off of a long session with Karen and Kara earlier. Otherwise, he might not have had the juice to do it.

'I'm going to have to do it at all three relay points at once,' Harry thought.

'Lucy just sent an SOS,' Daisy thought.

As always in situations like this, when it rained, it poured.
Some people joked Lois Lane's middle name was chaos, and to be frank, she wanted to change her
name to chaos. She always put herself in the middle of something dangerous. The reporter walked
down the streets of Metropolis. An eerie wind kicked up and Lois had no choice, but to shield her
face to avoid being blown away.

'And they say the weather's bad,' Lois thought. 'Well, it's always bad, and I guess I'm going to have
to do something about it, somehow.'

Lois could see a couple of uniformed people running down the street. She walked towards an office
building. It looked innocent enough. The weird blinking lights coming from the top floor of the
building showed it was less than innocent though. Lois stepped closer and maneuvered around the
crowd of people. She caught a glimpse of Metropolis's finest talking to the uniformed men.

Much to Lois's surprise, she also caught a glimpse of Lucy, her sister, who was rushing around with
her hands on top of her head.

'Okay, she's up to something,' Lois thought. 'I might want to get a closer look, to see.'

Curiosity had gotten the better of Lois. Lois turned around and could see Lucy standing to look up at
the office building. For a moment, Lois thought she could nose around without her little sister
looking towards her.

"Lois, what are you doing here?"

Lois stood up straight with the classic hands on hips pose. "I'm doing my job. Whatever is happening
in this building, this is news. I think the real question is…what aren't you telling the people?"

Lucy frowned. She was not in the mood to deal with any kind of family drama to be perfectly
honest. She took a moment to stare back at Lois.

"I really don't have time for this," Lucy said. "I'm being completely serious Lois, I honestly don't
have time for this. There's a lot of really bad things happening, and you should clear out of here in
case…"

The younger Lane sister stopped and snapped her mouth shut. The older sister frowned, and then
shifted into half-smile. Lucy wore a look of someone who had said a little bit too much. And Lois
was pretty sure she had her.

"There's something in that building," Lois said.

"You're not stupid," Lucy said. "I need you to clear out of here, and let me do my job."

Two very stubborn sisters stared down at each other.

"Well, I need you to let me do my job….."

Lucy cut off Lois before she could say anything else. The younger girl stood on her heels and looked
towards Lois.

"Just point out to me where risking your neck is in your job description? I know you want to get the
story, I appreciate it….but you really should get out of Metropolis, in case this rift busts back open.
In case….it's not closed in time."

"Rift?" Lois asked. "What rift?"
Lois might not have been the sharpest person when it came to science. She did know more than enough to know enough to figure out a rift opening up was not a good thing.

"You mean there's some kind of black hole or something," Lois said. "And you're standing out in the middle of this….."

"Unlike you, this is my job," Lucy said. "We're not kids anymore, Lois. You don't need to worry about me risking my neck…but I will have you escorted out of here if you put yourself or others in danger by now leaving right now."

For a second, Lucy thought she had gone deaf. Everything around them reached a point of silence which she couldn't really describe.

"Really, you'd have your own sister arrested because she wouldn't follow orders?" Lois asked.

Lucy knew this was going to be turned back around on her. She just knew it, and it was going to make her look like the bad guy. It was always Lois' sway, and Lois getting on her for being so reckless. Lucy understood Lois had a lot to live up to, but Lucy did too.

"I'm willing to do what's necessary if it means you don't recklessly through your ass into the…"

The top of the building exploded. Lucy grabbed Lois by the sleeve and pulled her back. The armed men on the ground all walked forward. They didn't have any forward motion though towards the building. Something pushed them back and prevented them from coming towards the building.

Dark matter spilled out of the top of the building. The eyes of both of the Lane sisters followed the progress. The building started to get consumed and the tops of the top buildings next to it.

The ground underneath them rattled and a cloud of locusts flew in, tearing through everything. Lucy looked up into the sky and pulled out a portable device. She managed to get out one message before she moved in slow motion.

The last thing she was going to be able to comprehend was the death of her older sister.

A bright light surrounded them. Lucy thought this was it, the big one.

Harry Potter grabbed Lois underneath one arm, and Lucy underneath the over arm. He flashed out of the way just seconds before the dark matter cloud was about to consume them all.

The moment the two girls disappeared out of the way, Harry dropped down onto the ground. The sorcerer lifted his hands and gripped onto the falling dark matter cloud to push it back. He closed his eyes and pushed it all the way back.

Daisy put herself in front of the computer and started to access anything she could use to help keep the dark matter energy at bay. Indigo assisted her in any way she could.

"Please tell me we have some good news for a change," Daisy said. "I don't think I can handle any more bad news."

"By my latest calculations, we have around twenty minutes before the black holes around the three relay points open up," Indigo said. "Unless Harry can find a way to properly close them."

Daisy looked over to Dawn Granger. The normally calm and tranquil girl felt a rare burst of agony. The government agent bit down on her lip while trying to access the blueprints for the probe. She
needed to find out what they were doing.

"We're working on a secondary device," Peggy said. "On the off chance, Harry can't...do it in time."

No one dared say what they were thinking. They all knew by now what would happen if Harry Potter failed. The Earth teetered on the balance.

"Well, you want to hear some distressing news," Dawn said. "We didn't account for the fact the dark matter cannon might not have been aligned properly."

"Oh, how did we overlook that?" Daisy asked.

"You never do assume that something won't work out, you always assume it does," Peggy said. "Which, I agree in this case, it's an unfortunate folly."

The government agent's eyes shifted shut. She turned towards the men and women working for her. They were hard at work trying to develop the secondary probe.

'I'm stabilizing the first breach in Metropolis, or rather one of my duplicates are,' Harry thought.

'I thought it was a risk to send them in like that,' Daisy said. 'If one of them gets killed, won't the shock....'

'It won't be pleasant,' Harry thought. 'I'm sure I'll survive it though, for better or for worse.'

Harry had no real options though if he wanted to be in three places at the same time.

"How's that coming along?" Peggy asked.

She tried not to betray the feelings of frustration. The scientist hunched over the device, and their frustration pretty much answered the words for Peggy. She turned towards Dawn, who looked like she needed a long holiday after helping Daisy try and stave off these problems.

"Had Harry not been able to deploy the probe in the first place," Dawn said. "The black hole wouldn't have opened up a gateway to the Phantom Zone. Rather, it would have drawn the Earth piece by piece into the Phantom Zone. The deaths created by such a thing are....they are....."

Dawn struggled to find the right words. Peggy understood the younger girl's frustration, especially because no matter what she did, she could not stop these things from happening.

"They would be astronomical," Peggy offered Dawn.

"Yes," Dawn agreed.

Peggy really wished to give Dawn some words of encouragement to appease her.

"Just keep on working, and we'll find a way to get through this," Peggy said.

'I'm on my way to the second location, or rather the third,' Harry thought. 'Lois and Lucy are both fine. They're shaken up, but they're fine.'

No one could bring themselves to say none of them would be fine if Harry didn't figure out a way to close those black holes. Peggy turned around and came face to face with Claire who stopped by. It would be down to her to be able to fly the device out should they got it done in time.

"This isn't your first rodeo," Peggy said. "So, I don't even need to tell you what's at stake."
Claire shook her head in negative. There was no need for Peggy Carter to remind her what was on the line here.

"No, it isn't the first time I've been down this road, and it hasn't been for you either," Claire said. "All we have to do is have faith in Harry."

"He mentioned Lois and Lucy are same," Peggy said. "Of course, that's only for the moment."

Peggy turned towards the map. She dared not look at it for long. The red lines at certain points showed how the energies grew in frequency. The red lines became even more abundant when turning up. Peggy reached up and closed her eyes, with a frown on her face.

"We'll be done in three minutes."

Astra tore off like a bat out of hell. Non wasn't picking up, and she had been separated from the rest of her followers. The weird vortex opening up above her head pointed to the fact something else had gone wrong.

The General found it hard to fly. A gust of wind caused her to fly down to the ground. She landed on both feet on the ground.

"No, it's so beautiful!" Astra yelled. "It was supposed to work. I won't…no….I won't….."

Power Girl dropped down in front of Astra. The General found herself trapped between a rock and a hard place. She looked up towards her daughter who walked closer towards her.

"Please, forgive everything I've done," Astra said.

"You can help us by stopping this," Power Girl said. "You have the codes to shut down the relay points, don't you?"

"They can only be shut down completely by a bunker, and by then, I fear it's going to be too late," Astra said.

"And what happened to the woman who told me it was never too late?"

Astra glanced up through the dust storm which erupted around the area. She came face to face with young Kara, sweet young Kara, her niece. It was a shame she never had a chance to live up to her full potential.

"I don't….you'll never understand," Astra said. "That woman, she died with Krypton. The moment your mother, my sister, condemned me to the Phantom Zone, it was over."

Kara stopped for a moment when looking towards her. Before she could process this information, Karen stepped inside.

"Alura had no choice," Karen said. "The Council was going to take away Kara, for not being an arranged birth, and put her away for a long time. It was either she put you away, or Kara was going to take your place."

Astra stopped a moment later. Everything flashed before her. All of the evidence Krypton was dying popped in before her very eyes. The fact she witnessed Kandor vanish off of the face of the planet, just weeks after she saved it from Zod's brutal campaign. Alura's face when she informed Astra she was going to into the Phantom Zone. Astra had been too distracted by her own self-pity to see it.
"Why didn't she tell me?" Astra asked.

"She's afraid you wouldn't....."

"Then, she thought so little of me, that I would not sacrifice my own life for the life of a child," Astra said. "She wanted to put me away."

The relay point burst open, and Kara and Karen jumped back. The dark matter energy spilled out of it.

"Run, run while you still can!" Astra yelled.

Astra had to disable the relay point in the manual way. She flew towards the relay point, only to be slowed down. The energy coursed through her body and caused her to become slower and slower until the point where she moved at a decelerated speed. She couldn't push in through in time.

"We have to save her!" Kara yelled.

"No, we can't, we're going to have to go!" Karen yelled. "Besides, we aren't going to be the ones who are going to save her."

Karen looked skyward. Harry dropped down to the ground and moved through him. He parted the dark matter with his hands and blew past it. The power shielded him on the way through.

Astra almost had been turned into stone. A pair of hands gripped the back of her neck and pulled her away from the energy consuming her. Life flashed through her body after being pulled from the cusp of death.

The General's troops rushed towards her but had been caught up in the dark matter wave. The Kryptonian fugitives screamed in agony. The energy wave ripped to shreds.

Harry looked down at Astra who opened her eyes, weakly.

"So, it's you," Astra said.

She dropped in fatigue. Harry fastened a bracelet on Astra and touched it before teleporting her out of the way. The same happened to Karen and Kara before the dark matter wave hit them.

Harry stood in the midst of all of the dark matter energy before the black holes could open. He closed his eyes and tapped into the elements of nature. He found all of the rifts and closed them up one by one.

A burst of energy flowed through. Harry could see everything returning back to normal, and not a second too late as well. His body burned from the energy being channeled through it before he went back to normal.

'So, is everything okay?' Daisy asked.

'Well, I'm still standing,' Harry groggily thought.

X-X-X

"Overall, what you did was extremely reckless," Indigo summarized. "But, it was, unfortunately, necessary, and you were the only one who could do it without it ripping you apart."

Harry stood in the middle of the lab. The excess amounts of dark matter Harry channeled into his
body resulted in a few spots on his skin being red and blistered when he stripped down to his underwear. Those red and blistered spots disappeared as Indigo and Rose helped him siphon off the dark magic energy.

"It does go without saying you might not have been able to pull this off without Kara and Karen’s help," Rose said.

'Thanks, girls, I couldn't have done it without you,' Harry thought.

'Hey, no problem,' Kara said.

'We're always happy to help,' Karen said.

Harry looked at himself in the mirror. His skin turned back to normal and not a second too soon. He could see someone waiting for him outside of the lab.

Lucy stepped inside and stop short of Harry. He dressed in nothing other than a pair of boxer shorts.

"No need to be shy, Lucy," Harry said. "I'm pretty sure you imagined me in a lot less."

Lucy would have been lying if she told Harry she didn't imagine him in a whole lot less. It took a couple of moments for Lucy to manage to find her tongue. Harry waited for her to be untongueied.

"You'll be happy to know I handed in my resignation to my superiors," Lucy said. "I thought that's what I wanted out of life. But, I figured….they didn't want me to be there, and I didn't want to be there, so why make everyone miserable?"

"There's no reason."

Lucy smiled. It took her a while to adjust to Harry just standing there in his boxer shorts before her. She didn't really mind, and in fact walked closer.

"So, is the job offer still on the table?" Lucy asked.

"I think we can discuss terms," Harry said.

Lucy took a moment to look at Harry. He leaned closer towards her.

"Lois left earlier, she wanted to spend some time with Claire," Harry said.

"Well, we wouldn't want to break up that happy little reunion, would we?" Lucy asked. "We owe you our lives….and I have a feeling that means something different for a magical person than it does for a normal person."

"Hmm, it really depends on the circumstances," Harry said. "A lot of people owe me their lives, including Astra…she's the only one of the Kryptonian fugitives left. She's currently resting in my basement."

Harry hadn't had a chance to talk to her. She almost got destroyed by the dark matter. The other Kryptonians either had been ripped apart or had been sent to the Phantom Zone.

"I'm not going to lie, seeing you like this really reminded me of something I should have done a long time ago," Lucy said. "I've had to swallow my pride a lot lately….but I'm pretty keen to swallow something right now.'

'She's about as subtle as a trainwreck,' Buffy thought.
"It runs in the family," Chloe fondly said.

"I've had this itch for a long time," Lucy said. "The question is, are you going to help me scratch it, or not?"

Harry motioned for Lucy to come over towards him. The younger Lane sister hurled herself at Harry and pushed herself onto him with a passionate kiss. She spent a moment working her tongue into his mouth. When her tongue entered, they encircled together.

Lucy closed her eyes. Harry's hand slowly crept up her leg. The only regret she had from doing this was she should have done this a very long time.

The door opened and Chloe stepped in. Lucy pulled away from Harry. A strand of saliva snapped from her mouth.

"I brought something up, but….."

"Look, Chloe, either join us or fuck off!" Lucy snapped.

Chloe smiled. She knew where this one was going to go.

"Why don't you give your favorite cousin a kiss?"

Chloe and Lucy walked over towards each other. Both of them joined lip to lip with a kiss. Neither of them backed off from each other.

Both turned back towards Harry, and his boxer shorts started to stretch. Lucy walked over and shoved her hand down the front of Harry's pants before giving him another hot kiss.

Lucy squeezed Harry's pulsing length. His hand reached around and cupped Lucy's ass which caused her to moan. The dark vixen looked Harry in the eye while kissing him on the side of the mouth.

She pumped Harry so he could grow harder to the point where he almost ripped out of his pants. "Do you have a piece of iron in your pants, Mr. Potter?"

Lucy peeled off Harry's boxer shorts. His long cock stuck out, uninhibited and throbbing right in front of her face. A pucker of her lips showed Lucy what she had to work with. She descended to her knees in front of Harry and squeezed his thick length.

Chloe descended down next to Harry.

"Both of you better do a good job in sucking my cock, or I'm going to be pretty annoyed."

"Oh, you know good cock sucking runs in the family," Chloe said. She leaned in and kissed Harry on the tip of his cock a few times.

Lucy smiled and watched Chloe's hot lips work over Harry's tender length. She was already horny.

"You get him warmed up, Chloe," Lucy said. "I want to get ready for the main event."

Lucy really needed this cock in her so bad it hurt. She pulled herself onto the operating table. The skirt snapped back to reveal Lucy wearing a lacy pair of black pants. Harry got a good look at it while Chloe reached behind him and gripped his ass. She took his cock into her mouth.

"Go, ahead, Chloe, get my cock nice and rock hard, so I can fuck your cousin's brains out with it!"
Harry groaned.

Chloe obeyed Harry's words and bobbed down onto his throbbing meat pole. She lavished and worshiped him with spit. Chloe cupped Harry's balls.

Harry indulged himself into the pure warmth coming from Chloe's mouth. He gripped her hair and rocked back into her mouth. Harry's throbbing balls slapped against Chloe's chin.

Chloe tried not to go too wild with the sucking. She wanted Harry to be nice and hard. Lucy really needed a good, hard, cock in her, and Chloe was happily to do her duty as a cousin to make it happen. Her slender fingers wrapped around Harry's base when she worshiped the head.

"Better be careful, or you might get something warm down your throat," Harry informed her.

Lucy spread her legs, making sure to peak over her shoulder at Chloe's cock sucking. She tickled down the slit and tingles spread all over. Lucy breathed when coming down on those fingers.

"Oh yes, mmm, fuck her face, Harry!"

Harry decided not complying would be very rude. A strong grip on Chloe's face and a long thrust into her mouth made the buildup increase. Harry looked down at Chloe's eyes. Those round, beautiful eyes burned with so much passion as she sucked Harry off.

"You're such a devoted little cocksucker," Harry said. "Your throat is perfect for my big cock...I wonder if your cousin's pussy is as tight as yours."

Chloe gripped Harry's balls and felt them. She pulled off of him and gave Harry a few parting kisses.

"You have a nice hard cock, and some really heavy balls," Chloe said. She weighed and squeezed the balls in question in her hand. "What more can a girl need?"

Chloe gave Harry's extended prick a parting kiss goodbye. The sorcerer rose up and walked towards Lucy. Lucy presented her dripping slit for intrusion. Moisture stained the table.

Harry pulled Lucy's hand way. More shivers came through the girl after Harry licked the cum from it. A satisfied smile spread across Harry's face. He leaned closer in and put the head against Lucy's slit. Harry leaned further in, breath hitting the back of Lucy's neck.

"I think we're both going to enjoy this."

Lucy opened up for what was coming to her. Harry pushed into the hot vixen. Her walls closed around Harry. Harry held onto her and pushed into her.

"Yes, you're so tight," Harry said. "But, so nice, and slick....I'll have you gushing in no time."

Lucy knew Harry told the truth. The handsome man groped Lucy's breasts. A couple of tight squeezes coursed electricity from head to toe. Lucy's toes curled from what Harry did. Almost all the way out of Lucy, and she protested the loss. Seconds later, relief hit Lucy when Harry buried completely back into her.

"Fuck me, drill me like I'm your fucking bitch!" Lucy yelled. "I'm getting fucked by Harry Potter, and you aren't, so fuck you, Lois!"

Harry hammered Lucy harder. The energy coursed through the beautiful brunette while pressed against the table. Harry took full inventory on every curve, from breasts to waist, to hips, all the way
down to Lucy's supple backside. Every single glorious inch of flesh, Harry prodded and squeezed on her.

Chloe pulled her panties completely off and climbed down the edge of the table.

"And to think, you kiss your cousin with that mouth," Chloe joked.

"On both sets of lips."

Lucy buried her face down in between Chloe's thighs. Deep down, Lucy always wondered what her cousin tasted like. Now her inhibitions had been driven away about as fast as Harry's cock drove inside, Lucy had no reason to not take a taste of Chloe. And boy, Chloe tasted really good, like the sweetest of lemons.

Chloe looked up, dazed. Lucy really knew how to eat pussy.

'Incest, when you put your cousin to the test,' Chloe thought.

Speaking of being put to the test, Chloe's pussy spiked up and sent more sticky juices. Lucy lapped them up.

Lucy indulged her lust in Chloe's pussy. The tangy, lemony taste made Lucy burn with more desire than ever. She couldn't hold back though. Harry buried himself between her thighs, and wouldn't stop.

"Again," Harry said.

Harry danced down Lucy's back. One spot on the center proved to be more sensitive. Lucy clenched Harry hard when Harry touched the pleasure spot.

Lucy wondered how Harry could have known this was her sensitive spot.

'Of course, he fucking knows, he's a sex god,' Lucy thought. 'Oh, fuck, he's so good!'

Chloe allowed Lucy to drop down. Her well-eaten pussy sat spread on the table, empty, without anything in it.

Harry ripped away from Lucy and positioned himself over the top of Chloe. The two kissed each other before Harry slid inside of Chloe and began to slam away from her on the table.

Chloe grabbed onto Harry. She needed a quick, and hard pounding. The feisty blonde wrapped around Harry and took a hard pounding. The orgasm eased up and hit an apex which left the brainy blonde to collapse down on the table.

Lucy only just barely noticed the loss before Harry came in to roll her over and slipped inside. Their eyes locked onto each other with Harry rising up and slamming down into Lucy. The thrusts grew deeper. Lucy clenched and erupted with another orgasm the moment Harry hit her weak spot.

"See, how I can leave you wanting more," Harry said. "Are you seeing what kind of perks and benefits there are in working in me?"

"Yes!" Lucy panted. "If I had...know.....this was going to happen, I would have quit and went to work with you...much...sooner!"

Lucy clutched Harry after another long thrust. The orgasm cut off any attempts of coherent conversation. It was how Lucy wanted this meeting to go. Harry to screw her six ways from Sunday,
and reduce her into a blubbering, dripping mess. Lucy didn't want to think.

"Thank you for fucking me before my sister!" Lucy yelled.

Harry smiled.

"Just wait, I'm going to hit you so hard you're going to forget you even have a sister," Harry said. "What do you have to say about that?"

Lucy only hooked Harry's hips and smiled. She made sure Harry didn't pull from her. Those hips stunned Lucy and dazzled her. All of the stories, all of the whispers, all of the rumors, all of them ended up being true. Harry gave her this hard fucking, everything Lucy ever thought she deserved, and then just a little bit more.

"YES!"

Harry shifted away from Lucy and tagged off to Chloe. Chloe accommodated him to try and milk him a little bit, to test Harry. Harry was more than willing to be up for the test. He grabbed the hips of the beautiful blonde and thrust hard. They connected together at the hip.

Back and forth, Harry put both Lucy and Chloe through the paces. He drove them through several spectacular orgasms. This more than made up for the energy which Harry lost when trying to secure the black holes. He bent down onto Chloe, who rose up off of the bed. Chloe jerked up into a constant state of orgasm.

Chloe tried not to monopolize Harry too much. All she wanted was Harry closer towards her. Chloe gently prodded Harry's ass with her foot. The Master of Death returned fire by fucking Chloe.

Lucy almost recovered from the latest orgasm and almost reached coherence. Harry flashed over, practically buried in two pussies at once. Harry leaned into Lucy and rammed into her.

"I don't want to feel my legs when I'm done!" Lucy shrieked. "I just want to feel where your cock has been, and where your cum is dripping out of me. Go ahead and give me...everything I've ever wanted. More cum than...she's ever gotten...you know my pussy feels so good..."

Harry concurred how good Lucy's pussy felt. He could not be in it deep enough or hard enough.

"Oh, believe me, I will give you more cum than you can handle."

Lucy switched up to accept more of Harry's length. Harry pushed deeper into the dark haired vixen. Balls hit capacity and were ready to burst.

"Bury your seed in my pussy," Lucy yelled. "Fill my womb with your hot, sticky, cum....fill me with so much cum....I'll still cleaning it from me a week from now."

Harry spilled his balls inside the hot woman. Lucy's curvy body melded against his when Harry pushed down into the depths. Lucy gripped Harry when he slid deeper into her. Her fingers danced on the side of Harry's neck. Lucy moaned and mewled from Harry pounding inside her.

"Yes, bury your hot, sticky, seed into my pussy!" Lucy begged him. Her legs squeezed Harry in tight. "You know you want this....you can't avoid it."

Harry pulled out of Lucy and moved over. His still throbbing cock shoved into Chloe.

Chloe jerked back away after Harry pushed into her. A second load, saved up just for her, spilled
inside Chloe. Chloe tightened around Harry.

"Yes, you're the man!" Chloe yelled. "And such a man too!"

Harry emptied a massive amount of cum inside of Chloe. The end result left both girls both fucked raw and dripping. Two beautiful cousins stuffed full of his seed. Chloe took all from Harry, and then some extra.

'And, you're going to have to complete the set,' Faith said.

To Be Continued on May 11th, 2017.

Well, the world is saved yet again. Just another Monday or Thursday for Harry Potter.

Hey, Lucy jumped the line ahead of Lois after all. Bet she's not going to be too thrilled about that. And Chloe got dragged in as well. So there you go.

Until Thursday.
Kara Danvers sat in one of the conference rooms inside of the main branch of Horizon. The girl typed away at the laptop which rested at the end of the chair. One could assume she was hard at work when typing away. It couldn't be further from the truth though. She just typed away, very deep in thought. And those deep thoughts threatened to burn through her mind.

The world nearly ended today. Kara didn't know how many people figured out how close the world came to ending. All she knew was they came close to ending. She closed her eyes. The girls in the bond were chattering away at usual. Kara pulled herself away from being anything other than a passive part of the conversation. She flipped a lock of hair back and just thought about all of the problems.

Kara wondered if Karen told the truth to her. If Kara was at risk of being sent away because how she was born, she had no idea. Her mother held many secrets though. Kara didn't claim to understand everything her mother did. All Kara could do was wait for her to return from the work.

The nature of this particular work came to life. Kara had been on Earth for years, and several more years had passed since the destruction of Krypton. The time she spent in stasis made things rather difficult. The young survivor pulled herself up to pace around the miniature office which she had commandeered.

Everything looked to be so peaceful and so serene, so very serene. It was hard to tell the world was just inches away from meeting a grisly end just a couple hours ago. Kara took in the beauty, really appreciating what happened. The Girl of Steel frowned and walked in.

She really hoped to run into Harry. Harry had been dealing with some issues caused by the absorbing of dark matter. Kara never claimed to be an expert on all things science. She was pretty sure though Harry absorbing the dark matter would normally be an event which would lead to the destruction of most normal people.

'Harry isn't most normal people,' Kara reminded herself.

She took about three paces outside of the hallway. The Horizon Building lacked the type of frantic chaos. Technically, the normal work hours had long since passed. Granted, there were a few enterprising employees still here. They worked on various projects, mostly keeping out of the way.

'Harry should be around here somewhere.'

Kara almost stepped back. The very man she looked for walked around the corner. Kara took one look at him. For someone who had to take a rather reckless step to save the world, he looked pretty
good. As a matter of fact, Kara would say he looked better than great.

"Hey," Harry said. "How are you feeling?"

Kara adopted the classic hands on hips pose.

"Given all you've been though, I think it would have been better if I asked you the same question," Kara said. "You saved the world and not for the first time."

Harry laughed at Kara's matter of fact matter. He swept the girl up into a hug and the two of them shared a brief kiss. Much to brief for Kara's liking, as she gasped when the two of them pulled away from each other.

"It's a monthly event," Harry said.

Kara raised an eyebrow. Harry was capable of many things. Understatement really wasn't something she thought he was truthfully capable of pulling off.

"Just monthly?" Kara asked him.

Harry laughed in response to her statement. Leave it to Kara to call his bluff like that. He had to really amend this particular statement.

"Okay, fine, it's more than monthly," Harry told her.

Kara smiled, so much better to be honest. The Kryptonian Survivor decided to get from this statement, and back to the loaded question which Harry said her. She flashed one of the more nervous smiles she could muster at her mate.

"I'm....I'm just trying to deal with what happened," Kara said. "It's hard to believe that's my aunt, she did what she did. She's really changed since I was on Krypton, and not for the better."

Harry looked towards her. He really wished he could offer Kara something insightful, or helpful. The problem was, this entire Astra situation was very complex, and that wasn't even accounting the reasons why she had been put into the Phantom Zone in the first place.

"If you want to talk to her, I can arrange something," Harry said.

"Thank you," Kara said. She sounded gracious, and then her tone switched to something a bit more nervous. "But, I'm not sure if that's such a good idea."

Kara took a couple of seconds to collect her thoughts. She leaned closer towards Harry, frowning on the way.

"I mean, on one hand, I kind of want to find out why she did what she did," Kara said. "On the other hand, I'm almost afraid of what I might found out. I know, it's kind of stupid, but..."

Harry placed a hand on Kara's shoulder and squeezed it. The younger blonde's eyes fluttered shut and a breath escaped through her body.

"It's up to you," Harry said. "No one is going to force you to do something you don't want to do, especially when you're really not ready to do so."

Kara like this about Harry, he gave her the encouragement needed to do what she needed to do. He didn't really pressure anyone into doing anything, but sometimes he gave a pretty good explanation.
"I personally think it would be good for you to get that weight off of your shoulders," Harry said. "But, it's up to you, and no one should force you. Just do what you think's the best."

Harry leaned in and engulfed Kara into a hug. She really needed one after all what happened. The two of them brushed apart with a kiss. Kara managed to absorb all of Harry's very intense kiss.

"I need to take a walk, clear my head a little bit," Kara said. "I'll let you know whatever my decision is."

Harry smiled and motioned for her to walk off. Kara moved down the hallway. Anyone who listened to her could understand there was some pretty heavy shit on her mind.

'Yeah, she's really got a lot to deal with,' Daisy thought. 'Believe me, I know the feeling…when you find out that a family member isn't everything you thought they were cracked up to be.'

Harry's view had been replaced with another Kryptonian. Karen walked around and looked a little bit distracted. Harry motioned for her to walk over to join him. The frown spreading across Karen's face showed Harry she was just as distracted.

"I'd ask you how you're doing as well….."

"I'm really glad you were able to save the world," Karen said. "I really am. There's no question I am…but…you know I've had a lot of other things on my mind."

Harry motioned for Karen to sit down. Karen closed her eyes when sitting next to him.

"You found out some things, but….being confronted by it is something different," Harry said. "I know the feeling."

Karen knew about the entire history of Harry Potter, from humble beginnings to his rise across the world as one of the most beloved and sought after man. Women wanted him, men wanted to kill him, or that's how the legends went. Karen didn't really know how much truth was to them at the end of the day.

For Harry's history though, he had his fair share of problems. Karen appreciated them and respected what he had to do to get through them. It most certainly wasn't exactly easy to get through life.

"How much of my life was a lie?" Karen asked. "I thought my name was Kara Zor-El. I thought I was the daughter of Zor-El and Alura, the cousin of Clara."

"But, you're Astra's daughter," Harry said. "So, is Non your father then….because I did kill him."

A shudder passed over Karen's body. Thankfully her father was someone else entirely.

"No, he isn't, thankfully, I don't even think Non and Astra….ever were together in that way," Karen said. "It was a marriage of convenience, arranged by two families."

Karen wondered how much Harry knew about his own lineage. It seemed like a pretty personal question, so she didn't ask it. Harry was no doubt researching it. History pointed out, very clearly, if there was one thing true about Harry Potter, it was he had this ability to learn information which people would prefer he didn't know.

"I have a pretty good idea who it is," Karen said. "And I want you to do me one favor…..if I start asking other people to kneel before me, please, smack me, hard."
"I'll be sure to make a note of it."

Karen answered with a smile and leaned in to kiss Harry. Harry wrapped his arm around Karen and the two of them joined together for a long moment. The kiss had an added spiciness to it if the rumors about Harry's bloodline was true.

Not that Karen cared, while those taboos were still common in whatever this century was, they had long since been phased out.

"And I wouldn't worry about who your parents are," Harry said. "You can't choose your family. You can only choose who you are."

Claire hovered outside of the apartment she and Lois share. She had gone to retrieve the device, but it turned out there was no need for the device because Harry found another way. Claire didn't begin to understand how he found another way, he just did find another way.

'That's Harry for you.'

Claire took the key out of the keyhole and opened up the door. The moment she entered, a very surly looking Lois sat on the couch. She looked like the little girl who had her favorite doll taken away after a bout of misbehavior.

"What's wrong, Lois?" Claire asked, trying to be innocent and coy.

Lois's eyes snapped towards Claire. "Well, I almost got ripped up by some black hole, and Lucy was right about how I shouldn't have been there."

Claire knew all too well about the tension between the Lane sisters. Chloe joked about how Lucy and Lois should just fuck and get it out of their systems. Claire wasn't about ready to make a comment along those lines, but she did concede there was something that needed to be done.

"And I've been given the afternoon off," Lois said. "Perry's doing some big deal….looks like the rumors are true. Horizon and the Daily Planet are going to be one and the same….which is why you're here, and not doing whatever wherever."

"After the world didn't end, things are really quiet," Claire admitted.

Lois decided to make the attempt to clean up some of the clutter on her desk, or at least make it look like she was making the effort to do so. No one bought it for a second, Lois especially.

"Harry's going to be our new boss pretty soon," Lois said.

Lois tried to push Harry out of her mind. He dominated her thoughts even more so than usual. Lois recalled all of the things she would have liked Harry to do to her. Those things were not meant to be spoken of in polite company.

'Then again, I saw my entire life flash before me not even a day ago,' Lois thought. 'So, what're a few wet dreams to lighten the mood.'

A sound of someone landing outside on the balcony brought Lois's attention over. The eagle-eyed reporter relaxed when Karen walked over into grander prominence on the balcony.

"Hey, Lois, do you think I can borrow Claire for a second?"
"Hey, keep her until you get sick of her," Lois quipped.

The two girls exchanged knowing smiles with each other. Claire left the room and walked behind Karen. The two of them took flight outside of the window.

"It appears Jor-El knew more than he let on, and there was a pretty good reason why he didn't trust me," Karen said. "But, I didn't know until later. I thought I was Kara….well the younger Kara, at least. Someone tampered with my memories, why I don't know."

"Do you think it was Zor-El or someone else?" Claire asked.

Karen turned around to think about this. Claire asked a pretty good question.

"I don't think it really matters now," Karen said. "The past is the past, all we can do is deal with the future. And my mother is Astra, and….well, I have a pretty good idea who my father is."

"Does it matter?"

Karen stopped in mid air and turned her attention back towards Claire. Claire eyed the other girl up. The girl she thought was her cousin all of this time, and in her heart, still was. It was just now she had two cousins named Kara.

"Your parentage doesn't matter to me," Claire said in the firmest voice possible. "It matters who you are, deep down. And you've proven yourself to me time and time again. You've proven yourself to be a hero and a stand-up person."

Karen smiled. She did prove that, didn't she? For the first time since the news broke, a swell of confidence filled her.

"We can't choose our family," Claire said. "All we can do is choose the people we've become."

Karen couldn't help and break out into a smile. She looked towards Claire and the two circled around Metropolis at least one time before flying back to the apartment. They dropped down onto the balcony.

"Funny, you're only the second person who told me this today."

"Well, it bears repeating," Claire said. "And you know, deep down.....I'm sure Astra is a pretty good person, or at least has some good qualities. I hope the Phantom Zone didn't corrupt her completely like it has....others."

Karen shared this hope that deep down there was some good in Astra. It gave her a shred of hope that no one was beyond salvation. She could have taken out Karen, Kara, or even Claire at any time, but she chose not to. Perhaps, that was a sign once she got a clear head, she would be of use.

Alex Danvers waited for the meeting with Harry Potter. It wouldn't be the first time the two of them had a meeting, but it would be the first time they would be going face to face after the end of the world. Well, after the latest end of the world.

Lucy looked pretty happy about her meeting, and Alex couldn't help, and think she would be just as excited to have a meeting which went just as well. She closed her eyes and remembered how much of a professional she was.
'We'll see how much being a professional is when he gets you right where he wants you,’ a naughty voice in the back of Alex's head thought.

Alex shook said head and returned back to focusing. Just in time, by the looks of things, with Harry walking around the corner. He walked up towards Alex with a smile.

"So, let's get one important bit of information out of the way," Harry said. "Did you have a chance to have a word with your boss about my help in upgrading the security?"

"I talked to him about it," Alex said. "He'll want to talk to you in person, but Director Henshaw wasn't opposed to the idea. Although I'm sure he'd want to have something available."

The two took a walk around the corner towards a set of lavish seats. Harry offered Alex a seat which she took and a cup of coffee which she also took.

"I have plans for security," Harry said.

"Which is how you're securing Astra right now," Alex said. Harry looked towards her and Alex thought she caught him. "Come on, Mr. Potter, don't think we're idiots at the DEO. We pretty much verified all of the other Phantom Zone prisoners have been sucked into the Phantom Zone. There's one prisoner missing though, and that's the General herself."

Harry didn't blink in any way. All he did was lean closer towards Alex and smile at her. Alex assumed she had Harry where she wanted him, but it was the other way around. Harry caught her up.

"Well, no one didn't accuse you of not being as smart as you were stunning."

It was Alex's turn to smile. She leaned in closer towards Harry.

"I liked getting flattered by a handsome man as much as the next girl," Alex said. "But, you're getting off of the subject."

Harry smiled. She was dedicated to her job. Harry respected that very much. Hard work was a very admirable and very attractive trait.

"I saved Astra because I think she has valuable information we can still use," Harry said. "Plus, I'm a collector at heart….some might say I'm a bit of a hoarder."

Alex smiled. She heard of the rumors. Come to think about it, she wouldn't mind being hoarded by Harry.

"I'll tell you all of the Dark Matter has been purged from the area," Harry said. "The last thing we need is a bunch of super powered people running around, causing havoc."

Alex agreed with him on that funnily enough. She switched to a more personal, but still somewhat professional line of questioning.

"How's my sister?"

"Kara did pretty well," Harry told Alex. "She's still a bit upset about her aunt coming over, but she'll get over it soon enough. It will help for the two of them to talk, just to see where they stand….don't worry, any visit they have will be monitored. Although, Astra isn't leaving the cell without my permission."
Alex thought it was good to here. She wanted to further the discussion. Her watch started to blip and she sighed.

"Duty calls," Alex said. "I need to take care of this, I'll be back later to take a look at Astra's cell."

"I'll give you the grand tour later," Harry said.

Alex gave Harry a daring kiss on the cheek. She walked out without another word. Harry watched her leave.

'Well, I think it's safe to say you'll complete the set soon,' Carol thought. 'Well, at least as the Danvers sisters are concerned.'

Harry decided his next trip was to pop over to check up on Peggy and the rest of everyone. He appeared right outside of the entrance and did the standard security checks. Technically speaking, Harry could have teleported straight into Peggy's office at any time possible.

The moment he stepped inside, Dawn Granger stood, bent over a crystal display. It looked like something which had been confiscated from the Kryptonian stronghold base. She studied the device with so much excitement and wonder, it amazed even Harry.

"Oh, you're here!" Dawn piped up in excitement. "You…saved the world again…and you did it by absorbing dangerous radiation which could have burned you into nothingness."

"I wouldn't recommend anyone try it," Harry said.

"Well, no, but…it's good you're safe, and the world's safe," Dawn said. "I don't know whether to slap you or kiss you for what you've pulled!"

"Well, I'd hope you'd kiss me," Harry said, smiling at her. "And I thought violence was more your sister's thing."

"It normally is. She can't even bring herself to swat a fly."

Holly Granger stepped inside. The girl sauntered over towards the room and looked towards Harry. Harry could feel the tall girl giving him a visual undressing and a very obvious eye fucking.

"I was just out with the Slayers," Holly said. "I really wish they would have recruited me, not that working for Agent Carter isn't a blast on its own."

'I'm not sure if the Slayers would survive the experience,' Buffy thought. 'Hell, she makes Elsa look tame.'

"I'm not sure if the Slayers have every had anything like you in their ranks," Harry said. "So, did you get the last of Dracula's Disciples?"

"Yes, the last known one at least," Holly said. "There's never any shortage of people who are willing to follow a deranged nutcase, though. Which makes my life a lot easier. More skulls to crack."

Dawn shook her head. Always with the violence, Dawn swore Holly got off on violence more than any kind of sexual pleasure. Then again, sex with her sister could be pretty rough, so perhaps Holly was just a pretty good multi-tasker.

"Oh, and Buffy and Faith returned home," Holly said. "And I'm pretty sure they're going to jump you the moment you get back to your modestly sized beach house."
Daisy escorted Kara down the hallway towards where Astra's cell was. She did understand the mixture of emotions Kara went through now.

"I'll be outside if you need anything," Daisy said. "And don't let her get to you."

"Thanks," Kara said.

It was something Kara really needed to do. She walked closer and entered the hallway. The wall from the cell became transparent. Astra sat on the other side of the cell and stared towards Kara.

"Why?" Kara asked.

"I made many mistakes," Astra said. "I made a couple of calculation errors. I should have never done this, not this soon at the very least. If I had known what happened, I wouldn't have done it. But… there were things which pushed ahead my time table. Your cousin was too close to me, much too close."

Astra also accelerated the timetable because of the incident involving Dracula, his vampires, and the red sun. Humanity needed strong leadership if they were able to survive. One force to rally behind, instead of a bunch of bickering world leaders, who couldn't even come to an agreement on what to order for lunch.

"I've see Krypton fall because of petty self-interest, and people desperately clinging onto power," Astra said. "I'll be damned if I want to see Earth go the same way. Humans have the same self-serving attitude. It's not about what is going to happen tomorrow, all they are concerned about is themselves."

Kara stared at her aunt for a long moment.

"You shouldn't sell humanity short," Kara said.

An uncomfortable second passed between the two of them.

"I'm not doing so to humanity, ignorance is not a concept which is exclusive to humans," Astra said. "A planet without a divisive, primary leader is doomed to go the way Krypton did, Mars did, and several other planets did."

"Oh, you think you're the leader this world needs?" Kara asked.

Astra regarded her niece for a long moment. How did she explain this to Kara? Astra was going to give it an honest attempt to do so.

"I'm not the leader the world needs, but there is only one man who is fit to lead a new age," Astra said. "And we both know who it is."

Kara stared back with a set jaw.

"Maybe you should have worked with him, instead of trying to destroy humanity," Kara said.
"You're no better than Zod or Brainiac or even Darkseid."

Astra hung her head. Those words were pretty harsh when coming from her niece, especially that
last name. Did Astra's obsession really warrant being put on the same tier on a malicious force who enslaved countless planets?

"You should have come to him, you should have come to me," Kara said.

The Kryptonian survivor turned her back on her aunt, walking watched her leave.

"Kara, wait."

Kara stopped at the door.

"You have a noble heart," Astra said. "Please don't lose that."

"What would you know about anyone having a noble heart?" Kara asked. "It's obvious you don't have one anymore."

'Did she change, or was I just too stupid and blind to realize she was always this way?'

Kara flung open the door and walked out into the hallway. Daisy walked past Kara and walked towards the cell.

Astra's voice grew suddenly cold when turning towards the government agent who watched over her. "What do you want?"

"Harry wants a word with you," Daisy said, matching Astra's tone. "One way or another, you're his bitch now. It will be up to you whether or not you enjoy it."

To Be Continued on May 15th, 2017.

Everyone deals with the fallout of what happened in the last arc. Harry is making some movements in the background as well.

You got to love Daisy's bluntness in the situation.

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And now more blog exclusive content, first posted on May 11th, 2017 on my blog, and posted on 6/23/2018 elsewhere.

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Unchained Chapter 59 Xtra(Featuring Harry, Faith, and Buffy)-Blog Exclusive Content:

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Not only two steps from entering his modest beach house, and Harry came face to face with Faith who threw her arms around Harry. She gave him a very aggressive kiss when coming through the door. Harry grabbed the back of Faith's head and deepened the kiss.

A very amused Buffy watched as Faith tried to get the jump on Harry. Despite the spoiler, Faith very nearly got the better of Harry. Her legs wrapped around Harry's waist as he walked her up across the room. Faith kissed Harry deeply as possible. Buffy lightly dropped down on the couch. She only
stood there dressed in a bra and a pair of jeans. She kicked her shoes and socks off already.

Faith pulled away from Harry and gave him a very wicked grin. Harry returned fire by grabbing her ass, and then pulling her into a kiss. Buffy pushed back on the couch and watched the two indulge in each other with a long kiss. Her arms folded and her lip stuck out in a very prominent pout.

Harry pulled away from Faith.

"Hello, Buffy."

"Hi, Harry!"

Harry gave her a full-on kiss on the lips. Her mind went completely wild. Harry pushed Buffy back on the couch and kissed her even deeper. His hands slowly worked over her body and felt her up. Buffy responded by reaching underneath Harry's shirt and pulling it up a little bit.

Already, Faith had made short work of Harry's pants. She unbuckled them and pulled them down over his ankles. Harry wore nothing other than his boxer shorts from the waist down.

Faith slowly stepped back and made sure she was right across from the mirror. She did a little dance and slipped off her shirt to reveal nothing other than a lacy black bra underneath. She pulled off her leather pants to expose her thong.

The two Slayers positioned on the bed on either side of Harry. Harry felt up their firm, toned bodies as they kissed him in response. His right hand rested on Buffy's ass and gave it a squeeze. She responded by kissing him.

"I think after saving the world, you need some stress relief," Faith said.

Harry smiled and his boxers came off. One long cock pushed out. The Slayers had been up close and personal with it many times, but it still caused them to be dazzled. Faith reached her hand around Harry's cock.

"I'm going to stroke your big cock," Faith said. "And then, I'm going to suck it. And then I'm going to fuck it until one of us can't take any more."

"Save some for me," Buffy said.

Faith gave her partner a wicked grin while wrapping her hand around the base of Harry's cock. Her warm mouth opened to take as much of Harry inside of her as possible. He stretched out her throat when coming back down around them.

Buffy stood on the couch, wearing nothing but a bra and a pair of jeans. Soon the jeans would be gone, as Buffy's lacy red thong was revealed. Harry felt her pussy through her panties as Faith sucked his cock.

The double stimulation of Harry rubbing his hands against her warm pussy and Faith sucking Harry off caused Buffy to close her eyes. Harry's fingers ran down her warm pussy slit. He rubbed his finger against her and made Buffy mewl the further.

"Time to feed."

The Incubus relieved Buffy of her panties. Her shaven, swollen, pussy stood out on the couch, ready for the Incubus to feed on her. The green-eyed young man leaned in and pushed his face between Buffy's warm legs. Buffy threw her head back and allowed Harry to go in deep on her. He went
down on her warm pussy and made Buffy feel so good.

Harry licked Buffy's juicy folds and kept going down. His hand grabbed the back of Faith's head as she just increased her actions of sucking his cock.

Faith's mouth enveloped the hard cock. She wanted to ride it, but first Faith would try and edge him. Her pussy ached though the more she sucked on his cock. Those fingers caressed her hair and went down to the back of her neck. Faith slipped her mouth down the pole and rose completely out from this particular position.

"Fuck it!"

She snapped and rose up to a standing position. Faith's panties came off and she climbed onto his cock which extended up. Faith lowered down onto his hard cock which filled her body in one fluid drop.

"That's what I'm talking about!"

Faith threw her head back with primal lust dancing through her body. She rose up and dropped down with a constant series of motions onto him. The motion never once slowed down with Harry burying himself hard and deep inside of her.

Harry remained parked directly between Buffy's legs. He had plenty of time though to stimulate Faith's nipples when the shorter girl rode him. Her warmth clamped down onto his cock and then released him. Faith released his manhood in one fluid punch.

"Shit, fuck, oh, god!" Faith yelled.

"I am," Harry said before returning to devouring Buffy's womanhood.

Buffy's knees became jelly when Harry ate the pussy of the standing slayer. She would like nothing better than that cock to be driven into her. Faith kept control of it for as long as she would have liked.

Harry used the one arm positioned next to Faith to really take her body. He touched certain parts of her which lit Faith up. Faith slammed herself down onto him in response with the touches. Her entire body shook when driving up and down on Harry's hard rod.

The tension in Faith's loins reached their fever pitch. She grabbed onto Harry's engorged prick when driving up against her. Harry pulled almost out of her and then drove into her. The two matched each other, with Faith slowing down. Harry brought himself inside of her.

'Cum.'

All of the pleasure centers in Faith's mind were struck nice and hard. Faith closed her eyes and bottomed out on Harry. Juices pooled all around the base of the tool of lust which buried deep inside Faith's body. Harry grabbed her and sank his hard cock inside of her one more time.

Buffy collapsed down onto the couch after Harry brought her to an orgasm. To give Buffy a chance to recover before fucking her, Harry turned his complete attention to Faith.

The jack-hammering of Faith's pussy made her groan out. The lust dancing through her eyes made things even more wonderful as far as she was concerned. Her long nails dug into Harry's shoulders when pushing down onto him. Her bouncing breasts perfectly aligned themselves with Harry's mouth and were about ready to be devoured. Harry reached in and cupped her chest.
Faith tried to hold onto her lover when rising and dropping down onto his cock. She wanted to savor every single second. The seconds ticked down to her latest and greatest orgasm. It was a big one which filled her body with thinly suppressed lust.

The dark-haired slayer came down onto the point of Harry's cock. She released him with pleasure cascading through her body.

"Your turn."

Her statement was more of a hopeful declaration than one that was a demand. Harry only responded by guiding her up and down his manhood. The swelling of the love organ underneath her made Faith's toes curl. She let out a lovely scream and came one more time.

The orgasm from the fever limber and very tight girl made Harry's balls lurch and start firing their warm cum inside of her waiting and willing pussy. Harry grabbed onto Faith and stuffed her with his cum.

A flow of cum splattered inside of Faith's warm and waiting walls. She tensed around and released Harry. His hard cock continued to pump its seed inside with each passing thrust. Faith lowered herself down and took about as much as possible.

Faith's eyes glazed over and the moment she let up, it was Buffy's chance to pounce. Buffy pushed Faith on the couch with her legs kicking up in the air. She climbed between Faith's legs and positioned herself, ready to devour Faith where she laid.

"Oh, you sneaky bitch," Faith groaned.

Buffy would have accepted Faith's claim to be as guilty as charged. Cum belonging to Harry trickled out from between Faith's legs and it would be a shame to let such a precious treasure go to waste. Faith lowered herself into position and touched her tongue down at a certain point right between Faith's warm thighs. Buffy threw herself deep inside of Faith's body.

Harry stood up and moved over to where Buffy was waiting for him. He would have to take her and take her he would. Her very warm and tight pussy called for Harry in this position. He closed in on Buffy and aimed his rod deep against her warm walls.

"Oh, I've been waiting for this."

Those words were the prelude for Harry to sliding his big cock inside of Buffy's tight sheath. He put his hands on the back of the Slayer and pushed himself into her. His rod pushed back and drove down into her as deep as possible. He rammed inside of Buffy.

Buffy buried herself face down in Faith's pussy. Those firm hands grabbed her long blonde hair and pulled on it. Buffy ate Faith and felt up her legs. Her hands moved up to touch more parts of Faith, as much as they could reach.

And speaking of touching as much as he could reach, Harry did the same thing to Buffy. His hard cock drove itself deeper inside of the Slayer. Her tightening walls grabbed onto him and released Harry. He pulled back almost all the way from her and drove his cock at a certain point inside of Faith's wet pussy. He groaned when filling her up with his long cock.

"There we go," Harry groaned. "Close to cumming already."

Harry stuck Buffy with his cock and made her cum harder. Her warm pussy grabbed onto him. It practically grabbed onto his cock the deeper he planted his rod inside of her warm body. Harry
pulled all the way out of her and drove his hard cock inside of her body.

"FUCK!" Buffy managed.

"Hey, your mouth should be busy," Faith said.

Buffy was about to protest Faith ordering her around. Faith did not just merely order her around, she pushed Buffy's mouth onto her pussy. The only thing Buffy could do was open her mouth and taken Faith's juices in. Faith gave a squeal of delight.

Harry drove himself into Buffy's warm snatch. All of the heat from her body felt like it concentrated around her core, ready to drag him inside of her. His balls pushed against Buffy's warm body. Harry grabbed onto Buffy and plowed her core as hard as possible.

His balls ached the closer they received to their climax. Harry's hands moved like a blur and stimulated every nook and cranny of Buffy's body. His hands jolted the small of the Slayer's back when he pushed cock-first inside of her. His balls slapped against her with a repeated series of thrusts.

"Oh, she must be really cumming," Faith said. "Pound her pussy raw! Pound it."

"Oh, she's going to cum," Harry said. "You can't help, but cum. Cum harder than you've ever come before."

Buffy's body succumbed to Harry and his hands. Every time he planted his rod inside of her and touched her body, Buffy lit up with increasing desire. Harry pulled almost out of her and then slammed his huge cock into her with a constant barrage.

She let it go and received Harry balls deep as a reward. Harry planted himself and worked his aching loins up. He rode Buffy's orgasm to the end and dragged her completely to another one.

Finally, everything came. Harry saw the bright light of a well-earned orgasm. He slammed his hard cock inside Buffy's wet pussy and injected her waiting core with his cum.

Buffy received a full court blast and pleasure spiraled out of control over her body. Her body had been converted into a G-Spot with Harry pounding her all the way to the edge of her pleasure.

Harry finished up inside of Buffy, just in time to see Faith move towards her.

"Hope you're not done yet, stud. Because I'm not."

He just beckoned Faith to come over towards him. As Buffy rested on the couch, Faith moved over to get herself a second helping of Harry.

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End.
Chapter Sixty: Savage Quest.

Daisy's words penetrated Astra's mind. She looked up to see the young man approach her. So much Astra wanted to tell Harry, but there was just a lot she regretted saying. Conflict swam through the mind. Years of hard work could have gone worse. If it wasn't for Harry, then the world would have been destroyed. She would have been destroyed. Astra understood the power the young man had.

Now, it was time to see how comfortable her life would be from here on out. Astra understood her comfort came at how much this man was willing to help her out.

"Thank you for coming, Astra."

There was not much of a choice in the matter. Astra did not say it because she knew enough about the type of situation she was in.

Astra looked towards him, trying to figure out where they stood with each other. So far, Harry didn't say a single, solitary word to her. Astra stared down at him from the other side of the cage and frowned. Those eyes locked onto him.

"You're everything I expected you to be, and then more," Astra said. "And I realize now, I may have made a miscalculation. All I wanted to make was the ideal world, a perfect world. A world where people could be sustained and could live without any fear."

Harry considered Astra for a moment. Those eyes said a whole lot. She didn't know what to say. Was he angry at her? It was hard to read. The look aligned more towards disappointment which proved to be worse than any form of anger as far as Astra. Astra recalled how it felt to be called out for her actions when younger. Her parents dealt a harsh hand towards Astra.

"And now, after that, I'm a prisoner of a different kind," Astra said. "I wonder if I will ever get a chance to see the light of day again."

The pause started between both of them. Harry leaned closer towards her with the cell preventing the two of them from meeting in the center. Time ticked by in a very agonizing way. Astra really wished Harry would tell her what her future would hold. The wait was very agonizing.

There was a part of Astra who wondered if Harry purposely dragged it out.

"It's up to you, whether or not you're willing to cooperate," Harry said.

Astra responded with a nod. He would not have come down here without wanting something. Information, or something more, personal, Astra couldn't tell by the look on Harry's face. Those green eyes stared back at Astra.

"Anything, you want of me," Astra said. "You just name it, and I'll...well, I'll give it to you to the best of my abilities."

Astra finally stood up to properly face Harry. The bold and tall stance ended up being a front to other things. All she could do was look on the side of the cell at the young man. Those green eyes haunted anyone who looked upon them. Astra continued to frown, wondering what he wanted to say.
"I've been going through some of the outposts you and your fellow Kryptonians had on Earth," Harry said.

Astra answered with a nod. "Yes, and believe me there are many secrets. Secrets beyond your wildest imagination. Secrets beyond even the wildest imagination of Kryptonians, and the comprehension of mere mortals."

"You'd be surprised about how much I can comprehend, and you'd be surprised with how vivid my imagination is."

Astra smiled, expecting nothing less. The General waited for the information to be given to her. The information came in the form of a black disc with a purple crystal jutting from it. Astra frowned when looking at the crystal. Her people found this curiosity a while back. They all thought nothing of it, and there were other problems to take care of.

Now, Astra had all of the time in the world to ponder on this item.

"Tell me about this item."

"It comes from an area my people have been searching in for a very long time," Astra said. "It's from an alien vessel which crashed on Earth several years ago. It's located somewhere in what humans have called Egypt."

Harry thought about as much, given some of the legends he heard over the years. Astra giving him crystal clear information just allowed him more clarity right here and right now. There were a lot of secrets in Egypt, buried within the desserts. Some were magical in nature. Others, well they were something else entirely.

"Tell me more."

"The location is known as the Shadow Valley, by its roughest and most comprehension," Astra said. "The legends state the ship has technology which could make anyone who uses it masters of the world. But, naturally, there are consequences…..the occupants may still be on board the ship, sealed away in stasis."

'Alive, after all of this time?' Karen asked. 'We've searched for the Shadow Valley in the future, and never found it, or the occupants on the ship. It wasn't necessarily a bad thing…..'

'Unless it had been unearthed sometime in the present,' Chloe offered. 'Or it didn't exist…..'

'I'm pretty sure it exists,' Harry thought.

Astra stood up to a fuller-height and peered down from the other side of the cell. Those eyes locked onto Harry's. She had so much sorrow in her eyes, dread, as expected. Harry smiled and placed a hand on the other side of the cell as well.

"I'm going to tell you to tread lightly when you go there," Astra said. "If you would like to free me, I will help you in any way."

"I'll verify what you've told me, and I'll keep that under consideration."

Most would anger quickly at the fact verification was required. Astra slid back, understanding. She watched when Harry left. Wondering, when she would see him again, or if she would ever see him again. For now, Astra would need to make the most of the prison.
'Hopefully, the bonds of trust are in place.'

Harry walked at the end of the hallway. Daisy waited with her arms folded.

"It's the Shadow Valley, or so she says," Harry said.

Daisy shuddered at the words "Shadow Valley." She heard the rumors about the Shadow Valley, and where it might have been located. There were whispers of a team who went into it about thirty years ago and never had been recovered. The shadows consumed them.

"Yes, because a place called the Shadow Valley, there can't be anything bad there at all,' Faith commented. 'No, not at all.'

"They say there are items are great power in the Shadow Valley," Daisy said.

Everyone just sat around and waited for something.

"The rumors are true," Indigo said. "The explorers on that ship come from very dangerous, and very deceitful race of aliens ……and if a piece of their ship has turned up, it means they may wake up. Or the rest of the ship may become active."

Harry confirmed the danger with a nod. It was time for him to get all of the information with the Shadow Valley, where it might be, and track down one of the history's greatest mysteries.

The man observed different forms of power. The earliest form of power manifested when man discovered fire. Primitive man discovered the flames could be used as a tool to sustain life. Later, they discovered other uses of fire, to bring about destruction and chaos to the world.

The most mundane utilities could bring destruction if they were placed in an inventive set of hands.

An army of six bulky and well-armored men walked through the winds of the desert. They had walked for several miles after their plane had been forced to make an emergency landing. None of them could figure out why the plane had to make such a sudden stop and this soon as well.

The gentleman at the head of the pack almost fell over. The gear he carried was very heavy and almost bogged him down. Another lurched step caused the man to fall down onto the ground, planting face first into the sand. The burning sand covered the man's head.

The other men behind him looked about to help him up.

"Leave him!"

The man known to the world at large as Vandal Savage stepped in front of the man. He looked at the dehydrated, weakened man, who lay in the middle of the desert. Behind Savage, came another half of dozen men. They looked as rough and tough, and the deserts made them rather surly. Savage motioned for them to step back from the man who fell.

"If he's too weak, then we have no use," Savage said. "We will only be slowed down if we have to help every man who falls."

The man on the sand gasped and blacked out. The sand storm threatened to bury him alive. No one would know he was out here, not even his friends and family. All Vandal Savage did was press forward into the dust of the sand and spread his arms to look out into the distance.

"Yes," Savage muttered. "We're so close….we're so close I can almost smell it. We're very near, and
we're so near, I can almost taste it."

Vandal Savage allowed a sharp and ragged breath to come out when walking forward. The plane falling at this point had been a sign something was very near. Savage stepped into the desert. His men kept behind him. The unfortunate fool who fell was left, forgotten behind him.

The long-lived madman learned all about survival of the fittest a very long time ago. Those who fell beneath his feet were not worthy of any further consideration. The weak would be purged from this entire world. Unfortunately, society did not go the way Savage intended.

'I will fix those problems. Only the strong will survive.'

"Sir, we're….we got to get to shelter…"

"We have a mission to complete," Savage told his men. "I do hope for your sakes you've decided not to go weak on me, have you?"

Savage pointed a large gun towards the man who made the comment. The man flinched at the sight of the gun. The wrong thing to do given Savage decided to pull the trigger. The impact dropped the man to the ground to meet a grisly end in the desert. Blood spurted everywhere with the man lying in the desert. No one really knew what to do, no one even knew what to say thanks to Savage.

Any sign of weakness would get them shot like the man who just dropped. They had no desire to tempt fate.

"I trust none of you will have any further complaints about what I'm doing," Savage said. "Speak up, or follow me. Either way, only the strongest of you will make it."

No one bothered to make a peep. Savage preferred it this way. He turned around and mowed down the desert. The very strongest of all men followed Savage down. The two men who had been killed left behind, buried, burning in the desert.

Savage spent most of his life searching for an old legend. An altar of immense power, which would make him even more powerful, and allow him to destroy all opposing him. They would fall at his feet without a second thought, as far as Savage concerned himself.

"We're close. I can feel it. Where are you hiding? Show the secrets you conceal!"

The man snarled and looked around the desert. A crisp smile spread over the man's face when he saw the sand which glowed black in the sun. Savage bent down and touched a finger to the sand. The sand burned cool while the rest of the sand around them burned hot.

"Many have tried to track down this power." Savage said. "And many have failed. But, I've come close."

Savage spied a broken skull lying in the sand. Several other small bone fragments blew in the wind. There had been many who had gone after the item, and they had failed.

"Follow the bone fragments, and we'll have what we've come for," Savage said. "Let's go."

Daisy studied all of the records regarding the Shadow Valley. HYDRA had been trying to obtain the power within, but they had failed, even since World War II. Several other groups tried to obtain the power, and a few solo acts. Several governments tried to obtain the power, they all failed.
Sara walked over towards Daisy. She readjusted the sheath and looked towards the documents the other girl spread over the table. The frown deepened over Sara when looking down at the documentation before her.

"The Shadow Valley," Sara said. "The League has been searching for that particular location for years. No less than Ra's Al Ghul himself has tried to uncover what is in there."

The fact it had been hidden by one of the craftiest men in existence made things even more unnerving.

"And he's yet to succeed," Daisy said. "The latest rumor puts Vandal Savage pretty close to the area of the Shadow Valley. And we both know what that means."

Savage had gone off a while back to lick his wounds from the encounter against Dracula. The immortal returned back.

'Once you get inside the Shadow Valley, I'd recommend destroying it at all costs,' Nyssa thought. 'Many men and women have tried to obtain the power within the Valley. Many have gone mad.'

'Harry has a plan to get inside,' Sara thought.

'I'd join you on the mission, but a situation has come up,' Nyssa said. 'Don't worry, it's nothing which cannot be handled on my own. It's just very frustrating all of the same.'

'Best of luck with any situation then,' Sara thought to Nyssa.

'Luck has nothing to do with what I'm about to do,' Nyssa said. 'I appreciate the sentiments all the same, and I'll be in touch when I can.'

Sara and Daisy turned their attention to a dark haired woman who walked down. Lara Croft walked into greater prominence to them and one of the things which showed the most prominence with her was the bright smile on her face. Lara approached both of the Assassin and the government agent.

"So, we should have known you were going on this mission," Daisy said.

"Oh, naturally," Lara said. "The Shadow Valley has so many legends, I doubt it's going to live up to the hype or the appeal. But, hey, it won't hurt to help Harry have a look around."

The girls turned around and Harry joined them. Lara smiled and leaned in to give Harry a kiss.

"Hey, the gang's all here."

"So, are we ready?" Harry asked.

"As we will ever be," Lara said.

Lara grabbed Harry's hand first. Sara grabbed another hand from Harry. Daisy gripped onto his waist, and the four of them teleported. The other three girls obtained the ability to teleport from Harry but based on the violate nature.

Harry stood outside of the village and looked towards a downed plane. The moment he walked up towards it, he already sensed trouble.

"You recognize this plane, don't you?" Harry asked.

Daisy answered with a brisk nod and approached the plane. She walked closer towards it to get a
clearer look towards the plan. It most certainly belonged to the one and only Vandal Savage.

"The sand is black in places," Lara said. "We're pretty close."

Harry thought they were pretty too close to comfort. Savage being involved looked like it would kill two birds with one stone, at least from Harry's perspective.

"Is it just me, or does anyone else have a very bad feeling about this?" Lara asked.

"No, it's not just you," Daisy said.

The closer they got it, the more they realized why the Shadow Valley was called such. Harry, in particular, locked onto some rather depressing vibes. The whispers and echoes of death ensured Harry would keep on his guard at all times.

Sara kept a hand ready to retract the blade at all times. Seconds ticked by on the clock when waiting for something to happen. Nothing really happened though, but the calm ended up happening before the storm just like it always did.

Harry could only sense the girls closest to him in the bond link. So it would be one of these little events where magic in the air compromised mental communication. He warned them all of the possibility before leaving this might happen.

Harry lifted up the crystal which he showed Astra and compared it to the energy field in the area. The crystal reacted and the hum from the crystal grew. It hummed, and it hummed very loudly. The ear-splitting hum continued to go off and back Harry and the girls off from their position.

A flare of light occurred and Harry saw a plane hurtling near the village. Harry raised his hand and started to slow the descent of the plane while Lara, Sara, and Daisy cleared out of the way.

The DEO picked up some strange energy signatures which might as well have been alien. Alex had been put on the case, and she got two of the best partners she could hope for. Carol and Kara sat in the back seat ready to go.

"I hope whatever visitors we get this time, aren't the type who will try and invade the Earth and destroy it," Carol said.

Kara smiled and shook her head. They could only be so lucky.

"Now, all aliens aren't that bad," Kara said. Carol and Alex looked towards her and she amended her statement. "Okay, a few of them are kind of bad. There are a lot of them who have to take control of things wherever they are. But really, not all of them are like that."

"No, they aren't," Alex said. "Earth just attracts the really crazy ones, don't we?"

Kara decided not to give Alex any argument on that one because she was right.

"Wait, is this where I think it is?" Carol asked. "The alien energy signature is right near the Shadow Valley?"

"Yeah, it's pretty close, a bit too close for comfort," Alex said.

A loud boom echoed the ship. Alex pulled back on the steering wheel. The plane couldn't really fly upright for some reason. She looked at the equipment. There were no visible means of why the ship would be compromised.
"Carol, take control of the wheel, I need to check something."

Carol took control of the wheel. She could just barely control the ship. Carol likened the way the ship was acting to be caught inside some of anti-gravity pull. Every time Carol tried to pull one way, the ship wanted to pull it one way. She test flight jaunty planes for a living.

"Please tell me you have a good idea what the problem is," Carol said. "Because I'm really not sure how much longer I can get the plane to fight."

"I'm working on it, but...we're going to have to make a really rough landing," Alex said.

"Maybe, we don't have to," Kara said. "Maybe, if I get out and get underneath the plane and manually fly it, then maybe it will....."

Alex thought about it for a second. She nodded and gave Kara an encouraging nudge to do so. Kara bounced to her feet and grabbed onto the edge of the door. She pushed the door. The door rebounded back against her and knocked her to the ground.

"I don't think I can get the door open without ripping us in half," Kara said. "Carol, do you think you can emergency land the plane?"

"The landing brakes aren't responding," Carol said.

Kara tried one more time to muscle the door open. The door bounced back to her. Kara sighed and tried to think of a way out of her. Most of the time, she was pretty good thinking on her feet.

The plane froze in mid-air by some mysterious force. Kara could see something on the ground. The plane flipped over.

Carol flew back against the seats of the plane and responded with a sigh of relief. The plan directed to the ground and looked like it was going to take a nice landing. It was going to be a landing out in the middle of the desert, but it was better than crashing down into the depths of hell.

'Thank God, we walked away from that one,' Carol thought.

She found it quite peculiar no girls from the bond responded from that one. Maybe it didn't work as well when the party in question was nervous. Carol actually had a couple of questions to ask about how the band worked but didn't get around to doing it just yet.

'Maybe I will soon.'

The three Danvers sisters exited the ship and came face to face with Harry. They all flashed a grateful smile in his direction.

"So, it was you," Alex said. "It seems like one of us is always thanking you, so I'd say thank you again."

Lara, Daisy, and Sara lingered in the background. Harry walked closer to the three Danvers sisters, all of them relieved. Kara, in particular, ran up and threw herself around Harry.

"I couldn't do anything to save them," Kara said.

"Well, I'm sure you did your best," Harry said.

He smiled when Kara pulled away. It was true, she did her best. Carol was able to keep them in the air for long enough. The only reason she didn't fly in the first place was because Alex was leading
the mission.

"So, I'm guessing you just didn't just randomly decide to fly over an area of high intense magical energy," Harry said.

Alex shook her head. "No, the DEO picked up a strange energy pulse. Almost as if something was active here. Almost as if someone was trying to make communication with us."

'And all they succeeded was nearly crashing us.'

Harry dreaded this fact. He knew now there was no that much time. His team may have doubled in size thanks to Alex and her sister's making an emergency landing. Now, Harry was going to need all of the help he could get and then just a little bit extra.

X-X-X

Vandal Savage found a marking in the ground which showed he was close. He walked and saw a tall and impressive structure. It stuck out like a sore thumb. No one dared enter this particular part of the village. Savage walked closer towards the temple and a smile flickered over the man's face. He was so close to having what he wanted.

Savage took out a silver knife and gave tribute. The doors slid open. He walked inside, followed by his men.

Lined up against the wall, several giant beetle humanoids lined up in crystallized shields. They looked to have been asleep for thousands of years, waiting for the call back home.

"They need leadership," Savage said. "They need someone to guide them. The moment I figure out how to open the gate, the drive of this ship should be sufficient enough to shake them."

A crackling over the communicator made Savage stop his pondering.

"Yes," Savage said.

"Sir?" the man asked. "There are intruders outside, it's Harry Potter."

Savage tightened the fingers around the communicator. The former caveman only relaxed the grip to prevent a valuable piece of equipment from being crushed.

"Stay tight," Savage said. "The rest of you, go and give a suitable reception for Mr. Potter and his allies. While I figure out the best way to crack open this gate."

Deep inside the shadow valley rested something powerful. Savage couldn't wait to crack it open and claim it all for himself. He watched the private security force scramble off before returning his gaze towards the gate.

To Be Continued on May 18th, 2017.

So, this chapter is very eventful and setting something up which I think will be interesting. Although I only remember parts of it. That's the thing about writing many months in advance of posting. By the time you prepare the chapter for posting, you forgot some things that happen. And since this chapter was written in August of 2016, yeah, you can see how the passage of time ends up dulling certain facts.
Lara shows up again, which was a shock to me because I forgot about her showing up in this arc. Although it makes sense.

Yeah, Faith has a point. A place called the Shadow Valley is not exactly a happy place to be.

And we have Vandal Savage. Who does Vandal Savage type stuff.

We're running down to the wire with only ten chapters left as well. And then it's onto Emerald Flight, the Fem!Harry edition in July.
Lara stepped towards the temple, hairs standing up on the back of her neck when she walked forward. One look behind her showed she wasn't the only one who had a little bit of trepidation when going inside the temple. The look on Carol's face pretty much told the story, along with her sisters, Daisy, and Sara as well. They were going to jump into something very dangerous.

The unknown always could be a terrifying prospect to face no matter what the cause.

Many times, Lara entered these temples in an attempt to gain insight on the strange, and mysterious artifacts within. She had adventures which were legendary to put things bluntly. Never, though, in her life did she feel so unhinged and so un-edged though. The Tomb Raider deduced it just wasn't because of the legends surrounding the Shadow Valley, although those particular legends did not help with her ability to remain calm in such a situation.

"There's someone here," Daisy said.

All of the girls looked nervous. Harry turned around the corner as well, walking between Alex and Sara when the two of them moved towards the tunnel. Alex shifted her stance and prepared to attack anything which attacked first.

"I don't like this," Alex said.

She had her hands on the gun and were ready to pull it out to attack. Everything rattled around her. The nervousness etched in the mind of Alex made her feel something was creeping around the corner at her.

'Would it be enough?' Alex thought. A nervous twitch came over the girl's hand.

Harry stood up to survey the situation around the temple. People had most certainly entered this particular area. The bone fragments outside served as evidence to that much. The evidence mounted with Harry hearing whispers. The closer Harry leaned in the more frantic the whispers occurred.

"The souls seem restless," Harry said.

"Well, that makes things a bit more at ease," Daisy said.

The girl's sarcasm fell flat when the sound of voices, deep voices, could be heard. These voices were not the detached whispers of fractured souls.

'Well, what do we have here?' Harry thought.

"Mr. Savage wants us to secure the area. And you know how Mr. Savage is like when we don't get everything done to his exact specifications."

Daisy could have jumped up and down in celebration. Finally, someone tangible, and an actual physical threat for the team fight, and not some specter which they waited around to tangle with. Daisy preferred those types of threats, someone who they could actually fight. The field agent prepared for the attack.
The attempt to cause the ground to shake and bring them down to their level caused Daisy to stagger and fall over. Kara tried to zip over to catch the girl before she fell to the ground. The Kryptonian woman yelped when the attempt to get away caused her to fall over.

Harry realized there was another problem on top of the one they already had.

"Anyone with powers, they're going to have trouble in this cave," Harry said.

The gentlemen stepped down and looked towards Harry for a second. The second it took for their eyes to be locked onto Harry Potter were fatal seconds for them. Sara swooped in on one end and nailed her adversary with a swift attack to the side of the neck which brought the man down.

Sara hit one of the most fatal areas on the man's neck and dropped him to the ground. The gun kicked out of the man's hand. The assassin moved around and disabled one of the larger men by jabbing at a series of pressure points.

Harry tried to look on to what was causing problems with the powers. He accessed enough magical power to do so and found there was a rune, guarded about three floors up which caused this. It was nothing like Harry ever saw before, and he studied Ancient Runes. Not in Hogwarts, an actual useful study of ancient runes, but that was neither here or there.

Lara fired at the attackers. The explorer watched when sluggish bullets flew through the air and lost momentum before striking the intended target. The road ran both ways though. The men in the cave could not fire their guns as well.

'Time to get back to basics.'

Carol went behind one of them and drove her elbow into the back of the man's neck. Another man grabbed Carol from behind. The now depowered heroine gripped the man's neck and flipped the man down onto the ground. The man did his best imitation of a dead fish.

"Right, they want to play dirty!"

One of them ripped a torch from the wall and swung the fire. The burning embers came close to scorching anyone it touched. Harry reached over, placed one hand on the torch, and caused the flames on the torch to freeze over. It burned every single nerve ending in Harry's body to do it, but this was worth it to see the look on the goon's face.

Seconds before Harry's fist plowed into the man's jaw, knocking him out with one solid punch.

"Okay, that really shouldn't have been possible," Daisy said. "You just broke about nine million laws of physics....."

Harry sealed the doorway leading upstairs shut which forced the mercenaries to come down the long way. Sweat splattered the young man's face when holding the door shut.

"You're forcing magic, despite the temple messing with your powers," Lara said. "That's...that's pretty dangerous."

He shook his head and cleared the thoughts of frustration coming through it.

"Yes, I know."

"Look, one of Savage's men dropped this," Kara said.
Kara smiled, glad she found a clue. Lost powers made Kara feel extremely useless. It made her feel like the entire world was bearing down at her.

Daisy took the object Kara picked up and frowned, looking at it one time, for a moment. It was a detailed map of the Shadow Valley, and Savage's target could be clearly marked.

"Well, this could lead us to Savage," Daisy said. "Or, he could have planted this to lead us into a trap."

Lara knew all too well where this road could go. "Well, there's only one way to find out."

The road to that particular location ended up being one where they would have to meet on with Savage's goons. And along the way, the rune altar with the power inhibitors, they could get those along the way as well.

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Sounds of battle greeted Vandal Savage from above. He paid these sounds of battle about as much mind as they deserved, which was not a lot at all. The man paced back and forth on the ground. All of his attempts to achieve glory were finally coming to roost tonight.

Soon, Savage would have his moment of triumph.

"Now, all I need to figure out as how to activate you, and the power will be back on," Savage said. He pressed a hand to the side of the wall and a smile crossed over his face. "I will have everything I've ever wanted, and then more….I'll have much more."

Whispers in the temple continued to occur. Savage pressed a hand towards the temple and listened closely. Two things were necessary for any empire. Manpower, and resources, and this temple had both. The Beetle warriors stood immobile, but soon they would be marching to the beat of a different leader.

"For centuries, I've searched for this, and now, I'm on the precipice of true power," Savage said.

Vandal Savage always had been fascinated by the supernatural and elements which came beyond the stars. Ever since the meteor crashed on Earth, and gave his longevity, Savage held the fascination. The meteor increased his intelligence, durability, and made sure he would be long-lived. The cavemen which Savage knew in those simpler times were just merely a curiosity.

The world back then was a much more orderly place, those who are fit to survive did, and those who were weak perished. These days though, the weak were coddled, and the strong were shunned by society, and not celebrated. Often times, the strong had been shamed for being such.

Times had most certainly changed, and Vandal Savage detested every single one of these changes.

"It's time to show humanity at its root is savage," Savage commented.

Savage's shirt tore off when the man spread his arms and tried to summon the power. The power in the temple just whispered. The black light, which consumed the souls of many who entered the Shadow Valley, crept ever so closer to Vandal Savage. The man's arms extended out, the energy coursing through him. The energy stalled, almost confused at what it needed to do.

The caveman cracked into a devious smile. Power would come with ease in a matter of moments. Savage rose up and listened closely. The entire battle grew nearer and Savage grew more restless as it approached.
"My forces are dwindling," Savage said. "It's unfortunate, but they have served their purpose. They are a distraction, a diversion."

Savage pulled a knife from a satchel and raked it across his thumb. Blood oozed from the thumb and started to stain the wall. Savage drew a pattern on the wall. Blood soaked into the wall and disappeared. The gate creaked but did not open.

"There, I see your game!" Savage yelled.

The former caveman copied the ritual and sliced his finger one more time. The finger healed over and blood stained the wall. The eyes of the Beetle warriors in stasis started to flicker, but nothing else had happened. Several ancient markings flashed on the wall in front of Savage.

'I'm getting closer. Just have to find the right trigger.'

Savage clasped his hands together and smiled. Soon, the power would be his, and soon, everything would be in the hands of someone who was more worthy. Savage descended to his knees.

"Oh, great one, accept this tribute!"

A third time resulted in Savage's finger being sliced. The wound healed over almost instantly. Blood spilled on the wall one more time and this time, the blood kept the symbols on the wall stained.

"Beware, we are near!" a garbled voice yelled.

Savage paid these words little mind. He was so very near to achieving these goals which had been in place for centuries. The man tasted power. Savage reached down onto the walls and could see a crack towards them. The black mist started to flicker around the wall.

The eyes of the captive Beetles flashed open more time. Savage rearranged the blocks to try and get the desirable result of opening the gate. The flaring of energy made Savage smile.

"YES!" Savage yelled. 'I'M SO CLOSE!"

Savage's body heated up with pleasure. The power intoxicated him so much. It was about ready to reach a climax. A buzzing filled the man's ear. The army he sought would soon be his.

"Come before your new master!"

Sara charged one of the larger goons with murderous intention in her eyes. The goon couldn't maneuver as well around the narrow spaces. The fact the man couldn't even fire a weapon straight would also put Sara in more danger if she was standing off to the side, as opposed to standing right in front of the man.

The mercenary dropped to the ground after a rapid-fire punch to a pressure more. Sara dodged another man going right at her. She kicked the man's knees out and snapped the leg back. A skilled mercenary couldn't really go that far with a broken leg.

Kara looked at one of the goons. So far, training hadn't gone far, so not having powers were a bit of a problem. Regardless, Kara wasn't completely incompetent without her powers. It most certainly wasn't a handicap, at least she didn't think it was a handicap not to have powers.

'Okay, I can do this, it's no sweat, no big deal,' Kara thought.

Kara blocked the large man's fist and tried to use the momentum to flip the man down onto the
ground. Both of them landed awkwardly on the ground. The mercenary just landed more awkward and smacked his head against the side of the wall.

Alex kicked one of the goons in the face. "Really, hope we're getting close….."

Lara pushed open a dusty set of doors and came across an item which gave off an immense glow. The glow almost blinded the woman when walking forward. Lara had to clutch onto the wall to avoid being over.

"I think I found something."

Harry vaulted over one of the members of Savage's mercenaries. The mercenary spun around to search where the tricky sorcerer disappeared to. The man turned to the right, turned the left, and then turned into a huge enhanced uppercut punch to the face. The man's neck snapped back and fell to the ground. Blood spurted out of the man's mouth when dropping down to the ground.

"Okay, there's these gemstones right here," Lara said.

"They're protecting the runes which are blocking our powers," Harry said. Harry reached over and touched the stone. The energy coursed up Harry's body.

Harry experienced the magical version of electrocution. The young man stepped back, hair standing up, and smoke coming from his mouth. He shook his head to clear the cobwebs.

"Okay, there's going to be a bit of a problem," Harry said. "No one with active powers can remove the stones."

The obvious conclusion on how to deal with this little problem was fairly obvious; at least it was fairly obvious in Lara's mind.

"Well, it shouldn't be a problem."

Lara tried to pry the stones off the table. They were heavy. Alex moved over help, and between the two of them, the stones had been lifted off of the table. The very heavy rocks almost caused them to drop it.

The runes flashed on the table and were open. Harry raised one hand and channeled all of the energy possible through the rune to overload it. Past, present, and future flashed before Harry. Harry drew energy from the temple around him and bombarded the rune into it.

The table, along with the rune, crumbled to dust. Lara and Alex dropped the gems, and just in the nick of time because they crumbled into dust as well.

The backlash had the added side effect of wiping the goons out as well. Harry couldn't feel too bad about that fact at all if he was perfectly honest. Everyone let out a sigh of relief, the worst had passed, or so it seemed at first.

"Bit too close for comfort."

Harry looked down the tunnel. Lara looked down the tunnel as well.

"Oh, bollocks."

A room of statues lined, and Harry figured, the moment they stepped into the room, those statues would attack. Because, nine times out of ten, Harry would cause statues to attack him just by
standing in the room.

"Oh, I see," Sara said. "Everyone, you better stand back and cover your ears."

Everyone all stood back. Sara pulled out the sonic device and stepped back. She adjusted the frequency. Hopefully, it wouldn't collapse the entire temple.

Sara let the sonic blast occur. The statues crumbled into dust, and while the temple shook a little bit, it all went much better than expected.

Time stood still when the dust settled in the temple. The statues blocked some kind of inscription in the temple.

Harry closed his eyes and focused on everything around him. He knew Savage was pretty close. The inscription on the walls caught Harry's attention, and he wasn't the only one.

"Okay, I've read a few ancient alien languages in my day," Daisy said. "And even, I can't…..I can't read that."

Harry performed a couple of translations on the wall. Nothing seemed to translate it into English, or at least anything that resembled a language Harry knew. Harry closed his eyes and tried to learn from the temple what it said.

"It roughly translates into…" Harry said. He paused and two words, in particular, popped into his mind. "Black Beetle."

Kara almost slipped and gave a gasp. The entire group looked at her and Kara took a deep breath to calm down.

"This isn't good!" Kara yelled. "Savage is going to unleash a plague which will consume Earth and all its resources."

Harry knew there would be an explanation more to what Kara said. He didn't really need to hear it though. There was one thought, and that thought was to stop Savage at all costs.

They had to hurry because if Kara was right, and Harry didn't doubt for a second she was, time ran out.

Vandal Savage aligned all of the blocks nearly properly. The doors were just a moment away from cracking open. A large pedestal rose off of the ground and Vandal Savage hovered high above everyone. He could see his followers, move towards him like they were ants.

"Yes!" Savage yelled. "Finally, the power is mine!"

The doors broke open and the one and only Harry Potter approached. Savage lifted a hand and several large rocks broke from the ground. Harry and his team were forced to scatter to avoid being caught up by the rocks. Savage spread his arms and soaked in even more power than ever before.

"You're too late!" Savage yelled. "I'm going to destroy you all!"

Daisy heard this song and dance so many times. The empowered government agent lifted a hand and caused the ground to start rumbling. Harry destroyed the Rune, but something was still blocking their powers, just not as prominently as ever before.

"Remember, on this day, the man who stopped the Master of Death!" Savage yelled. "For, I will
bring an army which will bring order back to this lawless world. For way too long, the people in this world have been coddled. They have been comforted way too much. They don't understand how the strong survived."

Harry heard the hearts of the Beetle warriors against the wall start to talk. He rushed towards the gate. A shield of energy trapped him.

"Don't you know it's already been set in motion!" Savage howled. "Don't you know you've already lost!"

Savage had been driven beyond mad with his lust for power. Harry would have had to take his hat off to the man. He most certainly lost all sense of sanity, if Harry had been perfectly honest.

"Yes, I finally have more power than ever before!" Savage bellowed. "And now, each and every one of you are going to bow down to the power of Vandal…"

Sara slipped behind him and climbed up the floating rocks. She nailed Savage in the small of the back with a quick kick and caused him to fly off of the pedestal and down a hole in the ground which opened up.

The Assassin looked down at the long-lived caveman who fell into a seemingly bottomless pit. She looked down after his falling body with narrowed eyes.

"Please, shut up."

Sara dropped down. For a second, everything had gone quiet in the temple, but maybe that was because Vandal Savage had finally been completely and utterly shut up.

"So, do you think that's the end of him?" Kara asked.

Harry listened for something. The lack of noise in the temple unsettled Harry more than any rampaging, raging monolog from Savage would. The girls all looked towards Harry.

"After all he's survived, doubtful," Harry said.

Harry made another attempt to walk over to the gates to close it. One of the hands from one of the Beetles reached over. The remaining fragments of ice dropped off the Beetle. The Beetle nailed his adversary with a huge punch to the side of the arm.

Kara applied a blast of heat vision towards the creature. The armor burned off and then healed right back over.

The temple started to rumble. Loud footsteps appeared from the other side of the gate. The Beetle warriors stopped attacking and turned around.

A pair of glowing red eyes flashed from the other side of the tunnel. A demonic looking figure of about eight feet tall walked out, with black beetle armor stepped out. It took him a moment to recover and drink in his surroundings.

"Finally, we have woken!" the Black Beetle yelled. "And we have fresh meat."

The Black Beetle turned his attention towards the group of girls. All of them froze in place, even Harry did.

"I could rip you apart piece by piece, or I could imprison you to make you watch your beloved
planet be annihilated," Black Beetle said. "Oh, so many hard decisions, so little time."

Sara tried to edge her arm as close to the sonic device as possible. The feeling of Black Beetle's pull made the assassin feel like she waded in concrete.

"It's no use struggling, all you can do is blink," Black Beetle said. "Although, soon, you won't be able to do that when I rip your eyelids off and feast upon your flesh!"

Harry blinked twice and the sonic device Sara favored had gone off with a huge pulse of energy. The spell had been broken. Everyone dropped to the ground, winded.

"Just for that, I'll blast you into ashes!"

Harry didn't give Black Beetle a chance to do what he threatened. The Master of Death locked onto all of the girls and teleported them out of the way.

Black Beetle's energy blast hit the ground. The monstrous alien showed no signs being annoyed.

"Decayed Beetles of the Reach's past, come forth to your master!" Black Beetle yelled. "The Reach will rebuild itself over the ashes of the miserable planet."

Black Beetle turned around to notice a glass case broken. His anger hit new and frightening levels.

"No, it's escaped!" Black Beetle howled.

Harry dropped down to the ground outside of the temple. Sara followed right behind Harry. Daisy followed next, with Carol, Kara, and Lara also dropping down to the ground. Last, but certainly not least, Alex dropped down to the ground.

"And the temple's taking off!"

Harry shook his head. The temple wasn't really a temple, not that they couldn't have figured it out already. It was a space ship. The ship took off to leave a large gaping hole in the ground in the middle of what was once the Shadow Valley. The ship warped out of sight before Harry could lock onto it properly.

A scream of horror jolted Harry out of his thoughts. Everyone turned around just in time to see Alex thrash about on the ground.

"It's…trying to burn into my spine!" Alex yelled.

Kara hoisted her sister off of the ground. She saw it, along with the rest of them. A tiny, blue scrab, attached itself to Alex's neck and tried to bury into her.

"Harry, we need to get it off!" Kara yelled.

Harry and Kara grabbed the scrab to remove it. The stubborn little bugger dug deeper into the back of Alex's neck and increased the woman's screaming.

"No, you're…you're making it worse!" Alex yelled.

Harry took one look at the creature and saw a very devious and efficiently constructed combination of both science and magic, which always tended to be a problem.
"Back to the plane!" Harry yelled.

Teleporting Alex in this condition could be a shock which might kill her. They only had the plane, and Harry hoped his theory about the energies being tied into the temple was correct.

'Just hold on.'

Harry scooped Alex who continued to scream like someone was stabbing a burning knife into the base of her neck repeatedly. Sweat rolled down the girl's face, combined with tears.

"I'll help you, somehow," Harry said.

Harry refused to let anyone die on his watch. He didn't dare check to see if Alex's timeline was about to run out.

To Be Continued on May 22nd, 2017.

I think Savage and the temple need a moment alone.

Sara is a hero for kicking Savage in mid-monologue. I think she speaks for all of us.

Well, that's not good. That blue scarab is trying to merge with Alex. I wonder where this could be going.

Until Monday.
Carol Danvers tried to keep calm in a situation of sudden adversity. The screams coming from Alex haunted the mind of the oldest Danvers sister. The woman rushed down the path to the plane. Harry carried Alex who still screamed and whimpered all of the way to their plane. Whatever that thing fusing to her was, it caused Alex a great deal of distress. And anything which caused her sister's distress was certain to cause Carol just an equal amount of distress.

She kept as calm as possible on the outside. The inside, the inside was when Carol was freaking completely out.

'Damn it, why did this have to happen, damn it, damn it!' Carol yelled.

A potential alien invasion concerned Carol greatly, as it did concern everyone. What happened with Alex was a more pressing situation though. The girl's screaming increased when Harry led her into the plane.

Carol reached the plane and opened it up. The two went inside, with Harry following with Alex. Kara made their way close behind. Kara's hands shook just as much as Carol's. Daisy walked in and looked towards Carol, followed by Sara and Lara as well.

"Are you sure you're going to be able to fly the plane?"

Daisy caught a heated glaze from Carol. The poor girl wilted underneath the fierce glance of the blonde.

"Sorry, but I had to ask."

"I'm going to have to do it, don't I?" Carol asked. "Everyone strap in, because I'm not going to stop for anyone."

"I've got her."

Harry propped up Alex in the seat. The DEO agent clutched the seat with her knuckles turning right. A blaze of energy spread through her body. Something tried to sneak its way into her brain. The girl tried to hold herself together, shaking in agony.

'\textit{Stop fighting, it's going to make things worse.}'

Alex couldn't articulate the fact a voice taunted the girl. Something tried to invade her subconscious like a demonic looking computer virus. Ragged breathing continued through the girl, with an immense amount of shaking added. Alex kept calm with more delicate breathing, even though it was hard to keep someone's head above the water in a situation like this.

The rest of the girls buckled in. Carol activated the plane. The plane whined for one second and for a moment, the pilot thought it would be a pain to get started. Carol pushed a couple buttons and the engines finally kicked into place. They were a little bit sluggish.

The plane lifted off of the ground. Harry closed his eyes and locked onto the system. The flaws in the system were obvious.
"Just fly," Harry said. "Just get us out of there. Once we're clear of the Shadow Valley, we'll be fine."

Carol accelerated the plane. The fusion engines sputtered to life. The plane moved like a knife through hardened Peanut Butter with the magical energy in the air threatening to hold them back.

Everyone watched with baited breath. Kara turned towards Alex, and worried after all of this, she was not going to make it. Kara placed a hand on Alex's and leaned towards her older sister.

'Maybe I can get to her somehow.'

"Alex, I know you can hear me, or maybe you can't," Kara said. "If you can hear me though, we're getting help, plenty of help, don't worry. Everything will be okay. Harry is going to find a way…..trust me."

Kara's faith in Harry proved to be rather impressive. He really was the real deal, to be honest. Kara took one look at the scarab on Alex's neck. The scan with the X-Ray vision only resulted in Kara having more questions, and not enough answers. The few, the scant few answers she received only proved to confuse Kara.

Carol spiraled through the air with the plane. The plane was getting easier to pilot the further they got away from the valley. Carol would not want to let out her deep breath just yet.

She just had to keep flying and keep flying out of the area. They were not completely out of the woods just yet.

'Dare I say we're out of the woods?'

Carol knew better than to say that, especially with her younger sister racked with the plane. The plane slipped out of the energy pull holding it and any other vessel which came rather close. She punched on the plane and kept flying as fast and as fluid as possible. The woman's heart skipped a couple of beats.

'Focus on flying. Crashing the plane does no good for Alex or anyone on it.'

Harry's eyes snapped back. The sorcerer calmly raised up a hand and wiped away blood trickling from his nose. The girls all looked at him, with various degrees of concern.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

'Diana, can you hear me?' Harry asked.

'Yes...for a while I couldn't, is there something wrong?' Diana asked. 'Because, no offense, there's just...a buzzing going through the link. It sounds like a bunch of angry bees who have had their hive disturbed.'

Harry wondered if that was a side effect from the girls feeling so helpless within the bond link.

'No, nothing wrong, at least I don't think there's anything wrong,' Harry thought to her. 'You were studying the Shadow Valley at Starling City Museum weren't you?'

'Yes, but...there's only so far we can go down that rabbit hole,' Diana said.

'Well, I've been down that rabbit hole....and one of the members of my team had an accident where she's been fused with a piece of alien technology,' Harry thought. 'You might be able to help me.'
'Oh, of course, I'll help you in any way I can, you don't even need to ask that,' Diana thought.

Harry knew she would and smiled at the thought of it. 'I need your research, all of your research in fact. It will help me find out what went wrong, and free her from what's going on.'

'Of course, there's not really a problem at all,' Diana thought. 'Yes, I'll have all of the research ready, you can count on that.....I won't let you down there.'

'Good, I'm glad,' Harry thought to her. 'I'll see you in a little bit.'

Harry turned away towards Carol and Kara. Carol focused on flying, although Harry knew she listened just as much as the next person. They just had to keep going to their destination.

"We'll be able to free Alex," Harry said. "Of the scarab....I just need to check a couple of things."

For one, Harry didn't seem one hundred percent certain of this. Lara looked towards the girl and while the screams of pain finally ceased, there was still a couple of whimpers of discomfort which made Lara feel extremely awkward to be around.

"What if you can't?" Lara asked.

Harry avoided this question. He wasn't going to even consider the fact he couldn't do something. He didn't do things like that. Everything always had a possibility of being done.

Failure was not an option for Harry more now than ever before.

Black Beetle surveyed the legions which had been brought before him. The army wasn't as vast, or as prominent as the Reach Warriors of years past, but they would serve him very nicely. The warrior's eyes flashed over all of the warriors above them. They all stood in silence. No orders had been officially given so there was no purpose for them just yet.

The scouter returned. Black Beetle motioned the man forward. The scouter walked towards Black Beetle and dropped down to one knee. Black Beetle motioned for the scouter to rise to a standing position.

"Report."

The scouter swallowed a lump in his throat and pressed forward with the report.

"This planet has grown more advanced than our last records," Scouter Beetle said. "And, yet, it's still behind the curve of many of the planets in the universe."

Black Beetle adopted a thinker's pose. The large demonic beetle staring down at his subjects terrified anyone who dared take a closer look at him.

"Yes, this world is fairly young but rich in untapped resources," Black Beetle said. "The meat on this planet is fresh and mostly untainted. They will end up destroying this planet though eventually, these human barbarians. We will bring it under the Reach's rule."

All of the people in the room pumped their hands into the air with cheers. They all chanted for the Black Beetle. The Black Beetle basked in the adoration of his subjects for a number of minutes. He allowed it to properly sink in minute by minute.

"Have you found a way to contact our home world for reinforcements?" Black Beetle asked.
The scientist who had been working on trying to establish communication responded in negative. Black Beetle's eyes narrowed in response. The scientist knew those who had been looked at by the Black Beetle along those lines mostly experienced death right after that.

"Please, forgive me," the scientist begged. "This is actually delicate work, and I'm not sure….well, I'm sure, not sure if this works as intended….you know how it goes. I don't even know….I don't want to know…"

The Black Beetle extended one hand. The power this monstrous entity had made the Reach Scientist stop dead in his tracks. It should have been grateful he had not been stopped just dead.

"Keep working, it's time for the invasion," Black Beetle said. "And it's time for Earth to fall into its rightful place. For much too long, planets like this have tainted the Universe. There will be only one order, the order of the Reach!"

The applause from the followers continued and escalated in intensity. The Black Beetle stood high above the men who he followed.

"I couldn't agree more."

Black Beetle turned around. Who dared spoke out of turn? It was not one of his warriors, but rather a man. A man dressed in a slightly ripped suit. Ragged dark hair, mucked in dirt and grime, matted on the man's face. The man's eyes were wild, with an unruly beard covering his face.

"You dare come here and face me, meat."

"The Reach, well, I've been wanting to meet you for a long time," Vandal Savage said.

Sudden realization dawned upon the Black Beetle when looking him over.

"Yes, you're the cockroach who opened the gates to wake us from our stasis," Black Beetle said. "I will thank you for your assistance by granting you a short, but brutal demise."

Savage heard this particular line so many times he lost count. Come to think about it, he spoke this particular line so many times, he quite frankly lost count. The man's face flickered into an obvious smile.

"Actually, I believe our groups can work together," Savage said.

Black Beetle responded to this statement with a loud, rather booming round of laughter. The laughter cut through the air, to the point where it was very hideous. Savage waited, for him to get the laughter out of his system.

"You, think we can work together?" Black Beetle asked. "You must have been driven mad by your fall more than I thought you were."

The fact this Savage survived said fall intrigued Black Beetle to some level. Black Beetle walked towards Vandal Savage. The sea of beetles all parted, and the one and only Black Beetle walked closer to the man in question.

Vandal Savage stood high in front of his adversary without any fear whatsoever. All he could do was smile when the Black Beetle approached him.

"I think we've come to a misunderstanding," Vandal Savage said. "I was the one who raised you up. If it wasn't for me, you would have slumbered for all eternity. Therefore, you work for me now!"
Black Beetle's only response resulted in him laughing like a crazed man. The man's laughter boomed the temple. He turned towards Savage and grew deadly serious. Most men would be wetting themselves in fear with the look Black Beetle gave them, but not Vanda Savage.

"I'll crush you, you arrogant....."

Vandal Savage lifted up a sparkling amulet. It silenced Black Beetle's laughter. Black Beetle eyed the amulet, with prime disgust spreading through the man's face. The power of the amulet prevented him from taking a step of aggression towards this man.

"Remember this," Savage said. "It's just like I tell all of my children. I brought you into this world, and I can just as easily take you out of it."

Black Beetle looked at Savage for a moment. As long as he had this particular artifact, the Reach would be held at bay indeed.

"Very well, we're partners," Black Beetle said.

His understanding of modern Earth was not up to speed. Savage might have been a valuable resource after all, and it would have been unwise to crush someone who could help him so much. At least, for now.

'Until he outlives his usefulness.'

Alex mostly had been stabilized although there still an occasional episode or fit coming from the girl. Daisy leaned over the girl and checked her out, or mostly checked the item jutting out from the back of her neck. Carol looked over and allowed Daisy to perform the scan on Alex.

Daisy lifted up her hand and sent a gentle vibration at Alex. She hoped this little action could assess what the scarab was doing to her. The key was to break up the connection between her and that scarab without shattering the poor girl's spine. Daisy had not been lucky in doing so far.

"Well, it's not a symbiote, at least not one in the traditional sense," Daisy said. "Sound doesn't really bug it."

Harry walked in to check on her. Diana followed in and carried a box of notes, books, along with a couple of scrolls in her hands. She looked towards Carol with a sympathetic smile.

Having a younger sister, and seeing her in distress was never a good sign. Diana sympathized with what Carol was going through, and Donna had never gone through anything this terrible. Still, Diana could feel for Carol and feel exactly what the girl was going for. It was insanely awful to think something like this.

"We're...having some trouble removing it," Daisy said.

Diana took one look at the item which hooked itself to the back of Alex's neck and nearly gasped in shock. She put the box of items on the table and rifled through it.

"I'm guessing that gasp means you know what it is," Lara said. "Good, because if you do, that's more than we can say, we're at a total loss."

"Scan complete," Indigo said. "It's....no...it can't be!"

Diana pulled out the scroll from the box and put it down on the table. She smoothed it over on the
table and beckoned for the group to come over to take a look at it. They thought the news had gone from bad to worse. The only good news they had was Alex's vital signs.

"It's the legend of the Blue Beetle scarab," Diana said.

Harry looked at the writings. Half of it had been translated into English, and the other half had not been. It had been written in some language which Harry figured was lost in time. The vast array of spells and charms Harry boasted of knowing allowed him to get a vague enough translation to be able to read something.

"I've studied this, but I'd never thought I'd see it up close," Diana said.

Harry nodded and understood what Diana meant. Lara, Daisy, Kara, and Carol all leaned in to listen to what Harry had to say.

"It belonged to one of the few decent members of the invading army of Beetles," Harry said. "The warrior who wore it sacrificed himself to seal the Reach away inside what became the Shadow Valley. It was his fear that they would return, so....the scarab would choose a worthy successor."

Carol let that all sink in. The girl's heart raced even faster. One look towards her sister pretty much showed the anxiety of this situation.

"So, after all that, they chose...Alex?" Carol asked.

She did not like this at all. Especially when Alex had no real choice in the matter.

"It seems like it," Harry responded.

"Her biology isn't reacting well with the scarab," Indigo said. "I'm working to take steps to try and stabilize her, but...it's bonding with her. And it doesn't care if she's alive to do so."

The blunt statement caused Carol and Kara to both tense up and cringe.

"There is one person in living memory who knows more about the Reach than anyone else, though, including myself," Indigo said. "And....she's down in a containment cell below."

Kara knew who Indigo was referring to. She leaned over and placed a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"Harry, I know...she's done bad things," Kara said. "And I don't want her freed if she could hurt more people....but if she's the only person who can help Alex...then she kind of has to be free."

Harry nodded in understanding. The two of them walked up. He turned towards Daisy who awaited instructions from the Alpha male of the collective.

"Stay here, and do what needs to be done to keep Alex stabilized," Harry said. "I'm going to have to talk to Astra....let me know if there are any improvements in her condition or the opposite."

Daisy answered with a solemn nod. Harry and Kara walked down the hallway. Carol paused, and looked towards her sister, and then down the hallway where her other sister retreated.

"Take care of her," Carol said.

Carol followed Harry and Kara down the hallway. She needed to talk to Astra just as much as they did. Especially, if there's any help. 
Astra listened to Harry and Kara's explanation regarding what happened. Her expression grew darker and sharper every second they spoke. Astra held onto the side of the cell and took in one of the most ragged breaths possible before looking towards the two of them.

"I told you there were bad things in the Shadow valley," Astra said. "I didn't study that location for any power, even though there were some members of my army who would have foolishly made deals."

Harry didn't have to think too hard to know who Astra alluded to when she talked about the members of her Army would have foolishly mad those deals. It wasn't too difficult for anyone to need to read between the lines. He knew the woman would be compelled to help, although it would be a lot easier for her compliance to be done with consent.

"I've helped exterminate the vast number of the Reach," Astra said. "The legends do state one thing, and that is Black Beetle is the worst of the worst. The scarabs are dangerous….and the fact Alexandra Danvers has one, well, I offer you my condolences on your loss."

Kara snapped her gaze firmly at her aunt on the end of the cell.

"There has to be a way to get it off of her," Kara said. "I refuse to believe there isn't a way to free my sister. There has to be….it just couldn't end like this, not now….because…."

"The only way is to kill her," Astra said. "Her human biology may not be able to survive the scarab, or she may get lucky. But she'll never be the same ever again. Your sister died the moment the scarab touched her skin. It's time to put her out of her misery and do the right thing."

Astra looked at the fire burning through her niece's eyes. The passion reminded Astra of herself, her younger self when she passionately dove into a cause. And fought for something she believed it, Astra couldn't say that enough. Kara believed she could help a lot of people, and it was amazing.

"Oh, you'd kill her," Kara said. "You'd kill her just because…."

Carol grabbed Kara by the shoulder and steered her out of the way. The oldest of the three sisters didn't like the venom and callousness Astra spewed just as much of anyone else.

"We're not killing her," Carol said.

"I understand why you wouldn't be able to take the necessary steps," Astra said. "But, you're going to need help once Black Beetle prepares his Invasion."

Astra wanted to finish the job she started on the Reach all of those years ago. The General didn't direct her to look towards her niece, rather towards the man who held her future in the palm of his hand.

'I think….you don't really have many options,' Karen thought. 'And….she's right about Alex….unless we have a successful bonding soon, the only way we can release her is to kill her.'

Kara didn't want to hear this. She turned towards Harry and turned to Astra.

"Let her out, please," Kara said. "She….can help….make up for what she tried to do to Earth."

"I had no intention of destroying Earth," Astra said. "And the Reach is all of my worst fears coming true."

Harry paused for a second and reached towards the cell. He activated the lock which clicked open.
Astra rose to her feet and walked into the hallway. Freedom had been at hand, she just wished it didn't come at such an awful price.

"So, are you ready to save the Earth, actually save it this time?" Harry asked.

A long pause followed, and Astra responded with a nod. A part of her wondered if this wasn't so much about saving the Earth, as it was taking down the Reach one for and for all.

'No real shame in doing both though.'

Holly Granger, better known as Hawk, had been on the same stakeout for at least eight hours and was getting a bit anxious for some action.

"Well, it's been a very eventful day for Quake."

This particular message came from her sister, Dawn Granger, codenamed Dove, who had been working mission support. Holly's hand slipped off of her chin and the high-strung woman responded by blinking.

"Glad to see someone actually did something productive today," Holly said. "Then again, she went off with Harry Potter….I really need to have a talk with Agent Carter, to see if she can arrange it where I can join him on his adventures. That's where the real action is."

"Well, the real action is after the mission, if you heard the rumors," Dawn said.

Holly heard the rumors already. She kept her eyes out from the waterfront, but so far, the goons she was going to take down were a complete and total no show.

"They went to the Shadow Valley today," Dawn said. "And…Alex Danvers, you know from the DEO, one of Carol's younger sisters."

"Right, the one who isn't Supergirl," Holly said. "Did something happen to her?"

"She had a magical scarab fused to her spine…and they're trying to figure out a way to get it off without having to kill her," Dawn said. "Peggy's running through all of the information, but so far, there's nothing we can find."

Holly waited and leaned back. Her eyes shut as she moved back.

"Oh, there's a temple which left the Shadow Valley, with a criminal known as Black Beetle on it," Dawn added. "He's the leader of an invading alien army called the Reach. So if you can keep an eye out for him, that could be great."

No sooner did Dawn say that the water next to her started to rise. A flash of light forced Holly to shield her eyes. The water continued to bubble and something floated high into the air.

A temple with several floating orbs around it rose up towards the West Coast. Holly watched the progress, mouth half open, almost gasping in surprise.

"Believe me, that won't be a problem," Holly muttered.

This invading alien army was about ready to land in California, and Holly doubted they were here for the beach.

To Be Continued on May 25th, 2017.
Who needs to find the Reach when they find you?

Vandal Savage survived a very long fall. Good for him. Although if Black Beetle had half the chance, he would crush him.

More on Thursday.
Alex Danvers sat in the medical room deep in a funk based on what happened. It was very hard to keep her head above the water after everything that happened. This alien artifact fused its way into the base of her spine and looked to be trying to take over her nervous system. Alex reached over and touched the back of her neck. The item in question still latched onto Alex, with no way out.

The ritual had been repeated two or three more times before something started to hiss. Alex sat up, as rigid as possible, waiting to see what would happen next. Alex reached and pulled on the scarab connected to the back of her neck. The tricky bastard remained fastened to the back of her neck.

Her actions only caused a groan of irritation to come over the scarab.

'Will you stop doing that?' the voice in Alex's head asked. 'You're only going to make it worse if you keep trying to take it off.'

'Listen, whoever you are, I need my body back, it's...you can't do this, please,' Alex thought. 'You're going to kill me if you don't let go.'

'You're not going to die, well not from the bonding process,' the scarab assured you. 'I was downloading countless alien languages into your mind, so this would be easier for you to function.'

Alex's mood darkened at the fact this alien parasite, or whatever it was, did some kind of info dump into her mind. The DEO agent clasped onto the edge of the bed. Screaming would be no use, so bargaining with the creature would be the best option she could have, at least right now. Alex kept digging into the bed, and the breathing escalated when she tried to break free.

'Just relax, take that deep breath if you think it could help you,' the scarab said. 'Finally, I have a host who isn't incompetent, which is a good thing.'

Alex wondered what happened to the last host. She did not have the nerve to ask that question right now.

'It's best if things like that are left where they belong, and that is in the not so distant past,' the scarab responded. 'Just let the changes take hold.....it's better if we work together. It's better if we work as one, so we can accomplish the same goal, which is saving the world from the Black Beetle and his minions.'

Alex took a second. Suspicion hit the girl, and there were many valid reasons for these suspicious thoughts to creep into the back of the DEO agent's mind.

'How do I not know you're not one of them?' Alex asked. 'How do I not know.....'

A chill spread over Alex’s spine as immediately she knew she had gone too far in her accusations.
'I would never serve him,' the scarab said. 'I was created to be the ultimate warrior of peace, by a divine Reach scientist....to try and reclaim our home world by the greed which had taken it over. But it was much too late for that....the Reach took over everything. I was sent along, with the most likely test subject, to try and stop the Black Beetle's plans. I hunted him, world after world, host after host until finally my latest host helped put him in stasis...until he woke up.'

Those were words which put a feeling of impressive dread through Alex's body.

'And when he woke up, you woke up,' Alex thought.

'Correct,' he said. 'I sensed I needed a champion and you were near, but I do not regret the choice because I feel your heart and your valor is what we need. And the Reach needs to be wiped out. The blood of our enemies must be spilled, and they will be decimated!'

Alex blinked a couple of times and tried to figure out what was going on. It confused the poor girl, and rightfully so.

'I thought you were supposed to be an agent of peace,' Alex thought.

'There are times where peace can only be achieved by total annihilation,' the scarab thought. 'The only way peace can be achieved is through bloodshot. It's the only language barbarians like the Black Beetle and his ilk.'

'Great, now I'm not only being possessed by an alien, but I'm being possessed by an alien with bloodlust,' Alex thought. 'That's fantastic.'

The doors of the lab slid open, and it put both Alex and the scarab on high alert. Harry walked in, alongside with Kara, Karen, and Carol, and also Astra walked into the lab.

Alex's eyes flooded over and glowed red with rage. Blue armor manifested over her body and Alex bounced up to a standing position. The cannon locked into place and pointed directly at Astra. Astra turned to stare down the cannon without any blinking.

"You, I should blow you away!" Alex yelled.

Daisy stepped between Alex and Astra. She knew this was going to get ugly real quick.

"Alright, calm down," Daisy said. "Just calm down, I'm going to....just calm down, we don't have to do things this way, Alex. Trust me, we really don't."

"YES, WE DO!" Alex yelled. "She tried to destroy the world, she needs to be destroyed."

'Just vaporize her and get it over with,' the scarab tonight.

Kara jumped in front of Astra and shielded her from the blast. Alex hesitated and lowered her arm.

"Kara, don't...you need to get out of the way. I'm not sure how much I can control it," Alex said. "If you don't get out of the way, I'll blast you out of the way!"

"Really, your own sister?" Kara asked. "And Alex, please, you can control it if you really want to."

Alex regulated her breathing by doing a simple meditation exercise. The girl's attention turned towards the scarab.

'Alright, we can do this the easy way or we can do this the hard way,' Alex thought. 'Give me control...more control...or I will hurt myself...and kill the one chance we have of taking down the
I just was following your patterns of rage,' the scarab said. 'But, I'll only guide you, and give the final call to you. Do not hold back when dealing with Black Beetle. That's my only condition.'

Alex didn't intend to. She retracted the arm cannon and looked towards Astra. Astra answered with a smile.

"Congratulations, you were able to control it," Astra said. "Maybe we don't have to kill you after all."

A very obvious groan came over Harry at these words from Astra.

"That's really not helping your cause," Harry said.

Daisy stood rigidly and a distress call started to come in. It was Holly, and Daisy knew it was urgent because she rarely called in for back up.

"Hey, if anyone can hear me...you know these Reach people, and that Black Beetle...well they're taking their show on the West Coast, and they...they look to be kicking up something that's going to destroy a whole lot of people!" Holly yelled. "Oh shit, I'm going to have to get to higher ground!"

The call went dead and the entire group had to move and move pretty quickly.

Black Beetle stood on the pedestal in the front of the temple. Vandal Savage stood about three feet beside the man and waited for the right moment to make his next move. He did not live for millennia without adapting to circumstances which did not go his way.

The Reach were not the docile puppets Savage hoped they were. Everything had to do with their leader, the Black Beetle, who was crazy and wanting to take the power. Savage bluffied his way into the Black Beetle's confidence with the amulet, but he didn't know how long it would last.

'BEST to find a way to take him down, before he becomes a problem,' Savage thought.

Black Beetle looked towards the two scientists. Both of them dropped to their feet, practically groveling at the prospect of dealing with their leader. Black Beetle peered down towards the scientists and extended a hand to motion these men to their feet. The members of the Reach staggered to their feet.

"Based on your simpering, I doubt you have good news to tell me," Black Beetle said.

"We have not been able to reach our masters on the homeworld just yet," the scientist said.

Black Beetle considered one simple fact. Perhaps, in the time he had been asleep, the Reach's homeworld suffered the same fate so many planets had, at the hands of the Reach. Beetle frowned when peering out into the distance and looking towards this city.

"If they have, then they are weak, and we are strong enough to survive," Black Beetle said. "We will build a brand new homeworld, over the ashes of this primitive, useless planet."

One of the scientists looked up and saw something flying to him.

"Look up in the sky!" one of the scientists yelled.

"What is it?" Black Beetle asked, almost scathingly. "An avian creature of some sort? Or maybe an aircraft?"
Vandal Savage looked up to the sky. He had a very bad feeling about what was coming. Although, he did expect someone to come because a large temple rising from the Pacific Ocean would attract a fair bit of attention, and it would be hard to keep underneath the radar for very long.

"No, it's neither of those things," Savage said. "It's Superwoman."

"Superwoman?" The Black Beetle asked.

"Yes," Savage said. "Superwoman."

Superwoman came through the sky at the speed of light and picked up a fair amount of momentum when closing in on the Reach. A couple of ships rose up from the mother ship and started to fire beams of light at her. The Last Daughter of Krypton evaded the ship and punched one of them out.

Supergirl zipped in from one side and Power Girl zipped in from the other side.

"Kryptonians underneath the yellow sun," Black Beetle said. "It's inconceivable."

Vandal Savage smiled when looking towards Black Beetle. It was not a smile of someone who wanted to bring comfort and joy to people. Rather, it was a malicious grin of a person who knew something the other person in question did not know.

"Do you think you might be a slight bit arrogant discounting their abilities? They may, in fact, surprise you."

"Oh, I don't discount their abilities, I just believe their attacks will be extremely futile," Black Beetle said. "Especially once my secret weapon is deployed, all the meat on this planet, Kryptonians included, will bow down before me."

"If you have this weapon, then I would suggest deploy it immediately," Vandal Savage said. "Do not waste any time giving them a chance to shut it down."

"Only when I feel the time is right," Black Beetle said.

Savage sighed and saw the trap many others fell into instantly. He gave Black Beetle the benefit of experience and now all Savage had to do now was wait for Black Beetle to self-destruct. The Reach warriors were battling with the Kryptonian trio and not coming out on the better end of this battle.

'I have no idea what this fool is waiting for.'

Harry hung from the landing of the ship and made his way up. The runes still flashed in the same pattern. Harry could force the door open and hopefully not incur the Black Beetle's wrath, or the wrath of his army. At least not yet, for Harry had a plan, which he assumed it would work.

The two people joining on him his mission, Harry needed to keep a close eye on him.

"I can't believe I have to work together with you," Alex said.

Astra only gave the younger girl a smile, and Alex saw the smile to be pretty patronizing on the whole. "Well, desperate times call for strange bedfellows.....given you're current wearing a Reach Bio-Weapon, do you think I'm as happy with this situation as you are?"

Alex took the matter in stride. Her Plus One, on the other hand, wasn't too pleased.

'She put the world in danger, and you're just going to let her walk around, without any


consequence,’ the scarab said. ‘If I were you...I would meet her with total annihilation.’

'You would annihilate someone for cutting us off in traffic,’ Alex thought.

"And give how he….."

"She," Alex corrected. "The scarab is a she." Astra nodded, almost shaking her head.

"My mistake," she said. "Given how she was trigger happy on the onset of this mission, you can't really argue how I'm not pleased to be put in this particular situation."

"Well, we're going to have to deal with it, won't we?" Alex asked. "You took out the Reach once before and...do you think you can do it again?"

"I can," Astra said. "Just get me to Black Beetle...and I'll rip his wings off."

'Well, she wins points on that account,' the scarab conceded. 'Even though the strange biochemical reaction she is insisting in you makes her very problematic. I suggest you exterminate with extreme prejudice once we finish off Black Beetle.'

"Is that really going to be your response for everything?" Alex asked. "Exterminate with extreme prejudice? If I want waffles for breakfast, is that what you're going to say?"

The conversation had grown rather quiet. Alex walked down the hallway and a slight humming increased. Harry took a moment to hold up his hands.

"We're close to the central power crystal for the ship," Harry said.

"If we disable the power crystal, we take down the entire fleet," Astra said. "And if we take down the entire fleet, then Black Beetle is going to be backed into a corner. And when he's backed into a corner, we can clip his wings."

"Saving the world?" Alex asked. "It's a change from usual procedure, isn't it? The last time we were doing this, you were about ready to destroy the world."

Astra turned a second towards Alex. She understood, on some level, why the girl was miffed. People tended to be a bit upset when they didn't have access to all of the facts, and why Astra did what she did. Astra closed in closer towards Alex and looked towards her.

"My scheme was not completely out of malice," Astra said. "I had the best interests of many people in mind, Kara's best interests included. It's just...It didn't work out."

Alex answered with a very un-lady like snort. It was very obvious Astra mastered a lot of things, and one of those things which she mastered was the art of the understatement.

"You know, the two of you can work out your sexual tensions later," Harry said. "Right now, I'd like to stay focused on the mission."

'You know, maybe we should exterminate him as well,' the scarab thought. 'He's causing even stronger biochemical reactions within you.'

'We're not exterminating anyone other than Black Beetle and his people,' Alex thought.

'I don't necessarily disagree with this.'
Alex tried to shake off the words of this bloodthirsty scarab. It was very hard to keep things together. Harry walked forward and pushed open the doors. He found what he was looking for, the main control crystal.

"Well, I didn't have a doubt you would find it," Astra said. "And I also didn't have a doubt trouble would find us."

The fluttering of Beetle wings told them what they needed to know. Several members of the Black Beetle's elite guard stepped in. They were heavily armored and packed weapons. Alex turned towards them, the Beetle Armor appearing around her.

'Can I at least decimate these guys?' the scarab asked, sounding like a child begging to open a Christmas present early.

"I can deactivate the crystal," Astra said to them. "Do you think you can keep them off of my back?"

"Gladly!" Alex yelled.

Finally, Alex let the scarab engage in its senseless bloodlust. One of the arm cannons retracted and blasted the Beetle army. The armor had been dented.

Harry thought he should just stand back and let Alex do the vast majority of the work, but why let her have all of the fun? The Master of Death retracted two shining blades which could cut anything and jumped into the air, a look of fire burning through those green eyes.

They sliced, and diced and took the members of the Black Beetle's army down. The two fought side by side while Astra worked on disengaging the crystal.

Black Beetle heard of the disturbance. He walked down the hallway and saw the broken form of one of his troops down on the ground. The man collapsed like a puppet with his strings sliced. Black Beetle reached down and gripped the scruff of the man's neck before forcing the man up to a standing position. The armor cracked and a sickening black blood spilled out of the man's chest.

"What happened?" Black Beetle demanded.

The Reach Warrior shuddered in agony. Black Beetle shook the man to attempt to wake him back up. The Reach Warrior only faded out into the distance.

"Tell me!" Black Beetle barked.

"Blue...Beetle!" the Reach Warrior managed, barely able to articulate one simple point.

The Black Beetle's hand retracted and he allowed the pathetic waste of life to fall to the ground. The most fearsome of all of the Reach Warriors stood and prepared for the fight to come.

"Where are you Blue Beetle?" Black Beetle asked. "I should have mounted your head like a trophy."

"I'm right here!"

Black Beetle turned around. This was supposed to be the warrior who intended to take him out. Out of all of the warriors who had worn the Blue Beetle armor, this was the least remarkable of them. He chuckled in response.

"You're the new Blue Beetle?" Black Beetle asked.
Blue Beetle responded by blasting Black Beetle with everything. The more monstrous member of the Reach took the full blast of the cannon and whipped his hand back to send the Blue Beetle flying across the area.

'Give me full control,' the scarab said.

'Last time I gave you full control, you almost blasted my sister,' Alex thought.

'Now's not the time for an argument….

Black Beetle sent a spiked ball bombarding at Alex. Alex slid out of the way. Last time she saw Harry, he was engaged in battle with some Reach Soldiers. She slipped away without backup, and it would have gotten herself killed.

Alex realized something had to give, or she was screwed. 'Fine, take control!'

The armor glowed, and the Blue Beetle rose up. The Blue Beetle blocked the Black Beetle's arm and hoisted him off of the ground before delivering a huge punch to the chest. The Black Beetle landed through a wall.

"That was unpleasant," The Black Beetle said. He rose to his feet and continued with the attack.

The two warriors engaged themselves in battle. Two beams struck each other and it backed both off.

The Blue Beetle twisted her arm like a corkscrew and drove it into the side of the Black Beetle's armor. The Black Beetle staggered back and the Blue Beetle continued to bombard the darker counterpart. Most of the shots had been blocked, and Black Beetle pushed the adversary away from him.

The two beetles crossed their beams with each other. Black Beetle was getting more incensed this creature put up such a fight, and it was going to be time to end this and soon. Black Beetle slammed all of the force down on Blue Beetle and slammed her into the wall.

"One thing that doesn't matter, no matter how much time has passed, "Black Beetle said. "Whoever wears the armor of the Blue Beetle will always be crushed at the feet of the true masters of the Reach!"

Alex thought what would really destroy her was having to listen to him yammer on about power. The woman pulled herself to her feet and saw Black Beetle's armor light up. The power of the temple swirled through him.

Black Beetle screamed in agony. The crystal powering the ship impaled straight through his armor.

"I've been looking forward to exterminating the rest of the Reach, "Astra said.

"You…can't…stop us!" Black Beetle yelled.

Astra just smiled and ripped the crystal from the chest of the Black Beetle. An obscene amount of blood poured out of the warrior's chest. This monster dropping to his knees before her was somewhat satisfying. The scarab burned from him, revealing the pathetic, slimy creature which rested in the shell underneath it.

Harry appeared, having dealt with the rest of the Reach. He looked down at Black Beetle, who practically spat with contempt at him.
"You're done," Harry said.

The energy scythe ripped Black Beetle apart. His body faded with the scarab burning to death around him.

"We have to leave now," Astra said. "Trust me on this—we really have to get out of here."

The ship rocking and rumbling told Harry Astra was telling the entire truth. He offered Alex a hand to get up, which she took. The armor retracted back to the scarab on the back of her neck.

Out of the corner of Harry's eye, he noticed Vandal Savage slipping off into the shadows. He escaped one more time!

Kara dodged the attack from one of the ships which fired upon her. She had been thrown into these dangerous situations which would freak out a lot of people. Something about fighting for her life really got Kara's adrenaline pumping. She couldn't really describe it, other than it just was.

Karen grabbed Kara by the shoulder and pulled her away. One of the ships started to deploy a glowing green orb.

'Good thing you caught that...looks like they're trying to vaporize us,' Kara thought. 'Or maybe they're going to just tend up vaporizing themselves. That works too.'

Claire joined them in time to see all of the ships blink themselves out of existence. It was quite the sight to see, all of the ships just popping out of existence one by one. The mastership was the last to go.

Astra came out of the ship, followed by Harry, and Alex. All three of them dropped down to the ground.

'Any damage on the ground?' Harry asked.

'Thankfully, no,' Daisy thought. 'So, what about Black Beetle?'

Harry thought that was a good question. The Master of Death turned his attention to Astra, who was all too happy to explain it to them.

"I reprogrammed the ship to send them into a void, which feasts on Beetle like creatures," Astra said. "Given what they intended to do to Earth, I don't think any of you should complain."

Astra received a questioning look from Superwoman, but to be honest, she expected that type of look from the Woman of Steel.

"Savage was on the ship," Harry said.

'Was he on the ship when it got teleported though?' Daisy asked. 'Maybe if you're lucky...he got sent off to a very long trip.'

The snorting by all of the girls within earshot pretty much told Daisy all she needed to know about that.

"So, Earth is saved once again," Alex said. "And...I guess I'm not the odd one out because I've got super powers now."

Kara looked towards Alex, frowning. She could see Carol on the ground, assisting Daisy and Holly.
There were a lot of panicked people, and Kara would have hated to be the one to have to spin this one into a story which didn't cause any panic.

"Are you sure?" Kara asked. "Are you sure you want that thing…"

"She's a she, not a thing," Alex said. "And besides, I've grown rather attached to it. And we've come to an understanding."

'Yes, you will let me have control during dire situations, and I won't decimate your waffles,' the scarab responded dryly.

Alex thought they came to an understanding, and maybe she and Astra could come to an understanding.

"Thank you," Alex said to Astra.

Astra only responded with a nod. She did wonder what came next. The sun started to set and tomorrow was a brand new day.

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**To Be Continued on June 5th, 2017.**

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Yes, getting the gender-identity of an alien super weapon is important. And not having your waffles decimated.

Well, Astra's pretty brutal. Good thing Harry has her under his thumb.

The final seven chapters return in June. Be back at that time.

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**Unchained Chapter 63 Xtra(Kara Danvers and Harry Potter)**

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Kara pretty much dropped in her costume the moment she got back. Today had been a hell of a day between the Reach and their devious plans. Also, Alex being chosen by the Scarab, and the anxious moments which happened there put Kara on edge. She needed something to alleviate the tension in the worst possible way.

'What a day,' Kara thought.

The Girl of Steel peered through her door. The man who would help Kara with all of her problems knocked on her door. Kara wasted precious time jumping to her feet and answering the door.

"Harry," Kara said. "I'm so glad to see you. How's Alex?"

"She's doing great," Harry said. "It's going to take some time to get used to having another voice in her head, but she can manage it. The scarab and her have come to an understanding. Astra and her….not so much, at least not yet."
Kara sighed at that particular statement. She was pretty much afraid of that. Astra and Alex, she hated to be in the middle of that. Kara thought it would be kind of hypocritical of her to say something given how it took her a while to come to terms with Astra and what her aunt meant to her.

"I guess we're going to have to deal with one problem at a time."

Harry smiled and beckoned Kara closer towards him. He wrapped his arms around Kara's slender waist and pulled her into a hug. He figured he needed it. Kara's body, wearing her Supergirl uniform, pressed against Harry. Harry put his hand on her lower back and started to rub it.

Kara breathed in heavily when feeling Harry's hands stray close to cupping her ass. The Girl of Steel enjoyed Harry pushing his hands over her lower back. Harry eased his grip down a little bit more and kissed Kara firmly on the lips.

The two lovers kissed each other. Kara, without hesitation, worked open the buttons on Harry's shirt. She revealed his muscular chest. Kara smiled and felt up the nice hard muscles on Harry's chest. The two walked back onto the bed.

Both lovers dropped on the bed with Harry grabbing the younger girl by the back of her head and kissing her hard as possible. The inside of Kara's mouth accepted Harry's oral attentions. He reached underneath her top and felt up the girl. Her breasts pushed into Harry's hands.

"I want you," Kara said.

Harry rolled her over onto the bed and Kara's skirt slid for Harry to get access to her panties. They were lacy red and clung to Kara's pussy. Harry put his fingers on the edge of Kara's panties and ground one finger against her. Kara lifted her hips off of the bed with a slight moan of thinly veiled desire.

"Yes," Harry agreed. "I know you do."

The sorcerer slipped his finger beneath her panties to tease her mound. Kara pushed herself up to meet Harry. Harry touched his fingers against Kara and made her thrust herself up into his grasp.

Her panties came off and Harry rolled her shirt up to reveal her flat stomach. Harry kissed her belly button and moved down to kiss down her soft legs. Her legs were perfect and deserved plenty of worship. Kara made delightful sounds to encourage Harry.

The closer Harry came to her pussy, the more Kara became unhinged. Harry put his fingers on Kara's slit and rubbed down her wet pussy. Harry kissed Kara on her moist womanhood and then pulled back from her. Harry eased himself back to tease her.

Harry understood what Kara was feeling. She felt frustration and Harry were going to tease her to make the time of intrusion feel really good.

"Harry!"

He danced his tongue down Kara's moist slit. He tasted the woman's juicy pussy. He hungered for a tiny bit more. Kara gave Harry everything he could ever want and more. His hands stroked Kara's creamy thighs and pushed against her pussy which oozed desire.

Finally, Harry entered Kara tongue first. Kara threw her head back. Harry teased her folds and then delved deeper inside of her. Kara tried to lift her hands to encourage Harry but stopped. She doubted grabbing the back of his head would be permitted.
Harry sensed Kara's desire to grab the back of his head and make his tongue drive into her pussy. Her anxiousness about losing what pleasure she had made her stop short of doing so. Harry tasted her pussy juices. Kara rose her hips up and down onto him.

The orgasm built up through Kara. Her nipples poked hard on the other side of her "S". Harry went down on Kara's wet pussy with everything he had. He pulled up from her.

Harry's tongue extended and delved further into Kara the moment her body started protesting the loss. It jolted the Girl of Steel back up into the heaven of Harry's tongue. Harry pulled back and licked Kara completely. Her wet heat engulfed as much as Harry's tongue as possible.

"Like that, baby?" Harry asked. "You want me to suck your pussy dry, don't you?"

Kara bit down on her lip and responded with an eager nod. She wanted Harry to pleasure her and then take his big cock to screw her brains out.

The whimpers of pleasure coming from Kara made Harry's pants strain. He needed to hold himself back. He undid his belt and never once lost the momentum from going down on Kara.

Kara rocked up to see Harry's handsome face buried between her thighs and drinking her juices like a divine gift. The Girl of Steel pumped her hips up repeatedly. Her hips continued and up down.

"Harry!"

His tongue twisted inside of Kara's wet twat and pulled out. He drove into her and made her cum nice and hard all over his face.

Kara rose up in a daze. The first thing she noticed when coming back to life was Harry's face splattered in her own honey. Kara crossed the bed and put a hand on the back of Harry's head. They joined lip to lip to kiss each other.

Harry's pants disappeared and the second Kara felt his hard cock push against her, she went completely mad with lust. His cock trapped between their bodies, and yet not slipped inside of her was torture for Kara. Her lust built up to a fever pitch the closer Harry came to entering her body.

"Harry," Kara breathed. "Oh, Harry."

"Yes?"

Harry licked Kara's earlobe and nibbled on it. It made her shiver. Every time Harry touched her, he found a new way to drive Kara to the brink. And he knew the kind of power he had over most women.

The sorcerer's hands pushed against Kara's dazzling and perfect legs. The Girl of Steel hovered up and her wet pussy dripped its juices down on the tip of Harry's hard cock. Harry grabbed the small of Kara's back and positioned her for him. Her wet pussy came an inch away from sliding down and taking Harry inside her.

"I need this."

Kara grabbed onto the base of her lover's cock and guided it inside of her. Their sexual organs met with Kara easing the engorged member inside of her pussy.
The twelve inches of thick manhood pushed into Kara's wet sheath. Her energy surrounded her core and made Harry feel like he was delving straight into something as hot as the sun. The magic around them made Harry drive deep inside of Kara.

"Oh, I really need this," Kara said.

She rose up off of his cock until she perched onto the tip. One more movement brought Kara in position to impale herself on Harry's foot long cock.

Kara eased herself, her tight walls grabbing onto him. She could not believe this wonderful moment made her feel so good. Harry pulled her top up to make it even better and started to worship her breasts.

No question about it, those nipples and those nice firm tits demanded to be sucked and to be played with. Harry only did what they deserved. Kara threw her head back with lust. Harry's hands grabbed onto her legs and played with them. It brought Kara up repeatedly up and down to bounce on Harry's aching rod.

"MMMM!" Kara moaned at the top of her lungs.

Harry's length drove into her. Kara enjoyed the ride. She put her hands on Harry's side to allow herself a nice grip to ride him until she mewled in pleasure. Harry put his hands all over her legs and then moved down to send a pleasure jolt through the soles of Kara's feet.

That little blast of pleasure nearly brought Kara over the edge. She slid down his cock and buried him inside of her. The ride continued with Kara trying not to slow down. Harry put his hands on Kara's lower back and guided her until her slick pussy dropped down on Harry's mighty rod.

"Again," Harry said to her.

He sucked on Kara's neck and moved down to offer attention to her neglected breasts. She rose up and down with Kara's hands now brazenly straying to Harry's head to make sure his face remained pushed in between her tits.

They might not be Karen's size, but they were a nice handful to Harry to suck on. He lifted off of the bed with Kara's legs wrapped around him. His cock slid into her as the friction increased between both sides.

Harry slapped his balls against Kara which brought her up to pleasure. Kara dangled in mid-air with Harry using his mouth, hands, and cock to really ensure Kara felt the rush of pleasure inside of her. Everything built to an intense peak with Harry burying his hard rod inside Kara.

"Harry," Kara chanted. "Harry! HARRY!"

Kara screamed to the heavens with the point of Harry's hard cock drilling inside of her. Her lust was not going to be delayed no matter what. She just molded into Harry's body to take the throbbing hard length inside of her. Kara ensnared Harry and released him.

"Closer," Harry told her.

Her legs squeezed Harry's hips to make sure he never strayed too far. The Girl of Steel saw stars from this mid-air orgasm. Harry used the tension in the air to slam inside of Kara.

On the bright side, the tension she felt after today was being taken care of nicely. Harry stretched Kara in ways she could never dream. She saw stars one more time.
Harry grabbed Kara's firm ass and squeeze it. Her pussy leaked its juices all over Harry's hard rod. He pushed into her repeatedly and drilled Kara above the bed.

The sorcerer pushed Kara down onto the bed and impaled her with his cock. Bright lights exploded in the back of her eyes. Kara dug her nails in to feel the rush of pleasure.

"One more time," Harry said.

Kara had been left gobsmacked. She wanted his cum badly. The good hard fucking made it very hard for Kara to articulate these words in any conceivable way. Harry's train of a cock smashed her cunt very hard. The rougher Harry fucked her, the more Kara had been turned on.

She could really feel his cock buried inside of her and stretching out her moist core completely.

"K-Kara!" Harry groaned. "Get ready!"

The two joined each other in mid-air one more time. Harry pushed Kara back and pushed her down onto the bed. The bed did not collapse although Kara's mind did. The moment Harry's cock slammed into her gushing cunt seed started to flow inside of it.

Harry drove in a full day's bounty inside of Kara's super tight pussy. He pulled up almost out of Kara and kept driving his seed into her. He spent several minutes driving himself into Kara until the cum drained from his overtaxed balls. He pulled out of Kara went deflated, and rested on top of her. Kara wrapped her arm around Harry, holding his warm body tight into hers.

Both young lovers rested on the bed, drenched in sweat. Kara gazed upon Harry's eyes with a smile on her face.

"Thank you," Kara said.

"Any time," Harry said.

Even Supergirl had her heroes, and Harry was hers, saying the day from severe tension.

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End.

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Alex sat cross-legged in the middle of the room and performed a couple of breathing exercises. Just breath in and breath out, don't let things get to her, well not too much at least. The dark-haired girl leaned back a couple of steps and thought about the new gift she received.

The new gift decided to bond to Alex and was not going to leave anytime soon. She had about a day to really reconcile with everything happening to her. She and the scarab came to an understanding which helped a whole lot in focusing her abilities. Alex understood with great power, there came a whole lot of potential headaches, so she needed to be careful with what she was doing.

'Don't worry, I understand now,' the scarab said. 'There should be no reasons for me to act, given most of the danger has passed.'

Alex really hoped her new companion was correct. Now she relaxed and accepted the gift, most of the pain stopped. Still, there was a sting here and there, but it became less. Alex figured as her body became more used to having the companion.

'There are many other dangers than the Black Beetle,' Alex thought. 'Yes, I agree,' she conceded. 'But, it was rather satisfying to see him be ripped apart, even though we were not the ones who got to do the deed.'

Alex could have smiled. It would have been useless to remind her companion they were the ones who almost had gotten ripped up in the battle. Black Beetle was pretty formidable against her. Alex found it extremely lucky she still breathed after a battle against the likes of Black Beetle.

'Yet, I have Astra of all people to thank,' Alex thought. 'I guess she....well I guess what Kara saw in her, was true...even though her pedestal with Kara is kind of broken now. Still, maybe she doesn't care about you...maybe she was just trying to win points with her niece.'

'I think you might be overcomplicating things,' the scarab said. 'Do all humans do this?'

Alex's mouth twitched into a smile. To be honest, a lot of humans did this, at least she did. Alex figured there would come a time where she would have to talk to Astra, and boy when that happened, that was where things would get really interesting and really challenging.

Someone knocked on the door. Alex almost fell over in surprise.

'It could be a threat, brace yourself,' the scarab warned.

'Do all of you scarabs always jump to the worst conclusions?' Alex asked.

'Just making sure you're on your toes,' the scarab thought. 'You were the one who said there were many threats out there, just waiting to strike at the right moment.'

Alex threw her head back, hair whipping off of her face with a long sigh. Regardless, she walked to the door and opened it up to see Carol coming in. The DEO agent smiled at a friendly face.
'Relax, it's just my sister,' Alex thought.

'Well, it might not have been, it might have been an enemy,' the scarab thought.

'Do you know where we are?' Alex asked. 'I'm in a building built by Harry Potter, with security built by Harry Potter, I think we're going to be okay'

Alex turned her attention towards Carol. "So, hey, Carol, what brings you here?"

"I wanted to check up on you to make sure you're fine," Carol said. "You are fine, aren't you?"

Alex answered with a smile at the pretty loaded question Carol threw her way. Had she asked this question a couple of days ago, when the bonding first occurred, Alex would have said she wasn't fine, but now it was very hard to say she was fine. She actually wasn't too bad off when you considered everything.

"I'm…well, I'm getting used to my new gift," Alex said. "It doesn't feel like someone is stabbing a hot knife through my spinal column anymore."

Alex could see the look of discomfort spreading over her sister's face in this particular world. She tried to appease the situation with a smile.

"Yeah, that was just a little bit too vivid, wasn't it?" Alex asked.

"Just a little bit, yeah," Carol said. "You know…if you're comfortable with this…thing, I guess I can be comfortable with it as well…and plus Harry would have checked you over when you got here, yes."

"Yes, he ran a few scans," Alex said. "And he didn't find anything out of the ordinary, at least anything of a concern. I wonder if he could rip it off if it was a problem."

'Well, if anyone can,' Carol thought with a smile.

Carol decided to pull out of the thoughts she was having and lean closer towards Alex. She placed a hand on the shoulder of her younger sister and tried to ease her mind.

"So, you're going to call yourself the Blue Beetle?" Carol asked. "Because, I think that was also a name of a Golden Age Superhero, right during the days of the Justice Society of America. It was a very long time ago."

Alex thought she remembered reading something about the old Blue Beetle a long time ago. The agent wondered whether or not the Blue Beetle, whoever he was, heard of the legend of the scarab and slipped it on. Alex answered with a shrug when looking towards Carol.

"I guess what's old is new again," Alex said.

Alex had a lot to do, to be honest. And a lot more for her to think about.

"Well, I guess you are not the odd sister out, you have powers of your own," Carol said. "Not that you weren't pretty extraordinary without them."

Alex smiled. It did make her feel good for Carol to admit this, even though deep down, Alex knew Carol was just performing her duty as an older sister to make Alex feel better. The thought was appreciated all and all though.

"Thanks," Alex said. "I still have one more thing to do before properly matching my sisters."
Astra sat in the middle of a conference from in Horizon. The fact the General didn't find herself returned into a prison cell was a distinct improvement. Harry told her pretty much to stick around here, and don't wander off from this floor. Astra figured he was right.

Besides, where else would she go from here? Astra had no place to go, and absolutely nothing to do. Her troops had been returned to the Phantom Zone, all of her resources on Earth were likely gone. The only thing Astra had to do was try and make things right.

The road to redemption had been littered with many curves and many speed traps. Astra didn't really know where to begin to be perfectly honest. All she knew there were going to be a long road.

'Maybe they trust me a little bit more,' Astra thought. 'Time to build on the trust, and make sure....well it's time to make sure I keep giving them reasons to trust me.'

The simple fact Astra's super hearing still worked surprised the woman. She figured they would have put her underneath red solar lamps which sapped her power completely. Yet, she could still hear the sounds of voices above and footsteps coming up from above. The footsteps which grew louder and more prominent as the people approached.

'This has to be some kind of test,' Astra thought. She leaned back against the chair. 'Well, I'm not going anywhere, so.....'

The door opened up and Astra smiled when Harry walked inside. Out of all of the people who came to visit Astra, Harry was the most likely to speak with her calmly and concisely. Astra burned up a lot of her goodwill with both her daughter and niece.

"I knew you'd stay here," Harry said.

Astra answered with a brisk smile when leaning ever so closer towards Harry. Those green eyes ensnared her much like they had many other women before. And they were a marvel of the universe.

"Well, given my circumstances, there really anywhere else I can be," Astra said. "I have to say....thank you for saving me from myself. I didn't appreciate the consequences of what I was doing before, but now, I understand with every action, there comes some pretty dire consequences."

Harry looked towards Astra who rose up to a standing position and focused on Harry. The two looked at each other.

"So, you've understood the consequences?" Harry asked. The rhetorical question had been left unanswered. "Then, I think you'd understand why I can't allow you to go out on the wild on your own devices."

Astra answered with a nod. A lot of her didn't like this position which she had been forced into, but an even larger part of her understood what was on the line. She leaned closer towards Harry.

"And you'll be working for me to pay off the debt you've incurred," Harry said. "And it would be a shame if one of the greatest generals Krypton had to offer had to rot, so that's the main reason why I'm not locking you off."

Astra was impressed by his use of a potential asset. Still, there was one part of that statement she couldn't let go without commentary.
"One of the greatest Generals Krypton had to offer?" Astra asked.

'Well, she's pretty modest,' Faith thought. 'Guess it runs in the family.'

'Well, to be fair, if you're not confident in your own abilities, then what's the point in doing anything?' Karen asked. 'None of us really go out there to fail, do we?'

No one could argue with Karen's air tight logic.

"Your confidence impresses me," Harry said.

"Well, I'd be lying if I didn't say all of you've accomplished impressed me as well," Astra said. "If the son I lost on Krypton grew up, I'd like to think he would be something like you."

Astra stared at Harry down for a second. Sometimes she wondered, but it would be unwise to jump to conclusions. The woman leaned closer towards the young man, taking in every inch of Harry's face.

"Oh, you had more children than…Karen?" Harry asked.

"Just one, although he never came to life…because the orb containing what would be his DNA had been stolen by bandits when my lab was not secured," Astra said.

"Sorry to hear about that," Harry said.

"It's…something we all have to come to terms with," Astra said. "I think if your mother could speak to, she would say how proud she was."

Harry answered with a smile towards Astra but said nothing. The best words were often left unsaid.

"Why did someone of your status end up marrying someone like Non?" Harry asked.

Astra could have laughed at the blunt question. "The marriage was arranged by my parents and his….Non's family was well connected, although he didn't meet their expectations of what he could be….it gave him a bit of an inferiority complex, as I'm sure you could have figured out."

Harry just responded with a dry nod. Everything made enough sense for Harry to agree with it.

"He ended up not meeting my expectations as well, although he did have his uses as a blunt object," Astra said. "I never quite forgave my parents."

Astra paused to take another look towards Harry before she continued.

"Kara and Karen have a better match all around than myself or even Alura did," Astra said. "I want to help Kara achieve her full potential, and I want to know….my daughter. When I sent her off, I wasn't ready for motherhood, and it was one night that….well….."

Harry could tell Astra was having some difficulties trying to say what she thought. He smiled and leaned towards her.

"Karen's father had his own issues."

And yet, Astra used his DNA for the male donor of their son, because he was one of the few naturally progressed births on Krypto, that wasn't through the scientific method. Astra intended to choose a couple which could give life to their son, and Earth seemed to be the most likely destination, where her heir could flourish.
'What might have been,' Astra thought.

"Well, it's never too late to correct your past mistakes," Harry said.

Astra thought these words held a certain amount of wisdom. She would correct those past errors.

Kara almost exploded with a giddy amount of excitement. Not only was she going on a training exercise, but she joined her cousin for a training exercise. Kara might have been sealed away and unable to watch over Clara. Seeing how much Clara grew up so good, and to be a beacon of light to this world made Kara excited. It gave her hope for a great new future for the world.

Supergirl and Superwoman flew side by side over the cities of Metropolis. Clara learned a few tricks which Kara tried to keep up pace with. The two of them soared through the skies and hit a pretty good pace.

Peaceful days so far, but Kara knew better than anyone else that everything could change in a blink of an eye. The two of them continued to soar through the air with each other.

"It's a lot harder to avoid hazards in Metropolis than in Smallville," Claire said. "Not that many planes fly over in Smallville, you get a couple. All you have to deal with there is an angry flock of birds."

A helicopter came through towards Kara. Kara dodged out of the way of it and found her way on the other end of the city. She almost smacked into the Daily Planet Globe in her haste to get away. Kara laughed, boy that was a close call.

"I bet you know Metropolis like the back of your hand," Kara said. "I bet you can fly around this city with a blindfold on, can't you?"

Claire responded with a round of laughter. Kara really did give her way too much credit, to be honest. Claire pretty much knew all of the major landmarks and could tell where there was a distress signal. Super memory was one of the powers people weren't of in awe of, like heat vision, super breath, or even flight.

And yet, Clara's super memory was one of the most valuable powers in her arsenal. Actually, it was the absolute most valuable power in her arsenal, period, no question about it. Claire didn't have a doubt in her mind about that much.

"Well, I do know my way around," Claire admitted.

Kara just focused on the sounds. Having unrestricted access to her super senses for the first time in years had been a challenge. Claire actually gave her some pretty good advice.

'Remember, to just focus on one thing...if you hear a bell, block that out and focus on a bell,' Kara thought. 'Just focus on something small and the rest will come to you.'

The younger Kryptonian focused on something. A loud bell started to clang in the distance. Then an alarm went off, which caused Kara to turn around and look towards Claire, frowning.

"You heard that, didn't you?" Kara asked.

"Yes," Claire said.
Claire had a very bad feeling Kara was about ready to get a trial by fire. She endeavored not to jump the gun until there was any proof of what they were going up against. The Woman of Steel shot off in one direction like a corkscrew, with Kara following her descent down.

The two of them stopped outside of a lab. Someone looked to have been drilled through the floor. Claire recognized the drill marks and all she could do was given one of the more obvious and prominent groans ever.

Kara spun around to look at Claire, frowning at the expression on her face.

"What's up?" Kara asked. "Why did you groan?"

"You'll see," Claire answered.

Claire looked down to the floor and dropped down. Several men moved around the inside of the lower area of the lab. They looked to be trying to lift a large box.

"They're called Intergang, and....we don't have time for a backstory," Claire said. "Just know, I've dealt with them before, many times, and they are very bad news."

Kara took one look at the high-tech weapons these Intergang goons packed and figured it was just as well. Claire grabbed Kara by the shoulder and turned the younger Kryptonian around. Both of them locked eye to eye with each other.

"You go around from above to distract them, and I'll come down from the underground entrance," Claire said. "Understand?"

Kara would have to ask how Claire knew there was another underground entrance. She nodded, confirming to be on board with the plan. Claire's grip released from Kara's shoulder and she flew off into the distance.

The members of Intergang wrestled with a large package which almost dropped down onto the ground. One of the men swore when it almost slid off of the shelf right into his foot.

"You son of a bitch, be careful with that!" the Intergang member yelled. "That was almost on my foot....."

"Yeah, you won't have to worry about your foot if....."

A blur of energy shot in from above and ripped the weapon from the hands of one of the Intergang goons. The second Intergang goon turned around and had been disarmed in a flash of light as well. The goon dropped down onto the ground.

"What the hell?" the goon asked. "It's Super...ARGH!"

Supergirl nailed the goon in the back of the head at a point where he took out several of the other gang members. The Girl of Steel stopped short in the middle of the air and answered with a slick grin when looking down at them.

"That's not Superwoman," a goon who didn't get taken out said. "That's just some groupie."

A blast of super breath caused the loud mouth to fly into the air and smack against the wall at hard.

Superwoman ripped the weapon Intergang tried to steal out of the ground. She returned to help Supergirl lay the smackdown on the Intergang goons.
Lucy Lane stepped into a brave new world, or rather a brand new horizon for the first time. She gave her two-week notice, but the people in the branch of the military she worked for decided to let her leave. Lucy already had her desk mostly cleared out by the time she had notice.

"Welcome, I'm glad to have you," Harry said.

Lucy walked towards him with a smile. She was helping increase security detail at Harry's various outposts for Horizon. Lucy really didn't know why Harry needed more security on top of what he had, but she wasn't about to complain.

"Well, I'm glad you're glad to have me," Lucy said. "And I was glad you had me in a different way the other night."

Lucy smiled and leaned towards Harry before giving him a light kiss on the lips. The two pulled away from each other, with Lucy not able to keep the grin off of her face. Harry stared back at her, and Lucy dropped into a sheepish smile.

"Sorry, I'll…try and be professional," Lucy said. "Well, most of the time, there might be some exceptions…..and I'm sure when you call me into your office for a performance review….I might have done a couple of things to bump up my score."

Harry answered with a smile. The Lane sisters were really too much, even though one of them seemed to be avoiding him for some reason.

"Well, only when people are looking," Harry said. "Behind closed doors, I don't exactly mind if you're a bit more lax about being professional."

Lucy would have to keep that in mind. She took a few minutes to really study Harry. The first encounter really only wetted Lucy's appetite for more.

"Have you heard from your sister lately?" Harry asked.

'Lois, well that's a bit of a mood killer,' Lucy thought.

"No…well we don't exchange daily calls," Lucy said. "The only time we really get together anymore is when she wants to give me an ear full about my life choices….or if she's in the way when I'm trying to conduct an operation…which isn't really going to happen. Unless I accidentally have security eject her."

Lucy realized she took a page out her sister's book and started to ramble. Something Lucy wanted to avoid by any means.

"She's been avoiding me," Harry said.

"Oh, she just doesn't want to admit how much she wants you to ram your cock down her throat, and then take the rest of her holes all the same," Lucy said. "She's just being stubborn."

'It runs in the family,' Chloe thought.

'I can't…I can't really argue with that,' Lucy said. 'So are we still on for lunch?'
'It's a date,' Chloe responded.

Lucy thought it was good there were at least one familial relationships he managed to patch up, so perhaps there was some hope for her to patch up things between her and Lois as well in time. There had been a lot of bad blood.

"You never know what life will bring," Harry said. "Trust me, things will work out."

Alex figured the time had long past where she would get to know Harry a little bit better. It was weird, most of the time men came to her, and she shot them down cold, due to not being what she was looking for out of a relationship. Now, Alex was going to go for a man…the man…and there was a small part of her who was afraid of being shut down.

'To be honest, you're overreacting,' the scarab thought. 'Whatever you're feeling, you should get it out of your system, because it's starting to annoy me.'

Alex hated to annoy her other half, even though her other half might not have been her better half in this case. Then again, was she really doing well if this was the case?

Astra came out of the door right where Alex walked. The two of them stared down each other for a moment. They had not really spoken, other than Alex's completely awkward declaration of thanks, so she really didn't know what Astra had in mind.

"I believe it's safe to say the two of us have come to an understanding, despite not completely seeing eye to eye for a lot of things," Astra said.

"I'd like to thank you for your help, and I'm sure I can convince the DEO to let you remain in Harry's custody," Alex said.

Astra answered with a smile and leaned closer towards Alex. There was no question about it, Alex felt like something cool prickled over the back of her neck. Astra placed a hand on her shoulder and gave her a smile.

"It's nice how Harry has allowed you to have the impression that either you or the DEO have any authority over what he does," Astra remarked.

"And you still have a lot of tension with each other, and a lot of tension in general, I see."

Harry broke the stare down between these two women. The Master of Death motioned for Astra and Alex to follow him into the room which he just came from

The two women followed him into a room, with a luxurious bed, and a few comfortable chairs also around. Candles had been lit into the room, and the scents coming through ensnared.

"First, the two of you are going to kiss and make up."

Astra smiled, if she was going to do this, then she was going to do it properly. She sauntered over towards Alex and grabbed the girl's shoulders before putting one hell of a kiss on her. She kissed Alex like a passionate lover.

Alex had been surprised with the fever and the passion Astra put into this particular kiss. It would be quite rude to not put as much into it as well. Alex grabbed Astra's shoulders and leaned in for a
deeper kiss. Both women tried to wrestle for domination and their clothes had gotten partially ripped in the fever.

"Good, very good," Harry answered a small smile.

The two broke apart. Harry already had his pants undone and pulled them down. He motioned for Astra to come over.

Without any prompting, Astra sunk to her knees before Harry.

Harry's engorged rod stuck out in front of Astra for her consumption. Astra took the rod to squeeze it. A few squeezes later and the woman leaned forward and wrapped her lips around Harry's rod. The taste of his nice, throbbing, thick cock incited Astra to go down onto Harry.

The beautiful Kryptonian bobbed up and down upon Harry's aching rod. Harry put his fingers on Astra's hair and threaded them through the hair. Harry pushed deeper into Astra and slammed into the beautiful woman's throat.

"You were always meant to kneel before me, weren't you?" Harry asked.

Astra only responded by reaching around and cupping Harry's balls before sucking the long prick even deeper. Every time the tip of Harry's cock brushed against the back of her throat, Astra hummed lightly. Astra leaned closer towards Harry and suckled the throbbing hard prick for everything.

Alex looked on Harry and decided to take a place with Astra. She took Harry's balls and leaned in, to suck on them.

"It deserves to be worshiped," Alex said. "You can't really blame her for wanting to choke on your big cock…"

Astra pulled away from Harry, and licked the tip, before picking up Alex by the hair.

"It would be rude if you didn't have a taste of his cock," Astra said.

Alex opened wide and took the surprise inside. The dark haired beauty shoved more of Harry's thick cock in between her lips. Harry guided Alex in her cock sucking endeavors on him. The girl gave Harry amazing oral sex, at least in her opinion.

"Don't worry, I'm going to fuck you just as hard as I fucked both of your sisters," Harry said.

The reminder Harry had pretty much started to cut a path through her entire family made Alex hot and made the cock sucking only increased. Alex dug into the back of Harry's leg and sucked and licked every last inch of his cock.

Harry waited, the two women started to take turns with his cock, sucking it, and getting it nice and wet. A couple of moments later, Alex pulled herself up from Harry and shoved him down. She slid her panties over and positioned on top of Harry's cock.

Alex wrapped her warm pussy around Harry's hard rod. The beautiful woman started to bounce up and down.

"Take your time, we have all night," Harry said.
"I know," Alex said. "I want it…now!"

Alex could feel a little bit more of him inside. Over half of Harry's girth spread through her, and Alex tried to work a little bit more of her. The DEO Agent wrapped her silky smooth legs around Harry. Harry's caressing of Alex's beautiful, long legs was really amazing. She bounced up and down with Alex rocking down onto him, taking more of it.

"Your cock feels so good," Alex said. "I wish, I would had this a long time...ASTRA!"

Astra's tongue slipped into Alex's ass crack. The warm tongue penetrated Alex's back passage just as much as her wet cunt had been penetrated by Harry's thick cock. Harry's hands also roamed down her body. All of the areas of Alex's body being stimulated made her feel so good, she couldn't hold back.

"Cumming for me, yet?" Harry asked.

Alex slid down Harry's throbbing cock and lubricated it. The slight tonguing Alex experienced from Astra made her feel really good.

"Yes, yes, oh god, yes!" Alex yelled.

Harry squeezed Alex's chest and the woman rammed down on Harry's hard cock taking it into her. The two exchanged a heated kiss, with tongues swirling in a passionate swat of spit. Harry slapped Alex's ass and she squealed before coming down on them.

Astra waited for her turn, licking the dripping coming from Alex's pussy. It would soon be her turn, and she couldn't wait to get Harry's throbbing cock buried deep in between her pussy lips.

'Soon, it will be mine,' Astra thought.

Alex hit the apex of another orgasm. So many so far together rocked the girl's mind and blew it as well. Alex grabbed Harry's shoulder and squeezed him.

"Again," Alex moaned. "Are you close?"

Harry only smiled and pushed himself hip to hip with the agent. Alex sped up riding his cock, determined to have as much inside her as possible.

"In a little bit, but first, I want to feel you cum again."

Alex wondered how many orgasms already happened during this particular session. Nothing really mattered though other than wrapping her hot cunt around Harry's cock and shoving more of him inside her, spearing him all the way inside. Alex took as much of Harry inside as possible, rising up and slamming down with an intense ride.

Harry ignited the passions of the partner and made her feel really great. Alex rode Harry's throbbing cock, sliding down. The flexible agent spread a very lovely set of legs to take Harry deep into her. The warmth caressed Harry every time he drove deeper into Alex. A churning spread through his loins the deeper he pounded Alex. The sensation of balls slapping against flesh got close, Harry was almost there, almost ready to lose his load inside of his lover.

"So close," Harry said. "Here it comes."

Alex parted for Harry's release. Those balls held an excellent bounty. The moment the first blast struck Alex, another orgasm spiked the woman's walls. The warmth continued to fill Alex all the
way up. So much cum filled inside the woman, she dripped of the juices of both parties.

"Yes, that's…what I wanted!" Alex yelled.

Astra stepped back to prepare herself for what was to cum. The progress of Harry's thick, pistonning cock made Astra kneel on the bed and rub her lips from behind. The heat burst through the woman's loins.

Harry pulled out of Alex and turned towards Astra. The sorcerer's prick hardened at the sight of Astra down on the bed. He wanted to drive into the Kryptonian now, but he decided not to, at least just not yet.

"We should get more acquainted," Harry said. "Before, I fuck your brains out."

Harry grabbed Astra's rear and squeezed it. A couple of squeezes opened the door to a solid swat, which a sound resounded. Harry spanked Astra a couple more times and rubbed his throbbing cock head over her lips. Harry smiled while approaching her, getting closer to the entrance.

"Please, don't hold back," Astra begged him.

Harry had no intention to hold back. Her pussy leaked and opened wider for Harry's cock. He pushed against the dripping lips of the woman and buried his cock all the way inside of Astra. Astra grabbed onto the bed and moaned with Harry plunging into her.

"Yes, this is the cock that I desired!" Astra yelled. "Make me…yours!"

Harry intended to do just that. He rammed harder into Astra. Every push into the Kryptonian General was rewarded by a tight, hot, squeeze from her pussy. Harry made sure to reach around and cup the woman's breasts.

Astra enjoyed the feeling of him inside of her. Every time Harry buried into her, Astra could feel a little tingle which warmed her pussy. Harry rammed deeper into Astra and filled her completely to the brim with his throbbing cock. The talented piece of manhood served Astra in new ways. He pulled back and buried inside of her.

"Ram me harder, I belong to you now!" Astra yelled.

"Yes, of course," Harry said. "You've wanted this for a very long time. Who am I to deny you what you wanted?"

Harry held onto Astra's hair to give more leverage and plowed into the woman. The full length buried into the woman's pussy. No matter how much Harry stretched Astra, she tightened up when it was right. It made a warm and pleasurable feeling manifest around Harry's probing manhood.

The seconds ticked by with Harry eating Astra to her latest orgasm. The energy coursed through Astra's loins with Harry plunging deeper into the woman's tight pussy. The balls loaded up, getting a bit more swollen every time he could feel Astra's orgasm.

Astra lost track of the number of orgasms she had been struck with. She just had to sit back and enjoy the ride. A hell of a ride had been delivered with both her and Harry.

Alex made her way over to join the fun. Astra spread the younger girl's legs and started to eat her out.

"Maybe you aren't…half bad…after all!"
Astra was glad she met Alex's standards. The combination of their juices tasted good, although Astra was certain this combination would not hold a candle to the combination of juices she and Harry would share, at least when she was done for the day.

"Mmm, yes…mmm, yes!" Alex moaned. Every lick, every tongue, she thought it was going to be an explosive finish and rightfully so.

Harry sped up the thrusting, knowing Astra was going to hit a big one, and he got closer as well. The more he thrust, the more Astra wrapped tighter around him, caressing the full length. Harry indulged into the woman's body and could feel the warmth.

"Close."

Astra busily wrapped herself in Alex's hot pussy. Still, the tension in her body was about to hit an apex. To receive Harry's cum at this particular point would set her loins on fire. Astra squeezed the intruding pole multiple times to encourage Harry to bury deeper and deeper.

Harry shoved as possible inside Astra. The tension in him released and fired without any warning inside her. Harry launched a steady and sticky supply of seed in between Astra's waiting thighs. Harry held on tight and rocked Astra's hot pussy, burying more seed inside her than she could handle.

Astra shuddered, the pleasure hitting the apex. Finally, the object of her desire filled Astra. Happiness, in a very warm and sticky from her.

"Oh, she's done," Alex said. "Good, because I need more."

Harry smiled when moving towards Alex and positioned between the beautiful woman's thighs. His hard cock stuck at her entrance, almost slipping inside.

"Of course, you do."

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**To Be Continued on June 8th, 2017.**

*Pretty much a very light chapter as we ease to the arc which finishes up this story.*

*More on Thursday.*
Chapter Sixty-Five: Immortality Can't Heal Old Wounds.

Harry made his way out in the middle of nowhere, towards a large mountain with caves in every direction. The message he received bringing him there really did intrigue, Harry. Was it a trap or was there a good reason? Harry just had a pretty good inkling there was a good reason why he had thoughts of being here, and it turned out, he was not the only one who was showing up to this cave.

Buffy popped in on the other side of him, and Faith walked over towards. The two Slayers stood with their heads held high and on high alert. Both of them made the climb up the mountains, which for some reason, some enchantment in the air prevented all of them from teleporting directing into the cave.

Harry took the climb, it wasn't as high as he thought. The cave right next to him started to blink. Buffy and Faith made their way up. The holes in the rock allowed them to get a good enough footing when making their careful steps all the way up the mountain.

Faith almost reached the top ledge before she voiced a thought. 'So, what's this about?'

'I only know we have to be here,' Harry thought. 'Did you two get the same vibes I did?'

'Yes, and it's pretty weird,' Buffy said. 'Do you admit it's weird....is there anything that's even weird for you anymore?'

Harry didn't say anything. He edged further up the mountain. One misstep and Harry could have fallen down it, as did the girls. He reached the very top of it first and perched on the ledge. Harry reached down and grabbed Buffy's hand and Faith's and pulled them up onto the tip top of the ledge.

Both parties entered a dark and dank cave. Water dripped from the ceiling when they entered. Markings drawn on the walls, and while they were similar enough to some of the markings in the caves in Smallville, they were different enough for Harry to take a closer look at them.

'I have to admit it's a bit unconventional, Harry thought. 'Well, at least there are no vampires here.'

Faith didn't know whether to feel relieved or disappointed due to the lack of vampires combing around. She just adopted a frown when lowering her crossbow.

A couple of figures stood from the shadow. Buffy and Faith prepared themselves for battle.

"The two of you can come out of the light."

Bo and Tamsin stepped out of the shadows. Both of the Fae responded with a smile and moved over to greet Harry.

"It's been a long time since we've had a chance to get together," Tamsin said. "I just wish it were under better circumstances."

"We both do," Bo said. "And I know you've been busy."

Harry doubted they had enough time. Bo leaned over and kissed Harry. Electricity spread through
the two parties when they exchanged a very passionate kiss with one and other.

The two broke apart, and Tamsin, not to be outdone, assaulted Harry with a kiss. The two of them broken away and the blonde allowed her hands to linger on Harry's hips while firing a winning smile in his direction.

"I don't think this is the time or the place when you think about it, but I couldn't resist," Tamsin said. "The three of you had the same vision that we did. The same vision which brought us here."

Harry, Buffy, and Faith answered with nods. All of them wondered what this was all about. Footsteps came from the other side of the cave, and Harry and the two Slayers rose up in tension, waiting for the next party to come out. Harry, in particular, leaned in and tried to take a look at the person coming out.

Lorelei of Asgard walked out. Harry was surprised she stepped foot on Midgard, and also very concerned. The only reason why she might have done so, at least he figured, was due to a dire situation.

"It's going to happen," Lorelei said. "Drusilla will awake, and she will help him ensure darkness descends all over Midgard."

Harry had been taken aback by the bluntness of her statement.

"What...what are you talking about?" Faith asked.

"It has to do with an ancient prophecy," Lorelei said.

The words "ancient prophecy" made Harry internally groan. The girls put their eyes on Lorelei, with Harry spending a couple seconds making an attempt to calm himself down. It would be unwise to allow his biases to cloud such a situation. He leaned against the wall.

"This has to do with the prophecy which means the end of days," Tamsin said. "It states the end happens a hundred years after a great betrayal."

"Yes, and I unwittingly enacted the prophecy," Lorelei said. "Every three or four generations, I pose as one of my descendants, starting with Rosalie Evans, and going on through the years. Audrey Evans was the latest of my descendants..."

Lorelei turned towards Harry. Harry leaned forward and placed a hand on the shoulder of the goddess to try and steer her back towards him.

"More of your memories returned, I take it," Harry said.

Lorelei answered with a nod. "Yes, these memories returned to me...and revenge is happening. The people of Midgard will suffer for it, and then everyone else across the nine realms."

Harry wondered if he got this one right. He turned to the girls, who were wearing various states of unease. Faith, Buffy, Tamsin, or Bo, none of them looked particularly happy about what Lorelei was talking about.

"So, you've made a mistake all of this time again," Faith said. "And now, you're expecting us to clean up the mess."

"Please, this is not just for me, not this time," Lorelei said.
"You've come for my protection because whatever is happening, it's out of control," Harry said.

Lorelei grew red about the cheeks and breathed in, in an attempt to save face.

"I did not come for your protection," Lorelei protested. "But I will need your help."

Life followed in a circle if you waited it out. Some people said opportunity only knocked one time. Those who played the long game found themselves disagreeing with this particular statement.

Vandal Savage disagreed with it because he had multiple opportunities which slipped through his fingers, but with enough time and patience, the opportunity to take control of the world returned. Savage marked down these days on the calendar for the past hundred years, while keeping himself busy with under endeavors and other plans.

The latest attempt to take over the world may have flown completely off of the rails, but Savage would not be denied any longer. He slipped out at the last moment, just narrowly avoiding sent to the furthest reaches of the universe along with the Reach.

'Again, you stop my plans, but….you and your bloodline will come to an end,' Savage thought.

Savage walked down a long hallway which had been decorated by skulls and torches. The red marble floor kicked up dust every time Savage walked. The further the former caveman traveled down the hallway, he noticed coffins propped up against the wall when walking down the hallway.

One solitary wooden door appeared at the end of the hallway. Savage leaned forward and knocked on the door. The caveman paused before the door cracked open and allowed him entrance.

The second room Savage entered was even more unsettling the first room he entered. The markings on the walls lit up with blasts of energy. Savage kept ambling forward, waiting for something to happen the other side of the wall.

'Will you remember me?' Savage thought. 'We'll find out, won't we?'

Savage walked forward and raised a hand to start knocking on the side of the wall. A loud gust of wind came through the room. Savage slowly turned around, weapon in hand. A dark haired woman dressed in regal robes manifested at the other end of the hallway. Her face had been submerged in the shadows.

"It's been a long time, and I see you're still hanging in there," the woman said.

"And I see you still live, and are much stronger," Savage said. "The first time I glimpsed you, you were, but a child. And you grew into something else entirely."

"There are very few who you don't see as a child due to your age," the woman commented in a dry voice. "There has to be a reason why you're here, Vandal, otherwise you would not have braved the journey. You barely do anything unless it's out of self-interest for you."

Savage looked almost hurt by the accusation. The woman's eyes locked onto Savage.

"Dear Drusilla, you wound me," Savage said. "I'm only here because a hundred years had passed….

"Yes, and you want to clear your debt," Drusilla said. "And you want to clear it at a time where it
will benefit you the most. I'll give you more credit than anyone of your stature deserves. You know how to turn a situation around to your benefit."

Savage didn't do anything other than smile.

"And I hear whispers the Dragon has been reborn in human flesh," Drusilla said.

"Oh, he's the same person he's always been, there's no rebirth," Savage said. "I doubt he has an idea how to properly appreciate what he can be."

"Yes, I'm certain," Drusilla remarked. She approached Savage very carefully. "And the most interesting thing is he's a descendant of my old friend Lorelei."

Lorelei's betrayal proved she was the most self-serving of them all. Drusilla should have thanked her though, for the revelations. What does not kill a person often ended up making them stronger.

"I'm guessing immortality does not heal all wounds, especially these words," Savage said.

Drusilla leaned in with a predatory smile. The vampire took about ten steps forward and sunk down onto two markings drawn onto the ground. Red light surrounded the woman when she entered a prayer.

"There will be no mercy upon the souls of those who have scorned me!" Drusilla yelled at the top of her lungs. "All will perish by my hand, and...by their hands. The darkness is coming, and they can't stop it."

Vandal Savage just smiled, she had most certainly come a long way since those early years. He could hardly wait to see what happened next. The vision Savage had from the world started to come together. The alignment was going to happen. The first steps already had been locked into motion.

The last couple of plans may have been unfortunate calculated failures, but Savage marked down each day for the past one hundred years to the time where he could to this. Power would be his, and Drusilla's thirst for vengeance would be the perfect tool to allow this to happen.

______________________________________________________________

Nyssa Al Ghul quickened the pace. She had been jolted out of bed by a premonition. The location where her father's body was being kept preserved, and in suspended animation was the feature of her nightmares.

The oldest Daughter of the Demon sometimes feared her father's resting place would be disturbed. While most of the splintered factions of the League had been taken under hand and brought back into order, there were a few splinter groups which had not been brought back to order. These particular groups sought one thing, and that was to bring the Demon back at all costs.

Every single trip through the Lazarus Pit her father took resulted in further madness striking the man's mind. Nyssa walked forward and a couple of steps, Talia walked behind her.

"So, you've had the same dream?" Nyssa asked. "I thought so."

Talia didn't know what to make of this, other than there was a dark premonition going through the air. Try as she might to shake it off, it was very difficult to do so.

"Do you think it's our father, or something else?" Talia asked. "Our father isn't the only thing that's
here, which could be dangerous"

Nyssa answered, jaw set with a frown. Boy did she know about all of the potential hazards in this particular temple. She stepped inside with the guards forming a seal on the other side. Their attempts to block Talia did not improve her mood.

"My name is Nyssa, the Daughter of Ra's Al Ghul, and you have about fifteen seconds to move, so I can check to make sure the temple is safe," Nyssa said.

The guards, not wanting to risk her wrath, walked out of the way. Nyssa kept her blade at hand.

Talia followed a couple of inches behind Nyssa. The younger daughter of Ra's Al Ghul entered a heart racing situation. The dark haired woman looked over her shoulder, frowning.

Nyssa entered the stone carvings. She took the blade and drew a drop of blood. The blood dripped on the wall when she and Talia stood on the panels. It would either judge them worthy to pass or would open up the floor and suck them up in a pool of quicksand.

The panels on the wall cracked open and a blinding light flickered out into the caverns. The green fluids surrounding the stasis chamber shined through the light. Both of the Daughters of the Demon shield their eyes and made their way inside of the temple. Dread entered the bodies of both of them when they approached the temple on both ends. Both stepped off to one side and looked towards the chamber.

Nyssa looked and saw her father's body, right where it should have been.

"So, do you think our premonition might have been wrong?" Talia asked.

Nyssa frowned and stepped around the temple. One last look at her father's body occurred before Nyssa stepped away and turned towards Talia.

"I don't think we were mistaken about something…wrong happening."

Nyssa choked out the last couple of words. The Daughter of the Demon bent down to check the floor. A hissing sound came from beneath the floor. Nyssa rapped on the floor.

"Whatever it is, it's below this temple," Nyssa said.

It was now Talia's turn to go as pale as a ghost. Her hands shook, and the woman almost fell over. "The only thing below this temple is….well…it…"

"Yes, I know," Nyssa responded.

Nyssa walked over towards a switch on the wall and pulled it back. A bright light flashed through the temple and allowed Nyssa and Talia entrance down. The walls cracked open and a winding, gnarled set of stairs revealed themselves for both of the skilled assassins.

Talia allowed her sister to lead the way. The skilled assassin prepared for a battle. Every step down the step caused goosebumps to rise on Talia's skin, and she doubted it was because of how cold this area was.

Nyssa walked down the steps and walked over towards a wall. A torch flickered open. Both of the Daughters of the Demon gasped when they came across the wall. A golden seal engraved into the wall had an unsettling looking crack into it.
"So the seal's been broken, and the gates have been opened," Nyssa said

"Our father said the seal must not ever be broken," Talia said.

Nyssa only responded with a nod, and the sound of laughter followed. Several shadows blocked their exit, and one of them caused the entire chamber to dim. The shadow stalked around, circling both Talia and Nyssa with the demonic laughter increasing when it grew further.

"We're going to have to fight our way out of here!" Nyssa yelled.

Her attempts to contact Harry had hit a wall. Nyssa hoped the sheer force of will would force something through, but it just hit nothing other than a brick wall. Nyssa almost collapsed to the ground because of the air of helplessness hitting her.

"Fight them?" Talia asked. "We would be luckier if we had fought the air!"

Nyssa bounced up and flung a dagger. The dagger passed through the shadow and it responded with more sickening laughter. The coldness in the air increased.

"I know but….there has to be a way out."

Diana rolled over in bed, only to realize Mera had not been there. The more Diana came awake, the more she realized there had to be a reason for the very restless night she had been having. Flickers of something, darkness, creatures coming in from the underworld, and tormenting the people around them.

The Warrior Woman's bad feeling increased when she woke up and Mera wasn't there. Her wife rarely woke up before Diana did, unless there was a good cause.

Diana slipped on a robe and walked out of the room to search for Mera. She bumped into Lori who was in the hallway.

"Hello, Lori," Diana said. "Have you seen the Queen?"

Lori took a moment to compose herself and address Diana.

"Queen Mera is out in the garden, and she….well she looks like something really spooked her," Lori said. "I would have talked to her but….the guard who tried to ask the Queen what was wrong had his head bit off."

Diana didn't want to wish that on Lori. She reached one arm out and wrapped it around the shoulders of the younger girl, pulling Lori in as close as possible, with a half of a hug and a smile.

"Don't worry, I'll talk to her," Diana said.

"Really?" Lori asked.

Diana smiled and walked off. She could see how much Lori had been relieved. Diana had to be perfectly honest, she did wonder what Mera was up to this morning. She thought there was only one way to find out.

'Here we go.'
Diana pushed open the doors leading out to the garden. Mera sat, knee brushed against the balcony and hands pushed on the edge of it. The Queen of Atlantis peered over, almost looking out into the depths of the village. It was pretty much in the distance, but from her vantage point, Mera could get a pretty good look at it.

A hand pressed on Mera's shoulder and shifted the woman from her thoughts. Mera turned around.

"So, is there trouble coming?" Diana asked.

Mera answered with a nod.

"I've sent some of the guards to check on an artifact, and they're not back yet," Mera said. "It's a stone of great power, and also it could open the gateway for great destruction."

Diana leaned in and put a hand on Mera's shoulder. Something about the atmosphere in Atlantis changed, and Diana would be lying if she thought it was anywhere close to being for the better.

"If it gets destroyed, nothing is going to hold them back," Mera said.

Mera waited for the sword hanging over her head. Perhaps the nightmares were just nightmares. Mera listened to the hints her subconscious mind gave, even past the point where many would. There were a lot of clear thoughts entering her mind at any given time in addition to the murky ones.

"End of the world level threat?" Diana asked.

Diana shared her wife's unease and waited alongside her. The fingers of both royals intertwined and the Amazon squeezed the hand of the ruler of Atlantis. Diana tried to slip into the bond link to use it but found something cut her off.

'Okey, I really have a bad feeling now,' Diana thought, even though no one else heard her thoughts.

Two guards walked over and walked a large wooden box towards Mera and Diana. The Queen rose from her position. The woman's red hair flew wildly from her face when approaching the two guards. One of them extended a hand forward and handed the box to Mera.

Mera snatched the box from the hands of the guards and opened it. The woman's eyes narrowed, and the guards all stepped back, fearful at what danger might occur when she lost her temper.

"It's cracked," Mera said.

"Please, Queen Mera, have mercy, it was like that when we got here," one of the guards responded, quivering and trying to keep standing up.

"It was like that when you got there," Mera said. "Very well, leave."

"They...I don't think they cracked it," Diana said.

Mera closed her eyes and mentally counted down from ten.

"I regret snapping on them, but you should know once this stone is cracked, there will be misfortune coming all over Atlantis. You don't...you don't want to know what might happen."

Diana had a clue what could happen and regret spread through the eyes of the Amazon Princess. She turned around and sure enough, a dark shadow was beginning to form over all of Atlantis.

'Hera help us all.'
Harry walked alongside Bo and Tamsin. Faith and Buffy were off, preparing for battle.

"Lorelei caused this mess in the first place," Tamsin said. "Do you think she will atone for her actions?"

Harry thought this was a pretty good question. She turned to both of the Fae and nodded.

"I think she's here to atone for her actions," Harry agreed. "And we're here to…"

Harry turned around towards a figure who had shown up. The pale, dark hair-haired Goth girl appeared in front of them, and Bo and Tamsin turned towards her, eyes widened when they saw her appear seemingly out of nowhere.

"Who are…" Bo said. "You're…"

"Bo, Tamsin, this is Dee-Dee, she's the living embodiment of Death," Harry said. "And you shouldn't have been able to see her unless…"

"We're going to die, aren't we?" Bo asked.

Tamsin thought, perhaps foolishly, there was another explanation beyond them actually dying. She turned her attention towards the woman who looked both confused and frazzled, and rightfully so.

"There's a reason why we can see you, even though we shouldn't, "Tamsin said.

"Don't worry, you're not going to die," Dee-Dee said. "Well, not yet, but….that's the only good news I can give you right now."

Dee-Dee bowed before Harry, grabbing his hand. Harry rarely saw the usually perky girl so distressed for anything, and someone of her line of work had many reasons to be pretty distressed.

"The barrier has fallen, master, please…for everything that is holy forgive me, for I have failed to keep it intact," Dee-Dee said. "I'm not sure how it's happened, but the creatures of the underworld are coming out….."

"Isn't that more of Hope's domain than yours?" Harry asked.

Dee-Dee answered with a nod. "Yes, but….it's not just her realm, it's all of the realms of the afterlife, the veil between life and death is ripping apart."

Harry looked up to the sky. He could sense hopelessness filling the air, even though he could not see anything prominent appearing from there.

"It's just like the prophecy said," Tamsin said. "The end is upon us."

"I know you don't believe in prophecy," Dee-Dee said.

Harry's firm stance continued. The spirits all flowed freely between life and death. It would only be a matter of time before some poor fool walked too close to the light and had been sucked straight in. It didn't matter he could not die. Demonic creatures came closer, and soon the barriers keeping them in place would be shattered. Several of those barriers have already shattered.

"No, I don't," Harry said. "But there are people who do, who intend to make the events in that prophecy unfold to suit their whims."
It was time to get to work.

**To Be Continued on June 12th, 2017.**

The world is ending around us, yet again because of chaotic things. Well, the end of the world would bring an abrupt ending to this story wouldn't it? Am I serious? Or I am trolling you? Or maybe I'm acting like I'm trolling you and being serious, which is a different kind of trolling all together?

More on Monday, as we move into the final five chapters.
Atlantis grew rather cold with anticipation and the people involved shivered just as much. Mera stood at the edge of the capital of the kingdom, ready to fight. She only heard the legends regarding the amulet, so she had no idea what exactly was going to come through those gates exactly. The Queen's idea was only clear enough to know there was going to be plenty of trouble by anything.

Mera waited for them to come. Diana stood by her side and put a hand on the sheath containing a blade which should be able to take down anyone who came her way. The two women locked eyes with each other, understanding the battle of what was to come. Darkness came over the horizon.

"Be prepared for anything."

Mera's Elite Guard joined the battle. They had fought many wars during their time. Some had even heard the stories about the hell which would happen when the amulet had gotten shattered. Pretty much all of them shuddered at the thought of the battle which was going to come.

The Queen stepped out in front of them. In the war, she stood the tallest out of everyone. In this war, Mera would rule with strength and with plenty of courage. Her heart kicked off with heavier beats when looking out into the shadows. She clutched the spear in her hand. It had been passed down through all time in Atlantis.

The first bubbles at the gates lead to several warriors marching from the gates. The only thing visible on the other side of their armor were red eyes. The Warriors performed a continuous march all through Atlantis. They marched towards them. One of them lifted a hand and a pulse of energy shot, destroying a large statue at the foot of the base!

"Give them everything you can!" Mera yelled.

The Elite Guard of Atlantis charged and did battle with these fallen warriors. One of the most skilled members of the Elite Guard clung the sword against the spear of the man. Sparks continued to fly. The demonic guards of the depth faded out of battle.

The member of the Elite Guard turned around, just in time to narrowly avoid being stabbed through the chest. The guard swung a dagger around and stabbed it towards one of them.

Diana jumped up to protect her wife's kingdom, and it was half of hers. She worried this might spread to the Amazons as well, so Diana needed to keep fighting the good fight. One of the larger demonic guards of the deep looked towards Diana and charged her, sword swinging.

The Amazon avoided the sword before it came down into the back of Diana's head. Diana blocked the sword one more time and returned fire, swinging it. The clang of metal upon metal increased. Diana and the guard went toe to toe with each other. The Amazon tried to sweep the legs of the guard out from underneath him.

The guard returned fire and smashed Diana as hard as possible against a wall. The air left Diana's lungs in a fury. His glowing hands reached for Diana's neck. The Warrior Woman swept out from underneath the guard, grabbing him around the head, and nailing him to the ground.

Diana's widened eyes looked towards Mera. Several slimy hands grabbed the Queen and threatened
to pull her down. Renewed vigor hit Diana when she charged towards Mera. The sword swiped through the battle. Diana nailed one of the creatures in the face when he tried to grab onto her head.

"Hang on," Diana muttered underneath her breath.

The Amazon picked up the pace and kicked off, sending an elbow strike down onto the top of the head of one of the guards. She turned around and kicked the guard in the head.

Mera struggled, not willing to go down without a fight, and not willing to sacrifice her kingdom. The Queen buried the sword stolen from one of the demonic guards of the deep into the creature's chest.

A blur of light shot out from the side. Lori looked up, blood dripping down from her lip from the battle. Despite the blood lips, she smiled none the less.

"Looks like my distress signal came through."

Superwoman appeared, dressed for a fight underwater in a special suit made from Star Labs. One of the demonic creatures charged Superwoman. Superwoman blocked the attack and nailed one of the creatures. The creature slumped to the ground.

Diana smiled at Claire showing up. They could use all of the help they could get. The Amazon returned to the battle fighting side by side with Mera.

Another flash of light erupted when the battle got more intense. The demonic guards of the deep backed off at the sight of the Master of Death himself, Harry Potter. He stood with black robes billowing behind him and look like he would stomp anything that got in his way stretched over his face.

"You might be the Master of Death!" one of the guards yelled. "Even you can't be everywhere. We will reclaim this world, and destroy Death!"

Harry's energy scythe manifested. The braver of the guards made a movement to attack him. Harry dodged the attack and swiped to the left before taking out the guard. The demon exploded into a blast of light and dust which kicked up in every direction possible.

"I don't need to be everywhere at once!" Harry countered.

Claire distracted one of them by flying up and to the left. Harry bombarded the creature with another attack.

'They're right until I find a way to seal all of the gates, they're going to keep coming,' Harry thought. 'Good thing I'm too stubborn to give up.'

Vandal Savage walked outside into the middle of a field. The sun had already gone down, and it may never rise again, should everything be aligned. Not until the world had been reshaped in the image. The weak were going to be picked up in a matter of moments. Those who were strong could not hold them off forever. Savage rubbed his hands together very giddily and looked ready to accomplish something.

Savage counted down the days where he thought the world would change, but something blocked it. The changes were more widespread this time, this time he had power.

"So, are you preparing your victory speech?"
Drusilla walked up towards Vandal Savage. Savage didn't look at the woman for several moments. All he could look out was the sky before him. The darkening sky and the shadows moving around, all of which Savage had protected himself with an amulet he received from an old colleague of his.

"It's best not to waste my breath until victory has been assured," Savage said.

Savage did spend a moment basking in his moment of triumph, and boy was it ever so triumphant. He looked up into the sky and saw everything just come together, like a well thought out plan.

"That's a change for you, given your past campaigns," Drusilla said. "Most of the time, you are very premature when claiming victory."

The man was in too much of a good mood to reprimand Drusilla for what she said. All Vandal Savage could do was look up and look beyond the horizon. A twisted grin spread over the man's face as time continued to tick by, seconds on the clock ground to minutes, and then ground to hours.

Another pocket of shadow demons fluttered by, and they understood the chaos they could bring.

"Go forth, and annihilate the weakest of them all," Savage said.

The bloated, overpopulated world Savage found himself in was a far cry from his glory days. Back in those days, times had been much simpler. Savage leaned back against a pillar and looked out into the distance. Drusilla stood, arms folded, and waited for Savage to say something.

"I love it when a plan comes together," Savage said.

Drusilla scoffed very obviously. That was more like the Vandal Savage she knew. Arrogant and self-serving, with all of the faults which went along with something like that. Would she even be surprised because of his arrogance? Drusilla doubted so very much.

'He really thinks very highly of himself, perhaps for a very good reason,' Drusilla thought. She turned towards Savage and directed one crystal clear stare towards him.

"You can still be stopped, it's not over until the moon crosses over three times," Drusilla said.

"Yes," Savage said. "I'm well aware of the prophecy."

Or rather, he was well aware on how to use a prophecy for his own advantage. Many superstitious fools talked about prophecy over the years.

"What's your end game?" Drusilla asked him. "If you don't mind me for inquiring."

"The end game is a brand new world," Savage answered. "All will answer to me and all will respect, and bow before the power I bring. I will take everything and everyone into the palm of my hand and crush it…but I'm certain you do already know this, do you not?"

Drusilla answered with a brisk smile.

"I'm just making idle conversation to pass the time until she shows up," Drusilla said. "And she will show up…her arrogance allows no less."

Vandal Savage answered with a smile towards the woman before him. Lorelei's betrayal stabbed Drusilla in the heart, and it was a frustration which Savage cultivated. Such focus should be admired.

"And you should prepare for when he shows up," Drusilla said.
"Remember, I've been at this game a lot longer than even you've been alive," Savage said.

"Yes, I'm aware, and it has given you more opportunities for failure."

Savage turned towards Drusilla and grabbed her by the throat, before squeezing it hard. She submitted to the grip of the former caveman.

"I've offered you plenty of leverage, and more than enough room," Savage said. "I've given you everything….and I can just as easily take it all away. I have not failed….everything has been a calculated risk."

Drusilla appreciated the strength of Savage when he held her by the throat. He only released it to allow Drusilla to fall to the ground beside his feet. This was not a subtle indication of the role either of them played at all.

"Wait for Lorelei," Savage said. "I'll worry about the Master of Death."

Drusilla slunk into the shadows, understanding her boundaries. For now, she'd let Savage play his game, for now, until he was of no use. She was sick of being undermined by Savage, who thought his longevity gave him dominion over everyone.

Faith stood at the edge of the valley, dressed for battle. She could feel the tension in the air. Buffy joined off to the side, followed by Tamsin and Bo. Willow stepped out as well, at unease because of the darkness in the air.

"Must be another Friday because the world looks like he's about ready to end," Lana said, rounding out the group quite nicely.

"How many pockets have we taken out already?" Buffy asked.

Faith racked her brain in consideration to Buffy's question before turning back the other Slayer. "It must have been about three or four just in the last hour."

Buffy stood rigidly and was thankful for the always loading crossbow. It sure got her through some pretty tight spots even through the worst of times.

"I swear, they're breeding like rabbits," Faith commented, shuddering in the process.

Everyone else shuddered alongside her with this particular statement.

"Oh, there's a thought," Tamsin said. "Why did you even have to shove that one into my head?"

Willow walked over and reached on the other end of the wall. She had a unique perspective, as did Lana, regarding the dark magic in the air. Their past experiences had given them this much. Both Lana and Willow looked towards each other.

Bo sensed something in the air.

"Well, that's new," Bo said. "And unsettling as well."

Buffy was about to ask what. They received the answer in the form of the most hideous creatures known to man hovering above the sky. They looked particular demonic, with fangs coming at of them. Fangs came out of their empty faces, and that was about the only thing.

"Vampiric wraiths," Bo murmured.
Tension ran through her body, as she prepared to fight these monsters.

"They look like Dementors and vampires mated," Lana said, almost frozen on the spot.

That particular thought caused everyone to cringe in response.

"Yeah, that's going to haunt my nightmares," Faith said.

Faith turned and started to fire bolts at the creatures. The wooden bolts had a negligible effect when passing into the night. Faith, not to be denied, kept firing at them, and the bolts kept fading out into nothingness.

"Stand back!" Lana yelled. "I want to try something!"

The girls all gave Lana the room she needed. Lana raised her hands into the air and tried to focus on something. If these things really were part Dementor, then the attack plan should work. Lana whipped her hands back and sent a glowing bright light out of her hands, towards the creatures in question.

They recoiled a moment later from the attack. Willow joined Lana in the attack and the two of them blasted the creature, just like they did.

A bright light flashed through the air and a motorcycle flew through the air which almost took out the girls standing close to them. Again, Buffy was almost the poor unfortunate victim of a flying motorcycle.

"Again?" Buffy asked. "Seriously, Elsa?"

Elsa Bloodstone climbed off of the back of the bike. The girls figured it wouldn't be too long before this particular woman showed up to help out. She frowned when seeing the vampire wraiths floating around in the air.

"Figured you could use some help," Elsa said. "I've been putting out fires all day."

"Yes, same here," Faith said. "Do you have anything which can take them out?"

Elsa clutched her sword in hand and a flicker of light came from it. The creatures charged towards the sword wielding woman. She snapped her wrist and nailed the creatures with a full force attack which backed them off. A second full force attack resulted in them flying back several feet.

"We need to find the energy point where they manifested, and try and shut them down," Elsa said. "Where is your master in all of this?"

"He's dealing with fires elsewhere," Bo said. "But, I think I have a good idea where it is."

"Good, shut it down, I don't think I can keep this up forever."

A path had been cleared for Bo, Tamsin, and Lana to go to the energy point. The amount of energy flowing through the air almost floored all of the girls.

"I just fear we shut down one point, and about three more are going to crack open," Tamsin said.

"Look on the bright side, it's one less energy point we have to deal with."

Lana hoped to look on the bright side of things as much as she could.
Talia refused to go down without a fight. She had come too far and had been through too many things to come down. She pushed through one of the attacks.

"There has to be a way to seal this backup, or at least block anymore from coming out!" Talia yelled.

"Believe me, if there is, I don't know what it might be!" Nyssa responded.

Nyssa clenched daggers in both hands and flung them in towards the creatures. The creature converted the dagger to shadow energy and sent whips through the air. The whips shot burning hot fire through the air. Nyssa evaded the attacks and came from behind the creature.

She pulled a glass jar off of the shelf and hurled mist through the air. The mist covered the creature and hardened around him.

"Great," Talia said. "Just do that at least a dozen more times, and we'll be more than good to go."

Talia flipped over the charging creature and picked up another one of the jars. She hurled it into the air and throw a dagger into the air. The jar shattered and covered them.

"It won't hold them forever," Nyssa said.

Something sliced through the edge of the wall. Both Daughters of the Demon followed the person who progressed out of the wall with widened eyes and slight smiles popped over their faces. The one and only Harry Potter popped up behind the dark shadow creatures.

One of the dark shadow creatures turned around and extended a finger towards Harry. He pointed towards him and gave a rattling "you!"

"Yes, me!" Harry yelled.

One of the shadow creatures cracked those whip tendrils towards Harry. Harry simply evaded the whips and caught them. One solid yank ripped the shadow creature towards Harry. He impaled himself at the end of a really long spike before fading out into nothingness.

Two more stepped back. Harry raised his hand and levitated the dust off of the ground. The dust swirled around.

The shadows needed to be solidified for Harry to send them on. Something in this dust caused a reaction in the magical composition of the creatures, or something along those lines. Harry really didn't know, it was magic, so he was just going to roll with the punches.

Talia and Nyssa stood back to let the man do his work. They admired what he did, and how he sent them on their way. The shadow creatures had been sucked off.

Harry knew his day was far from done. He turned towards both of the Daughters of the Demon and offered them his hands.

Talia and Nyssa were both glad to escape from the temple. Harry temporarily fixed the seal, although until every breach was closed, it would not hold.

"That seal being broken is the cause of many problems," Talia said. "There have been stories passed down, what would happen if it had been broken."

"Our father, he's normally fearless…well on all matters except for his own mortality anyway," Nyssa said. "But, he was terrified to death about the seal being broken."
Harry turned towards both women.

"What did he say would happen when the seal had been broken?"

"He didn't give us any details on exactly what would happen," Talia said. "All he told us was to keep a very close watch on the seal, should something happen to him...should be indisposed."

Nyssa picked up right after her sister left off. "He did imply that it would be hell on Earth if the seal had been broken."

Harry heard many times hell on Earth would happen when something or other would happen. He found his way back into the Horizon main headquarters, the one place on Earth which had been untouched by the dark magic coming through the air.

At least for now, and Harry waited for the other shoe to drop there. He spotted someone at the end of the hallway. Both of the assassins stood rigidly, and Harry was a bit apprehensive as well. The dark magic in the air, and the fact even the many sides of Death were losing control for their realms.

"Don't shoot, or stab, or whatever," Jane said, holding her hands in the air. "It's just me....and I have a very bad feeling the end is here."

"Yes, it does seem so," Harry said. "But not if I can help it."

Harry did need to wrangle everything together at once. This was the entire incident with Astra and the dark matter, amplified by about a hundred. Harry just managed to pull that one out and they came closer to utter and complete destruction than even Harry would have cared to admit.

"The key is to find this Drusilla," Harry said.

'Not to complicate matters anymore...but Lorelei just disappeared,' Daisy thought. 'I swear, Sara and I were watching her one minute, and the next minute she was gone.'

'Good, I'm glad she did,' Harry thought.

'Wait, sorry, come again?' Daisy asked.

'You knew Lorelei was going to escape, you planned on her escaping, hoping she would be able to find Drusilla,' Sara thought. 'Because, you knew she wouldn't lead you to her if you asked her, you had to....I see where this is going.'

'We find Drusilla, we stop this,' Harry thought.

Lorelei stepped inside some dusty looking chambers. The tackiest and cheapest looking items lingered on the edge of the wall as she moved into position.

'Some things never change, and your poor taste in décor is one of them,' Lorelei thought.

"Well, if it isn't you, you just couldn't stay away, could you?"

"You've changed, and not for the better," Lorelei said.

Drusilla flared up in anger and leaned closer towards the woman in question. "I opened my eyes and saw you were using me as a pawn this entire time. I can't believe I had been so blind not to realize it."
"And you've gone from my pawn to the pawn of Vandal Savage," Lorelei said. "And he will not be as gentle to discard you."

"It doesn't matter, we used to be close...Lorelei, or was it, Amanda like you was calling yourself back in those days?" Drusilla asked. "Or maybe you prefer the name, Rosalie or Audrey...because no matter what face you wear, it's the face of deception."

"And now because I hurt your feelings, you're going to help bring upon a plague which will destroy the world," Lorelei said. "Once a spoiled entitled brat, always a spoiled entitled brat."

Three dark minions came in front of Lorelei in an attempt to secure her.

"You brought this plague on the world, but it's all going to work out in the end," Drusilla said. "Justice always does."

Lorelei deflected the attacks from the minions. Something fastened around her neck from behind and the collar strapped around her extended to cover her mouth.

"I had been bewitched by that lovely voice once upon a time, but not again," Savage said. "No, not now my pets, we still need her as bait for a trap."

"Kill her why we have a chance," Drusilla said.

"No," Savage said. "We leave her alive to see me best her heir."

Drusilla thought Savage made a big mistake not killing Lorelei when he had the chance. The longer the woman was left alive.

"We'll have guest shortly," Savage said. "Yes, Mr. Potter, you're extremely clever, and I'm glad you're coming."

The dark minions caged Lorelei, with Drusilla giving her one more look of contempt.

'Once Savage is distracted, she's dead,' Drusilla thought. 'Without that amulet, he would have been ripped apart just as much as any human.'

To Be Continued on June 15, 2017.

The world continues to plunge into chaos as the story moves to its finale.
Chapter Sixty-Seven: Covent Part Two.

Everything just happened all at once, and Harry prepared to invade the fortress. He could feel the greatest concentration of dark magic in this particular area. This had to be the place, there was no other reason for this being the place. The Master of Death could feel something.

His connection with Dee-Dee had been scrambled when walking through. This particular fact only served to put Harry under greater stress. He walked a little bit closer. He looked over to see the three women who approached him. Sara had come around to join him, Nyssa, and Talia.

They noticed some guards, some human guards, moving around. Harry frowned, thinking of this to be pretty odd, although looks could be very deceiving at first glance. It turned out Harry wasn’t the only one to see the group of human guards to be a pretty odd predicament. He turned around and looked towards Sara, Nyssa, and Talia, who prepared themselves.

'It's very strange they're using human guards, isn't it?' Nyssa thought.

'Maybe,' Talia admitted. 'I don't know though. These human guards, things are not what they see.'

'We're moving in from the other end,' Buffy reported. 'So far, there are no signs of trouble, but there just seems to be something really wrong. I can't put my finger on it just yet.....'

'She must be nearby,' Harry thought. 'Keep your eyes open for everything.'

'Not my first time entering the back door of a really creepy place,' Buffy thought. 'But thanks for the concern. I'll keep an eye out for everything, and we'll be good, at least I hope we'll be good.'

Harry could hear Buffy’s frustration bubbling over, and boy did he share this particular point. The Master of Death took a step and noticed a cluster of guards moving about. He studied their movements, patterns, and figured if they could divide, there shouldn’t be many problems.

'No time to second guess any plan,' Harry thought. 'Time's running out.'

The sands of time slowly began to run out in the world. Harry saw the guard who was nearest. He turned to Sara, Talia, and Nyssa. Everything clicked firmly into place from Harry's perspective.

'I know what to do now.'

Nyssa slipped off into the shadows on one direction. Talia slipped off in another direction, and Sara kept with Harry. It was standard protocol, what the League had been trained for.

"Hey, I don't know why the boss wanted us to come here," one of the guards said.

"Shut up, this place gives me enough of the creeps, I don't need to hear you yapping," another guard said.

It was very true though. The guard’s nervousness increased when looking around, and no matter what, he could not stop, looking about. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up straight, and the breathing intensified. He could barely even think straight.

"Gives me the creeps....gives me a whole lot of the creeps....who thought this was a good idea?" the
guard asked his fellow members. "Oh, that's right, no one thought this was a good idea because no one could be crazy enough to think this worked. I mean, seriously what....."

A guard off to the side fell down to the ground. Some mysterious force pulled him into the shadows.

The paranoid guard turned around and almost fell over. This caused the person who attacked the first guard to easily pick off the second guard. Said guard hit the ground with a thunderous force. His legs snapped out from underneath him when going down onto the ground.

"Alright, who is playing....."

A glowing swarm of black birds with red eyes popped up in the air. The guard realized some of the demonic creatures had gotten loose. And there was no telling what they would do. The security force didn't have the protection their boss did in cases like this.

Harry smiled, having successfully freaked out the guards. He swooped down from behind and caught his enemy with a swift blow to one of the pressure points.

A small army of guards rushed over to check on the ones who had been taken down. By this point, Harry had been gone and he noticed Sara out of the corner of his eye. The woman moved over and pressed a button on the sonic device which caused a shrill cry to pop out and stun the enemies. They all hit the ground very hard and very fast.

Harry realized one of the guards went rogue. The guard nailed the others with swift precision. One of them grabbed a goon by the head and snapped the man's neck back. A shot to the throat dropped the stunned guards.

The smoke cleared and the rogue guard slipped off the hood to reveal Helena. She flashed a smile towards them when walking towards them.

"I should have known you would have been involved in this," Harry remarked to her.

"Yes, you should have," Helena said. "I've found a way inside."

It was pretty good news for them all to hear. They just needed to take advantage of it and make it happen.

Lorelei hated the accommodations of the place which she had been sent to, but unfortunately, she believed that was the idea. The dark, dank, dungeon she resided in made her feel kind of uncomfortable. She leaned back against the wall, trying to stretch out. All the stretching did was result in a crick in her neck.

Drusilla had left, perhaps in a fury at not having a chance to kill Lorelei. The spoiled brat couldn't have everything she wanted in life, no matter how much she pled Savage for it. Savage only seemed inclined to keep Drusilla around as a momentary amusement.

"No matter how many civilizations I see fall, you're always the one who comes back around, to vex me."

The form of Vandal Savage came out of the shadows. Lorelei didn't say a single word towards the man at first. Her voice would have been garbled, to begin with. Her gaze of contempt was on point though. She looked towards Savage, the most dangerous look possible muster. Looks couldn't kill, not yet, but Lorelei was going to make an honest attempt to make it look like they can.
Savage looked towards Lorelei, a shifty grin on his face. He looked like the cat who hate the canary.

"You keep smiling," Lorelei said. "He is approaching closer, and he will come to wipe the smile off of your face. You really think this one is going to end differently than all of the other times?"

The long-lived man stepped closer towards the cage. He came very close to Lorelei. They went eye to eye with each other. Savage's smile only widened. Lorelei looked up at him, not backing off.

"I do believe it will end differently," Savage remarked. "You don't understand how long I've been waiting for this one. You don't understand how long I've prepared. Everything is coming together. Soon, the weak will wilt, and not even its protectors. There will be one man, who has withstood the test of time."

Savage thought a whole lot of himself. It was amusing given how little Lorelei thought of him.

"You're only alive because of a freak occurrence," Lorelei said. "There's a one in a million chance you could have lived this long. You're only here because the meteor came down to bless you at the most appropriate moment. Had it not been for that, you would have long since been dead, only a historical curiosity like your caveman brethren."

Lorelei paused for a moment and looked straight into the eyes of Vandal Savage. She dared him to contradict. He said nothing, so Lorelei pressed on.

"And you haven't changed from those humble roots when you think about it," Lorelei answered. "Once a brutish barbarian, always a brutish barbarian. You still have the same simple aims, and you have the sophistication of Loki, his male half, along with none of the flair."

Savage paused for a couple of seconds. He stared towards Lorelei who stared back. Neither of them would back off from each other. The intensity increased between both sides.

"I have missed your cutting comments," Savage said. "Even if your voice has been garbled, and lost it's snap….you do have a certain charm."

"Well, someone has to have charm in this conversation," Lorelei answered. "So, when are you going to ditch Drusilla? It's obvious you're keeping her around only to amuse yourself."

Vandal Savage could barely keep the very devious grin off of his face. Lorelei could tell she hit way too close to home with him. The woman leaned closer towards Savage. He moved about as close to her as possible without being in a position to take a huge fall.

"I know what you're doing," Savage said in the crispest tone possible. "I know what you're doing, and I know why it won't work. You can try as much as you can, but….it still won't work."

Lorelei looked back towards Vandal Savage almost mockingly "Well, nothing gets past you, does it?"

Savage laughed and looked out the window. The darkness surrounding him.

"I wonder what it will take to kill a goddess," Savage said. "I suspect I have plenty of time to find out."

"So, you know it's impossible to properly kill me, and you let her believe she had a chance to do," Lorelei said. "I can't tell whether or not you're being increasingly cruel or very supportive."

"I believe in giving the opportunity for people to achieve their ambitions, even if it's unrealistic. I
hope people keep reaching for the stars...as enlightening as this conversation is...I have to leave."

Lorelei wasn't too sad at seeing Vandal Savage gone. She ran into him numerous times over the years under numerous guises. Both of them had been in numerous guises. Lorelei sighed when watching the man leave.

"Report!" Savage growled.

The caveman inside him was threatening to pop out just like it did in times of grave stress. Lorelei wasn't really too sad to see this happen. All she could do was shift about in the shackles and attempt to break free. The shackles snapped and slumped against the wall.

'This is going to be harder than I thought,' Lorelei thought. 'At least he's suffering.'

Savage walked off and the moment he was gone, Drusilla walked in. She looked at Lorelei with contempt.

"Well, congratulations, once a pawn, always a pawn," Lorelei said. "Savage has you buried underneath his thumb, and I think we both know he intends to discard you the moment he's done."

Drusilla shifted closer towards her former friend. The woman's natural charms might have been garbled, but she was still a master of manipulation.

"You could be better than Savage if you only had the imagination to do so," Lorelei said.

Drusilla reached over and grabbed Lorelei by the hair. She squeezed the woman's scalp, digging her fingernails into the woman's skull. Drusilla leaned closer towards her, eyes blazing with unmistakable fury when approaching closer towards Drusilla.

"I am, and Savage just merely is a toy, until I get what I want," Drusilla said.

"Oh, you've actually figured out what you wanted?" Lorelei said. She swooned very mockingly. "I'm proud of you."

"Don't toy with me," Drusilla said. "You're not in control this time, and you'll never be in control again. I'm the one who is in control."

Drusilla leaned up and looked Lorelei in the eyes. The two of them looked eye to eye with each other.

"I want you on your knees, humbled, begging for your useless life before I take it," Drusilla said. "And after all of this, I may keep your descendant as a toy."

Lorelei only responded to that declaration with an insidious round of laughter. Drusilla really dreamed big, but the problem with dreaming big is it only got so far before they had their heads submerged completely in the clouds. She just laughed, and laughed some more, very amused by the thoughts going through her mind.

Lois Lane sat in the middle of Metropolis. She had been used to the end of the world thing creeping about her. This one just seemed more real, more tangible. She couldn't put her finger on why.

'Hey, here's the biggest story of your life,' Lois thought. 'Hopefully, you're going to live long enough to cover it.'

Lois wasn't going be able to cover anything just sitting in the middle of the Daily Planet while
watching everyone run around like chickens with their heads cut off. Lois needed to move and move quickly. The reporter picked up the pace and made her way to the elevator.

'Some days, technology just revolts against you,' Lois thought, pushing the button on the elevator. 'Oh, this is one of those days, isn't it....damn it!'

Lois pushed in the button of the elevator and tried to activate it. Her heart started to beat and agitation mounted in her.

'Screw this.'

Lois turned around and made her way down the steps. She heard a large gust of wind outside of the Daily Planet which rattled the windows and made her a bit nervous.

The windows of the building shattered. Lois threw herself behind a cart to avoid the glass from piercing into her. The windows had been completely blown out, along with the glass doors leading to the Daily Planet.

Lois climbed to a standing position and made her way over. She caught a sight of several people, armed people working in the crowd. They were evacuating the people out of harm's way, the problem was, where were the getting evacuated to? No matter what, everywhere in the world, there were problems, at least that's what Lois thought.

Hairs pricked up on Lois's neck and she couldn't hear anything for a moment. The lack of sound only made Lois worse. She cradled her arm and moved out, taking out the camera. The vortex in the sky opened up.

The camera exploded and Lois threw it down onto the ground. The woman's heart started to beat even faster. More nervousness entered the mind of the normally fearless reporter.

"HELP!"

This woke up Lois pretty quickly. She heard the screams which escalated. Even more screams of "help" continued and Lois continued to rush forward as fast as she could go.

'There's something here, I can't see it. There's something here!'

Lois normally believed what her eyes saw above everything else. She couldn't see a damn thing though, and not just because of the thick fog. One of the men staggered back and swung at the air. A few scratches ripped into his cheek, and if that wasn't a bad sign, Lois didn't know what was.

Invisible monsters which no one else could see terrorized the people around them. The screams continued to escalate when the monsters attacked them all.

Something grabbed Lois around the shoulder. She whipped out a stun gun and tried to take down the creature. This worked about as well as Lois expected, which meant to say it didn't work too well at all.

'These monsters are something that no one can see, but everyone can fear,' Lois thought to herself.

Lois had been knocked onto the ground. She tried to fight with everything, going down to the very last breath. And Lois realized, perhaps a bit too late, what it meant to have her very last breath.

A blur shot through the air. Supergirl pulled Lois off of the ground and out of the way of the creature.
'Not my usual Kryptonian, but I'm not complaining.'

Supergirl dropped down onto the ground and looked towards the creatures. She adjusted the goggles.

'They work,' Supergirl thought.

Supergirl retracted two glowing daggers from the sheath on her wrists and she flung them towards the monsters. The glowing daggers pierced the monsters. White light surrounded the monsters and they swelled up before exploding into wisps of light, disappearing into the night.

'Power Girl, you're up.'

Karen flew out of nowhere. She mounted a cannon over her shoulder and they shot miniature crystals. The crystals teleported the creatures off into the Phantom Zone, the one place which amazingly had not been breached by all of the interdimensional craziness happening.

The two Kryptonians stood side by side, fighting the monsters.

Carol dropped down on the other end, with Claire walking on the other side. It was chaos in the streets of Metropolis with a huge battle on all sides.

'Whatever Harry's doing, I hope he can pull it off pretty quickly,' Kara thought.

The members of the DEO and Peggy's organization all came around. All of the chaos started to break down. Peggy Carter stepped front and center. She wielded a huge cannon and pointed them towards the creatures fluttering around. One pull of the trigger blasted the creatures and caused them to explode into whips of energy.

They were just moving around in circles.

'How close is the gate to being closed?' Peggy asked.

'We're working our way inside,' Harry thought. 'We'll keep you posted.'

Peggy only had one word to respond. 'Godspeed.'

Buffy never thought she would lead such a motley crew into battle. She stepped forward, Faith standing by her side. Elsa walked close to her, which Buffy preferred. She was the type of person Buffy needed to keep an eye on at all times, to make sure she stayed on the straight and narrow.

Willow moved in a couple of inches behind Buffy, stepping closer in. Bo and Tamsin walked in, and Lana brought up the rear. She looked around the chambers which they entered.

'It's not just me, who is getting a very creepy vibe from this place,' Lana thought.

'For the record, if you have to say, is it just me, then it's not just you,' Bo thought. 'And yes, you're not the only one who is getting a creepy vibe from this place.'

The area creeped out Buffy for another reason. She didn't run into any dark minions, since the moment they passed through the gates. She turned towards Faith. Faith didn't say anything. The Slayer clenched the crossbow, not knowing how much good it would do her.

'We can do this,' Faith thought.

The two of them looked at each other and turned around the corner. They made their way to a
hallway. A glowing vortex flashed at the end of the hallway.

Elsa stepped in front of them and studied it for a second. She turned to the rest of the group.

"We've found it," Elsa said. "This is the gateway…this is how she breached the barrier between life and death."

Lana stepped closer to the gateway. She turned around and noticed Willow reacting to the gateway as well. The two girls locked eye to eye with each other, and the nervousness increased.

"So, we found the gateway," Buffy said. "Can we close the gateway?"

Tamsin was the one who stepped forward and took a look at the gateway. She studied it for several minutes and soaked in the power.

"Yes, we can," Tamsin said. "Or rather, Harry can."

"Well, that goes without saying," Faith said. "So, I don't want to be that person….but, exactly how much time do we have left before….well you know?"

Tamsin frowned and studied the gate. Being this close to the gate and seeing the barriers about ready to crash down already made her very nervous.

"I can't tell from here," Tamsin said. "I'm going to hazard a guess and say there isn't that much time left before….well before the end."

"And the Fae is a good guesser because you don't have much time left."

Buffy turned towards the dark haired woman. She could see the woman approaching them, with a predatory look dancing in her eyes.

"And I thought I sensed a Slayer nearby," the woman commented.

"Drusilla, I presume," Buffy said.

"And you are as brilliant as you are pretty," Drusilla said. "It's a shame you don't have much left…and there are two of you."

"Congratulations, you can count to two," Faith said.

Drusilla snapped her fingers. Several ghoulish creatures made their way at the edge of the tunnel. Faith and Buffy stared each other.

"Good, I was getting bored anyway," Elsa said.

Harry lost track of all of the other girls. His tracker he slipped on Lorelei still worked. Harry made his way down the hallway and walked closer towards the sign of the tracker.

He stopped and noticed Lorelei chained up against the wall. The woman wore some kind of collar. Harry stepped closer towards Lorelei.

The goddess looked up towards Harry, imploring eyes staring towards him.

"Don't come here," Lorelei managed. "It's a trap."
Harry turned around and noticed Vandal Savage walking out of the shadows. Savage responded by clapping at Harry.

"Your resilience is amazing," Savage said. "I expected you to make it this far…and it took me a long time to figure out why, but now I know?"

No wasted movement, Harry attacked Savage. An energy shield appeared around Savage and the attack had been rebounded.

"It appears I'm protected by all supernatural attacks, so unfortunate for you," Savage said. "And let me introduce you to the Elite Guard…they've been given small gifts."

Savage's private Security force stepped on either side. Harry doubted Savage needed them now, it was a power play. He spent some time studying Savage, to try and figure out the source of his protection.

"A Mastery of Death is useless when you realize the Afterlife is obsolete," Savage said. "And yet, the two of us have the power to rule the world…side by side…and we do have something in common."

"I refuse to know what we have in common," Harry said. "Other than the fact we're too stubborn to quit."

"I've held many identities in the past," Savage said. "One of them was a man named Herb Evans….someone I'm sure you know whether well."

'Grandfather on my mother's side….mother of fuck,' Harry thought. 'Is he really seriously saying what I think he's saying?'

Lorelei shook her head when Harry looked at her. He turned around.

"Yeah, nice story," Harry said. "Providing you aren't lying through your teeth like you are with everything else."

He did not believe Savage's bullshit story for a single second. It was a way to distract him.

"Well, it's your choice to believe," Savage said. "But, there can only be one….and you're much too dangerous to live."

"That's another thing we have in common," Harry said.

Harry found the amulet. Now he needed to get it off of him, somehow.

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To Be Continued on June 19th, 2017.

Harry's reacts to Savage's claims about as he should. The man's lied constantly, so why would he be telling the truth with something like this?

We move towards the last three chapters starting on Monday. See you then!
Chapter 68

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Covent Part Three

Buffy looked eye to eye with one of the monster ghouls who charged her. She never was going to have any complaint about being bored again. These looked both particularly ugly and particularly powerful, which would end up being a bad combination under any other circumstances.

The Slayer pivoted in mid-air and dodged the attack. She fired an attack at one of the creatures. The creature blocked the bolt fired towards her. Buffy had to jump out of the way to dodge further attacks. The creature prepared to tear up everything around him.

Lana lifted a hand and sent a bolt of magical energy crashing through the air. Another bolt rocked the creature back. Lana summoned all of the power in her and tried to pull off a trick Harry taught her. It was a lot easier to pull these things off in theory as they were in practices.

Faith jumped in the air over Lana.

"Yeah, they're getting uglier," Faith said. "Age doesn't improve these things."

Drusilla maneuvered herself around the shadows. The energies protected her from attack from these Slayers. She knew it would not last forever, but it would last long enough to make sure the Slayers crumpled down in a heap beneath their feet. Drusilla looked at the Slayers who fought her creatures.

She sensed there was a vampire amongst them, although not fully converted. This creature had been put under the thrall of the Dragon. She was useless, therefore would be destroyed. Drusilla lifted a hand up in the air.

Tamsin brought one of the pillars down in the temple. The flying rubble crashed down to the ground.

"She's protecting both her and her creatures with something," Tamsin said. "Some kind of charm, I don't know what."

Bo looked up in the air. She sensed something cold.

"Well, let's find it," Bo said.

"Yes," Elsa agreed. The blood lust in her eyes grew more intense. "Let's find it, and rip it off!"

Elsa plunged the sword through the chest of one of the creatures. Protection or not, the creature dropped down to the ground. She turned around and noticed one of the creatures charging towards her. The creature grabbed her. Elsa blocked the creature's arm at the last moment and dropped him down onto the ground.

Buffy picked up a dagger dropped on the ground and tried to nail one of the creatures.

"You defeat my children, and they will keep coming," Drusilla said. "You can't stop this, no matter how much you try. I will crush you. All of you will bow down before me!"

"Yes, because you're going to break us by talking," Faith said. "Chalk it up to a low sense of self-worth….given how you're Savage's puppet, I'm not surprised."

Drusilla flared up in anger. "HOW DARE YOU!"
Two of the creatures grabbed Faith around the arms. She struggled against the creature's grip. They dug into her arms and hoisted her high into the air. She kicked and tried to break free of them.

Willow caught one of the creatures from behind. Faith dropped down to the ground, picked up the wooden staff which had dropped on the ground. She spun around and caught one of the creatures in the chest with the staff. Blood spurted out of the creature when he dropped down onto the ground.

"She does have a point," Elsa said. "You're just another cowardly vampire, unable to fight people straight up. You just sit in the background, like a coward…hiding behind your enchantments."

"Just wait, I'll have you ripped apart!" Drusilla howled.

"I'm sure you'll try," Elsa said.

Drusilla tried to regain her composure. Lorelei succeeded in working her way into the woman's head, and she didn't really like it. The frustration bubbled over and reached a boiling point. She stepped out into the shadows and looked towards the blonde slayer who had dropped to the ground.

"I'll show you cowardice," Drusilla said.

Drusilla grabbed Buffy around the back of the neck and throttled her. Buffy tried to force herself out of the grip. The energies enhanced the strength.

"Wow, she's a lot stronger than she looks,' Buffy thought through a very strangled form of breathing. Drusilla grabbed her and forced her down onto the ground. The breath passed through her body.

Drusilla rose up, and grabbed Buffy around the shoulder, before walking up a set of steps. She ascended up towards a ledge, which overlooked a long, never ending pit on the other end.

"All stand down, or she'll go down the hard way," Drusilla said.

"Oh, you're not going to Damsel in Distress me!" Buffy yelled.

Buffy punctuated the words by nailing Drusilla with an elbow. The elbow knocked off the necklace off of her neck. Buffy rolled down the steps, just in time to see a throw wooden staff from Elsa being hurled into the air.

The staff caught Drusilla in the side and knocked her over the edge. She flew over and crashed into the pit all the way at the bottom. Everyone watched the woman make her ultimate descent. Drusilla kept falling from a very long time.

"Wow," Faith muttered. "No way to know if she hit bottom."

Vandal Savage may have intended his revelation to rattle his opponent. He forgot one possible thing, Harry Potter was not easily rattled. He looked towards Savage who charged him. The amulet around Savage's neck protected him from injury while enhancing his attacks.

'Not the best combination.'

"I'm not buying what you're selling, Savage," Harry said.

A couple of punches came very close to nailing Harry in the side of the face. Harry did a couple of dodges, picking up the pattern of the evolved caveman. These punches came very close to nailing Harry in the side of the face. He blocked one of them and pushed Savage back.
"You don't see the beauty of the world I'm trying to create?" Savage asked. "It's going to be glorious!"

Harry didn't say a word. He tried to analyze the magic in the air. Savage charged Harry and went towards him. Harry used his reflexes and the ability to teleport out of the way. The teleporting took longer and more power. Harry felt like he was sliding through a tube when teleporting away this time. This particular fact didn't really bode too well for him.

'Going to have to pick my spots wisely.'

"It's the amulet around your neck," Harry said. "It's protecting you. Otherwise, all of the dark creatures in the temple are going to rip you apart."

Harry turned around in time to see three wraiths dive through the air towards him. Hands extended, mouths cracked open, just very hideous all the way around. They made a motion to grab him. Harry deflected their attacks and caused them to rebound against the wall.

Savage withdrew a knife and sliced at Harry's cheek. The second stab had been blocked, with a blood gash formed down Harry's cheek. The cheek slowly healed, but not as fast as it did. It still stung when the salty air through the temple passed through it. Harry gripped Savage around the arm and shoved him back, before hammering with a series of punches. All of them punched around the shield around him.

"Yes, you're not unintelligent, but then again when my blood flows from you....."

Harry blasted the ground which Savage stood on. The ground rose up and Savage rose into the air. He flew back and landed onto the ground.

"The amulet makes you immune," Harry said. "The ground you're standing on, it's not immune from any attacks."

The ground vibrated deep underneath Savage. It kept shaking underneath the man. Savage staggered for a couple of seconds and almost collapsed down onto the ground. Harry claimed a knife of his own and stared down Savage.

"Perhaps not," Savage said. "Even you can see what's happening, even though the rest of the world doesn't understand. It's much like the cavemen I descended from. They will have to evolve, or die, just like humanity was going to evolve or die."

Savage charged Harry for another attack. The knife flickered in his hand and blocked the attack. The two of them clung back and forth one time. Then the two of them clung back a second time. The three of them clung back before being pushed back to the ground.

The evolved caveman growled in response. He flew into a rage and tried to stab at Harry. The energy blocked the shield before being pushed back. Harry shook the ground and also caused a sandstorm to be created. He flickered a hand forward and caused a miniature cyclone to erupt.

The strange weather being created in the temple increased. Lorelei watched the battle, watched when Harry charged towards Savage with the knife being flickered out of his hand. The knife came inches away from piercing Savage's shield. There was not enough power.

'Not enough power, yet,' Lorelei thought.

Lorelei undid the chain, and one of her arms had clicked free. She unclicked one of the chains and reached towards another chain. She unclicked it and was getting ready.
Harry flipped into the air and avoided another slash from Savage. Savage stampeded with a hideous look of rage through his eyes. The madman foamed from the mouth.

"It could have been beautiful!" Savage yelled.

Harry pushed through the attack and nailed Savage with a huge uppercut, before disarming him of the knife. The knife pushed back through the shield.

He looked over and saw Lorelei click out of the chains and tried to remove the collar which blocked the vast majority of her powers.

'If you can hear me, go,' Harry thought.

Harry realized no one was able to hear him through the bond link. He closed his eyes as tight as possible and hands shook. Harry channeled about as much energy through the temple. The young man pushed forward and locked on all of the girls in the temple.

Lorelei raised a hand to give Harry's power the necessary boost. The two of them combined teleported all of the girls out of the temple.

Harry collapsed and drew on more of the energy in the air. He ascended to his feet.

"You can't stop it, Doomsday is here!" Savage yelled. "The world will be forced to change, or die!"

"It's never too late," Harry said.

Harry and Savage rushed forward one more time. Savage went for Harry with a knife being plunged towards him. Harry avoided the attack and nailed him with a series of punches to the back of the head. He flipped over and slipped through the doorway.

Without another word, Harry cut his finger and splashed his blood all over the wall. The temple lit up and energy surrounded the temple. The wall started to vibrate around them and the energies surrounded. The dark wraiths shot through the air. The energies of the temple opened up.

'It's working.'

Savage rushed in to try and take back control of the temple. The amulet around his neck shined bright, and Harry prepared to remove that as well.

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Claire Kent pushed herself past her limits. The Last Daughter of Krypton propelled through the speed of light. Her heart beat faster and flew faster towards one of the hideous creatures. The sun in the city had been blocked, or at least she received the sunlight at a slower rate.

'Got to focus, I can do this.'

One of the attackers in the shadows growled and blasted a bolt of light towards Claire. Claire moved through the light with a corkscrew. She rushed towards the monster and bombarded it with a huge punch.

The punch rocked the creature as hard as she could. A stabbing pain erupted through Claire's arm from the fingertips all the way through the shoulder. She shook off the pain which racked through her body. Claire took a breath.

A wave of energy shot over the horizon, and she looked high.
'Now what?'

Blasts of energy shot through the air when flying through the air. The purple light erupted over Metropolis. The people on the street looked up into the sky and saw the pretty light show. Claire dropped down and wondered if this was what happened before the end of the world.

'It's appealing on the eyes, I'll give you that,' Claire thought to herself, frowning in response.

The bright light erupted and the wraiths retreated from the energy. Doorways opened through the sky and a wall opened up. The creatures had been pulled through the portals. One by one, the portals sucked them on through. The people on the streets held onto everything.

Peggy Carter watched. Her mouth hung open for a few seconds when watching everything pass through. She almost dropped the weapon she held on the ground in response.

'He did it, of course, he did it!

The demonic wraiths flew through the portal. Kara and Karen dropped down onto the ground. The dark shadows in the sky started to fade. They looked up into the sky with smiles on their faces. They walked over to check on Claire.

"Are you….."

"Fine," Claire said. "Well, now I'm fine."

Claire looked up into the sky and saw the demonic wraiths in the shadows fading off into the distance. Everything was shining brightly in the center. The Last Daughter of Krypton took a step forward and finally collapsed on the ground.

Kara and Karen bent over to help Claire up to her feet.

"Are you sure you're fine?" Karen asked.

"Well, maybe the battle took a lot out of me," Claire said. "But, I'm going to be fine, soon."

The sun started to shine over Metropolis. She leaned back a few inches and frowned when looking towards the city. Everything looked to be coming back to life. Everything appeared to be going.

Daisy walked over. She still couldn't hear the other members of the bond. There was a sense while the worst has yet to pass, it was far from over. She looked up and smiled when looking towards the city.

'Well, Harry, I don't know if you can hear me,' Daisy thought. 'But, whatever you did worked...at least for now.'

Daisy braced herself for the most frustrating part, the cleanup process. Casualties were at a minimum, which made her fortunate. She hoped there would be a time to breathe and a time to relax. She moved over to assist Holly and Peggy in checking out things.

'Time to breathe, that would be the day,' Daisy thought, almost laughing.

The anger flooded through the body of Vandal Savage. He couldn't believe everything, these years, these centuries of planning, all of it had been foiled. The second time for many months had been foiled by the one and only Harry Potter. His hair had been wild and his clothes had been slightly ripped. His face smudged, and the man looked like what he was. He growled when looking towards
Harry stood at the end of the hallway. The agony spreading through his body escalated. He turned his attention towards Savage who looked at him.

"You ruined it!" Savage yelled. "YOU RUINED IT!"

Harry knew it was time to finish this. Savage's anger blasted through his eyes. He charged towards the younger adversary and withdrew a knife when charging at him. The knife plunged towards Harry. Harry blocked the attack with the knife. The two of them went eye to eye with each other. Harry pushed him back.

"No, you almost destroyed the world out of your greed!" Harry yelled. "I hope your life was worth it in the end because it ends right now!"

Savage flicked the knife into the palm of his hand and stabbed towards Harry. Harry blocked the attack before he kicked him in the chest. The sparks came from the two knives when going back and forth. Harry nailed his adversary with a punch to the side of the head.

"It isn't worth his greed," Lorelei said. "He's going to suffer for a very long time."

Lorelei smiled and walked over towards Harry. She grabbed Harry and shoved her lips onto him with a very sensual kiss. The energy sparkled through the temple.

"I've wanted to do that for a long time," Lorelei said.

"Well, I hope it was worth it!" Savage yelled. "You're going to die in this temple, side by side with each other. By the time, I'm done….there will be nothing of you left…"

Harry plunged his hand through the energy shield. Lorelei's kiss gave him enough energy to push through the shield and grab the protective amulet around Savage's neck. The amulet cracked in response and Harry yanked it off of him. Savage dropped to the ground, the energy and the agony coursing through his body.

"No, you can't….."

Harry held the amulet and crushed it into several small fragments. The fragments dropped to the ground beneath him. He looked down towards Savage, the look of contempt spreading over his face.

"Yes, I can."

Harry wanted to do this for a long time. He blasted Savage with a heavy energy blast which knocked him up against the wall. Savage struggled against the magical weight which pushed down onto him. Blood started to drip down the man's ears, and nose. He struggled and looked towards him.

"Go ahead, and kill me," Savage said. "It doesn't matter…as long as there's one cell of blood…as long as there's a bit of me, I will regenerate…..it may take a century, but I will be back, and I will return to destroy you."

Harry manifested the glowing energy scythe, which he had not been able to do earlier. He impaled the scythe into Savage's chest. The man's chest increased with energy before he faded off into nothing.

The temple around them continued to rumble for a moment. The final wisps of the dark creatures in the air continued.
Harry looked down at the scorch mark on the ground where Savage once laid. He took a half of a step forward and collapsed down onto his knees.

"That took a lot out of you," Lorelei said.

"Thanks for helping," Harry said.

Lorelei smiled and extended a hand towards her. The two looked at each other.

"And he may have held the name Evans at one time, but as always, everything he says is lying through his teeth," Lorelei said. "He's a master manipulator, and it serves well on you to not fall for his games."

"Thank you, I try," Harry responded.

The two of them walked around the temple. Harry held a hand forward and scanned. He knew Savage likely might have been accurate about the fact there was one drop of blood available, he would have been regenerated. Harry figured he could have been boasting, but he didn't really want to take his chances. He flashed over the ground and scanned for the drops of blood. He found absolutely nothing.

"And for the record, an admirer of yours may have a lot of fun with Savage," Lorelei said. "You may have heard her name, she's called Hela."

Harry smiled. "The name rings a bell."

The Master of Death finished up scanning the area around him.

'Dee-Dee, are you there?' Harry asked.

'Yes, I'm here,' Dee-Dee said. 'I've wrangled them all up into place, but I've got him.....I've finally got him.'

Harry could tell Dee-Dee really had been pleased with what happened. He was rather pleased as well. Another immortal bit the dust, and one of the most dangerous ones, who put a lot of people in danger. Harry had to finish scanning for blood, just in case.

'Better to be safe than sorry.'

Harry returned to Metropolis. Daisy, now the bond link had been put back up, had been able to keep him to date with everything which was going to happen.

'It looks like whatever magic you did, it was done just in time,' Daisy thought. 'There's a lot of property damage, a lot of people shaken up, but very few people are killed at least in Metropolis. And that was where the majority of the attacks happened.'

Harry stepped up the front steps of the Daily Planet. He stood over the broken glass of the building. The Globe from the Planet's rooftop laid on the ground. He could see a couple of people moving around, but most of them had not returned to work.

'There are a lot of people who are missing,' Chloe chimed in. 'And I think Lois returned to work to file her story...you got to give her credit, she's persistent no matter what.'

'Well, I should go and check up on her, see how she's doing,' Harry thought.
'Oh, you're finally going to force the issue?' Lucy asked. 'Good, she sounded pretty annoyed by the fact I got to her first. That was pretty poor form on her part.'

Harry responded with a smile and made his way up to the Daily Planet office building. He walked and looked out. He could hear the sound of typing.

'Seriously, Lois is really frustrated, and she needs to be laid, like yesterday,' Chloe thought.

'And I'm sure she's going to be happy to help with the power boost you need,' Daisy thought.

'Yes, we all made it back,' Faith said. 'I know you might have already asked it...my mind's still buzzing....now the voices in my head are returning.'

'Who knew that was going to be a good thing?' Buffy asked.

Harry cracked into a smile and made his way up to the steps of the Daily Planet. He saw the office door open up and a pair of hands grabbed Harry, before pulling him through the doors.

Lois pushed her lips onto Harry's and kissed him, nice and hard. Her tongue pushed into Harry's mouth, and she pulled away from Harry.

"I want…I want you now!" Lois cried.

Harry chuckled out how much she looked like she wanted this. Pleasure burned through her eyes when she dove at him and kissed him while holding Harry's belt and trying to pull them open.

'She knows what she wants,' Chloe thought. 'Too bad she was too stubborn to get it sooner.'

S-S-S

Lois ripped Harry's pants open when backing him off against the desk. The kisses increased with the reporter shoving Harry against the desk. The young sorcerer reached behind her and squeezed her ass, before running down her legs. He felt up Lois's stocking clad thighs.

The reporter kept pushing her tongue Harry's throat. Harry grabbed Lois and pushed her onto the desk.

"You really wanted this for a long time," Harry said. "Good, it's about time you decided to give into your own emotions."

"Yes," Lois said. "But, please, fuck me."

Harry reached down and pulled Lois's panties down before exposing her dripping pussy. His cock came out and the tip of the head brushed against Lois's dripping slip. The beautiful woman gasped when Harry teased her. She reached around and grabbed Harry's lower back in an attempt to push him inside.

A smile crossed over Harry's face. He reached over and undid Lois's blouse, and with one flash of a light, he allowed her round breasts. The dark nipples stuck out erect. Harry leaned down and kissed her nipples. She shuddered when Harry lavished her breasts.

Lois moaned, and almost forgot about the fact Harry didn't slip inside her just yet. The powerful young man cupped Lois's breasts and squeezed her breasts, and explored her body. He stopped at the reporter's clit and pinched it, before squeezing it.
The two soon to be lovers met mouth to mouth with a heated kiss. Harry moved closer towards Lois and slipped closer between the beautiful woman's thighs. The two met together at the loins.

"JESUS!" Lois moaned.

She grabbed Harry by the shoulder, digging her nails into his back. Inch by inch, Harry shoved deep into her body. She stretched out from Harry ramming deep into her body. Every push into Lois brought her up to an orgasm. Harry rammed into her with a couple of pushes into her.

"Yes," Lois breathed.

Harry smiled and drove into the warmth. Lois rose up and scissored Harry's hips with her legs. Harry responded by running down Lois's perfect, smooth legs. Every time Harry touched her legs, the woman beneath him moaned when lifting up and down against Harry's throbbing cock.

"You enjoy that?" Harry asked. "Don't worry, you're going to enjoy this as well?"

Harry clenched Lois's breasts upon each thrust. The reporter rose up towards Harry. He rose and fell into her even faster. The tingles burned through her body. The raven-haired reporter's violet eyes clouded over in lust. Tremors of pleasure shot through her body when Harry pounded her. Each push edged her closer to the edge. Lois panted the deeper Harry pounded her pussy from above.

Lois clenched Harry hard. The warmth lubricated Harry all the way inside of her. He pushed inside Lois's perfectly tight pussy, rising up and driving into her. The two met loin to loin. The heat increased with Harry driving into her even more.

"Yes, you're right!" Lois screamed in Harry's ear. "Please, make me cum, it makes me feel so good!"

Lois was pretty sure her screams could be heard by everyone in Metropolis, even though Harry drove her down onto this desk in the middle of the Daily Planet office building. He picked up the pace and Lois managed to match the pace as much as possible. Their loins squeezed together with more passion and more pleasure.

"Yes, baby, right here, more!" Lois begged him. "It feels so good…..I don't think I can handle it for much longer! That's…so…good!"

Lois exploded around Harry. She grabbed onto him, pushing Harry deeper into her. Harry held her legs high into the air and gained a lot of momentum before slamming into Lois. He stretched into her.

"Oooh, it feels good!" Lois yelled.

"I know it does!" Harry yelled.

Harry lifted Lois's legs up. Lois accepted the long plunge of Harry's cock deeper into her. Every thrust made her body light up with a passionate fire. Her loins clamped around Harry and tried to milk him completely.

The doors opened up, with Harry plowing into Lois. He didn't really break the momentum, but he smiled when he saw the figure standing in the shadows.

"Claire, I think she wants to join us," Harry said.

"Smallville…either join us…or fuck off," Lois moaned.

Claire tried to hide the fact a hand slid down her pants. She walked closer, heart beating faster when
moving towards them. She removed the tight pants she was wearing and slid down her panties.

Lois grabbed Claire around the hips and dove between the Kryptonian's thighs. Lois started to lap up the juices trickling from Claire's thighs. She licked deeper and delved so far. Claire grounded down onto him.

"Don't worry, I'll get to you in a second," Harry said.

Claire could not wait. She kept her eyes on Harry. Her X-Ray vision allowed her the ability to see how far and how fast Harry penetrated Lois. He plowed deeper into her.

"Can…hardly wait!" Claire said.

Harry was certain. He spent some time driving deeper into Lois into her. The brunette clenched around Harry and tried to milk his rod into her. Harry sped up a couple of times, before drilling into her. The dark haired woman's legs squeezed around him and took more of him inside of her.

Lois licked out her fellow reporter's pussy. She was about as wet as Lois was at this point. And the dark haired reporter couldn't really deny wanting even more. Harry drove deep into her, and Lois tried to match his efforts by the penetration of her licks into him.

"One more time," Harry said.

The latest orgasm made Lois come hard. She squeezed and milked Harry with each thrust. His fingers danced down her body, stroking her clit with precision which made the final orgasm just as spectacular as all of the ones that came before it. Lois lifted her hips and made sure Harry bottomed his way into her pussy.

Harry kept thrusting down into Lois, watching the look of pleasure in Claire's eyes. Lois worked in warming up Claire's pussy. Harry rewarded Lois with a heavy pounding of the gorgeous reporter beneath him. He indulged a bit more into the stocking clad legs, brushing against the back of Lois's knee. He touched her knee crack which caused the reporter behind him to twitch.

'Interesting.'

A clenched pussy wrapped around Harry when he pushed deeper inside Lois. The wizard pushed deeper into her and his balls clenched.

"Hopefully you're ready for your reward."

Lois tightened around him. She wanted so much cum inside her. It was going to make her explode. Claire gushed over Lois's face while Lois clenched Harry. He pushed closer inside Lois and bucked deeper into the woman. Those balls slapped against Lois's wet pussy.

Harry fired inside Lois. The inside of her walls had been painted. Harry grabbed onto her and rammed deeper into the woman. Those balls fired deep inside Lois's body with a few more thrusts. The reporter clenched and milked him. He allowed her clenching pussy to ride out the orgasm when being driven into her. His warm cum coated the insides of her body.

"Good, very good," Harry said to her. "I'm sure you feel good."

Lois really did feel good, to be honest. Harry fired the rest of his seed into her, before pulling out of her. He looked up and saw Claire already hovering in the air. Her legs had been spread.

"Did you get struck with Red Kryptonite before coming here?" Lois asked.
"You want some of this, Harry?" Claire asked. "You want me to cum faster than a speeding bullet for you?"

Harry smiled and hovered into the air. Claire and Harry came together with a long kiss. The honey from Lois coated Claire's lips and made Harry shift behind her. Harry reached behind Claire, hooking around her thigh and pulling her close towards him.

Claire wanted this. Half of the time, she heard Harry pounding Kara or Karen when she was just flying by. Now, she was going to take this cock, just as hard as Lois did. Claire lowered down onto Harry and her wet pussy clamped down onto Harry.

Harry thrust deeper into Claire with a couple of long thrusts. He did the thrusts long and slow at first. Harry held her and grabbed Claire, running down her body. Her blouse popped open and revealed her round breasts. The nipples stuck out and Harry latched his mouth around them, before licking them.


Claire clenched around Harry and he pounded her deep inside her pussy. The woman descended down so she hovered above the desk. She spread her legs and made sure Lois could see Harry plunging deep into her. He brought the length of his cock deeper into her body.

Lois sat up. Cum drained from her when looking up. Her eyes followed the progress of Harry's cock slipping out and disappearing into her pussy.

"Fuck her brains out," Lois said.

She took the combined drippings and ran her fingers up. Lois coated her finger with the combined juices. The horny brunette slipped a finger deep between her lips and started to suck her finger. She sucked it hard in time with Harry shoving deep and out of Harry.

Harry squeezed Claire's backside and pushed into her. Those thrusts got even faster. Claire reared her head back, before grabbing Harry hard and encourage him to go in faster, harder.

"Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it," Harry told her.

Claire was pretty ready. She gripped Harry and took more of Harry's hard cock into her. His throbbing cock slid deeper into Claire. Each time Harry pushed deeper into her wet cunt. She squeezed Harry and took more of him inside of her body. Claire grabbed Harry and dug her nails deep into Harry's back to encourage the thrusts deeper into her. Claire moaned and thrust up to take more of Harry's rock hard cock inside of her pussy.

"Yes, right there!"

Harry fucked her even harder with the force of a train. He pushed Claire through the open window of the Daily Planet. Both of them ended up outside of the Daily Planet and flung upside down. Harry grabbed Claire and pushed harder into her. He slammed deeper into her from the mid-air.

Claire had been brought back down into the Daily Planet and slammed down onto the desk next to Lois. Harry mounted the top of her and slammed deeper into her.

"Time to return the favor," Lois said.

Lois pulled on top of Claire and lowered her wet pussy on top of Claire's face. Claire grabbed her and ate out Lois. The combination of Harry and Lois's cum stimulated Claire's taste buds.
Harry rammed inside Claire and alternated between squeezing the breasts of the two women. Lois leaned in and kissed Harry on the lips. Their tongues entangled together.

Claire received pleasure, her mouth being stimulated by Lois's pussy, and her pussy being rammed extremely hard. Harry drilled her with a few thrusts. She returned fire and clenched around Harry. She held onto Harry with a couple of long thrusts into her.

"Fuck, fuck me!" Claire breathed before Lois rammed her pussy down onto him.

Harry sped up the thrusts and rode Claire out through a never ending stream of orgasms. Claire hung onto him. Harry rammed deep into her and rammed her hard.

"Stuff her pussy full of your cum," Lois begged.

Harry agreed with a smile. He took himself over the edge and slammed deep inside Claire. Claire wrapped around Harry and milked him until his balls gave way and fired cum deep inside of her.

Claire rose up and down, taking more of Harry's cum inside her. Harry finished injecting her with so much cum, she started overflowing from Harry finishing her off.

Harry pulled out of Claire and finished her off. Lois turned around and made sure to present her ass to Harry. She kneeled between Claire's legs and scissored her before grabbing Claire's breasts and kissing her forcefully. Harry watched the display, smiling, even more, deeper, as he prepared to dive in.

'Time for another round.'

S-S-S

To Be Continued on June 22nd, 2017.

Everything ends as it should in this arc. Also, Lois gets hers finally and Claire gets dragged in for the ride.

The world's saved, and there are a couple more things for Harry to do and one person in particular for him to do as the story wraps to a close in the next two chapters. Thanks for reading and I'll see you on Thursday.
Harry could feel extremely calm in many ways after what happened. The darkness did not surround him every time he turned around. Spirits did not flutter out between life and death. Everyone was where they should be, at least how Harry thought at first glance. He really wanted to double check everything though to make sure everything remained as it should be during a time like this.

He stepped out of the shadows, followed by Talia on one end, and Nyssa slipped behind him on the other end. Sara made her way forward on the side. All of them understood if there was even a slight breach, it could happen again. None of them really spoke for a moment.

The guards outside of the temple stood, extra vigilante. Harry figured they were even aware something happened which compromised the security around them. All of the girls could feel it as well.

'Wow, what a day,' Buffy thought.

Faith shuddered in response to those words from her fellow Slayer. 'You're telling me? I didn't think this would be a day that ever ended.'

'Hey, at least we get to kick back, relax until the next Big Bad takes the world by storm,' Buffy thought. 'Maybe they'll give us a month or two.'

'Something tells me they won't be that decent,' Daisy thought. She hoped as much as anyone else something would happen.

Nyssa stepped in front of the guards. The guards shifted closer together and both sides had an intense staredown with one and other. Nyssa lifted an amulet in the air and the amulet flickered in the light. The guards shifted apart and lead them into the temple without any guard. Their eyes widened when they saw Harry.

"Please forgive....."

"Be silent," Nyssa said.

The guards snapped into line at Nyssa's words. Sara stepped forward, followed by Harry, and Nyssa and Talia brought up the rears. The trip through the temple was long, and there were many echoes which passed through there. Harry looked off towards the temple and frowned when he saw a certain containment tank, containing the body of a certain long-lived immortal.

Talia noticed where Harry's gaze and frowned. Nyssa turned her attention towards Talia in response and the two sisters locked eyes, as if trying to figure out where to go from here. Both of them were completely at a loss for words, and Harry turned around towards them.

"So, that's where you've kept him," Harry said.

"That's where he wants to be kept," Nyssa said. "And I realize the risk of bringing you here… because it means his end….but I think that it might for the best."

"For the best?" Talia asked, sounding rather cool.
"You didn't see the worst of him, I have," Nyssa said. "And every time he entered the Lazarus Pits, he grew a bit more worst, a bit more detached, and a bit more fanatical about his thoughts of what he wanted to do to the world. He was not himself, he never was himself when coming out of those pits."

Talia stepped back for a moment. She heard the wisdom of what her sister said, but didn't have to like it. Her father lingered in that tank, and he clung onto life. The Pits no longer worked as well they should, sustaining him for days, maybe a week or two, and the injuries in one of his battle forced him into that tank. He had been in transition for some time, as Talia and Nyssa had other things on their mind than carrying out their father's plans to restore him back to health.

Sara looked at what was going on in Talia's head. She turned towards Nyssa, who looked towards Harry for a moment. Everything might have gotten pretty awkward, pretty quickly. Sara cleared her throat and the two Daughters of the Demon turned their attention back towards her.

"Why don't we work on seeing if the seals are fixed first, then we'll worry about other things?" Sara asked.

Harry broke the silence by moving towards the door. The door opened on its own accord. The winding set of steps lead him down this way to the room below. He looked over his shoulder, and the three girls followed him all the way down the steps to where he needed to go.

The last time they entered this particular place, Talia and Nyssa ran headlong into some shadow demons. They were not looking forward to having to deal with whatever was down here again, not by a long shot. Both of them frowned the nervousness.

The moment they realized the place was clear, they could breathe easily. Harry stepped towards the seals and placed a hand on either end of them. The energy in the temple glowed rather brightly. Harry checked and double checked everything around him.

"Everything is clear."

'And everything is as sound in Gotham City as it's going to be,' Helena thought. 'Looks like we can breathe, at least for tonight.'

'Yes, for tonight,' Talia agreed.

Lois walked around with a solid spring in her step and a smile on her face. Metropolis didn't look like the wasteland. Then again, in her opinion, they really had the greatest clean-up crew in the entire world. Even better than the clean-up crew in Smallville back in the day, and they had been worked around the clock. Worked so much Lois really hoped they were being paid overtime.

It amazed Lois how much difference a day could make. Just about twenty-four hours ago, give or take, Lois was inches away from being lead to a messy death. Now, she had a brand new lease on life, but if she did die, it would be with one of the best memories of her mind which could not be met.

Right now, the brunette reporter made her way down the streets of Metropolis. Life could be pretty good sometimes if someone allowed it to be good.

Lois looked up in the sky and could see Superwoman flying off. She prepared to save the day. It was amazing she could fly straight after what Harry did to her the other night. Lois's lips curled into a smile. It was a wonder she could walk, and to be honest, her thighs felt what Harry did to her last night.
'Worth it,' Lois thought. 'So totally worth it.'

Lois sauntered forward and took another step. She opened up the door leading to a café and could see Chloe sitting, enjoying a cup of coffee. She had been right in the thick of things, Lois was certain.

'Runs in the family if I'm perfectly honest.'

Chloe looked up and motioned for Lois to sit down. Lois almost skipped forward. Chloe looked at Lois like she was mental, but Lois did not really care right now. Life could be pretty great, especially when you got a second lease on life after nearly dying.

And Lois came closer than ever before, and oh boy, did she have some pretty close shaves over the years. She didn't want to think about it.

"Well, you're in a good mood," Chloe said.

Lois sank down in the chair right across from her cousin and smiled. "Why wouldn't anyone be in a good mood? I mean, the world hasn't ended. Granted, we go through this world almost ending thing a couple times a month. The bad guys really need to get a new hobby, don't you think."

The feisty brunette realized she rambled. She could see the look on Chloe's face. The younger blonde struggled not to laugh, although one look on the girl's face showed she almost broke from the laughter.

"You know, you really should get it out of your sister if you want to laugh," Lois said. "After all, laughter is the best medicine, or so they say."

Lois shuddered at something, she didn't really think about it at first, but now it entered her mind.

"Which means the Joker is pretty much immortal," Lois said. "That's a pretty scary thought."

"Yeah, no kidding," Chloe said. "You finally decided to woman up and get yourself a piece of Harry. I took you long enough, you've been avoiding him for weeks, months even. You've also been avoiding your own feelings, about what you truly want from him."

Lois sighed. Chloe's words cut her to the core. She knew they were going to have this discussion, pretty much no more.

"I guess I've been avoiding him, but hey, we more than made up for lost time," Lois said. "I don't know what it is, but he consumed my dreams…and my day dreams as well….he really has this ability to get in a girl's head about almost as well as he does to get in her panties."

Chloe smiled knowingly. "One could say one is a gateway for the other."

A shake of Lois's head cleared the cobwebs. The reporter slept a little bit easier, although she hoped to get another piece of Harry soon. Oddly enough, despite hours of wall banging sex, it energized Lois more than wear her out. She suspected this could be explained very easily.

"It's good you finally stopped denying what you wanted," Chloe said. "After all, I really thought you dropped the ball when…"

Lois groaned when Chloe was about to say something. "Oh for the love of all things, please don't say what I think you're going to say."
Chloe grinned. She thought for a brief moment about letting Lois have her moment of peace, about not rubbing it in her face. What kind of cousin would she be though?

"It must have been a blow to your ego to learn your little sister managed to make it to Harry," Chloe said. "Lucy was more proactive."

Lois groaned once again. She said it, she just had to say it. It was very obvious why she said it, to remind Lois her stubbornness could be a downfall. And Lois learned this particular lesson the hard way, many times, and this was no exception to the rule.

The world turned beautiful after the end. Kara picked up a nice flight around Metropolis. The yellow sun shined bright, the birds chirped, there were the sounds of children at play, and for once, not people screaming. The Girl of Steel circled around the city, listening for anything out of the ordinary.

Nothing out of the ordinary as it turned out. Not even an attempted car-jacking. For once, everything had turned peaceful, and Kara hoped it would stay this way for a very long time. Ever since suiting up as Supergirl, Kara had been in the thick of things. The more formal training she had been promised had not happened yet.

Kara received a whole mess of practical experience.

Everyone looked up in the sky, and Supergirl flew past. She lazily waved at them when going around the city. Everyone cheered.

Kara soaked in the cheers while they lasted. Claire mentioned they could be fleeting at times, where they could turn around in a blink of an eye. People had been fickle.

'Then again, I'm not doing this for the adoration of the people, no matter how nice it is,' Kara thought. 'I'm doing this because it's the right thing to do.'

She shot forward in the sky like a sonic boom which echoed. One more trip around the city. Kara passed over the Daily Planet which had been closed for renovations. Rumor had it the sell for Harry was close to being completed.

Kara figured there would be new horizons along the way, no pun intended, well not completely. She flew faster around the city and made just one more circle around the city. When it became obvious there was no need for Supergirl to be out in the city.

'Enjoy the day off.' Alex thought.

Kara smiled and made her way into the Horizon headquarters. Everyone had been given the day off, at least on the books. Hell, half of the Metropolis had been given the day off because of the events of the past day. She walked off and changed into her civilian attire.

Seconds passed before Kara popped back, and could see Carol, Alex, and Karen sitting around. They were drinking coffee and just relaxing after the day. Using Harry's conference room to have a family meeting, of sorts, was not exactly the most conventional thing in the world, at least how she thought.

Hey, he did give them full run of the conference room.

"Everything is quiet tonight," Kara said.

"Yeah, we figured," Karen said. "Did you fly around the city about half a dozen times before you
figured everyone was taking a day off, even from crime?"

"And here I thought crime never slept, "Kara said.

"No, that's in Gotham City," Alex said.

Kara finally sank down in the chair, right between Carol and Karen, not the worst place in the world to fall, if she was perfectly honest.

"So, where's Astra?" Carol asked. "I thought we'd be seeing her a bit more until Harry has been let out of her cage."

"Well, she's off doing something for Harry," Karen said. "And if you know Harry, she's being kept on a pretty tight leash."

"And I'm sure Harry's not going to hesitate in pulling the leash," Carol said.

"Astra's going to get off on getting her leash pulled, knowing her," Alex said.

Kara frowned when she looked towards Alex. A couple of seconds passed before she managed to summon enough courage to speak.

"How would you know this?" Kara asked. "Oh.....I see."

There were certain things one shouldn't think about, and yet there were some things which Kara wanted to think about. And she almost wanted to witness, just out of curiosity of how it worked. Kara looked out into the window.

Carol reached over and snapped her fingers, trying to return Kara back to life. Kara kept looking out of the windows, and Carol snapped her fingers a couple more times before Kara brought back to life.

"Sorry, I must have drifted off," Kara said.

Carol placed a hand on her youngest sister's shoulder. "Yes, I'm sure you have."

"I think we should go home, and visit our mother, and that includes you too, Karen," Alex said. "I'm sure Claire and Harry will join us when they have a chance."

'Weel, I can't speak for Claire, but just name a time and I'll be there,' Harry thought.

'Yeah, same with me, I'll be there, don't worry,' Claire thought.

'I'm sure Eliza will be glad to see both of you,' Kara thought.

Buffy kicked back on the couch, and she wasn't the only one. She hoped everything would be calm for a long time, but there was a small part of her who got off on the constant danger. She wondered if this mean insanity had been hard wired in her. Or maybe she got so used to the insanity, the danger, and the darkness, it was hard.

"Well, to be fair, have you ever really imagined what your life would be without all of this Slayer stuff?" Willow asked. Buffy raised an eyebrow. "Well?"

"I know I haven't," Faith said. "I mean, you meet all sorts of interesting people in this line of work. And we wouldn't have been drawn together. And I never would have met Harry."
"And your sex life would have most been more boring," Buffy said. "And to answer your question, I didn't really think about it. It would have been different...I can't really think of it. It's hard to think of how my life would be different."

"It would be bad," Faith said.

Willow smiled at the bluntness coming from Faith. What the different a few months made, and she could only think again what would happen in the next few months or so. Actually, Willow couldn't really think of it. She hoped to score some more time with Harry, now her confidence in certain things grew and blossomed.

The door opened, and Bo stepped inside, with Tamsin following behind them. Both of the Fae looked around and looks of disappointment crossed their faces.

"Don't worry, it's just us here," Faith said. "I know you're pretty disappointed because I'm sure you were expecting someone else here."

"Well, yes," Tamsin admitted.

"You intended to come here to get some of Harry," Faith said. "He's busy going around making sure everything is clear."

"He really tries to be everywhere at once," Bo said.

Buffy stood up. The battle left her body with her fair share of aches of pains. She needed some sexual healing about as much as the next girl now, but she supposed it would have to wait. They didn't want the world to slip into darkness again, not if they could help.

"That's the truth," Buffy said. "Granted, I think we're all glad he can multi-task when the world's not ending."

"And even the world's ending," Faith said. "Because, the last thing any of us want to come off as, is a bunch of hyper-aggressive, oversexualized nymphomaniacs…"

"Some of us embrace that," Bo said. "And deep down, I think you do as well."

Faith refused to confirm or deny anything which was said. She just leaned back and thought about everything which happened. What a difference almost a year made. She had been on the run, and now there was time for her to flourish. What a difference a year made.

'And I can't say I'm worse off, hell, if you really think about it, I'm better,' Faith thought.

"So, do you think he's going to get back soon?" Tamsin asked, "I don't mean to be pushy, but I just figured, after what happened…"

She trailed off as if trying to find the right words. Buffy rose to her feet and looked into the eyes of the other blonde.

"Patience can be a virtue," Buffy said.

"I really think patience isn't a virtue," Faith said. "It's more of a skill when you really think about it."

Buffy wasn't really going to argue with this point, Faith had a pretty good point. And they needed plenty of patience to ride out these storms. One dark force might have been down, Savage might have been brought down, and the dark army had been banished.
One thing Buffy learned in her long work, there was always someone lurking around the corner.

The doors opened up. Buffy, Faith, Willow, Tamsin, and Bo stepped in, only to see Lana walk in. Lana could see the disappointed looks of the girls.

"Oh, sorry, I'm not Harry," Lana said. "I think he'll be back soon."

"Good, I can hardly wait," Faith said.

These sentiments had been shared all around the table.

The battle had been a long and frustrating one for all of them. Those with magic could tell how close the world was to ending, and how many problems there would be.

'At least we can move on,' Lana thought, more to herself than the others. 'I've been dealing with shit like this since I've been fourteen….and I don't think it's going to end anytime soon.'

'Have faith,' Claire thought.

'About time you joined in, I thought you weren't going to give in to the fact you actually have human emotions,' Lana said.

Claire cheerfully ignored this statement from her long-time friend. She and Lana had gone through a whole lot, some of the things were good, and some of the things were not so good. They grew out of it as much better of people.

Harry made his rounds around the places where the greatest dark magic investigations occurred. Thankfully, he didn't have to cleanse everything, at least not much.

The Master of Death moved forward to his destination down a long hallway of mirrors, which lead him towards his employee. Dee-Dee perched at the end of the hallway, on a throne like chair. She looked a bit tired, wearing a grey nightshirt. It just showed how haggard she looked.

The personification of Death perked up and rose to her feet. She moved towards Harry and threw her arms around him, giving him a lengthy hug, before pushing her tongue down his throat with a long kiss.

"Sorry," Dee-Dee said.

Harry chuckled when pulling away from her. "No, don't ever apologize for that….you've had a bad day, you deserve some relief."

"Yes," Dee-Dee said. "I never thought it was possible for my entire life to flash before me…..but I guess anything is possible when power goes in the right hands, or I guess the wrong hands."

"It does seem so," Harry answered her. "At least you're fine now."

"Thanks to you," Dee-Dee said. "And now everything is finally so quiet, I won't be able to hear myself think."

Harry and Dee-Dee exchanged a smile. They both knew this unprecedented peace would not last, no matter how much they hoped it would.

"Hope and Hela are fighting over the new toy you sent them," Dee-Dee said. "They want to have their time with tormenting Strange."
"I think I made his death a bit too quick," Harry said.

"Oh, I respectfully disagree, Master," Dee-Dee said. "Someone like Savage, he's lived a very long
time. It's time for him to move on."

Dee-Dee moved on.

"And you sent a couple of long-lived pains to the afterlife, I think you need to be thanked for
that....."

The personification of Death started to move in. A gateway opened and both of them pulled away
before Lorelei stepped on through the portal.

"So, is this a bad time?" Lorelei asked.

"Given how long I've lived, I can wait," Death said.

Patience wasn't a virtue, it was a skill, and Dee-Dee mastered it. She had to, waiting for everything to
be aligned for her master to ascend to his rightful position. And women would find their right
positions underneath him as well.

To Be Concluded in the Final Chapter on June 26th, 2017.

Things are calming down after the last couple of months. And Lorelei shows up as we head to the
final chapter on Monday. Hmm, this could be promising. See you then.
Chapter Seventy: Heroes United.

After the dust cleared, Lorelei figured it would be time to check up on Harry. Their previous encountered proved she was not any less immune to his charms as any other woman. One would think she would have been able to be immune for them, given her abilities. Lorelei had been proven wrong, and happily, this time she was almost glad.

Harry grew into something beyond her wildest dreams. Lorelei wanted him and needed him. She went to the first place one might expect to find Harry after a situation. Lorelei met many manifestations of Death during her time. Death was such a sticky, tricky subject, it required a lot of legwork to be involved. There were many people, with differing responsibilities depending on where they were assigned during their afterlife.

The Endless branch of Death, Dee-Dee as she was called, Lorelei didn't really have a bad word to say about her, she doubted anyone did when they met her. So nice, even in the face of some of the things she had to encounter. And she had to encounter a lot.

Lorelei stepped into this particular realm before, less than a handful of times. She made a turn down the hallway and a bright warmth. One could see the reflections off to the side of the people actually being lead to their final reward. The screams off in the distance showed that there were some people who didn't find death a reward.

'Always run,' Lorelei thought. 'Well, at least I know Savage is going to be making up for lost time in his afterlife. There's not.....'

Lorelei stopped her train of thought before it had been derailed. She noticed an open door and stepped inside. The Asgardian looked at Dee-Dee and Harry, ensnaring each other in a heated embrace. Lorelei viewed them for a several minutes, and she could sense Harry about ready to work her magic.

The very thought of such made her loins twitch. Lorelei observed a few of his.....encounters with the girls, although they were far afar, and not up close.

Lorelei sensed Harry had become aware of her presence, so it was now time for her to step on in. The woman walked closer, hand on her hips when she approached. Dee-Dee turned towards her as well.

"So, is this a bad time?" Lorelei asked.

Harry pulled away from Dee-Dee, a knowing smile creeping over his face. He walked towards his ancestor, and approached her, smiling when he did. "No, not at all."

Dee-Dee leaned towards her with a smile crossing her face. "Feel free to come in."

Lorelei took advantage of the invitation. It had been a very long time since she entered this particular area, so she didn't really know what to expect. The inviting smiles coming from Harry and Dee-Dee made her come inside.

"I wanted to talk to you," Lorelei said. "And I wanted to thank you for saving me....it was a situation that I've got myself in, that I shouldn't have gotten myself in."
Harry didn't say anything positive or negative in response. Lorelei looked up at Harry, arms folded over her chest when looking towards him. Her sigh came over when staring at Harry, and she really didn't know what else to say in response. All she could do was look him straight in the eye.

"My own arrogance does me in sometimes," Lorelei said. "It's happened before. My sister, you remember Amora....."

"Yes, she does leave an impression on people," Harry said.

If Lorelei knew Amora, once she had the inkling, she would want to leave a very prominent impression on Harry. The goddess knew that hence why she was there. For once in her life, Lorelei wanted to be the one who would beat Amora to the punch.

"Regardless, I'd like to thank you for your assistance, even though this entire mess was through my own doing," Lorelei said. "When I see people like you…and Lily, through my bloodline though, I'd like to think I've done something right."

"Oh, if Harry's a reflection of who you are, I think you've done a whole lot right," Dee-Dee said.

Lorelei smiled at the commentary from the manifestation of Death. Her eyes looked towards Harry for a moment. Those green eyes, which had been unique, because they were very divine, had been passed down through the ages.

"After even all of the hardships you've been through, I'm pleased to see you've turned out pretty well," Lorelei said. "And I'm very happy to see what has become of you."

All of this time, all of this life, Lorelei searched for something she wanted, something she needed. It turned out she found it.

"You know, depriving yourself isn't going to be helpful with your mental state," Harry told her. "Even someone of your abilities, you do have needs as well."

Lorelei flickered into a smile and crossed the room, getting closer towards him. "Yes, I do."

She leaned closer towards him and gave Harry one of the more passionate kisses the woman could energy muster. Pure divine energy flowed between the two of them. Lorelei pushed her tongue into Harry's mouth and could taste the inside of it. He responded by kissing, and sucking on the side of her lips, both of them exchanging their passionate display with one and other without any problem.

The goddess moaned every time Harry nibbled the side of her mouth. She wanted all of this, in all of the worst ways. Harry was giving her what she wanted.

The two of them pulled apart, leaving a small strand of saliva between their mouths.

"This was far better than I had imagined."

Harry laughed and pulled Lorelei into a long kiss one more time. Their tongues battled together with fire. Lorelei reached her hands down and slipped the fingers deeper into Harry's pants.

"Yes, far better," she continued. "And it occurs to me in all of this, we have left your humble servant out of this."

"Well," Dee-Dee said. "Don't stop on my account."

"Oh, I've stepped on your toes by coming here," Lorelei said. "I think we can agree it's only fair that
you get to join in on the fun."

Lorelei stepped forward and towered over the other girl. Her eyes sparkled with mischief and she licked her lips.

"I've tasted one form of Death, I'd like to sample another."

The goddess swooped down and caught Dee-Dee with a kiss. The passion between the two of them reached a fever pits. Hands grabbed greedily when working behind Dee-Dee, and the fun and games continued to happen between all sides.

The Asgardian pulled away and turned towards Harry, a smile on her. Harry invited her over, and judging by the pheromones in the air, he had a pretty good clue what was going to happen next.

Lorelei kissed Harry long and hard, slipping her tongue deep into the mouth of her descendant. Her hands felt up his toned body. The taste earlier was not sufficient, she wanted more of him, she wanted pretty much everything. Harry agreed to this and kissed her deeply, his hands slipping further down the back of her body.

The front of Lorelei's dress slipped down and her large breasts popped out for Harry's view. He took them in hand and squeezed them before leaning forward. Lorelei responded by running a hand down Harry's front and rubbing through the front of his shirt.

Dee-Dee slipped to the back side of Harry and wrapped her arms around. Her fingers trailed down and started to work Harry's shirt off while Lorelei took hold of the belt. The two lovely women stripped Harry completely naked. The manifestation of Death worshiped Harry with multiple kisses down the back of his neck, while Lorelei kissed him on the lips off in the ground and moved down, worshipping his abs.

Lorelei descended to her knees for a brief moment and pulled Harry's boxer shorts off. His long cock stood out. She looked at it with a lick of her lips. The Asgardian leaned in and traced her tongue all about the area of the cock.

"Yes, that feels good, but you've wanted this cock for a long time, haven't you?" Harry asked.

Lorelei answered the question by inhaling Harry's cock deep between her lips. Her green eyes looked up before the cock bobbed up and down, getting nice and wet. She made sure to inhale Harry's cock with each suck and bringing it to the back of her throat.

The goddess detached the manhood from her mouth and looked up towards Harry. She squeezed his thick cock and moved up to kiss up his abs and chest, smiling when going all of the way. She gripped Harry's manhood.

"I need this," Lorelei said.

Harry moved down to feel her smooth thighs. The heat pulsed through it. A soft hand reached between Harry's legs and squeezed his balls.

"Go ahead master, do it," Dee-Dee said. "I can wait…even though I know how good of a multi-tasking you are."

Harry brought Lorelei down onto the bed. The goddess spread her thighs apart in the most tantalizing way. Harry's hard cock maneuvered towards her scorching slit and he slipped inside. The feeling of her warmth spreading over his cock made it hard to concentrate.
"Right there!" Lorelei yelled.

Harry held onto the hips of the goddess and pistoned inside her body. He leaned down and took her neck and then breasts in mouth while taking her smooth legs in hand.

The force of Harry's throbbing cock struck Lorelei's nerve endings. He rose and fell, bringing the point of his hips down onto hers. He sped up, each moan increasing Harry. Lorelei gripped Harry's bicep to encourage a further pounding.

Dee-Dee smiled and brought herself on the bed, climbing on Lorelei's face. The woman's pussy lingered a few inches above Lorelei's face.

"You said you wanted to have another taste of death," Dee-Dee said. "It would be a shame to deprive you of the opportunity."

Lorelei wasn't about to disagree. She slipped a tongue inside, between Dee-Dee's dripping hot lips and started to lick around on the inside. The taste of death she received was pretty good, great even. Lorelei lapped up the juices dripping from between Dee-Dee's thighs.

Harry watched when Dee-Dee had her pussy eaten out. He grabbed onto Lorelei and pushed deeper into her with his thrusts. He buried more of his length into Lorelei. Her wet sheath squeezed him and Harry reached down to squeeze her breasts.

"Finally, you're going to cum around my cock," Harry said. "This is what you wanted….you've been dreaming about this."

The forceful thrusts made Lorelei close her walls around Harry. He pumped his way deeper into her with a multitude of forceful thrusts. Each of them bounced his balls at her entrance, with long thrusts falling. She gripped and released him several times.

"Yes, she's about to explode," Dee-Dee said. "Oh, fuck her to me, Master!"

Harry smiled and sped up the pounding of Lorelei. Each time he buried himself between her wet walls, she gave a gasp of pleasure. Harry followed the progress of her tongue brushing deeper inside of Dee-Dee and it just encouraged Harry to bury himself deeper into her.

Dee-Dee pulled herself away from Lorelei and allowed her screams to increase. The legs and arms of the goddess wrapped around Harry. Harry gripped her legs tightly and pushed deep into her. More hard thrusts battered the woman.

A flash of light caused Harry to appear in front of Dee-Dee. Dee-Dee smiled and took the cock of the duplicate of her master into her mouth. Another one appeared in front of her and lined up against her pussy, and a third pushed against her back entrance.

Dee-Dee closed her eyes in triumph, pleased her master was working on his multiplication abilities. Her entire body was filled up with so much cock on all sides, being shoved in all of her holes.

Lorelei looked up to see the three duplicates penetrating Death from all angles. The thought of having it done to her made her walls moisten.

Harry could see Lorelei's gaze move over, and he smiled. The sorcerer smiled when pounding down into her. More of his thick cock speared through her pussy.

"Soon, maybe someday," Harry said. "First, I want to see how hard I can make you cum with one huge cock."
Lorelei didn't doubt for a second he could make her cum hard and fast. Her hands gripped the back of Harry's head and took him deeper into her. His thick cock spread apart her walls when he pounded her something fierce and fast.

"No problem," Lorelei moaned.

The goddess's body took the full pleasure of this thick manhood deeper into her. He buried deep into Lorelei's gripping walls and held onto her with a few thrusts.

The pleasure of taking Dee-Dee's mouth, ass, and pussy at the same time made him smile. The personification of Death submitted to her. Her pussy clamped around the cock sliding into the very tight and very snug feeling pussy above him. Harry sped up the thrusts and worked more into him.

Dee-Dee knew what would happen with the dupes reached their full climax. She took Harry's first cock into her mouth and sucked it hard, and also caused the duplicate in her to be milked hard by her pussy. She used all of the muscles in her ass to squeeze him as well.

Harry indulged himself of the feeling of all parts of Dee-Dee's body coming from the duplicates. He fucked her from all angles as the duplicates were a part of him from every single direction. Harry held onto her and pushed further into her, feeling the warm stretch of her muscles close around him.

He could not deny himself the pleasure of what rested beneath him. Harry bent down to kiss Lorelei. His ancestor, many times over, returned the favor, using her abilities to stimulate the pleasure centers of Harry's body.

"Hope you're taking notes," Lorelei said. "I've learned…a few more….."

"Tricks?" Harry asked.

Harry used Lorelei's own tactics. He pressed a spot on the back of the ear which caused more pleasure to cascade through her body. Lorelei rose and fell with her hips.

"I asked for that," she managed. "Quite literally in fact."

Harry continued to push more of himself into the depths of the goddess beneath him. His hips came down further onto her and picked up the pace. Another orgasm clenched around Harry's aching rod the more he pushed into her.

"Yes, yes you did," Harry said. "Don't worry, I'm going to give you everything you've asked for."

Lorelei indulged herself in the feelings which came from Harry striking several of her pleasure points. He buried into her. Lorelei sensed his balls growing more swollen, heavier. The very thing she wanted was going to come out, she could sense it. She wanted it, wanted it very bad. Lorelei wanted it so bad she could taste it.

The duplicates continued their push into Dee-Dee. She gave encouraging moans and made sure their cocks forced their way into her holes.

Harry closed his eyes and made sure to indulge in the pleasure. The faster his duplicates went to work, the faster he had to indulge himself inside Lorelei's wet pussy. She held him tight, and would not let his cock go by any means.

The swollen feeling in Harry's balls increased. He knew the duplicates would break first and it would be a spectacular end, to say the least. Harry sped up closer and indulged in the feelings coming from the duplicates.
Dee-Dee's entire body sized up with pleasure. The swelling of all three cocks buried inside her made her feel really good. Those pieces of manhood threatened to burst and fill her up from all angles. All she could do was accept what was going inside her. And it was being buried deep inside her. Every last cock pushed its way up against her and stretched her completely out on all ends.

The first blast of cum fired inside Dee-Dee's mouth. She took the dripping seed down her throat, holding onto Harry's lower back. The cock in her ass followed, with the one buried inside her pussy following up the rear. All three of them buried inside Dee-Dee until she had been filled up completely on all ends.

The cum dripping out of her holes were nothing compared to what happened next. The duplicates combusted and splattered Dee-Dee's body with sticky, dripping cum. Her hair, face, and breasts had been covered with the white stuff. It was hard to tell with the paleness of her body.

Lorelei snuck a look at Dee-Dee. The goddess clenched Harry to see how much cum was dripping from the manifestation of Death. She pushed her hands up and encouraged Harry to go further into her.

"Please, give me your cum," Lorelei said.

Harry pounded deeper inside Lorelei with a couple of thrusts. He reached a peak. The hot clench around him put him over the edge.

"One more time," Harry said. "I need to make you cum one more time before you get a reward!"

Lorelei held Harry close into her. She drank in the energy and the power coming from his body. The large, throbbing cock buried into her. Those thrusts worked Lorelei up to another orgasm, and if she had to think so, it would have been the best orgasm possible. She held the back of Harry's neck and moaned hungrily in his ear in response. She needed him so bad.

The warmth spilled around Harry's cock. Her pussy milked him, trying to get the seed. Harry pushed hip to hip with Lorelei and worked into her. He made sure Lorelei enjoyed the orgasm before enjoying the pleasure.

"Finally," Lorelei murmured.

The contents of Harry filled up her body, spilling deep inside her. Lorelei held onto him, taking more of the seed inside her body. She had been filled up completely with him.

Harry emptied himself into Lorelei. Several more pumps occurred before Harry pulled out.

The goddess took her reward with a smile, long overdue in her opinion. She turned towards Dee-Dee and gave her a longing eye. So much cum dripping from her, it would be rude not to clean her up.

Gotham City resembled many major cities, but there was one thing which was different. People locked their doors tight when they went to bed, out of fear someone would attack them as they slept. Sometimes, locking their doors at night was not enough thanks to the various bold, brazen, and quite frankly very colorful criminal elements which ended up being a part of Gotham City.

Several of these criminal elements holed up in a warehouse. They had stolen the second component of a biological weapon which could bring the people of Gotham City in the needs. These were rogue members of the League of Assassins, working with several radical factions of the Gotham City criminal underworld, who intended to bring everyone to their knees.
"We release this little baby into the city, and they're all going to be getting on their knees, and begging it to stop," one of the mobsters said. "We're going to be the kings of this city."

The assassin nodded silently. It was time to carry out the will of the true master of the League of Assassins, who had perished in battle some time ago. They would not let some pretender to the throne.

"Just make sure you have the third component," the assassin said in a grave voice.

The mobster waved his hands.

"Hey, hey, my boys are good for it, don't worry."

The assassins thought that would remain to be seen. Regardless, they watched with a careful eye when the truck rolled into the back entrance of the building. They only cut a deal with these rogue criminal elements, because there was strength in numbers, especially with the pretenders who had hunted them. They weren't going to go down if they could use them to the advantage.

"When we have it, eliminate them," the lead assassin said to the others, out of the earshot of the mobsters.

A figure made her way down, peering at them. Two of her least favorite groups of people joined together in one place. The League of Assassins teamed up with the scum, the members of the Gotham City criminal underworld.

The Huntress hung down for a little bit and saw one of the assassins move around to check the warehouse. She moved on down to the man's side and pulled out a crossbow. She aimed a solo shot at the man's neck and it dropped him down to the ground.

She slunk up to avoid the goons, all of them who were moving around. One of them shined a light into the shadows.

"Hey, there's someone up there, I don't like it….."

One of the goons decided to go all hog wild with the machine gun and blast the pillars off to one side. The wood platform cracked and tipped over, to dump some metal barrels down. The goons staggered, along with one of the assassins.

Huntress jumped down, grabbed one of the assassins, and pushed him forward into the sword of an attacker. The mercenary plunged the cold hard steel through the chest of the attack and dropped him down to the ground, blood spilling everywhere when he landed.

The vigilante stuck to the shadows and caught the assassin, wrapping a pulley rope around his ankle, and hauling him up to the ceiling. No screams, at least until the pulley rope had been released. The masked man slammed onto the ground, the wind having been knocked out of him.

Three more of the assassins surrounded her. Huntress realized she had fallen into one of the most unfortunate traps of the vigilante. One of them flung a dagger at her. She dodged the dagger when it propelled back and came back around to nail one of the goons.

A second dagger sailed over her head and hit the side of the wall. Huntress jumped high into the air and came down on the back of the head of one of the assassins. She waited for another assassin to charge towards her.

The charge of the assassin never came, due to another figure coming down and driving the rogue
ninja down onto the ground. The figure, dressed up in the attire of the League of Assassins, grabbed the thug around the side of the arm and pulled back. The arm snapped back hard from the impact before he flopped down onto the ground.

Helena stepped back and noticed Talia standing in front of her.

"We had the same idea tonight," Talia said.

"It appears so."

Talia answered with a nod. "Good, because we can finish this one off twice as fast."

A group of mobsters stepped forward. They saw these skilled assassins be taken down, and one of them held a machine gun out. Talia was quicker on the draw, throwing a shuriken in the air. The shuriken caught the mobster in the hand and forced him to drop the gun. Another snap kick followed before the mobster dropped down from the impact.

The mobsters tried to regroup from the attack. Helena picked up the dagger one of the men dropped and flung it towards a rope. The rope ripped through and released an entire clatter of paint cans down onto the goons involved. The goons all scattered from the impact.

"You've grown a lot," Talia said.

"Glad to see you've noticed," Helena said.

"And your battle skills are more refined, although they do need work," Talia said. "There are times where a hot temper and impulse can get the better of you."

Helena saw one lone assassin moving through the shadows. She disabled the attacker with some jabs delivered at some very key pressure points. She doubled the man over and flipped him down onto the ground.

"Why do I have a feeling the apple doesn't fall far from the tree?"

Talia only turned around and caught one of the goons in the chest when he tried to grab her. She let him drop to the ground.

Eliza had been very pleased all of her daughters were in the same place at the same time because that was a very rare event to put things bluntly. They had obligations with work and other activities.

"So, what time are they showing up?" Eliza asked.

"Five," Carol said. "And you know Harry, he likes to be a little bit early."

Eliza learned that about him, so she took some extra steps to prepare. Kara helped her, and well Alex and Carol knew more than enough to stay out of the way.

The door opened and Karen entered first of all.

"Something smells good," Karen said. "Oh, and Astra would like to send her regards, but she's not quite ready for a gathering this. She would like to tell you, Eliza, thank you for looking after Kara for all these years."

"It's not a problem," Eliza said. "So, Harry's on his way?"
"He'll be here…right now actually," Karen said.

Harry turned up, and Claire stepped in the doorway right behind him. She exchanged a smile with Kara, and Carol and Alex gave greetings. Lois made her way in.

"Hey, Doctor Danvers, you remember me, don't you?" Lois asked.

Eliza looked up towards Lois and gave the young woman a very knowing smile. "Yes, it's hard to forget someone who leaves an impression like you….you were very persistent in getting that interview a year back."

"Yes, and the security didn't really appreciate me going in and trying to get it, but hey, I'm glad you gave me the time of day," Lois said.

Eliza smiled and looked Lois straight in the eye.

"Not really a problem at all…..they shouldn't have been so rude to you. I'm not going to apologize enough for that, how rude they could be. The security guard in question, he's working on another job, and I don't want to have to deal with someone who doesn't accept freedom of the press."

"So, do you think I can get another interview soon, to see how things are progressing?" Lois asked.

"I don't see there's a problem, although the project died down," Eliza said. "I'm in between jobs right now..."

"Have you ever thought about a position at Horizon?" Harry asked.

"Hey, that's an idea," Alex said. "You won't have to worry about trigger happy idiots pulling your funding, when Harry gives you all of the support you could ever want, or need."

Eliza considered the statement for a moment, and smiled, it was hard not to give the sell job Harry was giving.

"You know, all of my daughters are working with you, whether it be officially, or unofficially," Eliza answered. "I'm feeling a little bit left out, especially when I can do so much for the world."

"I didn't mean to put you on the spot or anything," Harry said.

"No, no, it's not a problem, not at all," Eliza answered. "I mean, I didn't want to beg for a position, if there wasn't one open."

Harry leaned forward and grabbed the older woman's hand. The two of them leaned a little bit closer together to each other. Eliza thought for a wild moment something was going to happen here, even if it was in front of her daughters and their guests as well. And the thought of something happening right here got her more excited than she will ever care to admit.

"There's always a spot open for an enterprising woman such as yourself," Harry said. "Don't ever think you've got as far as you need to go. We can always go even further, with your mind and the resources of Horizon, we can do great things. Just like your daughters are all poised for great things."

Eliza smiled. Her daughters could be pretty great when they wanted to be.

"I'd say go for it," Kara said. "You're amazing before, but you can really reach your full potential working underneath Harry."

'Mmm, no comment,' Faith thought.
'Technically, saying no comment in the way you did, means you are making a comment,' Buffy thought. 'I just want you to know that.'

'Well, to be fair, you're reading between the lines a bit too much,' Faith said. 'Then again, what else can I expect from someone with a dirty mind like yourself.'

'The only reason why my mind's dirty is because it's spent too much time in contact with yours, and some of the filth just got scrubbed off,' Buffy thought.

'Okay, calm it down, save that energy for when it matters,' Harry thought.

'You enjoy making us wait, don't you?' Faith asked.

'No shit,' Daisy said, chiming in on the conversation.

"Yeah, there are a few benefits in working underneath him," Alex said with a smile.

'I'll say,' Felicity and Chloe chimed in at the same exact time.

Eliza wondered what else her daughters might have been implying other than the very obvious work relationship, but certainly, it could not have been.

"Well, if I say I'd think about it, would you not mind?" Eliza asked.

"Hey, I'd be disappointed in you, if you didn't consider all of the positives and negatives," Harry said. "I hated to jump you at dinner like this."

'I'm sure she would have preferred you would have jumped her during dinner in a different way,' Faith chimed in.

'Don't we all,' Buffy said.

No one could disagree it.

"And I would hate to take any more attention from the meal," Harry said. "Because it does look good."

"Hey, I helped, some," Kara said.

"And you did well, Kara, as always," Harry said.

Harry leaned over and caught her with a kiss.

"I'll see you later for dessert," Harry whispered in her ear.

Kara twitched and tried to avoid the pleasures she thought. Lois was giving her one of that sidelong smiles and winks at her.

'I think Lois wants a helping of dessert later as well,' Chloe thought.

'Typical Lois, you give her a taste, and she just can't have enough,' Lucy thought.

'Well, if you would have tagged along, then maybe you would have gotten a nice helping of dessert as well,' Chloe thought.

Lucy ground her teeth, she hated when her cousin was smug.
"So, here's to a world which is hopefully a lot less chaotic, and a few weeks downtime," Alex said.

'Oh, that would be boring,' the scarab thought.

'Trust me, boredom makes you appreciate the excitement more sometimes,' Alex fired back.

Felicity leaned back, many hours, and lots of cups of coffee later, she looked at the fruits of their labor. Horizon really didn't need to be upgraded, but saying something didn't need to be upgraded often lead someone down the road of complete and utter madness.

Daisy walked in, followed by Indigo. Both of them had been helping Felicity work along the clock.

"And I think we have the most obscenely secure network in the entire history of forever," Felicity responded. "I don't want to jinx anything but I'm pretty pleased with how this turned out."

"We all should be," Indigo said.

"You should be," Rose said. "All of you girls have done a good job in helping build on the framework."

Willow stepped in. She never saw such a secure computer system. She didn't work on the actual programming part, rather Willow had a far more important role, helping Chloe test for security holes, by throwing everything they knew at the system.

"Well, I think you're good, unless some super hacker smarter than all of us combined," Willow said. "But honestly, what's the chances of that happening?"

'Willow, don't tempt Murphy,' Buffy said.

'Are we not sure Murphy isn't some demon who is only summoned when people are overly cocky?' Faith thought.

'I wouldn't really be surprised,' Buffy thought.

Felicity took another drink of coffee. She drank so much of the stuff she was bobbing about on the desk and not in a good way either.

"Well, there's one person in Gotham City who might be able to get through," Felicity said. "She's….a legend, to be honest, and I'm honestly surprised Harry didn't find a way to get her on board with the rest of the group."

"Well, he didn't find a way to get her on board yet," Daisy said. "If I know Harry, he's going to bring her in sooner rather than later."

Daisy looked outside. Everything calmed down, especially when compared to the events of last week. Harry not only increased the security system around Horizon but also had access to other security networks around the world. He stepped down a very slippery slope, but Daisy understood all about necessity.

'Besides, it's not like he's doing anything the government isn't already doing themselves,' Daisy thought.

"Wow, what a day," Felicity said. "Did that take a lot out of you?"

"No, not really," Indigo said. "Maybe if you decided to drink a little less coffee, you wouldn't crash
and burn about as much as you did."

'It's an addiction,' Lana thought.

'Hey, it's not an addiction, it's a way of life,' Chloe thought.

'Okay fine, it's a cult,' Lana thought.

'I'm not necessarily arguing with you on that one,' Chloe thought.

More threats would be always happening around the world, but no matter what happened, heroes would be there, and heroes will stand united.

"Well, all of this is done, and Harry isn't here," Felicity said. "I would have thought he would be here to check out the fruits of his labor."

The door opened, and Harry entered, with a young blonde woman none of them met before stepping behind them. She dressed in a professional red button up blouse, and a nice modest length skirt. A black headband rested on the top of his head. Sara stepped in as well behind them, taking the role of Harry's bodyguard for today.

"Speak of the devil," Felicity said. "So, what do you think?"

Harry accessed the computer system through the portable system and looked it over. All of the girls waited as if they were being graded.

"Everything is to specifications, and beyond," Harry said. "You've done an amazing job all of you."

"That's good, we worked really hard, like brain numbing hard," Felicity said.

"It's never going to be easy to build a better world," Harry said.

Harry thought he was in a lot better place than he was a year ago, and he most certainly would be in a far better place than he would be a year from now. He had an eye on several promising ladies, some of them working in various government organizations, who might be of use to him.

"Ladies, I'd like to introduce you to Gwen Stacy, she'll be working a lot with you a lot in the future," Harry said.

"It's nice to meet you," Gwen said.

Daisy had a feeling she encountered Gwen somewhere before, but she couldn't really place the meeting. Then again, in her job, Daisy encountered a lot of people.

'And there's another woman entering Harry's web,' Faith thought.

'Quite literally,' Buffy said, with a knowing chuckle.

'What are you talking about?' Faith asked.

'I'll explain later...well actually, I think I'll leave you hanging for a while until she's ready to join us in bond central,' Buffy thought.

Harry caught Supergirl flying out, ready to save the day out of the corner of his eye. He looked out the window.
'Today is a beautiful day.'

Sara and Daisy stood on either side of Harry, to look out. They enjoyed these moments because it would be fleeting.

"So, what's next?" Sara asked.

"Oh, I'm sure some interesting opportunities will drop on my lap," Harry said.

'Knowing your luck, I'm sure they will,' Faith thought.

End.

And there you have it, the end of Unchained. There's very much "the adventure continues" vibe with this final chapter. And I don't do sequels. I used to, not any longer. I left some doors open to potentially more to be done with this universe, in the form of blog exclusive chapters, but unless you follow my blog, you have no idea when those are happening, now do you?

Way to show up when the story is over, Gwen. Although, there's some implications she had at least one off screen adventure with Buffy and friends that we didn't see.

Join me on July 18th, 2017, for Emerald Flight 2017(working title at this moment), where we have a female version of Harry Potter marrying Kara Zor-El in Las Vegas. Because it's the five year anniversary of the original Emerald Flight series and I felt like I had to do something to celebrate.

So, that be that for this story, and again, I don't do sequels, so don't even ask. I'll be seeing how many people bother to read the author's notes judging by how many people ask for sequels. Really, in theory, it's the best place to confess to a crime. Although, I still wouldn't recommend that.

See you around the world later on.
Unchained Postscript Chapter One

So, I should explain why I'm posting these former blog exclusive chapters on the prime story. Well, the thing is, it's been a year since this story's been completed (or it will be in three days). I figured people might want the full story and the full story contains this out of the box shameless smut bits that were posted on my blog. I added the Blog Exclusive Xtra Chapters to Chapter 44, Chapter 54, Chapter 59, and Chapter 63, tacking those bits on the end of the corresponding chapters.

Then I wrote four more blog exclusive chapters after the end of Unchained. I called them postscript chapters, because they happened after the main story.

I'm going to drop them all at once, because screw it. It's just a bonus for people who want everything in this universe to easily download. And I had some time to kill on a Saturday night.

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Unchained Post Script Chapter One

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Relax Darling (Unchained Bonus Chapter) (Harry Potter/Karen Starr/Kara Danvers)

Kara Danvers inhaled and exhaled. She laid on the bed wearing nothing other than a Supergirl themed nightshirt which stretched down just barely to her thighs. Her older cousin, Karen, leaned closer towards her. Karen popped her lips together with a very small smile and leaned closer towards Kara. Karen dressed in a black and red corset, with a thong, thigh high boots, and she held a whip in hand. Said whip ran down Kara's thighs to make the girl shiver.

"Get ready," Karen said.

"I'm ready," Kara said before the two of them kissed. Karen's fingers pushed into the edge of Kara's scalp.

The loud whimpers increased the deeper Karen got. Karen won the battle of their tongues pretty well. The younger and more submissive girl fell to what happened. Karen reached over and grabbed the shirt to pull it up. She dressed in cute blue panties with a red bow on the edge. Karen brushed her warm fingers over Kara's wet mound underneath her panties. Karen moved down and fired some kisses down Kara, brushing against her rib cage.

Another hand grabbed Karen from behind. The hand started its travel on Karen's right buttock before going to squeeze her left. The hand pushed deep against her ass and then squeezed it firmly. A spank lit Karen up. The travels continued to brush against her lower back.

Harry allowed his fingers to tease Karen's wet pussy through the thong she wore. Feeling her silk stockings over him made Harry just hunger for more. The wizard's touches increased the further he worked Karen over. Karen gave a hearty breath the further Harry worked her over.

Kara looked up in time to see Karen's lips hovering over her pussy. The only barrier between Karen's standard lips and Kara's pussy lips was her pussy. Karen touched Kara through her panties and rubbed her through the panties. Kara jerked her hips up to meet Karen's hands.

"Relax, darling."
The panties slid down to reveal Karen's scorching hot cunt. She danced against Kara with a finger while Harry's teasing finger ran from over Karen's thighs, to her asshole, and then to her slit. The thong pulled down with Harry dancing a finger down her slit. Karen's thighs parted for Harry to enter inside of her wet pussy. He pulled out and pushed deep into Karen.

Karen's pussy opened up for Harry's touch. His tongue vibrated against Karen. Harry's hands grabbed Karen's legs on the back and rubbed down them. He opened up her pussy and slurped them.

"OOOH!" Kara yelped.

Kara's legs rested on Karen's shoulders. The powerful Kryptonian sucked her juices and caused the trail to come down. Karen planted her tongue faster and quicker into Kara's wet pussy. She pulled back against and then went down into her. Karen's tongue danced deliciously against Kara's tongue and mouth.

Harry finished eating Karen to an orgasm. He squeezed Karen's bum and spanked it a couple of times. The wizard slipped inside and then pulled completely out. Harry climbed up to Karen and then put his swollen cock head against Karen's pussy.

"I have to have it," Harry said. "And I have to have these."

He ripped the corset down and took control of Karen's beautiful breasts. Harry came close to entering her before pulling back at the last second. Harry spent the next few minutes playing with Karen's breasts. Her nipples stuck out with Harry clenching them.

"Eat her."

Karen slurped her pussy. Kara's nails dug against the side of Karen's face and encouraged her to go down her. She could see from this vantage point, Harry closing in on Karen. The big cock Kara craved was about to go into Karen from behind.

"Take her!" Kara yelled shuddering from Karen's tongue delving deep inside of her. "Take….HER!"

Several more moments of intense teasing got Karen lit up. Harry's big cock pushed against Karen and then pushed into her body. The first few inches stuffed Karen completely full.

Kara's eyes widened until Karen pinched her thigh. Her full attention was now on Karen's intense pussy eating. Harry grabbed Karen from behind and shoved his rod into her from behind. Her ass extended in the air and was the perfect opportunity for Harry to grab onto and then shove inside of her.

"Oh, I think she's about ready to…CUM!" Kara screamed with the last word hitting a higher pitch. She really did not have that much room to talk.

Harry's fingers pushed against Karen's lower back. He pulled almost completely out and shoved inside of her. His big balls slapped against Karen's wet pussy. Harry almost pulled out of her and then drove back into her. He established a tempo which brought Karen deeper inside of her.

The busty blonde's walls clenched Harry's hard cock. She squeezed him with the pleasure getting even more intense. Harry planted deep inside of her.

"And now," Harry said. "You're going to need to cum."

Karen's train to her final orgasm rose up to a higher point. Harry crashed his huge cock deep inside
of her cavern. She clenched Harry the deeper inside of her. Karen closed around his hard cock and milked Harry. Harry buried himself balls deep inside of her.


Harry weighed Karen's tits before slamming inside. He pulled out the busty Kryptonian and drove into her again. The sounds of their flesh connecting together echoed through the bedroom. Kara's moist thighs closed with Karen dragging into her pussy.

"Make her cum," Harry said. "And you're going to get your reward again."

Karen braced herself for a hell of a reward. Harry's big throbbing balls pushed against her wet womanhood. The deeper he pushed into her, the harder his balls sized up.

The youngest of their party underneath them whimpered and released her juices against Karen's face. The beautiful older woman munched Kara's pussy and drove her to a thrill ride of increased sexual pleasure. She came again even harder at Karen tasting her pussy without any pause.

Harry drove his cock into Karen at the sounds of those lovely sounds. His balls ached and were about ready to fire their payload into Karen. He spent some time feeling Karen's body before pulling away from her. Harry's big cock drove deep into her.

His balls discharged at her next orgasm. Large spurts of cum saturated the inside of Karen's hold. Harry grabbed her and pushed inside with repeated thrusts. His balls sized up and discharged inside of her with repeated thrusts. Harry pushed into Karen and shoved deep inside of her with repeated thrusts. An endless amount of cum spilled into Karen's slick center the deeper Harry pushed inside of her.

Harry pulled out of Karen and caused her head to jerk back. Kara rolled Karen over onto the bed with a dominating stance. She grabbed Karen's round breast and squeezed it which made the woman in question moan.

"Relax darling," Kara whispered in her ear before she licked Karen's face like a cat.

Karen's eyes flooded over with lust with Kara stroking every inch of her body possible. Karen's warm breasts pushed up for Kara to grab. She moved down to kiss Karen's tummy and return the favor from earlier.

Harry shifted behind Kara in a blink of an eye. He spent the next couple of minutes teasing her before going inside of her pussy. Harry's big cock slid at Kara's entrance.

The Master of Death's fingers went into the sticky honey pot of the Girl of Steel. Harry shifted a finger inside her and then pulled it completely out. He lifted the finger up and made Kara taste her own arousal. she sucked Harry's finger just like she would suck a cock or Karen's tits. The perky woman's mouth closed around Harry's extended finger as she sucked on him very hard.

"Keep it up and you're going to get your reward," Harry said.

Karen wanted the reward to be given now. She moved behind Harry and pushed her hands against his chest. Her breasts cradled against his back. Karen lifted her leg up and stroked Harry's big cock with her toes. The toes on one side brushed against Harry before being added by Karen's left foot as well. Karen trapped Harry's cock between her feet to give him a footjob.

Signs of desire became evident from Kara as she watched her beautiful cousin given Harry a footjob while sitting behind him. Her large tits smashed against Harry's back. Karen's nails dug against his
muscular back. Kara leaned in and captured the tip of Harry's cock inside of her mouth.

"You're too much," Harry groaned.

Kara just sucked on his tool with hunger dancing through her eyes. Her tongue dragged against Harry's stiff prick. The further he edged into her mouth and against Karen's toes the more amazing it was.

He lurched up and splattered his cum all over Karen's stroking soles. Her feet proved to be his one weakness. Karen worshipped Harry's cock through her feet stroking him over. His veiny tool coated her feet.

"Lick my toes," Karen ordered.

Kara moved in and licked Karen's soles. The sticky cum spilling off of her toes just made Kara excited very much to suck Harry's cum off of her foot.

The foot worship made Harry harden. Kara taking Karen's toes and sucking the semen from them only hardened Harry. The dedication and worship Kara lavished on Karen's perfect feet made Harry's cock rise up. He could feel it and soon the next round would be coming.

Seconds later, Karen had a strap on and turned Kara around. She spread Kara's thighs while grinding the fake cock against Kara's back teasingly. Kara closed her eyes and then could feel Karen's finger brushing against her.

The next motion brought Harry's hard cock against her belly. The feeling of his thick flesh brushing against smooth flesh jolted Kara. She straddled Karen's thighs in a reverse cowgirl position. Kara received a double finger bang from both sides.

"Get ready," Karen said.

The desire Kara felt to be double-penetrated threw all sense of shame out the window. Harry's cock brushed against her front. The first few inches eased into Kara's wet slit.

"Harry!" Kara yelled while grabbing his arm and squeezing it.

Harry worked a little bit further into Kara. His balls slapped against Kara's tender thighs. His fingers pushed against stomach and sent tender waves down her. A little bit more of his cock drove deep into her. Her hips rose up to meet him while sitting on Karen's lap.

Kara's hair brushing against her breasts sent a flare of lust through Karen. She collected the juices and used them to lubricate her toy. Said toy pushed a little bit closer. It came inches away from entering Kara's tight back entrance and taking her for all she was worth.

"Get ready," Karen murmured.

Kara's hips jumped to really feel the burst of pleasure. Harry situated his hard cock inside of her at her entrance. The next few inches of cock jammed inside of her tightening opening. Harry pulled almost all the way out and shoved his huge cock inside of her.

Then, the added insertion of Karen's cock into her asshole made Kara's toes curl. Her body went numb from these two powerful individuals driving into her at either end.

"We'll take real good care of you," Karen said with a few pumps burying the throbbing cock into Kara's tight hole. "Won't we?"
Harry just smiled and pushed his hard cock inside of Kara's wet hole. He pressed up against her body. Her soft flesh molds underneath Harry. She jumped up to meet him and take his cock deeper in with each thrust.

The soft sounds of burning lust echoing through Kara only increased Karen's own desire to take her sweet young cousin anally. Karen pinched Kara's cute cheeks and not the ones on her face either. Kara responded with more lustful moans.

The double penetration sent all sense of decency flying out the window. Kara had to be fucked and she would be fucked repeatedly by both of her lovers. Harry repeatedly made her cum with Karen also increasing her pleasure. Her soft nipples received a heavy stroking.

"You're taking it," Karen said. "You're taking the whole thing."

Kara was taking the entire thing and more importantly she enjoyed it. Every single time Karen pushed into her tight rear entrance resulted in Kara's body flaring up with increased lust. The enhanced pleasure spiking through her body made everything feel so good.

"Yes!"

The screams of lust continued. Harry pushed himself into Kara from above. He had a couple of other appointments to keep today. Daisy was meeting him to go over business along with Gwen. Then, Harry had a couple of Slayers to meet.

Still, Harry managed to manipulate the minutes to always spend an ample amount of time with his girls. Kara took his cock inside of her sweet and savory tight pussy. She pushed up to meet him with each thrust. Harry worked her to a heavier amount of penetration.

Kara's sweet moans showed the ecstasy just coursing through her body. The wizard slipped his hard cock deep inside of her clenching pussy.

"Cum for me again," Harry said.

"Cum for both of us," Karen interjected.

Kara likened herself to being a puppet with two sets of masters tugging on her strings. Her wet pussy closed around Harry the further he plunged into her. His cock came almost out of her wet hole and slid all the way in. Their bodies connected together with a huge overflow of lust.

Kara came and received more pleasure as a reward for obeying Karen and Harry. They made her feel good and Kara got off on the fact she made her two older lovers feel just as good.

The huge cock of the master of death planted a few thrusts into Kara's sheath. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and plunged inside. Kara's wet center closed Harry's hard cock and then released him. He planted his way inside of her and then started to come undone.

"Here you go."

Harry gave one more shove and buried his seed into Kara's pussy. The Kryptonian Survivor took it inside of her. Harry felt up the sides of her legs to really make her cum. Kara could not put her finger on exactly why, but having her legs felt up like this just made her hot.

True enough, Kara's legs were to her what Karen's breasts were to her. Not that Karen didn't have nice legs, it was just Kara rocking that mini-skirt made her legs stand out nice. Harry squeezed Kara's smaller, but still very nice, breasts. He sucked the girl's right nipple while Karen stroked the left.
Harry filled Kara up to the brim with seed. He pulled out of her leaving her with cum spilling from her pussy.

"Got time for one more for the road?"

Karen squeezed his cock and then moved up to stroke it. Harry made dead-on eye contact with Karen.

"You give a convincing argument."

Kara slumped to the bed with drool hanging from her mouth. She would recharge in a short time, but this left Karen long enough to have some one on one fun with Harry.

She always gave a convincing argument. Karen's breasts came eye level with Harry as she dropped down onto him.

'Our meeting might be after lunch,' Harry thought to Daisy.

'Don't worry, Gwen and I can get ourselves entertained until you come up,' Daisy thought.

Harry did not doubt that for a minute.

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End.
Unchained Postscript 2

The Second of Four Postscript Chapters Posted on My Blog in the Summer of 2017 after Unchained was finished.

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Unchained Postscript Chapter Two (featuring Harry Potter, Daisy Johnson, and Gwen Stacy).

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Gwen stretched herself out in a training room. A couple of deep breaths came out of her body. A tight black top stretched over Gwen's ample chest. Yoga pants fit snugly to her ass. She moved around the gym mat in her bare sweat. Gwen moved over and faced off against Daisy. Daisy wore a black sports bra to show her toned body. Her sexy frame drew Gwen's interest in. The Yoga Pants Daisy wore shamelessly hugged her ass as well. Gwen tried not to get distracted by the stunning beauty next to her.

"So, are you ready?" Gwen asked.

"I was born that way," Daisy said. "Should kill a couple of minutes before Harry gets up here."

Both ladies circled around each other. Daisy tried to get the early attack on Gwen. Gwen got down from underneath Daisy and took her down to the ground. Gwen climbed on top of Daisy and pushed her to the ground straddling the top of her.

"Not bad."

Daisy wrapped her legs around Gwen and flipped her onto the ground. The hand of the stunning government agent and Harry Potter's personal assistant grabbed Gwen by the side. Daisy teased Gwen's breast through the top ever so briefly before pulling out.

Both moved up to each other and now Daisy swept Gwen's legs out from underneath her. Gwen tucked her head and rolled back down. She grabbed Daisy's foot and then started to apply pressure on it. The touch on Daisy's foot made her crumble out from underneath her.

"Poor thing," Daisy said. "Did I bust your lip?"

Daisy leaned in and came to close Gwen. Her breath was over the top of Gwen's mouth. Daisy took advantage of Gwen's distraction by kicking her in the face and then flipping her down to the ground.

She winced at the attack. Daisy turned over and pressed Gwen down on the ground. Smoldering brown eyes met very vibrant blue eyes. Daisy closed in on Gwen and came an inch away from her.

"I'll kiss it and make it all better."

Gwen reached up and grabbed the back of Daisy's hair before kissing her hard on the lips. The two exchanged a passionate kiss with Gwen using the momentum from the kiss to pull Daisy over. Her hand slipped between Daisy's thighs and rubbed the heated skin through her pants.
"You let your guard down," Gwen said with a soft smile as she pushed through Daisy's pants. "Bad mistake for you."

"Yes," Daisy said with a very passionate moan as Gwen rubbed through her pants. "Very good… well played."

Daisy threw her hips up and down with Gwen rubbing down. Gwen's finger rotated against the edge of Daisy's pants and then slowly slipped it down. Gwen pressed her heated palm down onto Daisy's wet sex and smiled.

"You two girls couldn't have waited, could you?"

Harry stepped into the room dressed in a bathrobe. Gwen moved down to briefly taste Gwen with her ass suspended in the air. Harry slapped said ass which got Gwen's attention. Gwen bolted up to a standing position. Harry reached behind her head and pulled Gwen into a sensual kiss. Gwen moaned into the kiss.

"No, we are just a couple of horny bitches," Gwen said. "Good thing you brought us our relief."

She undid the front of Harry's robe as quick as possible. She slid it down his shoulders. Gwen's fingers caressed down the side of Harry's chest and down to touch his abs. Gwen very lightly touched him between his legs and slowly made him grow. His cock, already hard, pushed into her hand.

"And you always bring us what we want," Gwen said. "I guess it's just the perks of working for such a giving boss."

Several more kisses came down Harry's chest and abs. Daisy crawled herself on the ground and moved right beside Harry. Both girls took Harry's cock and balls. Harry closed his eyes when Daisy's warm lips slipped around the head of his cock and pushed him deeper into the back of her throat.

Gwen cupped his balls with a soft squeeze and leaned in to kiss his balls. She applied the proper amount of suction to them.

Both Daisy and Gwen performed tender loving acts all over Harry's cock and balls. Both girls exchanged kisses and light sucks to make Harry grow and groan. Daisy's soft fingers rubbed down to cup Harry's balls while Gwen spent the next couple of minutes sucking on them.

"I have to have this in my mouth," Gwen said.

Daisy whined as Gwen pulled her mouth away from Harry's cock. Gwen came over and touched her lips around Harry's big cock. His massive prick worked deeper inside of Gwen's mouth. Harry held the back of her head and guided his cock inside of her mouth.

"Fuck," Harry said.

Gwen grabbed onto Harry's back and guided the massive cock deeper inside of her mouth. Gwen released Harry from her mouth and came all the way down onto her. Those bright blue eyes looked up.

"I know what will really get him going," Daisy said rubbing against him and then moving in to kiss and touch his balls.

Enticing vibrations came from Daisy's fingers and made Harry work deeper inside of her Gwen's
mouth. Gwen looked up with her eyes wide and ready to receive. Harry grabbed the back of her hair and pushed his massive cock as far into Gwen's mouth as possible. Gwen opened her mouth wide and released to take more of Harry's big cock inside of her.

The combined efforts of both girls caused a good feeling to spread from Harry's loins. Harry pushed his cock into Gwen's mouth. Gwen only re-doubled her efforts while also grabbing his balls in her hand and squeezing them.

Harry burst and came in Gwen's perfect mouth. Thick bursts of speed spilled as Gwen pushed her way around his cock. Harry grabbed the back of her head and sent more cum deep inside of her mouth. She sucked him hard and fast until Harry finished spilling his seed into her mouth.

Gwen released Harry's cock with a slight pop. Her lips came together and she licked the dripping cream from them. She turned right towards Daisy who flashed Gwen one of those smiles. Both of the girls closed on each other. Daisy opened her mouth to receive the gift from Gwen, straight from Harry's balls.

"Mmm, hmm," Gwen moaned with the two lovers swapping seed with one and another.

The fingers of Daisy pushed against Gwen's hair and they kissed each other. Harry grabbed Gwen's pants while they kissed and pulled them down. He got a few view of Gwen's sexy ass covered in nothing other than a thong. He put his hands all over her ass and gave it a squeeze.

Both Daisy and Gwen broke and stood against the workout bench. They both bent over to allow Harry full view of their amazing backsides. Harry could bounce a quarter off of both of them. He cupped their tight butts to feel the absolute warm just rolling off of them.

Harry grabbed their bare asses and then moved over. He buried his face in Gwen's ass before going down and licking her pussy. He teased her crack. On the other end, his fingers pushed against Daisy's rear end and shoved deeper inside of her.

That tongue, Gwen thought that something that felt that amazing should be illegal. Her eyes watered from the sheer pleasure of Harry burying his tongue inside of her warm pussy. Gwen's fingers grabbed the edge of the bench and knuckles turned white as she came.

Seconds passed as Harry's tongue also was in Daisy at the same time. He used a very interesting morphing trick to divide his tongue in half and then double the size. Harry licked both of them at the same time and caused the eyes of both women to water.

"You fucker, you're the best," Daisy gasped.

Harry get eating her pussy until Daisy was thrown into an utter fit of pure joy. He wanted to make both of them cum at the same time. Gwen lost it first, followed by Daisy. Both women came for several minutes, splattering the workout bench with their juices.

He pulled out, face covered with two sets of juices. Daisy and Gwen both bounced up to their feet and wrapped their arms around Harry's neck. Both girls kissed him and sucked the juices off of Harry's face. Gwen moved closer in and kissed Harry on the side of the ear. Daisy kissed the side of Harry's neck. Both women lavished intense love all over every single inch of Harry's body. Their hot hands rolled down Harry's chest and abs to make him feel really good.

The mats came into the center of the room, and Daisy guided Harry down onto the mats. His big cock stuck up in the air.

"Oh, I have to have this," Daisy said. "In me, right now."
"Yeah, get on with it," Gwen said sitting on the edge of the bench. She watched Daisy's ass sway when closing in on Harry's big cock.

Daisy turned around and looked at Gwen with a slightly cocky smile. Harry's thick pole rubbed between Daisy's thighs and the friction caused more juices to pool. Harry rolling his hands all over Daisy's hair, shoulders, back, and ass made her jump up. She needed to be all over this cock and sooner rather than later.

The beautiful sight of Daisy's toned ass came out. He could see out of the corner of his eye Daisy's top coming off in Gwen's hands. Gwen just smiled, something that Harry would have to share. The lack of tan lines on Daisy's body made her look very stunning.

Cock met pussy the second Daisy dropped down onto Harry. She wiggled down onto him and worked Harry's cock into her pussy with practiced ease. She leaned back and Gwen cupped her face. The two girls kissed while Daisy wiggled herself all over Harry's cock in a sensual reverse-cowgirl style.

Harry pushed deep into Daisy's gushing pussy. His hands rested on Daisy's back and then reached up to grab her ass. His finger pushed into her tight rear hole. Daisy pushed down onto Harry and guided his cock deeper inside of her body. Daisy bit down on her lip with a hungry gaze in her eyes.

"That's it," Daisy said. "Fuck, Gwen."

Gwen buried her face in Daisy's chest and started to suck the older woman's tits. The intern worshiped Daisy's chest. Her hands stuck on the side of the woman's chest and rolled up. Daisy's eyes glazed back the more Gwen sucked at her. A grin directed by Gwen made Daisy roll her hips up and down. Harry grabbed onto her ass and made her moan.

His hard cock was trapped inside of Daisy's tight pussy. She came really hard all over the tip of Harry's cock and down to his base. Harry pushed into her. His cock swelled even more at the loud sounds. Gwen did not disguise what she was doing, sucking on Daisy's tits like a nursing babe. The very thought made Harry swell when pushing deep inside of her.

Daisy rocked them all by cumming hard all over Harry's cock. Harry planted his hard cock inside of her tight pussy and then almost pulled all the way out.

"Daisy," Harry groaned. "Fuck." She came constantly on a never ending basis. Her cunt just came down on the tip of Harry's cock with a warm rush. Harry's fingers touched Daisy on the side of her hips and worked deeper inside. He pulled all the way out and drove deep inside of her again. He constantly worked her pussy over with his balls throbbing the harder he pushed inside of her.

"Get ready," Harry groaned. "Fuck, get ready."

Daisy got ready already. Her wet walls just closed their way around Harry's thick cock head and squeezed him. She wanted all of that cum to just fire into her. His balls worked up against her. The deeper Harry planted his rod into her, the further he edged to the end.

He finally lost it all. Harry discharged deep into Daisy. He released a huge flood of cum into her body. Harry held onto Daisy's lower back and sank her down onto him. She rose and fell to take more of Harry inside of her each inch. Their skin smacked together.

Daisy came hard, especially thanks to Gwen diving into her chest. Daisy closed her eyes and hungrily gasped when Gwen sucked on her nipples. It was one wild thrill ride with Daisy finishing
off on Harry.

The second Harry's cock left Daisy's body, Gwen bounced. She cupped Harry's balls and squeezed them before positioning his cock head against her lips. She showed off her entire body and arched backward. Gwen spread her legs and stretched out her pussy against Harry's cock head. She guided Harry inside of her tight pussy. Gwen's eyes shifted when rising up and dropping down onto Harry. His huge cock head pressed against Gwen's warm pussy lips the second Harry lowered down onto her.

The twelve inches of hard cock worked into Gwen's warm snatch. She reached down and grabbed Harry's shoulders to drive herself down onto him. Gwen bounced up and down on Harry. Every inch of him pushed into her. Harry's hands moved over off of her ass and pulled off her top to reveal Gwen's breasts.

They bounced and moved perkily in the air. Harry's fingers brushed against Gwen's hard nipples and squeezed them. She drooled in delight the more Harry pushed his hands against her. He left an imprint against Gwen's nipples. Gwen rose up and dropped down onto him.

"Yes, baby," Gwen said. "Give me your cock. Give me your big cock!"

"Damn, Gwen!" Harry groaned.

Gwen took her walls and squeezed Harry around his cock. She hooked onto the edge of Harry's cock, squeezed him, and then released him. Harry pushed up into her and stretched Gwen out.

"You like that, baby?" Gwen asked. "I've always wondered what a big cock like yours would feel like. The perks of working with you, they're so good. I can't… I have to ride you all night long."

Harry grabbed Gwen's ass and squeezed it. He released Gwen's juicy bum and spanked her a couple of times. Gwen just bucked up and down onto him. She moved without any loss of momentum. Gwen milked his throbbing hard penis. The insides of her were so sticky and felt so good wrapped around him. Every inch of Harry push received a good working over.

Gwen lowered down to the base of Harry's cock. She reached underneath to touch Harry's balls.

"You got a nice big load for me," Gwen said. "Good… good baby."

Daisy watched Gwen working down onto Harry's big cock. Dark hair clung to Daisy's face when she lifted a hand and touched all of those areas which brought sensitive delight. Gwen kept working on Harry and took more cock into her than most people could handle.

"Good, Harry," Gwen said.

"Those tits are mine," Harry growled.

"YES!" Gwen yelled. "Yes, they are so fucking yours!"

Harry buried his face into Gwen's chest and motorboated her. He sucked on those big jugs and made Gwen sped up even more. Gwen touched Harry's arm off to the side and kept caressing his hair.

Daisy became her own personal vibrator. The lovely view of Gwen bouncing up and down on Harry's hard cock fueled her sexual desire. Gwen pushed all the way down onto his hard cock and filled herself with his cock all the way.

Gwen came and Harry took advantage by switching the position. He had Gwen firmly onto her
back. Her legs were pushed off to the side. Gwen showed her flexibility by spreading her legs far
and wide to receive Harry's cock. She screamed in pleasure the deeper Harry pushed inside of her
body.

"Fuck, fuck!" Daisy and Gwen both chanted in unison.

Intense vibrations came from Daisy's finger tips when digging inside of her perfect tight pussy. She
bit down on her lip with dazed hunger. Harry drove his cock inside of her.

Gwen bridged up to suck more of Harry's massive cock inside of her tight pussy. She grabbed Harry
around the back with her legs and pressed him down. His balls were getting fuller with cum. Harry
touched Gwen's nipples and rotated them before rising up and driving down inside of her.

"Cum for me one more time," Harry told her.

Gwen wanted Harry's seed and would do anything to get it. She milked Harry's thrusts. Each time he
drove inside, Gwen jumped up to meet Harry. Gwendolyn Marie Stacy came closer to cumming than
ever before. Harry pulled all the way out of her and drove inside of her one more time.

Harry released his seed into Gwen. All three partners came together. Harry rammed into Gwen's
warm core with each shove spilling more seed inside of her body. It overflowed from her and formed
a gusher effect.

Vibrations filled Daisy with a lustful vibe. She rocked up and down, touching her all over. Daisy
came and kept cumming. A jolt came through and struck her clit. Daisy worked her hips into her
vibrating fingers and made her lose it completely all over herself.

Daisy pulled from her own pussy and dropped down in a daze. Harry pulled out of Gwen and left
her slumped against the ground.

"So, time for a cool down?" Daisy asked.

She rose up onto the bench and presented herself for Harry. Harry worked his hands over her athletic
body when the fun began anew.

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End.
Unchained Postscript Chapter Three

The Third of Four Postscript Chapters Posted on my Blog in the Summer of 2017.

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Unchained Postscript Chapter Three

Welcome to the Collective(Featuring: Buffy Summers, Faith Lehane, and Cordelia Chase)

Cordelia Chase took a very deep breath when she walked up the steps. Many women would jump when Harry Potter asked to meet them. And Cordelia, as much as her pride stated differently, was no exception. The brunette woman walked up the steps with her arms hanging from her side.

A black halter top adorned Cordelia's body and stretched over her ample chest. Cordelia took another couple of steps up and moved up. The black skirt shimmered down to her legs. The sexy stunner moved over to see two familiar faces waiting for her.

Buffy Summers stood at the edge of the door dressed in a tight pair of red leather pants and a white tank top which stretched over her body. Cordelia's eyes narrowed when seeing the girl her. For the moment, she tried to bite her tongue, and caught a glimpse of Buffy's body language which showed about as much discomfort with this situation as Cordelia had.

Faith Lehane rolled her shoulders back and took a deep breath. She dressed in a black tank top and a pair of hip hugging short shorts. Cordelia smelled something in the air and it made he feel about as light as air. She tried not to allow her own emotions get the better of her even though it was hard for her to remain in control of this entire situation at the moment.

"I'm here to see him," Cordelia said "Harry Potter."

"Yes, we know," Buffy said. "He's through the door."

Both Buffy and Faith parted ways. Cordelia cast a look over her shoulder towards the two girls and walked up to meet with the handsome young owner of Horizon Industries. Cordelia's heart skipped a couple more beats when crossing the room. She stopped short of the sight of Harry standing there.

"You wanted to see me, Sir."

"Please, call me Harry."

The inviting smile caused Cordelia to melt like butter in his hands. She took a half of a step into the room next to him. She looked into those green eyes which only turned her knees to jelly.

"Of course, sorry, Harry," Cordelia said. "And you can call me, Cordy, if you would like, sir..er I mean Harry."

"You seem inclined to call me, sir," Harry said. "Buffy and Faith told me about you."

Cordelia frowned deeply. She wondered what the two had been talking about.

"I can assure you that I'm...well how about I show you how good I can be?" Cordelia asked.

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked with a smile.
Cordy broke into a very evident frown. Maybe she was getting mixed signals. Maybe he did not invite her here to fuck her. Maybe there was something else going on that Cordelia did not see. She crossed the room and touched Harry's shoulder with her soft hand. Said hand came up and Harry grabbed her hand.

"You've been having dreams about me, haven't you?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Cordelia agreed. "I have."

She looked him dead on the eye with an unapologetic look. She closed the distance between him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"They started something like this. Come to think of it, we were in a room like this."

Harry's arm wrapped around Cordelia's slender waist and pulled her in a bit closer towards him. The girl's toes curled in delight the deeper Harry pulled her into her. He could hear the steady heartbeat coming from the woman in question. Cordelia's eyes shifted over with a deep breath coming from here.

"We were in a room like this?" Harry asked.

"Yes, sir," Cordy said. "It was exactly like this. Even that curtain was torn like that."

Harry smiled as he looked at the curtain rip courtesy of Faith. His fingers moved over to Cordy's bare skin and it made her take a deep breath in. Harry pushed his fingers over the small of her back.

"The carpet was the same color, and there was a bird outside of the window," Cordy said. "He's going to leave right about now."

Cordelia's leg lifted up and wrapped around his waist just like it did in the dream. Harry stroked her leg and leaned closer towards her. His lips were inches away from hers.

"You have a gift of foresight," Harry said. "It only comes to you in fragments in dreams. Some of the fragments are stronger than others, aren't they?"

"Mmm, hmm."

Harry reached up with one hand on her leg and the other hand on the small of her back. Cordelia leaned in a bit more and almost was face to face with Harry. They were the closest they could be to touching. Without them actually touching and Cordelia's entire mind went wild with the thoughts of what could happen.

"I can help you. And I'm sure you don't need foresight to know what happens next."

A deep and passionate kiss followed. Cordelia's moist lips found themselves dominated by the powerful mouth of the man next to her. Harry traced patterns down her back and moved over to grab her ass. Cordelia wrapped her legs around him and they kissed even deeper.

Harry walked Cordy over to the wall and pressed her against the wall. He pinned her hands back and slowly kissed at her neck. The popular high school student's closed shut as this handsome man kissed her. Each kiss shot sparks of passion through Cordelia.

Her loins burned with fire which only could be quenched by one thing. Harry's fingers stroked down between her legs and made Cordelia shift and squirm underneath his touch. Cordelia worked her loins up and down the deeper Harry slid those fingers against her.
He pulled away from her. Cordelia saw it coming a little bit. Her mind was becoming foggier as she entered the unknown.

"I want your cock," Cordelia said giving him a lewd stare and smile.

Her hands grabbed at Harry's clothing and messily pulled at it. She pulled his shirt away from his pant buckles. Cordelia performed quick work at his pant buckles and pulled him down.

"You're so big," Cordelia said. "How do you fit into pants?"

"Magic," Harry told her.

Cordelia cocked her eyebrow. Those hands came over and pulled his shorts down to reveal a cock which hit her in the face. Cordy's heart skipped a beat or two. She had been driven breathless for his cock. She grabbed the underside of it and pointed it up.

"Go for it."

Those words of encouragement served to spark a fresh fire in Cordelia Chase's body. She took Harry's cock base and licked up to the tip of him. Cordelia's tongue swirled around Harry's cock. Her fingers stroked him and brought his cock up.

Her tongue painted a beautiful picture from the base all the way up to the head. Cordelia squeezed his nice hard balls and then pushed them into her hands. She moved down and took them into her mouth.

Harry groaned at the hot shot of the stunning brunette taking his balls between her lips. She worshipped Harry, just as Harry figured. Her warm mouth sucked Harry's balls into her mouth.

Cordelia came back up and eyed his cock head. She traced a fingernail down his length which made Harry jump in the air. Without pre-amble, Cordelia worked her mouth all the way down his cock and pushed it into the back of her warm throat.

She jumped almost all the way back from the cock slapping into the back of her throat. Cordelia almost gagged at the feeling of the cock going into her throat. Her hands stroked his bloated balls and then she came up to throat him again and again. She gagged on him one more time.

It excited Cordy ever so slightly to have a cock which was a bit much more than she could handle.

"Oh, what would they say if the Homecoming Queen couldn't handle sucking cock?"

A naked Buffy Summers sauntered in. Cordy locked eyes on the love bites covering her neck along with the scratches. She wondered what the hell had been happening between Faith and Buffy.

"Here's how you suck a cock."

Buffy descended to her knees with a grin of superiority and pushed her mouth around's monster member. It passed through her lips and into her throat without too much difficulty at all.

The sound of those large balls slapping Buffy's jaw along with her slurping on Harry's cock made Cordelia equally aroused and jealous. Buffy's eyes bulged out in a moment of superiority which made Cordelia's hands clutch together and she took in a deep breath.

'Oh, Summers, you bitch, you just wait.'

A pair of soft, but powerful hands ran over Cordy's top. Faith made her way behind Cordy and felt
her up from behind taking a deep breath. Faith ran down Cordy's legs. Her bare body pressed against the clothed body of the girl in front of her.

"Those panties?"

Faith slid them down Cordy's ankles and dropped them down to the ground. A dripping wet mound bare of any hair had been exposed. Faith rubbed her fingers up and down Cordy's pussy to make her breath. Her nipples heightened and got more aroused.

"Did you see this one coming, Chase?"

She leaned in and bit her on the neck. Cordy allowed herself to get molested by the assertive girl behind her. Her line of sight zeroed on Buffy, taking a far bigger cock than she ever could. Harry's mouth opening and closing made Cordy wish it was her knees.

"Look at you. Look at how hard you're cumming. Do you like that, bitch?"

"Yes, I'm a bitch!" Cordy yelled unable to believe how much being demeaned turned her on.

She came all over Faith's hand. Faith slid her fingers inside of Cordy's overflowing honeypot. She worked up and down on her fingers to take a deep breath from her. Faith rubbed her to coax more of her fountain of juices out of her.

Buffy finished sucking Harry's cock. Cordy looked at the swollen member and more juice pulled down from between her legs. She moved over and dropped to the ground.

"You better not disappoint me again," Buffy said.

"Buffy, Faith," Harry said. "Give her some room…sit on the couch."

Buffy and Faith crossed the room to the couch. The second they dropped down onto the couch, Faith wrapped her hand around Buffy and pulled her closer. The Slayer tasted some of Cordelia's dripping juices coming from Faith's fingers. Faith then shoved her tongue in Buffy's mouth and showed her ability to dominate the feisty blonde. Buffy dug her nails into Faith's mouth and kissed her back immensely.

Cordelia shoved her mouth forward and took as much of Harry's cock into her mouth as hard as possible. She was determined to make a good showing and to blow the mind of the powerful young man.

"Good, very good, you're almost there."

The sounds of Faith and Buffy struggling for dominance on the couch only made Harry's determination move forward. Harry's manhood shoved deeper into Cordy's warm and inviting throat. The dark haired vixen grabbed a hold of Harry's balls and squeezed them.

Dreams did come true, but the actual emotions here were strong. Cordelia felt a burst of pleasure ricocheting to her body. Her knees pressed against the soft carpet of the office. Each time she took Harry's cock into her mouth, she grew hungrier for it. Her hands grabbed Harry's firm ass and squeezed it. The encouraging grunt coming from him showed Cordelia she was doing a good job. She was such an amazing cock sucker which only made Harry push his throbbing cock inside of her mouth.

"I'm getting closer," Harry breathed in a more hungry way possible.
The sorcerer pushed his fingers against the back of Cordelia's hair and guided her mouth. The loud sound of her mouth sloppily wrapping around him and disengaging from his cock spurred Harry on. He came closer to reaching his edge. His balls came very close to losing it into her mouth.

Harry spilled his massive load into Cordelia's mouth. She took every burst of it like a champ. This time, Cordelia slid down to the base of his cock and sucked him. Her warm mouth took more of her lover in and drew him deeper into her. The seed spilled into the back of her throat.

Cordelia finished sucking her lover off. His cock did not grow flaccid, rather it was still large. She could not wait to have more of it. Cordelia stepped over to the desk and then climbed on it. Her legs spread on the desk in front of Harry. She pulled her top off to reveal she was not wearing a bra underneath the top at all.

A perfect set of breasts shimmering with sweat popped out into the air. Harry walked over with a smile on his face as he squeezed those breasts. Cordelia's eyes closed when she laid back on the desk. Her legs came up to spread far. Harry caught a look at her perfect pussy. It almost drained all over the desk with arousal.

Harry slid a finger down her warm hole and then pulled completely out of her. A few pushes into her body made Cordelia lift up and down on the desk. Her breasts jiggled when he touched her. Harry leaned in and applied suction to her breasts.

Cordelia's eyes glazed over with a hungry sound coming through her mouth. Harry Potter sucked on her breasts.

"Oh, my God, it's happening!"

Buffy leaned back on the couch. Faith straddled her waist and made Buffy's face point towards her ass. The strap on positioned against Buffy's pussy slid into her while Buffy's legs wrapped around her ass. Faith pushed up and down on the couch to spear Buffy's tight pussy.

The thrusts grew deeper as Faith got horny. Her horniness only increased by the soft sounds of pleasure coming from Faith.

"It really is happening, Cordy. You're going to get fucked."

The sense of sexual enlightenment increased. Harry crouched up next to her opening pussy. She made sure there was no doubt what she wanted. Her legs found their way around Harry's waist again.

Harry drew out the moment where they joined by running down Cordelia's legs. He touched her and brought her up to moan. Harry's fingers against the back of her leg. It was a sensitive spot for her. Cordy shivered with each touch. Harry lifted the leg up and licked down the back of her leg.

He got the girl really squirming underneath him. Harry pushed himself down so he was laying crotch to crotch to her, about ready to slide inside of her body. Cordelia's hips hoisted halfway off of the bed and met him. Harry had to slide himself into her body. They met each other at a certain point, touching each other.

"You're in me!"

Stars shot through her body. Those hands were everywhere. Harry touched her and got in closer. He did not just thrust inside of her. Every single inch of Cordelia's body received a hearty tug. Some areas he did not stay for long. Other areas, he lingered and made her nipples stand up.
Harry buried himself face down in Cordelia's beautiful tanned breasts. Cordelia lifted her hands up and felt her strong lover. He worshipped her breasts with both hands and mouth to get her really buzzing with lust. Her hips dragged up off of the bed and took as much of Harry inside as she could handle.

"I want more."

The tantalizing feeling of being filled up so much brought Cordelia to a sense of pleasure. Harry's entire rod pushed into her. She grabbed onto him and refused to even give up. The deeper Harry's cock plunged into her, the more Cordelia was boiling with pleasure. She wanted him inside of her all of the way and did not care how much cock would slide into her.

"I want everything," she mewed while digging her nails against the back of her powerful lover. Their hips collided together with Harry rising and falling on the desk underneath her.

His balls grew even more constrained with cum the deeper Harry pushed into her. He wanted Cordelia to feel the first orgasm. His cock slid into her body and pushed deep inside. The rippling effect grabbed Harry's monster of a cock and stretched her out completely.

"Baby, yes," Cordelia breathed hungrily when dragging her nails against the back of lover.

"Oh, I'll give you something to keep your mouth busy."

Cordelia looked up to see Faith standing on the desk right over the top of her. Faith's warm thighs came down and closed around Cordelia's beautiful face. Cordelia drew out a hungry breath the second those thighs wrapped around her face.

Faith's chest heaved out for Harry to touch and grab. She threw her head back and moaned when rocking on her. Buffy still laid out on the couch after Faith had gotten done with her.

The length of Harry's cock filled Cordelia completely to the brim. She could feel the tension rising through her body the deeper Harry pushed inside of her. Cordelia wrapped her tight walls around Harry and milked him inside of her. Those big balls smacked against Cordelia's soft thighs.

"Go ahead."

Cordelia's hips pushed up to meet Harry's. Her legs rose up in the air. Harry folded them and fucked her hard with her legs kicked into the air. He had the leverage to jackhammer her pussy right on the desk. Every time Harry's cock touched her body the better she felt.

"She's good for something after all," Faith said. "Lick me and make me drip. I'm going to have Harry's cock inside of me soon."

Cordelia clamped down onto Harry's cock almost as if she was afraid it would leave her center. Harry pulled out and then pushed deep inside of her. Their bodies connected together the further and harder Harry went. He groaned when feeling her rise up against him. Harry grabbed Cordelia's hips and slammed inside of her.

"She's getting close again."

The light moans bouncing off Faith's pussy lit her core up something fierce. She threw herself back and down on Cordelia's tongue the deeper it pushed into her mouth. Faith's eyes glazed over. Her entire mind danced with endless pleasure the deeper Cordelia pushed her tongue inside of her warm core.
"Very close," Harry groaned when pushing into her. "I'm getting close too."

Those balls weighed heavy against Cordelia. She shifted up to milk him with her inner muscles. She wanted his seed buried inside of her.

Cordelia received a vision of Buffy in between her legs and sucking Harry's cum out from between her thighs. While Buffy ate Cordelia out, Harry rammed his hard cock inside of her. Cordy clenched her partner hard at the thought of it. Harry pushed deeper inside of her with a few more pushes into her body.

"Mmm!" Faith breathed. "Lick my pussy!"

The obedient brunette licked the pussy of the dominant girl. She never thought that she would be in this position and more importantly love it so much. Her tongue kept brushing against her pussy and make her breath in with pleasure. His cock pushed deep into her.

Cordy came again and grabbed onto the intruding pole. The sexy brunette's face had been covered in a combination of sweat from her own exertion and Faith's cum. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and drove his big cock inside of her body. Harry pulled nearly out of her body and shoved his hard cock into her repeatedly in a never ending cycle of hard-fucking.

She came all over his cock one more time. Harry slid out of her body almost all the way. The moment she settled down was Harry driving deep into her again. She clamped down onto him to cum all over his big fat cock with Harry driving deep inside of her.

He finally broke free and spilled his seed deep inside of Cordy's body. He groaned to drive his cum deep inside of her body. Harry pushed deep inside of Cordy's clutching loins and pushed deeper inside of her body.

Faith pulled herself over towards Harry. She kissed him firmly on the mouth the moment he pulled out of Cordy. The gripping hands of the Slayer worked all over Harry's body. She dug her nails into Harry's back and made sure his huge cock to rise up into the air. Faith leaned in and touched her finger to the edge of his cock.

"That's mine," Faith purred at the top of her lungs.

Faith's warm tongue caressed the head of Harry's cock and sucked him into her mouth. Harry grabbed the back of her head and guided his big prick into her nice, warm mouth. Harry pushed deep against her lips and almost pulled all the way out of her. Harry's cock worked deeper into her mouth and then pulled out of her with a few large thrusts into the edge of her mouth. Harry pulled completely out of her and drove his hard cock deep inside of her warm and wet mouth.

"It tastes good, doesn't it?"

Cordelia's eyes followed the eyes of one Slayer and her mouth wrapping around the cock of her dream man. Harry's fingers grabbed deep inside of her mouth and shoved as much cock deep inside of her mouth. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her.

"Don't forget about me."

Cordelia eyed Buffy when she climbed over the top of her. Buffy put her hand on the back of Cordelia's head and then pushed her up. Cordelia tried to win the battle against the sexy blonde. Buffy's tongue pushed deep inside of Cordy's warm mouth. The two engaged each other in a warm makeout session.
"Oh, damn it, Summers," Cordelia breathed.

Buffy's hands ran down her breasts and cupped them. Those heavenly mounds of flesh just made her flesh sing. Buffy pushed herself against her and straddled her body.

Faith ran her tongue down to the base of Harry's strong cock. She passed over him several times before reaching over. She fingered Buffy's cunt for a few seconds while sucking Harry's cock. Harry grabbed the back of Faith's head and worked into her even more.

"Don't worry, ladies. I'll be with you in a second."

A loud slurp of Harry's cock brought him back to attention from Faith. Faith rolled back and Harry spun her around so her ass was pressed against his stomach. Harry touched her as she took a seat on the desk on his lap. Faith watched Buffy and Cordy enter a scissor lock and rubbed against her.

Harry grabbed her and drove a few inches of cock deep inside of her warm pussy. The sorcerer's hands grabbed her body and shoved her down onto him. Faith pulled up and dropped down onto him on his lap. Her legs kicked out with Harry touching her body all the way.

The kisses increased on Faith's mouth. Harry ran down to her ankle and then ran up to her leg before rubbing a finger to her taut stomach. Harry rolled his hands down over Faith's ass and then touched her. Every part of her body lit up with Harry driving her down onto him.

"Mmm, hmmm!" Faith moaned at the top of her lungs.

Harry's fingers ran against her hair and tugged on it. She rose up and dropped down onto him. The repeated sounds of flesh smacking against flesh echoed. Faith's entire body rose up and dropped down onto the ground. Harry grabbed the back of her hair and eased her down onto his lap. She stretched out onto his massive cock and pulled away from him before dropping down.

His balls pushed against Faith's thighs and were about ready to discharge into her again. She flexed her powerful inner muscles against him and squeezed him.

"Closer," Harry murmured.

Faith was close as well. Harry's hand grabbed against her and pushed down onto her. Her tight muscles clamped around him the deeper Harry pushed into her. His balls rose up and slapped against her. She pumped against his hard cock to spill her wet juices down onto his body.

"Yes, baby," Faith murmured underneath her breath. "Oh, this is....I'm so close now."

Harry parted Faith's hair and worked deeper inside of her. His balls slapped against her.

Buffy ground her warm pussy against Cordy's pussy. The two worked against each other and tried to work each other to a fit. The warmth increased. Cordelia grabbed Buffy's hair and then pushed deep against her with a powerful kiss. The two joined each other with another very powerful kiss until they came.

Cordelia's eyes glazed over the second Buffy pulled away from her. Kisses planted all over Cordelia's body until Buffy reached her wet mound. Buffy slipped her fingers into her. She eased between Cordelia's legs.

Her legs parted for the blonde who hovered over her teasingly.

"Do it!" Cordelia yelled.
She tried to show some kind of authority to the other girl. Buffy just grinned and pushed a finger deep against Cordelia's slit. She rubbed on her inside and kissed her. Buffy's warm cunt clenched up with Faith fingering her from behind as she bounced on Harry's lap. Buffy on the other hand, went to town on Cordelia's sexy pussy. She sucked the juices from her.

Harry grunted and pushed his manhood deep inside of Faith's clenching pussy. He rose up out of her and buried himself balls deep into her. He drove deep inside of Faith and made her drive deeper into Buffy in response. The sounds of three beautiful women cumming at once spurred Harry on.

Stars were seen by all as they all came at once. Harry planted his seed into Faith's body. Burst after burst of cum drained out of his balls. Harry planted deep inside of her with a few pushes deep into her body before pulling out of her with a few blasts.

Harry pulled out of Faith with his cock dripping from their combined juices. He came face to face with Buffy's upturned ass. Harry leaned over and kissed the Slayer on the back of the neck. Harry's fingers grabbed the back of her head and ground his hard cock inside of her.

"You're going to fuck her brains out."

This was the last thing which came out of Cordelia Chase's mouth for the night before Buffy drove deeper inside of her and just ate out. The loud moan came from her indicated that Harry's hard cock was now deep inside of her body one more time.

Cordy's back arched up off of the desk. Her legs grabbed Buffy's head and pulled her in. Several lewd slurps made her pussy burn and ooze against her.

Harry balanced himself on Buffy's back and drove into her body. His balls slapped her thighs with repeatedly thrusts which bounced against her body. Harry pulled out and then pushed into her.

"Shit, you're just too much."

"Yeah, but you can handle us."

Faith crawled seductively across the desk and leaned down. She kissed Cordelia's warm mouth and the two broke out into a fit of pleasure. Their tongues struggled until Faith won the battle. Faith's fingers dragged against her and kissed her hot before climbing back.

The next play involved Faith driving herself down onto Cordelia's face. Cordelia performed oral sex on Faith while Buffy did the same to her and Harry drove himself into her. The train of lust just hit hard with orgasm after orgasm repeatedly filling the three girls with a burning lust.

Harry relaxed his thrusts for long enough for the orgasm to play out in Buffy. Then when she leased expected it, he drove into the body of the Slayer. Her soft skin ran over Harry's fingers the deeper he planted his rod into her warm pussy. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and sank his hard cock inside of her body.

A hard pounding for a few minutes, followed by a few minutes of rest put Buffy's body on a trigger. She had been pulled from the edge of cumming for a little bit before Harry slid his thick rod back into her body. Her pussy grabbed onto Harry and drove him deeper inside of her.


She almost slid back off of the desk. Faith's knuckles clutching the side of the desk made it hard for her to hold her head up. Cordy hung on to her ass and kept slurping away at Faith's warm pussy.
Harry heard those loud lustful sounds which only spurred him on. This time he rode Buffy to an orgasm. Her tightening walls only drew Harry deep inside of her. He rose up and drove down into her.

"Now."

Buffy accepted Harry when he drove deep inside of her from behind. His hands bounced against her when he fucked her doggy style. Buffy's drool had been mixed in with Cordy's juices, Harry's seed, and her juices as well. It was an interesting little taste.

Harry's form shifted into a blur the harder and faster while driving deep into her. He rose out and planted his rod deep inside of her body. Harry rose up all the way and planted into her. This time her clutching walls drew his cum from his balls and inside of her body.

All three girls synchronized their orgasms alongside with Harry. His balls drained inside of her body with a few more thrusts before Harry pulled back.

"Welcome to the Collective," Faith breathed in Cordy's ear. "We have cookies."

Cordelia Chase did not have time to respond because now Harry was hovering above her after nudging Buffy out of the way. She did not see this one coming and was happy about it.

'Life's fucking awesome sometimes.'

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End.
The final unchained postscript chapter posted in the summer of 2017.

Unchained Postscript Chapter Four (Dinah Laurel Lance and Talia Al Ghul)

The sounds of rock music beat through the background. Dinah Laurel Lance, or Laurel to most of her friends, steps through a curtain leading to a private room. To afford this room, one really had to be the best of the best. And Laurel knows the man she meets is the best.

She dresses in a tight pair of jeans, a tight white shirt, boots, and a jacket which fit nicely against her body. Black lipstick makes her lips shine out and her hair hangs down past her shoulder in a ponytail. Laurel steps into position just in time to come face to face with an attractive woman. Green eyes, dark hair, the sense that she's both mysterious, and also deadly. The tight leather pants snap against her body and the black tank top reads up which comes up to reveal her midriff.

"Talia," Laurel remarks.

"Laurel. A pleasure to meet you."

The two women meet together and share a kiss with each other. Laurel remembers when she met Talia about a year or so back. One of the people she put behind bars has his friends on the outside and they are very dangerous. Thankfully, Talia just happens to pass through and gives Laurel a hand at dealing with those dangerous friends.

Now, Talia guides Laurel over to the couch. A finger brushes the strand of hair away from Laurel's face and Talia plants a nice kiss on the side of her mouth.

"And here the two of you start the party without me."

Harry Potter turns up in the door. Laurel moves up to her feet and bounces across the room. She throws her arm around Harry and leans closer towards him. Harry puts his hand on her lower back and pulls her in. There's a kiss which sends sparks.

The sound of the rock music blocks the loud moans Laurel makes with Harry feeling up her body. Harry slides the jacket off and drops it down onto the ground. Laurel's nipples stick out from the other side of her top.

"Beautiful as always," Harry tells her.

"So, how's my sister doing?" Laurel asks.

Talia moves a pillow over on the couch for Harry to drop down. Laurel straddles Harry's lap with her jean clad legs rubbing against him. She pushes a finger inside Harry's shirt and unbuttons it to reveal a hint of his muscular chest.

"She's doing good," Harry tells. "I think it's about time for her to return back to life though."

Only from her perspective could this explanation make sense. Laurel was angry at Sara at first. The more the two make up, the better Laurel feels about the situation. Harry also is good at mediating the dispute and giving both sisters a common interest.
"I'm glad," Laurel answers. "But, I think it's been a long time since my mouth has been acquainted with your cock. Why don't we fix that?"

"Help yourself."

Laurel does just as much. She unbuttons Harry's pants and pulls his cock out. It's already out and ready for Laurel to consume. She takes Harry's cock into her mouth and sucks on it. Harry holds the back of Laurel's head when she rises up and down.

Talia pulls her leather pants off. Her delicious ass sticks out. Harry uses one hand to guide Laurel's head into sucking his cock and the other hand to pull on Talia's thong. He snaps the fabric and sticks a single finger inside of Talia. Talia bites down on her lip and clutches Harry's finger inside of her warm pussy. She takes a deep breath and Harry adds a second finger inside of her.

"Keep it up," Harry growls.

Laurel rises up and drops down onto Harry's cock. Her warm lips seal Harry up nice and tight. Laurel reaches between his legs and squeezes his hard balls. She springs it back and releases it with a couple more sucks. Her warm lips keep smacking up and down his pole.

Talia shifts over and drops down on the floor to join Laurel. Now both beauties begin to worship Harry's throbbing hard cock. They both take turns taking Harry's meat pole into their warm and tight mouths. Their hands keep stroking Harry's balls moving back and forth. Talia's hand rubs the inside of his thigh and then pulls out.

A flood of cum bursts out of Harry's cock and shoves deep inside of Laurel. He pulls out and smashes Laurel's mouth with a few more strokes. Laurel opens her mouth wide to accept Harry's seed into her.

"Just one second, beloved," Talia comments with a smile. "Oh, you poor thing, you've made a mess."

Talia places a finger on Laurel's chin and takes some of the dribbling cum out. The Daughter of the Demon slowly works the cum off of Laurel's tongue and then takes it. She sucks on the cum and then runs a finger down Laurel's nipple. She shoves a finger inside of Laurel. Laurel's hips buck up. Harry watches Talia fingering Laurel and decides to get in on the action. He moves behind Talia and presses his body against her back. He kisses the back of her neck. Harry pulls her thighs apart and lines his cock up between Talia's legs.

Twelve inches of cock slides into Talia's tight cunt one inch at a time. She moans loud until Laurel latches her mouth against Talia. The two women swap cum with their tongues.

"Oh, it's so fucking hot!" Harry groans. "Keep sucking her tongue, Talia. Trade your spit…trade my cum!"

Harry runs his hands down Talia's body. He nibbles the back of his lover's neck and then pulls back. Harry slams deep inside of Talia and the sensation of her warm vagina clamps against him. Harry's hands run over her back with a few touches and lips.

"Let it go," Harry tells her. "Oh, damn, Laurel."

Laurel licks the length of Harry's cock when it pulls out of Talia's tight cunt. Then, she tongues Talia's pussy and her inner thigh before Harry pushes deep inside of her. Harry pulls Talia back and grabs her breasts. He holds her up in the air and lines Talia's ass up for his cock.
"Beloved!" Talia screams out.

Her screams only grow more prominent with Harry pulls out of her. Laurel buries her face between Talia's thighs. Talia's head rolls back with the moaning increasing. Harry rolls his finger against her nipple. The combined touches of both lovers increase Talia's level.

Talia's body quivers and her toes curl. Harry is all over her body. Laurel rocks back and licks her, sucks on her. Talia throws her head back again and moans.

Harry groans when shoving deep inside Talia's tight ass. He pulls out of Talia and then slams his balls against her. Each time he pushes into Talia, her ass clutches her even harder. Harry lines his fingers up to the back of her neck and kisses the side of it. She breathes in heavily and then out.

Laurel inhales the juices from Talia's pussy and keeps lapping them up. A combination of Harry's cum and Talia's juices coat her face.

"Clean me off."

The two lovers move closer to each other. Talia and Laurel exchange a kiss while Harry's cock slides in and out of Talia's warm asshole. He's about ready to burst inside of her.

"Get ready, beloved," Harry grunts with one final push inside of her.

He clutches her waist and pulls almost out of her. Harry slams his hard cock inside of her body. His bloated balls give way. The warm rush cascades through his body and repeatedly spills his cum inside of her warm asshole. Harry pushes inside of her and keeps slapping against her asshole with constant thrusts.

Talia drops to the ground, her asshole leaking from cum. Laurel dives in and starts cleaning the cum from her asshole. The warm and talented tongue rubbing against her drives Talia completely insane.

Laurel finishes rimming Talia's ass out and reaches between Harry's legs. She squeezes his balls and then puts her tongue on his cock.

"Clean my cock," Harry invites her.

Like the good and obedient woman, Laurel lines up her mouth with Harry and washes his cock with her tongue and spit. She worships the cock which was once in Talia's ass.

The woman in question drops down onto the chair. Talia's dark hair cakes to her face. She rubs her fingers against her opening and hungrily throws her hips up. She moans and twists the further Talia guides her fingers inside of her warm pussy.

"A good job."

Harry pulls Laurel up and pushes her against the wall. Harry lines his hands against her body. His slippery cock lines up with Laurel's pussy. She clutches against the wall when Harry teases her. He is certain to get everything out of Laurel he can.

"So, how much do you want my cock?" Harry asks her.

"Badly."

Harry pulls back and slides the cock inside of her wet pussy. Her tightness closes around Harry the deeper he pushes inside of her. He gains a lot of momentum. Harry explores the familiar territory of
Laurel’s tight and toned body. He makes her breath out and scream.

Talia leans back in the chair to watch the show. The sight of Harry’s large balls slapping against Laurel’s toned legs make Talia rise up and down. The pleasure increases through Talia the more she plays with herself. Talia runs her fingers up and rubs her.

The sounds of large cum soaked balls slaps against her. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and lines his hard cock against her body. Harry runs a finger against her and then lets her go. She gushes around Harry’s intruding organ. He speeds up, rocking her several times. Harry leans back and drives hard inside of her.

Those cum-loaded balls slow down and let Laurel soak in the feeling around her. Harry toys with the pleasure points on her body. Harry leans closer towards her with a couple more thrusts inside of her. Harry rises up and feels her body. His head dances on her.

Harry finally takes another plunge and goes deeper inside of her. Harry groans when feeling up the warmth of Laurel's body. Laurel curls her toes and scrapes them against the wall. The warmth rises through her body and Harry rides her all the way to the station.

His fingers keep brushing around Laurel's body. Harry indulges in her clenching body and sucks on her sweaty neck. The taste of her body entices Harry. The guidance of Laurel’s orgasm drives Harry deep inside of Laurel and causes her to slump against the wall.

A small pop brings Harry across the room and in front of Talia’s body. The enchantment Harry places on Laurel still leaves her with the sensation of cock inside of her. This leaves Harry in position to guide his cock deep inside of Talia.

The surprising, but not entirely unwelcome feeling, with Harry driving down inside of her sets Talia completely off with a series of hard thrusts. Harry plants his hard cock inside of her.

"Oh, work me over, beloved," Talia moans.

Harry clutches her breasts with a couple of rough squeezes. He releases them and squeezes them on a constant basic. He milks Talia’s nipples and squeezes them. Talia throws her hips up and wraps around his hard cock.

The next few minutes is spent with Harry riding Talia's wet pussy and working her to an orgasm. Talia keeps moaning the deeper Harry rams inside of her tight pussy. Her hands and legs ensnare Harry’s body. Harry sucks on her lip and keeps rubbing Talia's nipples. They stand up for Harry to consume them.

A second passes with Laurel finally realizing Harry’s cock left her. She starts to protest until to come to the realization of an invisible hand rubbing her clit. Laurel throws herself back and moans. She grinds her cunt against the invisible voice and cum all over the carpet and the wall in the process.

Both women link up and Harry doubles their pleasure. Talia’s legs drape over Harry's head and he rams his cock inside of her. His hands are all over her body. He speeds up and slows down at several intervals. He pulls out of Talia and drives inside of her body.

Talia collapses from another orgasm and Harry teleports back against Laurel. He rams his cock into her and commences with fucking her against the wall.

Laurel's pleasure, already at a heightened manner, keeps moaning. She experiences lust burning through her body.
"Such a screamer," Harry teases. 

Harry pulls Laurel away from the wall and lifts one leg against her. His talented fingers rub against the back of her leg and allow her moans to keep coming out. Harry pulls out of her and slams his hard cock inside of her. Harry rises up and drives down inside of her.

"Only for you," Laurel manages.

"Yes, only for me," Harry groans. "And you're going to cum for me. And take my cock…just like your sister does….and for as long as Sara does."

A second wind hits Laurel. There are times where they have meetings where Harry describes his time with Sara in detail and tells about how long and in how many ways Sara takes his big cock. It riles up Laurel and makes her horny. Also, her stubbornness makes her willing to repeatedly takes Harry's hard cock inside of her. Harry rises up and drives into her.

The next while is with Harry spending his time alternating between fucking Laurel against the wall and driving his cock into Talia while on the couch. The build up increases in his balls.

Laurel clutches the wall and also clutches Harry's cock. She gets closer.

"I know you're about ready," Laurel breaths in. "And I am for you. I want all of that cum inside of me. I need that cum!"

"Oh, you're such a dirty little minx," Harry groans. "Well, guess what? I'm going to give you more cum than you can handle."

"YES!" Laurel screams. "OH, YES BABY! CUM FOR ME!"

"Yes, drown her cunt with your cum," Talia eggs him on. "And then I suck all of your seed out of her slutty cunt while you fuck me!"

Harry drives deep and hard into Laurel's tightening quim. He holds his fingers at Laurel's nipples which stick out and demand to be grabbed. He rides her out for the rest of the way. His balls come very close. The warming feeling increases through his body with deep and long thrusts inside of her.

Laurel comes close to bringing out with a scream which cracks the windows. Talia spitting out dirty talk about eight different languages only spurs her on despite the fact Laurel only understands a fourth of it.

"Can't hold on!"

Harry sees stars and shoves his cock into Laurel. His balls tighten and the orgasm reaches its apex. He rams repeatedly inside of Laurel and drenches her womb with his cum. Laurel's tightening wet pussy milks him and takes everything.

Thankfully, Harry holds Laurel against the wall and finishes. His balls deflate when finishing giving Laurel her fill with his balls.

Harry pulls away from Laurel and guides her back to the couch. The second Laurel hits, Talia pounces her and as she promises, starts eating Laurel out.

This action brings Harry's cock back to life. He zeroes in on Talia's pussy and continues the next round. The combined moans drown out Harry's grunt when he shoves his cock, hardening once again into Talia.
They have plenty of time.

End

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