Stranded

by megamatt09

Summary

AU. A mishap from the veil lands Harry on the island of Lian Yu. Because, naturally, it’s the kind of luck Harry has. Harry Potter/Arrow/Flash/Supergirl/Smallville fusion story, Harry/Multiple Girls.
Just a quick note before I begin, I changed a few details to fit the narrative I want to tell in this particular story. So, if you see anything that doesn't line up with canon, that's why. Granted, for ninety percent of you, that much should be obvious because this is fan fiction.

Stranger from the Other Side:

A violent storm kicked up high over the South China Sea. Huge gusts of winds, angry sounding thunder claps, dangerous blasts of lightning, and just pure darkness engulfed the area. The waves whipped across the water, making any journey extremely treacherous.

Those who sailed for a living weathered numerous storms in the past. They knew the storm which raged tonight was no ordinary storm. It was far more violent, far more unforgiving, and far more dangerous. The storm built for the better part of the last couple of days and reached a fever pitch this particular evening.

A cyclone appeared over an uncharted island off of the South China Sea. No one had been around for miles on this island. The mist rose above the island thus blocking the view of the island for anyone who just happened to have the misfortune of being on said island.

The cyclone cloud launched a figure like a bottle unleashing a cork. The figure from the sky flew down to the ground and impacted the dirt, just coming short of hitting a very dangerous area of the island. The mist blocked what dropped from the sky from view, at least for the first couple of minutes after it dropped.

The stranger pulled himself to a standing position. Legs almost came out from underneath him like they were made of jelly. He reached onto the side of the tree and stopped, assessed his surroundings. A normally unruly hair of dark hair got knocked around. Green eyes widened into the distance and managed to just barely make out the surroundings through the other side of the mists.

He dressed in tattered clothes, ripped apart from landing on the ground. A faint, but still visible tattoo of a circle encased in a triangle with a pair of jagged lines being drawn down the circle stood prominently on his chest. The figure stood up, tall, if not a bit shaky. He was a well-built young man, despite the state of disorientation.

His name came to him after he managed to regain his composure. Harry Potter stood firmly on the ground on the mysterious island. The throbbing in his skull finally started to cease.

Five years Harry obsessed over that stupid curtain. The obsession became even stronger as the years came face.

Harry always had a strange affinity for all things death, for some reason. He had been the only person in living memory to survive the Killing Curse. He had a combination of Basilisk Venom and Phoenix tears coursing through his blood stream. He survived the Killing Curse again and claimed the Deathly Hallows.

Seventeen confirmed assassination attempts on his person later, Harry survived, still in possession with the three most sought out magical objects in the history of the world. The fact he was the only
one who had the potential to use them for long without falling victim to their curse didn't stop greedy witches and wizards from trying to grab them.

He sought the veil, studied it, and now Harry found himself in a brand new place, almost entirely by accident.

'Am I dead?'

The first question any rational person would ask when in a weird situation like he was now. Yet, it was a question Harry Potter asked himself far more times than he cared to count. Was he dead? He didn't think so.

Death flirted with Harry so many times, he thought they were about ready to go steady, as weird as it might sound.

'Okay, I'm not dead. If I'm not dead, then where am I? When am I?'

Two questions anyone who had been through the trials Harry had would ask. He had to ask it. All went back to what he learned about the veil.

'No one has been quite able to pierce the mysteries of the Veil of Death. Most who pass through it, end up being brought to their final reward or final torment. A few may end up elsewhere, but no confirmed evidence exists of anyone ever returning back from a trip to the veil.'

No one could survive the Killing Curse. No one could fight a Basilisk at the age of twelve. No one could create a fully fledged Patronus and run off a hundred Dementors at the age of thirteen. No one could hold their own in a tournament made for overage magic users at the age of fourteen. No one could survive multiple battles with the most dangerous Dark Lord of the 20th century. And no one, could unite the Deathly Hallows without severe madness.

Well, Harry couldn't be clear of the final point, he was no expert on mental health, his own especially. Living for ten years in a cupboard underneath the stairs may have left Harry with just a few issues.

After the latest little trip through the veil, Harry wasn't certain about his ability to return. Then again, he couldn't be certain of his ability to return anyway, without knowing where here was.

He most certainly could not disapparate off of the island without having a good idea where it was and the path he needed to do to get back home, if at all possible. A quick look around told Harry he had been surrounded on all sides by water. He was on an island, somewhere.

Geography was not a subject which was taught at Hogwarts.

Harry stood in the middle of the island. He felt about a week's worth of growth on the side of his face. It had been a lot longer between stepping through the veil and landing here than he thought.

"I think the storm just about subsided….good we can begin. We can't be behind schedule."

Voices on the island meant Harry Potter was not alone. He noticed there were some other people on the island, but they didn't notice him, at least not yet.

'Better not test my luck.'

Harry needed to find shelter, but where. There was a small wooded area off to the side where he landed and also the source of the voice he heard. He listened to them speaking in low whispers.
The former Boy-Who-Lived stopped short and noticed something submerged half-buried in the ground, just waiting for some unsuspecting person to step onto.

'Land mine,' Harry thought.

One subtle sweep of the island told Harry it was littered by landmines and traps. Whoever stepped onto this island stepped into a walking deathtrap, and they didn't want the people on the island to leave alive. Harry had to watch his step.

"Make sure our insurance policy is secure."

Harry hazarded a guess they weren't the friendly type, the other people on this island. Just a hunch, the type of people he should be avoiding at all costs.

Like it had so many times before, curiosity had gotten the better of Harry Potter. There were so many times where he didn't have to stick his nose into other people's business, along with the many times where he kind of had to because it would be the only way he would learn things.

'Of course, I'm going to follow these two.'

Harry could either find a way out of the death trap of the island or follow two men who obviously found a way onto the island on their own accord. They might, unwittingly, clue him on a way to get off of the island.

'It wouldn't be me if I didn't follow them.'

Harry stood, behind the cover of crush to the two men who stopped. A group of about six or seven more men, who had been armed, moved around.

'Really well trained, and organized. And that makes them dangerous as well. Going to have to play it carefully, Potter.'

Careful normally had not been Harry's middle name. He had to maneuver around the traps. His danger sense heightened after an entire life time of peaking over his shoulder.

"Fyres is being a real pain, isn't he? Wonder what has his knickers in a twist."

"Who cares? As long as he pays us well, I don't really care what he's up to."

Okay, so now Harry was dealing with the mercenary types who were only out for the money. He could respect them for their principles, money was of course the solution to all of life's problems. And the cause of all of life's problems as well to be fair.

"Make sure no one is lurking around."

"Who would be lurking around on this island? No one is going to take a vacation on it. It's out in the middle of nowhere."

"Hey, I'm just telling you what the boss says. You want to take things up with the boss, fine, take it up with him. But, don't be surprised if you have to deal with the boss's new friend."

"The weirdo in the mask?"

"Yeah, him. Guy looks like he can take you out in one swift move. But, he's sticking to Fyres like glue to a toilet seat."
"What? Does that....."

"Never mind, the point is, he never leaves his side. Which means he's being paid the big bucks. More than us....just keep a look out and make sure no one is coming around."

"I don't suppose someone is just going to drop from the sky and land on this island. This place is purgatory, the only way off is the way we got on here."

Hello, they had a way off of the island. Harry intended to listen into the conversation closely. A rather frazzled looking gentlemen rushed and nearly tripped one of the land mines. His buddy held up a hand to stop him.

"Whoa, slow down here, mate, you trip one of those things, and you blow your foot up."

"Yeah, I can't even take a piss in the woods without running into some kind of trap."

"Just watch your step, or you'll lose more than your head."

The man looked around and Harry thought he was looking a bit too close for comfortable. Harry closed his eyes. He could will himself invisible thanks to bonding to the cloak, occasionally. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, and despite constant study, Harry still couldn't piece together the how or the whys about how the cloak worked.

"There's guy who dropped on the island. He practically fell out of the sky."

Harry froze instantly. He took careful inventory of the paths around him. One way lead him through a very dangerous area and the other way lead him into a camp which could have had more of these mercenaries.

"Damn it, it will be our heads if someone came onto the island."

"Who could be dumb enough to come here willingly?"

"Did you see any ships wrecked in the area? Are you sure you haven't been drinking? Imagining things?"

Harry took a half of a step forward, and ended up almost stepping on a snake. It gave a hiss.

"Quiet."

The snake looked at Harry strangely and backed off. Well, Harry still had that particular gift at least.

The men were coming right here. Harry looked towards the land mine which was right between him and the men. It was time for drastic action.

Harry raised his hand and detonated the land mind to blow up the ground. A searing pain shot through Harry's arm when he tried to channel magic through it. The bolt of light caught the land mind and blew up the ground. Harry's quick reflexes through himself out of the way of flying shrapnel and rock.

He did have several cracked bones in his arm in an attempt to launch the magic. Pain beyond anything Harry ever experienced in his life shot through his body.

How did he break his arm by performing magic? Harry didn't bother, he had two legs, which picked up the pace and sprinted. The bullets soured through the air. Harry closed his eyes.
On the bright side, the shield protected him from bullets. On the negative side, the shield also burned Harry's skin and caused agony to spread through his nerve endings. On the other bright side, it took his mind away from the broken bones.

'There's something on this island, to make performing magic a far more difficult chore than it really was. Think, Potter, it has to be a rune or some kind of altar, or something blocking you. It could be anywhere, this is a big island.'

The shield flickered away just half of a second before a dart stuck Harry in the side of his neck. The poison should have dropped him instantly. Instead, Harry staggered around.

It reminded him of the time he, Luna, and Ginny got plastered off of that German Firewhisky during Ginny's eighteenth birthday party.

Harry staggered a couple of inches and saw a gentleman dressed in black armor. He had a mask which was half orange and half black, with a sword strapped onto his back. The gentleman split into three before Harry's eyes.

'When in doubt, hit the one in the middle.'

His reflexes dulled from the poison dart injected into the side of the neck. The assassin grabbed him around the arm and twisted his arm around his back. He caught Harry with a couple of well-placed strikes to the side of his neck and one to the lower back for good measure.

Harry finally discharged him, and then collapsed to the ground, the beating getting the better of him.

X-X-X

Sara Lance clung to the side of the wreckage of the Queen's Gambit, just barely keeping her head above the water when she did.

'Guess its karma trying to sleep with your sister's ex-boyfriend.'

The girl had been dressed in her night clothes, which dripped wet with salt water. The bag she had, and her cell phone, currently disappeared underneath the water and likely sank to the bottom. She held onto the side of the wreckage with one hand and paddled herself over.

Blood dripping from her cheek was not a good thing, especially in a situation like this. Sara's breathing increased when she moved.

"Oliver?" Sara asked. "Mr. Queen?"

No answers from anyone. Sara saw the mist rising up which made it hard. Her hands started to shake. It only took a few seconds for her to cling on. She knew one gust of wind would cause her to fly.

Sara saw a life raft, and she saw the battered body of Robert Queen. He looked to have dislocated his shoulder when going down with the yacht.

"Mr. Queen?"

"Ms. Lance," Robert breathed. He moved over and extended a hand to help her onto the life boat.

The boat rocked and wouldn't be able to hold the two of them. Robert looked about ready to pass
out. He looked cut out pretty badly.

"Oliver, where is Oliver?"

Sara shivered. Her attire wasn't conductive for the cold air created by the storm.

"I don't know, I saw him….slip underneath, and we got separated. By the currents…..I really wish I could help you more."

Robert closed his eyes. He tried to reconcile what happened to his son. He could see the storm would take out the life boat if both he and Sara were inside of it.

"He's made it, over there, to that island."

Sara squinted to look at the island through the mist. If Oliver made it there, it didn't look very inviting. She couldn't put her finger on why, but it gave a presence of foreboding.

"Oliver, made it? Are you sure?"

"He had to….and you need to make it there, before the storm hits up again."

Robert reached into his satchel and pulled out a notebook before handing it to Sara.

"Give it to Oliver when you get there…..and tell him, I'm sorry. It went too far."

Sara had so many questions, but Robert Queen crawled out of the life boat, and made his way to the piece of wreckage which Sara balanced out. The blonde woman watched in horror when Robert pulled out a handgun and placed it against the side of his temple.

"Mr. Queen, WAIT!"

A gunshot blew right through Robert Queen's temple and he fell down onto the wreckage. His blood spilled all over from it went down.

Sara gripped the make shift paddle and worked her way towards the island. Her heart hammered tightly against her chest.

It was supposed to be a nice pleasure trip over a long weekend, and it turned into an absolute nightmare. Sara closed her eyes and the life boat rocked.

She had been stuck up on rocks. Sara slid from the boat, and crawled across the rocks before jumping onto the island.

Sara just barely made it onto the island. She tried to get out, but collapsed. A twisted ankle impeded any further movement. Sara closed her eyes, and looked up.

She smelled a fire, someone was here.

"IF SOMEONE IS HERE, HELP ME!"

From the distance, Sara saw figures approach. Relief hit her suddenly, and then fear spread the second these armed mercenaries approached Sara from all sides.

"Well, look what washed up."

Two of the mercenaries dragged Sara to her feet. She struggled to break free, and almost did.
Unfortunately, she couldn't get very far thanks to her busted ankle so they reclaimed her.

'Feisty little thing, isn't she? I like it.'

"Don't screw around. Fyres told us to bring anyone who comes on the island straight to him."

"Ah, seems like such a waste to have a pretty little number like this get tortured for information. Why don't we hold onto her for a while and then hand her over to Fyres? Who's going to know?"

The leader of the mercenaries stood up. "We'll know. And if you need to get your rocks off, we got a magazine back at the bunk you can use."

"It's not the same."

"Quiet! You want Fyres to send…him over here after us."

Sara had no idea where they were taking her now. The notebook clutched in her hand, which one of them noticed it.

"Hey, look at the nice little book she has!"

"Give me that back!" Sara yelled, with a shin bruising kick.

Right before she had brought down to her knees. One of them pushed her face into the dirty.

"What's this girl? Is this your little black book? Or something else?"

One of them flipped through the names in the book and frowned.

"We better show this to Fyres as well. Some of these names look familiar."

This time, the mercenaries tied Sara's hands behind her back as they marched her off.

"Let's take her. Fyres should be ready to interrogate the other one by now."

Sara wondered what they meant about the other one.

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Rose Wilson utterly hated her father. Teenagers said they hated their parents and often just said it out of anger and angst. Rose, however, really hated her father, and wanted to kill him.

Slade worked as the world class mercenary, Deathstroke the Terminator, one of the most dangerous assassins for hire in the world. Rose didn't really see much of her father, although the few times he showed up, it turned her life upside down for the worse.

This latest time, Slade drugged Rose and took her against her will, saying it was time for her to see her full potential or die trying. So he dropped her off in the middle of Purgatory to Rose to sink or swim. If she survived the harsh conditions of the island, Rose would be judged worthy. And Slade said he would finally accept Rose as his daughter.

'I wish that bastard was dead.'

She secured some food and supplies, enough to hold her off for the past couple of days. Her father, oddly enough, was present, he had some kind of job on this island, with the man running the
operation. Fyres, Rose thought she heard his name was.

Rose never could get close enough to kill Slade despite her attempts to do so.

The girl's eyes narrowed. Her platinum blonde hair hung wildly past her shoulders. She dressed in a ragged black tank top and a pair of jean shorts. Despite only being sixteen years old, Rose had a fit and toned body which many might mistake for someone more mature. Rose stepped over to the rocks and surveyed the surroundings.

Slade made his way through the tent. Rose wanted to get close enough to him to take him out.

'Bastard deserves to die.'

Rose's half-siblings didn't have any better of a relationship with their father than Rose did, but Rose thought she had to prove more for some reason.

Was her mother still off on a mission? Her work brought her away from home for long times. Rose learned to fend for herself, learned skills which would allow her to survive at a young age. Her mother provided for Rose when she was around, but they didn't have the strongest relationship.

Adaline's failed marriage with Slade weighed on the woman, and Rose being around was a constant reminder of the failed relationship.

'Damn it, if only he gets left alone for two minutes, I can get him.'

Slade knew, he had to know Rose was there. Rose decided to slip away, waiting for the next moment where she could get close enough to Slade.

The teenage warrior stopped and frowned. These mercenaries were preparing for something.

Rose remaineder herself of her goal. Survive and kill Slade, it was the only thing which mattered to her.

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Harry's head throbbed when he tried to wake up. The pounding in the back of his head just increased. He could see the same mercenary standing in the background, menacing and staring at him. The mask covered his face. The blade sheathed over his back could be seen.

"Well, you're an interesting one, aren't you?"

A middle-aged man came into Harry's blurred focus. He looked at Harry with a smile.

"You were brought here and my men swore you had severe burns over most of your body," the man said. "And now they're healed."

A long beat followed and Harry said nothing. The man leaned down to look into Harry's face.

"How do you suppose that happened?"

Harry smiled.

"Magic?"

The flippant answer was not appreciated by the man, despite it being technically true.
"What's your name, son?"

Harry looked towards him. Never tell them your name, first thing he learned in Auror training. It gave them an advantage over you in battle. People feared the unknown, therefore being unknown gave you an advantage.

"Not talkative, I see," he replied. "Very well, perhaps I should tell you where you ended up, even if I'm not quite sure how you got here."

The magic answer might not hold water a second time, Harry made a mental note to think so any way.

"You are on the island of Lian Yu, which is called Purgatory. It's a place where many of the worst prisoners in the world are sentence. Many barely survive a month here."

Harry knew he was on a place called Lian Yu, but he didn't know exactly where it was. Still could pose a problem.

'With my current magical problems, teleporting out of here might not be advisable. Hell with the energies on this island, I might not be able to. It might be just like Hogwarts was.'

"And yet, you're here," Harry said.

"My circumstances are different," the man told him.

"Yes, they are…and you're Fyres, aren't you?"

A frown showed Harry he was right. He also had a distinct advantage of Fyres. Harry knew his name. Fyres didn't. Harry hoped to keep it like this for as long as he can.

"How do you know....."

Harry flashed a bland smile. "Your men love to talk when they think no one is listening."

The leader of the operation frowned and shook his head.

"Yes, although I do wonder how much you know. Well, we'll find it out….after a few days without food, water, or sunlight, you might be more willing to speak, tell me why you're here, what you know, and who you are."

Harry didn't say anything. It wouldn't be the first time he had to go several days without food, water, or sunlight.

'Thanks, Vernon,' Harry thought. 'Never knew my shitty childhood could come in handy when surviving on desolate island out in the middle of nowhere.'

The man Fyres left, which left Harry around with the sunny mercenary in the orange and black mask. Not exactly someone Harry suspected would lead to a very fun conversation.

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**To Be Continued.**
So we begin another adventure. To ask the inevitable question of whether or not there will be any other Harry Potter characters involved other than Harry Potter.....yes, but obviously they're a bit turned around due to this being a different world.

Until the next time I compose a chapter fit to post.
Captive: Harry Potter closed his eyes and just listened to the sounds on the island. Every now and again, Harry caught a few snatches of conversation from the various mercenaries working on the island. Fyers ensured to keep his men at an ear's length, potentially thinking Harry knew too much. He didn't have a chance to look into the man's mind.

The light sound of dripping water from the side drove Harry a bit nuts. It was a constant, never-ending repetitive sound. Harry's hand turned around. The chain snapped back against the wall. The injuries Harry sustained sapped most of his energy sealing it.

He wondered how long it would be before something had to give. Every now and then, Harry caught a glimpse of the mercenary from the doorway. He saw some of the other men on the island every now and then. How long passed anyway? A day, maybe more, maybe less, without a watch and sunlight to mark the passage of time, Harry didn't know.

'Curiosity killed the cat.'

Harry chuckled at how he got captured. It would have to be his own foolish curiosity which got himself into trouble. The young man rose almost up and then dropped down onto the ground. The chains rattled a second later. Harry leaned over.

"So, you still haven't broken?"

It had been the first time since the initial meeting with Fyers which someone talked to Harry. The man in the black and orange mask looked towards him at the end of the doorway. Harry couldn't see beyond the doorway from his vantage point.

"Has he sent you here to torture me?"

"He's not paying me to do as much," the mercenary said. "But, if he pays me, I'll happily do whatever he wishes."

Harry thought about as much. The time ticked on down and he waited for what was going to happen.

"It looks like you're not the only guest here."

Not the only guest, what was this man talking about? Harry hated to even think about someone coming across this operation. It didn't seem like many people came by this island, at least among those who weren't up to any good.

'Okay magic, whatever is messing with me has to be around here somewhere. Just focus Harry, see if you can find it.'

All Harry managed to experience in his attempts to locate the rune was nothing other than a nose bleed and a shaken hand. Harry breathed in and out a half of a second later.
Harry started to quicken his breath. The mercenary from the other end looked at him.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Talk to me."

Harry's hand vibrated a slight in an attempt to destabilize the molecules in the chain. The chain slapped against the wall and a searing pain came through Harry's body.

His body ached. The chain slipped a little bit from the wall and then snapped back against the wall. It left Harry slumped against the wall and right back to where he began. The mercenary in the doorway disappeared by the time Harry had a sense of himself.

"Accio key," Harry muttered.

Nothing, but he had to try. Otherwise, he would have been trapped there forever. The chain ground one more time against the wall and Harry slumped back against the wall.

'Just got to wait before they come back. To see if I can get the key to the chain. Providing they have it on them.'

Harry looked up and the mercenary was gone. A mysterious figure wearing an elegant green hood walked towards him. The figure's face was covered. He held out a bowl containing a soup of some sort, even though it had a stale smell.

"Eat."

The figure held out the bowl instantly for Harry. Harry knew better than to accept food from a stranger. It could be poisoned, it could have some kind of serum to lower his inhibitions. It could have some kind of truth serum in it. Harry learned how to throw off the effect of most truth serums by shielding his mind to lock away memories which contradicted the narrative he told.

It was one of the reasons why confessions underneath a truth serum were not admissible underneath a court of law. A powerful wizard had enough time to alter their mind.

"You should eat. If you want to see tomorrow, you have to eat."

The man underneath the hood told him to eat again and pushed the bowl. Harry refused to accept the food from the man. He couldn't say whether or not the best intentions were in mind.

The sound of footsteps off to the side alerted the man's attention away from the situation. He slipped out and went a slightly different way.

'So, there's more than one way out of here.'

The mercenary in the black and orange mask came back, with Fyers and few of his men following him a few steps behind.

"What are you trying to do?" Fyers asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

A frown spread across the face of the gentleman. It had been obvious the captive's resolve had not been knocked down despite their best efforts. Harry's stoic expression never once broke. He just looked up at Fyers.

"The key opening your shackles ripped out of my hand and landed on the ground," Fyers told him. "How do you think that happened?"
Harry looked up with a bleary eye and smiled. "Ghosts, gremlins."

'Accio, key.'

The key slipped out of the pocket of Fyers. Unfortunately, one of the men caught the key before it landed in Harry's occasion. Two of the guns pointed at either side of Harry's head and they clicked at his temple. One pull of the trigger it would blow Harry's head off of his shoulders.

Harry wasn't completely certain if a gunshot to the head would hurt him or not. He really didn't want to find out.

"What are you?" Fyers asked. "Are you one of their's?"

'One of who's?' Harry asked. 'Why do I have a feeling I'm getting accused of something I didn't do? AGAIN! There has to be a perfectly logical explanation.'

"I don't have an idea what you're talking about."

Fyers snapped his fingers and motioned for the mercenary to come into the room. The men parted away from Harry.

Harry nearly had the gun figured out just enough to remove the firing components for the gun. They drew a bit out of range where he couldn't do any passive. At least, Harry couldn't do it in his current condition.

"Make him talk," Fyers said. "Your payment will be doubled to do so."

The mercenary answered with a nod and walked over towards him. A dagger wielded in his hand.

"There are numerous parts of the body which will bring you inhumane amounts of pain. And injuries in these areas won't kill you, but it would make you wish it would."

The dagger stabbed into the back of Harry's leg. His agony increased the second when the blade entered the back of his leg. Harry closed his eyes to try and block out the pain. The pain increased with the blade pushing into the back of Harry's leg and drawing out of his leg.

"Are you willing to give up who you're working for?" Fyers asked. "You're working with them….you're working with him…you're one of their experiments."

No, Harry didn't have the slightest idea what he was talking about. It annoyed him a little bit. The mercenary pulled back the blade.

"Stab him again."

The dagger slammed into the front of Harry's leg and drew blood. It almost cut him to the bone, but the mercenary pulled back. The agony spread towards Harry's body.

"Tell me your name."

Harry looked up with a firm look in his eyes. He absolutely refused to give up anything. The agony of the cuts spread into his leg. Slowly, the wounds healed, but they took longer to heal than the previous wounds healing.

The chains hooked Harry against the wall started to heat up and rattled loose. He relaxed his body, drew all of the power into himself, and ignored the stabbing pain which entered the back of his leg one more time.
Rose Wilson perched herself from the front of the trees. She heard the yell of "stab him again" from the tunnels deep underground. Her father returned to work and made her blood boil.

Two of the men stood underneath the tree and walked back and forth with each other.

"What is the boss going to do with the girl?"

"The boss is more preoccupied with that weird hobo guy who dropped out of thin air. I handed him the book, but he just put it away, saying he'd look at it later."

Rose listened closely, so they had at least two people captive. Her father was involved, likely just the dangerous weapon this Fyers guy pointed at his prisoners. What were they doing on the island?

'No, your survival is important, no one else. Keep focused, find a way to get to him, and get off of the island.'

Every now and then Rose caught a glimpse of her father, fleeting, wearing that mask, practically taunting her. Rose had no question about it. She knew Slade knew and he knew she knew. And it put her back to square one.

Rose had to make her move now sooner or later. While Fyers had been distracted by whatever he was doing interrogating his captives. He had at least three prisoners at this point, that hobo looking guy, the blonde who washed up on shore, and the old man's daughter, to get him to comply with whatever Fyers was up to.

'Pretty populated island all things considered.'

One of the men lingered off to the side from the others. He whipped out his cigarette to have a smoke. Rose dropped down, and grabbed the man by the throat and pulled him into the woods.

She only had about two minutes before the others noticed him. Rose grabbed the man by the throat and held a roughly made knife at the man's neck. Her prisoner looked at her.

"What the hell are you doing?" he demanded.

"You're my hostage, and you're going to help me get to Slade Wilson."

The man was about ready to open his mouth to scream. Rose held the knife at the man's throat and didn't cut into the throat, at least not yet.

The truth was, Rose never killed anyone in her life. Thought about it, but never came close to doing so. Her father put her in a position where she might have no result. Her mother said murder was the last resort, and it was obvious she must have done so.

"Slade? I don't know who you're talking about."

Rose reigned in her temper which always lingered closer to the edge.

"Deathstroke? Does that name ring a bell?"

The fact the man's face turned white as a sheet told Rose he damn well knew who Deathstroke was.
"Fyers hired him," Rose said. "Get me to him, and I won't kill you."

The mercenary had not been hired for his bravery. The sounds of footsteps off to the side caused Rose to waver. She grabbed the man by the arm and put the knife to his throat.

"Keep your mouth shut if you want to live!"

The man shouted "HELP!" and Rose froze.

'You son of a bitch!'

The brush pushed across, and Rose kicked the hostage into the tree. A huge and crudely made battering ram swung and gave Rose the attempt she needed to disappear further into the woods. She could almost hear Slade's taunting voice through her mind, telling her how sloppy and unrefined she was. How her technique needed work. Rose heard it and Rose hated it, much like she hated her son of a bitch of a father.

No disrespect meant to her grandmother, Rose never met the woman. But if she was anything like Slade, then Rose would take back the no offense.

'These assholes shouldn't be hard to lose. They're hired help, the only ambition is not screwing up enough to get killed, or have their bank accounts.'

Rose made her way behind a bamboo hut. She lost them and had gotten further away from Slade.

'Fuck this. I'm just going in there and stabbing the asshole. What's the worst that could happen?'

The only problem Rose saw was there was now a small group ready to make her hostage number four. Time to show them what she was made of and all she had to defend herself was the crudely made knife she put together on the island and her wits.

'Then again, going against these guys, using my wits is about like fighting a man without arms.'

"She's after Deathstroke…..it must be his brat!"

Rose rocked her head back, rolling her eyes at that statement. She knew it would be beyond impossible to fight all of them.

Perhaps, though, she could find a way around most of them. Rose eyed a couple of the paths. She spent the last several weeks keeping an eye on all of the parts on the island which could put her in danger. There were some paths which ran a huge risk, but it would get her back around to where Fyers at his prisoners holed up.

And where Slade stood guard.

Sara didn't really know what to make of the situation. She had been put inside of a room which was barely bigger than a broom closet. They dropped off some clothes for her to put on, which Sara as grateful of. Having underclothes dripping wet and stinking of the sea wasn't the most comfortable thing in the world.

She dressed in a coat which was about two sizes too big for her. The sleeves cuffed up and she continued to swim in the coat. Sara tied the belt on the pants she had been given as tight as possible. It would still slip off when she made a step forward. Not, Sara had a chance to walk too
far in the situation she was in.

She had been trapped here, with the leader of the ruffians on the island saying he'd figure out what
to do with her. She had been left some cold soup, crackers, and some bread, not exactly the best
meal in the world, but it was suffering.

What she had not been left was the book Robert Queen dropped into her hand before taking his
own life. And no clue whether or not Oliver made it to the island, been picked up by someone, or
something else.

Sara leaned back against the wire chair which they had been left against the ground. Every now and
then she heard the voices. Somewhere above her, a sink dripped, which meant they had indoor
plumbing somewhere on the island. The dripping started to get on Sara's nerves.

The door remained locked tight. Sara would just have to wait for them to come back.

Footsteps grew closer to the door and they didn't walk away. Sara kept a careful eye on them on the
other end of the door. The door opened and a trio of the men got up and looked at her.

"Get up."

Sara really didn't have too much of a choice with one of them grabbing her by the arm with a
forceful pull and yanked her down a rather narrow pathway. She realized the dripping she heard
was not from a sink of any sort, but rather through a crack from the rock.

"This is all been a huge mistake," Sara said. "Look, my….."

"Be quiet, keep your head down, and you might get back home safely."

One of them spoke in one of the kinder voices possible, but it was obvious by the look on his face,
he was not one to be trifled with. They nudged Sara down the hallway. She didn't have much room
to try and get away, without being stabbed, shot, or just otherwise beat to death.

Sara saw the man who took the book from her. He looked at her with a look.

"So, they sent you and your accomplice here? Well, it won't work."

She had been pushed through the door. Sara looked down and half-expected to see Oliver chained
up. However, she saw a worn down male who wasn't Oliver. She wondered what the hell
happened.

A man in the mask moved away so Sara could get a proper look at him. Sara could not quite look
away from the car crash of several jagged lines cut through his face, his chest, and his arms as
well, not to mention through his legs.

"He's tougher than he looks."

The man who lead the operation responded by nodding.

"I wonder if she's been enhanced like him."

A pair of green eyes flashed open and the chain started to rattle him. The man in the orange and
black mask nodded.

"So, I wonder if your accomplice is willing to talk when you wouldn't?" the man asked.
The cut up prisoner looked the man in the eyes. "I've never met her before in my life."

"That remains to be seen," he said.

Sara saw the mercenary approach her with a knife extended and ready to cut into her at a moment's notice. She tried to step away, but the goons held her in tight.

"Who are you? How are your injuries healing?"

The captive blonde stopped and stared, those cuts on the other man's arms were healing up as well. Sara couldn't even believe it, the rest of those cuts still were prominent, although maybe a bit faded.

"Tell me, or I'll go after you."

"You go after her?" the prisoner asked. "That makes you a coward, doesn't it?"

The chill entered the room with the temperature dropping a good twenty or so degrees, or maybe it was Sara's imagination. But, things had gotten a bit more uneasy. Sara looked towards the captive prisoner.

"I'm a man who has to do what's right for the security of many," he said.

"So, you're someone's lapdog, that's nice."

The mercenary's dagger held out and came inches from cutting into Sara's throat. He stopped when the man held up his hand.

"Fyers, you're not going to do it. Because if you kill her, your leverage is gone."

"But, she may be as durable as you," Fyers said. "Deathstroke, you know what to do."

The sword came back and Sara tried to stare it down without flinching, knowing it might just make it worse.

"Wait!"

Deathstroke paused for a minute and pulled the sword back. The young man against the wall stared up, contempt being obvious when he did. He stood up.

"I'm a wizard."

"I don't believe you," Fyers said.

"My name is…"

The sound of an explosion from outside brought the attention of Fyers, Deathstroke, Sara, and the rest of the mercenaries away from the exchange. Chains broke free from the wall and the young man slumped, standing still.

"It's her," Deathstroke said. "She's coming for me."

"If you ruined this operation because of your…"

"She won't make it," Deathstroke responded.
A chain whipped out and wrapped around the throat of one of the men who held Sara. The sound of his neck snapping could be heard when he dropped down to the ground. Some gut shots fired off, but a table flipped over to block the barrage of the bullets.

The young man swung the chain back, with Fyers being pulled out of the way. Sara fell down onto the ground, and the young man put himself in front of her and the guy, Deathstroke!

"You're free," Deathstroke said. "Good, I like a moving target better."

He moved quick and the blade slashed Harry on the side, injuring him. He closed his eyes and almost staggered back. The chain whipped forward, but Deathstroke severed the links and left the weapon unable to be used. Deathstroke caught his opponent with a series of punches to the chest.

Sara watched, her adrenaline pumping and a figure made her way down the tunnel, knocking one of the guards down. The young platinum blonde woman, dressed in a tank top and pants stepped in.

Deathstroke turned around to face her. He chuckled.

"Kid, you have some nerve, trying to get a piece of me."

She tried to use the makeshift blade to take down Deathstroke. He took her down with a sweep and held the blade underneath the chin of the young woman.

"And you've failed your final test."

The young man picked up a lantern one of them men was holding, broke it with his fist, and hurled white hot coals into the face of the mercenary. Deathstroke's mask burned when the coals struck him on the right side of his face.

Sara had been pulled up to a standing position by the mysterious young man.

"We need to go, now," he replied.

"Yeah, we do," Sara said.

"That means you too!"

The girl looked about ready to protest, but more came up from an underground tunnel. Fyers left instantly.

"Go to the end of the tunnel, take a right," he said. "That's the way they went."

He scooped up several bags which the mercenaries dropped and bolted out of it, right behind the two girls. They made their way down the tunnel. He reached into the bag and pulled out a grenade. The grenade rolled down and collapsed the tunnel.

The younger of the two girls shot him an angry look, fists clenching together in the process.

"Are you trying to get us killed by burying us alive?"

The man who hurled the grenade didn't say anything. He cleared the edge of the tunnel, and they were going to make it. There were a few places where they could go.
Harry Potter thought for at least a moment there was a pretty good chance they were going to die. Then, he managed to take advantage an opportunity. He was pretty sure they got clear of Fyers and his men, at least for the moment.

"Are you okay?"

"I'll be fine," Harry said. "I've had worse…"

Harry paused a lifted a hand up to his face and frowned. The wound was not healing as quickly as he would be comfortable with and trying to get away from the men in the tunnel.

"Those wounds should have healed by now."

The younger of the two girls threw her hands up and looked at Harry with a frustrated look.

"Those wounds should have killed you. Exactly what was your plan before they dragged her in there? To get used by my father as target practice?"

"Wait, he's your father?" the other girl asked.

"Yes, Deathstroke, Slade Wilson, whatever you want to call him, he's my father, and I don't like it," she said. "He dragged me here and dropped me out in the middle of nowhere to test me."

Harry turned around, thinking of what he had to do next. He took in a deep breath and tried to locate the rune carving which was causing him problems. He still hadn't located anything, but there was a feeling something on the island isn't right.

"I should go and leave the two of you, you're just slowing me down," the younger girl responded. "I could have gotten him."

"No, your own father would have slit your throat if I hadn't got involved," Harry responded.

The girl threw her hands back. Harry could tell she conceded his point.

"Yes, and she would have been brutalized if I hadn't been involved when I did," she responded, pointing to the other girl. "So, what's your point?"

Harry took a moment to sigh. "My point is, we'll have less of a chance if we go our separate ways. If we band together, we might have a chance to survive, and find a way off of the island."

The younger girl leaned against the wall. She had been tired of running, to be honest.

"Fine," she said. "Just….we'll stick together for now...although how long have you been here….both of you?"

The elder blonde was the first to answer. "I don't know, a day, or two, I was caught on a yacht out in the middle of a storm. Everyone else was lost, I made my way here and that's when they picked me up and locked me up. At least until they took me to try and get him to talk…even though I don't even know your name"

Both of them looked towards Harry for a moment. He could tell there was more to the story.

"So, how did you get here?" the younger girl asked. "Or are you a spy like Fyers seems to think you are?"

"You've been talking to him?" Harry asked.
The girl threw her hands back. "His men talk, they have a few drinks, talk, say things, and they think no one picks up on it."

Harry thought it was fair enough. He saw someone moving around in one of the side tunnels. The same mysterious old man in the green hood stepped in front of him. Harry stepped a bit to the side, but almost collapsed, the wounds becoming great.

"Go this way, if you want to live," the man with the green hood said. "They're going to find you down there, or collapse the tunnels with you inside."

"So, do we trust him?" the older of the two girls asked.

"No," Harry and the younger girl said in unison.

The younger girl took a second to compose her thoughts. "He's working with Fyers, although he's being coerced. Fyers has captured his daughter, and is holding her as a hostage."

"Wait, so Fyers has three other hostages on this island?" Harry asked. "You two and the other girl?"

Harry would naturally have to go back for the other hostage, once he was sure the other two were to safety. It was kind of his thing.

The younger girl's eyes rolled in disgust. "I'm not a hostage…"

"Your father took you here and you weren't willing. What do you call it?"

Harry's challenging look made the girl shake her head. The other of Harry's two temporary traveling companions shrugged. The clothing she wore impeded her movement slightly.

"So, we go this way?"

"I thought you didn't trust him?" the blonde asked.

"I'm not trusting the old man, I'm trusting my gut," Harry said. "It's rarely steered me wrong….most of the time."

The only time Harry's instincts screwed him over was the time where he had been sent to this island, this Lian Yu. He just had to take one step closer to the cave.

The trio walked in silence when they were almost above ground, and hopefully, they could regroup long enough to find a way off of this death trap.

"I'm Sara….Sara Lance."

She sounded a bit nervous, but someone had to break the ice. She looked to the younger girl.

"Well, you know my last name, given I just told you my father was Slade Wilson," she said. "Rose, Rose Wilson…..and….."

They had moved onto the ground into an area which was murky and towards a short path which brought them to a cave. No one had been around. Harry spotted some radio equipment. He hauled the items up, and almost toppled over underneath the sheer mass.

"Here."
Rose took obvious pity on him and helped him hurl up the supplies they managed to grab from Fyers and his men. Sara took note of them as well and assisted them. They moved closer towards the cave.

Harry made sure both of the girls were inside of the cave.

"Dark, dank, and no back entrance," Rose said. "And we're supposed to be safe here?"

The long look between the two of them resulted in a long battle of wills. The clearing of Sara's throat cut it off prematurely.

"There's also all of the communication equipment," Harry said. "If we can get it working, we can find a way to call for help."

Rose muttered "Big if" but just shrugged.

Harry collapsed down, his adrenaline finally wearing off. His wounds mostly healed, but he felt like he had been torn apart and put back together the long way. Sara took a seat next to him, although Rose remained standing. She put one eye to the front of the cave.

He rifled through the bag, glad to see one of them had hair clippers because he really needed a shave in the worst way.

'Hopefully one of these bags has soap as well.'

"So, who the hell are you?"

Rose's blunt statement made Harry want to smile.

'Well, you have to trust someone eventually, and they told me their names first.'

"My name is Harry Potter, and I'm a wizard."

The following silence inside the cave made Harry almost crack up into laughter. Or maybe it was the fact he had gone completely mad.

'Well, that's always a conversation stopper.'

To Be Continued.
Harry always found introductions to be a very awkward part of any meaning for reasons which he could not even fathom. Introductions paled to one thing and that was explanations to what Harry did and why he had to do it. One constant existed at all times and that was what many considered was insane, Harry found quite mundane indeed.

He sat in the middle of the cave in the middle of a desolate island out in the middle of nowhere. He got here by being pulled through a curtain of vague mystical origins, after a long obsession with acquiring three mystic objects which lore rumored give those the powers of mastery of Death. Death had been such a complex and varied complex, Harry didn’t know what to believe.

The sorcerer's wounds mostly healed. All of those old scars which he had before he untied the Deathly Hallows never quite healed properly. Perhaps, it was the point. Harry wanted them as a constant reminder of where he came and what could happen if he made a mistake.

Harry cleaned up, shaved, and found some clothes which looked a quite bit nicer than the rags he wore. He dressed in a sleeveless black top and a pair of cargo pants. He saw several other pieces of equipment as well, although nothing which he could pinpoint what Fyers was doing.

The explanation to Rose and Sara about what he was and how he got here, well, the girls were shocked by it, to say the least. After their meeting, all of them tried to get a good night sleep. The key word was try, was because as long as they were on this island, they would be sleeping with one eye, holding their pillow tight.

Every single footstep put Harry on his guard. Any creature who stirred put Harry on guard. The cave had been out of the way, but there was still a chance Fyers could find him.

"So, you couldn't sleep either?"

Harry turned around and almost flung a dagger from one of the bags. He stopped short, his reflexes being fast from both starting and stopping as well.

Sara stood in front of him, dressed in something which was more fitting to her than the baggy clothes. She dressed in a black tank top, a form-fitting pair of jeans, and a pair of boots.

"You know sneaking up on someone isn't a good idea," Harry said.

Sara shrugged. "I figured I'd take the chance. And I'd figure you would be more reasonable than Rose in this situation. You look like you're more stable than her."

The former Chosen One pulled a face and looked towards her. He moved over on the rocks which he slowly shifted together to form a seat and allowed her to sit down.

"Thanks, I think."

Sara answered with a shrug and dropped down next to Harry. Harry already had a small fire started.
"Had to do this the Muggle way…the non-magical way."

It turned out, talking about Muggles in front of one made you look insane. Who knew? Actually, anyone with half a brain cell might think it was a stupid idea.

"I could have got it going," Sara said. "But….."

"You needed your rest," Harry said.

"So says the guy who got used as a cutting board."

Harry smiled and ruffled through the bag. He found a package of marshmallows, it would work pretty well in a pinch. He picked up a stick and stuck it through the end of the marshmallow before roasting it at the end of the fire.

"I heal easily," Harry said.

"Yeah, with the entire magic thing, I know," Sara said. "Do you mind if I have one of those?"

"Hey, help yourself," Harry said.

Sara smiled and picked a stick of her own, before putting the marshmallow on the end of it. She frowned when looking at it and putting it in front of the fire to heat up.

"Could use some crackers, and some chocolate as well. You know, to make s'mores?"

"I wouldn't know," Harry said. "Never had the pleasure of having one, are they good?"

"Oh, they're good alright," Sara said. "I remember when my sister and I….we used to make a mess with them when we used to go camping when we were kids."

Harry detected a note of sadness in Sara's voice when she spoke about her sister, maybe also some regret, maybe some guilt, for reasons which Harry couldn't figure out. He decided not to push the issue.

"It was also more innocent to smash a marshmallow in your sister's face when you were ten," Sara said. "Now, it kind of looks wrong."

He didn't really say much of anything. Harry ate a couple of marshmallows and oddly enough, having something to eat, even a light snack, made him feel really better.

"You're taking this entire magic thing in stride," Harry said.

"Oh, I know magic exists," Sara said. "There's a girl out in Vegas, she performs one of the best stage shows you'd ever see. And many people think it's just a show, and people drive themselves up a wall trying to find out how she does it. But, she does magic, it's real."

Harry smiled and indulged himself in one more marshmallow.

"That's interesting," Harry said. "I guess there's no statute of secrecy out here than it is back home…technically, I'm not supposed to talk to you about magic."

"Hey, I won't tell," Sara said.

Harry shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Besides, I'm a very long way from home."
'And I doubt I’ll ever find my way back,’ Harry thought. ‘But, I can’t say that’s the worst idea in the world. We’ll see how this goes. Getting off of this island is going to help me figure out some things.’

"So, how did you get here?" Harry asked. "Rose got abducted by her father and I fell out of the sky through a veil."

Sara paused for a second, and Harry knew that look instantly. It was the look of someone who was debating exactly how much to tell Harry.

"I was going away on a trip on a yacht with my sister's ex-boyfriend over the long weekend," Sara said. "And….if something was meant to happen, it was going to happen, if you catch my drift."

Harry fixed himself a crude glass of tea. Some of the herbs he found in the bag weren't half bad. If anything else, Harry was a bit more mellow and relaxed when drinking the tea. He sipped on the tea and looked at Sara.

"Your sister's ex-boyfriend?" Harry asked. "That would have been pretty awkward over the holidays if something happened, wouldn't it?"

Sara shook her head, to be fair, she didn't think that far. She always lived in the moment, and it made life more interesting, but sometimes, it got her in trouble.

'And I can't think of a more obvious sense of being in trouble than being stranded on a desolate island out in the middle of nowhere.'

"Maybe," Sara admitted. "Do you think he's somewhere on the island?"

Harry took a second to contemplate the situation. Sara could almost see the wheels turning around in his head.

"I'd know if he died."

That wasn't really reassuring, to be honest, and Sara didn't have it in her to ask exactly why he would know if he died. Harry rose to his feet and held a glass of tea out for Sara. She took it, wishing they would have scored something a bit stronger from the goons, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

"We'll find him," Harry said.

"Thank, you, I appreciate it," Sara said. "I know it's a one in a million shot he ended up on the same island, but, you can't blame someone for having hope."

Harry couldn't blame her, hope was the only thing which caused a person from going completely insane. A figure started to stir and made her way inside. Rose returned back into the cave.

"You left?" Harry asked. "I thought it made it clear you should stay here."

Rose rolled her eyes. "And I thought I made it clear, I was going to take your suggestion as a suggestion and not a command."

The two strong-willed people looked at each other. Sara felt she was in the middle of a very volatile situation and one which needed a spark to light the fire.

"No one saw you?"

"I've been avoiding those assholes since before both of you landed on this island," Rose said. "I'm
not about to be careless just because you're here. If anything, I have to be more careful, because I'm babysitting you two."

'Oh boy,' Sara thought. 'This isn't going to end well at all.'

Harry took a deep breath, a long time ago, he would have blown his top at such an implication. He had a temper which only a couple of people could match. In time, Harry learned to more tranquil and keep himself calm.

"You should have told us....."

"Maybe," Rose said. "But, give me some credit. I know what I'm doing. Only one of us hasn't been nabbed by Fyers and his goons. Remind me again what that was?"

"You're good," Harry said. "But, you were this close to having a sword run through you by Slade, because you couldn't get over your Daddy issues. Your father is an asshole....."

"Oh, calling Slade an asshole gives a bad name to assholes everywhere," Rose said. "And I've scouted the area, while you two were sitting here making small talk and eating marshmallows."

"Well, sorry we didn't invite you because we thought you were sleeping," Sara said.

Rose turned towards the girl. She had a spark in her, Rose had to admire that.

"I don't think you have any say in this," Rose said.

Harry decide to jump in to defend Sara. "She has about as much say as both of us do. We're all in this together, if we want to survive the island. And if we're all in this together, we're going to have to learn to trust each other. If that trust gets broken, we're all going to die."

Unity was the only way to win the day as far as Harry was concerned.

"She's a liability," Rose said. "She doesn't have the same fighting skills."

"Hey, for your information, I took self-defense classes," Sara said.

"Taking a couple of ju-jitsu classes at the local YMCA isn't going to help you that much against these guys," Rose said. "They are trained soldiers."

Sara and Rose exchanged a heated stare for a moment. It was true, Sara didn't have the kind of training Rose did, or likely Harry did. Still, she wasn't completely useless. Rose did have a point, the soldiers snagged her, and she didn't fancy her chances in a fair fight.

"We aren't going to beat them in a fair fight," Harry said.

"Then, we don't fight fair," Rose curtly said.

Rose took a second to compose herself. She was angry at herself for putting herself in a position where Slade almost killed her. Then, the situation got worse when Rose had to rely on two other people. There was a reason her school reports always had the comment "does not play well with others" on it.

"Well, you've been here the longest," Sara said. "What's the plan?"

"I'll let you know when we have one," Rose said. "I've been tinkering with some of the equipment while you two were sitting down and having social hour over marshmallows."
"You know, if you really want a marshmallow, you can have one," Harry said.

Rose's look indicated she was very annoyed. She took a deep breath and mentally counted to ten.

"The system is fried, otherwise it wouldn't be abandoned," Rose said. "We need a working circuit board, likely from working equipment which Fyers has back in his camp. Which means we need to find a way to get our hands on it."

Harry responded with a nod. The next plan would have to be done soon.

Rose sat down on the rocks next to Sara and looked towards Harry.

"Well, pass me a fucking marshmallow."

"Since you asked some nicely."

Edward Fyers waited for his men to report back. His mercenary was wounded, although the wounds of his self-respect were deeper than anyone. He didn't quite approve of Slade's plan to drop his daughter on the island as some test of her abilities, and it came back to bite them in the worst possible way.

They had about two weeks to accomplish the plan. Everything would be in line. They couldn't afford to have variables which were not prepared for or surprises. Fyers stepped out and walked around the corner.

"Yao Fei."

The man in the green hood walked over towards him. He inclined his head in respect.

"You're considered a pariah to your government, AWOL," Fyers said. "But, you can be a hero which can save the world and can stop a very dangerous person. And I need your assistance."

"I've already agreed to your plan, Mr. Fyers," Yao Fei said. "You should let her go."

Fyers smiled. "Do what I say, and I'll send her home. You have my word."

Only a fool would go into this particular situation without insurance. Fyers knew Yao Fei only agreed for his role in the plan because he had no one else to turn to. He arranged for the man's daughter to be brought to the island.

"You're making a big mistake," Yao Fei said.

Fyers answered with a chuckle. He didn't make mistakes, only took calculated risks which paid off in a varying of ways. He was about ready to check in with his employer, to make sure the plan was still a go. The sound of the radio equipment coming to life made Fyers step closer.

"Yes," Fyers said.

"We're moving the timetable up by a week," the distorted voice said on the other end. "Do what you have to do to get everything in life."

The timetable being moved up, what changed? Fyers wanted to know. His men would have to work around the clock to assemble it, even though it was nearly done. They would have to double
"Might I ask why?" Fyers asked.

"We may never have another opportunity like this. All will be explained when you're back, and you will be taken care of. No one will know you're a part of this. Your reputation will remain intact. Just get it done."

Fyers made himself well aware of Yao Fei listening into every moment of the conversation. He tried to keep it down.

"You haven't run into any snags?"

"There's a problem," Fyers said.

"Well, I trust you'll be able to take care of the problem. I didn't hire you to fail at this mission. Do you understand me Fyers? I don't expect you to fail."

The man brushed off the dressing down he received. He understood perfectly. The connection had gone dead a few seconds later and it left Fyers to figure out his plan. His former prisoner claimed he was a wizard, which sounded like a cover story. Fyers didn't believe in magic, there had to be a scientific explanation for his powers.

'And I will find him, and get some answers,' Fyers said. 'Someone like him could be a useful asset.'

Fyers kept his eye on Yao Fei and Slade meanwhile. They were so far sticking to the script, but they weren't his employees directly. They helped from the outside, and Fyers knew one misstep would lead them to a huge problem. He had to succeed because failure was not an option.

Yao Fei especially was a problem, as the man needed extra insurance to ensure he complied.

Night fell, and Harry moved as far away from the cave as he dared. He spotted a glimpse of Fyers and some of his men putting something together. What, he didn't know, but it certainly was something.

"They're building a weapon."

Rose stepped outside of the cave to join Harry. Harry turned around and saw Sara waiting on the outside.

"The plan is for me to get inside of the village, and get the equipment we need," Harry said. "The two of you stay here, keep an eye on each other."

He could almost hear the protests coming on and the reasons for the protests. The emerald-eyed wizard's expression softened when he looked at both Sara and Rose.

"I'm the only one who can get in there convincingly," Harry said. "I don't know if you've noticed, but his crew, it's a bit of a sausage fest in there. A woman entering in there will stick out like a sore thumb. I can slip in easily, and get out without any problems."

Neither of the girls could argue.

"I hate you, mostly because you actually have a good reason outside of stupid chivalry," Rose said.
"But, are you sure you'll be able to handle because you…can't perform."

Harry raised an eyebrow, and Rose threw her hands back in frustration.

"That's not remotely what I meant," Rose said.

"I'll be fine," Harry said.

He had to be fine, the sooner he got in there, the sooner he got out of there. Fyers would not have gotten out of there.

"I get the equipment, get Sara's book, and get the other hostage out of there, and yes, I'll check for Queen," Harry answered. "If he's there, then that's another hostage we have to deal with. If not…"

"Do what you feel you have to do," Sara said.

Sara had a bad feeling about this and wished she could help more. Rose was right, even if she was a bit of a bitch when she was right. Sara couldn't take down mercenaries. It wasn't like she could get more specialized training on the island. And the one person she could ask, well Rose didn't seem like a very patient tutor.

"You better get back, because I'm not saving your ass again," Rose said.

Harry shook his head. It was more of the same. He saw Sara reach for a vine of berries.

"I wouldn't eat those," Rose said. "The blue ones cause you to have hallucinations."

"Oh, and what about the red ones?" Sara asked.

"They kill you," Rose said.

Sara retracted her hand, and she moved away. This entire island was a death trap, and she wondered if there was anything on this island which couldn't kill her.

"I fish, I hunt, I steal," Rose said. "Don't eat anything on a plant on this island, because it's all dangerous."

Harry shrugged, and reached on the vine, before picking off the blueberries. Rose threw her hands in the air and sighed. Hry shook his head.

"Not for eating," Harry said.

Rose got the message loud and clear. She really hoped this mad plan of Harry's was going to work.

"Fyers told us to work around the clock. So, I want you to put your backs into it, and get it assembled. He's not in the best mood after three prisoners escaped."

The leader of the crew spoke to the men. Many of them grumbled, and they worked so hard they were beginning to develop tension on their knuckles. They had to suffer because Deathstroke couldn't hold up his end of the bargain. Not any of them were going to complain about Deathstroke's performance failure.

A figure crept in the shadows, waiting to see if he could make his move. One of the men walked
off to the side, staggering.

"Yeah, I'm going to have a smoke. It's only going to be five minutes."

The man grumbled something about wishing he had some of those herbs, but he lost the bag in the escape the other day. They would have really made him mellow. The mercenary made his way into the side, and before taking a smoke decided to heed the call of nature.

Harry caught the man with his pants down, quite literally. He pressed a thumb lightly down on the side of the man's neck and dropped him to his knees. Harry dragged him into the bushes.

A second later, Harry appeared in a military uniform. He hoped the darkness would keep them from seeing he wasn't this good. Thankfully, he resembled the man in question.

Harry planted the makeshift device in the dirt, which would go off in five minutes, and would release a cloud of gas. If Rose was right about the berries, and Harry trusted she was, the men would be tripping over their own feet, which would allow Harry to head into the camp without any problems, at least none he could foresee.

"Hey, Reynolds? You done there?"

"Keep your shorts on."

Harry moved away and held up a piece of the equipment.

"So remind us, what are we building again?"

"Reynolds, you've been smoking too much of that herb. It's a missile launcher. Because a bunch of stupid Commies think they're hot stuff. We're going to blow them out of the sky and make sure the Chinese economy crashes on itself. We'll prove why America is number one."

The stupidity of this Reynolds proved to be quite valuable indeed to Harry.

"So, we blow up a plane?" Harry asked. "Just because we don't like a country? Isn't that a bit extreme?"

"Come on, Reynolds, are you American or not?"

"Stop your yapping, and get back to work."

The conversation ended and all Harry could do was play along with the crowd.

Harry waited for the bomb to go up. A cloud of gas rose up into the air and several of the mercenaries turned around. They started to scream in agony when the hallucination effects kicked it. Harry shielded himself, not that he needed a shield due to his natural immunity against toxins, but why take any chances?

He dipped into the side of the entrance and saw the communication equipment. There was a radio on the desk, and Harry picked it up and slipped it into a backpack.

Harry felt around the desk as the chaos happened. He knew the gas would fade soon, and he couldn't be certain how long the effects would last.

'Okey, if I was a small notebook where I would I be?'

The sounds of screams from outside faded. Harry heard voices approaching him.
"Find the intruder, and don't let him leave."

That was Fyers, and Harry would have liked to thank him for his hospitality up close and personal, but he was a bit of a timetable. He aborted the search for the book and left with the functioning communication equipment. It weighed him down a little bit, but it couldn't be helped.

Harry really wished he had time to dismantle the contraption Fyers built as well, but he had to get away now.

Only the path leading back to the cave was blocked.

'Fantastic,' Harry thought. 'Could my night get any worse?'

Harry decided not to repeat that question. Murphy always spited Harry at the worst possible time. The good news is, he had the equipment. The bad news was, he didn't know when he would have a chance to use it.

Rose bent down, stretched, and breathed heavily. She repeated the ritual about a dozen more times. She closed her eyes and started to stab at the air. She retracted her hand and opened her eyes.

"You can go in now, I'm not going to accidentally stab you."

Sara gave the slightest pause at the emphasis on the word "accidentally." Rose sighed, put the knife down on the ground, and beckoned towards her.

"I don't like this, it's almost sunrise, he should have been back by now," Rose said.

"Yeah, I know," Sara said. "But, he's right, if we're caught anywhere in that camp, they're going to shoot first and ask questions later."

Rose thought it would be worth the risk. Sara stepped in front of her.

"I know I can't make you stay, but you should," Sara said. "It's just taking longer than Harry thought it would. Maybe he found Oliver or maybe he stumbled on what Fyers is up to?"

"Or maybe he's slowly getting himself killed again?" Rose asked.

Sara took a moment to shake her head. "Do you always think of the worst possible thing?"

"On this island, the worst possible thing isn't bad enough."

Rose decided to sit down. Only until the sun completely came out, then she was taking her chances. Whether or not Sara wanted to come with her, it was up to the girl.

"So, you went on a pleasure cruise with this Oliver guy?" Rose asked. "Your sister's boyfriend?"

"Ex-boyfriend," Sara said. "Yeah, Oliver Queen, you might have heard of him, he's from a very well to do family."

"I might have read his name in a tabloid a couple of times," Rose dismissively said. "Guess you really regret doing it."

"Well, I didn't know I was going to be shipwrecked and land on this deathtrap," Sara said.
"So, you have a sister…Laurel?" Rose asked.

Sara appreciated Rose's awkward attempts to make small talk. It pained her heart though to think of her family, and how she might not ever make it home. By now, her family would have learned the ship went down and learned what happened. Her poor mother would feel the worst of all. She was the one who relented, and gave Sara her permission to go on the ill-fated trip with Oliver.

"Do you have any siblings?" Sara asked.

"Brothers, three of them," Rose said. "Not the same mother, though….my father is very popular with the ladies, guess they didn't know him too well when they slept with him."

Rose raised a hand and ticked them off.

"My oldest brother, Grant…he left and joined the military, can't say I blame him. Even though he was the one Slade approved of the most. Then there's Joe, he's an artist and a mute. And then there's Wade."

The girl gave a shudder in response.

"We don't talk about him."

Sara and Rose sat in silence. The fire died down, and Rose looked outside. The sun was starting to come up and by her calculation; Harry had about ten more minutes.

"If you're going, maybe I should come with you?"

"Forget it," Rose said. "I'm not getting anyone killed out there."

"I didn't know you cared."

"I don't!" Rose hastily snapped. "I just don't want blood on my hands."

The two girls shifted awkwardly when they looked at each other.

"Well, if you want me to be good, then maybe you should teach me to fight," Sara said. "Teach me like…"

Sara trailed off and Rose did the slow burn simmering glare in her. The blonde realized she had said way too much and gone too far.

"Teach you, like Slade taught me? No, trust me, that's not the way you would want to learn to fight. And I don't know any other way. I'm not a good teacher."

Rose got to her feet and turned around to leave the cave. It left Sara all alone in the cave when the embers of the fire to die down.

"And here I thought we were supposed to trust each other."

'Okay, they're gone, and I'm out of here,' Harry thought. 'Bloody hell, that's the sun. I really hope Rose or Sara didn't come after me. '

Harry just had a very bad idea about this. He made his way through the cover, and to the path. If
he could make it without raising the alarm, he could get there. He only got one out of the three things he was after. Fyers must have had the book. As for Queen, well Harry didn't know if he was even on the island.

'Okay, let's....'

"I know you know where he is, and you've been holding out on me, Yao Fei."

Harry stopped very short and heard Fyers and his voice. Harry saw Fyers and a small group of his men. They were leading out an attractive dark haired woman, Chinese by the looks of her. She dressed in a black top and pants and hadn't been allowed the luxury of shoes. She had been forced in by two of Fyers's goons.

A hand came on Harry's shoulder, and Harry turned around and had to barely draw back his hand. Rose staggered back.

Harry groaned, she was here, she was alone, which meant she left a civilian alone in a cave in the middle of nowhere.

"I thought you got captured," Rose whispered.

"No, I didn't," Harry fired back in a low voice. "And yes, I got the equipment....right here."

He held up the heavy backpack, his shoulder slumping underneath the heavy weight.

"And you were going to lug it all up the mountain by yourself?" Rose asked.

Harry held up a hand and silenced Rose. He extended on a single finger, pointing to the trees, and pointed towards Fyers and his captive. Rose's eyes followed, moving from the old man to his daughter, and back to the daughter.

"What are you doing?"

"Let her go, and kill me."

Rose looked up and saw the archers in the tree, ready to shoot anyone who intervened. She and Harry locked eyes, and soon, they would have to make their move.

Oliver Queen lapsed in and out of a feverish dream, and slowly, he managed to open his eyes. He found himself sitting in a tiny cell, no bigger than a utility shed, surrounded by stone walls. Someone designed these two cots on either side of the wall with a small chamber pot shoved crudely between the two beds.

He really hoped he would wake back up at the Queen Mansion, safe and sound, perhaps after having his nightmare which told him something about the consequences of having invited your girlfriend's sister away on a pleasure trip together. Perhaps, he finally stopped getting lucky, after avoiding consequences, whether it be due to his father pulling favors, or contrived luck, or his own natural charm.

'Ollie, you done fucked up this time.'

The billionaire playboy didn't have any idea whether Sara, his father or anyone else survived the wreckage. He left a younger sister beyond who would have to deal with losing her brother, and
who knew what else. Oliver's delirious, feverish state made him realize how selfish he was to his
friends and family, and how they may never see him again.

Hell, Oliver would even settle for seeing that son of a bitch, Lex Luthor, even if that smug asshole
got him expelled from Excelsior Private Academy. It didn't matter he got into a much better school,
where he could rub Lex's smug face into it, it was the principle of the matter.

Oliver felt a cool compass pressed on his forehead. He coughed and realized he was not alone in
the cell. A large gentleman dressed in a black tank top which reeked of grease and stretched
against his corpulent frame sat playing a harmonica. He wore a pair of black pants which had the
same stench. He wore a worn fisherman hat which had been frayed in several places.

"So, you breathe," the man said in a soft voice, very pounced in its Southern accent.

"Where I am?"

Oliver turned around and saw a cell with a man who was in constant groaning agony. His face
wrapped in bandages and every moment he twitched, the situation becoming very uncomfortable to
watch. Every time Oliver had a sprain, he had been taken care of, and this man was in such
agonizing pain, and no one appeared to be concerned. Very uncomfortable to watch, and it made
Oliver feel bad, even though he couldn't do anything to help.

He had to know who, or maybe what, put that poor man in such a state.

"What happened to him?"

"He visited the basement," the gentleman curtly said.

"What's in the basement?"

The man never dropped his soft, smooth, Southern accent. "Pray to the good lord you never have
the opportunity to find out."

Oliver swallowed, his throat very scratchy, and his mouth very dry.

"Where am I?"

The Southern preacher hummed underneath his breath, not inclined to answer straight away.

"Among the damned."

The question didn't answer Oliver's concerns. It just raised many more.

To Be Continued.

Here's the part where I point out things which may be obvious in the narrative. But might not be
obvious to everyone. You know what they say about assumptions.

So, yes Lian Yu is an awful, desolate, disturbing place, but there was a little bit of Harry/Sara,
Harry/Rose, and Sara/Rose fluff in this chapter. Have to make the most of the situation. Not exactly
a pleasant place. I'm sure Harry, Rose, and Sara all would rather have landed on Themyscira.
Who wouldn't?
And the question of whether or not Oliver Queen is alive or not is answered, even though it's obviously not clear where he was. Is he somewhere else in Lian Yu? Is he not on Lian Yu? Did the vortex caused by Harry going through the veil accidentally send him to Apokolips? I doubt anyone would wish that one on anyone.

So, Smallville elements are interwoven, as far it pertains to the fact that Oliver Queen and Lex Luthor kind of hate each other. To put it mildly. I've interwoven Smallville and the Arrowverse into each other, and I've got a time line.

So, one teeny little Marvel Comics element snuck in the back door about Rose's sibling which "they don't speak of." That wasn't the only Easter egg in this chapter.

We see a glimpse of Shado for the first time in this chapter.

Rose is kind of a jerk with a heart of gold, with a chip on her shoulder. And she listens about as well to authority as Harry did at that age. Which I'm sure thrills Harry about as much as you may imagine.

So until the next time, hopefully by next Sunday. Maybe sooner, but hopefully not later.
Detangling Strands

Shadows continued to fall over the room. No time to mark the night. No time to mark the day. Only occasionally did a person step inside and serve a helping of gruel for consumption. She had been so deep underground, there was no sense of whether not time passed or not.

Bones littered the corner of the cell. They looked like human bones and must have belonged to one of the many wicked men or women who once found a residency on Lian Yu. No one dared ask who they once belonged to. Anyone who was curious would not get any answers. All they would be gifted with was the sweet sounds of silence.

Shado held together her hands. The chains were very durable. The right weak link could be broken. Once the chain had been broken, there was the door, then the exit of the prison, and then all of the guards who were guarding where she was.

The beautiful woman had been stained by the dark. She wore a tank top with the dragon tattoo on her back slightly visible. The pants she wore fit fair enough to her body. She wore no shoes, no socks, and nothing else. Shado had been brought her by a government agent, who claimed her father had been compromised on a mission, and he needed assistance.

'I should have assumed it may have been a trap.'

Shado heard the sounds of footsteps. Outside of these chains, she saw herself as fierce as she was beautiful, well she didn't make a habit of thinking she was beautiful. Men often claimed she was, and Shado took their compliments as such, compliments.

Still, anyone chained and deprived of food, water, and sunlight for several days did not feel so fierce. And yet, Shado also remembered an old story about a dragon with a broken wing. The samurai who engaged him thought he had an easy enemy. The dragon was far more dangerous when he couldn't fly.

Shado really wished it translated into her real life. The door swung open. She recognized the face of a man she would kill once she got out of him. He had been crude and had told her in no uncertain terms, Fyers would give her to his crew, once they were done with her father.

"Come on, lady. The boss wants you. Seems like pops isn't playing ball like he should."

The captive prisoner had only one word to spare. It was in Chinese, and it wasn't very friendly. The rough-faced man cupped her across the back of the head, and they made sure to hold Shado. They trained her guns on the woman who had been forced to walk with her head down.

Shado had been marched out past of the trees and into the middle of nowhere. Fyers and his men were around and they were building something. She couldn't see what they were building. The man behind her kept her head down and forced her out in the middle of nowhere.

"I've tried time and again to reason with you, Yao Fei. Maybe you'd comply a little bit more if you see what my men will do to your daughter."

One nudge dropped Shado very close to landing near the mud. The chains dangled, and if she can only get to the keys on the man's belt without getting her head shot off.
"You still have a spare, so perhaps this one will remind you the duty you have to do. Your government enabled her to get out of control. Now it's your job to fix it."

Shado tried to push herself up, look defiant, not look terrified at the prospect of what might happen.

"What are you doing?" Shado asked.

Yao Fei stepped in front. Shado never saw her father look so shaken. He had always carried himself as the pinnacle of someone who was very strong and very secure. Now, he had been shaken.

"No, Edward, please," Yao Fei said. "If you had any heart, you'd kill me."

Fyers raised an eyebrow.

"Leave her be. Kill me instead."

"I could kill you, but you're needed, she's expendable," Fyers said. "You might have thought about being a good little soldier and not allowed that abomination to escape. And you let him escaped twice. You visited him right before he escaped, don't lie to me?"

Yao Fei took a second and stood proudly. He could not move because they would shoot Shado.

"You have no heart, and you have no honor."

The tension in the area had been deflated. Fyers and Yao Fei stared each other down. Neither man blinked. Neither man backed down.

Fyers snapped his fingers and his men moved in to point the gun at Shado.

'Fyers has archers, men with a gun trained on the hostage, and he might have other men who he can call over at a moment's notice if things get too dangerous. No one said it was going to be easy. In fact, if you bothered to ask anyone, they would say it's impossible.'

Harry thought "one in a million" odds might as well have been renamed, Potter odds. One of the archers on the tree had been close enough to one of the traps rigged on the island. All Harry needed to set off the ball was a simple pebble.

Rose didn't have enough time to say he was insane. She understood the moment of truth was at hand without Harry having to say anything. Both knew their place. Harry would trigger the trap, Rose would hopefully get the hostage away from them.

A simple plan and one Harry found might backfire if he wasn't careful. He twirled the pebble in his hand. The pebble struck the land mine and caused a miniature explosion which blew one of the archers out of the tree.

Rose made her way in and stopped cold in surprise.

The woman took brief advantage to use the chain to trip up one of them. She grabbed the keys and yanked them out of hand. The locks had been removed and the woman had been freed.

Harry made his quick move and saw the dark haired woman claimed the bow and the arrows from the fallen archer. The first arrow impacted directly through the chest of the man nearest to her.

Shado had thought she would die. Someone tripped a land mine and she didn't care if it was an idiot worker. She took advantage of the five-second distraction to trip up the man with the keys
with the shackle chains and take the key out to free herself. A gift had fallen from the sky in the form of an arrow.

A figure dropped down right next to Shado and withdrew a knife.

"I've got to get to Fyers!"

"Damn it, Rose stick with the plan!"

The man who rescued her and the young woman didn't have their coordination quite down properly.

Shado put an arrow through the bastard who harassed her for the entire time she had been on the island.

'\textit{That felt oddly liberating.}'

The warrior turned around and picked her shots wisely. A limited amount of ammunition meant you should never miss. The arrow caught the second archer who was perched in the tree in the leg. The archer lost his balance and dangled from the tree branch.

"Stop them!"

Green-eyes flared up with determination and one hand wrapped around a chain. The chain swung around and blew two of the guns out of the head.

"It's you!" Fyers yelled.

"That's right, it's the abomination," he said. "And I'm here to shut you down. Did you really think you could get away with this?"

Snap went the chain because of one of the goons shooting it. The woman jumped into the air and dropped down onto the back of the head the shooter. She picked up one of the fallen arrows covered in blood and stabbed the arrow head into the back of the neck of the goon repeatedly.

"Yep, no kill like overkill."

The girl rolled her eyes and moved over to assist.

Harry decided to pick up the second quiver full of arrows, and the bow. There was no need to let them go to waste. He didn't know the first thing about archery. Still, it was better to reclaim as much as he could so Fyers could not bite him later.

The woman stood in front of him and fired a shot at a man who had been trying to flee the scene.

"Fyers is gone, and he took my father," she said.

"Yes," Harry said.

"So, did he free you from captivity?"

Harry didn't answer the question straight away. He avoided an attack thanks to his reflects, spun around, and caught the attacker with a reverse kick to the side of the head. The man thumped down onto the ground.

"Not necessarily," Harry said. "We should find a way to get out of here, it's getting too crowded."
A nod from the bow-wielding woman and she drew back and shot one of the most skilled shooters in the knee so he wouldn't give chase.

Rose moved over with a smile. "Not bad."

One of the attackers made a move towards Rose. Rose grabbed the attacker around the back of the head and nailed him with a punch to the side of the neck.

Harry looked up and pointed out. "Just follow my lead."

"As long as it's not off a cliff," Rose retorted.

Fyers ran into the direction of the cells. He wanted to check up on the progress of the man who got the full brunt of the crude fear toxin last night.

"Sir, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, just get the medical supplies, and treat my wound," Fyers said.

Deathstroke brought his daughter on this island. Fyers would have a word with him sooner enough. A bit of alcohol was needed, both for drinking and for treating his wound. These men didn't move fast enough to treat his wounds.

'If any of them know I'm weak, they're not going to let up on me. I won't let them know. Next time I get my hands on one of them, I'm not going to wait.'

No Yao Fei and his leverage over Yao Fei hadn't been reclaimed. Three stumbled through the door. One of them had been dragged in. Fyers spotted the arrow pierced directly to his knee straight away.

"It was the girl. She wasn't as helpless as you would have led me to believe."

Snap went the neck of the man. Fyers looked up in time to see Deathstroke step out of the room. The mouthy man dropped down to the ground. The mercenary wrapped his face in bandages, mostly the side which had been burned in the abomination's escape.

"I lose more men because of your heavy-handed tactics."

"Take it off the bill," Slade said. "You've run into him again."

"It's not just him, it's your daughter," Fyers said. "She wasn't supposed to be part of this. You brought her to the island. I would never have agreed to it if....."

Cold hard steel found its way underneath the chin of the man. Fyers looked up to the man. The few men in the room looked back and forth between Slade and Fyers. They looked pretty nervous with each other.

"You can kill me, but you get absolutely no money," Fyers said.

"I'm aware," Slade said. "Just remember, I'm not one of your employees. You have no leverage over me unlike you did with Yao Fei."

Deathstroke moved closer towards him.

"Until your men lost that leverage."
Fyers slowly bobbed his head. Blackmail against a man who would put his own daughter on a hellish island to test her wasn't exactly plausible. The dagger twirled between the fingers of Slade and he pulled back.

"You want me to eliminate the problem," Slade said. "You can't afford to lose any more of their men. You keep angering him, they will be dead or worse."

Slade inclined his head to the next room where the victim of the crude fear toxin continued to scream. Each scream grew more unsettling. Each scream chilled anyone who dared listen to it to the bone.

Very few men who heard the screams would soon forget what they heard. And they would not soon forget what he was capable of.

"Despite our recent disagreements, we can agree one thing. Our alliance must remain intact for now. And we have to work with each other until the interlopers are off of the island."

Fyers warily eyed the hand Slade extended for him to shake. On one hand, he didn't completely trust the man and also had been angered with him. Everything would have gone without a match if the mercenary hadn't brought his daughter onto the island in some sick and sadistic test. Fyers breathed in a second later.

'No matter how much I loathe what he's done, I need him. For now, but only for now. In the future, plans can and have changed.'

The two met in the middle to shake hands. Pressure gripped Fyers by his right hand. Not nearly enough to injure his hand, but enough to make it a little sore. Enough to remind him who was in control of this dance, and Fyers was not in control, not by a long shot.

'Not now. Once he's off the island, all bets are off. But maybe, I'm approaching this from the wrong angle.'

"We work together and figure out where we stand when all of the unwanted guests are eliminated," Slade said. "I would advise you allow me to do my job and kill them, and don't leave them alive."

Fyers swallowed a pressing lump in his throat. Dare he ask the question which dogged him all this time? Fyers took the plunge and did so.

"Does this include your daughter?"

"Of course," Slade responded.

Fyers and Slade shook hands one more time. It was a formality they had to work together for now.

Time passed and Sara grew entirely more anxious by each tick of the clock. Rose stormed off in a huff and despite her lack of patience, the hot-tempered teenager had a point. Harry should have been back at least an hour or two ago at the very least if not sooner.

Sara remained alone in the cave. Fyers and his men no longer imprisoned her, she was free to go as she pleased at least in theory.

'In theory, I'm free to go, but not so much in practice. Am I still just as much of a prisoner than before?'
Grim thoughts passed over Sara's mind. She stood in the midst of the cave and eyed the nonfunctioning communication equipment. Their ability to get off of the island and back to civilization hinged on Harry's ability to get the circuit board and it being the right one.

Sara thought of a million little things which she hadn't before. Shell-shocked sounded like a pretty good word.

Footsteps approached, and Sara didn't know what to do. Should she go and hide? Should she stand up and fight them?

Going to hide would mean she would just live a little while longer. Sara had no delusions about the fact Fyers and his men would kill her if they caught up to her. Sara pulled up the nearest rock to defend herself.

'And here it is, kid, your last stand.'

Sara relaxed a second when she realized Harry and Rose made their way in, lugging a huge piece of equipment in their hands.

"Well, it's a lot easier for me to grab the entire thing, then pull out the circuit board, and pull out the wrong one," Harry said. "And if we can get it set up somehow, and find the right frequency, we could have a chance."

A third figure stepped around the corner, following them to their hiding place. Sara recognized her in passing, she caught a glimpse of the woman through one of the cells when Fyers and his men dragged her downstairs.

"We couldn't leave her behind," Harry said.

"I thank you, but I still need to go back and rescue my father," she said. "And I don't think we've been properly introduced. My name is Shado."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Shado," Harry said. "My name is Harry Potter, and this is Rose Wilson, and this is Sara Lance, and they'll tell you how they got to be on the island."

"We have plenty of time for story time later, right now, let's figure out how to get a message out through this thing," Rose said. "You've got to be kidding me!"

Rose dropped down onto the nearest seat. It wasn't exactly the most comfortable place in the world. She looked over the piece of equipment. The side of it had been dinged in the fight.

"It's not that bad," Rose said.

She tried to turn on the equipment. It gave a loud hiss and sent a couple of sparks flying out of the side of it. Rose pushed the side of it and fiddled around with something.

Shado decided to give them a wide berth and sat down on the dirt floor. She crossed her legs in a calming position and rested.

"You stupid piece of shit!"

Sara barely stifled a round of laughter. She knew from experience yelling at technology never worked. Rose almost looked ready to start kicking it. Discretion became the better part of valor.

"You just risked your life for nothing," Rose said.
"Nice to seem I'm valued," Shado said.

"Fine, not really nothing," Rose said. "I'm just pissed!"

Harry touched Rose's shoulder. Rose steadied her stance and turned around.

"Okay, do any of you know anything about computers?" Rose asked.

"I've never been allowed near them," Harry said. "Long story, don't ask."

Rose knew better in the short time she knew Harry not to bring up about his time. She got enough about his past to know he went through some very traumatic things in his life. She respected someone who went through some trials and tribulations.

"A little bit, I guess," Sara said. "I'm not a computer nerd, but I picked up a couple of things over the years."

The sound of a hand thumping against the back of the communication equipment could be heard. Rose was trying to pry apart the back of it.

"Wish we could have the right tools to get it open," Rose said.

"You know, if you're not careful, you're going to end up frying the entire thing," Sara said.

Harry stepped away, wishing he could have been of a bit more help. A decade in a world isolated from modern convenience did not help with his understanding of the latest technology. He could see Shado disappear around the corner, going deeper inside of the cave. He knew there was an underground stream, which Harry, Sara, and Rose took turns in bathing.

He watched the entire situation around him. Until Rose and Sara got everything working, Harry had been stuck here.

Fyers obviously needed to regroup. Could he get more men on the island soon? Questions Harry would have to answer sooner rather than later.

Yao Fei stood tall and proud in the corner of the tunnel. Three mercenaries, led by none other than Deathstroke, made his way down the tunnel.

"You used to be a man of valor," Yao Fei said.

"Don't lecture me, old man, come quietly," Slade said. "I don't want to kill your kid, so don't make me do it."

"But, yet, you don't know where she is," the old man responded. He held his arms out and followed them around the corner of the tunnel.

Time always ground by very slowly. Yao Fei understood how much his time on the island reached to a close. Fyers intended to use him as a tool and discard him when it served him necessarily. He had been a proud man and did what was right for the security of the world.

Bringing an entire plane of civilians went against Yao Fei's code of conduct. To bring it down over the country of China, would mean there would be countless more civilians brought.

"I found your man."
Yao Fei didn't allow them the opportunity to shove him alone. He walked and faced Fyers with pride.

"You're a very hard man to get ahold of," Fyers said. "But, you should know it will end soon. In a week, we're in position. You will address the world and follow your script."

Seconds passed with Fyers moving ever so closer towards Yao Fei. Yao Fei didn't blink when looking at him.

"You do it, and your daughter is free, they'll all free," Fyers said. "I will give them the same deal once you tell me where they have gone. You have my word."

Both men reached an impasse with each other. Fyers decided to strike further when the iron remained hot.

"If they act aggressively against us, I can't be held accountable for what my men do to Shado or anyone else. Do you understand me, Yao Fei?"

"I understand perfectly," Yao Fei said. "You do not want to raise his anger, though."

"Worry about your own house," Fyers said. "Are you telling me you don't know where they have gone? You saw them leave."

"I don't know."

Fyers took a half of a second and leaned towards Yao Fei. He came close as possible to the old man, without them touching nose to nose.

"I find out you're lying, and I won't be pleased," Fyers said. "Go with my men, and I'll send for you when I need to you. And remember, I'll be watching you."

Harry grew tired of waiting for everything to fall into place. He walked around and made his way down to the lower level of the cave. The cave was good to go elsewhere, but not conducive to escape. They just would hit a dead end down below.

The moment he stepped into the cave, he ran into Shado. Shado bent down in a moment, stretching in front of Harry. She turned around and rose up towards him.

"Any luck?" she asked.

"No more than normal," Harry said. "I hate to ask you this, but did you see how Fyers and his men plan to get off the island?"

Shado leaned over, stretching in a very distracting manner. Harry kept his focus elsewhere.

"They brought me to the island on a ship, but I saw the ship leave before they dragged me off," Shado said. "I'm going to guess there's someone who will pick up Fyers from the island, whatever is plan is."

"And their plan is apparently to bring down a plane over China," Harry said. "At least according to one of his men. I don't know, he didn't seem like the brightest bulb in the box."

The dark-haired woman leaned down and swung an uppercut against the wall. Her muscles were a bit strained being kept captive for all of those weeks and she wanted to get back into things. She picked up the bow and arrow. She counted the arrows which they rescued from them.
"I don't know what they intend to do, they only intend to use my father to do it," Shado said.

Shado leaned in and Harry caught a hint of the tattoo on her. He frowned when looking at her.

"That's an interesting tattoo," Harry said.

"It symbolizes a powerful dragon," Shado said. "Dangerous to his enemies, a rallying point to his allies. There have been legends passed down over the years about the dragon."

Harry found himself very pleased. He decided to not talk about the fact he once had to fight a dragon. Well, not necessarily fight a dragon, but get past it.

'Better avoid talking about those things that make you like a crazy person.'

His curiosity always got the better of him. He watched when Shado fired a series of martial arts strikes in the air. She loaded up the bow and tested how solid it was. She impacted it in the central crack of the cave wall.

"What legends are there about this dragon?"

Shado walked over and retrieved the arrow from the wall.

"Could be better," she murmured.

Shado turned towards Harry. She did not mean to ignore him, really. It just she felt very restricted and was ready for a fight.

"The dragon lived among the humans," she said. "He judged them as either worthy or not worthy. No one quite knew what he looked like."

Harry figured about as much. Shado turned around a half of a second and held the bow out straight. She moved around the full corner of the room and shot another arrow against the wall. Shado was more pleased with this shot.

"One of the stories has him with dark hair and dark green eyes," Shado said. "It's very coincidental the eyes are like yours….but surely it couldn't be?"

Shado stopped a moment and took a clear look into Harry's eyes for a few seconds.

"I'm not of this world," Harry said.

"Yes, and yet, neither was he," Shado said. "But, like I said, it was just a story. No one quite knows how it got started, although I was inspired by it when I was younger. And greatness comes regardless of what a legend says. Legends are merely words on paper, or words passed down."

Harry figured as much. He heard a few legends back in the day. The truth veered into a more insane territory than any legend.

"And now, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"You took the bow, but you didn't fire it," Shado said. "Yet, your first instinct was to take it."

"I've never taken up archery," Harry said.
Shado walked over behind Harry and put her arms around his. She put the bow in his hand and loaded it with an arrow.

"Try it."

Harry positioned himself with the bow and arrow in his hand. He tried to fire it. The bow snapped out of his hand and the arrow fired off to one side. The arrow traveled a few inches before dropping down onto the ground.

"You're not focused."

Shado didn't sound anything, other than a matter fact matter. Harry took a moment and picked up the arrow.

"You have the perfect arm strength and coordination to use a bow," Shado said. "And your reflexes are on par."

Shado swung around her hand no sooner than she finished it. Harry blocked the punch and knocked her back. He avoided a sweep which threatened to fold his legs out from underneath him. Harry dropped down and came around to see Shado nail him with a series of rapid-fire punches.

He blocked some of them and put Shado down onto the ground. She pulled herself out of the attack and stood back. Harry refused to back down.

"It's your focus which needs the work," Shado said. "Sit down."

Harry looked for a moment, debating on whether or not he wanted to do so. He never had the chance, when Sara made her way inside through the tunnel. For one fleeting second, Harry thought they finally finished getting the radio working and sent for help.

The crestfallen look on Sara's face told Harry differently.

"We have a problem."

"Guess the lesson is going to have to wait."

Rose pinned a man onto the ground. Gasps of oxygen barely came back out of him. Rose pulled him up. He dressed in the same military fatigues Fyers favored for his men.

Sara returned down the tunnel with Harry and Shado. Rose didn't retract the knife, rather she pushed it onto the man's neck. She reached in and grabbed the gun off of his belt. He started to come too, groaning in response. The gun pressed against the man's head.

"It took you long enough."

"We're going to have to move, aren't we?" Harry asked.

"Maybe, it depends on whether or not he's up here on his own accord," Rose said.

She didn't see any of them come from the paths, but it didn't mean anything. Rose pressed down on the man's neck.

"Ease up just a bit," Harry said. "We won't figure out what he's up to if you choke him to death."

Rose dropped the man onto the ground. Harry motioned for Sara, Rose, and Shado to all stand back.
He lifted up and pulled the man to a standing position. Feet dragged on the ground when Harry pulled his prisoner.

"Fyers sent you here," Harry said.

"Yeah, and if he did, he's been looking for you," he said. "Seems to want to know a lot about you, how you escaped? The old man is swearing up and down he didn't help you escape, and it looks like you got out on your own accord."

Harry nodded and pushed the man up against the wall.

"Fyers doesn't want a war, he wants a truce," the messenger said.

"A truce?" Harry asked, testing out the concept in his mouth. Something about it tasted so foul.

"He is willing to give you transport off of the island, and end all aggression, if you don't move against him," the messenger said. "All you need to do is say the word, and he'll help you out. Otherwise, he's sending Deathstroke up here to finish the job."

Did Fyers know they were up here the entire time? The thought chilled Harry to the bone. He already slept with one eye open.

Rose took the news about her father potentially coming for them about as well as any of them could expect.

"So, that bastard's still kicking," Rose said.

"Stay there, and let me and the others discuss it," Harry said. "If you move, she'll kill you."

The messenger gulped the second Harry pointed out to Rose. The youngest of them seemed the most dangerous to lash out.

"Yes, I will," Rose said.

Harry, Rose, Sara, and Shado moved. Shado turned towards the man and fired an arrow into the back of his knee. He screamed from the impact of solid steel passing through the back of his leg.

"I like your style," Rose said.

"Just to make sure he doesn't run and tell his friends we're here," Shado said. "So, what are we doing?"

To Be Continued.
"So, what do you think?"

One question, one simple question, one question which should have been considered very insignificant in the grand scheme of things. This question was among the biggest, most pressing questions. Fyers sent someone up here, and he claimed all this time, Fyers knew they were up here. Harry pretty much figured it was a well-calculated bluff on the part of the man.

"Rose, I know what you think," Harry said. "You want us to wait this one out so Slade can come up here. You want him up here so you can get your revenge on him, don't you?"

Rose turned a fraction of an inch back, her mouth dropping in almost surprise. "Am I honestly that predictable with what I want?"

"A little bit," Sara said. "But, you have to admit, you've been pretty obsessed with revenge over him. And before you yell at me, and tell me you don't understand, I have a pretty good idea. And it's not going to solve anything."

Rose turned and was about ready to say something. Harry beat her to the punch with one look which ensured she was not going to say a damn word. Harry pretty much had spoken.

"Actually, I don't think you should tell Fyers to shove it," Rose said. "Do you really think he's going to send just Slade up there? No, he's going to send all of the men he has left, and he's going to try and flush us out of the cave. Providing this guy is telling the truth, and just didn't luckily stumble into the cave."

Shado spoke up. "He seems like he had been sent here. And you don't want to assume he's been sent up here."

"What do you think of all of this?" Rose asked Sara.

"Well, if there's a small chance of us getting off of the island, we might as well take it," Sara said. "But, I don't trust Fyers. He might just sabotage our way off of the island and kill us all."

"You've been on this island long enough to develop a healthy amount of paranoia," Rose said. "Can't say, I don't approve of it."

All three girls turned towards the one where they wanted to hear the opinion of the most. Harry didn't say a word. He just walked across the cave.

"Both choices have their negatives," Harry said. "Rose is right. He's not going to just send Slade up here. He's going to make sure the job is clean, and one against four isn't good odds."

"Deathstroke is that good, though, isn't he?" Sara asked.

Rose gave a noncommittal shrug as if trying to figure out the answer to the question. She never really saw Slade in his prime, years ago, which was before he was born. To say he was worse
though would be pushing the boundaries beyond what she deemed to be acceptable. She knew Slade was good and he was pretty good.

"We should assume he is," Rose said. "Better to plan for a better enemy, then to think your enemy is worse….he did say something useful to me once after all.'

"He has a point," Harry said.

Rose knew her father had a point every now and again, and she hated that much about it. She paced about the small area around the cave. Every now and then, she looked back at the man who had been sent to the cave. Thanks to Shado putting an arrow through the back of his leg, he wasn't going anywhere. It still didn't appease Rose as much as she would like, to be honest.

"Evil bastards are even allowed to them, I guess," Rose said. "So, what you do think?"

"Didn't you already ask me what I thought."

"And you navigated around the question," Rose said.

"It's like I said," Harry said. "Fyers isn't going to just send Slade up here, and he isn't going to cleanly allow us off of the island. He has reasons for all of us staying here."

"Except for me," Sara said.

"Well, maybe, although he thinks you're working with me," Harry said. "Therefore, that's a good enough reason as any. And I'd apologize for that, but I'm done apologizing for things that aren't my fault."

Sara smiled, healthy attitude to have really. She had her apologies to make for plenty that was her fault when they got off the island. When, not if, because, despite everything, there's a door opened.

A huge clap of thunder and a flash of lightning came by outside. The winds blew outside of the cave, far away from him.

"Fyers and his men won't get to us here, in this story at least," Sara said.

"Are you sure about that?" Rose asked.

Sara shrugged, not completely sure. She watched when Shado made her way over to the men.

"Where's Yao Fei?" Shado asked.

"Fyers will release him once he's sent the message," the captive said, agonized, in way too much pain to be legible. He looked like he was about to swallow his own tongue.

"What message?" Rose asked.

One look at the same crazy woman who beat him up and dragged him in the cave made the prisoner's heart beat faster. It loosened his lips, even more, to see her standing side by side with the woman who put an arrow through his knee and prevented him from moving, not he could get that far in this storm.

"I don't know, I think over Fyers and Yao Fei knows," he said. "They've been involved in some pretty shady dealings, Yao Fei wasn't completely against what he was doing, until he knew the particulars. All I know is, Fyers is going to have Yao Fei do the broadcast in five days, and he'll take care of the rest."
"Does that mean taking care of him?" Harry asked.

The man on the ground shifted his weight and didn't say anything. Harry noticed a small miniature radio sticking out of his belt bucket. Harry pulled it out.

"And this was how you're going to contact Fyers, isn't it?" Harry asked. "Does he know you're up here?"

"No, I was going about to, but she attacked me," the man said. "That bitch is crazy."

"Watch your fucking language," Rose said. She pressed down at the man's throat for emphasis.

"I don't think we can radio home with that little thing, and it's not like we're going to get a good enough signal in the storm," Sara said.

Harry nodded. "No, we won't. But we now have a direct line to Fyers. And if he wants to discuss terms, he can discuss them with me."

Fyers worked around the clock. He had all of the information in front of him and ran through the script one more time. Yao Fei sat in the next room, in the cell which his daughter had been put. Fyers didn't even care about the tragic hint of irony.

He kept more careful watch of his men now that the forces had been sliced down. One of them decided not to return. Fyers flipped through the folder, all of the information he would need. And they had the equipment ready. The weapon was almost built as well. Five days from now, they would have to fire, unless of course, his benefactor told him the plan changed yet again.

Fyers kept close to the phone and waited for more information. Despite the high-tech network connecting both him and the phone, the storm might prevent any kind of communication from coming out. Fyers leaned back in the chair and tapped against the table.

The radio on the table crackled to life. Fyers pulled the chair over and tried to adjust the knobs on the radio. The cackling sound continued until there was a clear message.

"Jefferson, did you find him?"

"This isn't Jefferson."

Chills spread through Fyers even though he recovered correctly.

"So, it's you Mr…"

The opportunity for a name had been left out. Fyers waited for the man on the other end of the radio to answer.

"We got one of your men, he brought to us a deal. Was he trying to bluff his way out of getting killed by telling us you would give us passage off of the island?"

"No bluff," Fyers said. "You've caused a lot of trouble, whoever you are. I'm not sure if what you are. You're like no Ghost I've ever encountered before in my life."

"Thanks, but I'm very real."
"The point is, I don't want you on this island a second longer," Fyers said. "I'm going to offer you a way to leave Lian Yu. You don't want to be on it for any longer than you have to. This place has its ways of twisting the sanity of the most well-adjusted of men. And you don't seem to be well-adjusted."

"Don't bother trying to figure out how I think, far smarter men have been driven insane. I want to get to the point, myself, and my companions, and that includes Shado and Rose as well, are going to be given passage off of the island. And, this also includes Shado's father."

A long beat followed with Fyers trying to find a way to twist it.

"Yao Fei is not innocent in this, he came to me willingly," Fyers said. "I believe he's been playing both his country and the group I work for off of each other."

The silence followed for a moment.

"I don't think you quite understand what you're up against. I have power the likes of which you've never seen before. It's just a taste of what I can do out there. I will know if you're lying to me."

"Nothing to gain from lying to you, for deceiving you," Fyers said. "If you want, Yao Fei, I can swear there is no harm to come to him by my hand, regardless of what he's done in the past. And if he wants to leave, after noon tomorrow, I won't stop him from leaving."

The next few seconds had been spent in silence.

"Do we have a deal?" Fyers asked. "I can give you something tangible, something I know you want. Or rather, something one of the members of your team wants above all else."

"I'm listening."

Fyers showed a remarkable amount of paranoia by casting a gaze over his shoulder. The second he was certain the coast had been clear, he returned to the conversation. The man filed away the information on the desk.

"I do not condone a man bringing his own daughter to an island in some attempt to teach her how to be strong. I would never have agreed to what Slade did, had I know. Deathstroke has his uses, but if he had not brought his child to this island, we would not have had this problem."

The unspoken facts of the situation had been talked about.

"So, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying, I will hand deliver you Deathstroke, and if she wants to kill him, he can," Fyers said. "Consider it an olive branch. It appears I may have been hasty in capturing you, and I wish to accept it."

"You're working for someone else."

"Ask me no further questions, and I won't waste breath lying to you," Fyers said. "Do we have a deal or not?"

"Deliver us both Slade and the transportation, and I'll consider leaving you be to whatever you're doing. I want to ensure it's not sabotaged."

"I'll have it ready in three days."
"Then, we'll talk again in three days."

The radio signal had gone dead. Fyers leaned back in the chair and reached underneath the table to pull himself a glass of brandy and poured it for himself. A knock on the door brought him out of his thoughts.

"Come in."

Fyers hastily shoved the alcohol away. He didn't want his men to think he had anything other than a clear mind when talking to them. In three days, one and another, any inconveniences would be over.

A uniformed man arrived, and Fyers knew an instant it wasn't one of his. He had come a long way to send this message, and Fyers pushed a chair out for the uniformed gentleman. He took it without any arguments.

"The timetable has been moved up one more time, and the Director wants to ensure you're ready for three days from now."

Fyers raised an eyebrow but recovered very quickly. "Three days from now? The flight is happening three days from now."

"Yes," the man responded. The worn nature of the man was visible. "I trust that isn't going to be a problem."

Embers burned from the fire, and he really could use another drink of the alcohol stored underneath his desk now. The man put a hand underneath his chin and rubbed the underside before responding with a head shake.

"No, it's not going to be a problem," Fyers said. "Three days, everything will be done in three days from now."

Everything would be over in three days. Fyers had to move quickly, and find out the answers which taunted him.

A very mild, but very prominent, rat-a-tat-tat type sound echoed over Oliver Queen's head from wherever he was. It sure beat those screams of horror he heard. Sometimes they came from his neighbor across the way. Other times, they came from elsewhere.

His cell mate had not been the very talkative sort unless Oliver engaged him. He spent most of the day playing his harmonica, and looking out across the cell, towards their neighbor. The screams were without meaning, without words, but Oliver could almost tell they were a cry for someone to end the misery which never ended.

"How long have you been in this place….wherever this place is?"

The southern gentleman put away his harmonica and gave a wistful sigh. "The passage of time has very little time to the damned. Days, months, years, they all eventually become one never lasting torment, until you realize it is eternal. Until you no long fear to die and going to hell, because you've already been there."

Oliver honestly wished he didn't ask.
"We all have been put on this ship for a purpose," the southern gentleman said. "I do not wish to shield you from what is going on. You are merely a child, barely more than a boy."

No one could dispute it, no matter how demeaning it was. Oliver swallowed the lump in his throat, and dryness in his mouth more obvious now than ever before.

"Therefore, you are more vulnerable than most of us are down here. It's only matter of not if they have a use for you, it's when they have a use for you."

Oliver couldn't argue about the fact this man knew anything because he knew more than most did in this particular position. A shiver came down his body.

"All you can do is wait until it's time for your judgment," he said. "If you're fortunate, you will die on this ship. If you're not, you will remain a prisoner for the rest of your life."

One gaze over towards the man in the bandages showed Oliver his potential fate. He refused to give up, despite the fact the situation remained hopeless.

"People are looking for me."

"Perhaps, but eventually life goes on," the preacher said. "Once they have come to terms with the fact you're gone, they will have moved with your lives. And you will accept your fate. You aren't the first man coming on this ship hopeful, but those who have hope are the ones who get the crushed the easily."

The preacher shifted a glass of water into Oliver's hand. Oliver didn't ask where he had received it. All he knew is he was grateful.

"Don't thank me," he warned Oliver. "You will beg for me not to keep you alive. But, until judgment has passed, alive you will remain."

Oliver took the water. It was hot and didn't have the best taste in the world. Yet, it sure beat dying of thirst.

The rat-a-tat-tat sound above him finally stopped and everything had grown silent. Oliver closed his eyes and suddenly, the door upstairs opened up. Everyone in every cell went dead silent. It was so silent Oliver thought he had gone deaf. Even the man who was screaming in agony shut up.

A large imposing gentleman made his way down the hallway.

"Sleep."

The preacher's words were both a command and warning. Oliver remained awake, which was a mistake. The gentleman stepped. He was a man who had scars all over his hands with dark skin. He wore clothing stained in blood, human looking blood.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing."

The door creaked open, and Oliver realized the man was now inside the cell. His cellmate slept on.

"You were picked up," he said. "There's a reason why you're here….you're not like the other prisoners."

"No, it's a mistake, you have to let me go. I have money. I can pay you."
The large gentleman picked up Oliver by the scruff of the neck and hurled him out of the cell onto the ground. Some only glimpsed for a minute at the spectacle before dropping down on the ground.

"You don't understand the rules of this ship."

"So, I'm on a ship."

Whack, wrong thing for Oliver to say. He could feel a blunt force trauma coming down on the side of his head. Oliver laid on the ground, the taste of maggots in his mouth when the larger gentleman drilled him down onto the ground. The gentleman in question pushed him down onto the ground.

"And you don't understand how you have no money on this ship. You have nothing. You're nothing other than a number, and you better hope your number doesn't get called."

The man picked up Oliver and pressed his face against the cell. Oliver caught a close look of the man's bandaged face and dropped down onto the ground.

"If you haven't returned to your cell before I'm back, then there will be problems. Is it understood?"

Oliver wiped a droplet of blood off from the side of his mouth. He understood, even though he didn't really like it. Several eyes turned away from Oliver as if fearing him.

The sound of one of the cell doors opening. A man trembled, but he did not say anything. He resembled a man who lost all hope.

Oliver dragged himself back inside the cell, not able to run any further. His cell mate sat up in bed.

"Thanks for the help."

"I would not have helped you, I would have made your beating worse," he responded. "You don't understand much about this damnation because you've had a life of privilege. You still think someone is going to make it feel alright, don't you."

Oliver coughed, with a tiny bit of blood dribbling out of his mouth. Another guard made his rounds, and this time, Oliver remained put.

"Is your name Oliver Queen?"

"What if it is?"

"It is," the guard responded. "The Professor wants to speak with you. You may be able to assist him with something...I guess today's your lucky day, kid."

Oliver oddly didn't feel lucky. He felt like his chest and sternum had been trampled thanks to his little encounter with that large man. He left the cell, staggering. If there was any chance to get out of here, Oliver was going to take it.

"You've met the Butcher," the guard said. "Don't worry about him, he likes to run a tight ship. If the Professor has taken an interest in you, you're safe, for now."

"How do you know I'm..."

"Patience all will be revealed," the guard said. "And news travels fast. Stand straight; don't make eye contact with anyone on the way. You don't want to get attached to them."
Harry didn't make the radio message in the cave because he wasn't going to run the risk Fyers was going to track him. He returned from the long walk through the pouring rain. No one attacked him on the way from the cave.

'So good, so far. I don't want to jinx myself, though.'

Harry stepped in the cave, and he only saw Sara in the cave. She was in a state of being half asleep, and also at the same time restless. The other occupant to the cave had been tied up with some rope. Where they got the rope, Harry didn't really know.

"Hey," Sara said. "I suppose it would be too much to ask for to try and get a good night's sleep."

"I talked to Fyers."

Sara moved over and invited Harry to sit down next to her. He took the invitation. Sara shifted, legs crossed, and looked towards Harry.

"So, what did he have to say?"

"He doesn't want any of us on the island now," Harry said. "He's willing to give us transportation off of the island, in exchange for not interfering with whatever he's doing. He claimed he would let Yao Fei go when he's done with him. He claims he'll give Slade to us when he's done as well."

"He's made a lot of claims," Sara said. "Do you think he'll follow up on any of them?"

Harry focused on the crackling of the fire before he responded with one light and very prominent word.

"No, I don't think he will."

Sara could feel the bluntness of his words. Harry moved to stroke the fire.

"I do believe him in the sense he will have transportation off the island here in three days," Harry said. "He's going to want to get the last word, though. He's not going to give us Slade. And I don't know what's going to happen to Yao Fei, but I think he's doomed."

"Shado's….she thinks so as well," Sara said. "You don't know if he's alive or not do you?"

"He's alive, for now," Harry said. "Just for now."

Sara didn't really have it to ask how Harry knew people were alive or dead. He spoke about Oliver being alive in the same matter of fact way. As Sara learned, alive didn't mean thriving, it was something she grew all too used to, being on this particular island.

"Where are Shado and Rose?"

"Out, looking for supplies," Sara said. "He gave up the location of a bunker which Fyers moved away from. There might be something left behind we can use."

Harry hoped as much.

"Are you going after them?" Sara asked.

"I trust they'll find their way home," Harry said. "They're adults."
"Technically, Rose isn't," Sara said. "I can see how you might forget, though. She holds herself as someone a fair bit older, you know."

Harry nodded, that was the problem. Rose reminded Harry a lot of himself when he was that age.

"So, what are you going to do when you get out of here?" Sara asked. "Are you going home?"

Harry had been caught with the armor piercing question which he dreaded having to answer. The truth was, Harry didn't know what would come after the island. He didn't know if even he could duplicate the circumstances needed. He would need a veil like the one he went through in the Department of Mysteries.

"You know, hundreds of years could have passed there," Harry said. "I'm better off here than I am there. It's time to have a fresh start."

There were no expectations of him in this new world. Harry could be whatever he wanted without the shadow of the Boy-Who-Lived dancing around him. He had been both the hero and the villain because of that particular moniker. It just depended on what way the wind was blowing and what way people felt like acting this particular week.

"So, no family, friends, nothing?" Sara asked.

Sara didn't mean to press the issue, especially it brought some ugly memories.

'Sorry, if I made you mad…"

"I haven't had family since I was a year old when my parents died," Harry said. "There were times where it came close, but it always had been pulled away."

"Is it because you never let anyone in?" Sara asked. "Sorry, that was….."

"No, it's pretty accurate," Harry said. "I wasn't entirely unpopular back home. In fact, it was a bit too popular for my own good. But, despite that, I had very few close friends. One of them left for Australia after the war and decided to stay there. It was hard for her type, even after he had been defeated."

Harry realized Sara might not understand. He had a very long story to say, and quite a few bits of Harry's past made him look like a crazy person.

"Another, he blamed me for her leaving, so it was the end of that friendship," Harry said. "I was ready to move on with my life, though, and I guess study death. Which is how I ended up on this island."

"And it's a good thing, we would have been dead without you being here."

Harry frowned. "I don't think I would have gone that far. You all would have done alright."

"Let's look at the facts," Sara said. "Rose would have been dead if it hadn't been for you attacking her father. Shado would have been dead. And I would have been killed by now if you hadn't been there."

It was one of those things where Harry couldn't necessarily agree, but he wasn't about to disagree either. He realized Sara shifted closer towards him, rather, by instinct or by purpose.

"I just wish I could do more to help."
"We always do," Harry said. "I know I wish I could."

"You've done a lot," Sara protested.

"If I did as much I could, we'd be off of this island by now."

Sara wrapped her arms around Harry and pulled herself closer towards him. She realized what she was doing, and stopped. Sara spent a couple of minutes to give some really serious thought to what she was about to do, and more importantly what she wanted to.

'Okay, relax, don't beat yourself, the tension of the island is starting to get to you,' Sara thought.

"I didn't ask Fyers about the book," Harry said. "But, I swear, we'll get it back."

"Thanks, but it's not a problem," Sara said. "I don't know what Oliver's father was going on about the book, but it wasn't meant for me, it was meant for Oliver. Although, I'm not sure why he wanted to give him some book. It was almost like he knew he was going to die on that trip or might die on the trip."

Sara had an entirely new mess of very unsettling questions.

"The point is, until we find Oliver, what good is the book going to do?" Sara asked. "And we might not find him."

"We'll get it," Harry said.

"You don't have to get yourself killed over one book," Sara protested. "It's just, I don't even think it's.....well, it's not like Oliver even knows about it. It just seems so cloak and dagger."

Sara didn't do anything to alleviate Harry's concerns. He just raised an eyebrow.

"Something like that, there's more to it than just a bunch of names written down in the book," Harry said. "We'll find it, I swear, and once we deal with Fyers, we'll find Oliver."

"Yeah, we'll find him too."

Sara didn't know where she stood with Oliver right now. Actually, this entire weekend was to see where they stood with each other, and the mood didn't just get ruined, it got wrecked. Oliver declared his undying love for Sara, granted not the first time Sara heard that from a guy. Oliver had the charisma to be convincing enough to, for Sara to give it a chance.

Oliver was a nice enough guy, but he had a wandering eye when he was with Laurel, and he got his reputation as a playboy for good reasons.

One thought entered Sara's mind, regarding a conversation she had with her mother before leaving.

'Sara, if you feel it in your heart to go, then go, but promise me you'll make it back safe?'

'I'll be back by Monday, it won't be any big deal. Just cover for me with Dad and Laurel.'

'If you think it's right, but remember, this, Sara. If they cheat for you, later they might cheat on you.'

Sara closed her eyes.

'And I wasn't back on Monday.'
A dark feeling Oliver was cheating on Laurel with her was obvious. Granted, no actual cheating happened, due to an act of God, and Sara couldn't help, but think that was a good thing right about now. Oliver claimed he had broken up with Laurel, but, well...Sara didn't question it because she wanted to believe it.

"Hey, you still with me?"

"Just thinking about my sister," Sara said. "And how pissed she's going to be at me."

Harry really wished he could say something appeasing to her, but to be honest, he wasn't used to detangling family drama.

"Let's worry about getting off the island first," Harry said.

"Right, let's worry about that first," Sara said.

The fire embers went completely low and illuminated the cave briefly. Sara edged a fraction of an inch closer towards Harry.

The two of them met in the middle with a kiss which was so sudden, neither of them knew it was happening, until it happened. Sara didn't pull back at first; she just pushed into the kiss.

She needed something to keep her mind off of the deep shit she was. She almost felt bad, and in fact, after a couple of minutes pulled away.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked. "Do, I have bad breath?"

"No, it's nothing like that," Sara responded. "I'm using you as an outlet to make myself feel better. I shouldn't be using you like this."

"You kissed me, I kissed back," Harry said. "If I thought you were using me, I would have told you as much. But you aren't using me. You're just frustrated, that's all."

Harry pulled Sara onto his lap, and she almost jumped off. His firm grip keeping her into place made Sara do nothing other than to look into those green eyes. In hindsight, one look in those green eyes might have been a mistake.

"You're worrying about betraying him, aren't you?" Harry asked.

"Well, we weren't...I don't know if it's betrayed," Sara said. "It's all messed up, I don't know what...."

"Stop, thinking," Harry said, grabbing her face and leaning in. "Start feeling. Don't make the same mistakes I did. If people think its wrong them, then tell them to go bugger off."

She took the plunge, with another kiss onto Harry. Sara had a lot of built up tension and frustration inside of her. Harry held her into place and kissed the side of her mouth. Sara straddled his lap and enjoyed his kisses which came further into her.

"I feel like we shouldn't be doing this," Sara said in a low voice.

"Tell me to stop, and I'll stop," Harry said.

Sara did the exact opposite of telling him to stop, she pulled him into a kiss and deepened it one more time. A definite spark could be felt when she was kissing Harry. It was the feeling she convinced herself she would....well, it didn't really matter any, all it matter was she was being
The blonde's able hands removed Harry's shirt and took a nice look at his muscular physique. She saw a few of his scars and looked at him. She lightly traced a pattern down them.

"Sorry, I can't heal them no matter how hard I try," Harry said.

"Don't, they make you look sexy," Sara said. "I bet each of them has a unique story."

"Yes, and all of them make me sound like a crazy person."

Harry reached underneath Sara's shirt and pulled it off. Her perky breasts smacked Harry in the face. He took the creamy orbs in hand and pinched them, feeling her nipple in hand. Harry moved down to explore Sara's body. She kept herself a really good shape.

One part of Sara's body Harry intended to pay perfect tribute to was her round ass. He kissed her deeply and then moved down her neck with more kisses.

"You really like my ass," Sara murmured. She came undone with Harry capturing one nipple in mouth and sucking on it very hard.

Harry didn't say anything. He just squeezed Sara's firm cheeks from behind. The blonde felt the young man's talented hands either explore the backside of her body. Sara breathed heavily, and now Harry worked those tight pants to reveal her.

"Harry," Sara lightly moaned.

She was wet and needed relief. Harry shoved one finger inside the blonde woman. Her hips ground up and could feel the length inside of her.

"You want more, don't you?"

Harry smiled, the moisture collected around his digit when pumping inside of Sara. She wanted this, so tensed up, and Harry didn't blame her. Sara looked over towards Harry, a smoldering gaze through her eyes.

"Yes," Sara said. "Another finger."

He complied with the request, and Sara thought she was about to come undone. Sara almost thought there was a magical pulse just channeling through her inner core. She leaned in, lifting her hips. Harry slowly manipulated her inner chambers, and made her pant.


"The lady knows what she wants."

A third finger joined the first two. Harry pushed inside her moist walls and worked her over with three fingers. Sara clutched onto him, almost afraid of what would happen if the fingers left her body. Harry pressed inside and then released inside of her.

"Don't let me finish, please," Sara said.

"Of course, I wouldn't dream of denying you what you want."
Sara got off on the feeling of his fingers pressing inside of her body. Some mysterious force stretched them even harder. Harry had the magic touch and he worked inside of her.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of Sara clutching against his fingers. She was very tight and Harry wondered what it would feel like to bury his cock between those thighs. It had been a very long time.

"Go ahead, cum for me."

Sara obeyed Harry's words. Her hips rocked up and shoved more of Harry's fingers inside of her body. The beautiful blonde's panting increased and Harry fingered her all the way to the conclusion.

The orgasm shuddered to a stop. Harry slowly retracted his fingers and showed them to Sara. He showed her how soaked they were. Sara looked up at him with a smoldering gaze in her eyes. Harry shifted a finger inside his mouth and sucked on the juices, smiling.

"Want a taste?"

Sara eagerly took the digit in her mouth. Her hand ran down Harry's abdomen and cupped him. She gasped around the finger, even the taste of her own juices paled to what this was. The length stretching his pants made Sara want to explore.

A second passed, and Sara greedily slipped a hand down Harry's pants. She reached in and closed her hand around his cock. The horny little blonde started to work his pants open.

Sara's eyes widened when seeing Harry's throbbing hard cock exposed for her. The blonde's mouth practically watered at the thought of him. He was a pretty good size if she had to say so herself.

"There must have been some lucky girls back home."

Harry smiled and pulled Sara further onto his lap. His cock had been trapped between both of her bodies.

"A few. But, I'm more focused on the lucky girl who is on my lap right now."

Harry reached behind her and brushed his fingers down her lower back. Every single touch on her body made Sara almost lose it. She wanted to be inside of her.

"Do you want to go further?"

Sara nodded eagerly. She was in a position where horniness overrode all common sense. Both of them needed a release very badly and they were both here. Sara lined herself up against his big cock. The moment the tip of his cock touched against slit.

"I can't wait for this," Sara said.

"I can feel how much you can't wait," Harry said. "So, go ahead, take the plunge."

She grinned at the thought and pushed down onto him. Sara breathed heavily the moment his cock entered her body. It was so big inside of her. Harry stretched her out so nicely.

'No pain, no gain.'

A few more inches of Harry's long cock was gained into her. Harry grabbed her hair and kissed Sara furiously when she eased herself down onto his cock.
"That's it, that's good," Harry said. "Just let it go. You want something, don't be afraid to ask."

Sara had been attracted to him, and she just allowed her attraction to run free. She rose up and sunk down onto Harry's massive cock into her body. Sara rose up and dropped down onto him and rode him.

"Mmm, you're so good."

Harry tilted Sara back. She rebounded up and down onto his lap, legs scissored around Harry's waist. Harry gripped Sara's ample cheeks when they bounced down onto them.

"Go ahead, cum."

A feeling of lust spread between Sara's loins. She came down onto the base of Harry's cock and rose up one more time. The process of descending down had been repeated. Harry grabbed her and molded their bodies next to each other. Sara leaned back and Harry kissed and sucked on the side of her neck.

"Let it go," Harry said.

A feeling of never ending lust exploded between Sara's thighs. Harry sped up the pace and rammed himself into her. Sara rebounded and released him with a few more drops. Her womanhood stretched out around Harry's cock and had been released. The best orgasm she ever felt.

Harry watched her descend down onto him. The look on her beautiful face encouraged Harry to keep kneading at her round ass. Sara gasped when Harry paid attention to her ass. The other parts of her body were neglected. Harry ran a finger down her toned legs.

"So good," Sara said. "And you're still going, I can't believe it."

Harry marked the side of her neck, nibbling on her neck. Sara's wet walls slid down onto him.

Sara wasn't going to lie, all things considered, she came out pretty good on the island. At least as it went to having her work out her very real frustrations, even if it was just one night. It would be the best damn night she could ever have in her life. Sara bounced down on Harry's rod.

"Believe it I'm still going," Harry said. "I wonder how many times you can cum."

The focus issues Harry was having were fading away. It had been a while since he achieved release in her. Sara picked up the pace and ground against Harry. She squeezed him hard and released him.

"I can't believe you're this hard still," Sara said. "Maybe, I'm not as good as I thought I was."

"No, you're good, you're very good," Harry said. "I've just been able to always last for a long time. It's helped me in the past, as you can imagine."

Sara really didn't need to imagine it, she was feeling it. The point of Harry's massive rod filled her body. She filled and emptied herself. Tremors rolled down her spine for another orgasm. Harry held her in tight with Sara bouncing higher and faster onto him.

Harry drew ever so closer inside of her. The feeling of his balls cradled against Sara. Small amounts of internal magic could be done without lasting injury. The fuel of a sexual encounter made him able to do that much more, at least for a little bit.

He could do so much more, once Harry found his way off of the island.
Sara clutched onto Harry's shoulder and rode him with even more fever. Harry's hands took a
handful of Sara's ample posterior when she rose and fell upon him.

The consequences of this encounter might come back to bite Sara later. However, she didn't really
care. The fact is, she would worry about it when she was done with this heavy encounter. All she
wanted was his cock and then his cum, oh it was the only thing we wanted.

"Just really wish we could be someplace other than a cave out on the middle of a deserted island,"
Harry said.

"Don't worry, you can make it up to me later."

Sara realized what she said. She just pledged herself for at least one more encounter for Harry.
Some bright light flashed over her body. Sara didn't think too much of it, only riding Harry so
much. The only thing which mattered.

'There are far worse promises to make.'

Harry pushed deep inside of Sara, the contents of his balls were getting closer to being released
inside of her. He debated about the consequences of this particular encounter.

"You really want me to finish inside of you?" Harry asked. "Because you owe me your life, and it
could have some complications if I finished."

Sara thought about it for a minute and came down off of the high of another orgasm.

"Don't worry about pulling out," Sara said.

If there was no tomorrow, at least Sara was going to go out smiling and pleased. She leaned in to
kiss Harry on the face and pulled away from him. The two exchanged an intense encounter.

"Keep it up, don't stop until we're finished!"

"Oh, you're going to be finished before I am," Harry said. "It feels good, doesn't it? Feel the
warmth spread over your body. Feel how much pleasure you have. It feels good, doesn't it? It feels
good to cum for me, doesn't it?"

Boy did it ever feel so good to cum. Sara drove her pussy down onto Harry's aching rod and filled
her body completely up. She bottomed out on Harry and craved nothing other than his seed. A
warmth spread over her loins and came down to the point of Harry's cock.

Sara milked Harry's pulsing rod in time with his thrusts. Harry rose up, his hips meeting with Sara.
The two lovers joined together at the hips. Harry pushed deeper into Sara and bottomed out inside
of her womanhood. Her central core fit around him.

The perfect fit for the perfect cock. The pleasure almost beat out the position which Harry was in,
where the rocks dug into his lower back, despite sitting on a cushion of their coat.

"About finished?" Sara asked.

"You're impatient."

Sara exploded with a rush from her loins. A sensation of pumping cum down his rod lubricated
Harry's rod and made it buried deep inside of her body.

"My turn."
Finally, Sara believed he was going to climax inside of her. Harry lifted off of the rocks and started to inject his fluids inside of Sara's gripping hot womanhood. She came almost all the way down on top of him and slid down to the point. Her wet pussy gripped and released him.

The warm rush of spilling his seed finished inside of Sara. Harry buried his rod into the blonde and rode out her orgasm all the way to the end. He looked at Sara's face and she had so much pleasure dancing through his eyes.

Sara pulled away from Harry. The amount of cum dripping from her slit was more obscene than Sara could piece together.

"It's been a long time," Harry said.

"Too long by the looks of it," Sara said. "Why don't we get cleaned up?"

Sara kissed Harry one more time, tentative at first. She didn't regret this coming down from the high of sex, which was a good sign.

"I might need a little help," Sara said. "You fucked me good."

Harry wrapped his arm around his lover, and Sara smiled when Harry lead her over to the stream underneath the caves so they could get cleaned up after their sexual romp. With Harry's mind clearer and more focused.

"Thanks for the help," Sara said. "I really needed that."

"Yeah, I did too," Harry said. "You don't....."

"Not as much as I thought I did," Sara said. She kissed him to alleviate any potential tension before the two made their way down the rocks into the streams.

Morning would come soon. And things were a bit more tolerable since they both got laid.

To Be Continued.
Shado and Rose taking their trip was a lot longer than both women ever could have realized. Both stopped outside of the cave and the last few embers which the fire started to tamper off. It didn't really matter because Rose now acquired a lantern. The supplies weren't as bountiful as their contact would have told them.

Speaking of which, said contact was the first thing they saw when entering the cave. He had been tied up in the corner, away from the central area of the cave. He couldn't have escaped even without any effort, but Rose didn't want to look at him. The slimy worm could have ended up getting them killed.

"We didn't get everything."

Rose shined the lantern into the cave and stopped short. The first sight she had been greeted upon didn't really improve her mood. Harry and Sara laid, cuddled up in an awkward location, on the makeshift bedding they created. Much to Rose's surprise, they had been sleeping soundly.

It didn't take Rose very long to figure out what they had been up to in the time they were gone. Her lips curled into a very obvious "mmm". The smile on Sara's face had the look of a woman who had a very enjoyable time.

'Nice to see someone is having a good time.'

"Well, it happened," Shado said.

"That's all you have to say," Rose said. "Well, that happened? Did you expect it to happen? Did you expect them to get together the second they were alone in the cave?"

"The signs were pointing towards they might," Shado said. "Harry wears his frustration underneath the mask of a hardened warrior. And Sara, she's stronger than she looks, but at the same time, she was going through some really strong emotions."

"And the two of them just decide to sleep together," Rose said.

"They are consenting adults," Shado responded. "Are you angry…"

"No, I'm not," Rose said.

Shado looked at Rose for a few seconds, blinking and frowning at the younger girl. It was almost like the younger girl anticipated the question before it had been asked. She looked towards the couple. They were at peace. Did Shado think it was the most ideal thing? Well, if it allowed them to focus, then she had no problems with it. She could tell while Sara and Harry worked through their focusing issues, there was another person who struggled.

"You knew what I was going to ask before I asked it?"

"It's obvious, and you think I care what they do because I don't," Rose said. "I'm just worried the two are going to end up getting distracted, and get all of us killed."
"Well, your concern has a valid point," Shado said.

Rose folded her arms up and frowned. Damn right her concern had a valid point.

"I think you might be looking at this from the wrong angle," Shado said. "They found solace in each other. And with Harry, well you could be surprised what he's capable of."

Rose shook her head. Did she really think this was all about Harry fucking Sara over her? No, it wasn't about that at all, Rose was concerned they had grown too attached to each other. Any attachment between the two could add a weakness they could ill afford. Fyers or her father wouldn't hesitate in using those weaknesses against them. Rose was very worried from them.

"Hey, you two are back," Sara said.

"I was wondering if they were going to say something," Harry said. "So did the supply run go fine?"

"We picked up a few items, although it isn't going to last us more than a couple of days," Shado said. "Did you have any luck with the radio and Fyers?"

"Fyers claims to have transportation off of the island in three days," Harry said. "But, whether or not it's true or not, we're just going to have to wait and see."

"There's no truth to anything that man says," Rose said. "And the two of you….you kept very busy last night."

"Best night's sleep since I got since the wreckage of the Queen's Gambit," Sara said. "What took the two of you so long?"

"We had to go around the long way because Fyers and his men were having a campout," Rose said. She had been acting very cordial towards Sara.

"There's no problems, are there?" Sara asked.

The hesitation followed. Rose took a moment.

"There's not going to be a problem, at least one I can't see," Rose said. "Is there going to be a problem with you two?"

Rose didn't want them to make her outright say what she was thinking about them. The way Harry was looking towards her only made Rose all that much more agitated. It wasn't because the two of them slept together, well not the exact fact they slept together.

"We're on the same page," Sara said.

"The two of you did sleep together, so I'd hope so," Rose said.

One very long and very anxious moment passed, and Rose just eyed Sara with a nod.

"We'll be ready," Shado said, giving Rose a very anxious look. "We did manage to get some food, although we're going to stretch it out."

"That's fine, we won't be here for more than a couple more days," Harry said.

Rose appreciated his optimism, then again, why wouldn't he be optimistic? He was the one that got laid last night. Therefore, he would be a good mood. Rose wasn't angry about it or anything, but
she just hoped he wasn't caught with overflowing optimism to the point of arrogance.

'I need to hit something, keep my mind off of things,' Rose thought.

Thankfully, Sara and Harry acted rather normal through breakfast. A bit more friendly and a bit more casual maybe, but you wouldn't know they had sex with each other last night unless you knew it. And Rose knew it, and she couldn't unsee it from her imagination.

"Harry, do you think I can talk to you about something after breakfast?" Shado asked.

Rose gave Shado a very long look, hoping the conversation wasn't going to be what she thought it was going to be about.

Oliver Queen didn't know where he was being brought. He actually had to struggle not to give a sigh of very obvious relief when he walked past the basement. He heard enough whispers why he was here to know the basement was going to have to be off limits. But where was he going? The man who was his babysitter didn't really tell him where they were going? Oliver didn't get any answers to any questions which was frustrating, to say the least.

'Just got to keep your head up.'

His retainer opened a door and lead Oliver into a makeshift study area/office area. The second Oliver entered, he saw a person who sat behind a very big, thick, book. The cover looked particularly worn when the person had flicked through the book.

"Hello?" Oliver asked.

The person spent a couple more minutes flicking through the book before she set it down. Oliver came face to face with a brown eyed girl with curly hair, thick glasses and a rather stoic expression on her face. The reader dressed in a conservative blouse and a pair of pants which fit loosely against her body. She would be much more attractive had she smiled, but instead, there was a look of calm indifference on her face.

"So, you've been fortunate enough to be brought upstairs to see the Professor," she said. "It means you have a purpose. So, I'd congratulate you for making something out of your life."

Oliver couldn't figure out whether or not he had been complimented or insulted by the woman in question. Or perhaps both, she seemed to be a bit withdrawn from her.

"So, are you a prisoner on this ship?"

"We are all prisoners on this ship if we're here," she said. "We just have much more freedom than others. The Professor wanted someone to help him conduct research. I've been chosen for that due to my talents of uncovering even the most obscure piece of information."

"That's interesting," Oliver said.

"Yes, although it's left me with an extremely lonely childhood," she said. "On the bright side, it's left me with all my vital organs intact. So, count your blessings."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"We don't have names on this ship," she said. "You're new, so that could be forgiven. That ruffian who slapped you around, he's the Butcher. The man who brought you here, he's the Retriever."
Every time the Professor wants something, he's sent to retrieve him. He's loyal, but then again, so is a dog. At least he doesn't shed everywhere."

Another flip of the page showed the woman had been rather disinterested by the entire conversation.

"Your cell mate is the Deacon," she responded. "And I'm the Bookworm. As you can imagine."

"How did you know my cell mate?"

"Mr. Queen, it's my job to know every single detail on this ship," the Bookworm responded. "I know you're missing as well, and if you weren't in the news, well you would just be another piece of meat taken to the basement."

"So, he wants...he wants to ransom me?" Oliver asked.

It wouldn't be the first time Oliver had been the victim of a ransom. He looked towards the woman in the room who had flipped through the pages, and she just responded with a half shrug, as if not even bothering to consider Oliver's plight.

The door opened up to reveal a middle-aged man entering the room. He held a newspaper clipping in his hand and looked towards the young man, and frowned.

"Bookworm, you can leave us, thank you for keeping our lost boy billionaire occupied," the man responded.

The brunette bookworm didn't say another word. She scooped up a box of books and retired further into the study for more research. Oliver didn't even have a chance to ask questions. He very much doubted there would be answers.

"Oliver Queen, I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see your face with my own eyes."

"So, the Professor?" Oliver asked.

"Professor Anthony Ivo to be precise," Ivo said. "And you haven't heard of me, have you?"

Oliver shook his head. He hadn't been one to follow up with the latest achievements in the field of science. He thought he saw a quick smile dance across Ivo's face, but he wore the same stoic look.

"I'd like to extend my most sincere apologies for the conduct of my associate, the Butcher," Ivo said. "He seems to think his authority on this ship outstrips my own."

"You brought me up here for a reason," Oliver said. "Whatever you want, my mother will pay it. I'm sure she wants my safe return."

"And I have no doubt she does, Mr. Queen," Ivo said. "But, I don't intend to ransom you. I intend to return you home safely, in time."

"The Deacon told me no one leaves this ship," Oliver said.

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear from the prisoners on this ship," Ivo said. "They have been broken, truly, broken, but they did not land on this ship because they're innocent. No, I can assure you, my boy, they are capable of far more wicked things than I can ever dream. I can make something out of most of them. No, I could use someone more trustworthy to help me with my research."
Oliver had been surprised. This man, this Ivo, he wanted him to help out.

"You're aboard the AMAZO," Ivo said. "It's the first step of my dream. I want to change the world, and help give a few people a second chance. What if I told you I know of a way which could heal someone, even if they're an inch away from death?"

The most dubious expression ever filled over Oliver's face.

"You call me crazy, wouldn't you?" Ivo asked. "And I wouldn't believe it if I was in your position either. But I can assure you, young Oliver, everything I tell you is the truth."

Ivo knew he had the young man's interest. He was desperate enough to get home, therefore, Ivo knew he would be willing to help without questioning things too much. He was naïve to the way the world worked.

"You help me, and I'll help you," Ivo said. "And you return home, a conquering hero because you have helped the world. Fame, fortune, all of the women throwing themselves at you….those days are long over for me, but they can be wide open for you."

Ivo chuckled, and Oliver joined in, so things did not become awkward.

"So, what do you want from me?"

Harry followed Shado into an open area behind the caves. He had his misgivings being out here. The trees slightly obscured the view.

"You wanted to talk to me?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I did," Shado said.

"Here, I am, let's talk."

Shado smiled and carried the quiver containing a fresh load of arrows she rescued from camp. She had a theory about something, and it would either be proven right or proven wrong.

"The other day, you didn't quite have the focus you needed to fight," Shado said. "After last night, I've noticed a change in you. You don't have full access to your abilities, but there's something about your mind being clearer."

Harry responded with a nod. He was about ready to elaborate as to why, but Shado lifted her hand to prevent him from speaking. She leaned a fraction of an inch closer towards him.

"Don't worry, I know the reason why " Shado said. "If you are who the legends say you are, then I understand why it was a necessity. I only wish I would have come up with the method of helping with your focus sooner."

The implication in her words was very obvious. Regardless, Shado slipped in front of Harry and loaded up the bow with an arrow. She moved over with expert precision, her attacks more pinpoint than anything delivered ever before. Her lips curled into a smile.

"Anyone can hit a stationary target up close," Shado said. "But, it's a good starting point to work on your aim, and it requires a minimal level of precision. Just watch, and study my movements carefully."

Shado was intrigued to see if her other theory had been proven correct. She withdrew the bow and
made sure Harry's eyes had been locked on her, watching her movements. Shado moved a little slower than she might. A rapid fire shot of the arrow flew forward and struck the central knot on the tree.

Harry sank in all of her movements, her coordination was second to none. He reckoned Shado slowed down for his benefit. The woman sauntered over to the tree and retrieved the arrow. She moved in front of Harry and positioned the arrow.

"And again."

Shado struck the target without any pause this time. Harry slowed down her movements in his mind none the same. She repeated the ritual three more times and each time, she hit the knot with precision.

"Are you ready to attempt it now?"

The emerald-eyed sorcerer responded with a nod and position himself right in the same spot where Shado stood.

"A skilled wizard can hit a spell from across the street," Harry remarked. "While striking only their intended target and nothing else at all."

Shado casually nodded. "Yes, and a skilled hand regarding firing an arrow follows the same principle. Just like I'm sure you became one with your magic, you should become one with your crossbow. Just sit there, take a deep breath and fire the arrow."

Harry positioned the bow and arrow in position in front of the target. He drew in a breath and fired one shot at the knot. It wasn't completely perfect, nothing in life was. However, Harry was smiling at how he nailed the shot.

"Why don't you try again?" Shado asked.

It was different hitting a target which never moved as opposed to striking a target which kept moving. Progress was important, though. Shado watched the young man and observed him. He was just growing into his power, and despite the fact the island blocked his full potential, he adapted very easily.

'A true warrior doesn't find themselves handicapped when one tool from their bag is taken out. They manage to find alternate means.'

Harry took in a deep breath and fired. The shot was a bit more precise. Shado responded with a smile in the process.

She looked at the intense look of concentration in Harry's eyes. "Problem?"

"I'm just not sure it's a good idea to leave Rose and Sara unoccupied in the cave," Harry said.

A long second passed. Shado decided to aim one of the arrows higher up from the tree. She fired. The bird which roosted on the tree took flight and avoided the arrow from striking its wing. She wasn't fast enough, but she could hit someone who had been mounted up above. They didn't have the ability to fly away from the situation.

"You were the one who said we should trust each other. Our trust in each other is the only thing we have."
Harry got her point loud and clear. He knew it, understood it, but hoped Sara and Rose understood it as well.

Sara joined Rose in her early morning meditation. She never saw someone who could give the silent treatment like Rose did. And Sara had a pretty good idea why Rose was giving her the silent treatment. She two girls sat side by side, but there might as well have been an invisible wall surrounding them.

It took Sara a moment to realize Rose had already stopped mediation and was sitting across the room, staring long and hard. It was starting to become a bit annoying, to be honest.

"Okay, you have a problem with me," Sara said. "If you have a problem with me, let's talk about it."

"My problem is they'll use you against Harry," Rose said. "If Fyers figures out the two of you are close, he's going to use you to get to Harry. And you better believe my father is going to figure it out. He's not a world-class assassin by being blind to the ignorant."

"We slept together one time," Sara said.

"I know you slept together," Rose said through gritted teeth.

Both girls looked at each other for a very long time. Sara looked through Rose's eyes.

"You're jealous of me, aren't you?"

"Don't flatter yourself, kid."

Sara snorted at the obvious absurdity of a girl younger than her calling her "kid."

"You say you've got some training," Rose said. "But, the only thing I can see you're good for is a diversion. And it's not a diversion for the enemies. It's a diversion for Harry."

"You really think so little of Harry you'd think he'll be easily distracted by worrying about me?"

"You know the type of person Harry is," Rose said. "I know his time. He's had a shit childhood. Therefore, the few people who are loyal to him, he'll be loyal back tenfold. And he takes betrayal worse than anyone else. I don't want to see him hurt."

Rose closed her eyes a second later and looked about ready to cringe.

"He's a decent person, and I hate you for making me say it," Rose said. "And if you tell him I said anything good about him, I'll die it."

"I wouldn't tell a soul."

Rose moved into the center of the room and started to perform a series of rapid fire phantom strikes. Sara watched her intensity and tried to copy her motions in the air.

To Sara's credit, she kept up with Rose's movements about as well as someone could expect. Rose looked over her shoulder and watched Sara who tried to move even more carefully.

"Not bad," Rose said. "You do have some instincts....but let's see how well you do in an actual physical situation."
Sara stopped for a moment. Rose leaned closer towards her.

"You were the one who wanted me to teach you how to fight," Rose said. "And if you're going to be in this deep, you need training. So, let's go, let's train."

Sara didn't feel like she had been particularly warmed up, to be honest. She looked at Rose, wondering how they would train, what they would do. She saw Rose move at the speed of light.

Seconds before Rose would have connected with her throat, Sara blocked the woman's arm. Her heart beat and Sara had been surprised. Rose would have almost killed her if Sara hadn't been able to block the attack. She pushed Rose back onto the ground and Rose came back a second later. Sara blocked the move one more time, and she turned to the side to avoid Rose's blade from slicing into her flesh.

The adrenaline went through her. Sara was a bit more excited than she thought she was for just narrowly blocking the attack. Rose dove forward with the blade in hand and came inches away from hitting her. Sara blocked it and tried to kick Rose away from her, or at least pull the blade away from her.

A loud crack echoed and Sara managed to nail Rose with a glancing shot. She stepped back in surprise. Rose's nose had been busted open from how hard Sara hit her. Sara opened her mouth to apologize.

The next thing she knew, she was on her back. Rose had her down onto the ground, legs scissored around each other, and Sara had been turned over onto the ground. Rose came inches away from curb stomping Sara into the ground.

"You first lesson, if you injure someone, never apologize for it. You see blood, keep on it. If you flinch away, then you have a pissed off opponent who will kill you."

Sara struggled to get away from Rose and rolled onto her hands and knees. Rose kicked her in the ribs when she was trying to get up. She winced when the foot buried into her ribs. Rose didn't let up on her, so Sara had to go out from underneath her and sweep her legs out.

Rose bounced up and came back to grab Sara's head. She grabbed Sara in a standing choke hold, digging her knee into Sara's abdomen to further knock the wind out of her. Rose put the pressure and came close to having Sara pass out, but she let go, only to come back with another series of attacks.

"Fight me, or you'll get killed," Rose said.

Sara blocked Rose's arm from driving the knife down into her throat. Sara grabbed Rose's arm and flipped her down onto the ground. Rose flipped out, and Sara had her hands on the knife. She turned around and forced Rose down onto the ground. The knife pressed at the side of her throat.

A couple of figures came into the cave, and Rose and Sara both looked up in time to see Harry and Shado enter the cave. The first sight they had been greeted with was Sara with a bruised up face and holding a knife against Rose's throat, who had a busted up nose.

Harry cleared his throat, and Sara let up on Rose a little bit. Rose pulled herself to her feet and pinched the bridge of her nose to stop the blood flow.

"Good fight, but there's room for improvement."
"So, you're telling me the two of you got into a sparring session with each other?"

Sara smiled when Harry looked at her face. He wasn't any doctor, but the swelling could have been worse.

"Yeah, and I think I learned a valuable lesson," Sara said. "I should have kept on her when I broke her nose the first time. And you know, not use my face to block her punches."

"Words to live by," Harry said, wrapping his arm around Sara and holding her close. She smiled and shook her head.

Rose stepped over towards them after Shado had checked up on her. Thankfully there were some medical supplies what they stolen and Rose's face had been patched up. The bleeding in her nose where Sara punched her had stopped her.

The two girls looked at each other for a moment. There was some unspoken tension between the two of them.

"I've known people who are utterly hopeless out there, and you're not utterly hopeless in a fight."

Sara grinned and leaned closer towards Rose. "You're being very fast and loose with those compliments. You better be careful or people are going to think you actually like me."

The older blonde rose to her feet. Night approached sooner rather than later. All of them had an unfortunate thought.

"We might be ready to take care of Fyers and his men," Harry said.

Sara had been surprised by this, it was obvious something he and Shado discussed when they were out, having their conversation. While Sara and Rose had their little sparring session which ended up with Sara being rattled something fierce.

"So, you've pretty much decided he's not going to honor his word," Sara said.

"No, he's not," Shado said. "We strike hard, and we strike when the sun goes down if you're ready for it."

"I'm not staying behind," Sara said. "I actually want to try something…..hand me the bow and arrow."

Harry shrugged and handed her the bow and the arrow. She loaded up the bow and arrow and turned it around. She shot the arrow towards Rose with pinpoint precision. Rose just barely could avoid the arrow. Sara's hand to eye coordination had been good, but it didn't quite beat Rose's reflexes.

"Thanks, you could have killed me," Rose said. "Really appreciate it."

"Hey, you're quick enough," Sara said. "Guess, I'm not completely useless….then again, I messed around with archer a little bit back home. Not as much as Oliver's sister did, she's a prodigy, but…"

Sara realized she brought up something.

"Worry about Fyers," Harry said.

"I don't mean….I still want to find me, like I want to find a friend that's missing."
"I know," Harry said. "But, we really need to worry about Fyers, and the book as well. We'll get them both back, we know they're on the island for sure."

Sara thought he had a pretty good point.

"We have more than enough for all three of us," Shado said. "But, we have to make some shots count….unless you need one as well."

She addressed Rose. Rose just shrugged in response.

"I'm fine, it will just slow me down. I'm more up close and personal anyway."

And it went without saying when Rose killed Slade, she wanted to see the bastard's face when doing so.

Those who did the right thing almost always had been deemed dangerous by the government of China. Yao Fei was a political prisoner, who had been sent to Lian Yu. He had been used as a scapegoat. The man's honor refused to allow him to support the government of China in their actions.

He met up with Fyers, thinking he would have a chance of redemption. A chance to expose the wrongdoings of his former government, but by the time Yao Fei realized what Fyers was all about, it had been too late.

"You're no different than the people who sentenced me to Lian Yu," Yao Fei said.

"They kill because they hide from the truth," Fyers said. "All you need to do is accept the blame for this. You'll be considered a criminal by the rest of the world and a traitor by your government. But there will be a small group who will brand you a hero for doing what's necessary."

Yao Fei turned in a sickening stomach. He dressed in his military uniform and was ready to make the confession.

"I will kill them, and make you watch if you don't make this confession," Fyers said.

"I've agreed to do it, but I hope your word is good when you spare them and allow them safe passage from the island," Yao Fei said.

Deathstroke stood a few feet behind him and said absolutely nothing.

"My name is Yao Fei. I have been excelled by the Chinese Military, but it's a deception to bring down a plane. My people want to bring military action to the United States, to become the world's most prominent superpower. Therefore, I do confess to bringing down Ferris Aircraft Flight 637 and willingly admit to participating in this, on the orders of the government of China. I leave you this final message and can assure you I regret all my actions, and regret the part I've played."

He spoke softly, without any emotion in his voice. The camera turned off and Fyers responded with a nod.

"As promised, your daughter will be allowed passage off the island along with the other intruders," Fyers said. "But, you know what he is, don't you? You've been holding out on me the other time."

"And I take that to the grave with me," Yao Fei said.

"Unfortunately, that's true."
Fyers coldly shot Yao Fei at a point blank range. He could not leave anyone else alive to jeopardize his plans.

Shado, Rose, Sara, and Harry made their way towards the field where Harry saw the weapon set up a couple of nights later.

"That's my father, "Shado said.

They heard the last few seconds of what Yao Fei was saying. His confession sounded rather strained, and forced, but at the same time calm.

"….I leave you this final message, and can assure you I regret all my actions, and regret the part I've played. "

Harry scoped out all of Fyers's men forming a very tight seal around them. They would have to divide and conquer, and pick them apart on the margins before getting their way closer to Deathstroke, and Slade.

"Pick your shots."

"And I take that to the grave with me."

"Unfortunately, that's true."

The sound of a gunshot made their blood run cold. They all saw it instantly. Shado moved in and caught a glimpse of their hiding place of her father dropping. Fyers stood above the broken body. Everyone had been frozen in time. They half expected to find Yao Fei dead by the time they got to Fyers, but actually seeing it happening was another thing entirely.

Shado raised her bow and thought she could get the shot, take Fyers out from her. He was exposed and leaning over her father. He would die standing over the man he murdered.

To Be Continued on 11/27/2016.
Harry really hoped this one burst of emotion would not destroy the plan. He took a few seconds to calm himself and stand next to Shado. Shado closed her eyes and looked to be close to breaking down. Sara stood, unknowing what to do.

"We'll get him," Shado said.

Her tone was calm and tranquil. No one could argue with her. She watched Fyers and his men start to close ranks around the fallen body of her father. Each moment they moved closer towards him only served to make Shado's blood boil. She needed to get a good shot at him.

"Remember, what we talked about," Harry said. "Fyers is going to pay, but your father would not have wanted you to get killed by recklessly avenging him."

"I know you're right," Shado said. "But we better move quickly, otherwise, they're going to attack us, and it's going to be all over."

Shado spoke a fair amount of wisdom. Harry memorized several of the hot spots on the island. He could shift them over a fraction of an inch, in the direct path of the mercenaries. He would divide them, at least that's what Harry intended to do. He closed his eyes, murmuring something underneath his breath.

"Rose, Sara, get in position," Harry said. "Shado, if you're going to take the shot, take it when you hear the explosions."

Shado steadied her hand, aimed the bow, and got ready. They had a plan and throwing it out now would be doing her father a great disservice. Her hand steadied. One misstep and they would screw.

"Remember, we have to be in perfection position to put the plane down!" Fyers yelled. "Move it, over, it will be flying over in twenty minutes."

Harry flicked his finger. He could feel a burning sensation go through his body when expelling even a small amount of magic. The shields around the island fought Harry, but he pushed back. Everything edged a fraction of an inch over. He watched one of Fyers's men step back and hit the land mine.

An explosion had been followed by screams. The men carrying the missile launcher device allowed it to fall the ground. The dust didn't properly clear when Shado shot the arrow at Fyers, knowing she wouldn't get another shot.

Slade stepped in front of Fyers and caught the arrow in between his fingers. He peered over the bushes.

"We have company!"

Rose jumped into the battle first and foremost. Subtly wasn't really necessarily because her father
knew they were here. One of the men, wounded in battle, aimed directly at Rose. Rose caught him with a spinning punt to the mouth and dropped him down onto the ground. One of the goons wrapped his arm around Rose's throat and tried to push her down to the ground. Rose snapped his arm and turned around to nail him.

Sara thought now was the moment of truth. She aimed the arrow and fired it. Maybe not to the precision of Harry, and Shado did, but it still was good, and knock the weapon out of the wrist. Harry jumped into the air, and fire three arrows in succession. Those arrows immobilized the goons they struck.

Fyers pulled himself up to a standing position, and Sara fired an arrow at the back of his leg. Sara dropped down onto the ground in front of him. She pushed the point of the arrow into his throat.

"I did what I had to do," Fyers said.

Slade made his way behind Sara. Rose blocked his attack the first time. Deathstroke caught her with a punch to the chest and started to beat down on his own daughter. Rose's legs buckled when her father nailed her.

"I've taught you everything, but you've retained nothing," Deathstroke said.

Rose shook her head and refused to give up to her father. He beat her down. She kept firing back. The young girl pushed up blocked Slade's hand. He stabbed a sword at the ground. Rose flipped up and picked up one of the arrows which had been dropped to the ground. She stabbed it at Slade. Slade blocked the arrow from entering his chest and nailed her in the chest.

"Damn it, Fyers has gotten away!"

Harry and Shado toppled the mercenaries who had tried to turn the rocket launcher against him.

"We'll get him, he can't go far," Harry said. "Unless he has transportation off of the island."

Harry ran over one of the attackers. His adrenaline started to hit a fever pitch. Shado was already a few steps ahead of him.

Slade meanwhile flipped Rose onto the ground. He came inches away from driving through her chest. Rose just barely blocked the impaling blade from going into her. She struggled underneath Slade's efforts. The cold hard steel almost nailed her in the chest.

An arrow fired from Sara's direction had been blocked the very instant Slade turned around. Rose slammed a rock into the back of Slade's head which staggered her father. Rose jumped up and caught him with a couple of punches.

"Three steps to the left!"

Slade avoided the battering ram swimming out of the tree. It smashed into another tree and toppled it over.

Rose turned around just in time to see Sara slump to the ground. She had been cut up a little bit in the battle, but all things considered, it could have been worse.

Fyers ran as fast as he could. He didn't know where this plan turned around for the worst, other
than it did turn around for the worst. His beating heart grew even more rapid. He was almost to a safe spot.

"The plan's been foiled," Fyers said. "I don't know what he is but...."

The shadows flickered in front of Fyers. He could see something moving in the shadows. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the same gun he used to ruthlessly kill Yao Fei. He fired three bullets into the nothing.

Fyers moved closer into the shadows to see if he saw something. He turned around and saw the daughter of the man he killed.

"Your father brought it upon himself," Fyers said. "He murdered countless, and he would have murdered countless more if I hadn't stop him."

The arrow caught him in the side of the arm. Fyers dropped down onto the ground, onto his knees. He tried to reach for the gun, only to see the emerald-eyed intruder pick up the gun.

"Never quite got the hang out of using one of these."

Fyers looked up into those eyes and he knew he felt fear beyond everything else. His fingers started to twitch.

"Kill me," Fyers said.

"Did you really intend to help us off of the island?" Shado asked. "Or were you just buying time for the plan?"

"There's transportation, over there," Fyres responded. "I'm a man of my word, I swear."

"You killed my father," Shado said.

Fyers looked equal parts shaken and defiant when looking up towards Shado. He knew death was coming. If it wasn't at their hands, it was going to be at the hands of his employer which failed. At least, they would be quick about it, he assumed.

"I told you....."

Three arrows splattered the blood of Edward Fyers. He dropped down onto the ground. Shado stood back and lowered the bow. She had no pride in what she did, only necessity to avenge what happened to Yao Fei. She stepped back to ensure he was dead, and not just faking his own demise.

"I'm sorry," Shado said. "I understand if you wanted him to die by your hand, for all he's done, but I had to be the one to kill him."

Harry didn't say anything. He just looked over his shoulder to see whether or not Sara and Rose were coming around the corner. They got separated the second that Slade kept running.

Rose could not believe it. Once again, she was so close, but yet so far in taking down Slade. She could not believe he slipped through her fingers. She wanted to throw her head back and scream. She rushed down the path, but Slade disappeared into the night.

'Damn it, I can't believe it.'
Just because he was one of the greatest mercenaries who ever lived, didn't mean Rose was too happy about him escaping. She moved around the corner and saw a man laying down on the ground. One of Fyers, wounded, he wouldn't likely live through the night. Rose couldn't say she felt too sorry for them.

"You know, we should really stick together."

Sara stepped closer towards Rose. The two girls stopped to look around.

"You saved my life," Rose said. "But, don't get too excited because we're not done. As long as Deathstroke is still on this island, there's going to be a threat."

Rose only said this so she could figure out the situation. Anyone in their right mind could have figured out the threat of Deathstroke. The tandem attack from Sara and Rose only managed to cause him to flee. Rose entered no delusions how it was only temporary.

The smell of something burning caught Rose's mind. She saw three of the men, crowded around the fire. Sara stood in front of her, holding the bow and arrow. Rose held the blade she stole from Slade in battle.

"Don't shoot us, please," one of them said. "We just want a way off of this island, just like the rest of you."

Rose didn't say anything. Sara shot her a look and by some miracle, Rose didn't jump into the battle to take them out. The older blonde took a step forward. She spent some time observing Shado and one of things she observed was she never stood in one place when aiming the arrow. Sara did most of the same.

"You want a way off this island?" Sara asked. "Do you know of a way off of this island?"

"And drop your guns," Rose said.

"Why don't you drop your weapons instead?" one of them asked.

Rose couldn't believe the gall of this man. Sara turned towards the goons and pointed her arrow at them.

"I don't think you have any say in what we do," Sara said. "You're going to need our help. Fyers would have been hunted down and killed by now."

One of the men trembled at the thought. He knew if Fyers was gone, there was no one who could protect them from anyone else on the island. The consequences were Deathstroke killing them or that mysterious green-eyed man who vexed Fyers would end up killing them.

"You're bluffing!"

Sara wasn't going to argue. She did hold a bluff. It was based off an assumption that Shado and Harry would have hunted Fyers down.

"We're going to lose our patience in a minute," Rose said. "Tell us whether or not there's a way off of the island."

Sara looked from Rose and to the man who was on the ground. He trembled out of fear. Sara almost felt bad for him, but her patience ran out about as much as Rose did. She moved closer towards the captive prisoners and encircled them.
"If you piss her off, there's nothing to hold us back. So you better talk."

"Fyers said they once we shot the plane out of the sky, we would be leaving the next day," one of them said. "I don't know…he's working for someone. That someone is going to send a ship to the island to pick him up….it might already be here. His business is done after he framed the old man."

Rose held the blade at the man's chest. Sara put a hand on the younger girl's shoulder.

"It's around the area where she got on the island," one of them said, pointing to Sara. "I don't know what it looks like, I don't even know if it's here or not. I don't know if it's ever getting here or not. That's all I know, I swear."

"You swear?" Rose asked. "Do you swear your life on the fact this information is completely accurate? It's accurate without a fault and it's not going to come back and bite you?"

The man nodded in response. He looked a second away from passing out. Rose rendered each them unconscious one at a time after she was satisfied.

"I didn't kill them," Rose said.

"You're going soft," Sara said.

Rose shrugged, maybe Sara was right. She saw some people coming up over the horizon, two of them in fact. Shado and Harry made their way around the corner. The body of Edward Fyers dragged against the ground behind of them. Rose thought it could be some kind of demented trophy of their success.

"So, he's dead," Rose said. "Looks like he took three arrows."

"I wanted to make sure he stayed dead," Shado said. "After all, he's done, you know."

"Hey, I'm not disagreeing," Rose said. "But, according to these guys, and if we can trust his word."

Rose trailed off, practically scoffing. One could tell by the tone of her voice how much she trusted the word of Fyers. Harry motioned for her to continue. Sara decided to pick up because Rose was too busy biting her tongue for many reasons.

"Where I got here, is the same way off," Sara said. "It might already be there."

Rose grew rigid. She slowly turned to Sara and locked eyes directly on her.

"Where about did you land on the island?"

Sara closed her eyes, deep in thought. She extended a finger through a pathway. It was through a general area, but she was pretty sure she remembered it. She had been dragged to shore and locked up for she didn't even know how long.

The moment Sara pointed it out, Rose made her way through the other direction. Harry, Sara, and Shado looked at each other and all of them thought the same thing.

Deathstroke was going to make a break for it and leave them on the island. They followed Rose a few steps behind. The last thing any of them wanted was for her to get killed.
One gentleman, dressed in ragged robes, stumbled through the trees. He heard rumors Fyers had
his escape plan over here somewhere. He noticed it, a vessel which was several miles off of the
coast of Lian Yu. He could barely see it through the mist.

'I'm getting out of here. Don't care about anyone else.'

He took approximately three steps before getting knifed in the back. The eager mercenary dropped
down to the ground, blood splattering out of his mouth.

Deathstroke pulled the knife away from the man's shoulder blades and took a step away from him.
He left the man laid out on the ground, blood spilling in every direction.

"You found it," Deathstroke said. "It's a shame Fyers won't see the island alive."

Deathstroke took half of a step over towards the edge of the rocks. He would have to navigate
through the waters for a short while on foot. He measured the distance he would need to jump to
the edge of the ship. The moment he got out of here, it would be smooth sailing from here.

"You're not forgetting something, are you?"

Deathstroke turned around and saw Rose rushing after him. The mercenary responded with a smile.

"Congratulations, you've passed the test," Deathstroke said. "I've never been more proud of you in
my life."

The look of discontent spreading over Rose's face showed how much she detested the pride. She
stood on the edge in front of Slade. Now he was up close and personal with her, the warrior didn't
quite know what to do. Should she attack him?

"I've passed your test," Rose said. "How many times have you tried to kill me?"

"You're still alive," Slade said. "If you were dead, I would have nothing more to do with you. But,
you live, and that's impressive, even if you had a little assistance from them. It's a pity they're going
to perish on this island. But, that's the price they're going to have to pay for costing me my money."

Rose didn't attack. She wanted to know whether or not her father was being on the level, or this
was one final attempt to get inside of her head.

"Come here, my daughter, it's time to go."

Did Slade really want a hug? Rose wondered if he got knocked in the head too hard. She took a half
of a step next to Slade and paused a half of a second later.

"Leave them behind," Slade said. "I'm sure your mother would want to see you, she must have been
worried."

Rose started to breathe and set her jaw very calmly. She pushed herself forward, and suddenly, the
blade slipped from her sleeve and almost stabbed into Slade. Slade blocked her hand and twisted
her down onto the ground. Rose had been pushed down onto her knees by him.

"I gave you a chance to walk off this island willingly," Slade said. "Make no mistake about it, I
don't…"

Slade dodged three arrows, all while holding Rose in an arm hold. He turned towards them,
holding a knife at her throat, the same knife she tried to stab him with.
The thunderclouds rolled in, but Slade ignored that. He turned his attention to the young warrior and his three companions, while also keeping half of a gaze. The storm started to roll through, and if he wanted to safely get out of here, he would have to move quickly.

"The legends are true," Slade said. "But, are you really him, or do you just resemble him?"

"Drop Rose," Harry said.

"I don't think I'll do that, kid," Slade said.

Harry tried not to be insulted by the kid comment. It was a good thing at the very least Slade didn't call him boy. He would have been really angry for obvious reasons.

"We've already killed Fyers, most of his men are dead," Harry said. "And you're going to follow him because don't think I forgot what you did to me."

"Nothing personal, kid, just simply business," Slade said. "I don't know if you're him. But, you're something….something I don't want to deal with. If you ask me, you're a monster who belongs on this island to rot for the rest of his days."

"Sara and Shado don't belong on this island," Harry said.

"No, but they've been infected," Slade said. "And I will be damned if I allow my daughter to be infected by the likes of you."

Harry was pretty sure he had found himself at the end of the world's deadliest shovel speech. He had never been on the other side of one of those.

"I'm going to ask you one more time," Harry said. "Let Rose go."

"She either stays on this island to rot with you, or she comes with me," Slade said. "So, what's it going to be? Are you going to condemn a child to hell just out of some kind of power play?"

"You were the one who brought here," Sara said. "You and your stupid tests!"

"You have quite the mouth on you," Slade said. "Don't even pretend to understand what I have to do. I won't have any of my children growing up soft. Rose is much stronger than she was, and she'll continue to be strong."

Harry hated to have to this. And his body would hate him for this. He closed his eyes.

"Accio, Rose."

Much to Slade's surprise, Rose and the blade held to her throat had been ripped out of his grasp. She flew head over heels and landed in front of Harry. Harry staggered and dropped, slightly favoring a dislocated shoulder. He blocked out the pain and grabbed onto the sword which Slade dropped.

Slade had a secondary backup blade. He looked towards the adversary, a small smile spreading over his face.

"Have it your way, boy."

The two fighters rushed together. Harry avoided the blade from slicing into his shoulder. He made Slade the aggressor.
"So, how big of a payday did I cost you?"

Harry's statement made Slade see red. Slade rushed towards Harry and tried to impale him with the sword. The sword came inches away from sticking through Harry.

Rose pulled herself to her feet. She wiped a drop of blood from her face.

"I'm fine, we need to help him," Rose said.

Harry propelled himself behind Slade and stuck the sword towards the back of his ribs. Slade blocked the attack and pushed him back. The two of them struggled in a titanic battle of wills. Neither was willing to give up any ground to the other.

"Before you die, I want you to know you've succeeded in annoying me," Slade said. "And now, it's not business because you made it that way."

There was only one fundamental flaw in Slade's plan. Harry didn't intend to die. He intended to live. His willpower was very strong and he pushed up against Slade.

Rose picked up a dagger and took aim. The dagger flew through the air and almost connected with the back of Slade's head. Slade turned around to block the incoming dagger.

Shado and Sara aimed arrows at either end. One of the arrows missed Slade. The second one, he was not so lucky to avoid. The arrow connected to the point of Slade's elbow.

Harry returned fire with a series of punches. One of the punches nailed Slade in the side of the face and caused him to be pushed back against the wall. Slade stepped back and came back with a sweeping attack. Harry flipped over onto his feet to avoid Slade.

He held two knives in hand. Harry avoided the attacks and deflected Slade's attack. He flipped over Slade's charging attack. Slade flung two of the knives towards Harry's head. Harry dodged it.

"I'm not going to give up."

Slade found himself surrounded on all sides. He reached into his sleeve and pulled out a remote device, before pressing a button.

Harry could have swore at what Slade did when something from the pushes sent a miniature rocket forward. Sara, Shado, Rose, and Harry all went their separate ways. The rocket nailed the ground and triggered one of the land mines.

Slade ignored them and made his way to the edge. The rocks became slippery underneath him. He adjusted his footing and barely avoided collapsing down on the rocks. Harry jumped on the rocks, hovering over them. He smashed the pathway to the ship.

"Either you move or I'll walk over you!" Slade yelled.

Slade aimed the sword straight between Harry's eyes. Harry blocked the sword a second later. Two arrows caught Slade, one of them pinning him down onto the rocks which cracked underneath him.

The storm clouds rolled in and a bolt of lightning came down. The bolt struck the ship which had been brought to the island. The ship started to rock in the storm.

'No, not when I'm this close.'

Slade tried to rip himself out of the position and make a run for the ship. Rose jumped onto the
rocks and caught Slade with a kick while he was weakened. Rose pulled the sword away from Slade's hand and shoved the sword into his chest. The rocks cracked beneath both of them.

He dropped into the water, with the waves flipping him over. Rose almost slid underneath, but Harry caught her, preventing her from going back into the water.

Shado and Sara walked back to the edge of the shore, but they could see the waves rising. The waves rocked the ship with the rope tying it back snapped it. They watched their only attempt to get off the island slowly slipping away from them.

"We have to save the ship," Rose muttered.

She couldn't see Slade's body through the storm. Harry backed up with both of the girls, the storm continuing to ravage the see.

"We need to find shelter," Harry said. "There's no way we're going to make it out now."

"I was afraid of that," Sara said.

They back off towards the nearest shelter, the prison which Fyers held them in. This time they entered it willingly and watched as the storm raged on.

Sara put her hands on the outside of the window. It was almost like the island itself didn't want them to leave. It sounded stupid, but at the same time, what other explanation did they have? They were so close to getting off the island and finding their way home.

"Is it just me, or does this island not want us to leave?" Sara asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Harry said. "I have some good news, though…..in all of this."

Sara was going to take it. She turned around and saw the black book she had been handed before going through the island. She took it into her hands.

"Not sure how good it's going to do me if we can't get off of the island," Sara said.

Harry smiled and put his hand on Sara's. She leaned closer towards him and frowned.

"It's blank," Sara said.

Harry put his finger on the edge of the paper. The energy coursed over the book and made the pages look more visible. It only seemed to be visible in close proximity to Harry.

"Some of these names…that guy donated millions of dollars to Starling City's orphanages," Sara said. "But some of these other people….they're shady. I heard my father talking about them. They paid off."

"It looks like your usual group of white-collar criminals," Harry said. "I've know the type. Even the ones who have a clean reputation, the ones who donated a lot of money. They either want to make up for the rotten things they do or buy themselves favor unless they get in trouble."

Shado stepped outside of the doorway.

"So, how are you feeling?" Harry asked. "Loaded question, but….."
Shado shook her head and walked closer towards Harry. "I'm beginning the healing process. I don't know if my father would have wanted to be buried on this island. But the very least, I can do is give him a proper burial, if something prevents us from leaving."

It went without saying they had to get out of here.

"When the storm subsides, we can look at the damage," Harry said. "Hopefully, there's enough of it that can be salvaged."

"I did it!"

Rose's triumphant yell made Harry wonder what she did. He slid away from Sara and walked off. The two of them followed Harry down the hall. Rose stood on the outside of an office with the door swung open.

"Fyers's office?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, it took me a while to figure out how to get it open," Rose responded. "If you want to take a look at it, we should see if there's anything in there we can use."

Harry stepped inside of the office. His desk had some maps and coordinates which were scrawled on the paper, and then crossed out, rather hastily. He looked around the office and fell on some radio equipment. Harry tried to access it.

"Locked," Harry said. "And the access code died with Fyers...we can't exactly find out who is giving his marching orders either."

"If only we had it," Rose said. "We can send a message, and get off this island."

"We can still salvage the ship," Shado said. "Or maybe there's equipment we can salvage from the ship. Fyers must have had something useful on the ship if he intended to use it to leave. And Slade was going to use it as well."

Rose's expression darkened when she took a deep breath in response. She had been reminded about her father. Just because she saw him slipping underneath the water, did not mean Slade was dead. She refused to believe he had been killed.

"Yes, if only," Harry answered, frowning and leaning off to one side.

The quartet shuffled through the items on the desk. Harry had been curious to see whether or not the coordinates had any meaning. He shifted through the documents on the desk.

"I found something."

Sara lifted an item off of the box. It had a crude carving of a dragon carved on the edge of the box. She tried to open it. It remained stuck despite her best efforts.

"Let me try," Shado said. She tried to pry the box open. The box refused to open no matter her best efforts. "Maybe you should try?"

Harry's curiosity piqued when looking at the box. Shado gave him a long gaze before passing off the box to Harry. The box pressed into the palm of Harry's hand. The moment it touched.

"Stand back," Harry said. "Just in case."

"What can be in a box that size?" Sara asked.
Shado jumped in to answer. "You'd be surprised. The smallest containers can be the most dangerous."

The storm outside started to let up a little bit. All of them didn't pay attention to what was going on outdoors. They all watched with bated breath when Harry nudged the box.

"You can't open it either?"

The box sprung open and a bright light engulfed them throughout the room. Harry slid the item out of the box and a medallion came out of the box. He could feel a brand new power rise through his body. It was like something primal was keeping out.

He turned over the medallion and much to no one's surprise, the same drawing of the dragon had been superimposed on the medallion.

"You're glowing," Sara said. "And you're floating."

Harry let the medallion slid back onto the table and dropped down onto the ground. He felt a rush of energy through him. Already, Harry wondered what the medallion was all about.

It also didn't escape the attention of Harry and the girls the dragon etched on the medallion had the same color skin tone of Harry.

"It's true, it exists," Shado said. "The medallion, the one which can be wielded by a select few, one of them at least, one of seven."

"Great, I guess you got to collect them all to have the ultimate power," Rose said, slightly sarcastic in her words.

"Actually that's precisely what the legend states," Shado said.

Rose shut up and Sara smiled at her. Harry only barely paid attention to the medallion. Seven medallions, seven was the most magically powerful number of them all. Harry vowed to keep a close eye on the medallion.

"Let's check to see what we can salvage."

Harry slid the medallion back into the box. It snapped shut and he put it back into the desk drawer. He turned around, and lead the way outside with Sara, Shado, and Rose following.

The Master of Death had a feeling there were powers which he did not understand, and powers he could not even imagine. The moment he touched that medallion, he felt something, but it was just a passing feeling.

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To Be Continued on December 4th, 2016.
Chapter Eight: Arrangements.

After the storm ended, the group made their way to the edge of the island. They were afraid what they were going to see after the storms. Harry, Rose, Shado, and Sara, all of them were on their guard. None of them were on their guard more than Rose Wilson.

Slade vanished into the depths of the ocean and there was no hint where he had gone. She didn't see any body. Rose almost convinced herself there was no way Slade was going to survive the storm. The key word being almost because Rose knew better. Her father was presumed dead numerous times. He told her one important thing. If there was no body, that meant there was still hope the person involved was still out there.

Even if there was a body, the person still had a chance to survive. All kinds of deceptions occurred from those and there was no one who was better at deception than Slade. Rose had been half distracted, and saw the boat, hovering in the middle of the ocean. A huge part of it had been ripped away.

"Well, things could have been worse," Sara said.

"That's an interesting way of looking at things," Shado said.

A couple of steps brought Harry closer to the edge of the ship. He moved in behind Rose, who almost stepped back, mouth hanging open in shock. Harry put his hand on Rose's shoulder and steered her back away from the ship.

"No sign of him," Rose said.

Harry nodded in response, he really didn't know what to say. He could have repaired the ship if he only had full access to his powers. Harry's mind drifted back to the medallion back at their new temporary hope. He left it on the desk, and he wondered if it could help him restore his powers, or if he just had to get off of the island completely to restore them.

The first people Harry checked for was to see if anyone had made his way to the ship. He saw some supplies on the ship, which had not dropped to the bottom of the ocean. Harry's doubt they were not going to be allowed back on this ship reached. Those supplies were meant for Fyers and his men.

Shado and Rose helped haul one of the crates out. Harry made his way into the ship. He could see the damage around the ship. Cracks appeared in the foundation. Sara walked a couple of steps behind Harry.

"So, is there any hope we can fix this thing?" Sara asked. "Or are we completely and totally screwed?"

"There's always hope," Harry answered. "Help me get these supplies out of here."

Sara nodded and helped Harry pick up the crate. The two of them made their way outside. At least, if they were going to be stuck on the island, they had some supplies. And they hadn't combed every single inch of what Fyers had stashed, so there was that.
The prison which was used to once house the prisoners of Lian Yu was a temporary base, at least until they could fix the ship.

"The ship is still mostly intact," Harry said. "We could be able to fix it, give us a couple of months, give or take."

"So a couple more months on this island?" Sara asked.

Leaning forward, Harry put a hand on Sara's. She smiled as he guided her to the ship to see if they could get the supplies.

"I'm going to have to move the ship in so we can work on it," Harry said. "And it's only a couple of months if we can't find a way to get a message off of the island. There's something up there in the atmosphere…..which is preventing us from getting out of here."

"Seems like it, doesn't it?" Sara asked. "I don't care how insane it seems, but the island has a mind of its own."

A chuckle escaped Harry's throat. "Sorry, I'm not laughing at you. You might be more right than you ever could think, you know."

"Oh, I do," Sara said. "Believe me, I do."

Looking over her shoulder, Sara made a split second decision of what to do. Rose and Shado were busy securing things at camp. They had to find any of Fyers's men still stranded on the island as well. A great deal of them had died. They managed to secure his little weapon as well. It was only good for a couple of shots, one of them delivered by Slade remotely.

Whatever he was doing already had passed.

"I'd like to talk to you."

Sara had been thinking about this for some time. The high of being alive put her in a very good mood, even though she was stuck on the island. At least, she was stuck on the island with some good company which could relax her. Sara considered her options.

"Oh, you do?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, I do," Sara said. "Away from Shado and Rose...I want to ask your opinion on something, and I don't want you to discount it until you hear it completely. It seems a bit…weird."

Harry lightly cupped Sara's face and leaned closer towards her. She anticipated the kiss which came next, which reassured her and invigorated her. Tingles spread through her body before Harry pulled away.

Seconds passed before Harry and Sara entered the privacy of the ship, under the pretext of taking a look of the ship. IT wasn't as bad as he could be. A few more supplies lingered on the ship, but they could take care of it.

"So, I was thinking about where we stand," Sara said.

"I would have liked for you wait to dump me until we escaped the island, that way things are less awkward," Harry said, half-smiling.

"No, no, it's nothing like that," Sara said. "I was just thinking about Rose, and how…irritated she
"Was that an invitation?" Harry asked. Sara looked at him, unable to suppress the smile off of his face. "And yes, I noticed Rose was a bit….she's been under a lot of stress. She's gone through a lot of her life."

He didn't really need to tell her twice. Sara took a couple of seconds to look at Harry, wondering what more to say to him. She made a split second decision of what to say to him.

"Rose and Shado, they've both went through a lot," Sara said. "Just like….well just like you helped me relax….we helped each other relax. I don't know why I'm even asking this but…..we're in this together, so shouldn't we be in this together completely?"

"So, are you saying what I think you're saying?" Harry asked.

"I'm saying you should fuck Rose and Shado because they both need to get laid."

Seconds passed before Harry looked at her. Sara could not believe she came to this conclusion, to be honest.

"I….kind of thought about helping them out myself," Sara said. "Because I can go both ways….if you catch my drift."

Harry smiled and leaned towards her.

"I didn't want you to think things had to be exclusive," Sara said. "Plus…I don't know…you just seem like the kind of guy who can handle it."

Seconds passed and Harry leaned closer towards her.

"Have you discussed it with Shado and Rose?" Harry asked. "That you're willing to share me with them."

"Hey, if you have no problem sharing me with other women, I don't have a problem share you with them," Sara said. "Besides, it's a necessity to survive on this island. Both physically and mentally."

Harry put a hand underneath his chin, leaning back and looked towards Sara. She said a lot of things which made a lot of sense, to be honest. He turned back towards Sara.

"You know a deserted island isn't exactly a place where I expected to build a collective. Not, that I'm really complaining about it."

"A collective?" Sara asked.

"You know, a group of beautiful women who are with one powerful male," Harry said. "Or it could be a group of women who are with powerful women or any other combination. Even if those are the two most common collectives back where I come from…given out there are about one male to every about four or five men."

The statistics might have been skewed after the world. A lot of the able-bodied males and a few of the women had been killed. Harry didn't really pay attention to that point, he just continued his study on the veil.

"Well, maybe," Sara said. "You do deserve it."
She realized what she said. Harry raised an eyebrow towards her. Sara put her hands on her hips and leaned closer towards Harry.

"I still stand by the fact we would have gotten killed," Sara said. "And I really need to step up my training."

Just because Fyers and his goons left the island, it didn't mean they were completely out of the woods just yet. Sara really hoped she would be able to step up her abilities sooner rather than later.

"Yeah, I do as well," Harry said. "Especially if my magic isn't going to return anytime soon."

"So, we better go, right? Shado and Rose might be concerned we got attacked or something."

Harry could hear Shado coming around the corner. He moved out towards her on the ship. The woman stood at the edge of the rocks. Harry held some rope and pulled the ship further into secure it. He just hoped there wasn't another storm like this one.

"There's not a problem, isn't there?" Shado asked.

"There's a radio on the ship, but it's completely fried," Sara said. "Some of the components of it could be salvaged. We really should see what we can get out of there. See what we can get working."

Shado answered with a nod. She stared at Sara for a moment. Sara wondered if she had been figuring out she knew Sara was hiding something. She had to be perceptive, anyone like her was very perspective.

"So, there's not another reason why you took so long?" Shado asked.

Harry jumped forward to answer her. "We're just discussing a couple of things. We'll tell you about it when we get all of these supplies into our temporary base."

Nodding in response, Shado smiled. It seemed like it was fair enough. If she guessed correctly, it was obvious what they might have been talking about. Harry had all of the qualities, to inspire people, mostly women, to open their mind to new experiences. All dynasties had to start so where, and if he was the reincarnation, then it would begin as well.

"Okay," Shado said. "Maybe we should wait for this conversation to happen when we get back, so we can talk to Rose properly."

All parties agreed with that. Harry, Shado, and Sara grabbed a few more supplies out from the ship, getting as much as they could. It would now be down to repairing the ship or trying to send a message out. Or signaling a plane flying above Lian Yu, with the flare guns they found amongst the boxes.

Grateful as he might have been, Oliver Queen looked very nervous with where he was. He leaned back against the wall. After being moved from the prison area, into the main cabin, Oliver had not really done anything, to be honest. And his only company, other than Ivo who came in occasionally, was the Bookworm. She buried herself in her research and was not one for pleasant conversation.

"You know, you should take a break," Oliver said.

She snapped the book shut, only long enough to look Oliver. "When you change the world, there's
The coldness coming through her voice was very obvious. It caused chills to come down Oliver's spine. He looked towards the woman a few seconds later.

"Did you hear anything about when we're arriving, where Ivo tells us we're going to arrive?" Oliver asked.

"You want to return to your cozy mansion, don't you?" the Bookworm asked. "Well, I don't know. And you know I'm not happy about it any more than you are."

Discontent entered the woman's voice even more than ever before. Oliver's eyes drifted towards her. Her cold eyes returned towards the book and looked at it.

"All of those people downstairs, it's awful," Oliver said. "I don't know how anyone can sleep at night."

"Very soundly considering it's not me whose suffering."

Oliver looked towards her with a raised eyebrow. And people called him selfish?

"They're criminals, monsters, dregs of society, they deserve it," the Bookworm responded. "I'm very lucky not to be roped in with them. You're very lucky to be important enough to be up here."

"Do you think they really deserve it, though?" Oliver asked.

"Does it really matter?" the Bookworm asked. She flipped through another page, finding something very interesting. She took out a slip of paper and marked it. "If you argue against what's happening down there, then you're going to end up with them, or worse. You know what's worse than being in that prison."

"The Basement?" he asked.

"Yes," the Bookworm said. "Queen, make no mistake about it, I can tolerate you. You were unfortunate enough to get shipwrecked in the wrong part."

"If I didn't get picked up by the AMAZO, I would have died," Oliver said.

The Bookworm put the book down. She looked oddly somber when walking across the room. Her eyes had something in them which Oliver never said before.

"Death isn't the worst thing in the world. Life in misery is worse. You died, it's over. There are no more bad memories. There's nothing after the end. No more suffering. All over."

She turned around and returned to the book. She flipped through the notes in the back of the book.

"Your family and friends may miss you, for a little bit, if you're fortunate enough to have friends or family," the Bookworm said. "I wouldn't know, but you obviously do. And if you help Ivo, he will be happy. It's his life's work, finally completed."

"Why is he after this Mira….Miru….this serum thing?" Oliver asked.

"Mirakuru, it's the Japanese's answer to the fabled super soldier serums used by the Germans and the United States during World War II," The Bookworm responded. "It's a wonder drug, which will restore the strength and the abilities of anyone who uses it, and return them with optimal health….but….."
"But?" Oliver asked.

"Nothing."

Oliver frowned, the Bookworm was hiding some valuable information for reasons which eluded him. A door opened up and Ivo stepped inside towards Oliver.

"So, did you find anything?" Ivo asked the Bookworm.

The Bookworm opened the book. "We're close. Most of the serum has been brought to a secure place to be destroyed. One submarine never made it to base. Scholars believe the sub sunk to the bottom of the island….some island very close to China."

Ivo leaned forward to look over the information the book. Something was about to break, and he couldn't wait for it. Excitement swam in the eyes of the older man. The Bookworm slid back on the chair and looked up at the man in question.

"Excellent work," Ivo said. "Keep it up, and we'll find the formula in no time…I can still fix this, I can save the world."

"You know me, I'm always happy to help."

Oliver sensed a fair amount of detachment coming from the voice of the Bookworm. She had been through something traumatizing in the past, which lead her onto this ship. Then again, maybe he didn't know, maybe he didn't have the answers.

"And Mr. Queen, I need to have a word with you, so follow me if you please."

No sooner did Oliver have these thoughts, Ivo wanted to talk to him. He motioned and Oliver followed. He would have to do what Ivo said if he wanted to see the light of day again. Ivo chaperoned him down to the edge of the stairway. Oliver frowned, and he heard something from above. The sound of a drill whirling, the sound of someone groaning in pain, and it was very much something out of a horror movie.

"Don't worry about what else goes on the ship, just focus on the role you have to play, Mr. Queen,"

Oliver nodded, knowing what battles to choose properly. He did have a question.

"I don't really know what you want me to do."

"I need you to be my eyes and ears out there," Ivo said. "I need you to keep an eye on them….make sure they don't stray from the cause. My men are loyal, but….temptation can be a dangerous mistress."

"Are you sure if it's your men you need to worry about?" Oliver asked. "Didn't you hire them?"

"I've had them recommended to me by a very credible associate," Ivo answered. "Rest assure, the less you know, the better. Ignorance will be your key, Oliver Queen. All you need to know is…"

Silence started when the Butcher made his way inside. Oliver came face to face with a man who beat him half to death some time ago. The feeling of disgust was very mutual. The man's knuckles clenched together.

"What's he doing here?" he asked.

"He's here on my invitation."
The Butcher's body language showed a very angry man. Ivo frowned and motioned the man to follow him, over towards the corner, away from Oliver. Oliver knew he shouldn't follow, shouldn't try to eavesdrop, but at the same time, he was very curious to what they were saying.

He only Ivo say "remember who my benefactor is." After that conversation was done, Ivo and the Butcher walked forward. Oliver frowned when the two of them moved closer towards him.

"The Butcher is going to show you what needs to be done, he'll take care of you," Ivo said. "Won't you...Captain?"

The Butcher fiddled with a knife on his belt and it looked like he would like nothing better other than to plunge it into the man's neck.

"Don't worry, kid, I'll take good care of ya. None of them will touch a hair on your head when you're around….just follow my lead, and you'll be just fine as long as we need you."

Ivo smiled and gave the Butcher one more look of discontent. Butcher's knuckles whitened and released in anger. He put a hand on Oliver's shoulder and nearly forced him to buckle.

'He'll know his place. Unless he wants to see the basement. He might be the Captain, but these men know where their next meal is coming from if they want their next meal.'

Shuffling inside the next room turned Ivo's attention. He came face to face with the Bookworm, who lingered halfway outside of the doorway.

"Professor, I have something….you might want to see it. I think I have a good idea where it might be….or at least where we can find out."

Ivo nodded and moved towards his dutiful servant. He knew the girl had a thirst for knowledge which could not be satisfied by any means. It was best to keep her close by, to feed her scraps, so that knowledge seeking wouldn't be used against him.

Regardless, she looked hungry, hungry for more knowledge, so it was best to indulge her.

"Bookworm, what is it?"

Rose bent down over Fyers's communication equipment. She wasn't broken up by the man's death, he deserved to be killed. But, it was making their life a lot easier. She had to break up the encryption somehow. Rose pushed a dial inside of the machine and started to tap into it.

She barely heard the knock on the door which brought her out of her work. Rose climbed up to her feet, and saw Sara standing in the doorway, waiting for her.

"So, any luck?" Sara asked.

"Does it look like I have any luck?" Rose asked. "Sorry, it's not your fault. It's not anyone's fault….just because we have supplies for a few months, doesn't mean I want to stay on the island for that long."

"Believe me, I know," Sara said. "Do you regret it?"

"Not leaving with my father?" Rose asked. Sara nodded. "I'd rather rot than leave with him."

Strong words coming from Rose, and given what she said so far, Sara couldn't blame her for saying just as much. She just hoped Rose would be in a very good mood and come and talk to them.
Otherwise, there was going to be a problem with them. She knew Rose had an attraction to Harry, although whether or not he was the only man which didn't revolt her, Sara didn't know.

'I'm not even sure if I could get a straight answer, even if I asked her. Oh well, it's time to take the plunge, one way or another.'

"Do you think I can talk to you?"

Rose raised her eyebrow. Her hands pushed against the edge of the machine which she was working on. The sparks started to fly when she couldn't get the right wire in the right place. Defeated, Rose threw her hands down against her hips.

"Sure, I might as well," Rose said. "I've been trying to figure out a way to send the message. Maybe a long walk will help me clear my head?"

Sara thought of something else which could help clear Rose's head. Both girls moved out in the hallway, and into the makeshift quarters which Harry had set up. Shado already had been sitting on the bed, and she beckoned for Rose to come over.

"So, we're all here?" Shado asked.

"We all are now," Harry said. "So, we've been through a lot on this island."

"That's for sure," Rose said. "I really wish we could have found a way off of the island."

"It's not over, yet," Harry said.

She smiled, glad someone could keep the optimism on this particular island. Rose looked from Harry to Shado to Sara…..and she thought something was up.

"I understand you are having problems with me and Harry…"

"Oh, really, we're still on about this," Rose said.

Rose's expression, the smile based on Harry's optimism, had been failed. She knew Harry and Sara were sleeping together. It didn't really mean she liked having it rubbed in her face all of the time.

"It's not what you think it is," Sara said. "We actually…"

"You remember what I told you about Harry, right?" Shado asked.

"Yes, the Dragon thing, I understand," Rose said. "And are you trying to tell me he's destined to have some kind of harem of women?"

To be perfectly honest, Rose didn't know what to think. She was kind of intrigued in the prospect of being in the midst of a harem full of women, but also, she didn't know. It was just be conceding to some kind of consolation prize in her mind, no matter how much she wanted...

'Oh God, am I really considering this?' Rose asked. 'I must be losing my mind here….fuck me, fuck me sideways.'

Rose blinked and shook her head.

'Wrong choice of words,' Rose thought. 'It's not going to help me at all.'

Sara cleared her throat and put a hand on Rose's. "Rose, there's going to be some tough times on the
island. And as long as we're here, we need to help each other deal with it. If we don't...."

"I know, but there are other ways to deal with it, then pity sex," Rose said.

The temperature in the room dropped a few seconds later. Harry moved ever so closer towards
Rose and started to close the gap between the two of them. She backed up against the wall, breathing heavily when Harry came very close towards her.

'Damn, he's really....he's really making it hard to say no.'

"It's no pity," Harry said. "If you don't want it, I'm not going to twist your arm. That's your
choice...Sara and I just figured....."

"The thing is, you don't have me figured out, and you don't know what I want."

Now, she was being stubborn. Shado started to open her mouth, but Sara put a hand on Shado's
face.

"I appreciate you want me to feel involved, but I'm glad you two were able to help each other,"
Rose said. "And I'm going to help all of us by finding a way off of the island."

Her head might have seemed a little foggy. The thoughts of what Harry could do to her, especially if she got out of line, excited her.

"You shouldn't deny what you truly want deep down," Shado said. "It's going to be a lot harder to cope."

Rose closed her eyes, not really denying the fact that Shado was right.

"Maybe, what you want and what I want are too different things," Rose said. "I....I need to think this through for a little bit."

Sara could watch her getting very close to breaking and was about ready to take drastic action. Shado and Harry held her back and prevented her from leaving.

"It's a journey she needs to take on her own," Shado said.

"Yes, she does," Harry said. "Either she'll decide she wants this, or she doesn't want this. It wouldn't be a good idea to force it, especially if she doesn't really want this."

Sara leaned closer back and watched Rose leave, with the girl slamming the door behind her. She sighed, and Sara tried to look at the positives. At least they had a bedroom this time, even though they were still on Lian Yu. She closed her eyes and counted to ten before taking a deep breath. Rose's stubbornness made Sara close to losing her temper.

'She is salty because I'm with Harry. And then, she's salty because she has an opportunity to get Harry. Is she still mad that I won? Well, I didn't win, it isn't exactly a contest. I just happened to be in the right place, at the right time.'

Shado put a hand on Sara's shoulders and started to lightly rub them. Her skilled hands made Sara relaxed a little bit, even though her frustration increased.

"That girl just frustrates me sometimes," Sara said. "She can be pretty direct forward when she wants to be, but she doesn't want to in other ways."

"A tortured soul often hides behind an abrasive mask," Shado said. "So, you're ready?"
"You're going along with this?" Sara asked.

"Of course," Shado said. "I wish I would have been the one to lead the charge alongside Harry, but, we have to make do. She does as well, and you know she does."

Sara smiled. A long time ago, Sara wouldn't have even considered entering an arrangement like this. Being on the island made Sara change her perspective on how life would be lived. Now, she was ready to appreciate life, and they needed to stand together.

"She'll come around," Shado said. "Don't worry."

Shado broke the ice and leaned in to kiss Sara on the lips. Sara returned the kiss without any pause. It was obvious this was not the first time Shado did this, and this wasn't the first time Sara had kissed another girl. Maybe one of the few times she did it sober, but not the first time she kissed another girl.

"And we're neglecting the man of the hour," Shado said.

Harry smiled and beckoned Shado to come forward. He wrapped her up in a tight embrace and leaned in to give her a kiss. Shado gently gripped the back of his head and eased her tongue deeper into Harry's mouth. Their mouths joined together along with the tongue.

Sara sneaked in from the other side and kissed Harry on the side of the neck while Shado kissed him from the front. Both beautiful women had been pinned to Harry. They guided him down onto the bed.

Both women pinned themselves to either side. Sara unbuttoned Harry's shirt and caressed his upper body. Shado kissed away at his upper body and slowly made her way down towards his belt, undoing it to reveal the treasure underneath.

"And the legends for once understated something," Shado said. "That to me is amazing."

Shado locked eyes to Harry's large cock which sprang into the air. She licked her lips and slowly moved over towards him. The stunning beauty kissed all the way down the edge of his cock, slipping a few inches into her mouth and sucking on him hard.

Harry sat up straight to get a further look at what Shado was doing. Shado pushed her mouth down to the base of his manhood and sucked him extremely hard. Her eyes locked onto his from this particular position made Harry's loins ache even more.

Sara got on her hands and knees on the bed, having stripped off her clothes. Her perfect body had been exposed to Harry. Harry leaned in and slid two fingers between Sara's legs and started to pump his way inside of her.

Talented fingers pushed into Sara's smoldering hot depths. Her thighs closed together and released. Harry buried himself into the depths of her body. A feeling of pure pleasure rushed through her. Harry now had much more time to explore, and also this bed was a far more pleasurable surface then the cave.

"Mmm, Harry, you really know what spots drive me insane!" Sara yelled.

Speaking of delving deep into something, Shado brought her mouth down around Harry's throbbing cock and released it with a fluid motion. She saturated his manhood with her salvia, giving him a full-service job. She grabbed a handful of balls.
'Better than I expected,' Shado thought. 'I'm going to need him inside me soon. I'm going to be nuts if I don't get a piece of him.'

Now, she got a really big piece. Shado slid down to the base, wrapping her lips up. Harry took the hand which he didn't finger Sara with and pushed Shado's warm mouth down around his throbbing hard cock.

"Mmmm," Shado moaned.

Those sounds were like music to Harry's ears. Both women moaned, even though Shado's moans were a bit stifled thanks to the huge cock being drilled into her mouth.

Sara ground her pussy onto Harry's fingers. The feeling of her warm cunt stretching around Harry's probing fingers made her feel good. She was cumming so much, it was hard to feel it.

Harry retracted his fingers from her pussy and caused her to drop on the bed with an orgasm which rocked her body. Speaking of rocking someone's mind, Harry was about ready to. He turned his full and undivided attention to Shado, at least for the moment.

The beautiful woman blew Harry something fierce. She pushed her lips down around him and released his cock with a sexual suction. The goddess reached between Harry's legs and felt his balls, felt how much they weighed in her hands. She only kept smiling and kept sucking Harry something fierce.

"Fuck," Harry groaned. "You're so good, I'm going to have to cum in your mouth."

Shado applied the right amount of pressure to cause the right amount of pleasure on Harry's swollen balls. He held onto the side of her face and began to launch his seed inside of her throat. Shado drove her throat down and sucked Harry's cock very hard.

Cum rushed down Shado's throat. She rubbed his cock as hard as possible along with his balls. Thick, juicy, blasts of sperm coated the back of Shado's throat and made her suck him down hard. Harry finished emptying the contents of his balls into Shado's throat.

As soon as Shado finished sucking Harry, Sara pounced her, and slowly stripped off Shado's shirt. Her toned upper body and firm breasts came out to play. Sara ran her hands down Shado's olive-skinned body, and moved behind, cutting her ass in her pants. Sara appreciated a nice ass as much as the neck woman, she wanted to squeeze and play with it.

Shado moaned deeply when she and Sara shared a nice, refreshing drink of the contents which blasted from Harry's balls. Sara lowered Shado back onto the bed, and climbed on top of her, slowly easing her pants.

"You're wet," Sara said.

"Wouldn't you be after you sucked him off?" Shado asked.

Sara smiled, no she would be a liar if she said she wouldn't be wet. She moved one finger down Shado's perfectly toned abs. There wasn't an ounce of fat on them. Sara stroked Shado's belly button and caused a whimper to come out of her throat.

Both women engaged in a steamy makeout session. Sara's thighs wrapped around Shado's. They had been lost into each other for a minute, but Harry grabbed them and gently pulled them away from each other.
"Don't forget about the reason why you've been brought together," Harry said.

Harry indulged in both of their beautiful bodies in turn. He stroked their dripping sexes and got both of them mewling for him. He alternated between kissing them both.

Shado closed her eyes and felt the bursts of pleasure spread over her body. Her loins ached for release. There was more than an aching of release. Harry's fingers slowly stroked her, and then moved closer towards Sara.

Sara opened her thighs wide for Harry. If he wanted to start eating her out, then Sara certainly wasn't going to hold back. Her pussy hungered for his touch one more time.

Harry slipped his tongue inside Sara while fingerling Shado in turn. He delved deeper inside of the beautiful blonde beneath him, and she moaned.

Shado turned on her head and kissed Sara. She increased the play by taking one of Sara's nipples between her fingers and pinching at it. Sara responded by moaning into her mouth.

This bevy of female flesh increased Harry's desire. He grabbed onto Sara's ass, to further dig into her loins. She pushed her hips up and met Harry's delicious pussy eating.

Her hips clenched Harry and released a steady stream of clear juices. Harry smiled and pulled away from Sara and left her both satisfied along with wanting more. Shado beckoned for him.

Shado thanked the gods above for having such a great gift. The emerald eyes flashed with hunger when disappearing between Shado's toned thighs.

Harry went down deep between Shado's legs. Her hips pushed up to meet Harry's intruding tongue, stretching out the inside of her pussy. She scissored around Harry's leg and lifted off of the bed.

"He's good," Sara managed. "Isn't he?"

Good tended to be an unfortunate understatement to what Harry was. Shado thought Harry was more than good, he was great. She held onto the back of Harry's head and guided him between her thighs. Not much guidance needed, as Harry prepared Shado for her ultimate gift, touching all of those great spots which needed to be touched.

Sara wasn't denied or ignored anymore though. Harry shoved his fingers inside of Sara's gripping womanhood. She tightened around him and released a nice pleasurable flood down Harry's fingers. Harry pushed his fingers deep inside of Sara and caused her eyes to flush over.

"Yes, he's good," Shado moaned.

Harry finished her off and left her with a spectacular orgasm. Harry pulled away from her and turned around to take a taste of Sara.

Sara braced herself for the intrusion of Harry's tongue. He went down on her, slowly at first, and then picked up the pace. Sara rocked her hips up and dropped down. Harry squeezed her ass and went down between her legs.

"Very good!" Sara moaned.

Harry made sure his fingers teased Shado as well. She breathed heavily when lifting her hips and dropping them down onto the bed. Harry pushed his fingers deep inside of her and then retracted them from her. Several more intrusions dropped her up and down.
"She should get the first ride," Sara said. "Give, she hasn't had to experience yet, while I have."

"How very generous of you," Shado said.

Shado leaned back and she saw Harry rise up. His cock extended and slapped against her dripping slit. Harry put his hands on either side of her thighs and guided his length towards her opening. Shado wanted to receive this gift and thanked for it.

Harry took the plunge. Shado eagerly took Harry inside of her without any problems. His length penetrated her inch by inch. Shado didn't take a careful look at how long he was, all she knew was his cock was entering her at a very intense rate.

"Mmm, yes," Shado moaned. "It feels really good."

"You haven't felt anything yet."

Harry held onto Shado and rocked himself into her body. Her womanhood lifted up off of the bed and took Harry's intruding rod inside of her. He slowly pushed inside her body, rising and lowering out of her. Harry took a strong grab around her and pummeled her.

His words proved to be more than right. Shado arched herself back and received Harry's hard cock inside of her. His massive balls slapped against Shado's opening. She reached up and shoved more of Harry's length inside of her body.

"You feel good now, don't you?" Harry asked. "You feel better than you've ever felt."

Shado responded by grabbing onto Harry's back. She moved up and rolled her hips back towards him. She encouraged Harry's length to push into her body and bury into the depths.

Sara watched closely, a smile on her face. She pushed her fingers inside to diddle herself at the sight of Harry. The beautiful warrior in the bed underneath Harry was succumbing to his large cock. Harry's balls slapped against her womanhood.

It had never entered Shado's mind how good it felt to cum. She looked at Sara and exchanged a smile. Shado turned herself slowly, still getting fucked by Harry. She watched Sara, on her hands and knees, pussy spread. She looked so very enticing, Shado couldn't wait to dig into her womanhood.

Sara's pussy opened up to receive Shado's tongue pushed inside of her. The oral stimulation resulted in Sara's body shaking. Light moans increased in frequency. Shado grabbed Sara and buried her face, stifling her moans very slightly.

"Eat her pussy, it tastes really good, doesn't it?" Harry asked. "Doesn't it feel good to face her talented tongue buried inside of you? Doesn't it feel really good, Sara?"

"Yes, mmm, yes, it feels really good," Sara breathed. "Eat my pussy, Shado….thank me for the gift we've given you….just like you're thanking Harry now!"

The grip tightened around Harry's engorged cock. The throbbing prick pushed deeper inside of Shado. Her wet pussy stretched around him.

Finally, Shado's face pulled away from Sara. Harry rocked his hips down to Shado and buried into her body. An amazing orgasm filled her body and caused her pussy to gush. Harry drilled into her body with a series of rapid-fire thrusts.
Harry held Shado's hips and drilled into her body. His balls slapped down against Shado and pushed deeper inside of her. He roamed his fingers down her toned body before reaching underneath Shado and clutching her ass. Harry rammed his hard cock inside of her body.

Shado saw stars the moment Harry pushed the length of his cock inside of her. He held onto Shado and rocked his manhood deeper inside of her with a few more thrusts. His balls slapped against her with a few more long thrusts.

Harry pulled out of Shado and turned towards Sara. Sara pulled herself onto Harry's lap.

"Going to have pick up the pace, I see," Sara said. "Don't worry, I know what to do."

Sara now bottomed herself down onto Harry's cock. Harry held her and played with every inch of flesh on her body. Sara rose her hips up Harry's lap and slammed down onto him.

Recovering from the orgasm took Shado a couple of minutes. The moment she recovered, she observed what Sara was doing. Her hips rose and dropped onto Harry's engorged cock. Shado's lips moistened with desire when watching Harry rise and drop onto her.

"Don't worry, you'll get your turn again soon," Sara said. "Just let me have some fun."

Shado rubbed her pussy, which already felt the vacancy of Harry's cock leaving it. It seemed much bigger from this angle, perhaps it was Shado's very horny imagination. She didn't know, but she would have loved to find out.

"Yes, right there, deeper!" Sara yelled.

"You can't have enough, can you?" Harry asked.

"No, baby, never, never with you," Sara moaned.

Harry leaned towards her and sucked her tits. Sara reared her head back and gave him a very passionate moan in response. She slammed her hips down and the orgasm went through her body.

Now, Sara had had her fill of Harry's cock, Shado climbed up on top of Harry's lap. She positioned herself onto his cock.

Harry smiled at the dark-haired warrior. "Ready to ride yourself, raw?"

Smiling, Shado dropped her down onto Harry. His massive rod penetrated her body the second Shado rose up and dropped down onto his throbbing hard cock. She squeezed and released him when bouncing up and down. Harry's hands moved to play and cup her ass. He squeezed it which made Shado slide all the way down Harry's massive rod all the way.

"This is so hot," Sara said. "Ride him, ride your Dragon!"

Shado smiled when bouncing up and down on him. She watched Sara play with herself, waiting for the next ride. Her body pushed down onto Harry and was determined to fuck herself over the edge. Harry reached around and squeezed her nipples.

"Mmm, oooh...yes!" Shado breathed.

"Cum for me, cum harder than you've ever cum before," Harry said. "You belong to me, you worship me, don't you?"

The control exhibited by this Alpha male made her very excited. Harry grabbed Shado's ass and
pushed her down onto him. She rose and dropped even harder. Shado stretched her wet pussy around Harry's massive rod when pushing it into her body.

Another orgasm was followed by yet another one. Harry bottomed his hard cock out inside of her body. His balls slapped against Shado's wet center and pulled almost all the way out of her, before shoving deep inside of her moist body. Harry rammed his hard cock inside of her wet, gripping pussy.

Soon, she would get the gift she craved. How many more times, how many more orgasms? Harry was going to guide her through all of them. Shado worked his hardening rod inside of her, stretching her completely out and retracting himself from her.

Shado came down onto him, her pussy gushing around him. She kept up with the momentum, fiercely bringing herself down onto the rod.

Sara crawled between them and licked Harry before Shado came back onto him. She smiled and moved behind Shado and worked her tongue inside of Shado's asshole. She twitched.

Harry couldn't help but plow Shado's wet pussy. His balls slapped against Shado and continuously buried himself inside of her moist, clenching center. He held Shado's hips and buried himself into her. The contraction in his balls were at hand.

The first few blasts of cum entered her body and started to fill her. Shado scissored Harry's hips and pumped herself all the way down.

"You're so amazing," Harry said. "Both of you are."

"Oh, you are as well," Shado said. "It's no less than you deserve."

The moment Harry's cock retracted from Shado. No sooner than he left, Sara's warm mouth attacked him, and Shado was soon to follow. Both of them tasted the juices coated Harry's cock, and they were ready to ride once more.

It was going to be another exciting encounter.

The aftermath left Sara and Shado both sticky and satisfied. They pinned themselves to either side of Harry, resting in bed.

"I'm glad we shared this," Shado said. "And not just Harry, but you as well Sara….you know….I'll miss this when we leave the island."

"It doesn't have to be over if you don't want it to be over," Harry said.

"We'll discuss this more when we're off of the island," Sara answered. She lightly brushed her fingertips off of Harry's abs. "I have to say if anyone was watching, they'd sure get a hell of a show."

Shado's eyes flickered through the door and something moved away from the shadows. She was certain Sara was more than correct about someone getting a hell of a show from the other end of the door. She decided to drift off, for the first good night sleep she had in a long time. And they both had Harry to thank for it.

Outside of the room, Rose slumped against the wall, closing her eyes and breathing in deeply. She
came back around to apologize for blowing up. Unfortunately for her, Shado and Sara agreed with their new arrangement. Rose found herself captivated and watching, and also angry at herself for being so distracted by it.

'I really don't need... I don't need the distractions.'

'Yeah, you might not need the distractions, but the fact you're not getting any is making it very hard to focus. You're the only person on this island that isn't getting any now.'

Rose clutched onto the back of her head, in an attempt to shut up the voices in her head before they could be a problem. She really didn't need anything, not out of pity. She didn't need a participation trophy.

'But, he has a nice big cock, and he left both of those women begging for more,' Rose thought. 'Groan women... and you're just a kid.... well not a kid, but you're younger than they are. And they're grown women....and....'

Freezing, Rose realized her fingers now found their way between her thighs and were starting to stroke her flesh. Her heart beating faster made her frustrated. No, she couldn't, she shouldn't, but yet she was.

'Damn it.'

Life could have been simpler if she would have just given in and not been so stubborn. Rose couldn't do it, she couldn't make it easier on herself. She just had to do it the hard way.

Rose spent a moment clearing her head and took a deep breath. She didn't need this, not at all.

For a place which was considered Purgatory, Lian Yu could have some odd beauty. At least, Sara thought about as much as sometimes. She was pretty sure others would disagree.

'I'm going to be here for the long haul, so I better make the most of being here,' Sara said. 'It's a pretty defeatist attitude to have, I get that, but what else are going to do. You either go with it, or you don't go with it.'

Harry joined next to her. Sara marked another sunrise when she was on the island.

"Rose is avoiding me," Sara said. "Is she avoiding you?"

"Yes," Harry said. "She's spending time trying to break through the encryption, and get a message out."

"They might have disabled that radio from their end," Sara answered.

Harry figured about as much. He couldn't really argue with Sara's points. All he could do was wait to see what was going to happen next. And he really hoped for something, something to fall out of the sky.

Was that what he thought he heard? The sound of a whirling helicopter from the other end of the island? Harry leaned closer, listening in as close as he could.

"I've got the bag with the flare guns," Sara said. "Should we?"

An engine backfired, and Harry realized there was not a helicopter which was going to land on the island. There was a helicopter which was about ready to crash on the island.
A loud explosion rendered, and Harry saw the helicopter go up in flames. Sara followed him about as close behind as she could go. Her heart picked up a heavier pace, beating quickly.

"Look!"

Sara turned over and they saw someone trapped underneath the wreckage. Rushing over, Harry and Sara pulled the figure out of the wreckage.

She was badly banged up from the crash. They rolled the woman over, she had dark hair, dressed in black. Harry noticed she had a sword sheathed to her body.

"Ghosts," she muttered.

Harry frowned. She was still breathing, even though blood poured from her mouth.

"Go get, Shado," Harry said. "I'll see what I can do for her."

Sara responded with a nod and ran off into the opposite direction. Harry closed his eyes, and really hoped this wouldn't come back to bite him in the ass. He knew of a couple of healing spells which could cause him to take on the burden of the person injured.

Normally, they worked well, but considering these circumstances, Harry wasn't sure he should try. The alternative showed him he had very few options.

'Focus, just enough to let her live.'

Harry channeled as much energy through his hands. His bones ached when trying to do this, and an inflaming feeling went through her body.

He pulled the mysterious woman away from death before it clutched him. And now Harry was the one who felt like he went through a helicopter crash. He heard voices yelling frantically, trapped inside of a chamber. He stepped forward and blacked completely out.

The woman in the wreckage's eyes slowly opened, just in time to see two figures standing over her and a third collapsed on the ground. She wasn't completely out of the woods.

Nyssa was certain she closer to death than she ever had been before.

To Be Continued on January 5th, 2017.
Aches and pains, the groaning type of aches and pains, struck Harry Potter something fierce when he tried to pull himself up out of bed. The last thing Harry remembered, he and Sara stumbled upon a helicopter crash, where there was only one apparent survivor. The woman was in bad shape and Harry, despite the risks, used a tricky healing charm to alleviate the burden, at least until she got some medical attention.

The burden forced Harry to pass out. He tried to look on the positive of the situation, at least he was still breathing, and it was the main thing. Unless, he woke up in a train station again, or on another island, or somewhere else, Harry would be fine.

Adjusting to the light proved to be a problem. He noticed Sara sitting on a chair at the edge of the bed, legs crossed, head down. Shado stood in the doorway.

"Good, you're awake."

Sara's head slipped off of her hands and she sat bolt upright. She looked towards Harry who tried to get up out of bed, but he collapsed down onto the bed, still weakened from what happened. It felt like a hole had been driven straight through his chest.

"I stabilized your injuries, you were lucky you didn't get an infection," Shado said.

"Lucky doesn't have anything to do with it," Harry said.

Harry was pretty sure the infection didn't happen thanks to a lovely combination of Basilisk Venom and Phoenix Tears going around in his bloodstream. Sara was looking at him for a couple of seconds, and she obviously didn't know what to say.

"I thought you were dead when you passed out," Sara said. "I couldn't feel a pulse."

So, he did die again, but he got better. That justified his actions if the injuries caused by the mysterious woman in the helicopter were that bad. The shock of them caused them to die.

"I'm here, it's fine," Harry said. "I could use a drink of water, though."

Sara already had fixed Harry a glass of water.

"You should drink it all," Shado said. "We wouldn't want you to get dehydrated or anything."

Harry shook his head, he wouldn't want to get dehydrated either. The back of his head started to thump, loud and fast, it was hard for him to concentrate on anything. No matter how much he tried to hold his head above the water, it just dropped back down on the ground.

"No, I don't want that either," Harry said. "I'm going to regret asking this, but how long was I out?"

Sara and Shado exchanged a nervous look, and Sara decided to be the one to break the news to Harry. "Five days."
A long whistle followed in response to what she said. Overall, Harry thought to be out for five days wasn't as long as he thought he would be out. He still was sore, still ached like something fierce, but hey, being out for five days wasn't exactly the worst thing in the world. It could have been much better, but it could have been a lot worse as well. Harry adjusted himself on the pillow and gave a long, wistful sigh.

"I'm much better now, I think," Harry said. "Other than the fact I can't get out of bed."

"You had a gaping hole in your chest which hasn't healed properly," Shado said. "Our guest got impaled during the crash, and the injuries should have killed her."

"Right, and now I have what she had, after healing her," Harry said.

Normally, Harry's magic would catch up with him, and if he hadn't been in a threesome before taking on the woman's burden, he had a strong feeling he would have been killed. It was just a hunch, but Harry figured he was one hundred percent correct in making this hunch.

Harry tried to at least roll over, but the stabbing pain going through his body forced him back down onto his back. Harry gave one extremely frustrated breath and collapsed back on the bed, sighing. He hated being so weak. And they still hadn't figured out what went wrong.

"You still haven't figured out what's wrong, have you?" Shado asked.

Harry shook his head in the negative. "No….I thought that it might have been because of the three artifacts I've merged with, the Deathly Hallows, the Keys of Death, they're called a couple other things as well….but I was able to utilize magic well before then."

"Maybe it was the way you got here?" Sara asked.

Sara might have had a point. The veil was meant to be a tool to send people on to the afterlife. Harry, being the exception to many rules and likely due to his merging with the Hallows, circumvented that, but he ended up on Lian Yu. He doubted very much a return trip would be very practical for many reasons.

The most likely of which would be he would have to find a similar veil in this world to go through and Harry thought there was only a microscopic chance it could return him to his home dimension. He had less than a handful of reasons to go home, most of which, he and his friends had grown apart for the most part. Harry had been wrapped up in work, and research on the veil which had him here.

"I'm still holding out hope it's something on the island, something that I can fix," Harry said.

Once again, it hurt Harry to breathe, which didn't put him in a very good position. He closed his eyes, taking a calm breath. He could feel Sara holding his hand, the gesture was appreciated very much.

"You can't fix anything in your condition," Sara said. "And you're not going to do us much good if you end up killing yourself."

"I've died before," Harry said. "It's actually not that bad…it's over in an instant."

Sara frowned. "Well, if you say so. But, I think we'd prefer you around…and I'm sure Rose would say the same thing if she was here."

"Where is Rose?" Harry asked. "She's not avoiding us still, is she?"
It was Shado's turn to chime in with a few words. "Well, I'm not sure if she's necessarily avoiding you, well not particularly. But she's obsessed with trying to break the encryption of the radio, and finding out who Fyers was talking to. And she's still on the lookout for her father.

Harry would have liked to talk to Rose. They might have come on a bit strong, but she was obviously frustrated. However, confined to this bed, Harry didn't have much of anything.

"So, is our guest….."

"She had a fever, but it's going away," Shado said. "She's currently resting….hasn't really said much of anything. I'm not sure if she knows where she is."

Harry nodded in response. He would have liked to know what that helicopter was all about.

"No one else followed her onto this island, did they?" Harry asked.

"No, no one was on that helicopter," Sara said. "They must have burned up in the crash…..I don't even think the helicopter is usable for us to get out of here."

Harry just smiled, just their luck. They had a ship, which wasn't usable, and now a helicopter, which didn't work. Both viable ways to get off of the island, providing they actually worked.

'And to think, if I could completely do magic, I would have been able to get us off of the island yesterday,' Harry thought. 'Well, magic and an understanding of mechanics.'

Harry's mind flashed back of all of those cursed electronics he heard stories about and shuddered. Most of the time, they went haywire because the person charming them didn't have any understating of them. Then again, that might have been the idea to cause as much chaos as possible.

He turned his head around and saw the box, the box containing the medallion sitting on the bedside table next to him, next to a tray of food which had been prepared.

"I put that box in Fyers's desk?" Harry asked. "Did I?"

"I saw you," Shado said, frowning. "Neither of us put it there."

"No, I swear we didn't," Sara responded a moment later.

Harry looked at the box and the moment he brushed it aside, it popped open. One look at the medallion made Harry realize it could heal his injuries and potentially restore his powers to full, even with whatever was going on, during the island, but at what cost.

Temptation, hit Harry Potter. He reached into the box and held the medallion over his head. For a second, Harry intended to drop it on the ground, but then, he paused. One look at the dragon on it showed Harry what he needed to do. He swung the medallion by the chain hooked between his fingers. It had a warm glow to it.

"Harry?" Sara asked. "Um, what are you going to do with that thing?"

"Put it on," Harry responded.

Harry slipped the chain around his neck and the medallion dangled. Purple light surrounded Harry, and his eyes glowed, which took both Shado and Sara aback.

The injuries healed, including the scars on Harry's body which could not have been healed through
conventional magic. He did feel a bit stronger, other than after having sex, since coming to the island.

Harry stood up without any problems or without any pain. Sara and Shado smiled, although Sara a bit more nervously.

"Don't worry, I'm fine."

He leaned in and kissed Sara on the lips. The passion and power flowing through the kiss made tinges go down Sara's spine, and the reassurance made any doubts she had be pushed to the back of her mind. Harry had this fascinating way of making her fears just burn all away.

Nyssa al Ghul closed her eyes, pretended to sleep. She should have been dead after what happened, but the fact the Daughter of the Demon wasn't, it told her something was off, something was very off. She was in a room devoid of any windows.

She would like to she was in a prison, but that was not right. Someone left the doors open, and Nyssa could escape at any time.

'Maybe that's what they want you to think.'

HIVE and the League of Assassins had been in a cold war with each other for some time. They had the resources to decimate the world if they had gone into full out conflict. And the world wouldn't know what hit them, given they were shadows, complete shadows.

Nyssa collapsed down onto the bed. She occasionally saw a teenage girl look in on her. Normally, she would have scoffed at this security, but it was obvious there was much more going on that met the eye.

Death knocked on Nyssa's door. She breathed in heavily and breathed out, taking time to adjust to her surroundings. There was food set out on the table, and also water, but dare she take it? No matter how much her stomach pained, no matter how dry her throat was, taking the food would mean they would know she was awake.

Nyssa closed her eyes and saw the face of Death about ready to pull her under. Then Death had been denied by a far greater force, almost as if it was someone who mastered her. And Nyssa was sure Death was female, or at least took on a female form.

'Much more appealing that the skeleton Grim Reaper most fiction would likely tell you exists,' Nyssa answered.

Her head thumped very loudly, and the food had tempted her one more time. Nyssa tried to remember what happened. She saw two figures, one an attractive blonde female with blue eyes, the other, a tall, handsome man with dark hair and green eyes. Other features escaped Nyssa, but that's what she remembered in her mind's eye.

The man was someone who Nyssa could not keep her mind off of. Which was amazing to her, given, Nyssa regarded most men with contempt. The only man she respected was her father, and that was due to his status of being her father. Had he been any other man, without a family connection, Nyssa doubted she would give him the time a day either.

Her father, the vaunted Ra's al Ghul, Nyssa thought long and hard about him. Would he send other
members of the League to retrieve her? Or assume she was dead, and not come back to return her. Nyssa was going to put even odds on both at this point if she was perfectly honest.

What was with that green-eyed man? Why couldn't Nyssa get him out of her head, no matter how much she wanted to? Nyssa didn't like these thoughts entering her mind.

'Sleep it off, and hope you're well enough to get some answers later.'

The Butcher enjoyed a challenge, but this little challenge the Professor gave him defied all challenge. He had to turn some soft rich punk into a mercenary in a matter of weeks before they reached their prize. And the Butcher might actually finally get off of this death trap.

Always, there would be someone who might be able to rise up and take him down, take his spot. That's why the Butcher kept a tight ship. And he dragged a whimpering man out and put him in front of Oliver Queen. He put the butcher knife into his hand.

"What do you want me to do?" Oliver asked.

"I want him to scream, beg you for death, beg to do anything to make the pain go away," Butcher said. "The boss seems to think you have it in you to be a merciless killer, well here's your chance to prove it to me. You want to see your family again don't you?"

Oliver wiggled the knife.

"Thea, your sister, she must be horrified her older brother might not be returning home," the Butcher said. "And that girlfriend of yours…what is her name….Laurel…"

"How do you know these things?" Oliver asked.

"You talk in your sleep," The Butcher said. "And it wasn't difficult for a bookworm to do some poking around and do some research…..not hard to do when you can't keep your name out of the tabloids, rich boy."

"Ivo wants me alive," Oliver said.

"Yeah, he does," Butcher said. "But, I don't have to kill you. I can make you scream."

Oliver nodded, he had been in a few fights during his time. His hand shook madly when holding the knife in between his fingers.

"What's your name?" Oliver asked.

The man looked up at Oliver and spat in his face.

"Go to hell."

"Are you going to take shit from him?" Butcher asked. "Think about what you'd do if you saw someone sleeping with your little sister…what would you do? Would you just stand there…"

Oliver stabbed the man in the shoulder. He screamed in pain.

"Pathetic," the Butcher snarled. "My Grandmother stabs harder than that….you barely drew even blood."
A deep breath came from the billionaire playboy as he withdrew the knife. His fingers twitched and he could barely keep away.

"What's your name?" Oliver asked.

The man didn't answer, and Oliver stabbed him again, harder. The knife nailed him in the shoulder and doubled him over. Oliver pulled away from the man and this time blood spilled to the ground.

"What's your name?" Oliver demanded.

"Just think about what you'd do to him if you caught him sleeping with both your girlfriend and your sister," the Butcher said.

"Tell me!" Oliver demanded.

The man looked up towards him, blood splattering from his chest. He lifted one hand and gave Oliver the middle finger. That caused Oliver to stab him into the side of the neck. The man in question dropped down to the ground, blood spurting everywhere.

Suddenly, the Butcher waffled Oliver in the back of the head with a punch. Oliver crumpled to the ground. Then, the large man hoisted Oliver up, and shoved him against the wall, causing him to wince.

"What….what the hell?" Oliver asked.

"He's dead, you dumb fucker," the Butcher said. "If the guy dies, you can't learn anything. The dead don't tell you anything."

The Butcher nailed Oliver with a couple more punches, slumping him against the wall. He slumped to the ground, ribs slightly bruised, and pain. Oliver tried to crawl towards the knife, but the Butcher stepped on his hand and prevented him from reaching the knife.

"You need to drag him in an inch to death," Butcher said. "But, never drag him over the edge, do you hear me?"

Oliver's face pressed into the ground, and his nose smashed hard against the ground. Time had been lost to Oliver Queen for a long few minutes.

Drops of water from a wash cloth rang out over his face before someone whipped a washcloth into his face. Oliver's eyes opened up, and he saw the Bookworm standing over the top of him. She had a look of disapproval on her face when motioning for Oliver to get up.

"You killed a man," the Bookworm said.

"I didn't mean to."

"Yes, you meant to, otherwise you wouldn't have gone that far," the Bookworm said. "There's a dark side to you, just like there is to all of us. There is no one who is completely pure of heart, and of light. And you aren't without your flaws."

"You're no prize either," Oliver said. "And what the hell were you thinking telling them about Thea and Laurel?"

"I wouldn't have had names to go on if you hadn't babbled in your sleep about them," the Bookworm said. "Ivo is getting desperate, he doesn't have much time."
"What do you mean he doesn't have much time?" Oliver asked. "And how do you know I talked about them in my sleep? You weren't even around me when I was asleep."

The Bookworm gave a smile, even if it was kind of sardonic. "Men are willing to talk if it means they get a warm meal today."

Oliver realized who had been the one to stooge off what he was talking about in his sleep. The Deacon, his cell mate, had told the Bookworm about the fact he might have been talking about things in his sleep.

"And there are other things I learned about you, which make me think you're a piece of shit," Bookworm said. "Which oddly, puts you about three or four levels above most of this crew."

Oliver didn't think she had any room to judge him.

"These idiots are going to kill me if the brain tumor doesn't first," she responded.

"Brain tumor?" Oliver asked.

"You say one word, and I will fucking smother you in your sleep," The Bookworm said. "Do you understand, Ollie?"

Gritted teeth followed, only friends and family were allowed to call him Ollie. Lex Luthor did call him Ollie in a very condescending manner, but Lex lived to rile him up.

"Get up, the Butcher is waiting for you outside for more lessons," the Bookworm said. "Good luck."

Something told Oliver saying thank you was not the most obvious response in the world when someone said something like this, but it was just a hunch he had.

Rose returned from her latest failed attempts to break through the encryption. She never thought she wished Fyers wasn't dead, but honestly, Rose really wished Fyers wasn't dead. He could be of use to try and break through the radio signal with the device left on the island.

She turned around and spotted Harry Potter walking down, with Sara by his side, and Shado on the other side. Rose felt a twinge of regret, but they gave her a chance, and then she stormed off. Still, she smiled and tried to be the better person.

"Good, you're awake," Rose responded. "I was worried you would have died before I had a chance to tell you how much of an idiot you were."

Harry gave her a smile which made it very difficult for Rose to stay mad at him for too long. God, how she hated how he had made weak in the knees.

"It's nice to see you, Rose," Harry said. "So, you've been checking in our guest?"

"Yes," Rose said. "And there's something you should know about her. She's League of Assassins."

Shado looked on for a moment, she heard of the League, although she didn't have as detailed of an understanding of them. Harry and Sara looked at each other.

"League of Assassins?" Sara asked. "That sounds…"
"Exactly how you think it sounds," Rose responded. "They have a very long and storied history, but I'll just say they were responsible for a lot of mass deaths. They say their purpose is to cleanse the world for the greater good."

Every time Harry heard those three words, his eye started to twitch. He couldn't imagine why just some feeling he had.

"Their leader is Ra's al Ghul," Rose said. "Well, their leader has always been Ra's al Ghul, different men have held the mantle over the years. The current one has been around the longest."

"How do you know about this?" Sara asked.

"Slade hired out his services to them," Rose said. "He wasn't part of the League."

"I'm going to go and talk to her," Harry said.

"She's pretending she's asleep," Rose said.

It was obvious Rose didn't buy the sleeping act, and neither did Harry. It was time for them to move in now.

He took some time to adjust the medallion around his neck and took a half of a step inside. Sara followed a step closer to Harry, with Rose coming in next. Shado decided to bring in the back end of the situation.

He cleared his throat and the mysterious visitor rose up out of the bed. The visitor's eyes widened in surprise for a fraction of a second; she noticed the dragon medallion swinging from Harry's neck. One might not have caught attention of her expression, but Harry was able to look at her in a blink of an eye.

"So, are you feeling better?" Harry asked.

A long pause followed before it seemed as if the woman was going to respond to the question of one of her own. "Where am I?"

Harry figured it would be a good idea to answer the question, given the circumstances. He leaned down towards the woman and offered her a brief hint of a smile. He doubted there would be much reassurance given what he was about to tell her now.

"We're on Lian Yu."

A second passed as she paused and her expression darkened several more shades. There was no hiding her discontent and the woman reached off to the side as if withdrawing a weapon. Only to find out there had been no weapons to be withdrawn.

Instincts, reactive to anything which put her in danger. Harry couldn't deny he appreciated that much from her. His expression met the woman on the bed. She rose up, frowning in response.

"Lian Yu?" she asked. "The place which is more commonly known as Purgatory?"

"The very same," Harry said. "And you are?"

No answer came from the woman. Harry amused himself in thinking he was on the opposite side of this situation. Someone mysteriously crashing on the island, and not telling him her name. Boy, what the difference a few weeks made.
"It doesn't matter," she said. "Did you see anyone else on the island? Were there any other survivors?"

"All there were well the helicopter crashed were a few charred men," Rose said. "There were three in total."

The woman seemed satisfied with the answer and nodded in response. Harry tried to read the expression on the woman's face, only to figure out it was a little bit harder than it looked. Her face had one of the most intense looks on her face.

"You're still weak," Harry said. "You almost died."

"Yes," she agreed. "I should have died, from the impact of the crash. But something saved me, someone pulled me away from Death at the last minute."

Harry could see her eyes following the medallion.

"Dragon," she murmured.

"So, I've been told," Harry said.

The woman sat up as straight as possible. Sara moved over and handed her the glass of water to drink. Time passed before the woman took the drink from Sara and drank it. Everything seemed to have confused the woman, and maybe rightfully so. She took a couple of long drinks from the water, before leaning towards him, peering over the glass.

"You are him, and no one else," the woman responded. "No one else can hold that amulet without such consequences. You walked this Earth a thousand years ago when the League of Assassins was in its most primitive state."

"So, you are the League of Assassins?" Harry asked. "And you know of my legend, very good. But, you should also know, if you know my legend, you are bound by the principles of the League."

A half of a second break passed and the woman responded with a nod. Her father told her the stories, and Nyssa found them amount the most fascinating of them all. They had been passed down through the League for generations to come. For, if it wasn't for this powerful warrior, there would be no League of Assassins.

"Yes, I'm glad you know that," Harry said. "And you should also know you're duty bound to tell me your name as part of the League of Assassins."

"My name is Nyssa, I'm the daughter of Ra's al Ghul," she responded without any hesitation. "And forgive me for not accepting your authority sooner….and allow me to offer my sincere thanks for saving my life. It truly is far more than I deserve."

Rose took a second to look at him. She was bursting to say something, but Harry turned around and silenced her with a single look.

"You're the direct heir to the League of Assassins then?" Harry asked.

"By all traditions, I should be," Nyssa said. "But, my father does not seem to think I'm worth of fulfilling the leadership role within the League of Assassins."

Harry could tell in an instant something was going on behind the scenes. He also was putting two and two together in his mind. Perhaps he was wrong, but Harry somehow doubted he was. A few
long seconds passed and watched Nyssa climb up to her feet. She took a couple of ginger steps towards the door.

"I need to see if it's still aboard the helicopter," Nyssa said.

"We didn't see anything aboard the helicopter," Sara said.

"Perhaps," Nyssa said. "Which means this is almost for nothing if it wasn't on board."

"Are you certain it's ideal for you to go off in your condition?" Harry asked.

"I will ask you one favor, to accompany me to the wreckage so I can check to see whether or not the box has been tampered with or not," Nyssa said. "I would be even further in your debt, great one."

Rose never thought she would see the day of such a proud warrior bending before Harry like he was a god. Well, technically speaking he was, and that power.....it intoxicated her being up close. Rose closed her eyes and mentally counted to ten.

"So, would you and your consort accompany me?" Nyssa asked.

"Consort?" Sara asked, confused.

"She means you," Rose said dryly.

Sara had been surprised at what Nyssa thought. This woman was beautiful, and likely very dangerous as well, even without any weapons on her. She had a healthy respect for Harry, or rather the power he held with his position. Sara couldn't blame her to be honest.

"The two of us can join you," Harry said.

"Thank you," Nyssa answered. "You can only begin to guess how much this means to me."

The Daughter of the Demon spent a minute going over her luck in her mind. She escaped HIVE's complex, to get half of the plague which they had been brewing up. Unfortunately, some of Darhk's drones decided to hop aboard the helicopter, and Nyssa just missed the League outpost in China, landing on the island of Lian Yu, this particular death trap.

They intended to kill her, but Nyssa experienced the opposite of being killed. Lian Yu wouldn't be so bad if he was going to make this island prison his own. No one never knew how the story of the dragon ended, but Nyssa began to guess, it ended with him being imprisoned by the vengeful warlocks who feared his power.

'Should my father find out, he will pay a king's ransom for him to marry me,' Nyssa said. 'And if I must have an arranged marriage, I cannot think of a better party.'

"I haven't had the honor of being introduced," Nyssa said. "And I would like to know the name of the one who assisted our great savior."

"My name's Sara."

Harry, Sara, and Nyssa made their way outside back into Lian Yu to the sight of the wreckage. They wondered how Nyssa ended up here.

"If you don't mind me asking one more question?" Harry asked. Nyssa shook her head in negative showing she didn't mind. "How did you end up on Lian Yu?"
"It begins and ends with a treacherous man named Damien Darhk, who betrayed the League of Assassins, and his depraved HIVE of followers," Nyssa said. "I had been sent by my father to steal one component of a virus Darhk intended to use to wipe out most of the civilized world and start anew."

The League had cleansed in the past, not something Nyssa supported, but Darhk's actions veered directly into the territory of excess.

Several maps laid out on the desk as the AMAZO ship got as close as it dared. The Bookworm sat at the table, her hair pinned back, and a pair of thick dark glasses covering her face. She had a nice button up shirt, a tie, and a pair of long pants which came down. She peered over the maps and turned to Ivo who watched from afar.

"They bury Mirikuru somewhere in Purgatory," she said. "I've cross-referenced everything, and there's caves on the east side of the island which have the information we need."

"Excellent, you've exceeded your work," Ivo said.

She did an excellent job because she was an excellent person. The Bookworm shifted through the papers.

"We are on course to arrive within three weeks," she responded. "Here is the closest we can get safe to Lian Yu. Ships in the area have an unfortunate ability of having accidents, as our new boy billionaire guest would tell you."

"To think, we were close in the area, when we picked him up," Ivo said. "And we had the Mirikuru right underneath our nose."

His poor wife, just a little longer, and then Ivo could cure anything. He could eliminate the flaws of aging, of disease, he would be rich beyond all measure.

"If the serum does half of what historical accounts say it does, then we can reshape the world," she said. "It should be fascinating to study the effects of it."

"Yes, it should," Ivo said. "I will inform Mr. Queen we're approaching."

"What do you intend to do with Queen?" The Bookworm asked. "After we have the Mirikuru? You're not just going to send him home after he knows what this ship is, are you?"

"You know the saying, knowledge is power?" Ivo asked. The Bookworm responded with a very casual nod. "There's another saying which I think is more appropriate in a scenario like this. Ignorance is bliss."

The Bookworm just shrugged and returned to her work. She continued to map out the most obvious areas to get onto the island. She had no idea whether or not she would run into any prisoners. Ivo had left her alone.

That's what Queen and his crew was for, to smoke out anyone else who might happen to be on the island.

Something flickered on the radio. It was brief, an SOS signal, and then it died in an instant. The Bookworm leaned in and came to one very obvious conclusion.
There were people on Lian Yu, who were trying to call for help. There was no help off of that death trap, and in fact, if they were on the island, then she had her test subjects right there.

She wasn't going to use the serum on herself, to treat her brain tumor, she wasn't that desperate. She declined to share the potential side effects of the Mirikuru with Ivo, knowing he might have second thoughts.

**To Be Continued on January 8th, 2017.**

__And another series kicks off in 2017.__

*Harry got wrecked pretty much by saving Nyssa's life. The Dragon Medallion is following Harry around, so he finally decides to put it on.*

*Things are getting very interesting with the crew on the AMAZO, and our two plotlines are going to connect with each other.*

*Until Sunday.*
The sight of the wreckage was just the same as Harry remembered it before he blacked out several weeks ago. He just managed to get to Nyssa just in time, and that was a pretty good thing as far as they all were concerned. He had the daughter of the most dangerous man on Earth in his debt. The sorcerer took half of a step forward and then looked back before looking forward.

"Three men were all Darhk sent on the ship after me," Nyssa said. "They were all killed on impact, you said. There was no way they could have survived what happened, correct?"

Harry nodded in confirmation and pointed towards the three men as if mentally counting them out. Seeing was believing and Nyssa seeing the charred remains of these three individuals made a believer out of her. She took a step back and made her way into the helicopter.

"Do you think you can repair the helicopter?" Sara asked.

"Unfortunately, I didn't build it, I just stole it," Nyssa said. "The box should be in here somewhere, providing they didn't pull a last minute slight of hand to grab it."

"And what happens if the box got destroyed?" Sara asked.

Harry closed his eyes, a thought, a memory which wasn't his own. Some of Nyssa's knowledge seeped into his mind, not much, but what she was consciously thinking when dying. Harry turned back around towards Sara and looked her straight in the eye.

"That box gets destroyed, and it blows up, it would have released part of the toxin which would have killed us all," Harry said. "And anyone close by when the wind started blowing."

"He's correct," Nyssa said. "The box was reinforced to prevent explosions as well."

Nyssa managed to pry open the door. The seats had been burned out and the control console had been melted. She moved around the seat, trying to push it back. The seat refused to go up most of the way, despite her attempts to do so.

Harry waved his hand and the seat slowly lifted up and allowed Nyssa to reach underneath it. Sara looked towards Harry, who closed his eyes.

"That didn't break every bone in your arm this time?" Sara asked.

"No, it hadn't," Harry said. "Ever since I put on the medallion, I've been able to use magic without pain, but in smaller bursts. It's just, I shouldn't overdue it."

"No, you shouldn't," Nyssa said. "You're just assimilating to your power in this new form, and after the warlocks parted you from the medallions, and scattered them, it's going to take a long time."

She wasn't certain how much the dragon remembered. It took him hundreds of years to reconstruct himself if Nyssa had to guess. And speaking of something which she could reconstruct, Nyssa pulled out the box containing the component of the virus.
"Two chemicals, deadly on their own," Nyssa said. "When put together, it's a plague which could wipe out countries in a matter of weeks and entire continents in a matter of months."

"Charming," Sara answered dryly.

The sarcasm caused Nyssa to briefly smile. She needed something to lighten the mood, at least until the Dragon's powers had been restored. And she held the box and reached into her pocket. The key she stolen was missing. Did it drop out during the crash, during the fight, or did she lose it somewhere on Lian Yu?

"Move over."

Harry moved over and pressed his finger on the keyhole. An invisible key twisted into the box and opened it. It was a spell so simple a first-year student with way too much time on their hands could learn it. But, it was the first time Harry used it.

The box opened up, to reveal absolutely nothing inside. The vial, it was not there. Nyssa clenched her fist, breathing in heavily. Sara tried to put a hand on her shoulder to console the woman, but there was no consolation for the fact there was a virus out there in the wild.

"I missed it," Nyssa said. "He must have switched boxes on me at the last second. That slippery…"

The word Nyssa intended to use to describe Darhk was not something which should be spoken of in the presence of the divine. She drew in her breath and Harry looked towards her.

"I won't say it was all for nothing," Nyssa said. "My father will be very disappointed in me."

"Are you sure you're just not disappointed in yourself for living up to expectations you can never live up to?" Harry asked Nyssa.

Nyssa had been hit with the armor piercing question. Anyone else, and she might have lashed out. This divine being standing before her on the other hand, she wasn't sure she had it in herself to argue. Especially, given the man in front of her was right.

"Your father should have done the job himself," Harry said.

"Well, when we get off this island, I think you might want to have a few words with him, yourself," Nyssa said.

"Maybe, I will," Harry said. "But, for now, until I am strong enough, or find a way to break whatever enchantments are holding me here, we're going to have to make the most of this situation."

Nyssa appreciated the overflowing optimism coming from him. She looked towards both Sara and Harry, they moved in tune with each other.

"And you were the one who told me you were in my debt," Harry said. "At least twice over, given we joined you on the trip."

The Daughter of the Demon knew being in the debt of an extremely powerful girl could lead to her being in a very vulnerable position. She knew, deep down, though, Harry was honorable. He could have left her to burn because of her own weakness, yet he saved her.

"What do you wish to ask me?" Nyssa asked.
"I wish for you to assist me in training Sara to be a warrior," Harry said. "I saved her from some mercenaries on the island, and while she can defend herself, I think we both agree she wants to learn how to fight, how to do more than just be able to defend herself."

Sara looked towards Nyssa firmly and noticed something. She could sense some kind of connection building, based on the role she played in saving the woman from the flaming wreckage of the helicopter.

"Yes, I do," Sara answered. "If you would help me learn more in battle, then I would appreciate it."

"Of course, it would be an honor," Nyssa said. "I can see the spirit, the determination in your eyes, and the will to fight. It's obvious you have the desire to be something more than you are right now."

Nyssa noticed these qualities in Sara because she saw the same qualities each and every day when looking out in the mirror. She turned towards Harry.

"Great one….."

"Call me Harry, please," Harry said. "If I return among the people, I will need a name, and calling me Great One or the Dragon would draw a lot of attention, even among those who may have heard the legends."

Nyssa responded with a nod, that made a fair amount of sense.

"Harry," Nyssa answered with a smile. "I'm helping Sara, but there's something I could surely do to help you?"

"Actually, it's been a long time since I've gotten any formal training," Harry said. "There are styles of fighting which have come to pass since my time away. And styles which I might need a little refresher course on practicing with, if you don't mind."

Sara looked towards him, barely suppressing the smile over her face.

'It's almost like he's getting into this entire Dragon thing,' Sara said. 'He could be, he could be what they say he is.'

"You want my help?" Nyssa asked. "I'm not denying you, I would never deny….but I'm just…."

Nyssa paused and thought about it. She could gain favor with the Dragon, and it would go a long way towards proving her worth to leading the League of Assassins. He had a point, it had been centuries since he been trapped in this hellish nightmare.

And it appeared only when women were brought to this island, did he wake up and start to slowly regain his power. He found one of the amulets, but six more existed in the world.

"Of course, of course, I'd help you," Nyssa said.

Harry smiled and decided to pull Nyssa into an embrace. She took a deep breath, and Harry teased pulling away from her before diving into a brief, but extremely intense kiss. It lit Nyssa's mind on fire and made her think of things she never thought about doing with another man.

"In case you don't know, that was my way of thanking you," Harry said.

"There was no need to do so," Nyssa said. "But, I appreciate the gesture regardless."
Sara checked the sun and noticed it was starting to come down. It had been a hell of a mental adjustment never knowing the exact time or date, but over time, she adapted to life here on Purgatory. The hope Harry would find a way off of the island kept her almost sane.

"We better head back now, Shado and Rose will be worried," Harry said.

Harry, Nyssa, and Sara held back. Nyssa still worried about her failure to procure the half of the plague Darhk had. The other half of the plague, thankfully, no one knew the location, but given Darhk's resources, he could put two and two together.

Nyssa reminded herself one-half of the component could do some serious damage all on its own.

"Rose has some good news," Shado said, the moment they returned to camp.

"Good news?" Harry asked.

"I'll let her tell you it."

Harry stepped inside, and saw Rose in front of the radio, fiddling with the knobs. It wasn't the radio that Fyers had encrypted but it was another radio altogether. She wasn't as irritated as earlier, but still working very hard.

"Shado told me you had some good news."

"Well, not necessarily good news," Rose said. "It's encouraging news."

"Well, any news which doesn't mean are doom is encouraging," Nyssa said. "And I'm afraid we haven't been introduced yet….."

"Well, you know my name is Rose, and that other woman's name is Shado," Rose responded. "But, I managed to get a signal, a brief one out to the other side."

"Really?" Sara asked. "That's great news."

"Well, in theory," Rose responded. She continued to work with the radio. "I'm not sure if the radio signal reached the other side or not, or if anyone was listening."

That was the key, whether or not anyone actually picked up on the signal. And if the right kinds of people picked up the signal, who they wanted staging the rescue. Rose slumped back against the chair and took a deep breath when looking towards the radio. She had been in quite the situation now. She had to figure this out. There had to be a way to figure this out, there just had to be.

Wasn't there?

"Don't get frustrated," Harry said.

Rose shrugged her shoulders. She was about ready to say something about it being too late. Still, it was the first glimmer of hope they had a long time ago.

Oliver could see several members of the crew were getting anxious when they approached Lian Yu. He found out, they were very close to the area where his ship down. Thoughts of what happened to Sara, his father, and every single other person on the crew entered his mind. Did they get picked up? Or did they suffer a worse fate than Oliver?
The young man shook his head. There was no fate worse than being stuck on this ship. He had to do a couple of favors for this Ivo, lead a crew of mercenaries to grab a super soldier serum. Ivo claimed he would send Oliver home after his mission was complete.

Something about this entire mission, it just reeked of garbage to Oliver. Being on this ship for the past couple of months, maybe, it sure seemed longer sometimes, made Oliver think about his life. He rarely did the right thing, only did the right thing to satisfy himself.

Still, there was another man who didn't do the right thing. Oliver made his way down past the cell block. Several of the prisoners looked towards Oliver, but then pulled away when he looked towards them. They all whispered, knowing he was figured in.

He had been chosen to get additional privilege, and if they looked at him the wrong way, they could end up in the basement. The man in the cell with bandages wrapped around his face still rode in pain and agony. His agitation increased with each passing moment.

Oliver looked towards the Deacon. He looked still as unkempt as possible. His long hair and greasy beard would most certainly make him stare out in a crowd.

"Something troubles you, my brother?" Deacon asked.

"You told them about my sister," Oliver said. "And about Laurel."

The Deacon started to hum something under his breath. Oliver wanted to unlock the cell door, take the man out, and beat the answers out of him.

"My motivations are simple, and you should be thanking me," the Deacon responded.

"You told the Bookworm about them, because of a hot meal, you wanted to eat," Oliver said. "I thought you said you embraced death when it came."

"I'll only embrace death when my time comes," the Deacon said. "And you should just close your eyes, and think about what just happened. You feared they would learn about your loved ones. Now they know, and you have nothing else to worry about."

Oliver clenched his fist. He pulled the bloodied dagger, the same bloodied dagger he killed a man with just a while back with. He was looking forward to the next murder victim.

"And they would have found out anyway," the Deacon said. "You're Oliver Queen….they would have found out about your sister, all of your friends."

The Deacon stood up and looked on the other side of the cage towards Oliver. Oliver's fingers retracted. He wanted nothing better than to reach through the cell bars and ring his neck.

"Pride, Oliver Queen, pride," the Deacon said. "The most deadly of all of the sins. It was your pride to get on that ship, along with your lust and your greed. All of those deadly sins condemned you."

The Deacon's face coated with sweat when he stared back at Oliver. He just leaned back, and then got to his feet. Arms extended, dropped to his knees, the Deacon spread out like he was hung from the crucifix. He looked like he offered himself up to Oliver Queen.

"Smite me, for my sins, Oliver," the Deacon said. "Vengeance is the final step towards your damnation."
Oliver's hand shook when he pointed towards the Deacon. The man stretched out his arms and motioned for Oliver, trying to get him to attack. Oliver didn't attack just yet.

The doors swung open and the Bookworm made her way down the steps behind Oliver. She walked down to see the scene with Oliver looking like he was about ready to drill the Deacon directly in the face.

"Queen, enough," she said. "The crew is getting ready, why aren't you?"

"I'm just saying goodbye to an old friend," Oliver said.

The Bookworm didn't even begin to know what was going on here, and she couldn't bring herself to care enough what was going on here. She opened her hand and motioned for Oliver to follow him.

"They are ready for you," the Bookworm said. "The only thing you need to do is suit up."

She handed Oliver what appeared to be body armor, along with a hood over the top of it.

"Bulletproof," the Bookworm said. "But, there are several fundamental areas where it's weak, and it's not resistant to magic."

"Magic?" Oliver asked. "You mean like hocus-pocus, pull a rabbit out of your hat, and make someone disappear, that type of magic?"

"Not that type of magic, I'm referring to real magic," the Bookworm said. "The type you wouldn't understand. It's not slight of hand, it's not stage trickery, it's the real deal."

She could see Oliver just shrugging his shoulders, as if to argue with her about something, without saying any word. Amazingly, though, he didn't say anything, so there was hope for him. The Bookworm watched as he put the armor over his normal clothes.

"This gun has only six charges," the Bookworm said. "But, they all pack a punch."

Oliver nodded. He had been taught how to use various weapons, some of them lethally. He didn't know why he would take these many steps to go to an island which he swore they said was abandoned. Oliver was beginning to think there was something they weren't telling him.

"And they're waiting," The Bookworm said. "Oh, and if they get out of line…"

She handed them a small pen-like device, placing it in the palm of Oliver's hand. Oliver looked at it in confusion.

"You want me to stab them with a pen?" Oliver asked.

"Honestly, Queen," she said in exasperation. "I can't tell whether or not you're failing to be charming, or succeeding in being ignorant. But, now I don't want you to stab them with the pen."

The Bookworm shook her head. Oliver wondered what the pen was for. He doubted he could write for it.

"The red switch on the right is a warning shot," the Bookworm said. "The green switch on the lift is a kill shot."

"And how will it work?" Oliver asked. "I mean, how will it know the person I'm supposed to be using it on?"
"Magic," the Bookworm dryly responded.

"That's the second time you said…wait, I know what's going on," Oliver said. "You're…you're one of….you can perform magic."

"Thank, you Mr. Queen, but we really need to be going," the Bookworm said. "Here's an expression you should learn on this ship, time is money. And if you're wasting time, you're wasting money. Something, I'm sure you'll be very comfortable with given you never had to work for it."

Oliver sighed, she couldn't really risk getting that one last jab before heading out the door.

"If you're a witch, why didn't you magic yourself off of the ship?" Oliver asked.

"Thank you, Mr. Queen," she said, avoiding the question.

"But, you could have gotten off of here anytime you wanted to…"

The Bookworm didn't say another word, and she left Oliver's thoughts to mingle. He saw the members of the crew, waiting for his orders.

"Alright, let's move, Ivo has a timetable, and he wants things done, and he wants them done right now!"

Sara stretched out, getting herself psyched up to train even more. She had her sparring sessions with Rose and a few with Shado. She thought she knew how to defend herself very well. Those thoughts had been pushed to the side when Sara realized she could defend herself well against normal thugs. People who actually had fighting skills, on the other hand, she didn't have much of a prayer. She stepped in front of Nyssa. Sara had been blown away by how beautiful she was, how composed she was. And the fact she was devoted to Harry, based on his status, it would be very easy to convince her to join them in the bedroom.

Sooner, rather than later, Sara didn't want to rush things. Plus, she knew how much anticipation could drive a woman nuts. Just like it was doing with Rose.

"It would be for the best if you just showed me what you had learned before," Nyssa said. "The Dr…..Harry, he told me you had some preliminary training."

Sara nodded in response. It took a second for her to avoid being amused by the fact Nyssa had not quite broken herself of the habit of referring to Harry by the title of the Dragon. She would learn. A naughty thought about how to give Nyssa the incentive to do so.

"Yes, I do," Sara said. "So, what do you want me to do?"

"Attack."

The daughter of one of the most skilled assassins in the world, at least according to Shado and Rose, wanted her to attack. Sara clutched her fingers together, mentally counted to ten, and rushed towards Nyssa, attempting to attack her.

Nyssa reached out and grabbed Sara's hand before blocking it. She flipped over onto the ground. Nyssa jumped up into the air and came inches away. She pulled away and Sara pulled herself to her
"You're telegraphing your attack," Nyssa said. "There shouldn't be any pause, any hesitation."

As if to demonstrate this, Nyssa kicked Sara to the side and flipped her down to the ground. Nyssa rolled Sara over and tucked her elbow underneath Sara's chin. She was certain if Nyssa wanted to, she could cut off the flow of oxygen to the brain.

Nyssa pulled back from Sara and gave her some room to breathe. It was a limited amount of room for her to breathe, but still, something was better than nothing.

"Again!"

Nyssa called for Sara to attack, and she just did. She charged towards Sara. Sara blocked the first punch. She had had her legs swept out from underneath her.

The Daughter of the Demon smiled. It had been a long time since she trained someone in battle. She enjoyed it.

"Don't pause after blocking the first attack," Nyssa lectured. "Keep going in, and keep focusing on each successive attack."

Three punches went in. Sara blocked the first two and then jumped into the air. Nyssa went behind Sara and slipped into the shadows. The blonde woman was confused with where Nyssa headed. She looked to the left, looked to the right, and then looked up.

Just in time to see Nyssa come back down from the heavens. Sara dropped down onto the ground. She blocked Nyssa's blade from connecting into her. Sara rolled over to her back and blocked Nyssa's attack. She went on pure instincts to defend herself.

Sara flipped over onto her back, tried to grab Nyssa. Nyssa held Sara around the neck and launched her down onto the ground. Sara flipped back over and dodged one of Nyssa's attacks. Both women went toe to toe with each other. Sara lasted a lot longer than she thought possible in a battle like this.

"If you hope to stand tall with the Dragon, you're going to have to step up your game," Nyssa said. "You need to defend your status in his domain!"

Sara pulled out a wooden staff from behind her back and pivoted on her feet. Nyssa deflected two blasts from the staff, popped back up, and nailed Sara with a huge glancing blow. The blow knocked her onto her back. Sara pushed up, the breath having been knocked out of her.

Still, she refused to stand back, and not fight. Sara had been challenged, and she had never been one to back down from a challenge. She faced against this woman and pushed back, trying to take her down with the wooden staff. Nyssa blocked the staff with the blade.

"I can see something building inside of her," Shado said.

"I know," Harry said.

Harry appreciated how people made the most of how they were given in life.

"Most people would have thought being sent to Lian Yu was a death sentence, but Sara has really flourished over the past couple of months," Shado said.
None of them could be sure how much time had passed since they had been on Lian Yu. Harry thought there was something about the island which made time passed irregularly. This was nothing more than a theory, an idea, but Harry was almost certain it was a thing which happened.

He watched Sara chain together a couple more attacks. Nyssa held back slightly, but not as much as one would think. She was prideful as all.

Both women had something to prove. Harry had been down that road before a long time ago. Time passed, and he had been matured.

"So, do you feel any stronger?" Shado asked.

"I can now perform magic without crippling myself," Harry said. "There’s still something on the island, something buried deep underneath it."

Both knew it would be difficult to find whatever was underneath. If Harry found whatever was causing his problems, then they might be closer to get off the island. He was still beneath his average strength before leaving the old world behind.

Which, to be fair, put him above the average wand-favoring witch or wizard, at least how much Harry suspected. He turned back around and saw Sara rise to her feet. Her lip had been busted.

"Come on, I thought we were fighting."

Nyssa smiled, she saw a lot in this one. It was just the matter of getting it out. She saw the Dragon observing her every move. Soon, she would assist him in regaining his power.

Allowing this young man to achieve his full potential was the key to getting them off of the island. Nyssa knew what it meant to be in the debt of such a powerful man. She looked towards Sara, who motioned for her. A small smile crossed the face of the Daughter of the Demon. Without further preamble, she stepped into the center of the ring.

"So, we were, and so we will."

Nyssa and Sara moved in closer towards each other. The next round proved Sara picked up a couple of pointers, but Nyssa would just have to make it harder on her. It was the way she learned to fight, and it did serve many well, by forcing them to dig down deeper to excel.

Night had fell over Lian Yu like it did what seemed like dozens of times before. Rose sat outside, looking up into the sky. She had the flare gun next to her, on the off chance something fell down from the sky.

Knowing their luck, something would end up crashing onto the island and being damaged beyond repair. Rose didn't quite believe Sara's suspicion something about this island was cursed, but she was beginning to consider the idea. She leaned up and looked towards the sky.

Another woman found herself on the island and someone who was intrigued by Harry. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul himself as well, which caused a bit of a sour taste to form on the inside of Rose's mouth. She clutched her hand closer towards the edge of where she sat and just sighed hard and fast.

'Another one jumping the line in front of you?' Rose thought. 'Are you really going to take that?' To
Nothing stopped Rose, except for her pride. Rose closed her eyes and thought about how she would go on it. After the vehement way she disagreed with Sara's proposal, it would make her look needy to come crawling back now. Yet, she imagined what it would be like for Harry to take her hard and fast, or slow and steady.

The harder, the better, and Rose found her mind wander off at the thought of what Harry would do with her if he dominated her.

"It should be around her somewhere."

Rose heard voices, and the only voices anyone on the island should be hearing were either female or belonged to Harry. She saw a trio of gentleman creep their way across the edge of the island, in the cover of darkness. Rose lifted herself up to a standing position.

'Just what we need right now, more complications.'

They had to get onto the island somehow. Rose wasn't about to hold out hope they had an easy way off of the island as well. She crept to the edge of the cave.

"Careful with that thing."

Rose frowned, they were lifting up a chest of some sort. They broke it open. A flash of light appeared in the cave, illuminated by the candle. The leader of the crew put it down on a large rock.

"Get the others ready," the leader said. "It's on the East side of the island."

Rose didn't know what they were talking about. She reached into the bag and pulled out two shuriken which she created from the melted wreckage of the helicopters. Three men weren't needed, when one man could tell the tale just as much.

Shuriken to the back of the neck of one man, and shuriken to the back of the neck of the other man. Both dropped, before the third man, the leader turned around.

Rose dove into the shadows behind him and caught him in the exposed part of flesh between the helmet and armor. Whoever designed this, they obviously missed a very vital pressure point had been left open.

'More are going to be on the way. I have to move quickly.'

"So, they were looking for something?" Harry asked.

Harry looked down at the man Rose brought back to camp. He had covered in a thick hood which had been armored, along with body armor. Guns weren't going to bring this man down, but obviously, Rose found another way to take him down.

"Obviously, they were," Rose responded. "Good thing I was out…"

"Sulking?" Sara asked.

"No, contemplating what I'm going to do next," Rose said.
To be honest, they didn't have that many options. Harry reached over and could see the man was still breathing, even if he had been knocked unconscious. He undid the clasp of the mask and pulled it off of his face.

Sara jumped back in surprise, mouth hanging open. At first, she didn't believe it, given the circumstances. Yet, it was right before her eyes, Oliver Queen, who she last saw before getting dragged underneath on the Queen's Gambit.

"It's…its Ollie," Sara said.

"Oh, Queen," Rose said. "Well, it's a good thing I left him alive and killed the other two."

Harry could tell it would be several minutes before he woke up. He had a very bad feeling something was going down. He held up one hand and lightly scanned Oliver. It was just as he feared.

"He's been tagged with a tracker," Harry said.

"Well, get rid of it," Rose said.

Harry shook his head. "No, not an actual physical tracker, a tracking spell, a charm, which is almost impossible to detect, unless you know what you're looking for and you're a wizard."

He had a very bad feeling about this, the feeling which was shared by the rest of his crew.

"I can remove it," Harry said. "But, I'm afraid removing it now will be like closing the barn door after the wolf already got inside."

All of them were afraid of that. Shado, Sara, Nyssa, and Rose all prepared to fight. Rose shook her head, she really hated magic sometimes.

"Rose, Nyssa, could you come with me?" Harry asked. "Shado, Sara, you stay here….make sure he doesn't leave."

"Right, it might be good if he saw a familiar face when he woke up," Sara said.

"Maybe," Harry said. "But, you don't know what happened to him over the past several months. So if he wakes up and attacks you…"

Sara responded with a nod and leaned over towards Harry. She gave him a light kiss, to show him how much she understood what was going on. The two pulled away.

Now, she looked towards Oliver, frowning. The guy, who invited her for a steamy weekend away on a ship, claiming he and Laurel had broken up. She guessed they were still friends, she guessed.

'After all of these months away, he might not be the same,' Sara thought. 'Like you're not the same."

"Just keep strong, like I know you are," Shado said. "Don't lose yourself to frustration."

X-X-X

Harry, Rose, and Nyssa slipped outside and saw another group of mercenaries make their way onto the island. They had been chaperoned onto the island.

"The Professor wants to ensure no loose ends are left behind," she said.
Harry frowned, he knew that voice. He heard it for seven years, so there was no mistaken it. It might have more cold, distant, lifeless, but there was still no mistaking who it was.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," Nyssa whispered.

"Pretty much," Harry said.

"Stand where you are!"

They knew they were there, and the mercenaries pointed their weapons at Harry, Rose, and Nyssa. Harry saw the woman leading move closer, and he got a look at her. Straighter hair, but still kind of curly and the glasses were a new addition. And that bossy demeanor wasn't one Harry could mistake anywhere.

"You were the ones who sent the message," she said.

"Yes, we did, Hermione," Harry said.

"You know her?" Rose asked.

Nyssa didn't dare move, not until the signal. Eyes locked to each other told her this was not the time.

"I don't recall ever meeting you in my life, and how dare you call me by that name?" she hissed.

"How do you know?"

Well, Harry just received his confirmation that the veil led him to the alternative timeline. The brunette motioned for the mercenaries to lower their weapons.

'Well, very few things change no matter the world. And one is your obsessive desire to know everything. And what you don't know, is going to drive you nuts.'

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To Be Continued on January 15th, 2017.

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Hey, it's alternate universe Hermione.....who obviously never met Harry, or a version of him in her life. And thus the worst kept secret of this story is revealed. She's not happy about someone knowing her former name, because she's kept it under wraps for reasons which could be clear. I'll speak more about how things went down with Hermione as we go further in the story. I think there's a very good case had Hermione not been friends with Harry, she would have ended down a very ugly road, should she have survived Hogwarts. I think where me and some of Hermione fans clash a lot of time is, I think she needed Harry a lot more than Harry needed her, and that's where a lot of the ugliness manifested. And I'm not in the mood to discuss any merits of her character or lack there of in canon. Of course, it's very irrelevant, given this is an alternate universe Hermione, so there you go.

Oliver was very fortunate not to get bludgeoned. Good luck Rose didn't leave one of the random goons alive and kill him.
Damien Darhk has some very nasty plans. But he's a very nasty man.

If you're getting the sense the Deacon might not be on the level, then you might be onto something.

Until Sunday.
No plan could be foolproof because most plans could not survive being in the contact of fools. The Bookworm learned an extremely valuable lesson the hard way. Oliver Queen and two of the men did not report back to camp when entering the cave. She was out in the middle of the sea on the vessel, waiting to hear from them.

"You haven't heard back from him, have you?" The Bookworm asked.

"No, and it would just be like someone like him to get lost," one of the mercenaries said in a low voice. "This island is hell out there, and I don't like the looks of this."

"What don't you like the looks of?" The Bookworm asked. "Do you think there's some kind of ghost? Some ghoul perhaps? The zombies of the prisoners who have been left on Lian Yu perhaps?"

She stirred up general discontent within the mercenaries, which she approved of one hundred percent. It had been nearly an hour, which meant the moment of grace she intended to give Oliver Queen closed up. The Bookworm stole one last look of the map.

Ivo insisted on sending him to do the job himself, with the intention Queen was expendable. The Bookworm wouldn't necessarily disagree with the fact he was expendable, but she thought it would be clearer.

"Should we ask Ivo what's the plan if he got lost?" the mercenary asked. "Or captured….or something…."  

"But, there's no one on this island," another one of them said.

"Listen to me closely," The Bookworm said, exerting her dominance. "You're going to hold on tight, and you're going to wait for me to get to the island. Do not move, do not even breath without my consent. We're going to fix this, I'm going to fix this."

She checked the tracking charm on Queen. He was alive, which was good. He was away from the cave, at some central point on the island. The Bookworm double checked her geography and realized he was close to the prison in the center of the island.

'My research indicates people go there to die,' she thought. 'Why would Oliver Queen go there? Why indeed.'

Without another thought, she closed her eyes. The temples throbbed, and it would be just as well this operation tonight would end with a killer headache. The Bookworm stopped on the island right on the other side of the mercenaries. They stepped back but knew not to ask questions.

A very good thing because she was in such a touchy mood, she would not be inclined to give any answers. The Bookworm stretched herself back, surveying the area around her for several minutes. She noticed some movement coming from where Queen's tracking charm stopped.
"He's in the prison," The Bookworm said.

"Someone had to take him there, didn't they?" the Mercenary asked.

"Yes, someone had to take him there," The Bookworm said.

She knew there was someone else on the island, even though the mercenaries hadn't gotten a clue they were not alone. Well, some of those, who had more going on between their ears were beginning to figure out something was up. The Bookworm stopped and turned around.

Someone was approaching them, and likely they figured there would be more on the island. Bookworm turned towards them.

"Make sure you're ready to attack anything that comes after us," The Bookworm said. "The Professor wants no loose ends behind."

A long moment passed, with the Bookworm readying herself for something to come out after them. Each tick on the clock dragged for a very long time. She heard a rustling, something approached them, very close. She turned.

"Stand where they are."

Three figures approached them from the other side of the trees. One of the dressed in the black garb of what the Bookworm recognized as the League of Assassins. She was an attractive woman, make no mistake about it, but the Bookworm refused to allow distractions cut her off. The second of the two figures was a girl, no older than sixteen years old, dressed in a black tank top, and a pair of cargo pants. Light blonde hair covered her blue eyes and said blue eyes looked towards her at annoyance.

One more, and the Bookworm noticed his regal robes, and also the medallion swinging from his neck. She saw the mark of the dragon. She came across evidence of this deranged cult mentality around a green-eyed warrior, who was a dragon in the disguise of a human. Some time ago, the Dragon descended from the stars and his blood sparked the first Lazarus Pit.

Those who were not deemed worthy of the Pits and their gifts, had their souls slowly stripped away from them over time, or so the story went. There were a lot of legends, which had been contorted over the years. It was hard to tell where the truth of the matter started and where absurdity began.

It seemed like complete fairy tale fantasy, although she wouldn't deny this young man resembled the most accurate depictions of the Dragon's human form. Regardless, the Bookworm had her attention on the men, who had their attention on the three figures.

On logical conclusion came from her mind, once the Bookworm touched her hips with her hands. A thoughtful expression spread over the face of the woman.

"So, you're the ones who sent the message?"

Recognition dawned on the young man's face, which confused the Bookworm. "Yes, we did, Hermione."

The moment that particular name had been spoken, the Bookworm's mind had gone into overdrive. She had not been referred to by that name a long time. That particular name was a link to the past which she would have much sooner rather squashed. Her eyes burned with fire.

"You know her?"
Finally, those words from the youngest of the party brought the Bookworm out of her thoughts. Hermione, being called by that wretched name, made her think of a past she buried deep inside of her. He had something, her former identity, and it gave him leverage over her.

"I don't ever recall meeting you in my life," the Bookworm answered. "How dare you call me by that name? How dare you call me by that?"

She received a smug little smile from the young man with the dragon medallion around his neck. It was the type of smile she normally wore when she held knowledge over someone's head.

"Well, that's an interesting story," he responded to her. "That's your name, isn't it? Hermione Jean Granger. Your parents are Charlotte and David Granger, aren't they? They're dentists, with a daughter named Hermione, which is you."

"She's dead, good riddance," The Bookworm said. "I don't know what you're trying to pull, trying to call me by….that name. But, she's gone, she's gone…..and nothing is going to bring her back."

She was a disappointment, failure, failure beyond all measure. The tumor throbbed as it always did when she got agitated.

"Whoever you knew, she's not her," the youngest of the party muttered. "Don't get distracted."

"I'm not, but it's really bothering her I know who she really is," he said back. "I think she's starting to lose control. She's really losing it, isn't she? Aren't you, Hermione?"

The mercenaries looked towards the Bookworm. She snapped her fingers.

"Kill those two," the Bookworm said. "Grab him, I need to know what he knows."

One of the mercenaries turned a fraction of an inch to the side, only to receive a blinding blow from the sword from the member of the League of Assassins. The dark-haired mercenary jumped into the air and lunged with the sword, to drill it down into the chest.

The Bookworm stepped back, she needed to regroup. Her head was killing her, it just showed how little time she had left. Something about this island was causing her condition to worsen.

'I need to find the Mirikuru,' she thought. 'It's the only thing that could protect me.'

She just escaped, leaving that small group of mercenaries to be trashed by the trio. There were more waiting on the vessel just outside of Lian Yu. The Bookworm hunched over, breathing heavily, before shaking her head. She had another episode, breathing heavily.

'You can't let them think you're weak,' the Bookworm thought.

Her quest for knowledge wrestled with the duty to get the Mirikuru. And knowledge could be discovered later, once she cured her affliction.

Navigating around this death trap of an island with thoughts which were less clear also was not a picnic in her mind. Somehow, she just barely got away from them. For now, although it was not over, not until she got her hands on the Mirikuru.

The submarine should have been sank somewhere here if Oliver's report was right. It was time for her to move in and finally get her prize.
Nyssa stepped back from the mercenary who had been dropped to the ground. Some of them had a sufficient amount of training. Others did not. Regardless of the training, none of it compared to a member of the League of Assassins. Nyssa stood over the figure on the ground, peering down at him.

"She got away," Harry said.

"Do you think she went somewhere else on the island, or do you think she went to look for Queen?" Rose asked.

"Good question," Harry said. "She looked like she went that way, but at the same time, that could be to throw us off of the trail. Given she has the ability to teleport."

"Wouldn't you think she has the same problems as you before you wore that?" Rose asked. "Her bones breaking, being in a lot of pain for the simplest of spells."

Harry put his hand underneath his chin, tilted his head back and looked up into the sky thoughtfully. "It's possible, but, you should assume she has all of her abilities. That way, nothing can surprise you."

"Well stated," Nyssa said. "I'll go back to see if she's gone there and you two can search the island."

Harry did not like them having to split up, but they could cover more ground. He and Rose went in one direction and Nyssa went in the other direction.

The Daughter of the Demon saw a glimpse of what the Dragon could do. However, despite that, she could not resist showcasing what she was capable of as well. About a dozen mercenaries currently laid on the island, some not surviving their encounters. And many would not survive without medical attention, not Nyssa thought it was a high priority.

Nyssa thought it was quiet. Silence always unnerved her. It always was the most silent before some kind of assault. The Daughter of the Demon tapped her fingers on the door and waited for it to answer.

The door opened, and Shado stuck her head outside.

"Any progress?" she asked.

"The leader of the group, Rose and Harry are after her," Nyssa said. "She has the same abilities as Harry does, which is why I've come back here to make sure she hasn't snuck back in."

Shado raised her eyebrow and shook her head. "No, no one is here, other than me, Sara, and Oliver….who is still out after what Rose did to him."

She knew Oliver was in no danger of dying, and he was in a lot better shape than someone of his predictable was. Did he cut a deal? Shado didn't know and it wasn't her place to pass judgment. She stepped back and allowed Nyssa to step inside.

A second later, Sara sat on the floor, legs crossed together. She could feel something building. It was a very strange feeling, and she wanted to see if the connection could be gathered. It was almost like she had a sense of what Harry thought, or at least what he felt at times.

Nyssa grabbed Sara's shoulder and caused her to jump halfway up off of the ground. Sara turned her attention towards the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul, almost having punched her for interrupting the
moment.

"I'm pleased with your reflexes," Nyssa told her.

"Thanks," Sara said. "I try my best…but, I could feel something. It's strange, almost like I can feel Harry's emotions when he's frustrated about something."

Nyssa pondered it for a moment and she figured it was going to happen in this time just as well. Where the Dragon would form mental links with the women he took into his bed. Sara had the most exposure to him so far, after his reawakening him.

"It's the beginning of a mental link being formed," Nyssa said. "It can grow into a network of multiple minds, assisting each other, with share abilities and insights."

Sara thought about it. It was just forming.

"And yes, you can block your thoughts which can remain truly private," Nyssa said. "Granted, I only know the theory about it but…"

"STAY AWAY FROM HER!"

Oliver's body started to shake when he woke up. Nyssa, Sara, and even Shado turned their attention to the shaking young man. He looked like he was in the middle of an episode.

"Laurel, I'm sorry," he muttered.

Sara frowned but decided to remain composed. It did confirm a thought she had been having for a very long time, though. Sara reached over and nudged Oliver.

"Oliver, Ollie, it's time to wake up," Sara said. "I need to…"

Oliver's eyes snapped open, but he lashed out and grabbed Sara by the shoulder. Sara broke his grip, and Oliver rolled off of the bed. He landed on the ground, taking a deep breath.

"You need to let me go!" Oliver yelled. "You need to let me go now!"

"You're not going anywhere, Mr. Queen. Not until you answer a few questions for us."

Ivo, Ivo was his only hope to find a way out of here and back now. Oliver would not fail him, Oliver could not fail him. He saw the dark haired figure at the end, and he tried to withdraw the knife from his pocket, only to realize it had been disarmed from his person.

Shado snuck behind the raving young man and injected him with a sedative. He dropped down to his knees and started to breathe. The man lifted his hands up and clutched the side of his face, lightly tugging at it.

"No, no, no!" Oliver yelled.

"I thought a sedative was supposed to calm him down," Sara said. "But, it makes him sound even more manic, doesn't it?"

Sara decided to do the only thing which she thought would perhaps jar Oliver out of this. She reared back and nailed him with a hard punch to the face. The only other time she nailed someone harder, was her sister after they had a very heated argument. It got Sara grounded for the entire summer, but it was worth it.
Oliver dropped down onto the ground, blood trickling down his mouth. He shook his head and saw Sara.

"Sara, you're alive," Oliver groaned.

"Nice to see you've noticed," Sara said. "What the hell are you doing skulking around the cave on an island?"

"I've got to get home," Oliver said. "They know about Thea… and about Laurel…. and if I don't follow what he's doing. She knows, and Ivo knows…. all because of him."

"Slow down, you're not making any sense at all," Sara said.

"It's her, she calls herself the Bookworm," Oliver said.

"Does she have brown hair, wear glasses, have a supremely smug attitude where she puts herself above the rest of the world?"

Oliver heard that description and nearly cracked up, even though the woman who told him that, she had no humor whatsoever. Still, if that didn't describe his captive to a tee, Oliver didn't know what it did. He looked towards the woman who asked and nodded.

Nyssa's frown increased the moment he gave this piece of information. She turned her attention towards Sara and Shado, both of them who looked at each other.

"That's the girl we met, which Rose and Harry are going after," Nyssa said, keeping her voice low. "Her name is Hermione, at least according to Harry. She…. well the two of them knew each other."

"Yes, in another life, they did," Shado said. "She might wear a familiar face, but she's not the one Harry knows."

Oliver tried to listen in on the conversation. The sedative he had been given had finally started to set in and he had been less likely to fight everything. There were a couple of questions in his mind, namely about this Harry. Who was he? Oliver didn't know about him and he didn't ask.

"They threatened my sister and yours," Sara said. "How did they know about them?"

"They…. they found out who I was, and I guess they knew you were missing as well through the reports," Oliver said. "When you weren't on that ship, I thought the worst…. I don't think….."

"You didn't think," Sara said. "And I don't know what kind of mess you've gotten into, but we're going to have to deal with it now."

"Sara, a word with you for a minute," Nyssa said. "Shado, please keep that bow trained on him. He moves, you shoot, do you understand?"

Shado nodded in response. She understood perfectly what was going on. She held the bow and arrow firmly, pointing it towards Oliver Queen. The young man looked up at her. The sedative might have held him into place, but she wasn't going to take any chances.

"I sense there's something unresolved between both of you," Nyssa said. "He's the reason why you're on this island."

"Yes, he….. he invited me to go on the ship," Sara said. "And he was dating my sister, but he broke it off. I always…. well I did have a crush on him. It feels like another lifetime ago, before….. well
before I went here….now it just seems like a silly schoolgirl infatuation."

"Because it was," Nyssa responded. "And he said he broke it off with your sister….Laurel, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Sara said. "You think he's lying."

"He's lying now," Nyssa said. "He was the one who gave them your sister's name to save his own skin."

"They were friends a long time before they dated," Sara said. "Why would he do that?"

Nyssa placed a hand on Sara's shoulder, trying to give her reassurance, even though it was hard for it to come. They were getting into some extremely delicate territory, and Nyssa hoped Sara could understand the heartache of people changing underneath torture.

"It's not his fault," Nyssa said. "It would be easy to blame him, after all, the other lies he told. But, I know who Anthony Ivo is. He's a man who works for my father's enemy, remember the Damien Darhk I told you about."

"Yes," Sara said.

"They've aligned together in the past," Nyssa said. "I'm not certain if HIVE is funding this expedition, but it would be wise to think they are."

Sara closed her eyes. There was just some much of her worldview which had been challenged. She hated to say it, but it would have been a lot easier on her if Oliver had drowned on the Queen's Gambit. Now she had to worry about her sister being put in danger.

Boy, if Sara ever got off the island, she would have to smooth things over with Laurel. She should have known better, but she chose not to listen to her head, and more importantly her mother, who warned her why this wasn't a good idea. And her mother was guilty, and her father, and it was an entire mess of problems.

'Hope that he has a way to get us out of here,' Sara thought. 'Hope nothing happens to it.'

Sara took a half of moment to breathe. She realized Nyssa stood by her side.

"Ivo's a master of mental manipulation," Nyssa said. "Whatever, the Bookworm was in the past, he's encouraged her worst traits, and now he's manipulating Oliver. He wants to go home, doesn't he?"

"Who wouldn't?" Sara asked.

Sara made an executive decision not to tell Oliver about the list or about his father. Not the list did her much good when on the island. Every time she took a peek at the list, she saw several familiar names. Bankers, politicians, businessmen, and people who were supposed to be honorable citizens, but they were right next to people who had ties to organized crime.

"Do you have a way to contact, him, to tell you what you know?" Nyssa asked.

Sara nodded. They had radios, left over by Fyers and their crew. Their range wasn't that far from beyond the island, but it would allow them to keep in touch.

"I'll tell him," Sara said. "Do you think you can keep an eye on Oliver, make sure he doesn't try and
run? I know Shado's there, but still, two sets of eyes are better than one."

"Of course," Nyssa said. "And I understand why you can't stand to look at him right now. You need to come to terms with what has changed."

Both women stared each other, and for a second, Nyssa considered kissing Sara. She decided not to, without the blessing of the Dragon. To do so would be invoking his displeasure, something she did not wish to do.

The headache finally went away after she took a pain reliever. The Bookworm needed her wits about it, as Ivo expected a regular report. She clicked on the ear piece underneath her glasses.

"Report," Ivo said.

"Sir, we've run into a snag."

It was amazing how a long pause could really make someone feel about two inches tall. She waited for the response to come on the other end.

"Hello, are you still there, Professor Ivo?"

"I'm afraid we must have a bad connection, my dear Bookworm," Ivo said. "I could have sworn you stated you ran into a snag when on the island. And here I thought you had the plan under control."

The Bookworm hated one thing above all else, disappointment from authority figures. Ivo did a lot for her when he could have left her to rot. He was a brilliant man who should have been respected. The Bookworm's thoughts of how she could salvage a situation like this reached a fever pitch.

"I had the plan under control, but there was an undesired complication," The Bookworm said.

"You're being very vague, and it's not one of your better qualities," Ivo said. "I don't want to think Mr. Queen went rogue. He knows what we know regarding his loved ones, and he's desperate to see his home once more. Therefore, he would not have had a change of heart."

The Bookworm knew Ivo was getting to the situation in a roundabout way. She did not want to tell him the group of mercenaries she had brought to the island had been rendered unconscious. She took a deep calming breath and threw her head back.

"He's been captured, hasn't he?" Ivo asked. "There's someone else on the island, another operation, isn't there?"

"Yes, but don't worry, I've given them the slip," the Bookworm said.

"Just the slip," Ivo said. "That's pretty sloppy of you, my dear Bookworm. It's almost as if you've forgotten your purpose on the AMAZO. Or maybe you are too sick and should be put out of your misery. Only out of love, of course."

"I'm still well," the Bookworm said.

He knew about her affliction, and why would she. She thought back to this man, resembling the mystical dragon. He had knowledge which she carefully guarded. How would he know? The Bookworm didn't know, couldn't figure it out. Her mouth grew completely dry.
"Well, if they're still breathing, I'm afraid you're slipping," Ivo said. "Listen to me, and listen to me well, Bookworm. We've put too much time and effort coming to this point. Therefore, you either get me the Mirikuru, and you no longer have a place on this ship."

The Bookworm hung her head. It was her fault she disappointed Ivo. She had been a disappointment to the authority figures in her life, teachers, family members, everyone. Always second best to someone, always never good enough. Her attempts to boost her brainpower left her with this affliction, and there was no way for her to remove it.

'You're never good enough!'

The nasty voice in the back of the Bookworm's head shook off the thoughts.

"You'd leave me to rot on Lian Yu?" The Bookworm asked, sounding like a scared little girl more than her usual, confident, slightly condescending self.

For a brief second, a small crack of Hermione, the insecure little girl who never could make a friend, cracked out from underneath the façade. She readjusted the mask.

"Only if you fail," Ivo said. "But, I know in your mind, failure is not an option. You refuse to let yourself contemplate any failure. Death would be preferred, would you agree?"

The Bookworm closed her eyes and nodded. Those of lesser intelligence contemplated failure. She just had been rattled, surprised. This green-eyed man and she could fell a hint of his power, knew who she was. It caused the barrier she put up since she ran off at the age of sixteen, twelve long years ago, to break.

Twelve long years she had been having this journey to this one point, to get the Mirikuru, to prove all of them wrong. And to prove Ivo she could accomplish this mission. She was not just a student, but an equal to the teacher, in intelligence and competence.

"I won't fail you," the Bookworm whispered.

"Won't you?" Ivo asked. "There's a rule in storytelling which you should observe. Show, don't tell."

Bookworm knew the rule very well, thought it was a bit of a fallacy, but it did serve this situation well. She turned towards the area where the sunken sub was brought down. She slipped an item out of the bag, hoping it would serve her well on this occasion.

"Oliver said there's something called the Mirikuru they're after," Sara said. "It's some kind of super serum, created by the Japanese during World War II, to catch up with the Germans and the Americans who created their own super soldier serum, and the Russians likely had one in development as well."

Harry figured it was handy information to know.

"We have a big problem," Sara said. "We have to get to the AMAZO and stop it from leaving…they know about my sister and Oliver's sister. And they're both in serious danger."

"Oliver told them?" Harry asked, trying to keep his voice neutral.

"Nyssa seems to think they found a way to coerce the information out of him," Sara said.
"The Bookworm's our ticket onto that ship," Harry said. "If we find her, we'll have answers....make sure Oliver doesn't escape though and don't be too hard on him. At least until we know all of the facts."

"Oh, I'm not being too hard on him," Sara said.

Harry shook his head. He understood some people did not hold up as well under pressure than others. Given what little he knew about Oliver Queen, he had a very privileged home life. Which Harry did not begrudge him for, but at the same time, he did pity him.

Whatever the crew of that ship did to him, it may have changed him and may have caused psychological cracks. Whether that would make him strong, Harry didn't really know.

"So, we have to find her," Harry said.

"Yes, her," Rose said. "That woman who looks like a friend you have back home. Did you sleep with her by the way?"

"No," Harry said. "Everyone thought we were in a relationship. It was a very complicated situation at times, and I think it was part of the reason why she lived."

The other part was the fact she modified her parent's memories, before sending them to Australia. Harry did not really let her have that one until after Voldemort was done and dusted. He really let her have it with both barrels by acting no different than the Death Eaters they spent the past few years fighting. The ones who considered non-magicals to be worse than animals, she took the decision, the choice out of the hands of her parents.

Would they have listened to reason? Harry thought Charlotte might, David, he wasn't so sure about. Just a hunch he had from the limited interactions from the Grangers. Then again, David Granger indulged in his daughter's worst qualities, demanding she be the very best.

He drove Hermione to tears. The last words she yelled was "what have I done" before leaving for Australia. It took Harry some time to realize she was angry at herself for disappointing Harry, who she looked up to, despite him being younger than her.

Harry felt justified, although perhaps he could have exercised a little more tact.

"And she's here now, well someone with her name and face," Rose said. "Do you think you exist?"

"No," Harry said. "I don't exist, not in this timeline anyway."

Whether he was not here because he died, or because he never was born, Harry had no idea. Hermione's reaction to him told him she never had a Harry Potter in her life. Hell, Harry did not know there was a Hogwarts, Dumbledore, Voldemort, or any of the other things in this world.

"I know it's hard to think the people close to you are rotten," Rose said. "Believe me, it took me a long time to see my father for what he truly was."

Harry nodded.

"She's our key onto that ship," Harry said. "And she's our key off of Lian Yu."

Rose hated to give into blind hope and optimism. Someday, she would have loved to leave this island, but their previous attempts to leave did not work. Her father not resurfacing proved there was a way out of here. She searched for his body for some time, almost as much.
"So, let's find her now."

She touched Harry's hand and Harry smiled.

The moment had been lost the moment there was a rumbling wave coming up to the east of them. Harry and Rose turned around just in time to bare witness to a submarine popping up out of the water. Their mouths hung open when they watched the submarine surface from the water.

"Shit," Rose said.

Harry and Rose rushed towards the submarine. They realized it did not simply come out of the water, the water around it had been drained. Both of them came towards the edge of the sub. The top hatch had been opened already, and someone was inside.

"The discoloring, look, it's been down there a long time," Rose said.

"Yes, decades," Harry agreed.

He climbed up to the top of the submarine and gave Rose a hand, boosting her up to the top of the submarine. They walked across what appeared to be a very wobbling vessel. It had to do with the uneven flow of the water.

'She's likely going to sink the sub when she's done,' Harry thought.

Harry's medallion glowed green and he frowned. Rose noticed it as well and put a hand on her hip.

"There are definite life signs on the ship," Harry said. "It's her, it's H…the Bookworm."

Rose was not going to question him. She just rolled with it. The two of them dropped down into the vessel and found their way onto the ground. The amount of dust in this sub was overwhelming. Harry saw the ship split into two rooms from the center.

"You take the left, I take the right," Harry said. "Yell if you find anything."

Rose nodded. This ship had given her the creeps for reasons which she could not quite explain. Other than the ship gave her the creeps. The young woman's heart raced a little bit faster when stepping back, and pressing against the wall. Her head pressed back against the ship.

"Right," Rose said.

The Bookworm made her way to the room on the left of the ship, opening up a box. She saw the vials, labeled in another language, but she understood the writing. It was the Mirikuru. There was an injector in the box.

Two bodies laid strapped on the tables. These bodies brought so many questions to the Bookworm. One of those questions were the state of decomposition. They should be absolutely nothing, but yet, there was still flesh on the bones.

The Bookworm picked up a knife on the table and lightly jabbed the chest of the body. The blade of the knife bent on the chest.

'Amazing. If I can find a way to restart the blood flood and his internal organs, I might be able to bring him back to life. Or at least a state which resembles living.'
A small light flashed in the hallway. The Bookworm's tension increased when she realized there was not only someone on the ship, but someone following her. She picked up one of the vials of the Mirikuru and slid it into the injector.

There were many questions whether or not the long period would have weakened the Mirikuru or made it unstable. She would find out once the test subject walked through the room.

Pressing against the wall, the Bookworm pressed a button on her watch. It allowed her to become one with her surroundings.

One of the people who engaged her on the island, youngest of the three, entered and started to survey the same unique qualities of this room the Bookworm did moments ago. The Bookworm saw her visible reaction to the body on the table.

She had one chance to test the serum, and she needed to make it count. The Bookworm moved in and injected her in the side of the neck.

The screams of the woman were so loud they could raise the dead. Her body struggled to adapt to the serum, and she dropped down to her hands and knees.

"What did you do?"

"I've just injected you with Mirikuru," the Bookworm said. "Don't you appreciate the gift I've given you?"

This would be very illuminating, whether she lived or died. And if she died, well, Ivo would appreciate a body to study.

The woman looked up to the now visible Bookworm and screamed bloody murder, hands curling up in rage. Her eyes flared with madness as she rose to her feet.

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To Be Continued.

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Well, we get a hint of what makes the Bookworm tick and she's not in a very good place mentally right now. Messing around in magic which is far beyond your understanding can be dangerous, a lesson which is learned time and time again.

Needless to say, those test subjects didn't fare too well.

And Rose….well she's been injected, and the Bookworm may have made the biggest mistake of her life.
Tempering

Chapter Twelve: Tempering.

Rose Wilson's agony increased by one hundred fold the moment the woman injected her with the serum, the Mirikuru. Her entire body flared up, with unbearable pain. She could feel something, changing. Her eyes bulged out in anger, and she wiped the drool off of her face.

This Bookworm looked down at Rose with a curious look, as if the younger girl was a science project. Rose looked up a moment later, her heart beating even quicker. Rose dug into the ground, trying to shake up.

"You will be very illuminating," the Bookworm said. "Either the Mirikuru will make you stronger, or it will kill you. Either way….."

Rose screamed out in pain and got to her feet. She rushed the Bookworm and stabbed her with a knife in the side of the leg. The Bookworm stepped back in surprise, agony getting the better of her. Rose whipped the Bookworm down to the ground.

"Stand back!" The Bookworm yelled.

She raised her hand and tried to stun Rose. The red spell bounced off of her and just caused Rose to felt forward. The Bookworm tossed herself behind an operating table and waved her hand again. The more magic she did, the worse she got, but still, she was going to get killed anyway.

Two cutting spells connected with the side of Rose's face. Two brief jagged cuts appeared on Rose's face before they healed completely over. The woman's eyes bulged out in agony, and she grabbed the Bookworm before hurling her over the table onto the ground.

"You need to calm yourself!" Bookworm yelled. "You need to get control!"

Rose lifted the table up over her head and hurled it down to the ground. The Bookworm feared she would end up destroying the Mirikuru in her fit of destruction. The Bookworm backed herself up against the wall and tried to get away.

Two hands wrapped around the Bookworm's throat and strangled her. The Bookworm's eyes bulged out, she tried to push those hands away from the side of her neck.

'At least, the pain will end.'

She almost blacked out when she could no longer breath. Rose was just a fraction of an inch away from snapping her neck. The Bookworm was this close to accepting her fate. At least now, she would not have to live with failure.

A blast of red light knocked Rose down onto the ground. Rose flipped over onto the ground, the spell causing her to become wobbled. Rose turned around and saw Harry standing there. She put her hands on her head. An agonizing feeling spread through her body. Every single second of agony became even worse.

'They're all conspiring against you,' a voice whispered in Rose's head.
She turned around a slight amount and saw Slade standing in the shadows. Rose's temper did not improve any.

"Sara knew you liked him," Slade said. "She tried to rub it in your face. And then she offers you pity. She's not better than you are. She's not more worthy of Harry than you are."

Rose lunged towards the ghost of her father and tried to stab it. The blades kept moving through the air. Every time Rose stabbed at the air, something happened to shift Slade out of the air.

Harry stood in front of Rose and summoned all of the energy he could into another stunning spell. The serum caused her to strengthen. It took three spells fired off in rapid succession before Rose fell down to the ground.

"Sorry."

Harry ensnared Rose in tight ropes, which were magically strengthened. It took a fair bit out of him. He walked over to make sure Rose was secure. Her frantic breathing picked up, but at least Harry could see her being secure in those ropes, at least for the moment.

A groan turned Harry's attention to the other person in this party. He looked down, straight into the face of the Bookworm. The Bookworm tried to get up to her hands and knees. Her hand was shaking, and she collapsed down to her knees. The scratches where Rose's nails dug in were extremely visible on her neck.


She was having a moment, but Harry looked at her. He stunned her as well, dropping her down to the ground. Harry turned his attention to a bound Rose, and also the Bookworm, who was still down. Harry walked over towards her and performed some light healing magic to treat her injuries.

Harry was incensed she used the serum on Rose, and he wanted to know what reasons. In Harry's mind, though, she was of no use to him if she was dead. She had information, information about the AMAZO, and how to get onto the ship.

Time was, in fact, running short, and it would not be a too long before Ivo found out one of the integral members of his crew was missing. Harry only knew bits and pieces about Ivo, so he did not know whether or not Ivo would take the trip onto the island.

"Sara?" Harry asked.

"I'm here," Sara said.

"We have a situation," Harry said. "I found the Bookworm and the Mirikuru, but she got the drop on Rose, and injected her with the Mirikuru. And she didn't react that well to it."

A sixty or seventy some year old super soldier serum, there was going to be some instabilities. And Rose was not exactly the measure of stability in her life, with all that happened. Harry could not help, but feel a bit of sorrow for the young woman.

"I'm going to get both of them back," Harry said. "Prepare the strongest sedatives we have left. Rose is going to need it, to keep her under until we figure out a way to temper her."

"I'll tell Shado," Sara said. "And please be safe out there."

"I am," Harry said.
Harry was safe, well most of the time anyway. There were times where he had gotten into trouble. It was, unfortunately, the nature of the day. He put the radio away and picked up the box of Mirikuru. His eyes swept over the occupants of the ship and something caught him off guard.

They were still in a state of living, even if they were not alive. All because of this serum, but there was no wonder why the scientists involved wanted it buried deep as far as possible. They did not bury it deep enough, and a couple of rogue scientists allowed the knowledge to slip.

Harry made sure both the Bookworm and Rose were secured. He bound both of the girls up, and shut the box with the super soldier serum in it, before taking it back to the prison/makeshift headquarters. The Bookworm would shed some light on what Ivo was planning.

That ship could be their ticket off of Lian Yu. Harry hoped as much at least.

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Nyssa stood guard at the front of the door. She could tell by Oliver's growing restlessness, the sedative Shado injected him with, was beginning to wear off.

"You need to relax, Mr. Queen," Nyssa said.

"Relax, how can I relax?" Oliver asked. "If you're going to hold me as a prisoner, the least you can give me is answers….what's happening?"

"Patience, you will be off this island in days, and it will be nothing, but a bad memory," Nyssa said.

Nyssa cared very little whether or not Oliver Queen made it off of the island or not, but no one deserved to be held a prisoner on that ship to a man who had been known to run experiments for Damien Darhk. The Daughter of the Demon looked down towards the young man.

"Do not make me break your legs to get you to comply," Nyssa said.

One look caused Oliver to back off from her. Nyssa smiled, although she was concerned what was happening on the island. Footsteps distracted her from Oliver, and she turned in time to catch a glimpse of Sara walking down the hallway. Already, judging by her body language, Nyssa knew something happened, without even looking at her face. One stolen look at Sara's face told her things were multiple times worse than they were.

Nyssa looked back towards Oliver, hoping he would remain put. Until they could figure out the injuries, both mental and physical he suffered, it would be for the best Oliver remained put.

"Harry's coming back here," Sara said. "He said that he found the Mirikuru….but the Bookworm, she injected Rose with it."

Nyssa thought out of all of them, Rose would be the worst possible person to be injected with an unstable super serum. She had no idea what was going to happen, other than the fact, she was pretty sure she was not going to like what was going to happen.

"He's coming back, soon, right?" Nyssa asked. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know, Shado's preparing a strong sedative," Sara said. "We shouldn't let Oliver alone for too long. He's calm now, but that could change."
Sara caught on particular look in his eyes when Oliver woke up which shook her to the curve. The woman's eyes drifted back and saw Oliver make his way from the room. Nyssa held her hand out, reaching for her dagger. Sara shook her head.

"What's going on here?" Oliver asked. "You're acting like someone died, both of you."

Sara and Nyssa did not say anything. Hell, Sara was not sure how much she should say to Oliver until they all figured out where he was mentally. If Ivo could coerce information out of him, whether he willingly knew or not, it would be prudent to tell him as little as possible in case he escaped.

"Who's Harry?"

"That would be me."

Oliver turned around and came face to face with the green-eyed young man. He was very tall and had an imposing presence. Oliver looked back at him. He was about to say something, only to be driven silent when he caught the Bookworm being brought in here. He levitated her above the ground.

There was a second girl, and that was the one that knocked him out in the cave. She was shivering, twitching, and she didn't look so good.

"She's been injected with the Mirikuru," Harry told them all. "The Bookworm did it."

Oliver was not surprised about that much. He looked towards the Bookworm, bound and unconscious.

"Ivo isn't going to like you have her here," Oliver said.

"I know he's not going to like she's here," Harry said. "I'm counting on it...Sara, you, Nyssa, and Shado make sure Rose is secure. I'll deal with securing the Bookworm."

Sara stepped in front of Harry to perform an action which was almost motivated out of spite because of Oliver's presence, but in reality, it was more because she was relieved Harry was safe. She nodded in understanding, leaned forward, and offered him a kiss.

Oliver noticed, and Sara pulled away, without making eye contact. Rose had been taken back to the bedroom.

"We should try and extract some of her blood," Shado said. "So we can see what we're up against."

Harry picked up one of the knives left on the ground and solidified it. He handed it to Nyssa, who nodded in response. The group parted ways with each other, leaving Harry, Oliver, and the Bookworm alone in the hallway.

"I can't believe she did that," Oliver said. "I mean, the Bookworm, I can't believe she injected that girl..."

"She's most certainly full of surprises, but I'm not really surprised by anyone," Harry answered.

"Look, is there something going on between you and Sara?"

His words were so blunt, and so to the point, Harry simply turned slowly. He looked Oliver dead on in the eye and stared him down.
"What do you think?" Harry asked.

"It's just….well…"

"I don't know what your intentions were with Sara when you went on the Queen's Gambit, and don't bother to tell me," Harry said. "I know you've been in a relationship with her sister before you went away. For all I know, you might still have been in a relationship with her, even though you allowed Sara to believe the contrary. I don't know, this is the first time we've met, so I haven't quite got a feel for you."

Oliver tried to stare down Harry.

"The point is, yes Sara and I are together, and…..well it's really none of your concern what our relationship entails," Harry said. "If you have any information regarding Ivo, I'll gladly hear it. Anything else you have to say to me, don't bother. I'm very busy."

"She knows everything that goes on in the ship," Oliver said. "Talk to her, if you want to know how to get back. Ivo's going to find out she's gone."

"Thank you," Harry said. "I'll talk to her."

Harry left Oliver leaving. Oliver had been deep thought regarding all of what happened. Perhaps, he had some thinking to do and all he could do, was return back to his room.

One fact the Bookworm could not dispute was the fact she was not dead. Her arms and legs did not move. Sitting in the middle of the room, she looked around. There were candles sitting about the walls which lead to a mild amount of illumination. Her glasses and watch had been removed. The Bookworm felt very naked without those items and not in a good way either. Her clothes had been torn, although she sensed some of the more fatal injuries had been healed by someone. Who had they healed them? Mentally, the Bookworm reflected the green-eyed man who saved her. She was beginning to detest his interference, even if she did respect the potential power and position he held.

"You weren't very smart giving someone the Mirikuru, were you?"

This crisp voice cut through the air. The Bookworm tried to turn against the wall. The chains rattled and prevented her from breaking free. The Bookworm's deep breathing increased the more she tried to break free.

"It might not have been, but it was a necessary risk," The Bookworm said.

"If I hadn't been there, you would have been killed. Ripped apart by your own folly."

Both shoulders slumped down and a sign followed. He did not really get the scientific process. Not, many people did to be perfectly honest.

"It failed," Bookworm said. "What if succeeded?"

"Success is an interesting metric and one very hard to measure," he said. "By some accounts, you may have succeeded. But, by your own standards, you failed."

Bookworm frowned; he had a point and she hated him for having a point. She hated anyone who
made her look like a fool and pointed out her mistakes. Those chains caused her wrists to be sore.

"You were desperate for the Mirikuru, but Ivo is as well," he said. "Why?"

Confusion had been hit hard with the Bookworm's mouth curling into a very obvious frown. "Why for me? Or why for Ivo?"

"Both. Unless you don't know as much as you think you do. Maybe you don't have all of the answers. Your fellow crewmate seems to think you know everything going on that ship."

The Bookworm's ire grew slightly. Oliver Queen told her jailers about her. It was out of pure spite after the Bookworm acquired the information about his loved ones and passed it on to Ivo. A minuscule part of her mind told her she had this one coming after she was the one who betrayed his personal information first.

"Oliver told you this, didn't he?"

"Never miss a trick, do you? How long have you been Ivo's guest?"

"Long enough," the Bookworm said. "I saw the prisoners languish around me, and knew the best thing to do was to make myself useful to him. It was a skill I picked up, being able to find the most obscure facts ever. He put me in charge of researching the Mirikuru. I didn't believe it existed, but I hoped it did."

The Bookworm's headache slowly began to go away. It would only be a matter of time before her tumor got the better of her. She recalled the botched charm and how if she had been a bit more careful, had spent a little bit more time researching matters, it might have been a different story. The increased brain power was there, but it had been slowly killing her over the years.

"You're dying, aren't you?"

There had been no answer. Bookworm refused to come to terms with her own mortality. Her breathing increased when staring at the man in front of her.

"Professor Ivo is after the Mirikuru for his wife," Bookworm said. "She's….her mind is decaying at a rapid rate…..Dementia I think is, although he's never clear. And he seems to think it will work."

"And you seem to think it does as well, don't you, Hermione?"

"Please, I'm begging you, don't call me that," Bookworm responded. "I left her behind a long time ago."

Her voice broke for a second.

"Just who are you?" the Bookworm demanded. "I have to know."

"Do you?" he asked. "Tell me something, does the name Lord Voldemort mean anything to you?"

"Voldemort….it means flight from death in French," the Bookworm said. "I can't say I've ever heard of any lord named Voldemort in my life, though."

Confusion hit her hard, with the Bookworm closing her eyes. Her head throbbed when she tried to figure out.

"So, it's true, things are very different," Harry said. "His name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, do you
know that name?"

"No, I can't say I have heard of anyone named Riddle," The Bookworm said. "Is he someone you're after?"

"A long time ago," he said. "Does the name Albus Dumbledore mean anything to you?"

Bookworm hesitated for a minute, thinking the name sounded familiar. But, she could not place it and figured her mind might have been playing tricks.

"No, Dumbledore…not him either," the Bookworm said. "Are there any other people I've never heard of you're going to ask me, or are you done?"

"Just one more," he said. "How about Harry Potter?"

"No, I haven't heard of him," the Bookworm said.

The Bookworm's shoulders slumped onto the ground. Her curiosity had piqued even more with all of these questions and she had one of her own.

"You know who I was," The Bookworm said. "How do you know who I was? How do you know about it? Because I swear, I would have remembered you…I've only seen you….your face…..in books."

She knew about the legend of the Dragon, but she thought it was only a legend.

"Think about it, Hermione, and you might be able to figure it out," he said. "If you're half as smart as I think you are, you should be able to put two and two together. It just depends on how much of the girl you left behind who is still behind in her."

"You're putting a lot of faith in someone who is fundamentally flawed," the Bookworm said.

A long pause followed, and the Bookworm could almost hear him thinking. She could barely get a hint of the smile on the man's face through the shadows. She could not see it, but she sensed it was there. And the fact he was smiling caused her mask to nearly break.

'I really hate him.'

"Obtaining perfection is one of humankind's greatest flaws," he said. "Those who think it's possible to not to be flawed in some way, they are the most flawed people of all.

It was not something she wanted to hear. The Bookworm had to hear it though and there was a huge part of her who understood what was going on. She took a deep breath and looked into the shadows. He did not leave her alone just yet.

"One more question, if I may."

"What is it?"

"Why didn't you kill me?" the Bookworm asked. "By all rights, I deserved to die after injecting that girl with the Mirikuru. And no one would have faulted you if you would have left me to die. No one would have missed me. I'm a tool for Ivo. He would have been annoyed, but there would be someone else willing to prove themselves.

Inhaling and exhaling, the Bookworm continued to press on with her speech.
"They might not have been as good as me, as efficient as me, but they had their roles they could play," the Bookworm said. "And now, he knows where the Mirikuru is, he knows it's on this island. He doesn't need an oracle to research, he doesn't need a librarian, a Bookworm. My job was done. If I was lucky, I would be sent to the basement of the ship."

The Bookworm breathed in, realizing she might have said too much. She did not know, though if she had said way too much, or maybe it was just enough. Hard to really say.

"So, I'm getting around to the point," she said. "Why did you do it? Why did you spare me? Why didn't you allow me to die peacefully?"

"You still have your role to play," he said.

"Which means you have a use for me," she responded. "That's great, really wonderful. I'm a pawn, aren't I?"

"I'm giving you an opportunity to prove everyone, including yourself wrong," the man in the shadows said. "Just think about the possibilities, Hermione, and I will be back later once you've had time to give me your answer."

What answer? Did he ask a question?

'He wants my help to get on the ship, they think the AMAZO is their ticket off of Lian Yu,' she thought. 'But, there's no way, is there? Ivo has the ship too well protected. There's really no way inside unless you have permission.'

The Bookworm realized she had the permission. Why did he put his trust in her? Why her of all people?

'He knows me, but not me,' the Bookworm thought. 'Alternate timelines, of course, it must be. He's not from this native time stream, he's from elsewhere. He knows a Hermione Granger....and this Voldemort, Riddle, and Harry Potter, all of those things I don't know, he knows about.'

She wondered if it would be worth the risk to help. Ivo would sooner leave her to rot on this island for the rest of her days. But, at the same time, Ivo was not going to leave without the Mirikuru.

'What the hell is happening with my life?'

Shado withdrew Rose's blood from her body. She had a very bad feeling about all of this, which she could not put her finger on. Nyssa stood a couple of inches behind her, and Sara stood a couple of inches behind Nyssa. All of them crowded around Rose who was currently sedated.

"How long do you think the sedative is going to last?" Nyssa asked.

"Hopefully long enough to run these tests and figure out how to treat her," Shado said. "Exactly if it's possible to treat her, I have no real idea whether or not it's possible."

Shado's obvious deep breathing made it seem like this was a situation. They could not run extensive tests thanks to the limited resources here. Thankfully, they had a sample of the Mirikuru here. The sample they had in front of them should hopefully be able to find out what went wrong with her blood.
"Time has caused the serum to react differently," Shado said. "At least, it's my idea. It's been down there for about sixty or seven years and...."

Nyssa moved in carefully to take a look at the blood which rested underneath the microscope. She knew a little bit about how blood reacted to certain stimulus. It looked like a more drastic version of what blood looked like after being been exposed to the Lazarus Pit. This thought was a fair amount of conjecture on her part, though.

"Any luck?"

Harry moved around the corner to greet them all. He saw Shado and Nyssa studying the blood, while Sara hung off by the side. The door on the other side was sealed shut.

"Not yet," Sara said. "I really hope that door will hold."

Harry looked towards Rose. They bound, secured, and sedated her, at least for now. Whether or not any of those things held, time would tell. Harry hated this particular cliché, just because he heard it more than a few times.

"So, how did it go?" Sara asked. "Your meeting with the Bookworm, I meant. How did it go?"

Harry answered with a smile and leaned closer towards Sara. "I really got her thinking. She might be a help to us to get off of this island."

"Or she could end up screwing us over," Sara said. "Hey, Rose is out of commission, someone has to be the cynical one out of all of us."

Harry chuckled, it was very true. He waited to see what Nyssa and Shado would find out. He had a very bad feeling something was going on with Rose's blood.

"She saw something when she had been injected," Harry said. "What do we know about the Mirikuru?"

"The experiments were abandoned," Nyssa said. "They were abandoned for very good reasons. All of the subjects suffered hallucinations, delusions, and they were very angry at everyone over the smallest of slights."

"I'm sure the Bookworm might know more," Harry said. "She's very meticulous in her research."

"This isn't good."

Those three words caused Harry to turn his attention towards Shado. Shado bent over the microscope.

"Her blood just wasn't exposed to Mirikuru," Shado said. "She was exposed to another serum, one I suspect she's been fighting the all the time she's been on the island. The serum is causing her serotonin levels to be elevated when coupled with the Mirikuru."

Harry took a close look. He could see what was happening to Rose's blood. It was degenerating at a rate and starting to cause her to mutate into something, physically and mentally.

"We can create a cure, can't we?" Sara asked. "Why am I not getting any support here?"

Sara was extremely worried about what might happen to Rose. She had a bad feeling this was going to get far worse before it got much better.
"In time, but the problem is, we don't have much time," Harry said.

"Why don't we ask her?" Sara asked. "She seems to know everything. Maybe she has a way to cure Rose of the Mirikuru."

Emotion inspired Sara's temper. Harry decided not to hold it onto her. He grabbed Sara by the hand and calmed her down as much as possible. Sara nodded.

"You have that calming touch…..I think I've got an idea," Sara said suddenly.

"You're not suggesting what I think you're suggesting, are you?" Harry asked.

"Why not?" Sara asked. "Let's face it, my head is a lot clearer after I was with you. And Shado is a lot more relaxed. And Nyssa will be sooner rather than later."

"I will be what, pray tell," Nyssa answered her.

Sara shook her head, smiling. "I'll explain it to you later. I think we have a way to stabilize Rose, at least until we're able to find a cure, and that is Harry."

"So, you want me to take her," Harry said.

"Well, it could work," Nyssa said. "In situations like this, replacing a strong emotion such as hate, anger, frustration, or fear with a stronger emotion, a more passionate emotion, it could very well work."

"Do you really have nothing left to lose?" Shado asked. "The rate this is going, in a few days, Rose is going to die, if you don't have a way to calm her down. If she can't be subdued, she will be just like all the rest. Her lungs will give out, or maybe her heart."

Harry thought a long second and nodded. He motioned for all three women to come in close to him.

"Guard the door," Harry said. "If we're wrong and she escapes, do what you do to stop Rose."

"Right," Sara said.

Sara could not help, but think if Rose had been less stubborn, she would not have been in this situation. Or it would have been a lot easier for Harry to calm her back down on the vessel.

Harry opened the door and prepared to take the plunge, in more ways than one.

Suddenly, Rose Wilson's eyes opened up. She had been held in a straight-jacket, which snapped her arms down. Her breathing increased. She looked like a dog about ready to foam at the mouth.

Rose slowly turned her head off to one side and noticed him, his sick, twisted smile in the shadows. Slade Wilson stood a few inches off to the side.

"So, it ends now, doesn't it?" Slade asked. "Rose, you were right, I'm not dead. As long as you breathe, I'm always going to be a part of you."

A quick breath spread through her body. Rose snapped back down on the bench she was in. She tried to tell herself Slade was just a delusion. Something caused by the serum, the Mirikuru, it was messing with her mind. He was gone.
"Sara beat you to him, and now your pride won't allow you to admit it," Slade said. "I did not teach my daughter to be a failure."

The door opened up, and Rose sat up. She noticed Harry Potter standing at the doorway. Her attention had been drawn way from the specter of her father who disappeared in a blink of an eye.

"Harry, he's….he's back," Rose said. "Kill me while you have the chance. It's the only way to free me."

Rose closed her eyes. Her mind, her body, neither were her own. Her breathing quickened and Rose knew right away something was really wrong. She tried, as hard as possible to keep her head above the wrong.

"It's going to be fine, Rose," Harry told her. "I'm going to give you exactly what you want. Exactly what you are frustrated about, I'm going to give it to you."

A part of her still fought it, but it caused her madness to increase. Rose's deep breathing increased. Harry slowly undid the straps and released Rose. Rose looked towards him, with extremely blurry vision.

"No, wait, stop," Rose said. "If you let me go, there's no telling what I might do. I don't….."

Primal nature overwhelmed Rose's one moment of logic. Harry freed her and in an instant, she grabbed the back of Rose's head. He leaned closer to her mouth and kissed her. Harry sucked the edge of Rose's mouth and fired a couple of kisses to the side. Rose leaned back to expose her neck towards Harry and accepted his mouth.

Harry sucked on the side of her neck. Rose grabbed the side of his face and pulled his face down. The younger girl kissed him with forcefulness. She tried to bruise his lips with a very intense kiss. Harry did not let up from his position. He just held Rose tightly against him and backed her up.

Fingernails dug into Harry's bicep with a force which would tear into the skin of a normal person. Harry, thankfully, had become more durable. He leaned Rose back and pinned her hands behind her head. He gave her a forceful kiss, and she returned it.

Giving into her needs, caused the mental vision of her father to fade away. Rose roughly bit on Harry's lips and tried to reach for his pants with her free hand.

"Patience."

Rose snarled, she did not have any patience. Harry did not react to her words. He just leaned closer towards her. Her firm breasts strained against her top. Harry reached for the buttons and slowly undid them. Her flesh suddenly felt on fire the more Harry undid her top.

Harry slipped her top off and came down to look over her toned body. Her stomach was perfect and smooth, and Harry had to run his hands down her body. He slowly slipped his fingers down underneath Rose's panties. He slowly undid her pants, to reveal a small bush of platinum blonde hair.

"Sorry," Rose said. "I didn't have time….to…”

"Do you want me to trim it?" Harry asked. "There are a couple of charms…..do you want it smooth
Rose thought about it for a minute. Harry's fingers lightly tapped against Rose's thighs and made her very hot.

"Smooth, please."

Harry dipped a finger inside of her tightening loins. He pulled back and caused the hair to come off with a small wiggle. Harry slipped his finger into her smooth, dripping pussy. His fingers brushed down her legs, causing them to become bare of anything other than her soft, smooth flesh.

Rose closed her eyes and the next thing she knew, Harry's cock was out. She had seen it from afar a couple of times. Having it be inches away from her womanhood was a different beast entirely. And beast was the perfect word to describe Harry.

She shivered with Harry slowly massaging her body. Their lips met together in a passionate kiss. Rose lifted her hands onto the back of Harry's head and slowly guided him into her mouth. Both lovers sucked at each other's lips. Rose slowly swirled her tongue into the back of Harry's mouth.

Harry broke free and slowly traveled down Rose's body. He worshiped every inch of her toned, teenage frame. Rose's hot walls rose up, she wanted his cock inside so badly. Harry would not give her it straight away. He allowed the anticipation to build, to fester. His fingers danced down her.

"You feel hot, don't you?"

"It feels good," Rose said. "I want more, though….please…"

Harry touched his lips to her eager nipple. He could tell Rose, for all of her bravadoes, was inexperienced, and these were new sensations to her. Despite the encouragement the Mirikuru gave her, Harry wanted to take this very slowly and very carefully. He did not want to blow her mind suddenly with too much at once.

He could feel her pussy gushing underneath his hand. Harry stroked her womanhood and it caused Rose to leap up to meet his fingers. He pressed against her center. Rose shivered one more time and lifted her hips up to meet Harry. Harry tempted her insides with his probing fingers.

Rose flushed from what happened with Harry. She could hardly believe his fingers did this much work to make her excited. Two of them slipped inside of her, working swiftly in time. A third finger followed and opened up Rose's loins for the eventual intrusion.

"Feel the orgasm building up in your body," Harry said. "Just focus on it. It feels good, doesn't it?"

Biting down on her lip, Rose responded with a nod. Her entire body felt like it was on fire and the only person who was able to put it out was Harry's fingers. His fingers shoved deep inside of Rose's tight pussy. Rose wrapped her fingers against Harry and had been rammed deep inside of him.

"HARDE, FINGER FUCK ME HARDER!" Rose screamed.

Her pussy clamped him so tightly, she would have ripped his fingers off had Harry been non-magical. The tightness was impressive despite the fact. Harry rose his fingers deep inside of her body. Rose rocked her hips halfway up off of the bed.

"Jesus Christ!" Rose howled.

"I'm flattered," Harry said.
With those words, Harry released her quivering cunt underneath him. His fingers touched the edge of her pussy and slid deep inside of her. Rose breathed deeply. Her entire body rose and fell on the bed. Her body tingled, but she wanted more.

Harry took her legs and spread them. He climbed closer towards her. Rose's warm pussy rose up off of the bed and touched the edge of Harry's cock.

"Rose, I'm going to quench your thirst," Harry said. "Are you ready for my cock?"

The seventeen-year-old rolled her eyes. "I've been ready for it for months."

Her intention was not to tell him that, it just slipped out. Rose had little time to backtrack, not she was sorry. No sooner did those words slip out, Harry's cock slipped into her. A feeling of bliss coursed through her body. It felt so fucking good Rose thought she was going to burst with pleasure.

"DAMN!" Rose howled at the top of her lungs.

Rose was having a good time, but so was Harry. Harry pulled himself from her very tight teenage pussy, and lightly touched the insides. Her responsive walls gripped Harry tightly and released him. He pushed further inside of the young woman on the bed.

"Don't stop!" Rose yelled.

Half pleading, half demanding, Rose's words showed a lot of desperation. She raked Harry's back roughly to encourage him. Harry healed from the injuries in a matter of moments. He grabbed Rose's hands and put them behind the back of the head.

"Do it one more time, and I'll stop."

Rose realized who was in control of this little game. All she could do was succumb to his affections and take his cock inside of her as far as possible. Rose lifted her hips off of the bed. Those thick balls shoved deep inside of her. Harry rose up and slammed into her to meet her motions. One stroke by one stroke, both of them connected with each other. Rose shuddered underneath Harry's actions. Their hips connected with each other.

"See, you obey me, and you get rewards. Like right now."

Harry ran his finger down the back of her legs and caused Rose to shudder. The orgasm entered her body and tightened down onto them. He was giving her one of the most amazing orgasms ever.

He rode deep inside of Rose's tightening body. The wet walls clamped down on Harry's hard cock. She squeezed and released him with a few more thrusts.

Finally, she came down from the orgasm. Rose only shifted her hips up against Harry for a couple more seconds before he drilled his thick cock inside of her tightening body. Rose grabbed Harry's hips and engulfed him inside of her body.

"Thank you, it feels so good," Rose said.

Rose did not know why she did not take up Sara on her offer the first time. Stubbornness, very likely, but for some reason, this encounter felt so much better now Harry entered her. He drove balls deep inside of her and stretched her sopping cunt out.

"Cum for me again," Harry encouraged her.
Rose bit down on her lip and nodded. She would cum for Harry as many times as she wanted. Rose slid up against him and lightly pressed his body against her. Her chest rose up and Harry lavished on it.

Harry looked down and saw Rose's face screwed up in passion. He separated the anger, the frustration, and the paranoia she felt with other emotions. He slowly rose up and took Rose down onto the bed. Her body pressed against the bed.

"Mmm," Rose breathed. "So good, thank you...I wish…"

Words failed Rose Wilson the second an orgasm struck her. Her hips wiggled down against Harry and took his hard cock deeper inside of her body. Harry lifted his hips back up from her and slid deeper inside of her. She responded by tightening down onto his back. This time, she gently dug her nails in, not raking his flesh.

Harry slid deep inside of the warm inviting body beneath him. Rose shifted up above him, taking Harry deep inside of her. She moaned in his ear, feeling the pleasure.

"Harry, Harry…damn it!"

He bottomed out inside of her. Rose had been brought into a stage of unbridled passion.

"You want this, don't you?" Harry asked. "Feel the pleasure. Cum for me again, Rose."

Rose tightened around Harry one more time. He slid deep inside of Rose's tightening vice of a pussy. Harry pulled almost out of her and planted his rod inside of her body. Her wet walls pumped Harry deep inside. Those balls landed on her smooth, inner thighs.

Thrusts increased inside of Rose. She held herself up off of the bed tightly around Harry. The number of orgasms Harry gave her, she simply lost count of. She did not care about anything other than her own pleasure. Fulfillment would be great. Her body shuddered underneath Harry's rock hard member.

Everything she wanted, Rose did. All she wanted now was his cum, spilled inside of her. Rose worked Harry's love muscle hard and fast. She wanted him. The increased energy and tension around her loins increased and lubricated Harry's hardened organ. He slapped against her thighs.

"Harry, please, I need your cum," Rose breathed.

The only part she craved more than anything else, was cum buried deep inside of her body. Harry rose up and drilled his hard cock inside of her tightening body. Rose held onto her and Harry rose up and lowered his hardened cock inside of her body.

"Harry, oh, Harry, yes!" Rose begged him.

Harry balanced her legs and positioned her carefully for more thrusts. Rose shook underneath Harry. His thick balls slapped against her body.

"Getting close," Harry said. "One more time."

Tension inside of Rose's being cascaded out through her loins. Harry buried his rod deep inside of Rose and stretched out her pussy. Rose gripped him and released him, over and over again.

"You must really want my cum."
Rose leaned into Harry's ear and hotly whispered back to him.

"More than life itself."

Her back dropped down onto the bed. Harry's balls slapped down onto Rose's loins and slowly started to punish them. He was getting closer to the edge and closer to burying his seed inside of her moist loins. Rose lifted up to meet Harry's engorged prick with each slide.

His balls unleashed a sticky amount of seed inside of her. Rose grabbed onto Harry's cock and squeezed it.

Harry groaned, her still tight pussy muscles pumped his rod. He held onto her and sunk his cock inside of her body. He lifted up and slammed deep inside. He filled Rose's pussy with his seed.

Every last drop of seed splattered into Rose. Her mind stabilized, slowly. Harry pushed himself deep inside the beautiful younger girl on the bed. Her tight body formed an amazing seal around his cock. Harry planted his rod inside of her.

Rose's tongue hung out after Harry finished emptying himself inside of her. The final thrust caused Rose reach the ultimate climax. This final climax forced her to black out.

Harry pulled out of Rose, and let her descend on the bed. She had a smile on her face, without any of the rage, or frustration, or paranoia she had just hours earlier.

'Hopefully, it will stick.'

To Be Continued on January 22nd, 2017.

So, the super serum doesn't really take to Rose well. There will be more intriguing ramifications down the line though for it. Slade being the representation to voice Rose's insecurities should not have been a surprise to anyone.

Well, Oliver and Harry meet face to face. Harry so obviously doesn't have time for any relationship drama right about now.

Harry has figured out how to play Hermione(or rather her alternate universe version) like a fiddle. And she's never met any version of Harry ever. Voldemort or Riddle either, don't exist either, at least not to the extent they do in this world. Playing with her character has been very intriguing to be honest. It's very much a work in progress.

As always, sex cures what ails you.

Thanks for reading. Back on Sunday.
Sara Lance took a couple of breaths when preparing herself. She held a bow in one hand and reached behind her back to unload the quiver. Sara loaded the bow and shot and connected with the target in the middle of the room. It was not a bad shot, but Sara thought it could have been better.

She fired a series of rapid fire arrow shots towards the targets. It calmed her greatly to do something constructive. She just hoped Harry would be able to appease Rose. At least, she hoped Rose would be in a lot better state now she got laid, Sara knew her mind was calm and clear. She and Rose might have clashed, but to be honest, Sara felt a little bit of sorrow for the younger girl. She spun around and aimed the arrow at the edge of the target. She reared back and fired, planting the arrow in the center of the target one more time.

'Not bad,' Sara thought.

Sara turned around and fired an arrow towards an even harder target. It connected to the wall. A sound of someone clapping made Sara turn around and fire the arrow at the person who snuck up on her. She narrowly avoided nailing the person head on.

Oliver was standing right behind her, hands up. The arrow came close to piercing his ear in the most literal sense of the world. The young man rubbed the side of his ear, but Sara still held the bow up.

"I take it you haven't cooled off at me just yet," Oliver said.

"You don't sneak up on someone like that," Sara said. "I could have killed you."

Oliver looked as if he wasn't completely sure it would have been an unintentional kill either. He looked at Sara, who slowly lowered the bow. She never once took her eyes off of Oliver and never once took her hands off of the bow.

"I didn't know you were into archery," Oliver said.

"Well, it's a recent thing," Sara said. "You see, you need hobbies on this island to keep you from going insane. And I've picked it up. I've had to learn to defend myself as well, so people don't sneak up on me unaware. It was a very sloppy shot, though because if you actually would have been a threat, you would have killed me."

"Well, I'm sure you'd get better," Oliver said.

Sara stared at Oliver, that was the intention.

"Thea was excited about finishing first at her latest Archery competition before we left," Oliver said. "She's....well, I don't know what she's doing now, but hopefully she's keeping up with that and not doing some of the things I did when I was her age."

Sara wondered how their respective disappearances affected their families, to be honest. Time
passed, exactly how much, Sara wasn't sure about. Shado had a theory about how time may have passed on this island differently than on the outside, and Harry backed her up on it. Sara would defer to them, they knew better about things like this.

"Thea's pretty stubborn, but she has a good head on her shoulders," Sara said. "I'm sure she'll be fine."

Oliver narrowly stepped around the real reason why he was worried about Thea. The Bookworm, Ivo, and the rest of the crew of the AMAZO knew about Thea, Laurel, and there might have been other things they knew about Oliver's life, which they were not telling.

"Right," Oliver said. "Look, maybe I shouldn't have lied to you about where Laurel and I was….."

"Yes, because if you did, I might not have gotten on that ship," Sara said. "But, I can't blame you one hundred percent."

Oliver raised his eyebrow in surprise. "You can't?"

"No," Sara said. "You didn't force me onto the ship. I went because I was getting back at Laurel, thinking I could snag the man who she, for some reason, though the world of. It's petty stuff, stuff which really doesn't matter now."

"So wait, you were using me to get back at your sister?" Oliver asked. "I know, I shouldn't be taking the moral high ground considering technically I was cheating on her….."

"You just didn't have the guts to break it off," Sara said.

Her statement was very blunt and cut Oliver straight to the bone. He knew, though, it was very true, and he looked towards the ceiling. It was amazing they allowed him so much freedom to roam around, as long as he didn't leave the prison complex. He came onto this island with the intention to steal a super-soldier formula.

"Well, everything worked out for me," Sara said. "I wouldn't have met Harry if you hadn't lied to me."

"He does seem like a great guy," Oliver said.

"You're not his type," Sara said.

Oliver smiled at the joke, but to be perfectly honest, he was kind of glad Harry came across Sara. From what he gathered, she would have likely been killed or worse.

Sara wrestled in her mind about what exactly to tell Oliver. His father was dead, Oliver was going to have to know about that soon. The list, Sara went back and forth regarding it. Hell, Sara really didn't know what the intentions were on the list. She saw some familiar names, bankers, businessmen, and city council officials, and also some who were rumored to be organized in crime. At least, a couple of names she heard her father talk about.

The fact she was in a collective relationship with Harry and several other females, well that really wasn't Oliver's business to be perfectly honest.

"So, you're not mad at me?" Oliver asked.

"About lying to me, no," Sara said. "You couldn't help yourself, and I should have seen the warning signs. I'm glad I didn't though because it kind of worked out in the end."
"So, are we friends?" Oliver asked.

"Not going that far, but I no longer want to kill you every time I see you," Sara said.

Oliver shrugged in response. "Hey, that's a step up. We can work with that."

Sara nodded, they could work with that. She knew what they had to do when getting on the AMAZO.

"So, what are you going to do with the Bookworm?" Oliver asked.

"I don't know," Sara said. "She might be our ticket home….you still want to go home, don't you?"

"Of course, I do!" Oliver yelled. "I don't even know how long I've gone, things must have changed since I left, though."

Sara thought that was only inevitable. She changed a fair bit more on this island as well, hell whatever happened, Oliver didn't look like the same billionaire heir without a care in the world.

"Sara, do you think I can ask you something?" Oliver asked.

"It depends on what it is," Sara said.

"If…anything happens to me," Oliver said. "Do you think you can look out for Thea for me if you get off of this island? I'd appreciate it if you could…and tell her, I'm sorry for not being there for you."

"You're not going to die," Sara said.

Oliver looked uncertain about that. He had a feeling, a feeling which he couldn't place. Perhaps, something about his ordeal on the AMAZO changed him, but it wasn't completely that. Perhaps, he was just being paranoid because of the situation, or perhaps it was something more sinister, deeper involved.

"Sara, promise me, please," Oliver said to her.

"Okay, fine, I promise, I'll take care of her, if something happens," Sara said. "But, you know, we're getting off of this island, soon."

Sara hoped she was right, but Harry had a plan, or at least the beginnings of one. They just had to follow it through and see where the plan leads them, for better or for worse.

Nyssa looked up from her perch point and came face to face with the Dragon himself. The medallion shined in the light and amplified his already immense aura. The Daughter of the Demon stood up and smiled.

"So, she's been satisfied," Nyssa said. "Not, that I had any doubt in my mind she was."

"Yes, Rose is currently sleeping it off," Harry said.

Nyssa pulled out a sword and Harry withdrew one of his own. The two of them locked eyes with each other and rushed to the center of the room. Their swords clung with Harry pushing back Nyssa a couple of inches. He swiped the sword at the Daughter of the Demon and tried to take her
down. Nyssa evaded the attack from the sword and came back with one of her own.

"Remember, your left side is always the one most open to attack," Nyssa said.

"And never keep your head stationary for more than a few seconds," Harry said.

Nyssa smiled and moved in for a jab. The Dragon blocked the jab with the sword and pushed it up to look Nyssa directly in the eyes. Both of them moved sword to sword with each other, with Harry pushing Nyssa back a couple of feet. Nyssa slid a couple of feet back but rebounded quickly. She threw a dagger which flew through the flames of the candles, taking them out one at a time.

Harry switched to utilizing his sense of hearing and smell, in the dark to find his adversary. Nyssa had a very distinct scene which was appealing. He turned around before she could properly fire off an attack and caught Nyssa with a huge attack which knocked her down to the ground. The Daughter of the Demon flipped over onto her back and sprung back to a standing position.

'He's learning my attacks,' Nyssa thought. 'Good, it's a proper chance to offer some kind of variance to the attacks.'

The Daughter of the Demon moved forward into the darkness. Only, she felt Harry behind her. He hooked her arm in a chicken-wing crossface and pushed her down to the ground. The Daughter of the Demon struggled against the grip and broke free.

Harry blocked both of her hands. Nyssa rolled over and flipped him onto the ground. She tried to rear her hand back for a death blow, only so Harry blocked her hand. He turned the attack around, hooking her, putting the knee into her back, and holding her arm out.

"I could easily break your arm from here," Harry told her.

Nyssa nodded in response, and Harry let up on the attack, allowing Nyssa back to her feet. The Daughter of the Demon swung a sword around, but Harry blocked it. She tried to nail him with a dagger from the other side. He blocked the attack, only for Nyssa to go underneath his legs and trip him up by the ankle.

Harry got a dagger clipped against the side of his face. The slash opened up in his face closed a minute later. Nyssa came out from underneath him and held him by the shoulder. She tried to apply pressure to the artery of the young man, to put him down for the count.

The Dragon was not ready to concede just yet. He pushed Nyssa back and flipped her down to the ground. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul did a forward roll style motion and landed on her knees. One sword withdrew and pointed at the edge of her throat.

Harry pulled it back from her and motioned for her to get back to her feet. Nyssa fainted on a punch, and the propelled herself up onto the air. Only the perch point disappeared before she could land onto it. Nyssa clung onto the wall, hanging down to the ground, and fell down.

"Clever use of deception," Nyssa said.

She spun around and attacked Harry. Some of the candles flickered on, and Nyssa tried to slip back into the darkness. She saw Harry behind her and turned around. Her sword sliced through Harry and caused him to crumble into dust.

The real Harry came back around and caught Nyssa from behind. The sword flew from her hand and slid all the way down onto the ground. Harry mounted Nyssa's back from behind, Nyssa struggled onto her hands and knees, while Harry put his arm underneath her chin, and hooked her
arm. One Kati-Hajime style judo choke later, and Nyssa felt the air fading from her body.

Harry could have easily squeezed the neck and killed her. Nyssa knew that and appreciated the opportunity to step her game.

"The more you study my moves," Nyssa gasped. "The more you learn. It's true, you learn from visual cues, rather than theoretical instruction."

It always was the case with Harry, he never did well with theory. He was more good at the practical end of things. He pulled away from Nyssa and finally allowed her to her feet. There was bruising on the side of her neck where he held her.

"You're not hurt, are you?" Harry asked.

"Don't apologize, please," Nyssa said. "Any injuries I sustain in our sparring sessions is my concern. They just serve as a reminder about how I need to step up my game whenever I fight you."

A light knock on the door could be heard.

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

Sara took a step in and saw both Harry and Nyssa were in a process of a sparring session. Hopefully, she didn't break up a session of another kind.

"Hey," Sara said.

Sara stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Harry's neck and kissed him on the lips. The kiss had fire and passion all wrapped in one. Harry wrapped his arms around the blonde and lifted her off of the ground. Their kiss deepened with each other.

Both turned towards Nyssa, and Sara started to pull away. Nyssa waved her hand.

"No, take your time," Nyssa said. "I wouldn't want to interrupt anything."

"We're just hoping you weren't feeling left out," Sara said.

Without another word, Sara crossed the room and very boldly attacked Nyssa with a kiss. The older woman grabbed Sara's hair and deepened the kiss. Harry watched the very erotic sight next to them. The two indulged into each other, and they stopped, only so things did not get too heated.

There was a time and place, but now was not the time or the place for that.

"Oliver's acting a bit, well off," Sara said.

"I'm thinking his time on the AMAZO affected him," Harry said. "And I think he regrets giving up information about Laurel and Thea, even if it's reluctant."

"We're going to have to kill them all," Nyssa said bluntly.

"I know," Harry said. "But, first we're going to take the ship, and we're going to need her help."

"The Bookworm, right?" Sara asked.

"Yes," Harry said.
Harry reconciled the fact things had changed a while back. She didn't have a Harry Potter in her life to act as a way to hold her back, somewhat, in her reckless pursuit of knowledge. Had she not had friends, well, Harry pretty much figured out how his native universe's Hermione would have turned out. And Hermione had her quirks, which made her challenging to deal with.

"She's not going to be a problem, is she?" Nyssa asked. "Or do you think there might be a use for her yet?"

"Maybe," Harry said. "She'll agree to help us if she wants to see the light of day again that is. And we're going to need Oliver to come with us...that meaning, me and you, Sara."

"Why me?" Sara asked. "Why not Nyssa or Shado?"

"We'll set off too much suspicion with who we are," Nyssa said. "It would be convincing if the Bookworm took a girl Oliver was involved with as a hostage to get him to comply, and also the man who stole you from Oliver."

"I love it how I'm a trinket to be swapped around now," Sara said.

"I'm just trying to tell you what they expect Oliver's mindset to be," Nyssa said. "Ivo won't think too much, though when you deliver the Mirikuru to him."

Sara nodded in response, but if she wasn't lying, she had her fair share of misgivings about this plan. One of them was trusting the Bookworm, but desperate times called for desperate actions. They needed to get off of this island one way or another.

"You know I won't let anything happen to you," Harry said.

"I know, and I'll die before I'll let anything happen to you," Sara said.

"Hopefully, we won't have to go that extreme," Nyssa said. "But, if you're uncomfortable with the plan, we can work....."

"No, I'm in," Sara said.

"The only thing left to do is talk to Hermione, and get her to agree," Harry said.

Here came the tricky part, at least in Harry's mind. Hermione was very stubborn in his world in what she wanted and her system of beliefs, even if evidence to the contrary smacked her in the face.

The door opened up and Shado stepped inside, carrying a tray of food for the prisoner. The Bookworm looked up towards the woman who stepped into the room. Shado looked back, almost in pity. It only angered the Bookworm when the food had been put in front of her.

"Is it poisoned?" the Bookworm asked.

"No," Shado said.

"Then, I'm not hungry," The Bookworm responded. "Look, you have me here, for what reason I don't know. Ivo's going to come for the Mirikuru if I'm not back by sunrise tomorrow."

"You'll be back by sunrise," Shado said.
"Oh?" the Bookworm asked. "If you had any empathy for your fellow humans, you would have killed me. He would have allowed that Rose girl to snap my neck. It would have been doing me a service."

"You should eat," Shado said.

"I'm not going to," Bookworm said. "You should have your last meal. Ivo is coming for you all, and he's coming for the serum."

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

The Bookworm turned her attention towards the young man who stood across from her. She tried not to react to him. Never look into those green eyes because they were blinding.

"Good luck," Shado responded. "She says Ivo is going to come if she's not back by sunrise."

"I'll work quickly."

Shado nodded and walked to the other side. The Bookworm looked up towards her charge and the frown deepened when she looked towards him.

"It's Harry Potter," she told him.

"So you figured it out," Harry said. "Well played, Hermione."

Now, the Bookworm knew he was blatantly agitating her by saying that wretched name. She tried to be polite, even though, she never bothered to be so in a while.

"You want something," the Bookworm said. "What do you want? We're all going to be dead soon, so you might as well spit it out."

"You're going to help us get on the AMAZO," Harry told her.

The long silence which followed showed Harry that this universe's version of Hermione thought he was completely out of his mind by demanding such a thing. Her eyes locked onto him.

"You need my help," she said. "And what makes you think I'm going to be willing to give it?"

"Because you want to escape as much as we do," Harry said. "And you're sick of Ivo using you as a pawn for his games. You think you deserve better. Maybe you do, maybe you don't, but you made some terrible mistakes you're going to need to atone for."

"Maybe, I'll help you, maybe I won't," she responded. "How are you going to propose I'm going to help you on the AMAZO. The moment Ivo's crew sees you're with me, I'm as good as dead."

"Not, if you take Sara and me onto the ship as prisoners," Harry said. "And not if you bring Ivo the Mirikuru. I'm not wrong in thinking he's obsessed with it, isn't he?"

"You're willing to hand off a powerful super soldier serum, to Ivo," she said.

The Bookworm locked eyes with him, trying to figure out his logic behind this. There was no logic in his plan, at least conventionally speaking.

"Ivo's going to bring an entire army to the island if what you're saying is true," Harry said. "We're going to prevent that from happening."
"Oh, I see," the Bookworm responded. "so, you and Sara...she's the same Sara, that Oliver Queen was on the Queen's Gambit with, wasn't she? The one who he thought drowned."

"You know too much for your own good," Harry said.

She cracked a smile. "Thanks.....and I'm not helping you by the way. You can find your own way on the AMAZO. I don't owe you anything. I don't know what there was between you, and that....other me, and I don't really care. I'm not her though and...."

Harry clapped his hand roughly over the Bookworm's mouth. She looked into his eyes and experienced an emotion she did not feel in a while, fear. Fear he was going to smother her to death, and also excitement that he was finally going to put the Bookworm out of her misery.

"You're dying, that brain tumor is getting worse," Harry said. "I'll make you another deal. You help me, and I'll heal the brain tumor."

The Bookworm squirmed underneath his hand when it pressed underneath her mouth. The look in his eyes showed there was going to be a catch about him healing her.

"You're right, though, you're not her, and I'm not going to let my past friendship with her get in my way of doing what's necessary for me and my friends," Harry said. "Our new deal is very simple. You help me and I'll heal your brain tumor. Or, you don't, and I'll make sure you survive long enough where that magical tumor slowly eats away at your intelligence."

Her screams were silent at the thought of this horrific thing. This was not an idle death, this was a fate worse than death in her mind.

"The knowledge you've worked so hard to obtain, it will slowly erase from your mind. Each day, you will feel a little less brilliant, until you are illiterate, unable to string together a coherent thought, and unable to ever retain anything ever again. And yet, deep down, a small part of your subconscious will know, your mind no longer works as you rot for the rest of your days here on Lian Yu."

Power swelled through the young man and the Bookworm would rather have had him crush her skull into a fine paste then slowly erode her intelligence away to nothing.

"You help me, and I'll heal you," Harry said. "You don't, and you will suffer a fate worse than death. Everything you learned will be gone in a matter of weeks, maybe a month or two if you're lucky. Everything, you worked so hard for, gone in a blink of an eye."

He removed the hand from her mouth and shivered. She looked into those eyes and knew fear.

"Tell me, Hermione, what will it be?" Harry asked. "Will you swallow your pride? Or will you lose your intelligence? What will it be, Hermione?"

"I'll help you, don't take away my mind, please," she begged him. "I'll help you, I'll get you and Sara on the ship, just please, my intelligence the only thing that I have left."

"Do you swear on your life, your soul, and your very being that you will help me?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, I swear on my life, my magic, my soul, anything you want, just please, don't do that," she begged him.

The glow appeared around her body, the magic inside of the medallion enforcing the terms of the
The Harry Potter before Lian Yu would never have gone to this particular extreme, but desperate times called for desperate measures. There was something about this island which changed people and made sure they were never the same again.

Turning over in her bed, Rose stood up, and her head was ringing a little bit after what happened, but she was mostly in a good state. She was no longer seeing hallucinations of her father, spurring on to attack. It took her a couple of minutes to figure out what happened.

'So, that happened. Do I regret it, though?'

Rose paused for a long moment, considering the problem from every single angle. She shook her head.

'No.'

The door had been left unlocked, a pretty bold move to be honest. Rose thought it would be a problem if she went full blow insane because of the serum, which she suspected was still in her veins. It was just Harry not only found a way to stabilize it, but he gave her something she needed for a while.

'And to think, if you had just taken Sara and Harry off on their offer, you might have avoided the drama. But, you just had to be a drama queen.'

Rose had no idea why the voice inside of her head sounded like her brother Wade, and to be honest it disturbed her. She took a couple of anxious steps outside. Nyssa and Shado were speaking to each other in low voices.

"We don't have much time to move then, it will be ready for one trip to the AMAZO."

The younger girl felt like she had been looped out of the conversation somehow. She approached Shado and Nyssa, both of the women looked towards her.

"So, how are you feeling?" Shado asked.

"Better now," Rose said. "I'm no longer seeing the images of my father."

Shado put her hand on Rose's shoulder. Rose stood up a bit straighter and looked both Shado and Nyssa directly in the eye. She would be lying if she didn't think there was something worthy of concern with both of them.

"I know what you're going to say, and maybe I should have taken that step sooner," Rose said. "But, I didn't want to….well, I just felt like you were doing it because you didn't want me to feel left out."

"No, we did it, because it was something you needed," Shado said. "And I'm not going to tell you what you should have done. That was your journey to take, and your decision to make."

Rose shook her head. Shado made a lot of sense, no matter how much it frustrated her. She looked around and noticed Harry and Sara had not been with the rest of the room. She had many questions.

"If all goes according to plan, we will be off of this island by this time tomorrow," Shado said.
"Exactly where we go from here, well it's up to you."

Nyssa had a mission to finish, tracking down Damien Darhk. Sara had a family to return to, Shado had her sister, and Oliver had his family, she supposed. Rose and Harry were the only two odd people out. Rose had no idea if her mother was still out on a mission or not, like when she left.

Rose spent several long summer vacations home alone, so she was used to it. It was the price to pay for her mother's work.

"So, what's the plan?" Rose asked.

"Sara and Harry will be taken by Oliver and Hermione as prisoners aboard the AMAZO," Nyssa responded.

Rose's eye twitched when she heard Hermione's name. She still wanted to strangle the brunette bint on sheer principle. Rose took a deep breath, reminding herself that it was not wise to allow her emotions get the better of her. Shado put a calming hand on her.

"It's not the greatest plan," Shado said.

"We're desperate to trust her to follow through with a plan?" Rose asked. "Yeah, that's not the greatest plan….."

"Harry convinced her to comply," Shado said. "You know how he has his ways."

Rose could only imagine what Harry did. Shado shook her head.

"No, not like that," Shado said. "Still, you remember the submarine which contained the Mirikuru formula?"

Rose nodded in confirmation, her memory was intact as always. How could she forget that particular place? She received a nice little prick to the back of her neck which caused her to flare up in anger. Only, Harry's pheromones were able to calm her down, and she still had to be extra careful not to step into a state of relapse.

"Yeah, I remember it," Rose said. "That's not going to get us too far away from the island."

"It will get us far enough where we can board the AMAZO after Harry and Sara are inside," Nyssa said.

Rose responded with a nod. She was in two minds about this entire scheme. It sounded like sheer lunacy to put their trust in the hands of someone who would use an untested super soldier serum on the first innocent bystander they came across. Both Shado and Nyssa claimed Harry managed to convince, but what did he give her? What offer?

"She's dying, that's why she wants the Mirikuru for herself," Rose said. "She didn't have the guts to use it, though, without testing it on someone else."

A second passed and Rose looked up. The plan was genius if it got them off of the island. It was utter insanity if it didn't. That was the problem with plans like this.

"So, are ready to go?" Shado asked.

Rose just nodded, she didn't want to get too excited. Her hopes of a sudden dash off of the island had been broken in the past. Rose thought for a fleeting moment they were leaving before.
Anthony Ivo enjoyed watching the sunrise, and once the sun was up, he would be leading his men to Lian Yu to collect the Mirikuru. Ivo sensed betrayal was very possible, especially from the Bookworm. He looked up at the sun from afar. A new day was dawning, and this would be a new day where he would finally have what he desired for his entire life.

"Professor Ivo?"

The radio crackling to life nearly caused Ivo to knock over the cup of coffee he had been drinking. He held his hand on the other end of the cup of coffee, taking a deep breath. Dare he even think, was it possible?

"Bookworm?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, sorry about the delay," she said. "Most of your men have fallen….but myself and Oliver, we have the Mirikuru, and we've captured two hostages. I think they will be perfect test subjects."

She spoke without taking a breath, which she did when she was either very excited or extremely scared. The very strained radio signal made it hard for Ivo to figure out which was which.

"Stand by, I'll have the Butcher meet you," Ivo said.

He was intrigued but had his doubts.

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To Be Continued on January 26th, 2017.

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Well, Harry had to do what he had to do. He's right, the Harry before the island might not have taken that extreme, to threaten someone. But he has a good idea what would make Hermione's resolve break, and robbing her of her intelligence, until she's left as empty headed really is something.

Now, we move forward, and things are heating up and will continue on Thursday.
"Tie that as tight as possible," Sara told Oliver.

"Don't you think if would be a good idea to leave it loose enough, so you can find a way out of it?" Oliver asked. "Maybe it's just me, but…"

Sara shook her head, they needed to make this convincing. A very weak job would be exposed right away and the plan to infiltrate the Amazo would be lost. Oliver would have flunked out of the Boy Scouts with his knot tying ability, unfortunately. She closed her eyes and sighed.

"Oh, honestly!" the Bookworm snapped. She waved her hand and caused the ropes to tighten around Sara's wrists. She winced a little bit from how tight. "You said you wanted it convincing."

"I have to admit, almost losing the circulation in my wrists is pretty convincing," Sara said. "Oliver, maybe you should be holding that gun on Harry, instead of me, it would look more convincing that way."

Oliver didn't really need to know why it would look more convincing. He put the gun on the back of Harry Potter's head, thinking about how this situation would look from an outside observing the situations. The guy currently sleeping with the girl he went away on the Queen's Gambit Yacht on, and Oliver currently held a gun on him. The soap operaness of the situation reached another level when you realized, Oliver was cheating on Sara's sister, Laurel, with Sara.

Or he intended to, technically there hadn't been any actual cheating. Divine intervention, or faulty yacht maintenance, something caused that little thing to cease before it got started. Perhaps it was for the best, though.

"You're ready to go," the Bookworm said. "I'm not even sure if this plan is going to work, but….."

"It's our only shot," Harry said. "Everything is going to work out right. We're all going to get out in one piece."

"You just went to Murphy and slapped him across the face," Bookworm said, more irritable than before.

The Bookworm staggered forward one step. The stress of everything was beginning to get to her. Her temples throbbed from increased headaches which even got worse as time went on. She held herself again, pressing her hand against the shoulder of the man she was supposed to hold captive and make their way on the ship.

"The sooner we get this over, the better," Bookworm said. "I wish you would have killed me back there, and for a second, I thought you were going to."

"We have a deal," Harry said. "I won't let you die if you attempt to betray us. But, I will make you wish you had."

Bookworm swallowed the lump in her throat. Oliver looked at her curiously, but that sharp look
told him now as not the time to answer questions. He returned by pressing the gun on the side of
Harry's neck.

"What if I accidentally shoot you in the back of your head?" Oliver asked.

Sara didn't know whether or not Oliver was trying to add levity to the situation, or just voicing a
genuine concern. Her eyes looked towards her, kind of friend she guessed and gave him one of
those looks which plainly stated if he "accidentally" shot Harry, she would make the rest of his
days tormented.

"First of all, it won't be an accident," Harry said. "Second of all, it wouldn't bother me in the
slightest. I've had worse."

"Than getting shot in the back of the head?" Oliver asked. "How is anything….actually, do I really
want to know?"

"No, trust me, you don't," Harry said. "Just keep the gun steady, and make it convincing. If you
need any help, think about if you caught me in bed with your sister."

"That's…she's only thirteen, maybe fourteen by now…"

"Which would give you the righteous anger you need to make this convincing," Harry said. "I want
to have some feeling, Mr. Queen…..look like you want to kill me if I sneeze…..I've noticed The
Bookworm has no problems holding a knife at Sara's throat."

"That's because I'd kill her if you weren't blackmailing me," the Bookworm said.

"Thanks, love you too," Sara said.

Everything would have to go perfectly, although there was no such thing as a perfect plan. Harry
was confident, though, his plan would work. He closed his eyes and a few of the corpses of the
mercenaries brought onto the island rose up to join them. Oliver had been startled.

"Necromancy?" Bookworm asked, in awe despite herself. "That's very advanced magic."

"Yeah, don't stain your panties," Sara muttered underneath her breath.

"So, you've…you know, my life was a lot simpler just a while back," Oliver said. "Now, you can
perform magic, and you can raise the dead."

"They've not risen, they're just given the illusion of movement," Harry said. "Think of them as very
realistic-looking puppets which can move at my whim."

Oliver shook his head. How were realistic puppets much better? They were once living human
beings, and now he was manipulating the bodies of the mercenaries who came on this island.
Oliver could only just barely smell the stench of rotting bodies being left out in the baking sun for
much too long.

"I don't think, you're…" Oliver said.

"They're needed to fool Ivo," Harry said. "Trust me, I don't like reanimating the bodies of the
deceased anymore than I had to."

"Not a trick you perform at Birthday parties?" Sara asked.

"No, I don't like scaring any more children for life than I have to either."
Somehow, the enchantments held, despite his restrictions. He never actually managed to control Inferi either, and it was a strain to control them for very long. Still, they only needed to keep up appearances for a little while, and now they were on the vessel heading back to the Amazo. The sub would follow in approximately fifteen minutes, per Harry's plan. Everything was in place, but there was one final vital component to making this plan work.

"Make the call," Harry said.

There was no hesitation in the Bookworm's actions this time. She was dealing with a figure of authority, so why wouldn't she make the call? She put the ear piece of the communication device up to her ear.

"Professor Ivo?" Bookworm asked.

"Professor Ivo?"

"I have the Mirikuru, most of your men have been killed, but some remain," the Bookworm said. "Myself and Oliver Queen is bringing up the super soldier serum along with two hostages, hostages which will be the perfect test subjects for when you have it, sir!"

Harry noticed some things never changed, and the one thing that never changed was Hermione talked a mile a minute without taking a breath when she was excited or terrified. And she was one hundred percent terrified here; there were no questions about it. He knew the decibel level of her voice when she was scared shitless.

"The Butcher will be meeting you to bring them aboard."

Harry waited for the call to end. Sara decided to be the one who would speak up after the call wrapped up, though.

"The Butcher? Why do I have a feeling he earned that name?"

"Oh, he did; trust me," the Bookworm said in a distracted voice. "Well, we're on our way now, good luck. None of us might be walking off of that ship alive."

The Butcher heard the news from Ivo that finally, they were going to make some headway. He would have never thought Oliver Queen would have made it back onto the ship. He thought he would have perished on the island. Once they had the Mirikuru, then the Butcher could finally show the rest of the ship why he earned that title.

For now, he needed to keep the young man alive, for just long enough. The Butcher waited for the Bookworm and whatever was left of the crew to arrive. He stepped forward and noticed one of the scouter ships coming up. Several of the mercenaries rose up from the ships, looking like their usual selves. They had lost all sense of purpose to the world. Their tour of duty aboard the AMAZO has completely broken them, and the Butcher could not help, but smile when spotting them head aboard the ship.

The Bookworm stepped on the ship, holding a knife to the neck of a young man. Oliver Queen held a gun to the back of another man, a man with dark hair and green eyes. The Butcher curled his lips into a smile.

"Well, don't wonders ever cease," the Butcher responded. "You're alive."
"Yes," Oliver responded. "Don't sound too excited about it."

The Butcher took a deep breath and reminded himself he just had to tolerate this overinflated rich twerp a little bit longer. Then he could beat him within an inch of his life. Maybe if he was lucky, he would see the inside of the basement.

Not even the Butcher saw the inside of it, all he knew was whoever left there were never the same. The man inside the cell down the hallway with the bandages was proof of that.

"Well, what do we have here?"

The Butcher's eyes locked onto the medallion wrapped around the neck of the male prisoner. It looked very expensive, with the image of a dragon.

"Well, you won't be needing this where you're going," the Butcher said. "Why don't I take it off your hands?"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," the Bookworm said.

The Butcher shook his head. He grabbed ahold of the medallion. Something shocked him and caused him to fly halfway across the hallway of the ship. He smashed down onto the ground with a thud. The wind had been knocked out of him from this very shocking encounter.

"Don't say, I didn't warn you," the Bookworm said. "Now, if you're done making a spectacle out of yourself, we have what Ivo has been looking for this entire time."

The Bookworm held out one of the vials of the Mirikuru in the hand she didn't have the knife in. She could look at the Butcher's greedy eyes following her hand.

"That's the super serum that makes….."

"I'll explain it so someone with a limited education like yourself can understand," the Bookworm said. "It can make men invincible."

The Butcher thought about how strong that stuff could make him. He was a bad ass right now, but it would be nothing compared to one he had the Mirikuru. The Bookworm pulled the vial completely out of the reach and pushed it back into the box. One of the mercenaries held the box in his tight grip.

"It's unfortunately, it hasn't been tested yet," the Bookworm said. "I have a couple of test subjects primed and ready to go. Ivo would be upset if you kept him waiting."

"Well, let's not disappoint the Professor, then," the Butcher said. "You think, for my years of loyal service, I should get a reward."

"I thought being able to butcher those who were out of line was your reward?"

The Butcher smiled, no that wasn't a reward, that was a hobby more or less. Regardless he turned around the corner and led them down the hallway. Sooner or later, they would reach their destination and they could really get to work.

"Are you sure this is the right stuff?" the Butcher asked.

"You know, why don't to leave the thinking to myself and Professor Ivo," the Bookworm responded. "We don't tell you what to do when you rip into people, do we?"
The Butcher shook his head in the negative. Something about this entire situation reeked, and he didn't really know how to explain it. He kept his eyes on all of them, especially that kid with the dragon medallion. There was just something about him which unsettled him.

"Ivo is waiting for you," the Butcher said.

"Excellent, then you can leave us, and we won't keep him waiting," The Bookworm said.

"I'll just stay right outside until you're done, in case any of these prisoners need to be escorted around the ship," the Butcher responded.

The Bookworm responded with a roll of her eyes. There was a whole lot of whatever in her eyes, and she just barely kept herself calm. A headache which gripped around the top of her head increased and things just got even tougher. She would sooner have ripped into the butcher.

"Mr. Queen, help me lead our prisoners in," the Bookworm responded.

Nyssa was pretty sure this submarine had seen better days. It started as state of the art, beyond its time. She suspected, and it was hard to argue against it, time had not been kind to this particular sub. Nyssa positioned herself on the seat, with Rose and Shado making their way behind her.

"There's enough power to get us to the AMAZO," Nyssa said.

"The sooner we get off of this sub, the better," Rose said.

Rose recalled the horrific glimpses she saw at the test subjects. Would that be her fate if Harry could not stabilize her properly? She still found herself on a trigger. One wrong push and she would have lost it. Shado grabbed her by the shoulder and caused her to jump.

"We've been close to getting off of this island so many times, you think something is going to happen," Shado said.

"It's not just that," Rose said. "I don't trust her."

Shado looked towards Rose for further clarification. Rose took a second to draw in her breath.

"Maybe, I'm wrong, but I'm not going to trust someone who injected me with a drug which nearly made me insane," Rose said. "And now, you're telling me, my father drugged me as well."

"You didn't know about that?" Shado asked.

"My father has done so much caused me so many problems, I wouldn't put it past him," Rose said. "That's not the point, though, I don't trust her. I know Harry was friends with her….doppleganger I guess, for lack of a better term. But, everything about her just makes me want to rip her throat out just for existing."

Rose thought it might have had something to do with the Mirikuru, but she was not one hundred percent sure it was. She knew Harry made a deal with her. Rose would have felt a lot more at ease if he had made a deal with a pack of poisonous snakes. Maybe it was just her, though.

"Desperate times make for strange bedfellows," Nyssa said. "She's just as desperate to escape her position just as we are ours."
Nyssa hoped they could wrap this up. She still had unfinished business. Darhk was still out there, she didn't know how much time had passed. She feared he may have been closer to getting the virus working for himself. Nerves started to hit Nyssa full on.

'Just keep a steady head,' she thought to herself. 'We're going to get there, slowly.'

The sub worked and Nyssa found it to pilot through the water. The onboard weapons systems didn't really work as well, and Nyssa really hoped they did not need them when heading there.

"So, how close are we getting?" Rose asked.

"We're getting about as close as we can," Nyssa said. "Just be ready for anything….remember what he said, fifteen minutes before we entered the ship. We don't want to go too soon."

They noticed the scouter ship already having been arrived outside the Amazo. They knew they were already on board and the clock was ticking. Rose, in particular, grabbed onto the arm rest of the chair so tight, she was tugging at it. Her heart accelerated with a couple of more beats per second. She could hardly wait it out.

'Of course, his plan is going to work,' Rose thought. 'Because, if it doesn't work, then all of us are boned, and not in a good way either.'

Anthony Ivo's work he spent the last several years of his life steadily moving towards was about ready to pay off. The doors to his lab opened up, and he saw the Bookworm and Oliver Queen walk in. Several of the mercenaries guarded the outside of the door.

Ivo noticed two new people entering the room. The hostages, his smile turned when he looked at the blonde, sizing her up.

"Well, could this be the lovely Sara Lance?" Ivo asked. "You were the one who went away on the Gambit….Oliver thought you drowned, didn't you, Mr. Queen?"

Sara couldn't turn on the account of the Bookworm pinning her head into place. She would have shot Oliver a disgusted look.

"Another thing the Deacon told you," Oliver said.

Sara wondered who the Deacon was, but she wasn't exactly in a position to ask questions. The Bookworm's knife came precious inches away from the side of Sara's neck. Sara closed her eyes and tried not to enter a state of contempt, despite it being the most obvious thing in the world.

"I have it, for you, sir," the Bookworm said. "The Mirikuru…..it was right where I said it would be."

"Excellent," Ivo said. "But, you only tell me you have the Mirikuru, and you don't show me. Why don't you bring it over to me?"

The Bookworm did as she was asked. She took a couple of steps in front of Anthony Ivo, leaving Sara to drop down to the ground. Her arms and legs were still tied up completely.

"Behold," The Bookworm said. "It's what you wanted this entire time."

Ivo snatched the box away from the Bookworm and opened it up. He saw it, it was just as beautiful
as the legends stated. The Mirikuru glistened in his eyes. He turned briefly to address the two captive prisoners.

"This can cure what ails the people in the world," Ivo said. "Namely, my wife.....her mind is damaged by the ravages of dementia. She doesn't know who I am. I'm a stranger in my own house, these days, as her mind grows more decayed."

Ivo looked at the Mirikuru and smiled. He was so close to having what he wanted. The scientist picked up a vial of the Mirikuru and withdrew some of it with a syringe. He took a sample of blood on a slide and injected the Mirikuru into the blood sample.

The Professor's excitement increased when he peered at the blood cells. They were changing, they were mutating, they developed new immunities.

"Is it everything you've expected?" the Bookworm asked.

A brief rustling out of view showed Ivo was putting something away in the desk, or maybe taking something

"Yes," Ivo said. "And now, that I have what I want, I'd like to thank you for your service."

Ivo turned around and shot the Bookworm in the head point blank. The parties watched when the Bookworm had been dropped down to the ground, a bullet impacted into the side of her head. She dropped like a sack of bricks.

"I'm not a fool," Ivo said. "Did you really think I wouldn't have caught onto that scheme? You didn't allow her to take the Mirikuru without putting some kind of failsafe in it? You've corrupted her, and now she's going to die. And I'm sure all three of you are in this together."

"You have it all figured out, don't you?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Ivo said. "It appears to work for now, but maybe I should test it on an abled-body person, let's say, Ms. Lance. Let's see what the Mirikuru would do to her."

Ivo prepared to inject more of the serum into a syringe and took a couple of steps in Sara's general direction. Oliver pointed the gun towards Ivo.

"Take on step closer, and you're going to wish you hadn't," Oliver said.

He clicked the gun and realized something. There were no bullets in it. He looked towards Harry for a second and realized there was a reason why Harry wasn't concerned about accidentally getting shot in the back of the head.

Sara took advantage of Ivo's momentary distraction, slipping the concealed dagger up from her sleeve, and stabbing him directly in the chest point back. She sent Ivo flying back onto the ground.

Ivo screamed in agony from the stabbing. Sara pulled herself up, standing over Ivo. She pulled the syringe out of his hand before he could use it on himself or anyone else.

"No, you don't understand," Ivo said. "They'll come and help me....you won't get off this ship alive."

"It's over," Harry told him.

The doors opened up and Ivo looked up for his men, but suddenly, he saw three women step
inside. They both greeted the three in the room with satisfied nods.

"Those guards were not even much of a challenge," the youngest of the women said.

Ivo closed his eyes and tried to pull himself to his feet. He reached for the same gun he shot the Bookworm with. The first of the women grabbed him by the hand.

"Anthony Ivo," she said. "You know who I am, don't you?"

Ivo knew exactly who the woman was. She was the daughter of the fabled leader of the League of Assassins, who was the rivals of his business partner, Damien Darhk. It was Darhk's resources and funding which allowed him to search the Mirikuru in the first place.

"HIVE will destroy the League," Ivo responded.

"Those parasites, don't make me laugh," Nyssa said. "You're going to tell us everything you know."

Rose and Shado moved over to Sara and Harry. Oliver was standing there a few inches behind Harry and looked at him for a couple of seconds. Time passed by before Oliver managed to find the words.

"You gave me an empty gun?" Oliver asked.

"Of course, I did," Harry responded. "Do you think I'm stupid?"

Oliver thought he wasn't, maybe insane, but stupid, never. He almost felt sorry for Ivo being on Nyssas bad side. But not really, because that meant Oliver was currently the subject of her rage. Which was a good thing for him.

"Oh, Morgana, this is the worst pain I've ever felt in my life!"

Every single one of them turned around, mostly in shock. They saw the Bookworm down on the ground, her eyes almost glazed open. Harry took a step closer towards her.

"There's no way, she can be alive," Oliver said. "We saw her get shot in the head."

"I wish I wasn't," Bookworm said.

Harry noticed the bullet, it impacted her head in a way which it should have killed her. He noticed the magical growth coming out of her head. It was causing her great agony, but at the same time, the growth caused her life to be saved. Harry figured that was quite the interesting paradox, to be honest.

"Okay, take a deep breath," Harry told her.

Bookworm closed her eyes. She tried to ignore the headaches which were getting worse. She opened her eyes, the pain was there. She closed her eyes, the pain was there.

"I'm going to be dead soon," Bookworm said. "Leave me be, leave me die."

Harry leaned down and shook his head. He put his fingertips on the bullet and lightly dug it out of the top of her head. The Bookworm felt agony beyond all belief the second the bullet slipped out of the top of her head. She drew in a deep breath and then let out another breath collapsing down onto the ground.

He levitated her up onto the operating table.
"We had a deal," Harry said. "I told you I'd heal the magical tumor in your head if you helped me on the ship. And you did."

"Yeah, I guess we did have a deal," the Bookworm said. "But, why do I have a feeling I was….oh God!"

Agony was a pretty good description to describe what she felt after having the bullet removed from her. Harry could sense the agony coming across her.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Sara asked. "I mean to heal her?"

"No, it isn't, but he's going to do it anyway," the Bookworm said. "And this is the second time, you've saved my life...I would have rather gone when I injected her with the Mirikuru, and she tried to kill me."

"I didn't want your blood to taint Rose's hands," Harry said. "Just take a deep breath and calm down, this is all going to be over soon enough."

Harry just needed to remove the tumor from her brain. Studying the magic around it, it was not too much unlike the Horcrux he had in his scar all those years ago. Only there was no dark aura around it, and there wasn't the splintered soul of a depraved dark lord in her head.

"I'm breathing, but I'm not calm," the Bookworm said. "Either hurry up and get it out or put me out of my misery! It hurts like hell."

"This is going to be like your wisdom teeth being pulled out," Harry said.

"Yes, only it's in my brain, and that's far worse!" The Bookworm responded.

The two made a deal with each other. Harry was going to withhold his end of the deal. He slowly removed the magical growth from her head. Blood spurted from her mouth and nose.

"Shado, grab that gauze and stop the blood flow," Harry said.

There wasn't much they could do if there was bleeding on her brain, perhaps the tumor had been in her head for too long. Harry held the orb of magical energy in his hand, squeezing it between his fingers. The energy started to glow even more. He had no idea how she received a tumor like this. Right now, it wasn't the time to ask questions. The Bookworm laid out on the table, her breathing increasing. Harry took a second to hold the tumor compressing the energy into space the size of the pin and causing it to just burn out, without any magic to feed off of.

It was simple, but the Bookworm's nose, mouth, and ears would not stop bleeding. Harry looked towards the vial of the Mirikuru and frowned.

"You can't be serious," Rose muttered. "He is, he is serious, isn't he? You did what you could, now's not the time to play god."

"She's still alive, barely," Shado said. "Her heart rate is slowing down, her pulse is weaker, but she's still alive."

"And she will be," Harry said. "I know what I have to stabilize the Mirikuru."

Harry took out a knife and swiped his finger, dropping a single drop of his blood. The Mirikuru bubbled for a second before settling down. It glowed deep in the light, and Harry slowly positioned
the vial into the syringe.

"Hold her," Harry said. "In case, I'm wrong."

Rose and Sara watched, and even Oliver had his case of apprehension. Nyssa remained steady on the other end of the room, with her putting her blade on the back of Ivo's neck, as he bled out on the ground.

He closed his eyes and injected the Mirikuru in the side of the neck of the Bookworm. She screamed in agony.

"It's burning me!" she yelled out loud.

Her entire body spasmed on the table, as the super soldier serum worked through her body, with one drop of Harry's blood. Her screams escalated but then they slowed down.

She stopped bleeding, all of her vital signs were mostly normal. Harry stepped towards her and lightly touched her forehead. She was not completely out of the woods yet, but she was not going to bleed to death internally either.

"I really hope you didn't make a mistake," Rose said.

"No, she's stable," Harry said. "She might not remember anything from before she had the tumor, though."

Harry put her in an enchanted sleep. It would remain to be seen whether or not his theory was correct. Regardless, the Bookworm was out like a light. She would be kept in the medical wing on the AMAZO until Harry figured out what he wanted to do with her.

She had been gone for a long time, did her parents know she was still alive or though she did a long time ago?

"So, you didn't have any trouble with Ivo's men?" Harry asked.

"No, it wasn't a problem at all," Nyssa said. "Especially when I had this."

She held a small pen like device between her fingers and Oliver's eyes widened.

"I was wondering where that went," Oliver said.

"One shot failsafe, guess Ivo's paranoia worked against him," Nyssa said.

"Darhk will…"

"Oh, we're going to have a nice little chat about Damien Darhk," Nyssa said. "I know you know where he is, and you're going to tell me, one way or another."

Oliver Queen sat in the same office where he spent several long nights with the Bookworm. Well, he sat there, wondering whether or not he would ever see the light of day again where she researched the Mirikuru. Speaking of which, the Mirikuru rested on the table in front of him.

Oliver considered what would happen if he took some of it.

However, he saw what the serum did. He turned around and took a half of a step out. He noticed
Shado and Sara in deep conversation with each other. Sara noticed Oliver hovering around and broke over to see him.

"So, this is going to be over, isn't it?" Oliver asked. "How is she doing….the Bookworm, I mean?"

"She's asleep," Sara said. "Harry seems to think she doesn't remember anything before she got the tumor. But, we'll see if it comes back to her later."

"What about Ivo, the Butcher, anyone else?" Oliver asked.

Oliver wondered for a moment if he wanted to hear the answers to these questions.

"They're locked up, well the Butcher and his crew are," Sara said. "We're going to find a way back home."

"Good, we can finally go back to Starling City," Oliver said.

Sara sighed, she had been thinking about it. She thought, the moment she had a chance, she wanted to go back to Starling City. However, there were a lot of changes which made her think twice about whether she wanted to return home, at least right away.

Did she want to go back to her normal life right away?

"I guess you're ready to head home," Sara said.

"Things must have changed," Oliver said. "Guess, we survived, and that's the main thing. Nothing else is going to go wrong."

The lights on the cabin went pitch black. Sara stepped back in surprise, and a second later, she saw Oliver, who she had just been talking about fifteen seconds ago, vanished without a trace.

To Be Continued January 29th, 2017.

So, the ship has been taken over by Harry and company.

Ivo shooting Bookworm in the head after her usefulness has left him, well, should have saw that coming. Fortunately for her, Harry's a man of his word and saved her from certain death a second time. And Harry's reasoning for why he saved from Rose should have been obvious.

To pull back the curtain right here, I highly and heavily debated whether or not to kill her off here. So, flipped a coin and she dodged death. That being said, it works well enough for her to survive and to have minimal roles coming forward. Her arc works well in moving together several important parts of the main plot. She won't be part of the Collective. So don't even ask.

Then, Oliver vanishes, because this chapter couldn't go on without a hitch.
Agony spread through the body of Anthony Ivo. He could barely keep his head up and it was obvious, he had been restrained. The scientist didn't really need to guess too much about how he had gotten in so much trouble. The agony of having a blade plunged into his chest filled his body. The only solace, he felt, was the Bookworm having been shot at point blank range. Ivo looked forward to doing that for a very long time.

Now, though, he was still alive, still breathing, if they could call the situation he was in, alive. His heart beat a couple more times. Someone stood over the top of him. The lights flashed on and Ivo found himself submerged on a spotlight. He looked up and saw the young man who Oliver and the Bookworm brought here as a hostage. Those green eyes were haunting enough as is.

Speaking of haunting, the woman standing next to him was about as haunting as well. The daughter of the fabled Ra's al Ghul herself was standing a few feet away from Ivo. He noticed something clutched in her hand. It was a tool of some sort, and he figured it wasn't going to help him, but rather hurt him.

Darhk warned him about running afoul of the League of Assassins. So far, Ivo was able to stay one step ahead of the League, at least until tonight. His luck ran out when one of the most prominent members of the League found herself on the boat.

"Please, let me die," Ivo said. "Tell my wife, I'm sorry I failed her."

"You're not going to get death's release yet," Harry said. "I'm not going to let you leave. Not until you tell Nyssa everything you know."

Ivo found himself worried. He was going to die anyway, eventually. Darhk hunting him down and making his life miserable for that particular betrayal. Ivo turned to rise up, but those belts cut into his ribcage. The wind pressed out of him and Ivo wheezed like a madman. The belts continued to press against his chest.

"Please, have some pity on me," Ivo begged him. "I don't…..I only was trying to make the world a better place."

"You have to come to one realization," Nyssa said. "Do the ends justify the means? Give the situation you're now in, I think we can agree the ends do not justify those means at all, do they?"

Nyssa peered at Ivo. She had a sense of what was going on this ship. Some of this equipment would be used to torture and torment. Did the men on this ship deserve the pain? Perhaps they did, perhaps they didn't.

"You're going to tell me everything you know about Damien Darhk."

Ivo shifted and whimpered. Everything he worked for ended tonight. The League of Assassins wouldn't just kill him. They would rip everything away from him up until his life for the crime of working alongside a man who betrayed him. All Ivo did was accept funding and also Darhk sent several men aboard his ship. He wasn't a part of HIVE, although he knew Darhk had his sights set on the Mirikuru as well.
"My patience is thin," Nyssa said. "I'm not going to kill you, not yet. But there are ways, where I can make you wish I've shown you this small mercy."

Suddenly, something white hot pushed against Ivo's spine. Pain beyond all measure exploded through his being. Ivo didn't know what they were doing. Neither of them laid a single hand on Ivo. They just pushed this white hot poker into his lower back.

"That's just a small dose of what my companion is capable of," Nyssa said. "He is capable of torments beyond your dreams."

A simple matter of tricking the nervous system to believe it suffered the absolute worst pain possible, really. Harry pushed into Ivo's spine and caused his screams to increase in volume. Ivo felt like he was in the middle of a heart attack. His chest throbbed before the pain faded.

"You don't want that pain ever again, do you?" Harry asked. 

"Please, you don't understand…"

"Did all of the people you experimented on beg you to understand what you were doing for them?" Nyssa asked. "Did they beg you for mercy?"

Ivo's mental defenses had been pierced by this particular questions. All of those horrific things had come back to roost. Ivo closed his eyes and started to breathe heavily.

"Darhk didn't tell me much of anything, I've only met him once, and I'm not sure if it was him, or one of his body doubles."

The pain racked through Ivo's body. Ivo screamed out in agony. He received this pain without either party putting a scratch on him. That was the most frustrating, the most agonizing thing about being tortured like this. Ivo was throwing his head back and screaming in agony.

"I swear, I don't know much more!" Ivo howled at the top of his lungs.

"Maybe, you don't," Harry informed him. "Maybe, I just need to dig a little bit deeper to make you talk a little bit more!"

Ivo's agonizing scream followed by the worst pain possible. Harry pulled back from the pain.

"You're going easy on him," Nyssa said.

"We don't want to break him before he tells us anything," Harry said. "Providing he does know anything. He's not saying anything now, is he?"

"No, he's not," Nyssa said. "If he doesn't know anything, it would be a good idea to kill him. He's useless anyway, and he knows too much. Far too dangerous to be kept alive if you ask me?"

Nyssa watched Ivo's reaction. So he felt relief. Well, Nyssa thought he was not going to be relieved by her next suggestion. Anything they could use to get the man to talk, they most certainly would.

"But, we don't want to kill him too quickly," Nyssa said. "There's a technique which you could use, which could draw out his death over a number of days. The agony is beyond anything most people could stand, and the closer he gets to death, the worse he gets."

"He has a facility in Hong Kong!" Ivo yelled.

The threat of more bodily harm and a potential pain worse than the one he received made Ivo feel
more inclined to give information.

"I don't know where, but I know he does a facility there," Ivo said. "He might have others in Eastern Asian."

Nyssa's first priority was to check some of the former League outposts that they didn't use any more. Darhk might have been using them and any resources he could scramble together for his plans, whatever those plans might have been.

"Well, Professor, is there anything else?" Nyssa asked.

"He mentioned something, saying that he needs an army for when the world changes," Ivo said. "Something about building a new world, I don't know, I just took his money and his resources. I was more concerned with the Mirikuru."

Harry and Nyssa looked at each other, both thinking along the same lines. Building a new world could mean any number of things. Darhk sounded very demented. For a second, the lights on the ship began to flicker. Nyssa ignored it and kept her eyes on Ivo. Sheer hatred burned through them.

"You do realize he would have wanted to take the formula for himself," Nyssa said. "You were to report to HIVE, wouldn't you?"

"I report to HIVE every ninety days, to give a report on my progress," Ivo said.

"When is the next ninety-day period over," Nyssa said. "Is it soon?"

"Within the next couple of weeks, about thirteen days from today," Ivo said.

This piece of news was very interesting to Nyssa. She pulled away from Ivo and gave a motion for Harry to put Ivo under, at least for now. She would decide whether or not he had more information to give to her.

"So, are you making that meeting?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I have a mission to complete," Nyssa said. "Even if there's only the slightest chance to get my hands on Darhk and complete my mission, I will."

"We will," Harry responded.

"I thank you for your help," Nyssa said. "But, I feel like I should do this on my own."

Nyssa realized her taking this as a solo mission was what got her on Lian Yu in the first place. Time had passed since then, although she was not certain how much time passed in the real world. He feared Damien Darhk had gotten an unfortunate head start.

The radio on Harry cackled to life, and he took it.

"Oliver's gone," Sara said.

Oliver Queen didn't really know what happened. One minute, he stood there talking to Sara, excited about the fact he would return home. It felt like a very long time since he was back in Starling City. It was almost foreign at least in his mind. He could hardly wait to be back.

Now, though, Oliver didn't know what happened. The lights went out and then someone grabbed him. His lights went out. He tried to get to his feet, only to realize someone secured his hands and
legs together. Oliver thumped down onto the ground.

He was in a hallway, far away from the lighted office area he was talking to Sara. How did he get grabbed, with Sara, Shado, and Rose knowing it? He had a feeling something weird happened, and weird happenings just kept happening to Oliver after he got on the ship to Lian Yu.

"Good evening, Brother Oliver."

A flicker of a lantern light caused Oliver to look into the face of the Deacon. The Deacon, who the last time Oliver saw him, he had been behind the doors of a cell.

Oliver was about ready to scream out, but his mouth had been taped shut. The Deacon leaned in and placed the top of his hand on Oliver's head.

"I'm certain you're wondering how I could have escaped," the Deacon said. "Well, I knew the opportunity would come, and when it did, I just had to seize it."

Oliver wished he could have broken the ropes from where he was. Unfortunately, the Deacon tied them tight.

"At first, I thought it was an act of God!" the Deacon said, getting animated and excited. His animation and his excitement tapered down when his voice lowered. He leaned closer to Oliver. "But, then I realized, it must have been something else entirely, where two perfectly healthy guards dropped down to the ground."

The Deacon held the lantern and put it down on the ground. He placed it next to Oliver and himself.

"They won't hear your screams," The Deacon said.

No one could hear even a whimper from Oliver. He had been gagged pretty good. The machinery of the ship masked any sounds Oliver tried to make as well. The Deacon grabbed him by the head in a claw hold.

"You see, we haven't been formally introduced, my young friend," he said. "You see, I'm called the Deacon... but my name is Joseph Blackfire, I was at one time the savior Gotham City needed, but they could not accept. Instead, they put all of their hopes behind a sinner who takes on the mantle of a diseased winged rodent!"

Blackfire's grip was strong and Oliver thought he could crush his skull if necessary.

"I told you I didn't fear death, Brother Oliver," Blackfire said. "That's because I'm already dead!"

The laughter of a very sick and depraved individual filled the ship. Oliver didn't know what to make of it, other than this particular gentleman was completely and utterly out of his mind.

"The flames of the sinners almost consumed me," Blackfire said. "The world thinks I'm gone, but I have not passed from this world. The entire world is in the palm of my hand. I can make the world into anything I want."

Oliver gave him a plain look which stated the young man thought Blackfire was completely and utterly insane. Blackfire just gave him a grin, showing him those rotting teeth.

"Genius is insanity to the unenlightened," the Deacon thought. "You saw me as nothing, but another victim, another poor piglet being sent to the slaughterhouse. But, I'm much more than that,
my Brother. I'm much more than that….I'm the wolf who walks amongst the sheep. I've stayed aboard this ship, as a prisoner, hoping for the right moment."

The Deacon leaned forward and for one sickening moment, Oliver thought he was going to be kissed on the forehead. The stench of the man's breath was bad enough to make him keel for. It smelled of a rotting corpse, which made his claims of already being dead more credible.

"There are truths a mortal mind should not process," the Deacon said. "And one of the truths is, what is done in the basement? You see, I do not know what horrors Anthony Ivo has spawned, but there's something of great value about the AMAZO. And you're going to help me get it, my brother."

Blackfire turned away from Oliver and picked up the lantern. They would need to move soon, for it would only be a matter of time before Oliver had been discovered missing.

"You do belong on this ship, with what you've done," Blackfire said. "A life of debauchery, and depravity is what you've left behind when you pass. But, oblivion comes next, and with oblivion comes forgiveness. You will be made obsolete….it will be time to delete Oliver Queen from this world."

Oliver knew this madman was going to kill him. And he couldn't even stand up and take it.

"No, not while I still have a use for you, my Brother," Blackfire said. "You will come forward and accept the punishment of your crimes. You will follow the bright light, my brother."

'Am I going to be some creepy sacrifice?' Oliver thought. 'To appease some demented master of his? Because he does seem like the creepy cult leader type.'

Oliver's skin crawled very slightly at the thought of what Blackfire might do to him. Oliver tried to turn his attention towards the man.

"I know your thoughts, they are the same as all of the non-believers," Blackfire said. "You think I'm crazy. Well, they said the same thing about a young carpenter…..and what did he do for you?"

Blackfire held Oliver up and dragged him to the basement. Oliver tried to make noise, to try and alert the others on the ship, but there was nothing happening. After he was so close to returning home, he was going to die.

Oliver knew he made some mistakes, but really, did anyone deserve this? To be sacrificed by some demented cult leader by some demonic entity? At least, he thought that was happening to him. The fear of the unknown increased and made Oliver extremely nervous.

"So, there has to be a logical explanation for this, right?" Rose asked. "Other than ninjas or magic or magical ninjas, because that's about the only thing I can think about."

Sara tried not to get too frustrated. She and Oliver mended fences, about as much as they were going to, and she was ready to send Oliver home safely. Whether or not she was going to return to Starling City, was another matter entirely. She hadn't had a chance to ask Harry what he wanted to do. Now, wasn't the time or the place to ask these questions. They needed to figure out how one young man simply vanished.

"There has to be a logical explanation," Nyssa said. "But, there likely isn't one. I've found records of all of the prisoners. They are accurate up to a day ago."
"Let's check if anyone was in the cell with Oliver," Harry said.

Harry had one of those feelings, and it was a pretty bad feeling as well. Something happened, and Oliver was this close to being put in danger. Nyssa spread out the piece of paper on the table and looked at the cell arrangements.

"The Deacon is his cellmate," Nyssa said. "We should investigate."

Harry, Shado, Nyssa, Rose, and Sara all stepped outside. They noticed the cell which Oliver had been assigned to. There was no Deacon in the cell, no nothing. Both of the beds were empty and there was no sign of anyone being here.

"Well, he got out, good for him! Guy gives me the creeps."

Harry slowly turned his attention to the Butcher, who had been secured in one of the cells. He stepped closer towards the man, who leaned back and looked at him. Both men locked eye to eye with each other.

"May I help you?" the Butcher asked.

"Who is this Deacon?" Harry asked. "Does he have a real name?"

"Don't know, never bothered to learn," the Butcher said. "Weird thing is, he just showed up in one of the cells one day, and no one knows how he got here. Well, Ivo claimed he had been brought her with the trash from Gotham City, but I don't know about that."

For the Captain of the ship, the Butcher seemed to have not had a good handle on what was going on his own ship. Harry leaned closer towards the man on the other end. Those green eyes burned pure fire, but the Butcher stared back.

"Where do you think he went?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," the Butcher said. "And you know something, I don't care."

"You better care," Sara said. "He took Oliver Queen."

"Oh, did he now?" the Butcher asked. "Nah, I still don't care….good riddance to both of them. The only thing I don't like is I didn't have a chance to beat that little shit Queen half to death. I would have wanted to crush him."

Sara was about to stab through the bars of the cell. Harry held her arms back and prevented her from doing so.

"I know you feel bad, about letting him slip through your fingers like that," Harry said. "But, not really the time or place to kill him, no matter how much he deserves it."

Harry hit the nail firmly on the head. Sara felt really bad. She swore Oliver was going to get home, and now, he had been snatched up from underneath her nose. Just one second, he was there, and she was gone. She failed Oliver's friends, family, and

"I don't want to make you feel any worse," Harry said.

"Please, you're not going to make me feel any worse," Sara said.

"Yeah, you're going to tell us something bad," Rose said. "Why don't you just jump out and do it? It would save us a lot of grief later if you tell us now."
Harry shook his head and nodded in response. He figured it would be best to tell them, one way or another.

"I sense something demonic on the boat," Harry said.

Everyone reacted in about the way Harry predicted.

"Do you think something….came out from the other side when you escaped?" Shado asked.

"It's possible," Harry said. "I don't remember anything from between the time I disappeared and the time I was out on Lian Yu when I ran into Fyers and his men."

Harry took a moment to try and channel any residual magical energy in the air. He walked down the hallway, went up the stairs and turned around the corner. He noticed there was some kind of presence on the ship. Either someone was a demon or someone who was a servant to some kind of demon.

He returned down the steps.

"Do any of you know where the Deacon could have taken Oliver?" Sara asked.

Every single person on the ship claimed up instantly. Some of these men looked like they had been through some really horrific experiences in their life. But, whatever was being done on this ship, it terrified some of them completely beyond their wits. Harry saw people going up against Dementors, who had been more composed.

"Please," Sara said. "He has a sister, a mother, friends, they would all be concerned if something happened to him."

"No one has family, no one has friends, no one has any hope."

"I….heard something," a man piped up. "I heard the Deacon praying in his cell the other night. He was saying a bunch of nonsense, speaking in tongues. He did mention how the time was almost here for the sacrifice."

"Thanks," Sara said. "Where could he be going?"

"The basement!" one of the prisoners yelled out.

Now, the fear in the ship increased when the basement had been mentioned. Harry and the others did not know what it was about the basement which inspired such gripping fear in these gentlemen. All he knew was they were very horrified when hearing about the basement.

"What's in the basement?" Harry asked.

That was a question that none of them want to answer.

"Those who know, have never come up to see the light of day again," one of the prisoners said, speaking as clearly as possible in a distinct Russian accent. "Well, almost no one has seen the light of day again."

The prisoner pointed towards the cell directly across from the one Oliver and the Deacon was sharing. Harry and the others turned around and noticed a man with his face covered in bandages.

"He's been down there, and he returned."
Harry stepped towards the cell and peered inside. "Tell us what's in the basement."

The man's hideous screams started up and grew more in prominence. He wasn't capable of any coherent speech, and now he was shaking madly. Harry tried to get any projected thoughts from him, but he heard the same thing reflected in the bandaged man's mind.

"This is getting nowhere," Sara said. "Where is the basement anyway?"

"Down that first corridor, to the right, and down the stairs," The Butcher said. "Have fun, kids."

The doors opened, and Oliver knew right away he was somewhere where no one with any insanity should be. The moment both men entered the basement, someone, or something perhaps, started to crawl. Oliver caught a glimpse of several looking human looking bones on the ground, and a large splatter of blood.

The lantern shined in the middle of a huge cage, and a hideous deformed looking man, with sharp teeth, rattled the cage. He looked Oliver in the eye and tried to bust through the cage.

"Poor, Jeffery," the Deacon said. "He was once a man, but.....Ivo made an attempt to duplicate the Mirikuru from an imperfect formula.....and you can see the results there. His mind is gone, man!"

Oliver took one look at the monster and his hideous snarls. He didn't want to look at him too close, but was it Oliver's imagination, or was there a decapitated head with a severed spinal cord dangling out of the cage.

"You want to know what the interesting thing is, Brother Oliver?" the Deacon asked. "He was one of the lucky ones. But, those who run across him is not fortunate."

The Deacon picked up a stick and poked it through the cage which caused the monster to snarl and snap, trying to break out of the cage.

"Be calm, beast!" The Deacon yelled, slamming the stick repeatedly across the cage.

"This is what you're going to do," Oliver said. "You're going to throw me in a cage with that thing, aren't you?"

He was going to be mauled so bad no one could recognize his face. The Deacon leaned down and guided Oliver as far away from the cage as possible.

"Oh, no, we require something a bit more sophisticated than you being shoved in the cage with our monstrous friend," the Deacon said. "I need you intact when it happens, so I can be free of this Limbo."

Oliver tried to pull the ropes free and noticed one of them slightly loosened. He hoped this was a good sign, although he was fully aware he might not be able to get out of the basement. The ship was a labyrinth of tunnels which twisted and turned, and never appeared to end anywhere. The young man tried to figure out a way out of here.

'They'll never find me down here. It's how it ends.'

He almost laughed, out of sheer madness, at the cruelest part of this entire mess. He was so utterly close to escaping this situation before he would have been yanked back underneath. Oliver closed his eyes and thought about the madness gripping his mind.
Voices now echoed throughout the basement.

'What the hell now?' Oliver asked. 'Are there more people down here? There can't be more people down in the basement, can there? If there are, what's going on? What am I...this is completely insane, isn't it?'

Oliver kept asking himself a multitude of questions, questions which he may not want to have known the answers to. Blackfire knew what he was searching for.

"Death meets us all at the end," the Deacon responded. "But oblivion is worse. You can never go on, and on one could ever remember your name. For one, who is famous, it's the worst fate of all. And you are well known, aren't you Brother Oliver?"

The Deacon put one hand on Oliver's head and forced him to look up. Something paralyzed Oliver with fear.

"Love by some, hated by many," the Deacon said. "But, we must hurry. The winged demon and his concubines approach nearer. Soon, they will have learned we are in the basement."

Oliver wished he had the slightest idea what the Deacon talked about. He noticed the rope around his wrist was weakening. Oliver spotted knife on the ground. He discreetly slid towards it, breaking it out.

"And we have it, Ivo doesn't know the power this little box holds, but I do!"

The Deacon picked up an old, dusty, wooden box with mirrors on the side. An ancient writing had been inscribed on the side of the box. Oliver quickly hid the knife he was using to cut him out.

"Gaze upon this, Brother Oliver!"

Oliver looked up and came face to face, with not his reflection, but rather an attractive woman with dirty-blonde hair on the other side. Oliver was a bit confused. Was this some kind of trick? The Bookworm spoke of magic, and this was some kind of trick to mess with his brain, it had to be.

"It's a very inspiring message on this box," Blackfire said. "From Hell's Heart, I Stab At Thee, For Hate's Sake, I Spit My Final Breath at Thee."

The transfixed glare Oliver was giving the blonde woman on the other end of the box continued, but he shook his head. Maybe, if it was some kind of magical mirror than it reflected the absolute opposite of a person. And the absolute opposite of a man was a woman.

'Yeah, guess you did pay attention in Kindergarten science after all,' Oliver thought to himself.

Oliver could see the Deacon drop to his knees and start muttering a prayer. This allowed Oliver to cut his hands free from the ropes. He worked the knife between the ropes binding his legs together and started to slowly work on those as well. The ropes started to come apart from this particular position. Oliver almost had freed himself, with the ropes pulling apart from each other.

The Deacon turned around and grabbed Oliver by the throat.

"Did you really think I would let you leave?"

One more moment of hope handed to Oliver before the Deacon snatched it away. Oliver tried to find out, this was his last ditch effort to get out of it. He grabbed onto something, the mirror box, and pulled it away from the Deacon.
The mirror box flew into the air and smashed down onto the ground in front of Oliver. The box cracked and several pieces of glass from the mirror flew out.

Oliver made an attempt to avoid the glass impaling into him. Some invisible force held him back, and one of the large pieces of glass stabbed him in the chest. He screamed in agony, the worst pain ever filled the billionaire's body.

Then, a bright light filled the area of the basement they were in.

"He could be anywhere, down here," Shado said.

Harry stopped, put his hand on his forehead, and slowly looked around. His head performed an entire three hundred and sixty-degree turn before going back to its standard position.

"No, he couldn't just be anywhere," Harry said. "He's right in there, past…"

"Past the room with whatever that thing is," Rose said.

Harry led the way, with Sara following behind him, Shado taking a couple of steps behind him, Nyssa and Rose bringing up the rear in the back. There were many different paths to take. Something about the basement of this ship was very supernatural, at least it felt that way.

A bright light bathed the room next to them. Sara stepped back, lifting a hand to her eyes to shield it. She held the same dagger she stabbed Ivo with, in her hand.

"Through here!" Nyssa called.

They stepped through the basement door and found, the Deacon on his knees. His arms spread out, kneeling in ash, in the crucifix position. His insidious laughter filled the basement. The moment they arrived, Sara knew something was very wrong.

"The sacrifice has been complete!" the Deacon yelled. "The circle has been closed, and Oliver Queen has ceased to be in this world!"

The Deacon turned his attention towards them.

"You can't even stop it from happening, Dragon!" the Deacon yelled. "None of you can stop it!"

Sara realized what happened and her eyes narrowed. She butchered the Deacon by stabbing him with a dagger straight through his chest. The sinister man made no efforts to stop it from happening. His body sized up and exploded into black mist. The mist formed into buzzard briefly before completely disappearing.

"Harry," Sara said.

Harry levitated several broken pieces of a mirror. Mystic energy made this a very curious situation. He would most certainly have to take a closer look at the mirror.

"I just have one question," Rose said. "Who is this Oliver Queen he was talking about?"

Sara and Harry looked at Rose like she was insane.

"Nyssa, Shado, do either of you know who Oliver Queen is?" Harry asked.

"No," Nyssa said.
"I can't say I've heard of him either or even met him," Shado said.

Harry realized right now there was some particularly nasty voodoo at foot, quite literally if he was honest. He would have to take a closer look at these fragments.

To Be Continued on February 5th, 2017.

Well, that happened. Obviously, the Deacon shows his true devious chaos, and that's not good news for anyone involved. But, it's only just one small step of a greater plan.

Until next Sunday.
Chapter Sixteen: Explaining the Unexplainable.

Life before making that choice to get on the Gambit was so distant to Sara Lance; hell, it seemed like she was very little like the person she was before getting on the Gambit. Life had far more challenges. She never expected the trip to end like this.

Now, the person she joined on the trip in the Queen's Gambit ceased to exist, and Sara didn't have the slightest idea whatsoever why he ceased to exist. She hoped to find some answers, or help, Harry find answers. Sara walked over towards the bench by the lab table which Harry spread out all of the fragments he found laying amongst the ash. She sat down next to him.

"Okay, am I the only one who finds it odd that we're the only two people to remember Oliver exists?" Sara asked. "Because I find that strange."

"I'm sure there's an explanation for why, " Harry said. "I'm just not certain it's a very sane one."

Sara was afraid of that. She closed her eyes, and something flickered into her mind. An image of a girl with dirty blonde hair passed through her mind, and Sara was sneaking away on the Gambit with her. Her mind flickered for a second and had been replaced by the images she remembered. Everything just fogged over in her mind.

'Okay, that's weird,' Sara thought.

Sara did remember Oliver clearly, but there were other things flickering into her mind. Sara was at a loss to explain this, hell she didn't think anyone with a rational mind could explain what just happened. Harry was trying to make the most out of this explanation, but fighting an uphill battle.

"It's weird, isn't it?" Sara asked.

"I think we've already established it's weird," Harry said. "There's definite mystic energy on these mirror pieces and..."

Harry paused and looked at the edge of the mirror. He could have sworn he saw an exact duplicate of his teenage mother inside of the mirror fragment. The image flickered and died out the moment he leaned in to take a closer look.

"Alternate realities, of course," Harry said. "It would have to be an alternate reality. Nothing else really makes sense."

"Wait, are you saying Oliver got sent to an alternate reality?" Sara asked.

The entire idea seemed absolutely insane, but at the same time, it was completely sane to be perfectly honest. She was not a science-fiction person by any means, and hell, this didn't even seem to be science, it seemed to be pure magic.

"So, do you need any help?"
Sara almost jumped up and held the dagger out. She grabbed the form of the Bookworm who was standing in the door and held the dagger about three inches away from slicing into her throat. The Bookworm looked at her with a blinking eye. It was to be expected Sara was still a bit sore. It was only good she didn't sneak up on Rose.

"Okay, don't sneak up on you ever again," she said.

"How are you feeling?" Harry asked, without looking up from his work.

"Good, other than the dagger at my throat," the Bookworm said. "Don't worry, I'm not going to kill you. I owe him a life debt two times over, so he and anyone in his protection, they're completely safe."

"Sara, she's right, I saved her twice, I own her ass," Harry said.

"That's a charmingly eloquent way of putting it," the Bookworm said.

"So, you have your memories still?" Harry asked. She responded with a nod. "Well, that's one theory I was completely off the wall with."

"Hey, even the great and powerful dragon is entitled to be wrong on occasion," the Bookworm said. "Is that….?"

Those eyes locked onto the fragments which had been laid out on the table. Harry realized, she could potentially help them with this, given how she spent a lot of time in Ivo's ship and may have dealt with a lot of the inner workings of it. He pulled out a seat and invited her to sit down.

"It's a mirror box if that's what you're asking," Harry said.

"And it's broken," the Bookworm responded. She sighed when looking at it. "Please, tell me no one was around it when it broke."

"Well, Oliver was," Sara said. "You remember him, don't you?"

"I can't say the name rings a bell," the Bookworm said, looking apologetic, which was a very strange look on her these days. Funny, because she had a whole lot to apologize for.

"Oliver Queen, you're completely serious?" Sara asked. "You don't remember him. He helped you take us to the ship, so we can take it over. You spent a few weeks belittling him."

Bookworm tried as she might concentrate, but nothing came out.

"Sorry, I can't say I remember him," the Bookworm said. "I blackmailed one of the mercenaries on the island to help me get you two onto the ship, the others Harry re-animated through necromancy....brilliant by the way."

Harry snapped his fingers and caused the Bookworm to return back to a state of coherence.

"Still, I don't remember Oliver Queen, but the two of you, I assume you do," the Bookworm said. "Mirror Boxes are tricky.....considering they can tap into alternate realities. And there have been instances of one person being exchanged for an alternate counterpart."

"And there are infinite universes out there," Harry picked up. "There are universes where you're never born, where you were born later, earlier, and where you didn't make life decisions, like going on the Queen's Gambit."
"Are you seeing anything that is foreign to you?" the Bookworm asked.

"I see a girl in Oliver's place sometimes when I think back to the trip to the Queen's Gambit," Sara said. "But other times, I see Oliver."

"I can't really explain that," the Bookworm said. "If I had to guess, though, your memories will overwrite eventually, within a few days or weeks. I'm guessing for the others, like Rose, Shado, and Nyssa, the memory changes were more instantaneous, weren't they?"

"Yeah, they were," Sara agreed. "None of them knew who Oliver was."

"Oliver or no one by the last name of Queen has ever been on this ship." The Bookworm said. "I won't say it's impossible to bring him back to his native world, but it could have severe ramifications if you do so."

"Right, especially considering our method to bring him back is cracked," Harry said. "And even repairing it...it's going to be difficult."

Harry knew there were infinite universes out there. Hell, he couldn't figure out.

"So, Hermione, what are you going to do now?" Harry asked.

"I...really wish you wouldn't call me that name," the Bookworm responded. "It's a name my father picked out, and I've grown not to like it at all."

Harry could see this Hermione had some real issues with her father at the very least. Did the Hermione back on Harry's native Earth have similar problems? The relationship between Hermione and her family was something Harry didn't know about. There might have been some strain there, given a number of times Hermione spent the holidays away from her family. He didn't know, it really wasn't his place to pry.

"Okay, what do want me to call you, if not Hermione?" Harry asked. "Because calling you the Bookworm seems to be a bit....I don't know.....it just feels weird. Feels like you should be a Bond villain with that name."

"I'd prefer if I was a Sherlock Holmes villain, really," Hermione dryly responded. "But, to answer your question, I kind of like the name Mia, to be perfectly honest. It's what my baby sister called me because she always butchered the name Hermione when she was little."

For the first time, in many years, a genuine smile appeared on her face, but there was also some pain, some regret, regarding the smile. Her sister would be, about fifteen, sixteen by now, give or take, and Hermione had been missing from her life for a long time.

So, this Hermione, or Mia rather, had a sister. Harry found this tidbit was very interesting. Harry didn't want to pry, but there were more than a few changes in the world.

"Well, Mia, where are you going to go, after this trip?" Harry asked.

"I've got a lot to atone for, and a couple of people to apologize to for what I've put them through," Mia said. "And, Sara, I'm sorry, I was kind of a bitch to you, and to everyone else. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive what I did, even though I never well."

"Well, no one's perfect," Sara said.

Mia sighed, she knew that, and she wished she understood nobody was perfect about twelve years
ago. She might not have made the mistakes which left her on the AMAZO. But, now she made them, and she would have to live with them.

"I'll make you a list of all of the prisoners on the ship, and what they did to get here," Mia said. "And you can decide what to do with them...I doubt you want to lug them around where you're going."

She turned around and walked out of the room. Hermione Granger was long gone, the Bookworm had been a failed phase in her life which she wanted to bury. She hoped the third time would be the charm, with Mia Edwards. Mia after the childhood nickname her endearing younger sister, Hailey, gave to her, and Edwards, after her mother's maiden name.

Mia needed to bury the hatchet with Rose before they left, and hoped it didn't end with Rose burying the hatchet in her head. Then, it was time to look up her family. She was very unfair to her mother, who was just trying to hold their family together. Charlotte Edwards had the patience of a saint, even though her in-laws were overly critical of pretty much everything she did, and her husband, well, Mia hated to admit it, but her father was a drunk and a lowlife, and there were a couple of times where Mia came home and saw another woman quickly leaving the house, not to get caught.

On the Granger side of the family, most of them were awful, except for her cousins, Holly and Dawn, who were cool to her. Then there was her little sister, who Mia hoped would remember her.

'So much to do, so much to atone for.'

A dark skinned woman frowned when she went over a couple of pieces of interesting information. She always kept going back on the latest reports Edward Fyers sent her before all communication had been disconnected. Someone was on the island with him. The woman noticed about three botched attempts to send a message through, coming from the radio equipment on Lian Yu.

Then, six months ago, from the perspective of the people outside of the island, the attempts to communicate stopped, and left this one confused.

Her name was Amanda Miranda Waller. The dark-skinned woman was beautiful; with an elegant body stretched into a female business assemble. It was conservative, but one could not deny the woman's beautiful features, her silky dark hair, her dark eyes, a very elegant face, with a pair of long legs.

This Waller was named after her famous mother, who worked in the 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s, as one of the most infamous figures in secret government operations. You mention "The Wall" to anyone in the government during that time, and they knew who you were talking about. Her mother was loud, brash, and large and in charge, thick as a wall and about as dangerous as running into one at a hundred miles an hour.

Now, this Amanda tried to live up to her famous mother, taking the government agency known as ARGUS and making it a powerhouse, safeguarding many of the world's secrets.

And with that great power, there came a great deal of constant vigilance, as Amanda's former mentor told her, back when she was a wet behind the ears, rookie field agent. Now, she was running the operations and adopted a no-nonsense approach to doing so.

Now, Waller was going through some reports and a couple of very odd sightings. One of them placed the rogue scientist, Anthony Ivo, close to Lian Yu on his ship the AMAZO. Waller had
been hunting him for what seemed like an eternity. He always slipped away when they were close. She suspected HIVE's involvement, and the involvement of Damien Darhk, the fifth most dangerous man in the world, according to the official ARGUS chart.

Then there was the mysterious Queen's Gambit incident. Waller suspected there was some form of sabotage there, but there was no proof as very little of the wreckage had been found. The conspiracy of the elite within Starling City hadn't been entirely too much of a high priority, not with people like HIVE, the League of Assassins, and other groups running loose in the world.

And yet, a window of opportunity opened up, at least for Waller. One of her drones returned with confirmed proof there was something going on. Waller punched up the image and she would not believe it, unless, she saw it with her own two eyes.

"Interesting," Waller said. "Agent Tonks, Agent Granger, report to me at once."

Waller knew these two agents were talented, but they could be among the most free-spirited of the agents ARGUS had to offer. Still, the other agents were on assignments which were far more pressing than hunting down some shanghaied billionaire.

"You rang, Director?"

A dark haired woman with exotic violet eyes appeared in front of Waller. She dressed in the standard issue ARGUS body suit for the field agents, the tight black material stretched over her ample bust and hips as well. She could make her body into anything she wanted, and that made her talents rather sought after by ARGUS. It was a shame she tended to not have the maturity Waller would have liked most of the time, even though she couldn't discount the woman's skills.

"Yes, Agent Tonks, I did," Waller said. "I have your latest assignment…"

"Finally!" the ARGUS agent yelled, pumping her fist up in the air, and accidentally knocking Waller's coffee off of the table and causing it to crash onto the ground. "Oh, sorry about that."

Waller sighed, words failed her. Just like restraint apparently failed Tonks. The girl was lucky she was damn good when she actually got out on the field.

"Finally, some action, I'm sick of being put on the bench."

A tall woman dressed in the standard issue ARGUS attire stepped in and it flattered her just as much. She had crimson red locks which had been tied back into a ponytail and brown eyes which were locked in an intense glare like she wanted to punch something.

"With any luck, there will be no action, just a simple retrieval operation," Waller said. "Agent Granger, Agent Tonks, here's the target."

"Is that who I think it is?" Agent Tonks asked.

"It is, but you need to pick up and retrieve, do not engage anyone unless absolutely necessary," Waller said. "Do you understand? Not unless absolutely necessary."

Agent Granger sighed and looked rather frustrated. "You know, I didn't sign up with ARGUS to play a courier."

Regardless, Nymphadora Tonks and Holly Granger made their way out, having their assignment, and they knew exactly what to do to pick up.
Nyssa looked over all of the information she had, and there wasn't much. There was enough to know where Damien Darhk, or at least his agents were. She had to figure out how to get the ghosts to lead her to the man himself, so she could finish it once and for all.

Maybe then, the great Ra's al Ghul would consider Nyssa worthy of being considered his successor. It would be a long shot, considering the problems the two of them had in the past, due to a couple of differences in philosophy. Nyssa tried to do most of everything her father asked her in public while disagreeing with some of his ideas privately.

Regardless of Ra's approval, Nyssa understood the need to wipe out Damien Darhk. A cockroach struck Nyssa as a good comparison, always scurrying out of trouble, always avoiding certain doom. His luck would have to run out sooner or later, and Nyssa hoped her hand would play a large part about it.

"So, it's about time for us to go our separate ways."

Nyssa looked up from the little bit of information she grabbed. Shado stood in the doorway. The AMAZO wasn't exactly the most inviting place in the world, but it served his their means to get away from the island and hopefully return home.

"Perhaps," Nyssa said. "At one time, I thought death was going to be inevitable. But, he proved his ability to inspire."

"Yes, he is like that," Shado said. "He lives up to the legends."

"Yes, but legends can be disappointing," Nyssa said. "I don't know how to explain it. He has a certain flare to him. Women wish to be with him, and men tremble before him. And he's inspired me to go out there and take down Damien Darhk, this time for good."

Shado nodded at the intensity in her voice. She moved across the room and sat down on the floor. Her legs had been crossed. The final images of her father falling reflected in her mind. Shado would finally be heading home, being gone for a very long time from her perspective. The time she spent gone was even longer from the perspective of those who knew her outside of the island.

Peace would finally be delivered when she greeted her sister one more time. There was a sorrow, a heavy heart, she would be returning to news from her father's demise.

"He's not going to escape me," Nyssa said. "Not this time."

Shado smiled, she believed Nyssa believed every single last word which came out of her mouth.

"So, Sara and Harry..."

"They are working on that box which Deacon Blackfire destroyed," Nyssa said. "Do you think it's strange they remember this Oliver Queen?"

"Maybe," Shado said. "There are deceptions beyond what we know, and what we see. Oliver Queen may have existed up until a day before. He may still exist, but he's been blocked from both our senses and our memories."

Nyssa would have assumed, perhaps foolishly, that nothing could trick a well-trained mind. However, if Sara was the only one who seemed adamant about it, she might have passed it off as the stress of her time on Lian Yu creating false memories. Harry, on the other hand, he would have no reason to invent a fictional individual and claim he had been in their presence for several days.
"I don't know what to believe," Nyssa admitted. "All I can tell you what I remember."

"What you perceive you remember," Shado said.

Perception, it could be fooled. It was one of the first lessons her father learned. Nyssa thought about the validity of someone being erased from existence or being cloaked, hidden. Perhaps trapped between two ticks of a clock, doomed to see the world unfold, without any opportunity to interact.

The possibilities of what happened to Oliver were very infinite.

"Where's Rose?" Shado asked.

"She's currently resting," Nyssa said. "She's been through a lot. Someone so young should never have gone through an ordeal that horrific."

Yet, Nyssa remembered some of the more traumatic parts of her childhood. She learned to be a cold-hearted warrior, an assassin from birth.

Sara combed the records twice, three times in succession, and came to the same conclusion. Each prisoner of this ship, even those who were no longer on the ship, had been meticulously detailed to the letter. Mia, the Butcher, the Deacon, every single person was on the list. There was only one glaring omission from this list of prisoners though and Sara slammed her hands down in frustration when going over it.

No Oliver Queen, not even anyone with the last name of Queen. Sara didn't really know what to think. She sighed and rummaged through the cabinet, before finding a bottle of wine. She really needed a drink because of these conflicting memories.

Sara poured a glass of wine and suddenly a hand pressed on her shoulder. She slowly turned around to come eye to eye with the one and only Harry Potter. Harry stood a couple of inches behind her, a smile crossing his face.

"I really hope you were going to share that."

"Don't worry, I was," Sara said. "After all you've been through, you can use a drink."

Harry smiled, boy wasn't that ever the truth. He sat down and Sara fixed him a glass of wine. He took the wine and only felt a small buzz. Now he was away from the island, his magic strengthened a little bit more than it did. Harry figured he would wait a couple of weeks before he made a decision.

Still, Harry was curious what on the island was causing him problems. One way or another, Harry would figure it out.

"Oliver, he's out there somewhere," Sara said. "Where, though?"

"The universe is very infinite," Harry said. "He could be anywhere, he could be any time even."

"Well, factoring time travel in there does complicate things," Sara dryly said.

She took a long drink and tilted her head back, trying to figure out how to come across the next matter. Harry and her locked up with the mirror box.

"I've recovered most of it," Harry said. "One of the pieces are missing, though."
Sara downed the drink of wine she had. She had a funny feeling that missing piece was wherever Oliver had been sent. Which left them in quite the predicament, if Sara had to say so herself. There was no way for Oliver to use that solo piece to bring him home and there was no way to use the rest of the mirror.

"So, you can't use it, right?" Sara asked.

"Unfortunately, we can't," Harry said.

"I don't suppose we can't use another one," Sara said.

Harry looked at the young blonde with a look which showed how much he regretted breaking this particular news to her. Sara responded with a very obvious sigh.

"Okay, they're rare magical artifacts," Sara said. "I get that, but, can't you build one?"

"That's not exactly a class I took at school," Harry said. "It's possible, but it would take years to get the rune patterns right, and yes, that's even with magic."

Sara put a hand on the top of her head and lightly massaged her temples. The glass already had been drained, and the wine was pretty strong. She closed her eyes and saw a memory of Oliver. Then in her mind, there was a screech, along with like a needle scratching a record player.

Oliver had been replaced by the vision of a blonde woman. At least on the Gambit...all of her other memories with Oliver, showed nothing at all of him.

"Your memories are overwriting themselves," Harry said.

"I really don't understand," Sara said. "Why did my memories not get overwritten with Shado, Nyssa, and Rose? I can understand why yours didn't...I really need another drink."

Sara knew she shouldn't indulge this much in alcohol given her family history of Alcoholism, but she couldn't help doing so. The bottle of wine had been tipped over and emptied into her glass. Sara picked up the glass and drained it, drinking it down in one fell swoop. She looked towards Harry, who was looking at her.

"Sorry," Sara said.

"It's fine," Harry said. "I'm more used to the weirdness than I should me, so it really doesn't bother me as much as it should be."

"None of this would have happened if I would have known Laurel and Oliver were still dating," Sara said. "Granted, I thought I was getting back at her, but that would have been too far if I didn't know it was over. And now, my sister hates me, and Thea....well she might not know she had a brother, but if she ever finds out he got wiped out from reality because of me, she'll hate me as well, and....it's just all..."

Harry grabbed Sara lightly around the wrists and stopped her cold. Sara leaned closer towards him, her bright blue eyes locked onto Harry's burning green orbs. She smiled and the two of them edged as close as possible for a kiss with each other. Their lips met with each other.

Sara forgot there was something more potent than alcohol to wash away her troubles. Harry's kiss both had a sobering effect on her and a satisfying effect as well. His fingers lightly gripped the back of Sara's head and worked his tongue deeper into her.
The two kissed each other, with Sara draping one leg over Harry's and moving closer towards him. Harry slowly pulled away from her, leaving a strand of saliva leading from Sara's lips to his own.

"If we're going to find out what happened, we're going to need for you to have a clear head," Harry said. "And I'm going to help you get a clear head."

Sara smiled and nodded. She needed something to get her mind off of this, and they can focus on what was happening. Her memories tentatively eased into what she remembered up until a couple of days ago, with only the new, foreign memories lightly bubbling around the surface.

At least for now.

"Well, we wouldn't want to let Ivo's quarters go to waste," Sara said.

Harry smiled, Ivo would have no use for his nice, lavish quarters, where he was going. The two of them disappeared from one room and reappeared into the nothing with a light pop. Harry held onto the back of Sara's head and guided his mouth against hers, deepening the kiss.

Already, the moment both of them touched the ground, Sara held the underside of Harry's shirt and pulled it off. She lightly ran her hands down his scarred back and smiled when leaning closer towards Harry. She kissed him on the side of the neck and lightly kissed down his body. His abdomen had been peppered by kisses, and she reached down.

Sara decided to go for the one drink which could pick her up. She squeezed Harry through his pants before getting them off. There was a chance, she could have some time alone between herself and Harry, and given all of the girls hovering around, Sara wanted to take advantage of that time.

A quick flash of her hands later and Sara had Harry's cock out of his pants. She leaned in to wrap her warm lips around the base of it and started to suck him, suck him hard.

Harry rested his hand on the back of Sara's head and slowly allowed her mouth to come down onto his engorged prick. He felt the pleasure of her warm, and sensual mouth wrap around his tool. He groaned every time Sara came down.

She seemed to get better at blowing him with each passing time. Sara pulled back all of the way and slowly lavished every inch of his hard cock. She swirled her tongue around the base of his cock and licked his hard head. After passing over him, Sara worked her lips down on him and gave him a very sloppy, and very hot blowjob.

"You really know what you want," Harry groaned.

Sara smiled for a second and then went down all the way on his cock. Her hand cupped Harry's balls and squeezed them as hard as possible. She could feel an immense load of cum growing in his balls. Sara rose up from her position and pushed her warm lips around him again.

The intensity continued, with Harry holding the back of her head. Sara slurped his manhood as hard and fast as possible. She wanted to taste every last inch of him. She touched herself nose down onto his pelvic bone. A light choking sound echoed when Sara bathed his cock in saliva. The beautiful blonde vixen kept grabbing onto his thighs and sucking Harry into her mouth.

"No, not yet."

Sara pulled away from Harry and smiled. She was going to get all of the mileage possible out of this. Harry sat up on the bed, and pulled Sara's shirt off, and worked on her pants. Sara slowly
lifted her hips up.

The smile spread over Sara’s face when she crawled on top of Harry’s lap. She wore nothing, other than her bra and panties. The lacy black bra contained her breasts very nicely, the black thong covered her thick, juicy ass. Harry squeezed it and started to kiss Sara down the jawline.

"I'm going to eat your pussy," Harry said. "And then, I'm going to fuck your brains out."

Sara ground herself down on Harry’s intruding finger. One push inside Sara’s panties made the girl rock up and down. She was getting horny. Harry now had her down on the bed and pressed his nude body on top of her partially clothed one.

Flesh burned underneath Harry's who leaned in and started to plant a huge variety of kisses on the side of Sara's neck. Sara closed her eyes, moaning lightly underneath Harry's touches. He kissed from her jaw, down to the collarbone, and then all the way down the stomach.

Every single inch of sweet, tantalizing flesh caused Harry to move down her body. He leaned close to do her belly button and kissed deeply and passionately. Harry started to rub her thighs and reached deep between them. His hands found her pussy and caused Sara to breathe.

Those strong fingers stroked Sara's gushing pussy. Magic flowed between them and Harry kept going down. His touch licked her belly button and made Sara shiver underneath him. His free hand grabbed her ass cheek and squeezed. The sensual blonde gasped underneath him.

"Please, eat my pussy," Sara begged him.

Harry intended to do just that, and he peppered Sara's firm thighs with kisses. He kissed her slit and sucked on it. Then, Harry's tongue slipped deep inside Sara's willing, wet, pussy.

"Damn!" Sara yelled.

All of those buttons which gave her pleasure had been touched at once. Harry squeezed Sara's ass and came down between her thighs, eating her out. Sara gushed underneath Harry when he brought her to an orgasm. His tongue swirled around.

Harry tasted the delicious juices trickling down Sara's legs. All he wanted to do was drip the juices trickling down her legs all day long, until pounding Sara senseless. Sara wrapped her legs around Harry's neck and encouraged him to bury his face deep into her.

Lust filled Sara's being. The handsome face of Harry Potter was buried between her thighs and eating her pussy. Sara moaned heavily. Roaming hands brought increased pleasure through Sara's body. He squeezed Sara's ass and pumped his tongue inside.

"It feels so good!" Sara moaned.

Harry thought she tasted really good as well. The warm lust oozing from Sara caused Harry to increase how deep his tongue went.

He was going to make Sara feel better than great. Sara rocked her hips up and came constantly. Harry drank up the sweet juices coming from her. Sara's juicy center tasted of the sweetest lemon. Harry pushed his tongue deep inside and drank all of the juices.

"Fuck!" Sara yelled. "I'm cumming again."

A loop of orgasms strung Sara. Every time Harry brought her to the edge with his tongue, Sara
thought about how much greater it would be with his cock inside of her.

Harry continued to taste Sara for a couple of minutes and then, slowly pulled away from her. He left Sara collapsing back on the bed, a very light grin passing over the face of the woman.

"You know where this cock belongs, don't you?" Harry asked.

Sara shook her head. "Put it in my pussy, and fuck my brains out. You promised, and I know you always live up to your world."

Harry ground the long hard cock over Sara's body. Sara lifted her hips off of the bed to try and meet Harry. Harry grabbed her hips and slid his manhood down. Sara's warm lips parted and were this close to taking Harry's cock into her body.

Off went her bra, and Harry leaned in to squeeze Sara's chest. Sara closed her eyes and felt the rush going through her body the second Harry touched her. His hard cock touched Sara's slit and then hoisted up. Harry buried himself into Sara and caused their thighs to smack together from the force of his intrusion.

Pleasure burned through Sara's body the second Harry's cock entered her tight core. Only half of it entered her inside before Harry rose up off of the bed and pushed more of his cock inside of her. Every little rise and drop put a little bit more of his long thick cock inside of her.

Harry smiled and lightly rolled his finger down the side of Sara's leg. Sara tightened the grip around Harry. Each thrust brought almost three-quarters of the sorcerer's immense length inside of her. Their thighs slapped together with Harry rising almost all the way up and pushing himself into her.

The orgasm built up in Sara. She grabbed onto Harry and moaned. So much pleasure took her mind off of the insanity which happened. Harry rose up and drilled his hard cock inside of her tightening body. Sara squeezed Harry's hips together and pushed him inside of her.

"Harry!" Sara mewed in his ear. "Oh, this feels so good."

Harry positioned his hands underneath Sara and cupped her ass when rising up off of the bed. Twelve inches of hard cock slammed deep inside of her body and then pulled all the way out. Sara squeezed him when Harry pushed inside of her.

"Oh, Harry, oh yes!" Sara moaned at the top of her lungs. "Deeper!"

Sara pushed her nails into Harry's lower back. He rose up and crashed down into her body. His balls slapped down onto Sara's wet thighs. Sara grabbed onto Harry's back and pushed more of his lengthy cock inside of her. Sara rose up again and again, and Harry pushed inside of her again and again.

"Go ahead, cum for me again."

The nibbling of her ear caused Sara to become unhinged. His fingers clutched her back and squeezed her ass. Sara responded by squeezing Harry's waist with her legs. The two connected with each other. Harry rode out Sara's orgasm and pushed it inside of her.

The slick center grew even moister, even more sensual. Harry worked his hard cock as far into Sara's body as possible. He pushed deeper inside of Sara's body and she moaned in response.

"YES!" Sara screamed.
Harry enjoyed the energy coming off of Sara when an orgasm worked over her. He worshiped every inch of Sara's sexy body with kisses. Her legs clamped around him and pussy milked Harry's intrusion.

Two big balls kept slapping against Sara's thighs. She rose up off of the bed and pushed more of Harry's cock inside of her. Sara locked her nails onto the back of Harry's head.

Their bodies molded together, with the next orgasm. Harry pushed himself into her. Both Sara and Harry ran their hands over each other's bodies and kissed, kissed hard, and kissed deeply. Harry grabbed the back of her head and worked his tongue into her mouth.

Harry released his lover's mouth and Sara breathed heavily, moaning. Harry slammed inside of her pussy.

"I wonder how many times I can make you cum before you've hit your limit," Harry said.

"Give me your best shot," Sara said. "I'm not going to pass out before I have your cum inside me."

Sara's legs wrapped tight as possible around Harry. Harry pushed his rod inside of her and pulled almost all the way out of her. Harry rose up out of her and pushed deep inside of her. Every time her pussy wrapped around him, Harry could feel even more pleasure.

"Keep going!" Sara encouraged him.

"Oh, I'm in no danger of slowing down," Harry told. "If you think you can take it, I'm going to give it to you!"

"You better believe I can!" Sara yelled. "Harder, harder, really make me feel it!"

They just got warmed up and Harry spread Sara's legs out. He positioned his hard cock between her thighs and rammed deep in between them. Sara hoisted her hips up off of the bed and met Harry when he shoved inside of her. Harry pulled back from her and drilled his hard cock inside of her.

Sara wanted this hard fucking from Harry. Her legs were now elevated in the air, her ass lifted off of the bed, resting on Harry's hand. Harry squeezed her ass cheek and slammed into her body hard. One finger slipped into her ass, with Harry pumping deep inside of her tight pussy.

"Oh, you know how I like that!" Sara moaned.

Harry held back and enjoyed the right. The slick feeling of Sara's velvety walls spreading around his tight cock wrapping around him and closing him made it feel really good. Harry grabbed onto Sara's hips and plunged inside of her body.

A few drips of sweat went off of Sara's face when she had been driven through many orgasms. Harry buried himself deep inside of her tight body. Her heart beat even faster. Sara's eyes closed when Harry pushed his cock deep inside of her. Pure bliss entered Sara's body.

"Stay with me," Harry said. "Trust me, you're going to want to be with me for this one."

Sara wondered exactly what Harry had cooked up. He lifted her off of the bed and then dropped her, before slamming his cock into her. The feeling of his hard cock slamming into her body made Sara feel so much better. Her hips tightened around Harry and sucked it into her wet pussy. Harry grabbed her hips and brought himself into her.

So many orgasms by this beautiful vixen and Harry's balls were filling up to their capacity. He
knew they were getting close to the edge, but he could not resist just slamming his cock inside of Sara for a little bit longer.

Her pussy stretched around Harry's cock. Sara could feel every inch of him inside of her. Now, his body pressed down onto her and Sara could feel the intensity increasing. Her walls tightened around Harry's intruding rod. Her fingers grabbed the back of his head.

"Do it, cum inside me!"

Harry pushed his throbbing rod inside of Sara's wet snatch. She squeezed down onto Harry and released him. Harry picked up his pace, getting closer to the edge.

"Don't worry, I just want to feel your sweet pussy squeeze my cock one more time," Harry said. "Unless you don't have it in you yet."

"Oh, I'll show you!" Sara breathed.

Sara wrapped her tight vice around Harry's body and squeezed. She had a surprising amount of control over her pussy muscles. Harry picked up the pace and slammed inside of her body. Those balls slapped against Sara's thighs and left marks the harder he jabbed her with his cock.

"Harry," Sara breathed. "Please, I need it….I'll die without it."

"You want it?" Harry asked.

Harry held onto Sara's legs and pushed his hard cock inside of her body. He was like a blur when pushing his rod inside of her tightening pussy. Those balls slapped against Sara's thighs. Sara dug her nails into Harry's back and encouraged him to cum inside of her.

Sara passion overflowed and she saw stars from the latest climax. Harry followed a few seconds later, driving his cock inside of her and filling her up with his seed.

Rapid fire shoves inside of Sara's body allowed Harry to launch his large, sticky, load inside of her body. Sara held onto Harry and squeezed his hard rod.

The two came down from the orgasm. Sara tried to sit up, only to collapse down on the bed. Her pussy overflowed with cum, and Harry pulled away from her.

Harry dropped back on the bed and pulled Sara into his chest. Sara rested her head on his chest, as Harry lightly stroked her hair. She drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face.

Oliver Queen opened his eyes and nearly shot up out of the bed in his bedroom. He saw the very familiar overview of Queen's Mansion, and it was a nice view from the outside.

His bedroom, in the house he grew up in. Oliver shook his head, and he had some really strange dreams of a ship, a crazy man with a beard, and an island, a strange island. Oliver didn't know what to make of it, but those memories quickly drained from his mind. It was like having a very bad dream.

"Ollie, are you feeling better?"

Oliver heard his sister Thea's voice, and he was pleased to hear it, for many reasons. He turned around in bed, and saw his younger sister, standing in the doorway. She looked like she had just returned from school, or was about ready to go to school.
"Yeah, I'm better," Oliver said. "It's really good to see you, Thea."

Oliver threw his arms around Thea and hugged her. He didn't know where it came from, but it just came from a place deep in his subconscious, knowing he just had to.

"Ollie, please, you're crushing my ribs," Thea managed.

"Sorry," Oliver said. "It's just, I'm really excited to see you."

"You just saw me the other day, remember I brought you the Chicken Soup," Thea said. "And it is doing you pretty well, you're much better. And just in time for your big day."

"My big day?" Oliver asked.

"Okay, Ollie, I know, you have so many big days, you forgot," Thea said. "You're being named Starling City's Humanitarian of the Year, and you didn't even have to buy the award. That's really amazing."

"Wow, yeah, how could I have forgotten about that?" Oliver asked.

"Well, don't worry, I got both the brains and the looks for this family," Thea remarked with a cheeky little grin. "And tomorrow night, after the ceremony, it's your rehearsal dinner. Please tell me you the flu hasn't fried your brain so bad, you haven't forgotten your wedding."

"No, of course not," Oliver said. "I'm just happy to be here, and better, and not an inch away from death."

"Men, you really can be such drama queens when you're sick," Thea said, rolling her eyes. "Seriously, it's just the flu, passed in a couple of days. Now, you're ready to accept another plaque showing how great you are. Dad's going to have to build another wing to the house to store your honors."

"Dad?" Oliver asked. "He's here."

Thea barely held by rolling her eyes. Her brother had a lot on his mind.

"Yes, he still owns this house, which you're living in until you move out with your soon to be wife, you know, Laurel," Thea remarked. "Do you need to know your birthday too, or where the shower is?"

Oliver shook his head. It was like waking up from a very long dream, and now he was back among friends, among family. There was nothing else better than his life. Oliver moved towards his room and saw several awards lining the wall. He smiled when looking at them.

Everything was perfect, other than that creepy buzzard with beady little eyes staring at him from the tree. Oliver decided not to focus on that, or any weird dreams of being tortured or drowning on a boat, and instead focused on those happy memories of his perfect life.

He chalked up anything that contradicted his amazing life to after effects of the flu.

'Everything will pass in a couple of days,' Oliver thought.

Face down on the beach, laid an attractive woman with dirty-blonde hair. She rolled over and groaned when the sun baked down on her. Her head felt like it had been trampled by something.
Oh, where the hell I am?' she asked.

She realized she was currently stranded out in the middle of nowhere, on a very small, island. There didn't appear to be any food anywhere on the island, which showed how dire the situation was.

'What the hell….no, none of that was real, was it?'

Olivia Moira Queen, better known as Liv to her friends, tried to reconcile what happened. She entered a particularly blissful fantasy, where she was going to be named the Starling City Humanitarian of the Year, before marrying her long-term girlfriend, Dinah Laurel Lance, called Laurel by most of her friends.

Only those thoughts were very much a hallucination and a dream.

'That didn't happen, and Laurel's going to kill me for sneaking off with her sister,' Liv thought to herself. 'Oh, that's fine, because I'm already out of the middle of nowhere.'

Liv saw a bush with some blueberries on them. They could have been poisonous but she was desperate enough to try anything. Liv crawled closer towards the bush, but something else caught her attention before chancing the berries.

The woman rose up to see a helicopter coming down on the deserted island she stood on. Liv looked at the helicopter, and she waved her hands. The two figures stepped out of the helicopter. One of them had dark black hair which she tied in a ponytail and violet eyes. The other had red hair, tied back in a similar way, with green eyes. Both of their bodies had been stretched in a tight bodysuit, which caused Liv's eyes and imagination to wander.

"Ms. Queen," the dark haired woman said in a monotone voice. "Come with us if you want to live."

Okay, Nym wasn't going to lie; she always wanted to say that. Liv looked up, a frown on her face when staring at both of the women.

A dart connected with the side of her neck and dropped her to the ground.

"I was going to give her a chance to come with us willingly," Nym said.

"Yeah, how does that normally work out?" Holly asked. "I'd figure we cut out the drama. Waller wants her. Did she bother to tell you why?"

Nym shook her head and just stared down at the downed form of Olivia Queen. By her calculations, the tranquilizer should last in her body for a good eight hours, more than enough time to get her out of here and back to base.

To Be Continued on February 12th, 2017.

Well, we find out what happened to the mirror box. Namely Oliver swapping with an alternate version of himself, who was born a female. I'm sure some people aren't going to like this, but it's what's best for this story. It works out better here, I think. It's not like I sent Oliver to Apokolips. If nothing else, he got the better end of the deal. Liv got fucked big time. And not in the good sense either.

Also, Nymphadora "Don't Call Me Nymphadora" Tonks pops up as an agent of ARGUS, because
she would be an alternate universe. And New 52/Arrowverse Amanda Waller shows up, and we get a reference to the classic Waller, being her mother, because of course we do. Oh, and Holly's there.

So, The Bookworm hates her name. There's a more sinister reason for mysterious men sneaking out of the Granger Residence at odd times then you'll think.

Things are going as we move into the next arc.
Parting of the Ways

Chapter of the Week Voting is at the blog, linked to the normal profiles. Vote, closes on Saturday.

Chapter Seventeen: Parting Ways.

Rose found a small gym area inside of the AMAZO ship. It wasn't that big, but at the same time, it gave her some room to stretch and more time to maneuver. The young woman took a deep breath and walked in front of the punching bag. She needed to let off some steam by punching something.

The woman reared back and punched the side of the bag. The bag remained mobile. Rose reared back and punched the back. One more punch and the bag ripped open. Rose pulled back and watched as the sand drained from the bag. She was going to have to control some of those punches.

Rose picked up a wooden staff and started to swing it in the air. She had to compensate for her new found strength a little bit. The staff slammed into a practice dummy and decapitated it in an instant. Rose picked up the decapitated head of the dummy and sighed.

'Okay, got to take a deep breath and get this under control.'

She thought about checking in on Harry and Sara to see what they are doing, but the delicate process involving the mirror box meant they likely didn't want to be disturbed. Rose would have assumed it was absolutely insane to think there was someone out there who existed, which only two people on this entire ship seemed to remember.

And yet, it made a perfect amount of sense. Rose crossed her legs and tried to remember anything. There were some deep dark corners of her mind which no one should travel. No seventeen year old should have the baggage she did, and yet, Rose had more than enough of it. Rose crossed her legs and took a deep breath.

'Okay, just get it together,' Rose said. 'Try and focus. Try and remember. Don't.....'

Rose could see the taunting face of her father in her mind's eye. The young woman's eyes opened up and she frantically searched around the room. No Slade....with any luck, he was fish food. Rose doubted very much, though. He was able to adapt during some of the worst situations possible.

A light knock on the door caused Rose to rise up from her feet.

"Well, come in," Rose said.

The door opened up and Rose came face to face with the Bookworm. Her hand clutched around the makeshift wooden staff. It took a lot of self-control Rose to not do a repeat performance of the practice dummy incident, only doing so with her head.

"I've learned it's not a good idea to enter a room without knocking," she said. "So, how are you doing?"

"I was doing fine until a couple of minutes ago," Rose said. "So, did your memories…"

"I remember everything," she responded. "And by everything, I mean everything."
Rose didn't think Harry and the others would let this witch roam free on the ship unless of course, she wasn't a danger. Still, Rose looked on a bit anxiously, and locked eyes onto the woman who was standing on the other end of the room.

"I shouldn't have done what I did," she said. "Actually, there are a lot of things which I shouldn't do. I know I can't change the past, but I hope, we can be better off in the future."

Once again, Rose didn't lock her eyes onto the Bookworm's.

"So, Bookworm, or Hermione, or whatever your name is....."

"I prefer that my friends call me Mia," she said.

"Bookworm it is then," Rose said. "If you're trying to apologize to me, then..."

"I'm sorry, I'm really, really sorry," Mia said. "I was desperate, and I was doing a lot of things that I shouldn't. And I think it cost me the only family I had, well the only family I cared about, my younger sister, my mother, my cousins....they were the black sheep of the Granger side of the family, which meant I got along with them."

Nothing came from Rose, no response, so Mia took it as her cue to press on.

"My father, my grandparents, that entire side of the family," Mia said. "They always, told me I was never good enough, and I pushed myself to do better.

Rose took a second to ponder the enigma which was this girl. To be honest, there was a part of her life which sounded like a tragedy. Rose tended to have a bad taste in her mouth though for those who justified their actions because they had a shitty home life.

There were a lot of people who had shitty home lives which weren't part of some unethical experiment on a ship in the middle of nowhere, which took prisoners.

"The only person you have to blame for anything you did is yourself," Rose said.

"I know that now," Mia agreed. "And I know I can never make up for everything I've done, what I did to do, and what I willingly stood back and let Ivo do on the ship. I could have intervened."

Rose sighed, and she wondered exactly how much power the former Bookworm had over her actions. She saw the type, the type who craved acceptance from her father, even going to absurd extremes to get it. Rose had been down that road in the distant past, but she became less blinded to the fact her father had his share of issues and was not someone who she should be achieving acceptance.

"You saw Ivo as a surrogate father, didn't you?" Rose asked. "You thought, maybe, just maybe, if you got his acceptance, you would finally get the acceptance you've been craving from your father. That's it, in a nutshell, isn't it?"

Mia thought about it for a minute and responded with a nod.

"You're right," Mia said. "But, I know he was using me."

"Figure that out about the time he shot you in the head when he got what he wanted from you, didn't you?" Rose asked.

Another nod passed towards the curly haired brunette. She looked at Rose with imploring eyes, as
if begging Rose to forgive her.

"I hate you," Rose said. "And at the same time, I feel sorry for you. You are what other people made you, but you are what you made yourself as well."

"Yes," Mia said. "But, I can make myself something else. I have to be something else, I have to become something else, although what I'm not sure."

The first sixteen years of her life had been one attempt after another to appease a domineering father, and her grandparents, who looked down on her because of what she was. Mia hoped her leaving woke Charlotte Edwards-Granger up to what her husband's side of the family truly was, and she could not fix this situation.

And her poor little sister, hopefully, Hailey didn't have to go through all of that. If Mia's leaving caused them to break free and move away from the Grangers, then it would not be in vain.

"I have to find them, first," Mia said. "I'm going to find my family…my mother, my sister…..I'm even curious what happened to my father when I was gone."

"Old habits, you just can't quit them," Rose said. "My father…..I'll be honest, I want to make sure he's dead, though. Because every day, I don't see him dead, is a day of my life that's wasted."

Mia shifted nervously. She could tell Rose had her fair share of issues with her father. It almost made Mia's relationship with David Granger seem cordial.

"And I don't trust you," Rose said.

"I thought we were over this," Mia said.

"You didn't really apologize to me, you know," Rose said.

"Okay, fine, I'm sorry, are you happy now?" Mia asked.

Rose would have been lying if she was particularly happy. Harry just stabilized the Mirikuru, but she still felt a buzz coming along in the back of her head. Every time her emotions got high, she felt her grip on her patience slip just ever so slightly.

"I don't expect you to forgive me, but I just wanted to clear the air," Mia said. "And know, I'm not the same person who injected you with the Mirikuru. You have to believe that."

"Well, you want to believe you've changed," Rose said. "And maybe you're right, maybe I should give you the benefit of the doubt. You're making an attempt to be a better person and maybe you are going to be one now."

Mia nodded and breathed a sigh of relief. Those hands wrapped around the wooden staff made Mia very nervous. Rose could break her very easily. Mia hadn't even tried to perform magic ever since having been cured of her near death experience.

"Just because I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt, doesn't mean I'm going to trust you completely," Rose said. "I don't believe in listen and believe. I believe in trusting with enough proof. And you haven't given me anything other than their word."

Rose knew Harry had to pretty much blackmail the Bookworm into getting her to take them onto the ship in the first place.
"The point is, you have information you could give to Ivo's backers, which could screw us over," Rose said. "Therefore, I'm not going to let you run free."

"Oh, you're not going to let me," Mia said. "Well, if you're not going to let me, then perhaps you should come with me. That way you can see I'm just trying to look up my family, my sister, my mother, my cousins….maybe not so much my father or my grandparents, but if I need to look them up to get answers, I will."

Rose thought about it for a minute.

"You're not going anywhere, not without Harry's knowledge," Rose said.

"Oh, I wouldn't," Mia said. "I owe him my life, twice over."

Rose nodded in confirmation. In some twisted way, Rose owed Harry a lot as well. If Harry hadn't subdued her than Rose would have had the Bookworm's filthy blood on her hands after nearly strangling her to death.

"Do, you think you can help me go over something?" Mia asked. "It's about the prisoners on this ship, I need to make sure they're all accounted for."

"Fine," Rose said.

The youngest member of the group endeavored to keep a close eye on the former Bookworm. Only time would tell whether she turned the page, really bad pun intended, naturally.

A lengthy session of vigorous sex relaxed Sara a little bit. Sara sat down on a chair, in front of Harry. Harry positioned himself in front of her.

"Take a deep breath," Harry said. "I know you have two sets of memories which contradict each other."

"Yeah, I do," Sara responded. "So, what should we do about it?"

"Just take a deep breath," Harry said. "Nice and deep, nice and calm and focus. Don't try and clear your mind because that puts your mind under a lot of stress and leaves your memories more open to mental intrusion."

Harry learned that particular lesson the hard way. Sara leaned back, eyes widening. Harry pushed the first gentle nudge into Sara's mind.

Sara wouldn't have really noticed Harry rifling around in her memories unless he said so. The soft feeling of Harry entering her mind was very cerebral. She closed her eyes and could feel Harry's light touches going inside of her mind. She took a nice, long deep breath when Harry entered her mind.

"There are two different, conflicting sets of memories," Harry said.

"Okay, what one is real, and which one is false?" Sara asked.

"Both," Harry said.

"Both of them or real, or both of them are false?" Sara asked.

She asked this particular question, knowing perfectly well she might not like the answer which was given. Harry lightly brushed through her mind. Sara leaned back and started to breathe, in an
attempt to relax when Harry entered her mind.

"Perspective is an interesting thing," Harry said. "Memories this vivid can't be false. You can modify a person's memory, but something about it would feel off, hollow, like there was something missing. It would be not a memory, but like if you watched a movie."

"Both of them feel like I lived it," Sara said. "But, that doesn't make any sense."

"Mmm, maybe," Harry said. "But, magic, in general, doesn't make a whole lot of sense. No matter how people try to make it make sense, there are always little quirks which can be explained by the fact it just is."

"Oliver Queen, Olivia Queen," Sara murmured underneath her breath. "The Olivia memories are trying to supplement themselves over the Oliver memories, but my mind, it's fighting."

"A strong mind will fight an attempt for it to be modified," Harry said. "Your case is unique because technically, you've lived both of these sets of memories. The Olivia memories would have been the false ones before the mirror box. Now the Oliver memories are the false ones. Even if, you feel the Oliver memories to be the true ones."

"I'll just smile, nod, and pretend I understand what you're saying."

"Now, you have a choice to make," Harry said. "Those memories of Oliver Queen, I can….remove them, if you want me to."

"You can do that?" Sara asked. She paused and straightened up before nodding. "Of course you can do that. Why wouldn't you be able to do that?"

"It's not something I like doing," Harry admitted. "The memories are going to fade within a few days, several weeks anyway. Even sooner, if you just let it go, and accept the new reality."

"Are you telling me I should just accept the fact Oliver is gone forever?" Sara asked.

"No, I'm not," Harry said. "I don't know where he's been sent, and I'm not sure if it's possible to bring him back. I know there's about as much of a chance of finding the universe he got sent to, than there is of finding my native universe, and me finding a way home."

Not that Harry wanted to go home, and he wondered if his world even existed anymore. The multiverse was very strange where world's used ceased to be, at least what he found out in his limited studies. Then again, there was no proof that world's just vanished, just rumors.

Most people who claimed they were from a world which no longer existed were considered insane.

"There's really no chance he's coming back, is there?" Sara asked.

Sara remembered the promise she made to Oliver, about taking care of Thea, in case something happened to him. She doubted Oliver meant being wiped out from reality. No one could have thought that.

Yet, there were the Olivia memories as well, and they ended on the Queen's Gambit. Was she still alive?

"It wasn't a precise swap," Harry said. "Nothing about magic is precise."

So, Sara learned, or rather so she was learning. Her entire worldview had been shifted on her head.
It was like she lived two lives. The life she knew and the life of some kind of stranger. And the stranger was the life Sara knew she lived up until a few days ago.

"With your permission, I can isolate those memories," Harry said. "And if there's a chance they can become relevant again, they will come back up. But if there's no chance, they will fade away over time."

Sara thought about what she wanted to do for a few seconds. The human mind could be a frustrating thing to deal with. A couple of seconds faded and Sara turned towards Harry, responding with a brisk nod. There were two words entering the tip of her tongue.

"Do it. Fix my mind."

Harry smiled and leaned closer towards Sara, lightly cupping her cheek in response. He looked into those eyes and prepared to shift the memories where they should be. Removing those contradicting memories could cause problems, on the very slight chance things could be reversed. Which Harry wasn't really counting on because it would be like finding a single needle in an entire field full of hay.

A cool feeling washed over Sara's mind.

"You might feel a tingling."

Sara nodded, and she could feel the memories of Oliver Queen being pushed back into her mind. They were still there, but she could only unlock them when there was a need for them. It allowed Sara to focus on the memories of this new life.

"I think she's still alive," Sara said. "She went to one island, though, and I went to Lian Yu….that's kind of weird, though, because she didn't get picked up by the AMAZO."

"Like I said, the swap wasn't really precise," Harry said.

Sara nodded and finished Harry's sentence. "Very few things about magic are."

"She is alive, though," Harry said. "I would know if she was dead."

Harry picked up the Mirror Box, the one mirror fragment which could have potentially shed some more answers, missing. With Sara's memories corrected to line up with the world, they were now living in, Harry decided to mentally submerge himself in the same process. Hopefully, when he looked for patterns, he would find out what was going on.

Liv woke up and found herself on a cot. A change of clothes had been laid out, along with a meal. It had been a long time since she had a nice warm meal. She stepped forward and took the chicken. Boy, it smelled good. She bit into it, and then ravenously devoured the chicken, the potatoes, and the soup, before drinking down the orange juice which had been brought before her.

She really could have done with a glass of wine.

"Olivia Moira Queen, the rumors of your demise have been greatly exaggerated."

Liv turned around and looked towards the woman who approached her. She had the look of someone who had just reeled in a prize catch.
"Who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Amanda Waller," she responded. "You met Agent Tonks and Agent Granger, and they convinced you to come here."

Liv felt up the back of her neck and remembered something.

"The tranquilizer dart," she said. "Was that really necessary? I would have come here willingly, any way to get off that island. I don't know if you knew…"

"You were dehydrated, malnourished, and you had a mild infection," Waller said. "It's a miracle you survived for so long. It's almost as if you had a guardian angel looking out for you."

Liv snorted and took the napkin to wipe some of the gravy off of her chin.

"You didn't answer my first question, though," Liv said. "Was the tranquilizer dart really necessary?"

"Perhaps it wasn't," Waller responded. "But you can never be too careful. You got a nice cooked meal, a change of clothes, medical treatment, and you have a nice warm shower waiting for you in the next room."

"You work for the government," Liv said. "Why do I think I'm not getting any of this for free?"

Waller smiled and looked over at Liv. The woman stood up straight and looked Liv straight in the eye. Both of them didn't back down from each other.

"It's because you aren't, Ms. Queen," Waller said. "The entire world thinks you're dead, and for now, I'm not going to do anything to correct that."

Waller stopped for a brief second and looked towards Liv.

"Unless there's someone else who thinks you're still alive out there," Waller said.

"I wouldn't know," Liv said.

Sara, her father, the rest of the Crew of the Gambit, they were long gone.

"How long has it been?" Liv asked.

"Sixteen months since your ship went down," Waller said. "And you're here now, and you'll be working with ARGUS. And you're going to make something out of your life, Ms. Queen. Something more worthwhile than all of the drunken parties, drug raves, and mess of legal issues, you're going to help change the world."

Liv heard everything Waller said and realized that was how the world perceived her, as some screw-up billionaire heiress. She thought she could be so much more and perhaps she could be so much more.

"I suggest you get some rest tonight," Waller said. "Because starting tomorrow, your life is going to be anything, but restful."

Shado smiled and she could not help, but be pleased with leaving Lian Yu behind. There were too
many memories on the island. The image of her father being shot was not one which would leave Shado's mind anytime soon. She signed in response to the situation. It was a heavy burden to bare, even if her father's death had been truly avenged.

"Hey."

Shado slowly turned her attention towards Harry, who stepped out. Sara walked out a few steps behind.

"I was getting a little worried about you two," Shado said. "But, I suppose there was a reason why you were in that room for almost three days."

"There was," Harry responded. "Everyone is still here, aren't they?"

"None of us would leave without letting you know," Shado said. "Once everything is taken care of on the AMAZO. I need to return home and inform my sister of what happened to our father. And also, inform her, that I found the great Dragon, in his human form."

Shado smiled and laughed, sounding very amused.

"Mei would never believe it, she was always more skeptical about the legends our Grandmother told us about the dragon than I was," Shado said. "I don't know if I can convince her."

"Well, if she needs convincing, I'm sure Harry will show up in her presence," Sara said. "After all, isn't seeing believing?"

"Yes, seeing is believing," Harry said. "And we'll join you as soon as we can. We have to finish helping Nyssa on her mission, and then we'll all meetup."

"Oh, of course, I understand how important it is," Shado said. "It will allow Mei and me to be reconnected."

Sara smiled, hoping her upcoming reunion with Laurel would go smoothly as well. The new reality settled in, but Sara couldn't be one hundred percent sure whether Laurel would hug her out of gratitude for being alive or slap her in the face for what she did. Or A followed by B, or maybe B followed by A, Sara couldn't really know.

"Don't worry, Shado, just because we're parting ways, it doesn't mean forever," Harry said. "We couldn't have accomplished what we did without your help. You were a part of this group as well."

"These words mean more to me than you could ever know, great one," Shado said.

Shado stretched in and kissed Harry on the lips quite daringly. She would miss his touch, his presence, and everything, even if the parting of the ways would be temporary at best. The two broke apart from each other and smiled.

"And I cannot help, but thank the woman who was gracious enough to allow me the honor," Shado said.

"Hey, it would be pretty greedy if I didn't share the wealth," Sara said. "And you're very welcome....."

Shado leaned in and kissed Sara on the lips. The two of them interlocked lip to lip with each other, their kisses increased in passion and intensity. Shado grabbed Sara by the face and drove her mouth deep onto Sara's. Their tongues danced each other.
Harry looked at the show, not wanting to break up such a beautiful sight. Really, what man in his right mind would want to end something this beautiful and this amazing? Harry most certainly would not want to be the man to do that much.

Sara and Shado broke free for the kiss and both of them turned towards Harry with a smile. A knock on the door caused all three of them to stand up straight.

"Are you three dressed at least?" a voice on the other end asked.

"Well, we might not have been, if you were five minutes later," Sara said. "Yes, Mia, what is it?"

The door opened and Mia stepped inside the room. She clipped her hair back, wearing a pair of glasses, along with a nice button up green blouse, and a skirt which came down past her thighs, along with stockings, which really made her long legs stand out completely.

"Sir," she said with a smile. "I've made a list of the people who could be set free from the ship, and those who shouldn't….and the ones I've marked in red, are the ones who I think would benefit from just cutting your losses and killing them."

Harry smiled and obviously, the Butcher's and Ivo's name was circled in red in at the very top of the paper. He looked at it closely, and Mia looked towards him, biting down on her lip. Sara noticed how she seemed to value Harry's opinion on her work.

'Very interesting,' Sara thought to herself.

"You've done well, good work," Harry said.

"Thank you, sir," Mia said. "Although, Rose did assist me on it, and I think she's done just as good, if not a better job....."

"Well, when I talk to her, I'll be sure to praise her for a job well done," Harry said. "So, what are you planning on doing?"

"My sister and my mother, I want to find out what became of them," Mia said. "And if you're worried about me, don't, because Rose offered to tag along."

Harry would have been a little bit worried, to be honest, but he would have a talk with Rose.

"I have a present for you before you leave, I actually have them for all of the girls," Harry said.

"You didn't have to give me anything," Mia said. "You've given me a second chance to be a better person. Isn't that more than enough?"

Harry appreciated her humility, but he thought this would be a practical gift. He handed Mia a watch, with runic symbols carved in the side of it. Sara, Nyssa, Shado, and Rose would receive the same watches, and Harry powered them with a single drop of his magical blood. There would be a few surprises for anyone who tried to take those watches from them if they were foolish enough to try.

"To replace the one which Rose damaged on the island in the fight," Harry said. "And I looked at the design and made a few modifications to it. I think you'll find it useful."

"Oh, if you made it, I think I can find it very useful," Mia said. "Oh, and I want to ask you a question if you don't think it's too personal."
Harry smiled and leaned towards the brunette woman. "Well, if I don't know the question, then I really can't figure out whether or not it's too personal."

"You said you were friends with...well me, from your native universe," Mia said.

"Well, we were, but we had a bit of a falling out towards the end of my time there," Harry said. "We were both convinced we were right, and we parted ways."

Whether or not things would have been patched up over time, well, Harry suspected he would never know now. The world he left was a speck left in the cosmic vortex of an entire multiverse full of them.

"What did I do wrong?" Mia asked.

"And what makes you think you did something wrong?" Harry asked.

"I did," Mia said. "I know, I did, so just out with it already. Technically, I can't feel guilty about it, so you might as well tell me."

"Well, she modified her parent's memories, to believe they didn't have a daughter, and no, you didn't have a sister in that world," Harry responded.

"She modified her...please tell me you're kidding," Mia said. "You're not kidding, are you? Please tell me she at least asked her parent's permission before she did so."

Mia tried hard to reconcile the reasons why anyone would do that. She did some horrible things, but never to someone she knew and cared about. Modifying someone's memory would be like stealing a piece of their life. From the experience she had with her near-fatal brain tumor, Mia knew better than anyone else what could happen for the human brain.

"I'm sorry if I upset you...."

"No, I'm not upset," Mia said.

"It was a desperate time," Harry offered. "I wouldn't have done it had I been in her position, and once the war was over, we had words about it, and that's what caused our break. She was convinced she did the right thing."

"She would be," Mia replied.

Mia turned around and closed her eyes. Her mother, even her father, just erasing their memories seemed a bit much.

"What about their friends, their other family members?" Mia asked. "How the hell did she not expect there would be ramifications there?"

"I never asked," Harry said.

For all he knew, the Grangers picking up and moving to Australia may have sparked a criminal investigation. They left their practice, their lives. There would be friends, family, and neighbors who would be concerned. Memory modification was a very painstaking process.

"I don't blame you for parting ways with her," Mia said. "I would never erase my mother's mind, or my father's even, it's just....I don't care if they were in danger. That's something you don't mess around with. But, I suppose she thought she knew better."
"You're going to be okay?" Harry asked.

"Not anytime soon," Mia said. "Twelve years, twelve years, I left behind, who knows what they're going to be like when I get back. If they're even still around….my sister might even have been too young when I left to remember me."

Harry reached forward to grab Mia's hand, but she pulled it away. She turned around and took a deep breath.

The only solace Mia could take was she didn't cross that particular line. She was pretty sure, other Hermione had reasons for doing so, even though those reasons were hard.

'I will have to be a better person,' Mia thought. 'And hopefully, she will have a chance to learn to be a better person when she's home.'

"I'll be fine later," Mia said. "When I'm sure they'll okay…..I know you have a lot of work to do."

It wasn't easy, but Harry either freed the prisoners from the ship or freed them from their mortal existence. Either way, it was a very long time. He moved around the corner, just in time to see Nyssa suited up and ready to go. She had all of the information from Ivo that she could, and found some written correspondence. She would be ready to go.

"Come in," Nyssa said. "Sorry, if I've been a bit preoccupied."

"We've all been a bit preoccupied," Harry answered. He moved across the room and Nyssa pushed out a chair for Harry to sit down. "Rose and Mia are leaving, to search for Mia's parents. Shado is going home to visit her sister, and inform her of their father's death."

"Right," Nyssa said.

"And we're joining you."

Sara stepped into the room, after having seen Rose, Shado, and Mia off, after the prisoners had been moved out of the ship. She looked dressed for battle, and she wore the green hood with they once saw Yao Fei wearing when on the island.

"Shado presented it to be as a token of gratitude," Sara said. "She said I could either wear it or pass it onto someone….but she thought it should be in my hands, for some reason."

"I'm surprised she didn't give the gift to Harry," Nyssa said. "And are you sure about coming with me?"

Nyssa assumed Sara would have wanted to return home to her family, after being gone for sixteen months by their point of view.

"We're sure," Harry informed Nyssa. "It would give us a chance to continue they're training. And I also want to find out how one joins the League of Assassins."

An amused look crossed the face of the Daughter of the Demon. With Harry's stature, and power, he could not only join the League of Assassins but in time, he could lead the League.

"If you think you're ready to take this step?" Nyssa asked.
"I'm becoming stronger with each day," Harry said. "I've learned a lot from you, but there are techniques I can pick up from the rest of the League."

"There are techniques which we both could learn from the League," Sara said.

"Joining is a big step, more so for you, Sara, than it is for Harry," Nyssa said. "You have to leave what you were behind, and become something else, then you were."

"Then, I'm already halfway there," Sara said. "If we prove ourselves against Darhk and his HIVE, do you think you could bring us to the League?"

Nyssa studied Sara and smiled. It only struck Nyssa now of an intriguing similarity between Sara and another one of the legends of the medallion. Sara Lance resembled the mystical avatar for the White Canary medallion.

"Let's worry about the League, once Darhk and his HIVE have been eliminated," Nyssa said.

"Agreed," Harry said. "Let's move."

Where the Dragon would go, Nyssa would follow. She still had a debt to pay and would do so, in the oldest, most universal way of payment, when the time was right.

To Be Continued on February 26th, 2017.

Everyone is going their separate ways with each other, to go on their own missions.

Oh, Rose and Mia together, alone, that's going to end well, isn't it?

Olivia Queen is obviously here to stay, as the original Oliver is happily in a new world, never to return in this story, for his own adventures, away from Harry.

Nyssa looks to be about ready to make her move as well.

Until two weeks from now.
Chapter Eighteen: Hunting in the Darhk.

A normal looking facility which made cold medicine was a front for something else, at least according to Ivo. Nyssa looked over from her hiding spot and saw the workers. Most of them looked to be about nine to five types, all of them blissfully unaware of what was really going on in this factory.

Harry verified Ivo's information was true by reading his mind. They grabbed every single bit of information they could before sending Ivo on his way. The professor's corpse was shark bait, and Nyssa couldn't help but think he deserved his fate quite nicely. Someone who would willingly work with a cockroach like Damien Darhk, they deserved everything they got and then just a little bit more.

That horrific man in the basement was the pinnacle of Ivo's experiments. Darhk manipulated his desperation to save his wife, but Ivo was no choir boy even before then. His lack of ethics made Nyssa sick to her stomach. About as much as the fact so much lost time had passed.

More time passed in the real world, then when Nyssa was on the island. She kept her eyes sharp for anyone. Sara and Harry stood back behind her. They were just waiting for their moment to step into the facility, and take a look.

Nyssa extended her finger and pointed towards a man who exited a very expensive looking sports car. He moved past the men and said something Nyssa couldn't quite hear.

"He said to make sure the shipment is ready by midnight," Harry said.

Nyssa tried to move in for a closer look, but this was a mission to see the scope of what Darhk was doing. They were manufacturing something here, although she didn't know what. She moved in towards the side entrances and moved closer towards the facility.

Both Sara and Harry followed. The guard has turned around, but if he moved to the side, then the cover would be blown. Harry was not going to let it happen. He leaned in and placed his fingers onto the neck of the guard. A nerve pulse went through the guard and forced him to stand up tight.

"He won't see anything which goes past for the next ten minutes," Harry said.

"And at the same time, no one will find him unconscious," Nyssa said. "Impressive."

Harry was full of all kinds of surprises. They made their way down towards the office at the end of the hallway. Nyssa motioned for Sara and Harry to stand back. She tried to open the door, but it would not budge. Two attempts to open it, and Nyssa pulled back.

Carefully, Harry traced a pattern around the keyhole. Once he had the light formed properly, a key manifested in his hand. Harry unlocked the door and the two of them stepped into the office.

Everything looked to be done on papers, no electronic records were left in this office whatsoever. Sara moved over to watch the door. The guard at the end of the hallway stood, blissfully unaware anyone had come down the hallway.
"I might have gotten something," Harry said.

He slapped the documents down on the desk. Nyssa leaned down and started to flip through them. She saw it too, information regarding some of Darhk's caches, maybe of weapons, maybe of money, she didn't quite know. He had cleared out this facility recently.

"Oh, we've hit the jackpot," Nyssa said. "And I believe he's keeping the virus here."

Now, Nyssa did wonder why Darhk didn't deploy the virus just yet. She had her fair share of theories as to why this didn't happen. She thought there were two components, but maybe there was something missing. Or maybe, Darhk intended to modify it to spread over a wider area and something like that took time.

"This matches up with what Ivo said, and so does this," Nyssa said. "How much time do we have left?"

"Three and a half minutes," Harry said.

Nyssa nodded in an agreeable manner. More than enough time to copy some of the more prominent names on Darhk's list and the addresses, onto a piece of paper. She had to move quickly, but Nyssa was used to writing quickly and making sure the writing was legible.

The writing had been copied down on the paper.

"We better move, quickly."

Sara nervously looked off to one side and could see the guard slowly coming to her senses. Harry grabbed both Nyssa and Sara by the hands and made sure all of the office was cleared up. They faded off into the darkness.

The next thing they knew, they were all standing outside of the office. Sara shook her head to try and clear the cobwebs. She felt like she was moved through a tube at hyper-speed, and then dropped down. At least she didn't eat anything heavy before dropping down onto the ground.

"That takes some getting used to," Harry said.

"I'd imagine," Sara said. She caught sight of the list and frowned. "I can't believe it, some of those names are just like the ones that were on the list."

She couldn't verify them completely because the list currently was safely jammed in the bag she was carrying. Harry charmed it so no one could pick it up, who would mean it harm, which suited Sara fine.

"Well, that makes it a high priority target, then," Nyssa responded. "We better keep moving through, we have a lot to get through, and not so much time to do it."

Nyssa planned to hit some of the softer targets first, to weaken Darhk just enough to cause him problems, without cluing him into the fact his men didn't finish the job when she crash landed on Lian Yu.

"So, where do you think we should go next?" Harry asked.

Nyssa consulted the information written down and thought about it for a couple of seconds before giving her answer. "This cache isn't guarded, and it's close by."
A very good chance existed, the cache was not guarded well, was because Darhk already cleaned out. Still, they had to start somewhere, and Nyssa intended to grab every single scrap of information possible before they headed off. And it was time for them to head out.

To be honest, Nyssa didn't get precisely what she wanted, but she got some information. And really, that was a very important and crucial thing. She would finally exterminate the blight which was Damien Darhk. Nyssa could feel it, he was not getting away, not this time.

Liv stretched out, her muscles were tense from what seemed like months away. Something else just didn't feel right, though, and she couldn't put her mind on exactly what didn't feel right.

'Okay, it could be because you're in a government facility, a top-secret black-ops one, which the public doesn't know of. And you have no real choice to help them.'

Liv stretched against the wall and reached to the sky. At least she had a clean change of clothes, a shower, and a nice, warm meal inside of her belly. That was progress which she could build on. Liv closed her eyes and took a deep breath before ascending and descending on the ground in her stretching exercises. Her tense muscles felt better, although she could really do with a good massage right now.

The door opened and she was on high alert instantly. Perhaps Liv was being paranoid, but coming face to face with the same woman who put a tranquilizer dart in her neck causes some pretty nervous moments.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to shoot you," Holly said. "Well, not now anyway."

"That's not exactly making me feel better," Liv responded.

"Come with me," Holly said. "Waller told me I was supposed to see if you had any real skills which we could use out there. And she seems to think you could be good for something."

Liv just shrugged and followed Agent Granger into the sparring room. Agent Tonks currently sat on the edge of the bench, casually drinking a soda when watching the two move into place.

"So, are you here to help assess me as well?" Liv asked.

"No, not exactly," she said. "I'm here to make sure Holly doesn't get too out of control and hurt you too badly."

"Hey, the rookie can't cut it, then maybe she shouldn't be here," Holly said.

"Actually, I have no choice, I owe this Waller woman a favor," Liv said. "Because you stuck me in the neck with a tranquilizer and....."

Holly swept Liv's feet out from underneath her mid-sentence and caused her to slam down onto the ground. The government agent grabbed Liv's arm and folded it behind her head, forcing it down extremely hard. Holly pushed the pressure down onto the hard, going deeper and causing even more agony.

"The first lesson you should learn," Holly said. "Talking isn't a free action. Don't talk to your opponents, unless you're certain you have the advantage."
Holly let up on Liv and the second she was up, Holly nailed her in the ribs with a huge roundhouse kick. Liv had been flipped down to the ground and Holly wrapped her legs around Liv's arm, before pulling her into scissored armbar. Liv thrashed underneath the attack.

"Never think your opponent is showing pity on you...."

Liv tried to break out of the move and managed to break from Holly's grip. She was surprised of the escape. It just went to show you, when the chips were down, and desperation was afoot, anything could be done. Liv charged towards Holly and tried to nail her one more time.

A couple of punches had been avoided. Liv didn't know where she learned moves like that.

Holly swept Liv's legs out from underneath her and pushed her down onto the ground. She pressed down onto Liv, folding her legs back. The hold once again had been broke, and Liv threw herself behind a bag, which Holly almost kicked off of the wall in an attempt to knock Liv's head off.

'She's crazy, really crazy,' Liv thought. 'What the hell is this woman on anyway.'

Holly rushed towards Liv, and Liv grabbed the first weapon off of the wall to defend herself. A bow and a quiver full of arrows. She armed the arrow into the bow and shot forward.

The arrow pierced Holly's side and it caused her to step back in surprise. Liv dropped the bow and arrow and looked towards her.

"Oh, my god, I didn't think..."

The still bleeding Holly rushed towards Liv with a feral fury and knocked her down onto the ground. Liv rolled over and Holly put her arm underneath Liv's chin before forcing her down face first onto the mat.

"Your next lesson is never, ever, let up on an opponent when you have her down," Holly said. "You wounded me, you should have finished me off."

"Okay, Holly, you've proved your point!"

Liv thanked whoever would listen for the timely intervention of Agent Tonks. She pulled herself to a standing position, rubbing her throat. The light headed feeling meant she was a half of a second away from being choked out.

"Thanks, Agent Tonks," Liv said.

"Sorry about her, she wanted to see how good you were," Tonks said. "I think the arrow to the side really pissed her off, though."

"It's fine, merely a flesh wound," Holly said. "What you should have done as kept on the attack. You can't do that against an actual enemy, especially one who would sooner kill you. I went easy on you, kid."

Liv thought Holly's definition of going easy on a person and her definition of going easy on a person, they were two very different things. Regardless of the fact, Liv stood up as straight as possible. She had her fair share of bumps and bruises.

"If you're worried about a couple of bruises, you won't get very far," Holly said.

Tonks responded with a nod, even if her partner could show a little more tact about what she said.
"As abrasive as Holly is, she's right. You worry about a couple of bruises, and you're not going to get very far, at all."

Amanda Waller stuck her head around the corner. "I need to see the three of you, in the briefing room, immediately."

When Amanda Waller said jump, most people normally said how high. Tonks decided to lead the way because it would be over soon. A bleeding Holly followed and Liv picked up the rear. All three women wondered what did Waller want with them. There were most certainly ideas, but none of they could even guess.

"Agent Granger, you're bleeding."

Holly turned towards Waller and did her best to stifle the bleeding.

"It's mostly slowed down," Holly said. "Just tell me what you wanted me to know, and if it's still a problem, I'll go to the medical wing to get it fixed up."

She wasn't looking forward to going to the medical wing by any means, but if Holly had to, she had to. Her sister, Dawn, likely would have been the one to patch her up, and Holly didn't know if she could stand Dawn's reaction if she found out Holly got injured by a lucky shot from a rookie.

"I'll get straight to the point, then," Waller said. "I trust all of you know who this man is."

A picture of a smug looking blonde man in a business suit appeared on the screen. Both Agent Tonks and Agent Granger responded with nods, even though Liv looked very confused.

"I'm sorry, I'm not familiar with him," Liv said.

"You will be, soon enough," Waller said. "His name is Damien Darhk. He's number five on ARGUS's ten most wanted fugitives in the world. His crimes are too immense and too lengthy to go over in a briefing. All you need to know, Agent Queen, is he's very dangerous, and you should do everything in your power, not to approach him."

Okay, fair enough, Liv wondered why they were talking about this dangerous man.

"Our problem is not so much about Darhk, but the people who are targeting him," Waller said.

"If he's so dangerous, then why would it be a problem?" Liv asked. "Wait, this isn't one of those bigger picture things the government likes to talk about, is it?"

"What do you think?"

Waller's non-answer, answered the question of Olivia Moira Queen. She folded her arms and wondered what kind of game they were in.

"Two of Darhk's known facilities, have been targeted in the past few days," Waller responded. "The attackers left no trace they were gone. It's uncertain whether or not Darhk knows those facilities are being targeted. My source inside HIVE says he has far more pressing matters to deal with?"

"Um, far more pressing matters?" Tonks asked. "Like making sure he keeps his hair in pristine condition?"

Liv cracked a smile, and Holly just groaned, shaking her head. Waller leaned in and gave a stern
expression to all of the parties involved. They wilted underneath the iron gaze of the Director of ARGUS.

"Damien Darhk is not a joking matter, Agent Tonks," Waller said. "And before any of you ask, Darhk's other operations are on a need to know basis. You are to focus one thing, and that is determining who is behind these robberies."

"They left no clues behind," Holly said. "Is this some kind of ninja thing?"

"It would be very likely, given the enemies who Darhk has fought," Waller said. "You are being sent off to investigate, so I suggest you get your injuries patched up, Agent Granter."

Holly didn't say a single word. It was time to take her medicine. She moved towards the door, walking a little bit more gingerly than normal.

"She'll be okay, right?" Liv asked.

"Comes with the territory," Tonks said. "Nice shot, by the way."

"Thanks…..um….you know, all of this time, and I don't think I've ever heard your first name," Liv said.

Tonks smiled and looked towards her with a smile on her face. "Nor will you, Ms. Queen….you should get some rest. We leave early."

Liv nodded in response. She still felt more than left out in the dark. She couldn't help, but think there was something Waller was keeping from her, that even Tonks and Holly were keeping from her. It was awful being kept in the dark, about Darhk oddly enough.

Bad pun not really intended, Liv resolved to get as much rest as possible.

The first two factories had been a bust. Much as Nyssa predicted, Darhk cleared out those factories in a blink of an eye. Now, the trio made their way to the third facility on the list.

"Secret room," Harry told them. "Stand back."

Sara and Nyssa stood back with Harry working his magic, very literally in this case. Runes were traced on the walls. This Darhk dabbled in some kind of rudimentary mystical arts. Who would tutor such a man in those arts, Harry pretty much had no idea.

"Did you know Darhk dabbled in magic?" Harry asked.

"There had been rumors, but I didn't know how true they were," Nyssa said. "This poses a bit of a problem if it's true."

"Maybe," Harry answered when he kept working through the runes.

A bright light entered the room and the trio entered the room to take a look around. Nyssa noticed several boxes in the room and she moved over to crack one of them open. Diamonds, some rare gold coins, and a couple of priceless artifacts rested in the box.

"Are they cursed?" Nyssa asked.
"Well, only if you actively use them," Harry said.

Some of the artifacts were very damaged, and if they were used, they would cause plenty of issues. Harry frowned and kept studying some of the artifacts. He held up a sword, very familiar looking to him. Could it be? Could it have existed in this world?

"The Sword of Godric Gryffindor," Harry said. "Or whatever this world's equivalent is called."

"What's the significance of it?" Nyssa asked.

"It has the ability to destroy even the most powerful of magical enchantments, and magical creatures as well," Harry said. "In another lifetime, a long time ago, I used it to slay a fifty-foot long snake. A Basilisk."

"The great serpent which could kill with one stare, and has poison which can kill in seconds," Nyssa said. "Not that most live long enough to be bitten."

"I did, and I survived its venom," Harry said.

Nyssa honestly wasn't surprised. The power of the dragon grew stronger, with each passing retelling, with each telling of the story. No one would be surprised by anything which happened.

A book caught Harry's attention on the table. He noticed an inscription which said it was the property of J. Zatara, but obviously, Darhk had swiped it from the owner, or maybe the owner died, and Darhk managed to get his hands on it. Regardless, Harry sat down in front of the table and looked towards the book.

"It's a totem, Darhk is after it," Harry said. "He intends to channel the darkest of dark magic, amplifying his power through human sacrifice."

"That's not all," Sara said. "Look at this."

She pointed out a map lying on the table. Darhk, or someone, circled several key spots on the map, one of the spots was Lian Yu. Harry looked from the map to the page on the book detailing the totem. Could this have been the reason why Harry could not have forged magic on the island without help of the dragon medallion? Harry figured out this potentially could have been the case.

"Everything is just getting more complex," Harry said. "He's already got what he needs from this book if he left it here unattended."

One of the pages had been folded back and Harry flipped through the page in the book. He frowned and could see details regarding the seven ancient medallions.

"Darhk's after the medallions," Harry said.

"They are not his to hold," Nyssa said. "They belong to the Dragon and his chosen disciples."

Harry thought Darhk would disagree with this fact, but regardless, he looked over the items on the paper. The seven medallions, the Spider, the Serpent, the Phoenix, the Merfolk, the Tengu, the White Canary, and last, but not least, the Dragon. The evidence Darhk was after them all were on this paper.

And Harry suspected they held the key to the totem Darhk was also after. Otherwise, why would the Dragon medallion have restored his full powers on the island? Providing, of course, it was the totem, and it was on the island, and those things were blocking his powers.
One more surprise caught Harry's attention. He pulled out a box and inside the box, there were two vials of some kind of chemical inside of them. They were mostly drained, but just enough to show Harry there was something in there worth testing.

"Get everything out of here we can carry," Harry said. "We're going to have to burn this facility to the ground."

"Won't Darhk know we were here if we burned the facility down?" Sara asked.

Nyssa responded by shaking her head. "Not if we set it up, where it looks like an accident because one of the magical artifacts exploded."

"Oh, I don't think it would take too much to make that look like an accident," Harry said. "I'm going to have to get the two of you out of here, and then, I'll be right behind you."

Both nodded, trusting on what Harry was doing. Harry pushed the book, and the vials into a bag, while keeping the sword on his back.

The sword had been rumored to bring down gods. How true that was, Harry didn't know, but if it was that powerful, Harry most certainly would prefer it to be in his hands and not the hands of Damien Darhk.

"Be with you at the safe house in a minute."

Sara, Nyssa, and the riches they took from Darhk disappeared. Harry pulled one slightly bent and splintered staff out of the box. It already started to spark and hiss when Harry held it between his thumbs. This would work perfectly in destroy this place.

Harry pointed the sparking wooden staff at the ground and a bolt of energy shot from it. The energy incinerated the area where Harry stood. When Harry could verify the facility would be burned in magic fire, he disappeared to leave it to be destroyed, never once turning back.

One thing struck Harry as very interesting and that was the nerve agent he found. The vials on the table hissed when he pulled it out of the box. Harry reached underneath the table at the League Safe House and put it down on the table. He unshrunk the equipment that he took on the AMAZO.

"Stand back," Harry told his two companions. "We're dealing with a highly unstable chemical here."

Harry placed the vial on the table without another word and opened the vial. A light green smoke poured out. Harry siphoned it away. The fumes didn't appear to be toxic, but appearances could be deceiving. He put a small drop of the chemical out on a slight.

The chemical hissed and burned through the slide. Harry frowned and took a closer look towards it.

"It's some kind of nerve agent," Harry said. "If I'm to guess, Darhk's intention is to cause the person he inflicts with it the worst pain possible."

Was Nyssa or Sara surprised? Not in the slightest to be honest. Harry removed a drop of his own blood and added it to the slide. The chemical reaction was very interesting to be perfectly honest.

"Actually, it might be the opposite," Harry said. "Darhk is creating an agent which will cause a
person who is infected by it no pain whatsoever."

"So, it's useless?" Sara asked.

"Actually," Nyssa said. "If I'm correct, it causes a person to be completely unable to feel pain. Which isn't an ideal situation."

"It's actually quite devious," Harry concluded. "The nerve-endings of the victim are so hypersensitive that their ability to feel pain is shut down. Eventually, causing their minds to break, their internal organs to fail, and one of the worst, most painful deaths possible. It's very nasty."

"This is the component," Nyssa said. "It's the component which Darhk needs to spread the nerve agent across the planet."

"Which is why we need to track him down."

Three days, Ivo was due to give an update to one of the agents of HIVE. This was when Nyssa hoped, she would get this much closer to Darhk. They had been destroying some of the softer safe houses at first, although this one, it hit paydirt.

"I need to check something about this component."

Harry slipped off into the next room and left Sara and Nyssa alone with each other.

"Darhk's plans are greater than even my father knew," Nyssa said. "Men like him seek to be invincible…..but this power doesn't belong to him. It shouldn't belong to him. He's not worthy."

Just a cockroach, which was a word Nyssa kept mentally going back to. They would have three days to wait. There were other areas where they could attack, but they were too heavily occupied. It was curious why Darhk left an important artifact like this Sword of Godric Gryffindor, or whatever it was called lying around.

Unless, he was ignorant of the power which the sword held, and Nyssa would not be surprised if he is.

"So, are you ready to make your move?" Sara asked.

"Regarding, Darhk, yes, when I meet up with his associate in three days," Nyssa said. "I'll find out what he's up to now."

Sara folded her arms and listened for Harry's return. She turned back to Nyssa and started to open her mouth. Much to her surprise, Nyssa leaned in and touched her fingers on the edge of Sara's mouth to stifle the next words which came out of her mouth.

"I'm well aware you're not referring to Darhk," Nyssa said. "And I'm well aware you're referring to the debt I owe the Dragon, which I can never completely replay. And how he has a tendency to get into the head of women, and invade their minds, their thoughts, both conscious and subconscious."

Instead of giving Sara a chance to respond, Nyssa leaned in and planted one passionate kiss on Sara. Sara closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Nyssa's mouth on top of hers. The two of them pulled away from each other.

"I ask you one favor," Nyssa said. "Tonight, I want him alone."

"Of course," Sara said. "I wouldn't deny you that."
"Good, I'm glad," Nyssa said. "It's a lot to ask, but I certainly intend to make it up to you in the future. Given your prominence in his circle, it would be arrogant to think I outranked you, regardless of who my father is."

Nyssa knew she needed to settle matters now with the Dragon, with Harry, at least temporary. The images of what happened to Rose were a constant reminder in Nyssa's mind. Her stubbornness caused problems with the entire group.

Sara noticed the book which had been left open and her eyes traveled to the page detailing the Amulet of the White Canary. She looked at the depiction of the woman in the picture and saw how it could be her doppelganger. And maybe it was some kind of ancestor or something.

"You do resemble her," Nyssa said. "I thought it was obvious, but now seeing you next to the picture, is more obvious…..but we'll see if you're her avatar, once you get your hands on the medallion."

Flipping through the book, Sara noticed all of the avatars, sans the dragon, were female. Curious, but to be honest, it was oddly fitting.

"Let's worry about finding the other medallions when we find Darhk," Sara said. "Let's face it. He's after the medallions. If he gets in our way, it might make finding the rest of them difficult."

Shado mentioned they unlocked some great power, but she didn't mention there were individual people who held the amulets. She read a note about how the medallions were forged by the sacrifice of a thousand slain warriors, by four powerful mystics to give to the Dragon and his Generals.

Sara put the book away, and she saw Nyssa slip out into the evening. No doubt the powerful warrior woman prepared for tonight. Sara could not help, but smile.

The experiment would take a few hours before the results were clear to Harry. He made his way into his bed quarters, but it was occupied. Nyssa sat on the bed, dressed in some lacy green lingerie which matched Harry's eyes. She wore an opened robe, a corset top, with a green pair of lacy panties, green garter belt, and stockings which stretched all the way down her legs.

"I wondered."

"Great one, I don't think we should waste any time," Nyssa responded with a smile. "As you know, I have a debt to pay. And before we go out to take care of the blight of Damien Darhk, I insist you give me a chance to pay it."

Nyssa rose to her feet and moved across the room to meet with Harry. She reached in and placed a hand on his hip before leaning forward.

"If you would allow me to offer the oldest, most universal payment to serve our debt."

Nyssa leaned closer towards Harry, a flickering smile on her lips. She crossed the room, getting a little bit closer towards Harry. Harry reached up and stroked her hair. The silkiness of her hair brought a smile to Harry's face.

"Of course."
The two leaned together and their lips met together in a very sensual kiss. Nyssa's tongue sought entry into Harry's mouth and he opened his mouth to allow Nyssa to ease her way into his mouth. The kiss deepened and Harry maneuvered his tongue into the back of the mouth of the Daughter of the Demon. She gasped the very moment Harry slid his tongue into her mouth's depths.

Nyssa would have been lying if she said she wasn't a bit nervous. Her leg wrapped instinctively around Harry, and he slowly ran his hand down it. Nyssa closed her eyes to feel the pleasure of him. She never thought of a man this way.

The only thing was, though, this was no man, this was a god. Harry deepened the kiss and guided Nyssa down to the bed. His hands caressed her body and sent tingles down the spine.

"Don't worry, I can make you feel really good."

Nyssa couldn't help, but think she would be getting a lot out of this, despite being the one with the debt to hold. Harry's kisses deepened and moved all the way down Nyssa's body. She gasped the moment Harry sent pleasure shooting down her body, and it was just beginning.

The waiting body of the skilled warrior was at Harry's disposal. He slid the top of Nyssa's corset down and revealed her breasts to the world. Her dark nipples stuck out, begging to be sucked. Harry took some time to tease the powerful woman and leaned down to latch onto her breasts.

The little moan coming from her body was Harry's reward. He gave another suck and received another moan. He rolled his hand down the side of her leg. Harry slowly figured out all of the spots on Nyssa's form which caused her pleasure.

Weakness was not something Nyssa encountered very often. Her position in the League, as the daughter of Ra's al Ghul, meant there was no time to weakness. Still, when weakness, there came reward.

"Please!" Nyssa begged him.

Harry's hand edged over Nyssa's legs and felt the smooth softness. Her silky stockings were captured in Harry's grip and he slowly moved closer towards her. Nyssa's breathing quickened the further Harry moved his way over her. His fingers dipped between the thighs of the Daughter of the Demon.

He moved around and started to kiss Nyssa's body. Her corset ripped off, revealing the well-toned, and trained body. Her tanned skin glistened in the moonlight coming from the window. It lightly dripped with sweat and arousal from what Harry did to her.

"I can't wait to taste you," Harry responded.

Nyssa thought the feeling was more than mutual. Harry slid her panties down to reveal the smooth pussy of the beautiful woman. It dripped with so much moisture,

Harry could feel his mouth watering at the thought of what he wanted to do to Nyssa. And there was a lot possible he could do with her. He moved closer towards Nyssa and spread her thighs to reveal her dripping womanhood.

"Such a beautiful pussy!" Harry hissed.
Harry's tongue struck a high note. Nyssa reached up and gave a daring grab to the back of Harry's head. The handsome face of this god was buried between her thighs and eating her pussy out. His tongue knew the exact spots to hit, and strike. All Nyssa could do was hang on and more importantly, enjoy the ride.

And it was a hell of a ride to enjoy. Nyssa kept rising and falling on the bed. Her fingers lightly squeezed the back of Harry's head.

"Deeper!" Nyssa begged.

She came, and much sooner than from the females in her Elite Guard did, as well. Harry's tongue vibrated as far inside Nyssa as possible. Harry held onto the woman's legs and slowly shifted deep in between her thighs.

Each moment of pussy eating drove Nyssa closer over to the edge. Her hips jerked up from the bed and dropped down. Harry drove his tongue deeper and then pulled it out of her.

Eventually, Harry pulled back and surveyed his handiwork. He started to unbutton his shirt, but Nyssa reached up to grab his hand.

"No, allow me."

Nyssa sat up despite receiving a hell of an orgasm and she grabbed Harry by the shirt. She pulled Harry into a deep and passionate kiss. The taste of herself lingering on Harry's lips made Nyssa really hot. She pushed back slightly and allowed herself to remove Harry's shirt.

The skilled warrior mounted Harry's lap and pressed her breasts up against him, before kissing him even more. Harry laid back on the bed, and Nyssa pulled back at him with a smile.

Positioned perfectly to worship her god, Nyssa went in for the kill. A series of kisses caused Harry to close his eyes and feel the moment. He reached in and grabbed the back of Nyssa's head, encouraging her to keep up what she was doing. Nyssa leaned in closer and sucked the side of Harry's neck before pulling back.

More hot kisses came down the side of Harry's neck, to his collarbone, and his chest as well. Nyssa stroked Harry's well-defined abs, before kissing it. Her breasts slid down over his crotch, which she could feel growing in his tight pants.

The Daughter of the Demon slid a hand into Harry's pants and grabbed onto his crotch. She squeezed him with a smile on her face.

"Oh, the legends did understated something," she said.

"You'd be surprised how often I hear that."

Only a smile and Nyssa unveiled Harry's throbbing erection for the world. Her silky black hair formed a curtain on her face. Nyssa took her tongue around his cock, experimenting it. Harry tasted her, so now it was time for Nyssa to taste the god before her. Her tongue caressed every last inch of Harry's engorged cock and moved it deep inside of her mouth.

Nyssa cupped Harry's balls and moved down to the base. She sucked the base and slipped the balls into her mouth.

"You were born to do this," Harry groaned.
A suction-like effect formed around Harry's balls from Nyssa's warm lips, sucking on him. She slowly kissed his balls and moved all the way down. Nyssa worshiped the head, the length, and anything else of Harry's she can get her mouth and hands on.

Harry grabbed two hands full of Nyssa's hair and made her bottom out on his cock. Nyssa responded by giving Harry an extremely sloppy, deep throated blowjob. Her mouth wrapped around Harry's massive cock and then came all the way.

"Fuck!" Harry groaned.

Nyssa pushed down his cock and drew it from her mouth.

"If you insist."

Nyssa climbed on top of Harry and lowered her pussy down on his hard, throbbing cock. Harry reached in and grabbed Nyssa's hips and slowly inched his cock towards her. Her warm lips caressed the tip of Harry's cock.

The two of them met together at the center, with Nyssa easing her womanhood down on Harry's mighty pole one single inch at a time. She almost bottomed out on Harry's engorged prick. She slowly rose up off of the bed and then dropped down onto Harry's mighty rod. Her thighs smacked down onto Harry, sending great sensations between the two of them.

It was inside her, somehow, slowly burying its way inside of her body. Nyssa rolled her hips and then tilted back before planting herself firmly on Harry's cock. Harry grabbed onto her hips with Nyssa raising and lowing on him. Her breasts hung tantalizing several inches away from Harry's face. There wasn't anything Harry could do, other than suck Nyssa's beautiful breasts.

"Mmmm!" Nyssa moaned hotly.

Harry's face guided between her round, supple breasts. She bounced even higher and higher. The sucking of her generous tits continued and Harry also squeezed her ample ass. Nyssa rose up off of the bed and stretched her pussy around Harry's hard, throbbing cock.

Inner muscles contracted the moment Harry pushed his engorged rod deeper inside of Nyssa. She bounced up and down, squeezing on his cock. A nice and pleasurable feeling centered around Nyssa's body. Harry touched her body and pumped himself into her inside. The pleasure exploded through her body. Nyssa's heated loins rubbed up and down on Harry's cock and filled up her tight pussy with him.

The warmth surrounding Nyssa's loins surrounded Harry's cock as well. He cupped Nyssa's breasts, squeezing them together, before moving down to grab her hips. Nyssa held Harry's head and encouraged his sucking of her breasts.

"I think you're going to drive me mad, beloved."

Harry just smiled and reached behind Nyssa, taking a handful of ass. She squeezed down on his cock in response. Harry's love organ pushed deeper inside of Nyssa's body. The slapping of flesh and the pleasure involved made the two of them feel really good.

"Yes, very mad," Harry said. "Mad with lust."

A single light squeeze of her nipple shot Nyssa over the edge. Nyssa slammed her hips down onto Harry and kept riding him. His thick balls bounced up against her waiting pussy. Another excellent orgasm shot through Nyssa's body and made her feel very good.
"Again," Nyssa said. "Don't stop, please, I beg of you, don't stop, great one."

Harry's engorged prick slammed into Nyssa's warm, succulent depths. Her hips ground down on Harry's rod and squeezed it hard. She sprung up and came down on his manhood with several lifts and lowers on Harry. Harry pushed her back down.

Another orgasm and Nyssa's dazed feeling increased. Harry latched his mouth around her nipple and sucked it which brought her back to life. Harry held onto the Daughter of the Demon and drove himself into the depths of her dripping sex. Every moment Harry pushed into her, Nyssa found herself feeling new sensations.

The plan to make Nyssa feel really good was working. Harry lightly caressed her breasts, just enough to send jolts of power through her body. Nyssa thrashed up and down on Harry's throbbing rod to milk him as much as humanly possible. Her warm thighs slapped down onto Harry's.

"I can make you as cum as many times as I want," Harry said. "And I bet it doesn't take much, does it?"

One light touch at the base of her neck sent Nyssa flying over the edge. She nodded when coming up and down.

"Ride my cock," Harry said. "Show how much you worship me like a god."

Nyssa ground her body up against Harry's. Her hips rose up and dropped down with a solid smack. Harry held onto her backside when she dropped and lowered down on the ground. Harry pushed his rod inside of her body and buried as much of his thick length inside of her as possible.

"That's it, cum for me again!"

Oh, that spot on the side of her leg, shot Nyssa over the edge. She kept riding Harry's cock. Two huge, swollen balls pressed up against Nyssa and teased her. It teased her something fierce.

"YES!"

Harry drove his entire cock inside of Nyssa and made sure she felt it. Every single inch of his engorged prick pressed through the gloriously sexy assassin. Nyssa drove her hips down onto his hard cock.

She could feel every single inch of that engorged cock, and it was splitting her in half. Nyssa pushed herself all the way up off of Harry's cock and dropped down onto him. Her warm center engulfed him and dropped down to the ground. Harry stretched out her pussy, feeling the pleasure.

Harry worked her through many more orgasms with his hard pounding. He held Nyssa up and ensured she kept going down on his cock. It was a very intense speed between the two of them, but Harry held her in place.

"Cum again," Harry said.

Nyssa came and drove herself down onto Harry.

Time ground by and constant orgasms passed. Harry's balls swelled up and moved closer and closer to their edge. He made sure to hold onto Nyssa and allow her to pump down onto him.

"You want all of this cum inside you," Harry said.
Her body craved the gift of buckets full of cum buried inside of her body. Nyssa drove herself down on Harry's cock and squeezed him with her center. She channeled all of her strength in her inner muscles and tried to milk Harry's engorged prick inside of her.

Harry pushed inside of Nyssa and started to fill her body with his cum. The feeling of release, stored up for quite some time, filled Nyssa's warm pussy. Harry pushed his rod into her. The intense pleasure of having his cock slammed into tight and amazing sheath of female flesh made Harry empty every last drop inside of Nyssa's waiting body.

The moment Nyssa had been blessed by his offering, she saw stars. Her body bounced and made sure to drain every last drop of cum.

Both of them must have cum for a long time. Sometime in this process, Nyssa shifted into auto-pilot before passing out.

But, she passed out with a smile on her face and satisfaction between her thighs.

To Be Continued on March 5th, 2017.

Well, Liv learns some very painful lessons at the hands of Holly, who may be my favorite Granger. Well, technically Hailey is up there, but you haven't seen her yet. Dawn hasn't really gotten enough time to stretch, and she has a more submissive personality. Mia's...a work in progress.

Nym making fun of Damien Darhk, and Waller calling her out about it, fun times now.

Something interesting happening with Sara and a few other people in this story as well, but obviously let's this play out.

Nyssa clears her debt with Harry because that's not the sort of thing you want hanging around.

Until next Sunday.
Chasing Ghosts

The latest chapter of the Week poll closing on March 11th, 2017 can be found on the very important links link on this profile. Vote now.

Chapter Nineteen: Chasing Ghosts.

A trail of breadcrumbs was being laid out. One of their raids uncovered a clue, one which indicated the fact Damien Darhk might have been present at one of the facilities. The facility looked like a standard factory, three stories high with windows. The docks had trucks both coming and going, shipping something into the factory during the day.

At day, the shipping company trafficked lumber and other household products out through the doors. During the night, there were other kinds of shipments going out of the warehouse. Harry waited for Nyssa and Sara to circle around before he got a closer look at one of the trucks which had been loaded.

One step brought Harry closer to the edge of the truck. He paused for the longest moment and slid out one of the crates before anyone had a chance to see it. Harry slipped into a loading garage area and put the crates behind another stack of them.

The crate opened to reveal more of the drug Harry found in the underground facility. Darhk found a way to mass produce it, but what were the means to this end? What did Damien Darhk hope to accomplish by shipping these drugs out? Harry had so many questions and not a sufficient amount of answers. He threw his head back a second later.

"We need to get all of these crates out, and the sooner, the better," one of the leaders said. "I don't get it. He has a successful shipping yard which makes him millions of dollars a year. And he ends up using it as a front for something, whatever is in these vials. What's in them anyway?"

"Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answers to. Everyone, get going."

The man who asked the question grumbled and showed he was getting going. He moved towards a forklift which had several more of the crates stacked on it. Harry Potter didn't need to peer behind the crates to see what was in it. It was more of the same.

Harry could not under any circumstances let this shipment leave. He took a second to look around the corner, looking to the right and then looking to the left.

'Let's move.'

The foreman looked around. Did he really know what was in the drugs or was he just following orders? Harry checked his watch. Darhk should have shown up by now, and the fact he hadn't meant something was up. Darhk must have either gotten tied up or maybe he had gotten wise.

"Are you saying he's not showing up tonight?" one of them asked.

"Yeah, one of his benefactors wanted to meet with him on short notice," the foreman said. "Look, don't question what Mr. Darhk does. It's a lot easier on you. Just collect your paycheck every two weeks, and smile about it. Your life will be a lot easier…..unless you want to become like that
The foreman pointed towards a man who had a vacant look in his eyes. The lights appeared to be on, but no one was home. Harry could tell a lot of Darhk's minions were like that.

"No kidding," the man muttered.

Little did he know, a dark-haired woman moved through the shadows. Nyssa would have to take out this guy. He was big, but not very coordinated by what Nyssa could tell. She swooped in and grabbed the worker around the neck. Nyssa applied enough pressure to drop him to his knees and drag him back into the shadows. Nyssa stepped back enough to allow herself some room to breathe.

"Someone is here," the foreman said.

The foreman turned around and tried not to betray the fact he was very nervous. His heart quickened, and he reached into a satchel to pull out a gun. He rotated three hundred and sixty degrees to attempt to locate the person who had taken out one of his men.

Thump, never mind, two of the men. The goon turned around a half of a second later and held his gun down on the ground.

"Come out!" the foreman yelled. "I'm not scared of you……"

An arrow caught the foreman in the back of the neck and dropped him down to the ground.

Sara, who perched from a high point, was about ready to make a shot, but she didn't have a chance. Someone, from across the way made a shot and took out the foreman with a crisp, clear, and mostly clear shot.

'Something's up,' Sara thought to herself. 'We've got company.'

She could see from Harry's body language, he realized the same thing. Harry turned around to take a look at the location where the arrow had been fired. A thick cloud of mist filled the air around them and obscured the vision of not only Nyssa, Sara, and Harry, but also, Darhk's men.

Harry worked quickly and parted the mist with one raised hand. A figure dressed in black moved in, and the facility exploded seconds later. The chemical cloud disappeared into nothingness before it could affect anyone.

'We're dealing with someone who can perform magic,' Harry thought.

Harry dodged a blast of red light which came towards his direction. The figure rushed towards Harry in an attempt to take him down. Harry raised his hand and used a shield to block both the magical incoming attack and the physical incoming attack.

A figure dressed all in black stepped back towards the figure. She caught sight of the glinting dragon medallion which had been fastened to his neck.

"Bloody hell, you are real."

Harry heard enough of that voice to realize it sounded very familiar. He noticed another explosion off to the side and saw another figure dressed in black. Two of the trucks had been destroyed, thus preventing the shipment from getting sent out.
"You're in our way!" the second figure said.

"No, you're in my way," Harry answered.

An arrow fired off to the side, and the figure almost caught it right in the back of the leg. Her reflexes were just enough to avoid Sara's arrow from impacting the side of her leg. The figure's face contorted, even beneath the face mask. Sara dropped down to the ground and face off against the second of the figures. She pointed the arrow at her.

"Talk!"

"I don't talk."

She withdrew a weapon in a blink of an eye. Nyssa proved to be even faster than that and disarmed the mysterious woman with a well-place to the kick. The woman did a flip and dropped down to the ground. She armed an uppercut punch towards Nyssa's throat. Nyssa caught her arm, and twisted it around, before flipping her attacker down to the ground in one fell smack.

This woman, in particular, was very good, but she wasn't on the same level as the Daughter of the Demon. Nyssa grabbed the arm and twisted it around. She held it in perfect position.

"Tell me who do you work for," Nyssa said.

"I don't negotiate with terrorists," the woman muttered.

An arrow flew over the heads of both women, and it hit a gas tanker to cause an explosion. Harry flashed over to pull Nyssa and Sara out of the way of the explosion, and Harry could see the first government agent pulling the second one out of the line of fire.

Harry, Nyssa, and Sara dropped down on the ground. Darhk was not there, but there were other people who were going after them. Nyssa took a second to catch both her breath and her bearing before saying one word which didn't really explain much, at least not straight away.

"Argus."

Rose followed the former Bookworm up a small grassy hill leading to a nice extravagant house. It wasn't exactly a mansion by any means, but it was very nice. Rose took notice of her surroundings, instinctively, where anyone could jump out and attack her if they were so inclined to do so. Rose didn't really care, she was ready.

"So, this is the house where I grew up," Mia said.

"Not bad," Rose said. "So, do you think your parents are still here?"

Mia responded with a shrug, to be perfectly honest she had no clear idea whether or not they would still be around. It had been a long time ago, to be honest. Perhaps, they thought she had long since died, perhaps they had a funeral. Mia didn't really know.

"Well, the mailbox says Jensen on it, not Granger," Rose said.

"So, it looks like they moved out," Mia said.

Rose nodded in response. Whoever lived here kept the house rather nice, there weren't too many
weeks leading up to the path. There was a small garden of herbs off to one side, and Rose had to walk up the hill to take a closer look at her surroundings. She watched Mia follow her.

"Maybe they know where my parents have gone?" she suggested.

Nervously, Mia bit down on her lip. Twelve long years passed, and the person who moved into this house might not have known where her mother, father, sister, had gone. Mia took a step up the gates, and knocked lightly, politely on the door. She waited for the door to be opened up.

The door opened up and a kindly-looking little old lady opened the door. She wore a nice printed sweater with a cat on it and a pair of casual black sweat pants. She had her hair pinned back in a bun, and wore a pair of wire rim glasses.

"Hello, dear," she responded. "May I help you?"

"Maybe you can," Mia said. "I used to live in this house when I was younger…"

"Is your last name Granger?" the little older woman asked.

"Yes, it is, Granger, well it was Granger, but legally it still is," Mia said, folding her arms over nervously. "I was hoping if you knew anything about where the last people who lived here. I've been out of touch for a few years, and I was hoping to get in touch with some family members."

"Why don't you and your friend come in?" the kindly old woman asked.

Rose opened her mouth and was on the cusp of telling the old woman, that she and the Bookworm were by no means friends. However, her tongue became tied and she just looked forward, nodding in confirmation.

"I….it's alright, I can stay outside if you want to."

"Nonsense, there's a storm coming, and I'd hate you to stay outside in it," the old woman responded. "Why don't the two of you come in….and settle yourself in? I'll make you a cup of hot chocolate."

Rose couldn't argue with an old woman, even she didn't have the heart to do that. She moved her way into the house and stopped a second later. At least a dozen cats of various colors and breeds moved around the living room area. A lazy orange cat laid on his back, purring, with a ball of yarn being batted across the leg with her paws. Another cat moved across the room to the litter box to do its business.

Sighing, Rose took a moment to adjust her thoughts.

'So many cats.'

Rose took a moment to step inside, with Mia following her. Both of the girls sat down on the couch. One of the cats moved over towards Mia, the lazy orange cat, who started purring.

"I think he likes me," Mia said.

"Well, someone has to," Rose said.

Mia ignored the very obvious slight at her person by Rose and leaned down to scratch the cat on the ears. The cat purred a few seconds later and enjoyed the attention. The other cats moved around and looked like they were trying to compete for the attention.
"Miss Misty, Mr. Curly, that's enough, you shouldn't bother our new friend," the old woman said in a reprimanding voice. "I hope you girls are hungry, I've got a nice fresh plate of…"

"Cookies!" Mia cheered in a loud voice, almost jumping off of the couch, and causing the orange cat to hiss in surprise.

She had never been allowed sweets back when she was a child. Holly and Dawn occasionally managed to sneak chocolate in for Halloween, but that was about it. Trying to explain to her mother that she couldn't get cavities because of magic was a fruitful endeavor.

"Are we five?" Rose asked underneath her breath.

Mia took the plate of cookies and the drink of hot chocolate. She took the cookie and put it in her mouth, shoveling it in for a moment. It had been a long time since she had a nice home cooked meal, and while a plate of cookies wasn't exactly a meal, she would take it.

"Sorry," she said.

"It's not a problem, dear, I always make way too much for the neighborhood bake sale anyway," Mrs. Jensen said with a smile. "Do you want any?"

"Well, I'd take some, if I wasn't afraid of losing my hand," Rose said.

Mia stopped and placed a cookie in Rose's hand, and Rose took it with good grace. Food had been slim on Lian Yu, and while Harry had done a fairly good job out of making chicken salad out of chicken shit, there was still only so much he could do.

"Thanks, Mrs. Jensen," Mia said.

"Yeah, thanks," Rose said.

"It's no problem at all," the old woman said. "Now, you want to know about the family who used to live here, don't you? The Grangers."

"Yes," Mia said.

"Well, they had to sell the house in a hurry, about eight years ago," Mrs. Jensen said. "There's a lot of nasty neighborhood gossip which I don't think is fit for the ears of polite young ladies."

Rose almost snorted in her hot chocolate. Funnily enough, the term "polite young lady" suited the Bookworm more than it did her if Rose could be brutally honest with herself.

"Did the Grangers get divorced?" Mia asked.

"That's what I've heard, but there was a lot of drama before I moved in, dear," Mrs. Jensen said. "All I know is I got this house for a bargain."

"So you don't know where they are?"

"I'm afraid not," Mrs. Jensen said. "I don't want to badmouth anyone because I wasn't here, and I've never met any of them. So it would be unfair of me to speculate."

Mia answered with a sad nod. She wasn't going to get any answers. There was one place where Mia was going to have to go, and she wasn't going to like it.

'Bloody hell, I'm going to have to bite the bullet and visit Grandma Granger,' Mia thought. 'If that
A battered and beaten up gentleman opened up his eyes. He would be another face in the crowd, other than the bruises on his face, and the fact half of his teeth had been missing. He tried to bite down, only to realize someone removed the failsafe in his mouth, preventing him from conducting a suicide style end to his life.

"You're looking for this, aren't you?"

A figure in the shadows held up a blood-stained tooth which looked to have been painfully ripped out of his mouth.

"You're not going to learn anything from me."

The chains rattled and the hung up man slammed down onto the ground. A sickening impact rattled pretty much every single inch of his body. The figure in front of him grabbed the man's jaw and forced him to look at her.

"What are the chemicals about?" the figure demanded.

"ARGUS, ARGUS, you think you're very clever, don't you?" the gentleman asked, completely evading the question. "You're about three steps behind for every step you take. HIVE will be the undisputed masters of the world. You will all bow before this brand new order."

"I don't bow, nor do I bend," the figure in the shadows responded.

Needless to say, Holly Granger's patience was starting to become worn. She spent about an hour performing emergency dentistry on this HIVE drone, or ghost, or whatever, they snagged, so he didn't try any kind of suicide by cyanide. They also took a sample of the chemical back, while destroying the rest.

ARGUS would have had another chance to look around, had it not been for the intervention of the League of Assassins, who had their own problems with HIVE. They were officially branded terrorists by ARGUS. While Holly understood one person's terrorist was another person's freedom fighter, there was more than enough information about the League out there to make her realize what was going on.

"We're going to have a nice conversation," Tonks interjected. "You'll find my friend hits very hard when she doesn't like the answers you give her."

"He's not afraid," Holly said. "I say we beat it out of him, break a few of his bones. Maybe he'll change his tune when he's beaten within an inch of his life."

"You really think I'm not willing to die for HIVE?" the drone asked. "Trust me when I tell you one thing, and I want you bitches to remember this. As far as the world is concerned, I'm already dead. And soon, ARGUS will be obsolete thanks to…"

A sudden stop and for a second, Holly thought some kind of failsafe had been triggered in the man. He still breathed and still hung upside down, swinging back and forth like a completely grotesque pendulum. Holly reached in and grabbed the man by the throat.

"You won't get anything. All of you are dead, you just don't really know it."
Liv watched the scene play out before her. She had no idea what to make of this. Holly reached over and pulled out a case before she held a knife. She reared back and stabbed it into the inner thigh of the man hanging upside down. He screamed out in agony and slowly removed the knife.

Tonks healed the man of any potentially critical injury, but the pain still lingered thanks to a well-placed charm.

"Do you want to talk yet?" Holly asked.

"You can choke on it, bitch, I'm not telling you anything!"

Holly showed the goon it was the wrong answer by stabbing him once again, this time harder. The cold hard steel brushed against the man's testicles and caused him to scream out in agony. She didn't cut him in a very sensitive area, not just yet. The threat of pain in there made the ghost curse and sputter.

"You….you might be going a bit too far," Liv said.

"No, he's already dead," Holly said. "Dead people have no rights. And you can't prioritize the life and comfort over one person."

Liv looked about ready to protest even further. Tonks reached over and lightly touched the hand of the tall blonde and made her look towards her. "I know it's not the most pleasant thing in the world. But when you're dealing with people like this, you're going to have to bend all of the rules. They won't play by the book, so we shouldn't really either."

A nod followed a half of a second later. Liv decided to choose her battles wisely, and not point out she didn't really sign up for this. She would say she was drafted, but to be honest, someone had to sign up for a draft, and Liv didn't really sign up for that either.

Tonks watched Holly overdue it and make the HIVE goon pass out from the pain. She reflected back tonight, coming face to face with the Dragon. Her mother told her the stories about the legendary figure, but never, in her wildest dreams, did the shape-shifter think she would encounter him in person.

Now, she half-hoped to meet him again, but right now, they had to focus. Exactly what role he played with the League of Assassins, they would have to figure it out as well, after they finished up their game with HIVE.

"Darhk not being there indicates he knows someone is on to him, and he's changing plans accordingly," Nyssa said. "But, we have another problem, with ARGUS getting involved."

Nyssa got both Harry and Sara up to speed about how ARGUS was a super-secret covert government agency, who the League encountered a time or two ago. They meant well, but Harry knew all about people who meant well not exactly doing well.

"So, what do we do?" Sara asked.

"Well, I recognized one of their agents," Harry said.

"So, you ran into another alternate dimension version of someone you knew?" Sara asked. "What are the odds of that happening?"
Harry thought the odds of encountering someone he knew from another universe would be very high. They actually would have been beyond very high, if he had to say so himself.

"Her name is Nymphadora Tonks, and in my world, she's a shapeshifter," Harry said.

"That would make her very useful to our cause then," Nyssa mused.

"And she also isn't the most graceful person in the world," Harry said.

Sara could not resist offering a small smile to this statement from Harry. "Okay, this makes her a bit less useful than before."

Harry moved over what little they had been able to find from the warehouse. The problem was, Darhk not being there ruined a lot of plans going forward. There was still the meeting with Ivo which Darhk had set up, but now, Harry, Nyssa, and Sara all feared Darhk would be on his guard.

"I believe it's very likely someone tipped off Darhk to the planned ARGUS raid," Nyssa said.

"So, someone is working a double-agent angle," Sara said.

"Darhk is a cockroach and he has the survival instincts of one," Nyssa said. "He remains alive despite the fact he should have died countless times over by manipulating the circumstances to favor him."

Harry thought about it for a minute.

"We should assume Darhk would turn the trap around on us when Nyssa goes to meet him," Harry said.

"It's a good thought," Nyssa said. "We might not get a better chance to pin Darhk down. If he thinks he's prepared for us then maybe we can turn the trap back around."

Nyssa would not have believed Darhk to be finished until the last ounce of blood had been drained from his body. The final breath had passed through his lungs, and he was all gone.

"I still can't believe we let those government agents get away," Sara said.

"We didn't," Harry said.

Sara and Nyssa understood immediately where Harry implied as well. They also understood they needed to get to the ARGUS headquarters, before dealing with Darhk.

"I think we should inform them what they're up against, and why they shouldn't get in my way."

Harry hoped this particular government organization was not as stubborn as some of the government organizations he ran across during his time back home. Something told him, though, he would have to deal with an unfortunate amount of stubbornness no matter what the organization.

"The results of the tests are back," Sara said. "Looks like the sample we snagged is far more refined than the one we snagged earlier."

"So, Darhk is improving on the formula," Nyssa said. "We're going to need to stop him and soon."

"We'll have a word with ARGUS, there's a chance they might have information we don't," Harry said. "I know they are going to have to be convinced to hand it over."
A trio would be good for stealth purposes, but for intimidation purposes, not so much. Harry mentally crossed his fingers. He noticed the tracking charm he slipped on Tonks was on and she was on the move. Exactly who were her two companions? Harry had no idea, but he would find out.

Mia took in a deep breath at the edge of the driveway leading up to the Granger Mansion, the house her grandparents lived in for a long time. There were rumors, whispers, about how the money was really made by her grandparents. And while Mia couldn't verify whether or not they were true, she knew her grandparents, her grandmother especially had been a particularly nasty piece of work.

Ah yes, her charming grandmother, who Mia was named after. Mia raised an eyebrow when leaning closer towards the door and took in a deep breath.

'Here we go.'

Rose could tell by the body language the Bookworm gave, this was something she did not want to do.

'Well, this is going to be pretty painful,' Rose thought. 'I shouldn't really feel sorry for her at all, but….she looks scared to death.'

"If you don't want to go here, you shouldn't," Rose said.

"I have to, and I am," Mia said. "I just need to take a moment and prepare."

Prepare for this meeting, for better or for worse. Mia drew in a very prominent deep breath. She remembered that old door knocker which looked uncanny. She remembered the house, with the yard standing out far better than the rest because her grandparents thought they were better.

'My mother was this wicked woman who seduced their poor innocent son away from his family,' Mia thought. 'Okay, here goes nothing.'

Mia knocked on the door a couple of times. When she didn't receive any answer, Mia didn't know what to feel. Relief or more tension? She tried to knock again on the door and decided to go for the doorbell.

"Maybe nobody's home," Rose suggested.

Mia chewed down on her lip in obvious frustration. Oh, there was someone home alright, and she heard the rustling footsteps. Someone made their way to the door, and it swung open. A very frail looking black woman, the housekeeper of Granger Mansion, looked at the girls.

"Mrs. Hermione isn't entertaining any company tonight," the housekeeper said in a nervous, shaky voice.

"Agnes, I wish to speak with my grandmother," Mia responded.

The housekeeper caught sight of a familiar face in the door and staggered back, almost as if seeing a ghost. Her eyes widened in response, those brown eyes focused from Mia.

"Agnes shut the door, you're letting a draft in here."

Mia heard the voice she had not heard in over twelve years. An older woman with wispy gray hair
dressed in a silky blouse and a pair of dress pants appeared. She wore a pair of wire rim glasses and held a walking stick against the ground. She moved down the steps, the walking stick clunking against the steps.

"Madam, you don't understand, it's….."

"OH, IT'S YOU! YOU DARE DARKEN OUR DOORSTEP AGAIN!"

Mia came face to face with crotchety old Hermione Granger, the namesake of her former life, standing against her. Mia tried not to back down from her old bulldog of a grandmother. Age had not been too kind to her.

"Grandmother, I'm back," Mia said.

"I thought you would have been sold into prostitution by now," Granny Granger said.

Rose took a second to frown at the very blunt comments. She marveled at Mia's ability to keep her cool because if it had been her those comments were directed at, she might have blown up at the old biddy.

"My parents moved away…"

"That harlot sold my son out!" Granny Granger barked. "My poor David, he's now currently rotting away in prison, because he was caught embezzling money. And she took my other granddaughter and left the country, leaving poor David to rot. And she left with it."

"Where did they go?" Mia asked.

"I don't know, if I ever find them, though, I'll make Charlotte Edwards pay for what she's done to my family, and what she's taken from us," Granny Granger said. "You're lucky I don't have you arrested for trespassing on my property."

"Yeah, your grandmother is really a nice woman, Mia, I'm glad we came," Rose said.

"You dare allow your name to be purposely shortened, by this…this…this slut!" Granny Granger said. "Are you ashamed….you should be honored by being named after myself. But, it seems like you're ashamed of me."

"Yeah, imagine being ashamed because of you," Rose practically spat out.

Granny Granger's eyes bared down on Rose. Rose stared the woman straight in the eye, and she stared into a soul far colder and far more malicious than anything Rose ever saw. She stared into the eyes of someone who was completely and utterly evil beyond all reproach.

"You better not have been with another woman, you've disgraced this family enough," Granny Granger responded.

"What have I done to you?" Mia demanded. She started to breathe as heavily as possible, her knuckles flaring when they clutched together. "I've done everything I can to please you, to live up to your standards. I worked myself to death because of you."

"You will never be good enough," Granny Granger said. "You are just a reminder of what she's done to this family. You would have done the entire world a favor if would have killed yourself. It's a shame we don't burn your type at the stake anymore!"
"Yeah, because if we were burning people at the stake, you would be first in line because you're nothing but a witch," Rose fired back.

Mia cringed, and the look on her grandmother's face made the old bat resemble someone who had been force-fed poison. The word "witch" was something which was a point of contention. She slammed the door in both of the girl's faces.

"I'm honestly surprised you didn't turn out worse than you did."

These words from Rose caught Mia completely off guard. She heard her grandmother order, Agnes, to report to the basement.

"Thanks, I think," Mia said, with a sigh. "She didn't really tell me much of anything. Dad's in prison, Mom and Hailey left, I don't know where."

"If they had any sense, they would leave as far away from her as possible," Rose said. "I take it age hasn't softened her any."

Mia shook her head in negative, no, age had not softened Hermione Granger, the elder, at all. She was far worse than ever before, far more intolerant towards people who didn't fit her narrow worldview.

"She seemed surprised to see you alive," Rose said.

"Well, I've been gone for twelve years, I'm sure she hoped I was dead," Mia said.

"No, it's almost like she had something to do with you ending up on the AMAZO," Rose said. "Maybe, I'm reading too much into it, but you never know. I wouldn't put selling her own granddaughter to someone like Ivo….even if you weren't aware she made the deal."

Mia thought at first Rose was being paranoid, but she almost thought there could be something to it. She moved as far away from Granger Mansion as possible and stopped short of the exit. Rose pointed towards a peculiar figure who stepped inside of the side entrance of the entrance. He carried a briefcase and looked to be in a hurry.

"Must be one of Grandfather's business deals," Mia said.

She didn't know how much credence there was to the rumors her grandfather was smuggling drugs in and out of the country, concealed in crates of false teeth. Mia recalled one of the last arguments she heard between her parents, with Charlotte telling David to back out before they all go down with his greed and the greed of his parents.

God bless her mother for trying to keep their family together, despite all of the obstacles. Mia couldn't help but think Charlotte should have given up before she did, it might have saved some grief.

Mia never knew what it meant, it could mean anything. She was about to leave, but Rose had taken a step closer to the Mansion and made her way towards an open window.

"I don't think we should let her catch us here," Mia said.

Rose didn't answer. The guy looked pretty incriminating and kind of shifty. She stopped and dipped behind a bush. She motioned for Mia to join her.

Two figures exited a limo and made their way up the driveway. One of them carried a briefcase.
with a logo on it. Mia slipped on a pair of glasses which allowed enhanced vision and she made out the letters.

"HIVE," she whispered.

The very same thing Harry, Sara, and Nyssa went after on their mission. Rose smelled a rat, or two, here. Were the Grangers in with Damien Darhk and his little organization?

"We better go," Mia said. "This is something way too dangerous for us to be involved with….come on, Rose, I'm being serious."

It should have come to no surprise for Mia that Rose performed an action which was the direct opposite of leaving the area. She slipped through a partially opened window and made her way to get a closer look at these illicit transactions. Mia took a second to consider her options, and she stepped towards the window.

'Why do I allow myself to get into these messes?'

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Harry sensed the government facility was very well guarded, but there was one blind spot which no one expected someone to exploit. They could have gone around the building discreetly. However, Harry decided it would always be far more amusing to head in through the front door.

"Well, you always know how to make an entrance," Nyssa said.

"The lock shouldn't be that hard to open," Sara chimed in. "Without triggering the first set of alarms at least. Every single individual set alarms after that, I don't know."

"Actually, let's just do this the easy way for once."

Harry flickered his finger and caused the alarms around the facility to temporarily be disabled. The doors swung open on his own accord. The trio stepped inside of the area. They didn't walk three steps inside when they came face to face with ARGUS agents.

"They have some pretty good reaction time, I'll give them that," Harry responded. A small shifty smile appeared on his face when he looked at the various members of ARGUS who stepped around the room.

"Freeze, don't move an inch."

Harry moved his finger about a half of an inch. One of the more trigger happy ARGUS agents turned around and fired a warning shot. The bullet turned into a harmless little butterfly before the bullet could reach their boss.

"You tell Waller the Dragon is here to meet her," Nyssa said.

Needless to say, all hell broke loose in the facility. Nyssa, Sara, and Harry stood their ground. Harry made sure the medallion on his person was in prominence. Some of them understood what it was all about and others, they would learn sooner rather than later.

"Call for Director Waller," one of the ARGUS agents responded.
Damien Darhk read the report of one of his facilities having been destroyed. His mood, always on the edge of being sour these days due to the lack of progress from certain members of his organization, darkened a moment. He turned his attention to the helpless drone who had given the report.

"Several months worth of hard work and investment, down the drain just like that," Darhk said. He snapped his fingers in respond. "And you didn't get a good look at any of them, did you?"

"Sir, I was lucky to get out of there alive…"

"And, you're lucky I don't kill you now," Darhk said. "But, rest assure, I can make you wish for death. I can give you everlasting misery in your life just like that."

Darhk snapped his fingers and the man in question had been pinned up against the wall. Every single nerve ending of his body had burned up in agony. He pushed the drone against the wall.

"It just takes one motion to squeeze the air out of your lungs," Darhk said. "I lost months of research, a valuable step to refining the chemical, and wiping out the League of Assassins."

As long as Ra's al Ghul lived, he hunted Darhk like a well-trained attack dog. Darhk would never get a moment of peace. He took out of his aggression on the power. Blood started to spill out of the man's nose, but Darhk retracted him.

He needed the totem to increase his ability to perform magic, and also the powers of the medallions would allow him to access nearly god-like powers with usage of the totem. Seven ancient magic, created along with the blood of main slain warriors.

"Oh, it is so hard to find good help these days, my brother."

Darhk turned around and came face to face with a rotund gentleman with scraggly hair, and a wild beard, and even wilder eyes. He dressed in a white tank top and black pants which had been stained with grease, and maybe just a little bit of blood. His hands were coated in soot as well.

"Two questions, how did you get in here?" Darhk asked. "And exactly, who are you?"

"I'm always where I need to be, Brother Darhk," the bearded man said. "And I am the salvation, the last link to a dying world, which has been corrupted by sin and bloodshed, my brother."

"Sorry, not interested in whatever religion you're peddling," Darhk said.

Darhk reached towards the man to grab him by the throat. The HIVE representative's hand passed through a cloud of black dust which caused him to step back.

"You will listen to this warning!" Blackfire howled. "The AMAZO has been taken over. Ivo is no longer in control of it, and the Dragon rises again."

One raised eyebrow had been followed by a deep breath. Darhk knew Ivo was to meet with him within the next few days, and whoever took over ship may have used this as an opportunity to compromise his operations.

Darhk turned to the mysterious man who vanished into a cloud of dust. Exactly why he came to warn him about the AMAZO being taken over had been lost on Darhk.

'My plan to acquire the serum will be delayed,' Darhk thought. 'Providing Ivo wasn't following a white whale, to begin with.'
Let's discussion Hermione Granger for a minute. The older one, not the younger one. Boy, what a crotchety old bat, eh? You can really tell why Mia is the way she is, trying to appease people with her overdedication of schoolwork. Everyone showers her with praise, except for the people she's trying to appease, her grandparents and her father. Thus, she works harder.

Rose and Mia did have some interesting interaction in this chapter.

Harry just walks into ARGUS headquarters like that, because he's Harry Fucking Potter, that that's how he rolls.

That scene with Darhk and Blackfire, set the tone for where we’re heading moving forward, I thought.

Until next Sunday.
Living every single moment of your life with it on the line made a person understand that looking at their surroundings was one of the most important things they could ever do. It could be the difference between a sudden death or living to fight another day. Sara Lance knew this the very second she stepped into the ARGUS headquarters. She stayed with Nyssa and Harry on either side of them.

The ARGUS agents stood and waited for Waller to send word on whether or not they would meet them. Sara glimpsed one of the exits which had been heavily guarded and another one which had been less guarded. Both sides entered a high-speed game of chess.

Harry smiled when staring down at the various ARGUS agents on the other side of the room. One could assume they had Harry right where they wanted him, but he could turn things around in a blink of an eye. Sara waited for Harry's next movement or the next movement of the ARGUS agent.

Nyssa, on the other hand, did not really expect ARGUS to pursue Darhk. Numerous scenarios entered her mind. She highly expected HIVE to have their fingers on several operations and a covert government agency would be proof. And no doubt, ARGUS would try to have their own spies into HIVE.

The three figures who they met came face to face with each other. Sara moved towards one of the figures who gasped in thinly veiled shock when looking at Sara from halfway across the room. Something about this mysterious figure's body language cast Sara as surprised. One of them regarded the three of them with narrowed eyes and a fair amount of suspicion. The third figure kept her eyes on Harry, and rather towards the medallion. She didn't really say much of anything.

"Well, I'm surprised. It turns out some legends are true."

The leader of ARGUS stepped forward. Harry smiled and turned his attention towards her.

"You're Amanda Waller, I take it," Harry said.

"Yes, but I don't know who you are or how you got your hands on that particular medallion."

Waller looked to be smarter than the Butcher and she didn't try and reach out to snag the medallion. Harry figured she respected the power of the artifact more than enough to know it was dangerous, even though she didn't one hundred percent agree with the entire dragon legend.

"Well, if you could believe it, I picked it up, and it allowed me to put it on," Harry said. "Anyone else try and touch it, they would have lost a hand, or worse."

Waller responded with a nod. "I see. And I see Ms. Lance is looking rather fit for a dead girl."

The figure who had been looking at Sara strangely stood up almost straighter in response. Her mask slipped a little bit down her face, and Sara caught a glimpse of some familiar facial features, at least familiar to the new set of memories which worked their way into her mind.
"Sara, you made it?" she asked.

"Liv, is that you?" Sara asked.

Sara thought it was weird, but she moved forward towards the woman in question.

"So, you were the one who fired a shot at me," Sara said. "And here I thought you had given up
archery to be a party girl."

"Hey, I guess old habits die hard," Olivia responded. "I still have the skills, deep down in
here….think they came in handy, didn't they?"

"Lucky shot, nothing more," Sara said.

"So, you're him, aren't you?" one of them woman asked. "You're the Dragon, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am….Nymphadora."

Harry knew if Nymphadora Tonks even resembled the one he knew back on his native Earth, this
would get a particular reaction. True enough, it got a reaction from her, and it got a reaction for all
of them.

"How do you…" Nym responded. She couldn't get her mouth to make sounds which resembled
words. "Actually, if the stories are true, you knew who we were before we even talked to you. You
found us here well enough after all."

The smile crossing Harry's face made them realize how much he was amusing himself by making
them all wonder. Liv, in particular, looked a few seconds away from being beyond amused by it.

"Fine, go ahead, laugh at it, yes, my parents named me Nymphadora, and I've heard every single
sex joke that goes along with my name by the time I was eighteen," Nym said.

"I happen to think it's a pretty cool name," Sara chimed in.

"Maybe, but I'm going to have to have to respectfully disagree with you," Nym answered, folding
her arms underneath her chest. "So, you're….him…and you would have your companions
naturally. The Dragon rarely goes anywhere without a couple of beautiful women by him, at
least…"

"Agent Tonks," Waller said. "You've entered a top secret government facility and compromised a
mission."

"We were after Darhk before ARGUS chose to get involved," Nyssa said. "I've come closer to
taking him down than anyone else has. And I don't think ARGUS has a chance of taking him out.
He has way too many resources, and there are people inside of your government who want to see
Darhk succeed."

"Don't think I don't know that," Waller said. "The League of Assassins…"

"Are an unfortunate necessity," Nyssa concluded. "Most of the members of the League are given a
second chance in life. They are outcasts, dregs of society."

"We're getting off the subject," Harry said. "We're both after Darhk, we both want him gone."

"Yes," Waller said. "But, we can do it without the interference of the League."
Nyssa decided to unleash her trump card. "It's a shame ARGUS doesn't wish to help. You have the man power to help put a dent in HIVE, but you don't have the intelligence and the information about what Darhk has planned. But, we do. It's a shame we can't work together."

"We haven't been able to find out anything," one of the agents said. "The drone we captured, he refuses to say anything. They aren't afraid of death."

"Of course they aren't afraid of death," Nyssa said. "Any HIVE agent will tell you that they're already dead."

"Is he still alive?" Harry asked.

"Yes," the ARGUS agent stated, wondering where this one was going.

"Take him to me and convincing him to talk," Harry said. "Trust me, there are ways to make him talk."

"I've been working on him on and off for three hours," the government agent said. "But, I suppose if you think you can do a better job than by all means….."

The agent turned her attention to Waller. Waller paused for a second and responded with a nod. It appeared they would have to work together. It was not exactly the most ideal of situations, but it had been the set of cards they had.

"Whatever differences we have, we'll figure out how to deal with them later," Waller answered. "For now, we're going to have to work together. HIVE is the much more prominent threat than any differences we have."

"Good to see you can compromise," Harry said. "So….."

"Agent Granger," she offered.

Harry nodded with a smile. Unless Harry was wrong, this woman was one of Mia's cousins, she mentioned in passing. "Why don't you lead the way for me then, Agent Granger?"

Bad idea or you better believe Mia thought it was a bad idea. She had just escaped the AMAZO and had been given a second chance in life. A second chance she intended not to squander by any means. Mia felt small amounts of rage after meeting her grandmother for the first time in twelve years.

And Mia could have gone another twelve years without meeting that woman if she could help it. Now, she sulked around the same basement which always terrified her as a child. The less handful of times she entered this basement had been more than enough.

Now, returning to this basement gave her a severe case of the shivers and a few cases of the creeps. She could, however, get over being in the basement. The people who were inside of the basement were something else entirely.

"Your husband is still not well?"

Mia listened and heard her grandmother's voice, far more respectful than she ever heard it. "My husband doesn't have that much longer to live. I hoped we could get this taken care of because
there are people who are catching on to what we're doing. Charlotte found out, and she's gone."

"That's your fault for not having her eliminated when you have the chance," one of the men said. "She left with one of the keys as well."

"I'm not certain if she did, but it was nowhere in David's house when I had it searched for," Granny Granger responded in a soft tone of voice. "My granddaughter returning at this time presents a complication as well. I thought Ivo was going to break her spirit when we had her sent to the AMAZO."

Mia clutched her fingers into a fist in response. So, Rose was onto something. It was her grandparents, and maybe her father who got her thrown on the ship. A lot of Mia's memories from leaving home and returning to that ship, they were very foggy.

One of the men turned around and looked around the area of the basement.

"It's currently in a cabinet, upstairs," Granny Granger said. "I don't know what your boss wants with it, but I suspect I'm better off not knowing."

"Yes, you are, because if you learned what it's for, we would have no choice but you kill you," one of the men responded. "And we have your payment for holding it. You've been a good associate to our cause. I suggest you leave the old man behind and move on before ARGUS catches up with you. They are very close."

Granny Granger drew in a deep breath. She didn't want to leave her husband to die, but at the same time, there was no real choice in the matter.

"If your granddaughter had been sent here, then she might be working with them," he continued. "They might be waiting in the corner, waiting for backup right about now."

Suddenly, one of the goons grabbed Mia around the back of the neck and yanked her back into the basement. Mia shuddered when she had been slammed against the wall.

Where did Rose go? Why wasn't she helping Mia? Mia found her neck wrapped around in the chokehold.

"There was another one back here," another goon said. "I can smell her!"

Heightened sense of smell due to a bite from a wolf which had been infected by green meteor rocks that dropped down in Smallville in Kansas. It gave him all of the benefits of a werewolf, with few of the drawbacks. He had to feast on human flesh every now and then to keep his sanity. But the man quite liked the taste.

"Come out, to play, or your friend gets it!"

Rose jumped behind the man and knocked him into a second of pipes down in the basement. He thumped down onto the floor with a dangerous clatter.

"One step closer, and her throat gets cut," the man holding Mia said. "Do you hear me?"

Rose's eyes shifted over and she plunged forward, driving a concealed dagger into the chest of the man in question which caused him to drop Mia. Rose wasn't done. She continued to plunge the blade into the man's chest constantly. The blade connected with his chest over and over again, splattering the entire carpet on the basement.
Old Hermione Granger was about to have a heart attack, that her precious, priceless carpet was splattered by blood.

The man who sniffed out Rose recovered and rushed towards her.

"I love the taste of female flesh!" the enhanced meteor mutant said. "The younger it is, the more delicious it…"

Rose overpowered the man and caused him to drop down to the ground. She jumped on his back and forced him head-first onto the ground. His face smashed into the ground, and Rose picked up a pipe from the ground. She smashed it into the skull repeatedly.

"Rose, that's enough, he's dead!" Mia yelled.

The other goon made his way to the basement exit. He did not want to be the next victim of this woman's psychotic rampage by any means. His heart raced very quickly when he tried to escape.

'This is….oh shit!'

Rose slammed the leader of the goons face first into the door of the basement, almost shattering his face through it. Rose slammed the goon down onto the ground.

The old woman pulled out a gun and pointed it towards Rose. Mia turned around and knocked the gun out of her grandmother's hand, burning her hand in the process.

"You stupid child, you are going to get us both killed!" Granny Granger yelled.

The old woman knew in an instant she had been infected with the Mirikuru, which meant it did exist. The effects had varied depending on each person, and this child had flipped out when her life had been threatened. The girl decided to turn her attention towards old Hermione Granger.

Mia restrained Rose and dropped her down to the ground.

"Rose, please, calm down, this solves nothing," Mia said. "They know information, we need, and killing them will make them take the information to the grave."

Rose took a deep breath and started to calm down. She had done such a good job in keeping it under control to now. She looked towards where the elder Hermione sat, and she saw a flicker of her father sitting in her place. He was opened to be killed.

Chains wrapped around the chair and held the old woman in place.

"You dare!" she howled.

Mia knew they were going to need help, and she knew the only person to call to get it. She swiped a finger against the wall which activated a distress signal. Now all she had to do was wait, and hope that Harry would get here whenever he could, and hopefully when he could was sooner rather than later. Her anxiety kicked up in the worst possible way, waiting for Harry to show up.

Holly opened the door and lead the Dragon inside. She had been impressed by his arrival but tried to remain composed, unlike a certain woman who hated her first name. She didn't even know what name he held.
"So, here's the guy we grabbed," she said. "I guess we got off on the wrong foot….my name is Holly Granger."

"Harry Potter," Harry said, shaking her hand.

The two locked hands and Holly could feel a warmth travel up her body which caused chills to blow up her spine. She shook her head a moment later to return back to what passed as reality, at least for her.

"No offense, but you sound like a character in a children's fantasy series," Holly said.

Harry would have liked to inform Holly about Hermione, and the fact she was safe, but right now, he had a job to do and a man to comb through his memories. The man hanging upside down looked at the ARGUS agent with contempt when she walked into the room, not noticing Harry. His face had been bruised, and he had a busted up lip, and most of his teeth had been missing.

"You take pride in your work," Harry answered. "Understandable."

Holly responded with a very casual shrug. "I got a little bit carried away, to be honest with you."

"You still think you can get answers out of men," the HIVE drone said. He shook his head. "You are a stupid child…..you….."

"Actually, I'm here to talk to you."

The goon's demeanor changed, maybe not necessarily for the better, but it changed, the very instant he locked eyes onto the young man before him. He came face to face, through very blurred vision with the one and only Dragon. The medallion hanging from his neck could only be worn by one person.

"You, no, you're dead!" the drone yelled.

"I'm very much alive, and Damien Darhk is trying to steal something which belongs to me," Harry said. "And I don't like that, at all. So you're going to tell me everything you know about Darhk, or I can leave you to an extremely painful existence."

It took a moment for the goon hanging upside down to realize that he was not kidding, he would cause his life to be very painful if he had been pushed a bit too far. Those green eyes looked absolutely cold and brimmed of madness.

"Right, he's creating this biological weapon, which he's targeting only certain people, I don't know if he's trying to find out if some people are strong enough to survive a biological attack, or what," the drone said. "That facility blowing up, it was like the midway point in trying to refine the weapon. He can't build it without the use of the facility, or something, I don't know, I swear."

Harry looked for all of the tell-tale signs of someone telling a lying. This particular gentleman passed the barest of truth tests and looked to be mostly on the level. The goon started to shake a little bit more.

"And there's one more thing, and I swear, that's all I know," the drone continued. "Three of his boys are going to pick up something, from England, or something. It's a tablet. Mr. Darhk wasn't too happy that Old Lady Granger and her husband lost the key to her daughter-in-law."

"What?" Holly asked suddenly.
She knew her grandparents had been in bed with some rather shady people. Shady enough where Holly agreed to work with ARGUS if it meant getting her aunt and cousin Hailey as far away as humanly possible. She and Dawn both agreed for this pact.

Never in her wildest imagination, and Holly's imagination could get pretty wild, did she ever think she would be learning something like this.

"Yeah, they are, it's one of those medallions, don't know what one," the goon responded after a brief moment. "It's supposed to be really powerful, all seven of them together. There's some kind of weird magic shit going on, but it doesn't matter to me. All I like to do is hurt people, and Darhk gave me a second chance to do that."

"And you'll never hurt anyone again."

Harry put the man out of his misery. The goon dropped to the ground the life fading completely to his body.

"The Old Woman Granger any relation?" Harry asked.

"My grandmother, I knew they were involved in something," Holly responded. "I'm….I'm going to have to tell my sister…..she'll want to know about this."

Harry watched the shaken girl leave. She obviously had to come to terms with the fact some of her family members were not as good as she thought they were. Or maybe even worse than she thought.

He turned around the corner and came face to face with the one and only Nymphadora Tonks.

"Hey," Harry said.

"Sorry, got distracted," Nym said. "Liv managed to finally stop smirking about my first name. I never thought I'd actually meet you…..my mother has been telling you stories about you for as long as I can remember….the stories got more…..detailed when I got older and could handle some of the more intimate details."

Nym moved a couple of steps ahead of Harry.

"I was wondering how much these stories were true about the Dreaded Dragon," Nym said. Well, he's only really dreaded for the men who try and foolishly fight him. He's actually a delight for the many women he has touched."

The ARGUS agent gave her hips an extra added sway when moving over towards Harry. She put a hand on his chest, but Harry grabbed it with a smile and looked into her. The shivers coming down the body of this woman showed how enticed she was by his presence.

Harry always thought Tonks was pretty hot, but then again, when you were a shape-shifter, you can make yourself into anything you wanted to be, the most beautiful woman, with the most amazing mouth-watering features. But some of the more mundane forms looked pretty good on Tonks as well.

"So, you're a shape-shifter?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Nym said. "I can make myself into anything you want me….all you have to do is ask."

Harry wondered if Andromeda had been part of some Cult of the Dragon thing in this world and
had been preparing her daughter to be taken at a later time. Some of those cults could get pretty fanatical, so Harry didn't know how to feel about this. Unfortunately, the time to ask this question passed when Harry received a distress signal, which meant either Rose or Mia got in trouble.

Hopefully, it didn't mean one was killing the other.

"Trouble?" Nym asked.

"Yes, a couple of my companions have stumbled onto something, and I really do hope it's not each other's throats," Harry said.

Nym shook her head and sighed. It was a pity because she wanted to see how much trouble she could get up with the entity she had been brought up to worship. Perhaps, there would be another time.

Olivia Queen honestly didn't know what to say, having come face to face with Sara for the first time.

"You're not mad at me for getting us almost killed, are you?" Olivia asked.

"No, I'm not mad at you," Sara confirmed. "It's just….there's a lot going on in my head, that you wouldn't believe now. I think I'm in a far better place than when we got back."

"You do realize your sister is going to kill both of us when we get back, don't you?" Liv asked.

Sara smiled and shook her head. She was beginning to accept the new reality, but at the same time, she didn't want to get too comfortable with it, on the small microscopic chance everything could be reverted back to the status quo.

"It's been over a year right now," Sara said. "I think Laurel's moved on to the grieving stage."

"So, she thinks both of us are dead," Liv responded. "Which means, if we turn back up alive, there could be some problems."

Liv took a second to reconsider some of the things she did. They were pretty selfish and she was mortified about some of the things she did, some of the people she played. They were sick, party girl things, and she wasn't a very good example for her younger sister, Thea.

"You will fix it when you get home," Sara said.

A nod came from the Queen heiress. She looked very distracted to be perfectly honest and Sara wondered why.

"It's just…it feels weird, it feels like I'm living someone else's life," Liv said. "I did all of these selfish things, and I can't just help…"

"Liv, listen to me," Sara said. "You were young, you did what you thought was right for you when you were young. I think being shipwrecked has caused both of us to wake up."

Sara found it very interesting that Liv appeared to have some kind of sense that she was not in her native universe, but passed it off as a fleeting feeling. Given what she was going through now, the truth would not be good. And it would give her false hope she would return home.
And yet, Sara found it more difficult to lie.

"Maybe, I just hope there's a world out there where I could have been a better person," Liv said. "Well, at least it worked out for you. Harry's great, pretty hot as well."

Sara racked her mind and shook her head. There was one thing she could say was common between both Olivia and Oliver Queen no matter what world they were in. They both had the tendency to sleep with a lot of women.

"And here I thought you never had the slightest amount of interest towards guys," Sara said.

Liv answered with a shrug. "Well, I don't…but you can't ignore how physically appealing Harry looks. And there's something about him…..I don't know….maybe he's the exception to the rule. I really don't know."

Sara chewed down on her lip and shook her head. "I suppose you can notice some things…"

They saw Holly making her way out of the interrogation room. Liv frowned and took half of a step up to see what Holly was going. She moved in.

"She left….they needed medical support," Holly said. "Yeah, I understand, but let me know when she returns, the second she returns. I need to talk to Dawn immediately about what I found."

Holly took a second to draw in a frustrated breath and turn back around. She was not having a very good day to put things bluntly. She took a second to adjust her stance and move over towards the interrogation room. She stopped when catching sight of Liv who looked at her.

"Yes, can I help you?" Holly asked.

"You alright?" Liv asked.

"Worry about yourself, kid," Holly said. "Don't worry about me….it's just some family problems….we all go through it…you're going to go through it yourself as well once…"

Holly trailed off and Liv wondered what the hell Holly was talking about. Her father mentioned a couple of things about needing to get away to figure out what to do next, and Liv never really thought much about it until now. The more she thought about it, the less sense it meant.

Nyssa stepped back into the room to check up on Sara.

"Just meeting up with an old friend," Sara said.

"Yes, understandable," Nyssa said.

Nyssa didn't know how Olivia Queen fit into the Dragon's plans just yet. Sara was at peace now she was alive, and that was the main thing. Before anyone else could say anything, both Nyssa and Sara's watches lit up in a very clear and obvious distress signal flare.

Harry stepped out of the room, to join Nyssa and Sara. The look on his face indicated he was very worried. He took a couple of steps towards both of the Assassins.

"It's Hermione, she's at Granger Mansion, and she's in trouble," Harry answered very quickly.

"Hermione?" Holly asked. "You mean my cousin Hermione, or my rotten criminal of a grandmother, Hermione?"
It was something which piqued Holly's interest something serious.

"Long story, we'll explain when we get there," Harry said. "Hold on."

Holly didn't waste any time asking any questions. She was pretty sure she would find out, one way or another when they got there. She took Harry's hand and joined Harry, Nyssa, and Sara in flashing away to the next location.

Mia kept her eyes on her grandmother and she looked completely terrified. Terror was not an emotion which Mia was used to coming from her grandmother. It showed she was capable of fearing the consequences for someone.

Meanwhile, Mia turned towards Rose who had been deep breathing on the floor. One wrong misstep caused her to lose control. Harry sated her for some time, but the frustration Rose felt caused her to backslide. Rose closed her eyes a second later.

'You are in control, this is your body, your mind, some serum doesn't rule you.'

"It wasn't supposed to happen," Granny Granger muttered. "It wasn't supposed to happen. It never was supposed to end this way, it never was supposed to end this way. Oh, why would it have to end this way? I'm as good as dead now, I'm as good as dead, I'm worse than dead now."

Granny Granger rocked herself back and forth as much as the chains would allow you two.

"I kind of lost it, again," Rose said.

Mia couldn't help but feel guilty. The blood of these men, no matter how depraved and how foul they were, they soaked Mia's hands. She decided to inject Rose with the Mirikuru.

"It wasn't the damn serum, it was what my father did to me," Rose said. "We still haven't been able to completely counteract that."

"Good as dead, good as dead!" the elder woman yelled.

"Why don't you gag her or something?" Rose asked. "She's beginning to get annoying."

"Just beginning?" Mia asked.

"How dare you…."

Mia turned her attention away from what she was certain would have been a very even-tempered rant coming from her grandmother. Her eyes screwed shut and deep breath came from her.

"I didn't want to sever her vocal cords," Mia said.

"You don't?" Rose asked.

A pop came up, and Mia turned around. She noticed Nyssa, Sara, and Harry show up which was expected. Then, she noticed someone who she hadn't seen in a very long time.

"Holly?" Mia asked.

"Hermione, it's good to see you," Holly said. "I thought you would be….."
Holly wrapped her arms around the waist of her one year younger cousin and pulled her into a deep hug. She smiled when pulling away from her cousin.

"Please, it's Mia now," she responded.

"I thought you didn't like that name," Holly responded.

"No, I was trying to please her, and I've decided not to," Mia said. "Especially when she's the one who sold me to Anthony Ivo, and cause me to spend twelve years in hell on the AMAZO."

"She…that bitch!" Holly yelled.

Holly moved over to the other side of the room, but Harry stood off to the side.

"I understand your feelings," Harry said. "But, she has information we need."

Despite not liking it one bit, Holly pulled back and scowled. Harry had a point, unfortunately.

"Yes," Nyssa said. "She knows exactly where we can find Damien Darhk."

"I'll never betray HIVE," the old woman said. "They are making the world a better place, from monsters like my granddaughter."

"Yeah, you haven't seen a mirror lately to know what a true monster really is," Holly responded.

The old woman looked at one of her other granddaughters were contempt. Holly, Dawn, and Hermione, they all were black sheep of the Granger family, they never obeyed their elders. It was all because of that bitch, Charlotte, and her friends.

"Okay, Rose?" Harry asked.

"I lost control again," Rose said.

Harry wrapped his arms around Rose and pulled her up to a standing position. She looked calm now she was in Harry's presence.

"You know who I am," Harry said. "And you know what this medallion represents."

Old Hermione Granger slumped in her chair. She attempted to feign passing out, but Harry didn't buy it for a second. He knew the woman had some answers here, and she was the only one left breathing to give them.

"Wake up," Harry commanded.

He jolted the elderly woman awake. She was not as old and frail as it appeared at first. It was a means to garner sympathy and to deceive people.

"We can do this the easy way or we can do this the hard way," Harry told her. "Your move."

To Be Continued on March 19, 2017.
Well, Rose kind of loses it, big time, and some HIVE goons get destroyed.

Ah, Nym's first name gets outed. Some things never change no matter the universe.

Holly and Mia reunite for the first time in years.

Harry is very not amused by Granny Granger. Mostly because it's giving him really bad Marge flashbacks. And that's not a good thing.

Until next Sunday.
Harry thought his entire worldview changed today. He had no idea Hermione's grandmother was such a shrieking, shrill harpy. The attitude of Hermione's grandparents and her father, it explained a lot about how obsessed she was with achieving the best possible results with anything she did. Even though, it appeared that the elder Hermione Granger would not have accepted anything coming from a magical world as acceptable good grades.

'Granny Granger and Marge should get together, that would be great fun,' Harry thought.

Harry shuddered a second later but remained focused. Darhk would learn his HIVE representatives did not retrieve the item they had been sent for. Currently, Holly kept Mia and Rose company downstairs, while they waited to call in some more ARGUS agents. Harry, in particular, informed then it would not be a good idea to try and pick up the artifact.

"So, we learned a lot today," Sara said.

"We learned a lot, but there are still more questions which are yet to be answered," Nyssa said.

Nyssa despised having questions which were left unanswered. She took a half of a second to close her eyes and think about how close they were to taking out Darhk. This artifact he had the Grangers hold for him, it resulted in more questions than answers.

"We're going to find some answers now," Harry said. "Both of you should stand back."

Harry had no idea whether or not this room had been rigged. He noticed a keyhole on the wall along with a thumbprint. Harry manipulated the residue on the thumbprint until it matched and allowed him entrance. The key hole was not needed, in fact, it had been put there for the express purpose of tripping up anyone.

He made his way into a well-kept room. What should have been a room of dusty antiques had been surprisingly well kept. Harry didn't know what to make of it, he just kept going forward.

"Do you think any of these might be something of value?" Sara asked.

Nyssa turned towards her companion and responded with one subtle shake of the head.

"Sometimes, an antique is just an antique."

Sara responded with a nod, thinking it made a whole lot of sense. Harry approached forward and made sure to keep both of the girls a few paces behind him. He was about to grab the cabinet and open it up. HIVE may have rigged up some kind of automated defense system until they could pick up the artifact.

'They sure picked the wrong day to pick it up,' Harry thought to himself.

The sorcerer made his way forward and grabbed the edge of the cabinet. It would not budge an inch. There was no key to open it up. Harry closed his eyes and hunted for a way inside of the cabinet. It took several minutes for Harry to locate a way inside of the cabinet.
"Back by the door, as far as you can go without going out of the room," Harry said. "I'm pretty sure I can break this thing open without causing any damage, but just in case I can't…." 

Nyssa and Sara stepped back to give Harry plenty of room to do what he did. Harry grabbed onto the side of the cabinet and gave it a tug. Magic flowed through the cabinet and it busted open. 

Harry levitated the stone tablet out of the cabinet and moved it over towards the table. He would not lay one finger on a magical artifact without knowing what he is. The number of people who lost an arm, a leg, their heads, or their minds by doing so was far too many to count. 

"Wise strategy," Nyssa said. 

"Not the first rune tablet I encountered."

The Daughter of the Demon nodded in response, she figured just as much. She could feel an eerie amount of energy radiated off of the tablet. She didn't know what to make of it. 

The tablet rested down onto the table. Those symbols glistened in the light and made Harry's frown deepen when looking them over. He kept his eyes locked onto the edge of the tablet, and his frown deepened a couple of extra shades when staring it down. 

Sara and Nyssa moved cover. The overlay of the symbols and how they were arranged looked very familiar to Sara. She reached into her bag and rifled through it for something. 

"It looks like a map," Sara said. "And not just any map either."

She was sure it was in here somewhere, ah, there she went. Sara pulled the stack of maps from Lian Yu which she held onto safe keeping, at Harry's encouragement. And they looked about ready to come in handy. She rifled through the maps in an attempt to locate the one she was looking for. 

"There we go, I found it!"

Sara slipped one of the maps of Lian Yu into Harry's hand. Harry held the map into his hand and placed it down on the table. A glowing symbol lit up on the map and the runic symbols shifted into a map. Harry looked for a spot on the map which would point to a more prominent spot on the island. 

So far, Harry had very little luck in finding out anything. He wasn't going to give up, not by a longshot, but his frustrated bubbled up to the surface. 

"We're going to have to go back there, aren't we?" Sara asked. 

"It appears that way unless we want Darhk to get his hands on an artifact which can destroy me," Harry said. 

Harry was beginning to put all of the pieces together in a well-formed puzzle. He had a very clear idea what was happening now. The artifact which Damien Darhk sought was the very same artifact which caused him problems with performing magic when on Lian Yu. At least until the moment where he got his hands on the Dragon Medallion, and those problems just went away. 

The Dragon Medallion canceled out the effect of that particular magic artifact and returned Harry back to his usual powers. He took a moment to stare at the map and the tablet. There was no mistake about it.

He had it right underneath his nose the entire time.

Harry had mercy on all of them by putting Granny Granger to sleep, and Holly could not have thought it to be a moment too soon. She turned to her younger cousin with a frown on her face.

"So, you didn't know you were sold to Ivo and his prison ship until now, did you?" Holly asked.

Mia shook her head for a few seconds. "It's funny, the thought never crossed my mind. Everything which went wrong on that couple of days did go wrong."

She had been excited to find that enchantment which would increase her brain capacity. It did in a way, but it created a tumor which slowly clouded her mind and made her more vindictive, crueler over the past couple of years.

"And everything went completely wrong for the twelve years after," Mia said.

Almost added as an afterthought, but it was the furthest thing possible from an afterthought, Mia had been a part of Ivo's work. She was a coward, she should have allowed herself to be at the mercy of the prison. Instead, she managed to get into Ivo's good graces, as his personal bookworm.

"I can never make up for the awful things I've done," Mia said.

"Don't beat yourself up about the things you can't change," Holly said. "We all make mistakes….I've made way too many to count. Dawn doesn't not as much, but she's always kept her head down and minded her own business. She got us through some tough times."

Holly took a moment to reach over and squeeze her cousin's shoulder lightly. Mia stood up straight.

"You running away, allowed us all to open our eyes, and realize we needed to get far away," Holly said. "So, you did some good."

"I wish I would have done more good."

Mia looked over towards Rose, who had currently crashed out on the couch. That one moment where she injected Rose with the Mirikuru haunted her every waking moment. The three dead men on the ground were not killed by Rose, no they were killed by her.

"Please don't go all emo on me, kid," Holly said.

A small smile cracked over Mia's face. She looked away from Rose and looked anywhere in the room other than her grandmother. She looked up to this woman, despite receiving nothing but scorn. Was she just eager for any amount of praise from an authority figure?"

"You and Dawn, you got out and joined this ARGUS organization, didn't you?" Mia asked.

"Yeah, we did," Holly responded with a smile and a light pat on the top of Mia's hand. "We needed someone to help, and I had a roommate in university who put me in the right direction, her sister works for ARGUS, you see."

"I see," Mia responded. "What happened to Mum? What happened to my sister? Hell, what happened to Dad?"

"Well, you learned from her rants that David Granger went to prison," Holly responded. She talked
about her uncle in such a detached way it was almost alarming. "My grandparents couldn't even bail him out, but it was much more convenient to throw him under the bus. Donald Granger's health started to fail. He doesn't have that much time left."

Mia nodded in response taking it in.

"One of their shady real estate deals went a bit south as well," Holly said. "Not really something ARGUS could get involved with, although it was what the money from the real estate deals was going where could be a bit of interest."

"It went to HIVE, didn't it?" Mia asked.

Holly just shrugged her shoulders in response. "We haven't been able to figure out one way or another where that money was heading to be perfectly honest with you. I'm sure my grandmother will be talking pretty soon and informing us all exactly where all of this money went."

It was only a small favor Hailey had been very young when Charlotte managed to get outside of the country. A couple of ARGUS agents got them out of the country. They later learned Charlotte may have also smuggled an item which Darhk had been after out of the country.

At least Granny Granger thought that Charlotte smuggled it out of the country. She always thought Charlotte was the spawn of the devil, the shrew who took advantage of her husband when he was drunk at a Christmas party, before forcing David to knock her up, and then blackmailing him into marriage.

Holly learned the actual story was far different, but she wasn't there, she was only one year old at the time they got married. She always thought there had been something a bit off from David Granger.

"So, I have to ask you, do you know where Hailey and my mother are?" Mia asked.

Holly saw the desperation look dancing in her cousin's eyes and it practically broke her heart to see the girl about it. Other than herself and Dawn, Hailey and Charlotte were the only family Mia had left.

"I wasn't really involved with moving them out of the country," Holly said. "I only pledged by services for ARGUS, as did Dawn, for exchange of getting them out of the country."

Mia looked very despondent and again, the very despondent look on Mia's face pretty much ripped Holly's heart in half. She honestly wished she could do more to help her younger cousin out.

"I wish I could tell you," Holly said. "But, I don't know, the information has been sealed. Likely because of Donald and Hermione's potential HIVE ties, and the fact if anyone from that organization knew where Charlotte and Hailey were, they would target them."

'Especially if they have the medallion.'

Holly put a hand on her cousin's shoulder and steered her back into the conversation. "You're in a lot of trouble as well.....I think we should put you and Rose under ARGUS custody.....but that's just my opinion and not my call."

"A trip to ARGUS wouldn't be the worst idea," Mia said. "As for actually putting us under ARGUS protection, well, your boss is going to have to take that one up with Harry."

Holly could not help but smile in response. Waller didn't back down from many people, but it was
almost like she showed the slightest bit of respect towards the one and only Harry Potter. Holly found herself more intrigued by him, the more she was in contact with him.

"And Waller, she knows about Hailey and Charlotte," Mia said. "Because, if she does…we're going to have a nice little chat. I want to see my mother and sister."

Mia missed far too many birthdays and Christmases already for her liking or her comfort. There would be no more missed birthdays and Christmases, she would see the rest of her family soon enough.

"You want to take that up with Waller?" Holly asked. "Good luck, kiddo, good luck."

With any luck, Granny Granger would never see the light of day. Everything of potential value had been stripped clean of the Granger Mansion. With any luck, they would have something which could point to HIVE.

Hermione Granger still presented a threat, her health was sharp after physical all prisoners gotten. She walked with a cane and a cough occasional, but it had been a façade. She wanted people to believe she was a sickly old woman to lure them in until she managed to get their guards down. There were all kinds of trouble she had been in, and now they amassed enough evidence to hold her.

Amanda Waller drew in a deep breath and wondered if her day would get any easier. Something told her it wouldn't. Nyssa volunteered the fact tomorrow would be the day she would complete her mission and finish off Damien Darhk. Waller knew enough to realize Ra's al Ghul may have set up his own daughter with an impossible mission.

But, perhaps Waller could have been surprised. Darhk remained number four on ARGUS's top ten ranked fugitives in the world, and his plans indicated he was making a strong play to move up those rankings. The biological weapon stalled but had not been removed.

Presently, Waller shifted her gave to the large stone tablet which had been placed out on the table. Something about that particular tablet caused Waller's eyes to lock onto it. It looked like a map. She looked up to see Harry standing a few feet next to her and placing a map down on it.

"It should look more familiar to you, now," Harry said.

"Lian Yu?" Waller asked.

"Yes," Harry said. "You know there's an artifact of great power on the island, but you don't want to risk the manpower….your associate Edward Fyers was sent there as a way for you to sent feelers."

Waller had been surprised but adjusted to his words calmly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Waller said.

"I think you do know what I'm talking about," Harry said. "Fyers worked for you, he's a mercenary who works for the highest bidder. And ARGUS was able to fund his operation. You intended to shoot down a plane. Was Darhk on that plane or was it someone else?"

Waller took a moment to recover her thoughts.
"I'm not required to share that information with you."

"Okay, Mandy," Harry said. "I thought we were being transparent with each other, but I guess this is about when we part ways."

Waller took a moment to grab Harry's arm. For a second, Harry thought there was going to be some kind of confrontation between the two of them, and there would be trouble falling. Most remarkable, Waller dropped his arm and sighed.

"It was an assassin from a dangerous triad, one of the most wanted criminals in the world," Waller said. "Her organization may have possession of the amulet of the Tengu."

One look on Harry's eyes caused the attractive black woman's eyes to flood over for a very brief second. Waller stepped away, her mother would not have been susceptible to such a small, if not so subtle Harry. Harry didn't do anything, he didn't lay one finger on her, he didn't say anything for the longest time.

Harry Potter, the Dragon, didn't need to do anything. Waller tried to look into his eyes and took a deep breath. Whatever hold he had on her loosened up just enough for her to breath.

"Another piece of information you've kept from me, Mandy," Harry told her.

"That's Director Waller, Mr. Potter…"

"I can see the small smile on your face whenever I say it," Harry said. "You've been in control for such a long time, you don't know what it feels like to lose it, truly lose it. And it makes you feel that rush, doesn't it? To think, no one ever questioned you, no one ever got inside of your head. It excites you, doesn't it, Mandy?"

Another declaration of that name and Amanda Waller stood up straight.

"We should remain professional," Waller said. "My mother wouldn't have put up with this sort of thing."

"Ah, your mother isn't here, you're the one running ARGUS," Harry told her.

Amanda Waller took a second to take a deep breath. Harry backed away and made her wonder exactly what type of game he played. She had been left confused by him.

"ARGUS has been seeking out information about the medallions yes," Waller said. "Only to prevent them falling into the wrong hands."

"ARGUS would be the wrong hands to some people," Harry said. "And ARGUS isn't just the will of Amanda Waller. There are many different people with their own hopes, their own dreams, their own ambitions. They could be very greedy, wouldn't you agree...Director?"

Waller thought she kept a tight leash, but there had been doubts in her mind. She couldn't micro-manage everything. She didn't know how her mother did it. So far, Waller didn't have any security leaks.

"I'm going to take the medallions and the totem," Harry said. "ARGUS can assist with the extraction mission if they wish. And they can take in any HIVE agents they can find, and maybe we'll leave you a small piece of Darhk, but don't count on it."

Waller would have preferred Darhk alive because he had information on other HIVE terrorist cells.
He was far from the ultimate leader of HIVE. He was just the most persistent annoyance which came out of HIVE.

"I need to speak with my people, and I'll let you know everything when I'm done," Waller said.

"Does everything, mean everything?" Harry asked.

Waller paused for second and nodded. She turned around for a second and walked off. Harry just smiled and pulled away from Waller.

'Gotten to.'

Harry walked out of the hallway and made his way around the corner. He came face to face with a beautiful blonde woman with vibrant blue eyes which shined bright. She had a kind face, and also an amazing body. The fact this nice body poured into a nurse's uniform fueled many male fantasies in Harry's mind.

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

"Depends on who you think I am?" Harry asked.

"My name's Dawn…Dawn Granger, I'm Mia's cousin, Holly's sister….I apologize if Holly did anything to offend you by the way," Dawn said in a very excited tone of voice. "I didn't quite believe her when you were here, but you're here, and well it's just an honor to meet you."

Dawn extended her hand to shake it. Off of an impulse, Harry bent down and kissed Dawn on her hand. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath in response. Her entire body shuddered.

"So, you work for ARGUS?" Harry asked.

"Yes, in the medical department," Dawn confirmed. "So, I see a lot of my sister, to patch her up after she does something reckless."

"Well, we need people like you out there to make sure us reckless people go out for another battle," Harry said. "And if I need to be looked over after a battle, I'll be sure to come straight to your station so you can give me a check up."

Dawn looked flustered for a minute, but she recovered quickly. "I'd like that. After all, it would be a real shame if everything wasn't in working order."

"Yes," Harry agreed with a wide grin on his face when he leaned towards the beautiful blonde. "A real shame."

Holly moved around the corner and stopped for a second. She saw Harry talk to Dawn, and she had a smile on her face. Dawn always had trouble around guys, she had the tendency to not be assertive enough. The fact Harry broke through her barriers was surprising to Holly to be perfectly honest.

"Are you flirting with my baby sister?" Holly asked.

Harry turned away from Dawn and looked his eyes onto Holly. Holly tried as she might not to look into those eyes.

"Would you rather me flirt with you?" Harry asked. "You're both very beautiful, and I'd like to get to know you better."

"If you're asking me out on a date, I might have to take you up on the offer," Holly said. "If we
actually survive HIVE and whatever planning."

"So, you're saying if we go on this mission and get out of it alive, you want to go out on a date with me," Harry said.

"I'm saying just that, Dragon Boy," Holly said, poking a finger in his face and grinning.

"Hey, what about me?" Dawn asked, biting down on her lip and giving the most adorable pout.

Harry spun around to look at Dawn and grabbed her. "Hey, I'm sure we can go out on a date as well if you have the time."

"For you, I can find the time," Dawn responded with a very soft smile.

Harry responded with a nod.

"Well, if my younger sister is entering the dating world, I should be there to make sure she doesn't embarrass herself," Holly said. She ignored both the scowl and crossed arms coming her way from Dawn. "So, how about it, the three of us can go out together?"

"What do you say, Dawn?" Harry asked.

"Sure, why not, it could be fun, and I haven't got to spend time with my sister in forever, other than patching up her injuries," Dawn responded with a smile. "We can be a threesome."

Dawn realized about two seconds later what she implied. The smile crossing Holly's face was fairly devious, and Dawn wanted to go into her office and hide underneath her desk. The fit of giggles coming from over in the corner, near the entrance to the medical bay brought Dawn's attention away from her own embarrassment.

Both of the Granger sisters turned around, with a smile on their face when they looked towards their cousin who had a big smile on her face.

"I knew you'd find a way home sometime," Dawn said. She moved over to hug her cousin. "I just wish it wasn't what you had to."

"Hey, adversity builds character or something like that," Mia said.

"And you've really grown up since the last time I've seen you," Dawn said. "It was a very long time ago, that Christmas where we all tried to be a family for once. Only, to see Holly ruin the mood by saying something to piss our grandmother off."

"I regret nothing," Holly said.

Mia smiled nervously, that was three weeks before she performed the ill-fated charm which sent the snowball rolling down the hill for this particular chain of events. Dawn was right, she grew up in certain ways. She had certain body image issues, which were not helped by her grandmother's not so subtle commentary about what she thought.

She long since stopped caring about what these people thought about her.

"Lunch break now, providing nothing comes up," Holly said. "We have some catching up to do… thank you for everything by the way."

Holly decided to take a step closer towards Harry and kissed him lightly on the cheek. She pulled away and Dawn moved towards him.
"Yeah, thanks."

She did something more daring than anything else ever in her life. Dawn had been shy and awkward around boys, even after hitting puberty and it being very kind to her. This was no boy before her, this was a man and quite a man as well. Dawn leaned closer towards Harry and touched her lips to his cheek for a kiss, which almost connected with his lips.

Mia shook her head. "Well, they thanked you….and I….you wouldn't mind I….."

"It's a token of gratitude, don't need to read any more into it than you want to," Harry said.

"Right," Mia said. "So, thank you."

Mia leaned in and then pulled back. She raised her fist and bumped it against Harry's with a cheeky little smile.

Holly looked at Mia, shaking her head. Mia turned back to her cousin.

"What? I'm with it!"

"That you are," Holly said.

Mia turned off, and Harry was pretty sure she just intentionally trolled her cousins. Given that Harry knew Hermione was asexual, at least this one was, he did not expect a kiss. He tried not to break out in amusement.

Harry hated to say it, but Granny Granger almost made the Dursleys seem tolerant and understanding. At least they never tried to sell Harry into slavery, well as far as he knew anyway. He doubted very much they would get very far with Dumbledore watching their every move.

He didn't really spare Dumbledore too much thought, that issue was done and buried.

Nyssa stepped in behind Harry.

"Tommorrow is the day," Nyssa said.

"Indeed, you know what you're doing," Harry said.

"Always," Nyssa said. "But, I'd appreciate your support, beloved."

It went without saying Harry intended to give Nyssa his full and undivided support, plus a little bit more.

Rose sat in one of the ARGUS bunkers, but she thought, it might have been for the best if she had been put in a holding cell. She nearly had lost control, once again. Mia was able to pull her back just enough.

The problem was, she couldn't blame the former Bookworm for all of what happened. Sure she injected Rose with the Mirikuru, but she was the one who tagged along. Perhaps it was out of distrust, perhaps it was out of paranoia. Rose thought maybe she could change. She did save Rose from getting shot by her old bat of a grandmother after all.

'That girl confuses me, and not just sexually either.'
Rose pulled herself out of those conflicting thoughts, and she did wonder about a lot of things which had been haunting her mind over the past day or so.

No time to think, as a knock on the door caused Rose to look up.

"Well, you're going to come in anyway," Rose said.

The door opened up, and Harry stepped inside. He had been followed close enough behind by Sara, who gave Rose a smile.

"So, are you just going to leave me here?" Rose asked. "That's not an accusation by the way, more like a suggestion....I wouldn't blame you if you left me in a hole....just please don't put me next to that old harpy of a...."

Harry leaned down and kissed Rose on the lips to silence her. Rose closed her eyes and enjoyed the kiss, even though she shouldn't be allowed to.

"You slipped," Harry said. "I thought you had worked through these issues, but apparently now."

"No, I didn't," Rose said. "I think I'm a lot better now. Sex or violence seems to be the two ways to appease the demons inside of my head."

"It's not just the Mirikuru," Sara said. "It's just...everything that's happened in your life over the past seventeen years."

Rose just nodded in response, she thought Sara had a pretty good job. There was a lot that happened in her life over the past seventeen or so years which frustrated her.

"We'll help you," Harry said. "I've modified your watch to release pheromones which will calm you down and sedate you if you have one of your moments."

Rose nodded and she didn't realize her watch had been missing until Harry said it. She was that good.

"But, naturally, nothing beats the real thing," Harry said.

Another kiss brought Rose into a state of mental bliss. Harry held onto the back of her head and deepened the kiss. Rose leaned into Harry's mouth and hungrily accepted the kiss. His tongue, his mouth, everything, just brought Rose to a state of pleasure.

She almost forgot Sara joined them in the fun and games. The moment Rose had been dropped, Sara swooped in, with a smile on her face.

"Time to learn how to please one of your fellow collective members," Sara said. "Considering there's going to be an abundance of women in the collective, it's best you learn these things right now."

Sara kissed Rose deeply. Rose closed her eyes and accepted the kiss from Sara. The older girl's tongue sought entrance into Rose's mouth. Lust burned through her body. Rose would be lying if she hadn't been attracted to Sara, but now these attractions burst through the surface and burned Rose completely up.

"Seems like you agree it's time for you to learn a very interesting lesson."
The kiss deepened between both of the girls. Harry caught a nice look of the sensual display right next to him. Rose reached underneath Sara's shirt and pulled it up over her, revealing her wearing nothing, but a bra from the waist up. Next, Rose made quick work of Sara's panties.

"Kiss me again, passionately," Sara ordered Rose.

Rose obeyed the order, which surprised even her. She kissed Sara with everything she had. Slowly, Sara worked Rose's hospital gown off of her, revealing her nubile body underneath it.

Harry moved behind Rose and caressed the young woman's toned flesh. Every single touch of her body made Rose squirm underneath his touches. Harry grabbed her from behind and squeezed Rose's ass. Sensual gasps went from Rose. Harry reached down behind Rose and clutched her from behind. Rose's eyes closed shut with Harry tempting her from behind.

Rose had been stripped naked. Sara stood before Rose, wearing nothing other than a bra and a thong. Rose could not keep her eyes off of Sara. She turned around and Rose caught a nice little glimpse of Sara's tight ass. It was so drool worthy. Rose slapped her ass.

"Kinky little girl," Sara said with a bright smile. "Why don't you taste my pussy?"

"In a minute," Rose said.

Rose dove in and kissed Sara even harder than before. Their lips connected together and Rose unclipped her bra. Sara's breasts pressed against hers. The friction of their nipples rubbed together. Sara pinched Rose on the side of her leg and caused her to go further.

The tour ended when Rose ripped Sara's thong on and stuck her face between Sara's smoldering hot thighs.

"Good, lick it, slowly, and work your way in," Sara said.

She sat up and noticed Harry had risen up onto the bed when sat on. Sara lifted one hand to guide Rose's face between her legs. Her other hand, it wrapped against Harry's extended prick, and she grabbed Harry's hard cock before stroking it.

Slowly, Sara worked Harry's massive rod between her lips and sucked him, as hard and fast as possible. She guided Rose in between her legs.

Rose held onto the side of Sara's thighs and buried her hungry face between the thighs of the older woman. The lovely taste of her pussy made Rose only more eager to please the older girl. She wanted more of these juices spilling in her mouth. Rose could not wait to eat her all up and suck her completely dry.

The warmth spreading through Sara's thighs was really good. She grabbed onto Harry's ass and pushed his cock into her mouth.

"Damn, your throat is so great!" Harry groaned.

Sara would show him how great, how warm, and how tight her throat was. She could feel his balls fill up when they cradled against the edge of her chin. Sara tipped back and took more of Harry's cock into her throat. Harry held onto the back of her head in response.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of Sara sucking his large cock. He almost pulled out of her mouth and
shoved his hard cock back inside of her. Sara's throat stretched out and took more of Harry's cock inside of the depths of her tight, oral hole.

Rose dug into Sara's warm pussy and started to suck on her. The blonde woman's hips lifted up and met with Rose's hips. The loud slurps Sara did on Harry's cock only made Rose work harder. Sara made a production out of sucking Harry's hard cock.

"Fuck!" Harry said. "You keep that up, and I'm going to blow my load."

It was what exactly Sara wanted to happen. She popped her warm lips around Harry's hard cock and released him with several more warm pumps. She leaned closer towards Harry and sucked his hard cock, even harder. Sara lightly grabbed him and worked his manhood inside of her throat.

'Mmm, I know you would, and it's going to taste so good,' Sara thought.

Harry could have sworn he heard a dirty thought from Sara. He would have to explore this more later, right now, he explored the inside of Sara's mouth with his cock.

Sara came so hard, and she wanted to return the favor, but not right now. Her pussy burned with need. Rose inhaled her scent and went deep inside of her. Harry grabbed onto the back of her hair and guided his cock into the back of her mouth.

A white blast of cum fired into Sara's throat, with those thick balls releasing their bounty into her mouth. Sara sucked him down, greedily tasting all of his cum.

Harry pulled away from Sara. The sexy blonde reached down and grabbed the back of Rose's head, to get her attention.

"You deserve a reward."

Sara pulled Rose up and kissed her heatedly. Rose returned the kiss, her tongue working against Sara. They slurped at each other's lips very hungrily. Both girls shared Harry's cum.

It didn't take much for Harry's cock to harden. He pulled both of the girls onto the bed. The medallion, the only thing Harry had on, lit up the right in a blinding green light.

"Harry, please, I need you, so badly," Rose said.

"Let her have some fun first," Sara suggested.

Harry grabbed Rose by the hips and worked his throbbing hard cock at the edge of her wet pussy lips. Rose lifted her hips off of the bed to meet Harry. Harry caressed every inch of her body, the flesh burning up at her. His cock slowly ground up against the edge of her pussy and then he lowered into her.

Rose screamed in pleasure when Harry's cock entered her pussy. It had been far too long since Harry's cock had been inside her.

"Mmm, fuck her, harder, make her really work for your cock!" Sara moaned while fingering herself.

Harry put Rose through the paces. Her wet walls clamped down onto Harry and released him. Harry picked up the pace and pushed deep inside of her.

"You're ready to cum already?" Harry asked.
"I can't help if I'm horny!" Rose yelled.

Her nails dug into Harry's lower back when he rose up and dropped down into her. Her pussy stretched out with Harry's rock hard cock drilling inside of her. She couldn't take much more of this. Thrusts grew harder and more passionate. Harry rocked her body.

"No, I suppose not," Harry said. "And I can't help it when I fuck your pussy hard, so hard you're going to scream."

Sure enough, Rose screamed in pleasure. Harry buried his hard cock deep inside of Rose's wet vice. She closed around him and released his cock. Harry rose all the way out of her and buried his manhood deep inside of her body. Harry rose up and dropped down into her. His balls slapped against Rose's wet thighs when he kept working against her. Rose dug her nails into Harry's shoulder.

Several more thrusts and another orgasm brought Rose to a fit of passion. Harry pulled out of Rose and a second later, he pushed his way inside of Sara.

"You just fuck me senseless!" Sara begged him.

Harry leaned down and kissed the side of Sara's neck. She moaned underneath Harry's hungry actions. Her legs wrapped around Harry and allowed him to be pushed into her. Harry reached underneath Sara and squeezed her ass. Sara pushed up and brought Harry's thick cock inside of her warm vice. She clamped down on Harry and released him with a fluid series of pumps.

"Yes, fuck me, fuck me hard!" Sara begged him. "Fuck my brains out!"

"You better be careful what you wish for," Harry said.

Harry slid deep inside of Sara and filled her body. His hard cock throbbed against the sexy blonde. Her body extended up and their bodies pressed against each other. Harry reached down and squeezed her nipples. Harry released her loins and brought himself down inside of her.

"Oh, I know what I'm getting."

A brief stolen glimpse over to the door and Harry pulled out of Sara.

"Turn around."

Sara didn't hesitate to obey. She got on her hands and knees, her rear presented for Harry when she made her way to the door. Harry slapped her ass and she smiled and wiggled her ass. Harry rose his hand and slapped her ass again.

Harry worked his hard cock inside of Sara's dripping slit from behind. He pushed his hard cock into her from behind. That ass bounced when Harry drilled into her. He couldn't help but spank Sara's tight ass. Harry pushed out of her all of the way and then buried inside of her warmth.

Sara closed her eyes and noticed why Harry positioned her the way you did.

"Oh, I don't think you could fit anything more inside of me with this big cock!" Sara yelled. "Drive me wild, fuck me numb…..Jesus Harry, make me cum so hard."

"He's bigger than him," Rose murmured.

Sara didn't have any time to respond. All Harry did was rock her body. He pushed his cock inside
of her. The power surrounding both of their bodies lit up the room. Harry grabbed Sara's thighs and pumped his rod inside of her tight vice. She grabbed around Harry and then released him. Harry took his time to explore her insides with his mighty, throbbing rod.

She came very hard, and Harry pulled out of Sara. In a blink of an eye, he grabbed Rose and pinned her down on the bed. Rose almost slid off of the edge of the bed. Harry grabbed her hips and pushed his hard cock inside of the tight body of the woman.

The amulet glowed and a second Harry Potter split from the first one. He crawled over the bed and moved towards Sara. He ground his cock against her ass, and Sara closed her eyes.

"Do it, stick it inside," Sara said. "You know you want to tap this ass, don't you?"

"I'll do more than that."

Harry's large cock pushed deep inside of Sara's ass. Her nice round rear felt really good in his hands. The holographic projection had been hooked into Harry's nerve endings and his mind. A second cock manifested from Harry and pushed inside of Sara's pussy.

Closing his eyes, Harry kept driving himself into Rose's tight vice. Rose rocked her hips off of the bed to meet Harry's rock hard cock. Harry grabbed on Rose's thighs and pushed himself deeper inside of her.

"Damn, I feel it, I feel like I'm in all three holes," Harry said.

"Magic is fucking awesome sometimes," Rose said.

Sara would have to agree, even though she couldn't vocalize it, due to her pussy and ass being double stuffed by cocks. Her pleasure built in the room for a gushing orgasm. She wondered what would happen if this duplicate finished.

'Oh, god, this feels so good, it almost should be illegal,' Sara thought.

"Cum for me again, Sara," Harry breathed in her ear.

The blinding light inside of the mirror enticed Sara for some reason. She saw someone shift against the door. Sara let out the loudest moan possible.

"Always a screamer, isn't she?" Rose asked.

Rose enjoyed the feeling of Harry's cock inside of her body. Her nipples stuck up with Harry sucking on them and dragging them into his mouth. Harry lightly nibbled on her nipples and made her explode in pleasure. Harry pulled almost all the way out of her and shoved deep inside of her body.

"Cum for me, Rose," Harry said. "Cum as hard as you want to."

Rose wanted to cum even harder. He drilled deep inside of Rose and could feel his balls about ready to give way to her amazingly tight pussy.

Drool dripped from Sara's lips. She felt so good, these two cocks buried deep inside of her body. Two sets of balls slapped against her as well, two sets of balls which felt like they were so full of cum.

"Please, don't stop, I don't want you to stop," Sara begged him.
"Don't worry, I don't."

The duplicate's balls expanded and he finished inside of Sara's ass. One of the cocks fired their load inside of Sara's ass and filled up her ass up. Harry pushed his cock inside of her ass and filled her completely up with his seed.

Then, his balls gave way and spurted deep inside of her ass. The blinding light from her orgasm and the duplicate finished made Sara explode in pleasure. He finished, and the cum overflowed from every inch of Sara's body.

Rose tightened her grip around Harry's cock.

"Please finish!" Rose begged.

"Good thing, I'm close," Harry said.

Rose's latest orgasm had been released from her body. Her walls tightened around Harry and released a fluid amount of cum down his throbbing cock. He pierced her.

"My turn."

Rose could hardly wait. Harry's balls bloated with cum and she wanted it inside of her. Rose's body heated up at the thought of being sated with Harry's warm, gushing seed.

"Ready," Harry whispered in her ear.

Rose nodded, she was more than ready. Her walls clamped around Harry's cock and then released him. Rose tried her best to pump Harry full of her cum.

Harry exploded inside of her wet pussy. He rose up and dropped down into her. His balls expanded and released that thick load into her.

He pulled out of Rose, and let her collapse down on the bed. Harry shifted his eye towards the door not so subtly, before turning towards both women who intended to cuddle up next to him.

Nymphadora Tonks didn't mean to get quite the eyeful she did. It just was one of those things which sorted happened, and she didn't regret it. The chance she would get caught sent tingles down the spine of the shapeshifter. Her eyes closed shut and she allowed a nice subtle breath to pass through her body. Her fingers lightly caressed the thin material of her body suit and touched her body, constantly.

She had driven so numb, for a second, it was almost like she started to see double. It was insane.

'Mmm, yes,' she thought.

A couple more ARGUS agents moved own the stairwell, and regretfully, Nym pulled herself away from herself and made her way down the hallway. There were a couple of instances where it appeared like Harry put on a show for someone's benefit.

He couldn't have known she was watching this entire time, could he? Nym felt very mind-fucked if that was the case, and she didn't want to be mind-fucked.

'Focus on the mission,' she thought to herself. 'Worry about getting shagged cross-eyed later.'
'Joseph Blackfire, well what a tangled web we weave,' Damien Darhk thought.

Blackfire died, at least so it seemed, about fifteen or so years back in a church fire in Gotham City. Darhk knew from experience, though, death rarely as final as many people would have liked. He slipped around the Grim Reaper's scythe to live another day.

Speaking of fires, a smell of smoke and gasoline bright Darhk closer to the edge of a burning mansion, that being Granger Mansion. Darhk had come here when his men didn't show up with the package at the desired time.

'And now, someone has destroyed the Mansion, and any evidence of who might have been inside,' Darhk thought. 'Clever, I'm impressed.'

A small group of Darhk's trusted advisors closed ranks around the man. Darhk turned his head a fraction of a second around to turn towards an attractive woman with dark hair. She dressed in a very professional female business attire, blouse buttoned up all of the way, a jacket made of the nicest imported materials, and a skirt of a modest length, along with elegant boots, which looked very classy.

"Ms. Kane, tell me you have some good news," Darhk said.

"We may have found an alternate route to the totem," she said. "The tablet would have been the easiest way to locate it, but there are other references."

"ARGUS is none the wiser?" Darhk asked.

"No, sir, Waller won't expect a thing, at least until it's too late," she responded. She paused and spoke again. "She won't expect anything until it's much too late."

Darhk responded with a casual nod and knew precisely what was at stake. Adeline Kane had been one of his most trusted agents for HIVE, and one of his moles inside of the ARGUS organization.

"They were behind the attack at the Newmark facility then?" Darhk asked. "Did you verify that?"

"Yes, sir," Adeline said. "The Chameleon and the Hawk were a part of the team which had been sent there. I've been unable to verify any of the others."

"Good work as always, Ms. Kane," Darhk responded. "I will prepare for my meeting with Ivo if he still lives. If not, I will be prepared for the ambush which is to come."

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To Be Continued on March 26th, 2017.

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This is the best, regarding Mia, her trolling everyone with that fist bump.

Some fun and games with Harry, Rose, and Sara. Everyone is planning and there are some moves being made on both sides.
Join us next Sunday.
Chapter Twenty-Two: In Deep.

Harry allowed Rose to rest up after her little encounter with him. He was pretty sure she was in a better place now than she was earlier. He stood next to Sara, with the two of them making their way to the mission briefing station. He moved up behind Nym who was looking up into the distance.

"Nymphadora," Harry said.

She turned around to give the trademark glare to this statement. Her eyes flashed, and the young woman grew a bit nervous when she came face to face for the handsome young man who had been the subject of many fantasies on her part, and those fantasies had been fooled.

"Um, I was just coming to look for you," Nym said. "Waller made a decision on what she wants to do. She wants as many hands on deck as possible."

Sara noticed Liv making her way from the gym where she was training. She pulled on the overcoat which covered her tank top. Liv nodded in response, holding the quiver full of arrows over her shoulder. Sara would honestly have not been surprised if some of the arrows in that quiver were among the highest tech arrows which packed a hell of a punch. She couldn't prove it, but it was obvious.

Holly formed the trio they made a misunderstanding with. She had been a bit more cordial to Harry than she was earlier. The five made their way into the briefing room. Amanda Waller sat with her back to them for a minute. She looked up on a map with the world. She slipped away a laptop.

"One of your spies called in?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Waller responded when she stepped back and invited the rest of them inside. "HIVE is on the move. They've arrived at Granger Mansion, Darhk was there, briefly."

"Darhk was there, and you didn't get a good shot on him?" Sara asked.

To her credit, Waller didn't blink. She just kept her gaze on the map in front of her. Harry raised his hand and it stopped Sara from saying anymore. He figured something else was going on, something much deeper than met the eye.

"Darhk is not the only leader in HIVE," Waller said. "There are others…we would like to capture him alive, if at all possible. But if he's killed, it would solve some problems, and open up the complication of many more."

Sara shook her head. She leaned back and waited for more information. Harry wrapped his arm around her waist. Sara heard the not so subtle tone of Harry's thoughts in his mind. *'I'm sure Nyssa would disagree of whether or not Darhk would be better off alive or not.'*

'So, we can talk to each other in our minds,' Sara said. *'Do you know if this is a proximity thing where we have to be close up, or if we can be far away?'

'I'm not really sure,' Harry responded a half of a second later. *'It's not really the time or the place to have this conversation, as well?*
"What are we doing?" Holly asked.

"Darhk losing the tablet is forcing him to go to his secondary plan," Waller said. "He's desperate, which makes him very dangerous."

"It makes him dangerous," Harry agreed. "It also makes him very sloppy, and we could take advantage of him. We can catch him."

"Maybe," Waller said. "But it's not going to be that easy, no matter how many ways we slice it."

Harry answered with a nod. He could see the information which was on the screen. Harry scanned every inch of the information. There had been nothing Waller hadn't shared with them.

'That looks familiar, doesn't it?' Sara thought.

'Shado mentioned it in passing,' Harry thought. 'I don't think she quite grasped the significance of it."

"This is what Darhk is after?" Harry asked. "It still leads him to the totem."

"In a general sense, yes," Waller responded. "Our most credible reports also show that it has been created as the method to take you down….yes another one."

Harry just shook his head. There sounded like there were a lot of artifacts around the world which could cause him harm and could put him in danger. He looked towards Sara and nodded.

"Is that everything we need to know?" Harry asked. "We're going to back Nyssa up first, in case Darhk does make that meeting."

"I'll send Hawk, Chameleon, and Arrowette ahead," Waller said. "The two of you should do what you need to do and if you kill Darhk…"

Waller trailed off for a moment. She knew, deep down, that there was nothing she could do to stop the Dragon and his companions from killer Damien Darhk. All she could do was tell them the reasons for not killing Darhk.

"For you leave, there's more information I need to tell you in private," Waller said. "Whether or not you decide to share it….that's up to you."

Waller motioned for Harry to follow her into a more private conference room. Harry stepped behind Waller and joined her. Waller looked around to ensure there was no one on the other side of the office door before turning back around and looking a bit serious.

"Hopefully this isn't another more dangerous artifact that could also kill me," Harry said.

"No, it isn't," Waller said. "There's no delicate way to tell you this, but we found him, we found Slade Wilson."

All of the air seemed to have been let out of the office. Harry didn't say anything at first, he just considered what Waller said for the next couple of minutes. Her statement really threw Harry off for the worst. He and the others figured Slade was there.

"We have him under custody," Waller said. "We think there is a use for someone of Mr. Wilson's talents, but currently, he's being kept under observation until we figure out what we can do with him. Whether or not you wish to tell Rose, it's up to you."
'Of course, she's going to lay that on your lap,' Sara thought, shaking her head. 'What are you going to do? Are you going to tell Rose about it?'

'Later,' Harry thought a split second later. 'We're going to have to worry about the mission, and nothing more, focus on that. We'll tell Rose later, and she'll take it, how she takes it.'

Nyssa al Ghul made her way into the meeting place where Damien Darhk was supposed to meet Anthony Ivo. Nyssa half expected the ambush to happen the moment she stepped into the door. The moment she stepped in, she had been pleasantly surprised, and also very nervous. Nyssa flipped her sword around and looked into the distance.

'So far, so good,' Nyssa thought. 'It would be something if Darhk stood me up. He knows, I just know he knows, but I have to be here, on the off chance he doesn't know.'

The dripping of water forced Nyssa to stand upright. She heard nothing other than a dripping water pipe. Something was there, though. Nyssa made her way through the door and walked down a dark hallway. The Daughter of the Demon spotted way too many blind spots and looked around. She went from the right to the left and tried to keep her head on a swivel. Her heart continued to beat when walking forward.

'Keep going, don't stop,' Nyssa thought to herself.

A hissing sound came from beneath the floorboards. Nyssa took a step off to one side and listened into the floorboards. Something happened, and the Daughter of the Demon jumped back a few feet.

A loud explosion filled the hallway and a loud ringing entered the ears of the Daughter of the Demon. She avoided being sent to the floor and dove on the other side of the window. Nyssa dropped down onto the ground and shook her head.

Slowly, but surely, the ringing subsided. Nyssa shook her head and rose up to her feet. One of the minions rushed forward and plunged the sword towards Nyssa's throat. Nyssa evaded the attack and deflected a second one back at the minion. She staggered back a couple of inches and looked forward. Another one of the goons charged her, and once again, Nyssa avoided the point of the sword.

The Daughter of the Demon edged back into the light. She moved into the center of the room. Three of the minions moved around on either side. Nyssa knew right now, this was Darhk's welcoming committee, and she felt insulted he didn't send any more.

'Never pegged him as a quality over quantity type.'

A large chain swung out towards Nyssa's hand. Nyssa caught the chain and ripped it out of the hand of the man in question. She snapped the chain back with one hand. Swift precision caused the ghost to avoid being smacked around with the chain. He took half of a step back. Nyssa shoved the chain back and dodged the attack once more time.

A dagger came inches away from connecting to the side of her face. Nyssa stopped the dagger and turned it around. She flung the dagger back at one of the ninjas who charged him. An unseen drone dropped down from the ceiling behind her. Nyssa dropped down to her knees and avoided the attack.

Nyssa scissored around the leg of the goon and dropped down onto it. The sound of bones snapping could not be enjoyed by Nyssa. She avoided a rocket launcher which came from one of the goons across the way. Nyssa dropped down onto one knee, blood dripping from her mouth.
The Bazooka wielding drone came on Nyssa and tried to reload the bazooka. Nyssa disarmed him, both literally and figuratively. The bazooka broke apart when he dropped down to the ground and the blade ripped through. Nyssa grabbed onto the goon's arm, wrapped it behind his back and forced him down to the ground with a solid thump.

More of them came through the doorway. Nyssa braced herself for the attack. They attacked in groups of two and three at a time. A rocket flew through the window when Nyssa was in the center of the room. She repelled up and avoided being blown to smithereens. Nyssa dropped down and kicked one of the goons in the ribs when he rushed her.

Another goon ran forward with a pipe extended. Nyssa dodged the attack, snuck behind the guy, and pulled the pipe up. The pipe tucked underneath the chin of the drone and forced him his knees. Nyssa pulled back and dropped the goon down onto the ground.

Seconds passed before Nyssa had to recover. She dodged the attack, with the sword clinging against it. Nyssa pulled up, with blood dripping down her mouth, intermingled with sweat. Nyssa planted a foot into the stomach of the man and returned fire by drilling him down with a sickening knee down across the back of the head. Nyssa grabbed him around the neck and pulled a grenade from his body.

The grenade lobbed over hand and connected with the ground. A resounding explosion followed. Nyssa moved through the shadows and took out the goons out one at a time. Nyssa drilled her forearm into the back of the goon's neck and dropped him down to the ground. She picked the goon up off of the ground and dropped him down onto the ground.

Another figure rushed into the picture and caught one of the goons with a glancing blow to the back of the head. Two wooden batons came out and cracked the goon in the stomach to double him over. The figure withdrew her attacks and jumped into the air.

Sara stood side by side with Nyssa and swept the legs from one of the goons down. Harry approached from the shadows and pulled them into the distance.

One of the goons rushed back and stabbed himself in the chest to drop him down onto the ground rather than face off against the dangerous and dreaded dragon.

Harry waved his hand and prevented the rest of the minions from taking themselves out in a fit of suicidal rage. He dropped the goon down onto the ground and stood over the top of him. The man screamed as Harry ripped all of the teeth which had been treated with cyanide capsules out of his mouth.

"Where's Damien Darhk?" he asked.

He would have been less intimidating if he had been shouting. The terror spread through the body of the goon when he looked up at the Dragon. He wished something would strike him down, he wished death would come to him. He would not have been lucky.

"Darhk is….Damien Darhk is in Hong Kong, I swear," he breathed.

"So, he is going after it," Harry muttered.

"Going after what?" Nyssa asked.

She had a feeling there was a lot for her to be told about. The Daughter of the Demon knew both Sara and Harry would get her caught up to speed. One other thing she knew, is that Damien Darhk disappeared into the darkness, slipping like the treacherous coward he was.
"We might be able to catch him," Harry said. "We better go now, we might have another chance. Especially if ARGUS intends to bring him in alive."

Shado enjoyed the serene sounds of the area around her and took in the smells of the air around her. The family temple, where her father could finally have been put to rest was a very beautiful sight. She smiled, looking very brilliant in the process when she took another step towards the edge of the temple.

Several steps behind Shado stood her sister Mei. The two sisters, twins, moved over, their heads inclined for a brief second. Mei reached over and gripped their hands together. They dropped to their knees, in unison and muttered something underneath their breath.

The raging winds stopped, and Mei slowly opened up her eyes. She rose to her feet first, with Shado following her lead a second later.

"Our father's spirit is finally at peace," Shado said her. "For better or for worse."

"Yes," Mei responded with a smile on her face. "His spirit can truthfully and finally be peaceful after he had been murdered. It's only a shame many will not know about his heroic sacrifice."

"No, it's unfortunate," Shado said. "He was a hero, for better or for worse. And I'm glad to have helped laid him to rest and move his spirit on."

"And you're keeping something from me," Mei responded. "You had assistance of returning from that place. And you mention this Harry a couple of times. Is he a friend or something more? And if he's something more, when will I get the chance to meet him?"

Shado could not have helped, but smile at her sister's curiosity. She leaned over towards Mei and moved closer towards her ear.

"Do you really want to know?" Shado asked.

Mei frowned and moved away from her sister. Both of them stood at opposite sides of the pathway and looked face to face with each other. "Yes, Shado, I really want to know. I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't want to know."

"Harry is the legendary Dragon our grandmother told us stories about," Shado said.

Needless to say, the silence between the two of them could have been cut by a knife. Mei took a moment to look Shado in the eye. While she didn't hold the Dragon in the same exact worship as her sister did, he was still an entity worthy of respect. Her lips curled next to each other.

"This Harry is the Dragon?" Mei asked. "You can't be serious!"

Shado half expected this response and she just responded with a smile when leaning closer towards Mei. Her hand gripped that of her sister's and pulled her closer.

"I'm very serious," Shado responded. "It was him, I saw him…and I….I laid with him."

Mei took a second to let out her breath. Her sister wasn't being serious. It wasn't as if she didn't believe Shado, but there was a lot about the island of Lian Yu which played tricks with the mind. Mei could have been the one taken by this Fyers to be used as leverage against their father.

"You're certain it was him?" Mei asked.
"You really find it hard to believe?" Shado asked. "Perhaps, if you don't believe me, I can convince him to come...."

Shado stopped and her mouth opened. She noticed the temple across from her father's, which just happened to be a monument to the Dragon, had several visitors, and they didn't look too friendly. Mei looked across the way and looked towards the people across the way and the back to Shado. She noticed the look in her sister's eyes.

"They look dangerous," Mei said.

Shado moved over and reached into a sheath to pull out a dagger. Mei grabbed her sister by the arm and held her back from engaging them in battle.

'If only I had my bow and my arrows, I could have gotten them,' Shado mentally told herself about a half of a second later, looking at her.

"You can't fight all of them, I don't care how good you are," Mei said.

"I know," Shado said.

She looked on at these men and wondered what they were after. Something popped into her mind, and she realized exactly what they were after. Shado reached over and pressed in a rune on the watch Harry gave her, just in case they ran into an emergency.

"What are you doing?" Mei asked.

The flash of power coming from the runic symbol of the watch caused Mei to step back, mouth hanging open in surprise. She noticed multiple flashes coming from the watch.

"I'm summoning the Dragon," Shado said. "He'll be arriving in a minute, and you'll see him."

"For your sake, I hope you're not mistaken," Mei said. "And for their sakes...there's something really dangerous in that temple."

Many of the people who entered the temple did not come out alive, or at least with their sanity intact. Shado moved closer towards the temple, holding a dagger in her hand, ready to defend herself. Mei stood for a second at the end of the path, while also going after her.

Liv dropped down and crouched down from one side to the other. She pointed the arrow from one direction to the other direction, trying to figure out the best way to take down these drones. Holly, Nym, Nyssa, and Harry went in one direction, and it left Liv to come in the other direction with Sara.

"Why do I think we're the distraction?" Liv asked.

"Hey, you're doing pretty good out there," Sara said. "Just got to keep your head on, and you won't have any problems....let's see what we're going up against out there."

Sara caught a couple of glimpses of one of the drones. A particular broad shouldered drone muttered something to the other drone. Sara slipped on a pair of eyeglasses and then pressed a button, which amplified all of her senses.

"I don't like this place, it just has a very weird presence," the drone commented to the larger drone.

"With any luck, we're just watching the door," the larger man said in a surprisingly soft-spoken
voice. "We won't have any problems."

"Yeah, your definition of not having any problems, and my definition of not having any problems are two different things," one of the drones responded. "Once we get what we need, we can locate the precise location of…"

"Hey, keep it down, there's someone out there."

Sara rolled a grenade out into the middle of the field. The grenade broke open and released a stinging cloud of smoke. Some of the drones staggered back. One of them slipped back a few seconds and dodged one of the figures in the shadow.

The punch had been dodged, with the figure grabbing him by the wrist and flipped him down onto the ground. Sara slammed him down onto the ground and twisted around. An elbow strike to the side of the head dropped one of the goons down onto the ground.

One of them moved towards her with a miniature rocket launcher and started to fire an explosive series of rounds towards his adversary. Sara was not standing there.

A confused look had been followed with an arrow being pieced into the back of the man's neck. Liv dropped down and noticed another one of the goons rushing towards her. Liv snapped up another rapid-fire barrage of arrows to the chest of the goon in question. Three of the arrows hit the armor, but one of the arrows pierced to the shoulder and dropped the man in question down to the ground.

Liv rushed towards the adversary and caught him with a running knee to the side of the head. He dropped down onto the ground and pulled back a few seconds. She watched Sara drop down to the ground.

One of the goons stepped forward. He was a bald gentleman wearing goggles. He waved his hands and several pieces of electrical equipment surrounded him into a bodysuit. He retracted four metal spider legs from the armor.

Liv fired an arrow towards him. The arrow had been caught into a field and absorbed into the suit. Another one of HIVE’s meteor mutants had the ability to manipulate metal into anything.

"Duck!" Sara yelled.

No need to tell her twice, Liv drove herself down out of the way. The ground exploded underneath him. Several iron barbs flew towards them.

Sara lifted her hand and much to her surprise, an energy shield surrounded around her. She eyed the runes on the watch she wore, which glowed. Sara stepped back.

"What?" the goon asked.

Liv and Sara stood side by side and jumped behind a wooden gate. Thankfully, he couldn't manipulate that, even though he could manipulate the metal hooking it into the ground.

"Do you think you can distract him, while I get behind him?" Liv asked. "I have something that can take him down, trust me."

Sara just nodded, and she intended to distract him. She borrowed an item from ARGUS research and development which she would have thought would work.
"I will crush you!" the goon yelled.

"Yeah, I've heard that so many times," Sara responded. "Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?"

Two of the sharper spider legs moved towards Sara. Sara dodged the attack and pushed the button on the device she held in her hand. A small sonic blast erupted. She would need to find a way to amplify it later, but now, she had this HIVE drone staggering back.

"ARGH!" the HIVE drone yelled.

He managed to get it together just enough to rip it apart. The metal and technology manipulating mutant thrashed his arms around and started to breathe in frustration. His ears had been bleeding from the attack.

Liv maintained her perched point and noticed one small dot on the back of the head of the goon. She should have been able to make the shot, even if it was one of the most difficult shots imagining for her to make.

She drew back and fired the arrow at the back of the neck of the goon. The arrow connected with the back of the goon's neck and released a sonic pulse against the back of the neck of the man in question. He howled in agony, his arms and legs thrashing.

The EMP pulse exploding from the arrow dropped the goon down to the ground in a blink of an eye. Sara took a step back and saw several silver nano-bots leave a chest plate the man wore, before burning out into particles.

"Are you okay?" Liv asked.

"Yeah, I'll be fine," Sara said. "Why don't we head on to meet the others?"

Mei's mouth hung open when she came face to face with the young man in front of her. She didn't want to look at her sister, because of the satisfied smile lingering on Shado's face.

"Yeah, I get that a lot," Harry answered which brought her out of the thought.

"Okay, you're the real deal," Mei said. "You're right…but you understand how I had to see things with my own eyes."

"Believe me, I understand," Harry responded to her. He leaned closer towards her and he looked on with a smile. "How good are you in a fight?"

"I'm not as well trained as Shado is," Mei admitted.

"So, you're a liability," Holly said. Nym gave her one of those long looks. "It's fine, not everyone is cut out for being on the field. My own sister, for example, she's more of the caretaker type, than the actual physical fighting type."

"We'll get you out of here," Nym said. "And we'll be back when we can."

"We're going to go on in ahead," Nyssa said. "Darhk's in there, I know he is."

"They all went inside, there are no guards at the front door," Shado responded a fraction of a second later. She leaned closer towards them. "It's almost like Darhk wanted you all to follow inside. And there's something dangerous….legend is it could be used to empower someone to
"Legends sometimes have a fraction of the truth," Harry said. "And other times, they don't, but that's beside the point. We need to get in there, now."

Harry took a second to look around. He sensed the energy coming from the temple and he also sensed a presence. Harry walked down the steps leading to the temple. They were entering the temple and going up against what was the unknown.

Three HIVE goons made their way to the edge. Harry reached behind him and pulled out a quiver full of arrows and a Bo before passing it over to Shado. Shado had a slight smile on her face, and she accepted the gift which had been presented to her.

There was one goon standing on the other side of the gap. The shot was tricky, one in a million shot, but Shado could make it. All she had to do was draw her arrow back and fire it through the gap. The arrow connected to the shoulder of one of the men.

The man dropping to the ground caught the attention of the other goons around the tunnel. One of them turned around, which was a mistake as Nyssa already slipped around the corner. She grabbed the goon around the shoulder and brought him down with a huge crack, dropping him down onto the ground. 

Nyssa turned her head a fraction of an inch away to the other side when another one of the goons sent a dagger to the side of her face. She grabbed the goon before he withdrew another dagger. Nyssa grabbed him around the head, hooked him in a half nelson judo choke before pushing him down to the ground. Nyssa stomped him down on the back of the head.

Two more goons had been hidden. Harry blasted them to the side and pinned them against the wall like they were nothing. Harry saw the gates slowly opened.

The medallion reacted to the gates and opened them up. A line of HIVE drones showed towards them. Shado dropped down and fired three rapid fire arrows to catch them off guard. Nyssa caught the ones on the lift with a series of snap kicks, and a huge punch to the side of the head. The Daughter of the Demon flipped her adversary down to the ground and pounded him across the back of the head with repeated, rapid-fire punches.

Nyssa stepped back a fraction of an inch and waited for the man to pull himself up to the ground. The remaining drones stepped back and they parted.

The loud sound of clapping could be heard. A blonde gentleman dressed in black with a look of smug satisfaction on his face stepped down the tunnel.

"The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul," he said. "I'm sure you know who I am. My name is….."

"Yes, you're Damien Darhk, I know," Harry said. "And I can see it, your time is up."

Darhk's eyes locked onto the young man in front of him. A half of a second passed before he locked eyes onto the young man in front of him or to be more particular, it was the medallion of the dragon.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," Darhk said. "You live once again, but not for much longer I'm afraid."

Harry sensed something protecting Darhk, and also an unsettling presence. He waited for Darhk to make the first move, or to find an opening, whatever came first.
"And Nyssa…do you mind if I call you, Nyssa?" Darhk asked. "You've actually come face to face, even if it won't be for long….but perhaps we got off on the wrong foot. After all, you've come closer to your father than catching me. And you're here in front of me."

Darhk took a half of a step closer. Harry, Shado, and Nyssa waited. None of those HIVE agents were going to attack without any orders.

"Your father never appreciated you," Darhk said. "I have a spot for you, in HIVE. Your abilities will be appreciated."

"How about we just skip to the part where I kill you?"

Nyssa withdrew her blade as fast as an eye blinked and almost stabbed the stomach of Darhk. The blade hit something, a wall.

"Mystical talisman, never walk into the dragon's lair without one," Darhk said.

'Just wait until I find the way to break the enchantment,' Harry thought.

"Well, I know when to take a hint," Darhk said. "I have business….play nicely, gentlemen, ladies."

Several more drones popped in front of Nyssa, Harry, and Shado. A couple of them had special abilities, which would make this a problem for all for the trio.

Darhk got away. Harry closed his eyes and tried to teleport around them, but a large crack caught him in the sternum and knocked the wind out of him.

'Of course,' Harry thought.

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To Be Continued on April 3rd, 2017.

And here we go. They've found Darhk. Who has brought insurance. It's amazing what you can find on Craigslist these days.

Until a week from Monday.
Chapter Twenty-Three: Drained.

The largest of the group of ghosts made a motion to go towards Harry. Harry dodged the dagger before it impacted into his ribs. He grabbed an arm hard and blasted the goon up into the air. The goon dropped down onto the air and moved his way towards Harry one more time.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Harry said.

"They will try," Nyssa said. She swiped the dagger to one side and plunged it into the ribs of one of the goons to drop them down. "Whether or not they will actually succeed, it's another thing entirely."

One of the goons slipped on a pair of brass knuckles and moved to nail Nyssa in the side of the head. Nyssa dodged the attack and then jumped up. She nailed him with a punch to the side of the head. Another punch clipped him in the jaw. Nyssa moved behind the man, grabbed the gun from the wrist holster, and discharged it. Two more of the goons had been clipped thanks to Nyssa's efforts.

Shado crouched down to evade a roundhouse right before it nailed her in the side of the head. She bounced back off of the walls and dropped down to the ground. Nyssa drew back her bow and fired an arrow into the wrist of the goon. The goon dropped his weapon.

Harry super-charged the weapon before anyone could pick it up. Certain enough, the goon took the bait and grabbed the gun. The energy blast discharged him and launched him high into the air. Harry came back to finish off the job and drill him with a series of jabs to the chest. The goon dropped down to the ground.

A blast from the energy grenade caused dust to surround the area around Harry. Harry dropped down to the ground to wipe the mist away from his eyes. Another one of the energy grenades had been discharged.

Shado reacted a split second before Harry had a chance to. The arrow pierced one of the grenades and released a backfire to take down two of the goons.

"They multiply, like rabbits," Shado said.

"We're going to have to put them down faster," Nyssa said.

Nyssa swept herself into the air and dropped down onto the back of the head of one of the goons. She flipped over the top of the goon's head and then dropped behind him. She slammed a right hook punch into the spine of the goon and dropped him down. Nyssa grabbed him around the head and did a forward rolling flip to bring her adversary down to the ground with a solid smack.

The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul stepped back, her eyes narrowed, and ready to go. The next heavy rushed towards her. Nyssa blocked the hand and deflected the attack. A knee driven to the chin brought him down. Nyssa came around.

"Everyone, stand back!"

Holly aimed a miniature rocket launcher down and managed to blow up just enough of the floor to
bring several of the goons deep beneath the temple. One look down the hole showed there was a very long way down and there was a huge splat from the goon who went down.

"You always have to do this excessively, don't you?" Nym asked.

Nym flicked her wrist when one of the goons hung on. She wrapped cords around the ghost and held him into place. One carefully placed spell ripped all of the teeth out of the mouth of the HIVE subordinate, so he didn't have any ideas. He moved back and almost threw himself down the hole.

"Not so fast," she responded.

"You think I'm excessive?" Holly asked. "I didn't blow up half of the temple this time, you know."

Nym turned her attention towards Holly and responded with a smile on her face. "Baby steps, you're still a bit....."

Holly nailed one of the goons in the side of the head who tried to attack her from behind. She grabbed the goon around the back of the head and slammed him face first into the ground. His mouth and nose cracked off of the ground with a sickening impact.

"We're not getting any closer to Darhk," Nyssa said.

"Clear the path, I'm going after him," Harry said.

Clearing the path was easier said than done. Harry stepped back and he waved his hand. The ground underneath the goons shifted and knocked them off guard. This miniature Earthquake vibration allowed Nym, Nyssa, and Holly to go in and take out the goons one at a time.

Shado fired an arrow into the knee of one of the larger goons to drop him down to the ground. Agony ripped through the goon when he had been dropped down onto the ground. Nyssa decided to put him down further with a well-placed strike to the side of the head.

"I'll be right behind you, go," Nyssa said.

It was an unspoken agreement that Harry would subdue Darhk, and it would be Nyssa who would take him down. One of the larger drones tried to block Harry. His armor glowed in the dim tunnel and gave him a bit more coverage. Harry zeroed in on the weakest spot in the armor. He charged towards the goon.

Two glowing daggers retracted out of the armor. Harry retracted two more glowing daggers and the two charged each other. Harry swung the daggers into those the drone held. Both Harry and the drone engage went shot for shot until Harry got the upper hand.

A crack echoed and the armor broke apart. The goon tried to throw himself forward. The Dragon caught him and slammed a punch into the throat. Harry dropped down and slammed the man face first onto the ground.

'Good, the path is finally opened.'

Harry could tell there was some unsettling presence down the temple. Darhk forced the doors open, somehow. He shouldn't have gotten this far into the temple. Harry mentally racked his brain for some kind of plausible explanation to how Darhk managed to get so far.

'It has to do with that talisman, something to do with it anyway,' Harry thought.
No question about it, getting close to the talisman had been the number one priority for Harry. Nothing else mattered to him, right now at the very least. His eyes followed down the path and he took the right side.

The swimming of deadly magical energy around him prodded Harry even closer. He could sense something, magic of the darkest kind. It only made him get even closer.

The Dragon showing up threw Darhk's plans off very slightly. He would need something to tip the odds in his favor, and he knew what he was looking for. He took a half of a step down the tunnel and paused for a brief second before pulling back.

"Come in, and stick close," Darhk told the men when they made down the tunnel.

The men followed Damien Darhk down the tunnel. They all pledged their loyalty to HIVE as if they had any choice. They had been given a second chance of life. It was an obsessive loyalty.

"According to my source, we're getting close, just one more tunnel."

Darhk paused to look around. Down each side of the temple, several statues lined up on both sides, all the way down in a line. Darhk's eyes traveled down and looked at them. He turned towards his men.

"Keep your eyes forward. Don't do anything to agitate them in the slightest, or you'll agitate me."

Each HIVE member stepped down the tunnel and moved gingerly down the tunnel. Six men on both sides all the way down the row. Darhk stepped behind them and pulled out a glowing red gem. He slid it into the slot of the general statue in the middle of the room.

"Forward."

They all moved forward with another word. The end of the tunnel glowed with light. Darhk stepped forward and noticed red fluid dripping into a fountain in the center.

"Knife."

One of the men handed Darhk the knife. Darhk grabbed the hand of the man in question and pulled him so he stood over the fountain. The cold steel came inches away from slicing into the wrist of the man in question.

"Nice of you to volunteer."

The knife stab barely registered from Darhk's victim. Blood splashed down into the fountain and glowed. A tribute had been registered. Several slimy tentacles lifted out of the fountain and wrapped around the man who had his blood spilled into the temple.

The man inclined his head, resigned to his fate. He had been dragged deep underneath the waters. Two of the men took half of a step back. Darhk just leaned down and watched the man disappear. Rocks shifted over the top of the fountain, sealing it up from the rest of the world.

"Follow me again."

They all followed Darhk down the jagged rocks which lead to an opening in the wall. Two of them followed him to the top. The others followed gingerly. The rocks groaned underneath them. They could still see the blood stained fountain underneath.
Had they not trained all fear out of themselves, they would be very terrified by now. One of them stepped forward towards Darhk.

"Who would like to give me a hand?"

One of the men held the dagger out and put it into Darhk's hand. Darhk just shifted into a smile.

"While I commend your loyalty, that's not the kind of hand I need, at least not yet. I may need it in the future, but I offer it to you. I want you to life the artifact out of the cave, and we'll see what happens."

One bow and Darhk's faithful minion stepped forward, getting closer to the edge of the cave. Something flashed in front of his face when Darhk approached the edge. He put his fingertips on the artifact.

"Go ahead, don't be shy, lift it," Darhk told him.

The goon's fingers wrapped around the artifact, and it lifted up off of the ground. Several long minutes passed while the goon held the artifact between his fingers. Darhk leaned towards the man in question and waited for something to happen.

"Sir, there's…..ARGH!"

Dilating pupils indicated something happened to the man in question. His skins rotted while he still breathed, and his bones crumbled underneath him. Eventually, his internal organs shut down one at a time, some of them being shredded, even though he was dead.

Darhk motioned for his men to step back from him. Those eyes flashed, those demented pupils looked up at Darhk. Darhk turned to his trio of goons and all of them backed off.

"Well, that's not the exact result I expected, but close enough for it to count," Darhk said. "Give me a moment, gentlemen, I'm going to need to figure out where I could go from here."

The artifact rested once again down on the pedestal. Something inside of the temple had been fed, yet another sacrifice. Darhk was willing to sacrifice his men to an extent to achieve his goals.

'Can't get carried away,'

Darhk's eyebrow raised in surprise and he turned to the artifact. His longevity might have been one thing, but Darhk was not going to willingly lay a single finger on this artifact.

"Do you think there's any way you can break the enchantment?" Darhk asked. "I must follow the path…what does that mean?"

None of the goons said anything. A couple of them had stray thoughts of how Darhk had lost his mind if he was talking to that glowing amulet thing hanging around his neck. None of them were willing to say a word about it, though. They all prepared themselves to be the next sacrifice.

"Father, give me a sign!" Darhk yelled out loud, almost mockingly.

Darhk dipped his head and nodded. The HIVE leader knew precisely what he would have to do to pick up the artifact from this temple, the means, which he could destroy the Dragon.

The back entrance remained unguarded with Sara and Liv slipping inside. The two were surprised by the lack of resistance they encountered when heading around and also a little bit unnerved.
The sound of running water caused her to pause.

"Don't move unless absolutely necessary."

Darhk turned his back towards her and dropped down his knees. He looked about ready to worship something, although what, Liv didn't really know. Her fingers tightened around the bow which hung down and then she lifted it up. There was a thought going through her mind.

'I can make the shot,' Liv thought.

'I'll be there in a minute,' Harry thought to Sara. "Hang on."

Sara turned and noticed Liv drawing back her bow and aiming the arrow towards the back of Darhk's neck. The arrow shot forward and connected to the back of Damien Darhk's neck before Sara could have a chance to stop it.

The arrow connecting to the back of the head of Damien Darhk caused blood to spill from the wound in his chest. Something started to rumble deep from underneath the rocks. Two henchmen scrambled and something stuck through the gap between the rocks. Red liquid bubbled, agitated by
the blood Darhk spilled into the temple.

Liv turned around just in time to see the rocks smash through. A tentacle rose up and several glowing barbs pointed towards Liv at the temple. Sara dove in front of Liv before the barbs ripped into her. She took the wooden staff and smacked it into the tentacles which dropped down onto the ground.

The archer turned around and fired an arrow towards another one of the slimy tentacles which came out from underneath the ground.

Damien Darhk rolled over onto the ground. He received an arrow which punctured an artery. He had to admit, it hurt, and he was very curious to how she managed to find one of the few blind spots. Darhk crawled over where one of his men slumped over the ground. He had been severely wounded, but there was enough life left in him.

"I'll take this, thank you."

Darhk grabbed the hand of the man who slumped over and dragged energy through the man in question. Energy surrounded the man's body and pulled it deep inside of Darhk. The man dropped to the ground, nothing other than a dried and decayed husk.

Liv rushed over. Darhk healed himself. She fired a second arrow at him while he recovered from the first. Darhk turned around and blocked the arrow before impaling into him.

"Mind of matter," Darhk said. "I don't mind if none of this matters."

Darhk propelled the arrow back at Liv. She fell back and the arrow just sailed over the top of the head. Darhk stepped back and avoided another one of the tentacles which slammed through the ground underneath him. Darhk picked up a downed arrow and slammed it through the slimy appendage, and pushed it back down to the ground.

Turning around, Darhk noticed several of the statues moved in. A smile crossed his face when he moved back to allow his new minions to move forward. Darhk directed the army towards him.

"Take them out and protect this temple," Darhk ordered them.

Liv aimed the arrow towards the floor and fired. The arrow struck through the floor and agitated whatever the creature was underneath the ground. There were way too many slimy tentacles poking out and trying to ensnare her for Liv's liking.

A flash of light appeared in front of him. Harry withdrew a blade from his sheath and drove it down through the floor onto the temple's guardian. Energy surrounded Harry's hand and put down the creature.

Harry turned around with the sword aimed at the large monster who cracked out to the floor. One central eye had been located in the central, purple, squishy part of the monster. Harry didn't blink, he just motioned for the guardian of the temple to come after him.

The energy discharge released from the sword and caused the guardian of the temple to deflate before retreating back underneath around. Harry pulled back from the guardian.

"Go with the others, I have this handled."

Sara picked up another one of the little toys she picked up from ARGUS and pushed a button. The sonic blast backed the statues off and allowed Liv to release an arrow against the wall. One of the
shelves broke out and sent rocks onto the statues crushing them underneath.

"Right, left, around, up, and right," Sara muttered. "Okay, got it."

"How do you know?" Liv asked.

"Harry put the instructions in my head," Sara said. "It's a long story."

"Yeah, figured about as much," Liv said. "So, are you ready to go?"

More statues lined up on either side of the tunnel. Sara drew in a frustrated breath and prepared to
fight her way through the tunnel. Nyssa and the others could be seen at the other end of the
hallway. Sara and Liv would have to meet them halfway.

Everything shut down around the mind of Damien Darhk, other than a single-minded obsession
with getting the artifact which remained in the cave.

'Wait for the right moment,' Darhk thought.

Darhk's hand closed together and opened it up. The artifact jostled off to one side.

"It's over, Darhk."

Darhk turned around and the blade came inches away from penetrating the protection around him.
Harry pushed his way through the protection. Darhk's eyes shifted over when looking down at the
dangerous young man. Darhk's gaze continued to burn with pure hatred when locked onto Harry.

"You just won't take a hint will you," Darhk said.

"You have a problem, don't you?" Harry asked. "You either drop the protection or face me, or you
put yourself in a position to be brought down harder, without a chance to defend yourself."

For a brief second, Darhk reacted to the young man in front of him. He eyed the sword hanging
from him, the blade which was to either bring an end to the Dragon or empower him further. Darhk
kept his gaze locked onto the edge of the blade and his frown deepened even more.

"I wondered what happened to it," Darhk said. "Now, I know."

Darhk's gaze locked onto the blade. He had been between a rock and a hard place. For a second, he
reached for the talisman in an attempt to drop the protection.

'Brother Darhk, he is trying to bait you,' the echo of Deacon Blackfire continued. 'For you to
become something more than you are, you cannot allow the dragon to get inside of your head.'

The rocks underneath them shuffled. The Dragon's gazed locked onto Darhk with the other side,
his lips curling into a devious smile when going eye to eye with Darhk. "We're running out of time,
aren't we?"

"We'll see."

Darhk jumped back and the rocks shifted underneath him. The red liquids bubbled deep
underneath them. Several slimy hands made their way from underneath the thick red waters from
underneath the fountain.

"That's interesting," Darhk remarked in a rather cold tone of voice. "You're not strong enough to
defeat me, no matter how much you try."

"We'll see," Harry responded. "Ready to drop the protection and face me? Perhaps you're not powerful enough to take me down. Perhaps you'd rather be the puppet of someone else?"

Darhk dropped down the protection, despite an echoing warning in his head not to. His sword came out in a flash of light and seconds later, Darhk charged the powerful sorcerer. The blade shot out and caught Darhk, clanging sword to sword with him. Both Harry and Darhk jockeyed for position.

The guardian underneath stirred. Harry was going to have to try and take him down. Harry stepped back and charged Darhk once again. He lifted up the talisman and the sword smashed against the invisible wall created. Harry almost pushed his way to through the blade.

'That's it, just increase your protection,' Harry thought to himself. 'I'll have you right where I want you, Darhk.'

Darhk watched the artifact shoot out of the cave and land on the ground. Several shadowed figures rose up from the temple. Ghosts, literally ghosts, of those who had sacrificed themselves to gain access to the treasure in the temple, with the walls around them crumbling him.

"You really want that token, Darhk?" Harry asked. "Come after it."

"I'm going to take you down, and crush you, Dragon!" Darhk yelled.

He dropped the protection shield one more time and tried, in one desperate maneuver, to knock the artifact into the grasp of the Dragon. The emerald-eyed man caught it in his hand and smiled. The artifact flashed a moment later. Harry held it between his fingers casually.

"You should be dust," Darhk said.

The artifact came back at Darhk in a flash of an eye. He blocked the artifact from impaling into his body with the talisman. Oxygen surrounding Darhk became less plentiful. His breathing increased as he tried to struggle.

"What….."

The temple around them started to crumble. A large beam fell from the ceiling and separated Harry from Damien Darhk. Dust flew around the area of the temple around them, as Harry tried to protect his vision. He had been blocked from the majority of the debris.

Only three words entered Harry's mind when he ripped his way through the area. He needed to get to Damien Darhk.

Darhk just barely broke the protection of the Talisman. Red waters splashed out of the temple and started to ooze underneath the ground. A scream brought Darhk's attention to one of the few drones which had not been killed. The artifact released a wave of energy which caused the energy to be drained from the man's body.

"Not going to die, not now!"

An exit opened up for Darhk when he continued to go forward. The man's head thumped when going further.

Harry avoided the dust particles from blocking his vision. He had to find a way out of there and soon. A large chunk of the wall of the temple dropped down onto the ground. It was another tablet
and depicted a very familiar image from Harry on it.

The Basilisk shined out on the tablet and hissed. Harry scooped up the tablet and pushed it into his bag.

'Sara, please tell me you can hear this, and you're out of there,' Harry thought.

'I won't like I can hear you, but we're not out of here,' Sara thought.

The blood felt like it drained from Harry's body. He could see two choices laid out in front of him. The first choice was to grab the girls and get them out of here. The second choice was to get Darhk and leave the girls to their own devices. Harry mentally weighed all of the options and made a decision.

No matter how dangerous Darhk was, the lives of innocents were a top priority in Harry's mind. He flickered away into the tunnel. Most of the girls were almost through the nearest exit. Harry blasted the doors open and sunlight entered the temple.

One of the statues still lingered and were seconds away from smashing in Nym's head with a huge wrecking ball. Nym shielded her head and took a very prominent deep breath in response.

Harry blasted the statue away. It crumbled into dust when going against the wall. Harry cupped Nym's hand and grabbed her. The flash of light surrounded both of them and they just cleared the temple seconds before it would have buried them all.

No sign of anyone in HIVE in the wreckage, for what that was worth.

Harry, along with some help from ARGUS, cleared out the wreckage of the temple. Several mummified corpses had been extracted from the temple, although whether or not one of them was Darhk's, Harry didn't know. The artifact Darhk was after had been restricted.

The guardian of the temple vanished, and Harry would know, because he searched for him, her, or it for several hours, but there was nothing.

Now, Harry had been presented with another mysterious. The tablet detailing the king of all serpents, the Basilisk, lingered in front of him. Harry would have to guess the tablet lead him to the second medallion, finally some headway.

'By all indications, the medallion is somewhere in South America,' Harry thought.

'It does make a lot of sense,' Nyssa responded a second later. 'There's a tribe there, who worship snakes there.'

'Well, I speak their language,' Harry thought.

Literally, given the gift. Harry had of speaking Parseltongue. Dumbledore believed it was through the curse scar Harry got that ability, but after retaining it after the Horcrux left, Harry was not so sure. Then again, Dumbledore couldn't be right all of the time.

"We're busy looking through the corpses," Waller told him from the doorway. "With any luck, one of them is Darhk, but I would not advise holding my breath."

Harry wasn't about to hold his breath. He continued to look at the tablet.

"The artifact is secured," Harry said. "I would highly advise not trying to open the vault. There will
"be consequences if someone other than myself opens the vault, never mind handles the artifact."

"The state of the HIVE operatives, these ghosts, or rather drones," Waller said. She trailed off and continued. "Their state tells me enough about how it would be foolish to mess with such a dangerous artifact."

"Wise," Harry said. "So, how is Nymphadora?"

"Agent Tonks will survive," Waller said. "Despite her flaws, she is durable. She's a good agent, but she won't be a great agent until she learns how to follow orders a bit better."

"The universe isn't ordered," Harry said. "The sooner people figure that out, the better off they're going to be."

Waller just responded with a nod. She didn't know what to say in response. He made a lot of sense, but unfortunately, to keep a government organization in order, order was necessary.

"If Darhk is found among, them, you'll know."

'I'd like him to be,' Nyssa thought. *The cockroach trampled away underneath the wreckage again, to live to fight us another day.*

'He wasn't in the best state,' Harry thought.

'The only good state for Damien Darhk is dead,' Nyssa thought.

Harry thought it was fair enough. They would have to search for the artifact sooner or later. While HIVE was busy recovering from their humiliating defeat, Harry needed to strike when the iron was hot, and the iron was not any hotter than now.

'Serpent medallion, you're next in line,' Harry thought. 'Better go check up on her.'

'I'm sure she'll appreciate the visit,' Sara commented.

Harry walked down the hallway to the area to the room where Nym currently was resting. He knocked on the door and waited for an answer.

"It's open."

Harry entered the room and came across Nym dressed in nothing but a long night shirt which stretched down past her knees.

"Hey," Nym commented. "Sorry, sorry, you pulled me out of the fire. Guess I need to learn to watch my step. Waller's always up my ass about that, and not in a good way either."

Harry took a moment to motion for Nym to stand. She moved to her feet without any response. Currently, her hair was dark and silky, stretching down past her shoulders. She had soft facial features, angled cheekbones, and a soft feminine jaw, along with a cute nose and rosy, plump lips. Her body filled out the nice shirt with a curvy figure, large supple breasts, which were firm, and wide hips. Her legs stretched on for miles.

The shape-shifter looked back at Harry. Those green eyes checked her out.

"So, do you like something that you see, great one?" she teased him.

"Maybe I do, my sweet Nymph."
She blushed at his words. Nym never thought she would get this chance. A cocky little smile spread over her face.

"You know, you saved my ass," Nym said. "That means I'm in your debt….and my mother always taught me to never let your debts be left unpaid."

"She's a wise woman."

Harry leaned in and Nym decided to take the plunge. She caught Harry with a sexually aggressive kiss. Her tongue sought entry into the powerful sorcerer's mouth, and her fingernails clutched Harry's jaw. Harry moved his hand down and slid one of them down behind her night shirt to touch Nym's lower back.

It was a spot which caused Nym to almost come undone. Harry moved her back and released her lips. Harry moved in one more time to kiss her. He nibbled her lips, jaw, and neck while feeling up her abundant curves around her body. Nym sunk into his hands which touched him.

"Pay up, Nym."

It didn't take much for Nym to drop to her knees and worship her savior.

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Also, it didn't take too long for Nym to fish Harry's cock out of his pants. His pants went down, along with his boxer shorts. Nym came face to face with a throbbing hard cock, which wasn't even completely hard on second glance. The beautiful agent's eyes widened and drool started to come down to her lips.

"Well, are you going to touch it, or are you just going to drool?"

Nym leaned in to grope the underside of Harry's cock and tug on it. The manhood stretched just enough to meet Nym's perfect lips. She used her abilities to make the perfect lips for cock sucking and she plunged in, tightening the vacuum tight seal around Harry's throbbing hard erection.

"Oh, fuck, that's it, right there!" Harry groaned.

The nice cock sucking brought Harry's thick rod straight into Nym's mouth. Her throat manipulated him like a pussy. Harry grabbed onto the side of the sexy shapeshifter's face. He imagined fucking Nym's face before, but now, it was actually happening and her mouth felt wonderful.

"Always knew you had such a fucking good mouth Nymmy."

Nym grabbed his balls and squeezed them to test the waters for the load of cum which was in them later. Her tongue caressed the underside of his manhood when she kept working her way down the pole. She could not believe the taste she received of this big, thick, cock.

Two hands gripped the back of Nym's head and forcefully drove his rod deep into her mouth. She sucked him so hard, her jaw began to ache. It was all a part of the mission in satisfying this young man, no this god before her. Nym drew her lips tighter around his iron pole.

"Stop."

Nym stopped and wondered why he told her to. Harry motioned her to her feet, and he grabbed her nightshirt before tearing it off. Harry grabbed her ample chest and squeezed it which caused moans to come for her.
"I bet you can make these tits nice and round," Harry told her.

"Yeah, how big do you want them?" Nym asked.

"As big as you can handle without following over."

Nym closed her eyes and allowed her tits to balloon out hard. She had two large boulder sized breasts on her chest. They were still as firm and perky, despite their obscene size thanks to the magic of magic. Harry grabbed her tits and gave them a very hearty squeeze.


Harry obliged her and wrapped his lips around her nipple. Nym made her nipples so sensitive with her powers, a small amount of milk leaked out. Her mother told her it could happen occasionally with her abilities.

The real question was why was she getting so wet from Harry sucking on her lactating nipples? Her god wrapped his lips tighter around her breast.

"Suck my big boobs!" Nym moaned.

Harry buried his face between Nym's super-sized pillows and motorboated the shit out of the witch. She loved it, moaning hungrily. Those fingers ran over her body. She could feel Harry's hard cock slapping her against the thighs when he indulged her and himself.

She fell back onto the bed, legs spread. Her pussy spread for Harry, dripping with juices. Harry looked down at Nym, a wicked smile crossing his face.

"I believe this belongs to me."

Harry reached out to cup her pussy and squeeze it. His fingers danced over the scorching slit.

"You were a naughty girl, watching me fuck my companions a few day ago," Harry said. "Did you dream about me bending you over the wall and fucking your slutty pussy with my enormous cock? Did you, Nym?"

His thick and talented finger stretched Nym's molten core out. She thought she would die of so much pleasure. Harry pushed his finger deep inside of her and withdrew it. He pulled it out of her.

"I want you to taste how much of a slut you're being," Harry told her. "I bet it would drive you nuts, wouldn't it? To taste your cum?"

Harry forced his finger into Nym's mouth and made her suck the juices off. The powerful sorcerer reached around with his free hand and grabbed an ample hand full of Nym's rear. Nym closed her eyes and enjoyed Harry's tightening grip around her was.

'Damn, I'm going to die if I don't get his cock soon.'

"Is this what you want, Nym?"

Harry slapped his cock against her clit and made Nym's hips jump off of the bed. She breathed heavily at the tease of his cock dancing against her entrance. It was so close to entering her body and stretching her out. It was lengthy and thick, everything Nym dreamed his cock to be and much more. He took his cock head and ground against her entrance. Nym thrashed underneath him like a madwoman in heat.
"I bet I can get you off just by my cock head, can't I?"

Nym whined when feeling his thick cock head brushing against her wet walls. She was pretty much certain he could get her off. His hard cock head ground against her. Nym tried to lift her hips up, but once again Harry forced them down and nearly pulled away from her. The frustrated whine coming from Nym's tone.

"You want me to fuck that pussy, don't you?"

Nym nodded in response. "Please, fuck my pussy. Drill your huge cock into my pussy, and make me feel you. Put as much cum as you want into my womb. I'll make my pussy super tight and super velvety for you, whatever you want, baby. I'll be your personal fuck toy!"

Having a shape-shifter as a personal fuck toy certainly had a few benefits Harry could think about presently. His hardening cock agreed with the feeling. He lightly edged himself to the edge of Nym's walls. Her slit pushed up in an attempt to take more of Harry's rock hard cock inside of her body. Harry touched her hips lightly and slowly pushed himself between her thighs.

"I'll fuck you all night long," Harry growled in her ear. "Like it or not, you're mine, Nymmy. You're my personal slut now."

Nym wasn't going to argue, she liked it.

"I've been a bad girl," Nym said. "A bad girl who needs a big cock inside of her. Please, Master, punish your kinky little slut!"

Her opening dripped warm for Harry. Harry pressed his cock against her entrance and then, without any further adieu, he slid inside of her. Her warm pussy walls stretched out as far as possible and snapped back around Harry, clamping down on his iron rod.

"Oh, fuck yes, this is amazing," Harry groaned. "Your pussy is nice and ready for me. Such a good pet…such a good fuck puppet."

That thick cock stretched Nym every single which way possible, with Harry rising almost out of her and dropping all the way back down into her. His balls slapped against Nym's warm thighs when Harry rose up and dropped back down. Every time Harry dropped himself down into Nym, she could feel something amazing spreading through her loins. She reached up and grabbed Harry's back to guide him down into her molten depths.

"Harry, Harry, Harry!"

Nym chanted the given name of her master's form. Those big balls stored a lot of cum.

"That all going to be for me?" she asked.

"If you've earned it," Harry informed her. "I want you to cum for me. Harder than you've ever cum before. You wouldn't want to let me down, would you, my precious Nymph?"

The sexy shapeshifter rose up and her large breasts bounced when she dropped down onto the bed. Harry grabbed a hold on her jugs and slowly rocked his hard cock inside of her body. Harry stretched her completely out and then dropped down into her. His thick balls packed a huge punch when driving their entire weight down into Nym's canal.

She came, came harder, especially when he played with her sensitive, large nipples. That got Nym's motor revved up and ready to unload. Harry brought himself down, his muscular firm body,
pressing against her curvy one. He drove deep inside of her.

More orgasms came, and each one built upon the last one.

"Escalation, that's the name of the game," Harry whispered. "I can rule your body with the anticipation. You know that each one is more powerful than the last. You anticipate them, and you wonder if your body can sustain."

"Oh, I can go a long time," Nym said.

"Dangerous words, Nym."

Harry nibbled her earlobe when coming down and then shifted over. His cock still worked into her core and worked some amazing magic. Those thick balls came down onto Nym's soft thighs and kept stretching her out. She responded by pushing all the way up and taking Harry as far into her as possible.

Fire swam through the body of the shapeshifter and she knew the only way which the fire could be put out, was the large cock and bloated balls of the divine entity driving his cock inside of her body. Nym's fingernails raked down Harry's shoulder and encouraged him.

Adrenaline ruled her body and her mind. She knew sooner or later, things would come to a climax. Nym knew she would black out when finished, but damn, she was going to milk this, along with his cock, for every single bit it was worth. Her body rose up off of the bed and took more of Harry inside of her.

"Getting close," Harry informed her. "Still with me?"

Nym just moaned in response. She lost track of how many orgasms she experience. Harry brought his thick cock into her depths one more time and caught another sensitive spot on her. She bucked up for Harry's cock.

"Finish me," Nym begged him.

"Well, maybe later," Harry said.

Harry picked up his pace and drove his hard cock deeper inside of the depths of the beautiful woman underneath him. Nym brought her hips up to make sure Harry sank fully inside of her. The abundance of curves on her body made it exciting. Harry's groin muscles tightened and he could feel it.

He worked his way into her, stretching out this coupling for a very long time. Nym squeezed, caressed, and moaned, to ensure he knew she was still with him.

"One more time."

The band inside Nym snapped and released her orgasm heavily. Her hips pushed rapidly and buried more of Harry inside of her. Her pussy muscles clamped him.

Harry had no recourse other than to drive deep inside of Nym and release his cum from his balls. Those bloated testicles expanded and contracted, releasing an abundance of cum.

Several more orgasms greeted Nym before she blacked out from the constant rapid-fire barrage. Harry finished releasing his thick cum inside of her, filling her up with his seed.
Harry pulled away from her. It had been sunset when he came in here, and now it appeared the sun had just started to arise.

"Sweet dreams, Nym."

Harry pulled away, leaving Nym on the bed, absently mindedly rubbing her cum stained pussy, with a shit eating grin on her face.

To Be Continued.

Darhk has suffered a severe setback. And Harry has a lead on a second medallion, which is a very good thing to be perfectly honest.

And Nymphadora makes all of her dreams come true. I'm sure she will be going to bed happy tonight.

To Be Continued.
Before we get to this chapter, I have to shill my blog. Which has the poll for your favorite chapter I've written this week, the really big list of women, chapters posted a day before anywhere else on the Internet, and also, blog exclusive content. Just like the blog exclusive content for this chapter, which is between Scene One and Scene Two of this chapter. Want to know how you get there? Click on my user name. Find the list of important links. Click there. Then head down to the Web of Chaos Story Archives underneath the alternative fanfiction profiles. Then click on this story, Stranded, and scroll down to Chapter 24 where there will be a link to content exclusive to the blog. Or you can just to straight there to this link: http://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2017/04/stranded-chapter-24-xtra.html

And now with that shameless shilling out of the way, on with our chapter.

**Chapter Twenty-Four: Larger Than Life.**

Everything which happened in the past day or so, kind of ended up pin a blur in Nym's mind. She rolled over in bed, with a slightly goofy grin on her face. She turned a second later and it all came back to her, everything which happened. She thought her encounter with Harry was a dream. Perhaps brought on by some pain killers after nearly having the roof of that temple fall onto the top of head, actually, a dream, a delusion would be about Nym's luck.

A quick check between her ties verified how sore Nym was after her encounter, and she could still feel some stickiness between her thighs. If she had not looked so undignified in doing it, Nym would have gotten up to her feet and did a dance. It did happen, something she had been dreaming about since as long as she knew what sex was, happened.

Until she met Harry though, Nym really didn't know what sex is. She really hoped there would be many more opportunities to worship her savor. Right now, Nym really needed a shower. It took her a few seconds to summon up the strength to roll out of bed.

'Just like Mum said, the Dragon always leaves his mark,' Nym thought.

Nym had not been the shy type, and she had been blown away from the prowess of the dragon. She entertained the thought there was no way he could have been as good as the legends stated. There could have been no conceivable way he was this amazing, this wonderful.

She realized something when getting up to head towards the shower. He was better than expected, and Nym could not wait to have her expectations destroyed again. For now, she moved closer towards the shower and smiled.

'I really think Holly wanted a piece of him….about time I showed her up at something,' Nym thought. 'Not that I'd rub her face in my success or anything.'

It was not out of malice Nym was excited by the fact she showed up Holly in something. Both women showed a competitive spirit which drove them to be the very best of their fields. Nym chuckled at the thought it got them in trouble a lot of the time, especially with Waller. Both women were very headstrong.
'Ah, there it is….oh, I'm going to be feeling this for a long time.'

Nym didn't really register it as a complaint, more like a commentary, of the increased feeling of pleasure which came throughout her legs. She felt better actually, other than the usual post-sex soreness. Then again, given the size of him, Nym found herself fortunate she could walk.

She chalked it up to her own magical prowess, but the thought he held back, not to completely break her, made her excited. Nym envisioned being broken by her god.

The soak rubbed over her body. Nym still had very hardened nipples from her thoughts and feelings over Harry. She drew in her breath to calm down. She had best calm herself down before she got into more trouble, well more trouble than usual.

As always, Nym somehow forgot the clothes she needed when going into the shower. Nym shook her head at the absent minded nature of herself, and the carelessness. Her mother would have let her have an earful.

The woman took a ginger step, feeling a bit refreshing from her shower. She still moved about as awkwardly as possible. Thankfully, she could reach out around the corner where there was a towel set up on the bedside dresser. She took the towel and wrapped it around her body.

The second Nym put the towel on, the door opened. She jumped the person who entered the room, with cat-like precision. Nym saw little problem, well at least until the figure turned the attack on her, and shoved Nym back onto the bed.

Seconds later, Nym squirmed. It had been through the grace of all things holy the towel remained wrapped around her body. Nym struggled, wondering who she came eye to eye with. It took only a second where she noticed Sara Lance staring down at her, with a wide grin on her face.

"You've had a fun now, haven't you?" Sara asked.

"Yes," Nym said. "Do you think you can let me up?"

"Oh, I think this is a very good spot for me to be right now," Sara said, teasing the girl's wet hair with her finger. "Just think, Harry came in here last night and fucked your brains out. I bet you got off on that, didn't you, Nymphadora?"

"Hey, you shouldn't….."  

Sara leaned down and kissed Nym on the lips. Nym would have protested the kiss, but Sara had a certain manner of bringing someone over to her side. She could do nothing other than enjoy the kiss.

"You can change into anything, anyone," Sara said. "Can you just change your actual facial features, or is the change full? Can you become another person's twin?"

"I can," Nym said. "It took me a while, but now, it's just about as easy as blinking. There are times where I get upset, and my hair changes different colors."

"It takes a lot of control," Sara said.

For a second, Nym noticed Sara fiddling absent-mindedly with the towel hanging from her. The Shape-Shifter's breathing increased, and she became very excited, but Sara pulled away from her.

"I wonder if you could do me."
Nym's mind went straight into the gutter, where it had prime real estate these days. She could see Sara's crafty little smile on her face. The naughty girl knew exactly what she wanted, from the older woman.

"Could you shapeshift into me?" Sara asked.

"If you let me breathe than maybe."

Sara let Nym rise from the bed. Nym closed her eyes and her hair turned blonde. She pictured Sara in her mind. And to get the full picture, she had to picture her completely naked. Thankfully, Nym didn't have any trouble with that whatsoever, getting a full eye full.

Her towel dropped to the ground. Nym's eyes opened, and Sara looked the other woman up and down, a smile crossing her face. It always made Nym feel so naughty for someone to eye her up when taking on the form of someone else. Especially, when that person was the person she took on the form.

'She's trying to kill me,' Nym thought.

"Never truly appreciated how hot I was," Sara responded. "But, let's see if we can get a little closer, to make sure you got everything right."

Sara undid the towel from Nym's body and dropped it to the ground. She slowly leaned in and kissed Nym on the lips which were very intense. One of the most intense kisses ever she ever got from another woman, at least in Nym's experience.

"After all, we should be one hundred percent authentic, shouldn't we?"

Today, Sara could not help, but tease the shape shifter even more. She took off her clothes and made sure Nym watched every single move before her garments hit the ground without another word. The sigh and the light moan coming out of her double showed Sara exactly what she wanted to.

'And now, time for some very elaborate masturbation.'

Rose had been in two minds regarding not being able to partake in the mission, which Harry and company went after Darhk. The first was disappointment she didn't have a chance to get out and stretch her legs. The second, she was she was kind of relieved. The incident where she flipped out at Granger Manor was very fresh in her mind. Rose could not, under any circumstances, lose control like that ever again.

'You have to focus.'

Nyssa stepped into the center of the room. Harry observed from the side. He was the only person who could calm Rose down if she went off of the rails.

"It doesn't matter whether you're in the battlefield or in the bedroom," Nyssa said. "There is one skill you need to master about as seamlessly as breathing and that's….FOCUS!"

Nyssa reached out and nailed Rose firmly across the jaw which dropped her down to the ground. Rose slowly pulled herself up to a standing position to look Nyssa square in the eye. Burning passion danced from the other side of Rose's bright blue eyes. Her teeth gritted together.
"I am."

"If you are, then prove it."

The hit was not as hard as it could have been. Rose wondered if they treated her like she was glass sometimes because she was younger. She had been through just about as much, as any of them, and from a younger age. The world didn't hold back because of age, after all. Rose bounced into the center of the ring and moved to grab Nyssa.

Nyssa caught her arm, turned her around. Rose thought she was well trained, but she had no idea. Nyssa forced her down onto the ground, face first. Every last ounce of wind left Rose's lungs the second Nyssa pressed her boot into the back of Rose's head down on the ground.

"Again," Nyssa told her. "Fight me again."

She struggled out of the grip. Harry watched, and Rose intended to do much better underneath Harry's watchful eye. She broke out of Nyssa's grasp and tried to stab her with a dagger. The quick-fire release was not quick enough to put the Daughter of the Demon down. Nyssa grabbed Rose's wrist as hard as possible and put the squeeze on it, forcing her down onto the ground.

"Damn," Rose said.

"Don't let frustration get the better of you either."

Rose rolled out of Nyssa's grip, easier said than done. She came back onto the other end and charged towards Nyssa. Nyssa blocked her kick when it came off. Rose swung for the fences, going for another vicious kick. Another kick had been avoided, and Nyssa pushed Rose back down onto the ground. She flipped down onto the ground, the loud crack of a knee impacting the ground had gone off.

"Son of a bitch," Rose yelled.

"You're letting it get to you again," Nyssa said. "A real enemy will tear you apart. They'll impale you on your own anger."

Nyssa had to work with many young recruits who had come to the League with their own anger issues. She had no question whatsoever, what Rose was working through. Nyssa watched Rose charge her, and try to stab at her. Nyssa blocked Rose's arm one more time.

'She still has a lot to work with,' Harry thought.

'Yes,' Nyssa thought. 'To be fair, this gives me plenty of chance to kick back and remain calm. Until I can verify Darhk's death...and even then, I'm skeptical, because I haven't seen the body.'

'Something is shielding me from figuring out whether Darhk is out there or not,' Harry thought.

'I don't like this,' Nyssa thought.

'No, I don't either,' Harry thought.

Rose almost made her way through Nyssa's defenses. Rose's own surprise forced Nyssa to double down and really put a hurting on Rose. Rose dropped down to one knee, her breath having been driven completely out of her due to Nyssa's violent series of attacks.

A couple of bruises rose on either side of Rose's face.
'I have a feeling our friend from the AMAZO may have found his way to meet with Darhk,' Harry thought. 'Don't quite know what the Deacon is, best I can figure out, he's some sort of demon who worships a higher power. We're going to have to keep our eyes opened around him.'

'Obvious, yes,' Nyssa thought.

What else was obvious Sara joined them. She dressed in a black tank top and a pair of tight black pants. She moved over towards Harry and gave him a kiss, before settling down next to him to half watch the sparring session, and half look at the stone Harry studied.

'So, that's a clue to where the second medallion is?' Harry asked.

'I'm going to ask Shado and Mei after these two are done here,' Harry thought.

Rose came very close to taking Nyssa down. Closer than many had before. Nyssa turned the attack around and brought Rose face first onto the concrete beneath her. Nyssa did not back up from her move. She pulled all the way back and just let Rose up, ever so slightly.

Shado thought it was unfortunate one of the monuments had been destroyed, but given the circumstances, it could not have been helped. She stood with her sister, Mei. Mei looked very calm, despite the destruction.

"HIVE will pay," Mei said in a matter of a fact manner.

Darhk may have already paid, but they had not been able to verify it. Damien Darhk was only one strange in an overall machine, something larger than any of them had ever known, or could ever realize. The twin sisters understood this.

"They will."

Both of the sisters turned around and Shado smiled. She walked towards Harry and gave him a very short, but very intense kiss. She pulled away and locked eyes with Mei. Not being on such terms with the Dragon, at least not yet, Mei offered a respectful bow and held her hand.

"Great one, I'm glad you are here," Mei said. "And once again, I cannot apologize enough for disbelieving my sister for your return....."

"Perfectly fine," Harry said. "There would be imposters who attempted to take hold of the Dragon's legacy."

Mei responded with a nod in response. There were many people who foolishly made their play for the legacy of the Dragon. They would have been crushed if they had tried to make those false claims. There were many loyal followers to him.

"You are too kind, wise, and forgiving," Mei said.

Harry smiled and kissed her on the hand. His mark had been left on yet another beautiful women, and someone who was a twin to one of his companions to boot.

"Shado mentioned you had something to show me," Harry said.

It took a second for Mei to return back to life after the kiss. She would have been lying if she didn't say her mind had not been driven elsewhere, and it was not to business.
"Yes, great one, I do have something to show you," Mei said. "It's something which our family has been putting together for generations. Our grandmother did a lot of the work on it before she passed on. It's one of the most sacred shrines to the Dragon in the world."

At first, Harry thought it had been more than a fair bit odd there had been shrines to him, never mind more than one. Still, Harry just decided to roll with it. The fringe benefits of being worshiped outweighed the headaches. Harry offered his arm towards Mei.

"Lead the way."

Mei smiled and took one of his arms. Shado took the other arm.

"I'm glad Darhk didn't target this temple," Mei said.

"Is there anything he would find of value in there?" Harry asked her.

Shado decided to be the one to jump in and speak for her sister. "There's nothing Darhk would consider of great value inside of that temple, no. But there is a lot of sentimental value in the items."

"And given he seeks to try and destroy you, like so many foolishly have tried, he would not find information describing your successes to be very appealing, Great One," Mei said.

Harry stopped and paused before looking towards Mei.

"Mei, there is no need to call me Great One," Harry said. "While I agree, I am great, and I understand how much you support me, just call me Harry when I'm here among the mortal world."

Mei could not help, but smile. The Dragon's greatness was only exceeded by his generosity for those who supported him.

"My apologizes G…Harry," Mei said, correcting herself in mid-sentence. "I don't wish to waste another moment of your time. Shall we?"

"Time in the company of beautiful women is never a waste," Harry said. "Brilliant, intelligent, dedicated, I can see those are qualities both of you share."

Shado smiled, it wouldn't be long before Mei would join her in a bit more personal worship. The moment would not be very long, however. The two stepped inside. They had been surrounded by books on all shelves. Harry looked around and had been blown away. He would not be surprised if everything he needed here was right in front of his face.

"It's a culmination of a long life's work," Shado explained. "Our grandmother, she told us the stories and exhaustively collected every single book she could get her hands off regarding your legend. Some of them had been printed in languages which had been lost."

Harry thought they had done a pretty good job. He noticed a book face down on the ground and he picked it up to put it on a spot on the shelf. It detailed the White Canary and her followers.

'I can see the resemblance,' Sara thought.

Another thing popped up at Harry on the page. He read about the White Canary's followers being a tribe of women who were stunningly beautiful and had the allure to blind any man. Harry didn't have to read further on to know who the only man who could tame them was.
'Well, that's interesting,' Harry thought.

Harry put the book back on the shelf where it belonged.

'So, what's interesting?' Nyssa asked. 'You know something.....'

'One medallion at a time,' Harry thought.

"Your entire family has done a great job with keeping the library," Harry said. "And I'm sure your grandmother would be happy to see her work being put to a great use."

"She would have been honored you found a use for it," Mei said. "And anything you want to use....don't hesitate....and if you need us, for anything, please, we'll be there."

"Mei deserves most of the credit, she's been keeping up on the upkeep when I was away," Shado said.

"I wondered if you could point me in the direction of anything regarding the Serpent Medallion," Harry said.

"Of course, I can," Mei said. "Right this way, Harry."

It took her a long time to get the Harry part out, but Mei would get there, slowly, but surely. She was just happy to help him in any way.

A beautiful blonde woman with a stunning figure sat in the middle of a mansion. She could be anywhere she wanted to be in this Mansion, but yet, she had grown completely and utterly bored. The woman had a stunning figure underneath a silky black bathrobe, a figure which many women envied, and many men desired.

Only one man would have ever caught her interest, and she could sense he approached closer. Sooner, she would be his, in any way she wanted to. Her heart skipped a half of a beat thinking about it.

A piece of paper dropped onto the table. The blonde woman had been brought out of her stupor just long enough to look at the item which had been dropped on the table. She wondered who could have thought it be urgent to enter right now and to send the message.

The folded up piece of paper crumpled in the hands of the woman. Her mouth hung open looking at the piece of paper. Almost, very nearly, it dropped out of her hands and landed on the ground. It was only through a moment of quick reflexes had the woman snagged up the piece of paper before it dropped down onto the ground and put it back inside of her head. Her numb thoughts increased.

'This is impossible, isn't it?'

She had been brought out of her stupor by this information. It had been a long time since they had any movement on this front. There had been sightings, whispers, of the man in question, but so far, there had been nothing.

The blonde could not get back out of her casual clothes fast enough, into something a bit more comfortable. She dressed in ceremonial green robes, with the image of a serpent stitched into the back, by magic. She had a dagger in one hand and a wooden staff which allowed her chain the
mystical gifts she had received.

'The Dragon, I can't believe it, and neither will they.'

The woman closed her eyes and flashed in front of the doors. Two carvings flashed on the wall. One of them represented a snake. The other depicted an "S" which had been in a green shield. It had been the symbol of the long departed Queen.

The flames flashed green and the doors opened. She took another step forward and dropped down on the same green "S" symbol on the ground. Her eyes peered up towards three figures who flickered into the light before her.

"State your business and name."

"My name is Daphne Greengrass, I am one of your loyal followers, and I have sufficient proof the Dragon has risen again."

This news flashed all three of them fully into light. A beautiful blonde woman dressed in black appeared in the central ring. A dark-haired woman with an olive skinned complexion appeared on the pedestal to the right, and a redhead woman with pale skin and a shapely figure appeared. All of them wore not a stitch of clothing, to allow to shine with power. Daphne stepped back, completely transfixed by them for many reasons.

"Yes, Daphne, we know if you, you are one of our most devoted servants."

Isabelle, the blonde, smiled at Daphne. Unfortunately, the departure of the Queen and the curse inflicted upon them had caused the three heralds to be confined to the temple. Thankfully, they would not be completely alone, as long as there were devoted followers.

"Are you saying he returns?" the dark-haired woman asked. Her name was Vanessa.

"We know you have come here with noble intentions, our servant," Anya, the redhead, responded. "But, we also know people with the best intentions have been fooled. Especially given we live in a very desperate time, and unfortunately, these desperate times call for desperate measures."

"I have the proof if you want to see it."

Isabelle nodded in response and motioned for the proof. The piece of paper lifted up into the air and landed in the grasp of the herald. She took the paper in hand and looked at it for a minute. Her sisters moved in closer, to take a closer look towards the paper as well.

"Yes," Isabelle said. "This is a very nice start. He returns. Each day, this location and all of its treasures are more in danger of being compromised, especially when he shows up."

"The traitor Copperhead and her disciples, they have left," Anya said, angrily. "She's aligned herself with the man who intends to take everything we work for….she is with Bane."

"Yes," Daphne said sadly.

There had been more followers, but unfortunately, their forces had been depleted. Without their Queen, there had been splinters. Anya, Isabelle, and Vanessa, the three most loyal followers to the Queen, they had been sealed away in this temple, the only ones who could reach them for their guidance was a small, but very faithful, group of women in the tribe.

"The Dragon begins the rebirth," Isabelle said. "Our Queen's soul mate has been reanimated, but
until her vessel is found, and until she's presented our prized medallion….we are still in danger.”
"Copperhead doesn't know where the medallion is, does she?" Daphne asked.

"No," Vanessa confirmed. "But, Bane gains more power and more of the land on the outskirts of our village. Soon, he will surround us, and soon we will have no chance. You must locate the Dragon before Bane gains too much power."

"All won't be lost," Daphne said. "I'll summon them all, the rest of the Faithful Five. We will seek out the Dragon, and he will allow us to reclaim what we have lost."

"Yes," the sisters agreed in unison. "You have our blessing to seek them out, our devoted follower."

Daphne dropped down onto the seal, the symbol of the Queen. The "S" glowed underneath her.

'My fellow Five, here my words,' Daphne thought. 'It's time for us to seek him out.'

Daphne exited the doors of the temple. Four other figures, wearing hoods, stepped in front of Daphne. The shortest one moved towards Daphne.

"So, you finally found him?" she asked.

"Yes, I did, Astoria," Daphne said. "And he is the key to bringing our Queen back."

"What of the traitor?" Astoria asked. "What of Copperhead?"

Daphne spent a moment in deep contemplation and looked her sister in the eye. She put a hand on Astoria's shoulder and caused the two of them to lock eyes to each other with a smile.

"She will learn to bow down before her proper authority soon enough," Daphne responded. "Right now, we need to focus on seeking out the Dragon."

Nyssa and Sara sat around and waited for Harry to return. They did not have too long to wait when Harry walked around the corner to meet both of them. Sara rose up to a standing position and moved over slightly to one side to allow Harry to sit down.

"I think we have the serpent amulet within our grasp," Harry said. "We're going to have to make a trip to South America to get ahold of it though."

For a brief instant, something flashed over Nyssa's eyes. Sara raised an eyebrow in response when looking towards her companion. Nyssa took the map Harry had acquired and looked over it for another moment. To say, the woman had been frustrated was a very obvious understatement.

"Is there something wrong?" Sara asked.

Nyssa pulled herself out of those thoughts and responded with a very obvious nod. She put a hand on the map.

"The area, it's…"

"South America, there are a couple of complications you should know before you head there," Nyssa responded. She could tell Harry and Sara both were interested in learning what these
complications were. "There's an upheaval in the area, and it's just getting worse by the moment. The man who runs it is called Bane, and he rules with an iron fist. He escaped one of the harshest prisons in the world in Santa Prisca."

Nyssa spent a long second to take in a breath. Harry grabbed her hand out of encouragement.

"He killed all of the guards," Nyssa said. "And he mobilized as many prisoners who wanted to go with him out of the prison. He's not someone who you want to cross. He's also picked up a few rogue members of the League of Assassins."

"Well, at least he's not working with HIVE," Sara responded.

Nyssa's expression darkened several shades and Sara almost regretted how flippantly she spoke. She could see the danger dancing in Nyssa's eyes.

"He is, isn't he?" Sara asked.

"Nothing we can confirm outright, but he's been known to make more than his fair share of deals," Nyssa responded. "He's a man who has made several bargains. I won't go as far as saying he's made a deal with the devil, but considering the circumstances it's likely."

Darhk had either been mummified in the chambers downstairs or he was licking his wounds. Nyssa knew Damien Darhk was not the be all, end all of HIVE. There were other people who lead the organization and caused some problems.

"Very likely," Harry agreed.

"Very likely," Nyssa repeated. "But, not one hundred percent confirmed. We should assume Bane has a tight hold over the area, although maybe has not as tight as he wanted to. There is a roaring drug trade close to that temple, and whoever gets their hands on it, there is very big money in it."

Harry figured about as much.

"Is there anyone who has an idea where Bane's movements are going?" Harry asked. "So we know precisely what we are up against?"

Harry did not want to go after the Basilisk Medallion blinded. The heralds of the holder of the medallion had been very possessive of their treasure, according to rumors. His role as the leader of all of the holders offered Harry a certain amount of leverage.

"Yes, there is one person," Nyssa said. "My sister, Talia, she has been keeping a close watch on Bane's operation. She's gained his confidence."

"Will she be willing to give up any information that could help us?" Sara asked.

"Not to me," Nyssa said. "But, I think we can entice her."

Nyssa and Sara took one look at Harry. Harry was very fascinated to see where this was going, as he was all of the time.

"We're going to have to return to Nanda Parbat," Nyssa said. "My...home."

There was a small amount of hesitation in Nyssa's words when she declared Nanda Parbat to be her home. Harry did not call her out on it, just yet. There was something personal there and Harry did not want to pry into it.
"We might not be on the best terms," Nyssa said. "It's a long story. Despite that, Talia will respect and understand your status."

'And also be even angrier at me that I made contact with the Dragon before she did,' Nyssa thought to herself. 'It's the burden I'm going to have to hold though.'

"The journey is very long," Nyssa said. "If you don't want to go, I understand."

She locked her eyes onto Sara. Sara looked back at the Daughter of the Demon without even blinking. She reached in and grabbed Nyssa by the hand to force her to look at her.

"I said I was willing to do anything to be strong." Sara said. "And we're all in this together. We all are still working together. I'm ready to take the trip."

"Nothing is going to happen," Harry said.

"No," Nyssa said. "Not if I can help it."

It was time for them to take a trip and hopefully, Talia would be helpful enough to tell them what they needed to know.

To Be Continued on April 16th, 2017.

The aftermath is getting heated.

They have their sights set on the medallion and the holder of it, well, did you really not expect her to show up? Did you forget who the author of this story is? Another Harry Potter character shows up, and some OCs, from back in Harry Potter: Parselgod get some use.

And it's time for a family reunion.
Chapter Twenty-Five: Homecoming.

The temple at the top of the mountain at Nanda Parbat was a treacherous climb. It was a deterrent for those who wished to challenge the great Ra's al Ghul for his spot as the head of the League of Assassins. Only those with the strongest will had climbed up those mountains, which grew colder and more rugged the further they rose up over the ground. There was no question about it, it was not a climb the weak of heart should attempt to take.

Sara whistled when looking at the mountains. She saw herself as a person who had a very active lifestyle, who worked out the best she could. She looked at those mountains and realized how high they were. They were most certainly a challenge, which was another thing Sara strived for. She strived to accept any and all challenges.

"Are you certain you can make this trip?" Nyssa asked. "There is no shame in you going back. Many who were far stronger, far more durable, and far more experienced have not made the climb."

Sara closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath. She could have backed out and no one would have thought any differently of her if she had backed out. The problem was, Sara would not have been able to look herself in the mirror if she backed out from climbing up this mountain right now. The rocks jutted out and would have given her an ample amount of leverage to grab onto.

'You can do this.'

Harry thought it would have been simple enough to teleport to the top, especially when he used the medallion. Simple and Harry Potter, they were two very distinct things which refused to go hand in hand with each other. Harry kept his gaze situated firmly at the topmost point of the mountain. Two women stood on either side of who obviously made this trek many times before.

"If you're certain," Nyssa said.

"We're certain," Sara said.

"Yes, we are," Harry responded.

Nyssa knew Harry could have just flashed them to the top of the mountain faster than someone could blink their eye. He could do that easily, but what would he hope to accomplish with that? Nyssa didn't have the slightest idea. All she could do was steady her footing at the top most "rung" of the mountain.

'Father most certainly brings out the challenges in people.'

The Daughter of the Demon took a pace. She could climb this mountain backward. She knew all the strong parts, all the weak spots, all of the ledges which could maintain the weight a decent sized person. She moved up and to both of their credits, Harry and Sara kept pace with them.

Harry proved himself to be more than worthy of the moniker of the Dragon, and if Sara had been the chosen one to hold the White Canary amulet, she was showing herself as well. Once or twice, her grip slipped, but Sara's quick reflexes readjusted herself.
They made it, after about an hour of intense climbing. Sara didn't collapse when she reached the top. Harry reached over to assist her the final step.

"No, I'm fine, thank you," Sara answered.

Sara turned her neck back a fraction of an inch and walked forward across to look at the temple. Awe went straight into Sara's eyes. She could see the elegant creation.

"It was built to stand for ten thousand years," Nyssa responded. "And so far, it has lived up to those expectations."

Sara let out a whistle, she would have to agree. That particular temple had been built to last. She saw the torches and also markings on the wall. She was pretty positive every single one of those markings told some kind of story, although what they could be.

A large man dressed in the garb of the League of Assassins stepped in. He had been surrounded by several skilled warriors, who surrounded him.

"You bring outsiders to Nanda Parbat," the man said.

"Ubu, stand down," Nyssa said. "I have returned, to bring urgent news to my father. And also, I have brought the Dragon here."

The large man stared in disbelief. Harry motioned for the medallion. The assassins all stood back, some in fear, some in surprise, and many in respect. Even Ubu, who looked to be built for brutality, understood that the Dragon should not have been disrespected.

"And what of the other one?" Ubu asked.

"She's with me," Harry said. "I trust you don't have a problem with that."

Ubu was not the brightest bulb in the box, although very loyal to the cause of his master, the man who rescued him and his tribe some years back, the man known as Ra's al Ghul. The Ubu clan faithfully served the League and Ra's without question several times over the years.

That being said, even one as dim as Ubu understood a threat when he heard one. He inclined his head with a not so subtle bow, keeping his eyes locked onto those of the Dragon across from him.

"No, there is no problem," Ubu said.

"I'm glad there isn't," Harry said. "We wouldn't want to keep your master waiting, would we?"

Ubu walked back and allowed the three to step inside. Nyssa personally thought that could have gone a whole lot worse, and they had passed the hard part, at least for now. Now, they had to go inside and meet with the man who ran the League of Assassins himself, they had to meet with the great and powerful, Ra's al Ghul.

Harry and Sara stood back. Several members of the League lined up. A couple of them caught sight of the medallion hanging from Harry's neck. Nyssa took a couple of steps forward and waited for a gentleman to approach her. Dark hair, green eyes, dressed in green robes. He carried a staff in his hand with a snake carved into the hilt. He looked to be the right combination between aged sophistication and youth.

"My daughter, you have finally returned home," Ra's said very formally.
Harry could tell Ra's had a very formal relationship with his daughter, at least the two of them did in the public eye. Nyssa stepped closer towards her father and inclined forward on one knee. She rose up instantly when he motioned for her to do so.

"Yes, and I have brought you news," Nyssa said.

"Did you stop Darhk from deploying his chemical?" Ra's asked. "I assume you have not succeeded in bringing about the end of Damien Darhk, given I do not see him down on the ground, on my knees, broken and battered."

'Something personal though,' Sara thought.

'Nyssa mentioned Darhk betrayed the League, and I can see Ra's at the type who is not going to take betrayal well,' Harry thought.

"I've destroyed his chemical factories, and prevented further production, with help," Nyssa said. "He was also stopped from getting his hands on a deadly artifact."

"Yes," Ra's said. "Minor victories, and it's a foundation we can all build on. Perhaps not an ideal way to start this meeting, but it can do."

"I've brought before you someone even more important than news of Darhk's demise," Nyssa said.

Nyssa stood outside. Ra's caught sight of a young man with green eyes, dark hair, and green robes which shined in the light, with the symbol of the dragon. On his neck, hung one medallion, that of the Dragon, and Ra's had been driven momentarily speechless at the young man who approached him.

"I could not believe it, unless I've seen it with my two eyes," Ra's responded. "None could wear that medallion other than you."

Ra's stood up to face the Dragon and extended his head in a bow. The members of the League had been taken aback in shock, and even Nyssa looked mildly stunned. She had never seen her father extend his head in reverence to anyone. It would have left him open for an attack.

"Nyssa is a credit to your training, I'm sure," Harry said. "But, I wish to meet with your other daughter."

"Talia?" Ra's asked. "You require them both?"

He wasn't surprised. Ra's knew his time was running short and he required an heir if the League could be sustained past his life. Each stay in the Lazarus Pit made his lifespan grow shorter and his life depended on the life-sustaining fluids of the pit.

"Yes, I do," Harry said.

Ra's turned to one of his men and motioned for him to come forward.

"Tell my daughter to return to the temple," Ra's said. "Tell her the Dragon is here, and he wishes for her to come and meet him."

Liv stepped into the training room. She didn't know how much longer she would be here. To be honest, she missed her sister, and she also missed everything about Starling City. She did not have a perfect life, even though sometimes, Liv dreamed about a better life. A life where she was loved,
respected, and had a better, stable relationship. Not being some party girl who couldn't keep her panties on, around other women, and had been gotten in trouble with the law more times than not.

'I just want to change everything,' Liv thought. 'I want to help people. Is that too much for me to ask for?'

Liv turned her attention to the target hanging on the wall. It swung in front of her. Liv moved across the room to steady the target. Several marks rested on it, in increased difficulty. Liv stepped back and picked up the quiver full of arrows. She withdrew one of the arrows and set them down on the bench. She slowly pulled back the bow and fired into one of the targets.

Right on the mark, and Liv could not have been more pleased in hitting the mark. She could have hit it a bit more central. The budding archer picked up the arrow and closed her eyes. She visualized the end goal in mind. Once she was ready, there was no hesitation in putting the arrow into the center point.

A sound of applause made Liv turn around, and come face to face with Rose Wilson, who stood a couple of steps behind her with a soft smile on her face.

"So, are you feeling better?" Liv asked.

"About as good as I ever can be," Rose said. "I don't think I could have made that shot in a million years."

"Have you tried?" Liv asked.

Liv smiled at Rose. She reminded her of Thea, in some ways, even if she was a couple of years older than her sister. And other ways, Rose was her own person.

"Well, not recently," Rose said. "I could try and take a shot…but you might want to stand as far as way back as possible. I'm a lot better with blades than I am with arrows."

"And I don't have the coordination to deal with blades," Liv said. "It just proves we all have our own strengths. There's nothing to be ashamed by, is there?"

"No, I guess there isn't," Rose agreed a half of a second later.

Rose stepped back and took the quiver of arrows. The bow slipped into her hand. Rose aimed the arrow towards the central target and motioned in the center. She always hated the feel of the bow in her hand.

"You should try and become one with the bow," Liv said.

"I should just turn around and aim the arrow into your eye for using such a cliché piece of advice," Rose said. She dropped her shoulders and sighed. "But, I have a better chance of hitting you if you stand over here, and I stand over here."

Liv just responded with a smile and encouraged Rose to put herself in front of the target. She moved the bow back and fired. She slammed into the concrete wall as far away from the target.

"Um, at least you hit that side of the room," Liv said. "Just take a deep breath, and try again."

The door opened and Holly stepped inside of the room. She stopped and stared a moment later when she saw Rose was at the other end of the room. Holly had been hit with enough errant arrows in her time in this particular training room in ARGUS. Her eyes locked onto the situation.
"So, you've given her arrows," Holly said.

"Hey, she needs a bit of practice."

One of the arrows veered off course and nailed the wall on the opposite end of the wall to where the target was. Holly dropped her head down a moment later and whistled. She didn't know why she felt so bemused, other than she was. She turned back to Liv and shook her head.

"So, have you found out anything about when I'm going to get released?" Liv asked. "I'm all about helping out, but after I stuck my neck out in that temple and stopped HIVE from unleashing tentacle hell on the world, you think I would get some credit."

Holly sighed and placed her hand on the younger girl's hand. She wished she could offer some kind of reassurance.

"Amanda Waller is holding her cards very close to her chest," Holly remarked a half of a second later. She reached back and rubbed the top of her head. "She hasn't told me, or anyone for that matter when you're coming home. I hope you're coming home soon."

Holly didn't particularly like some of the steps Waller took, but she understood the necessity of them. Saving the world wasn't completely black and white. There were all sorts of distinct shades of gray involved.

"I hope I am too," Liv said. "My sister, she's out there.....and there's also....Laurel...and a lot of my other friends....even if some of my friends were the wrong type of friends."

A smile crossed over Holly's face. Boy, had she ever been down the wrong kind of friends road. The one private school she had been sent to caused Holly to fall into a rough crowd. And she got into it with one of the girls. Unfortunately, that girl was the niece of the Headmaster, so already it was guilty until proven innocent.

"She wants to keep both Mia and Rose under observation," Holly whispered. "If it wasn't for Harry's threat, she would induct them into her little Suicide Squad."

"Dare I ask?" Liv asked.

"It's better off you don't know," Holly said. "I've got to check on something....try not to get hit."

Rose hit the target a bit more closely, as in she hit the edge of the target.

"Just keep it up," Liv said. "Practice makes perfect."

"Thanks, Coach," Rose said in a cheeky tone of voice.

Talia al Ghul had been surprised when she heard her father had sent for her and she was even more surprised when she heard the Dragon visited Nanda Parbat and had asked for her. Now, Talia knew her father could not be easily fooled, but she saw some unfortunate signs how constant Lazarus Pit exposure messed with her father's mind and his cognitive abilities. They had been formerly sharp as a tack, now not so much.

She stepped inside of the temple and came face to face with her sister. Nyssa and Talia had been seen each other.

"So, you've survived your mission," Talia said.
"Yes," Nyssa said.

"Good," Talia answered. "They didn't mention you returned."

"Well, I'm not the one who you want to talk to," Nyssa said.

"We don't have much to say to each other, but I never wanted your demise, especially at the hands of a cockroach like Darhk," Talia said.

Talia looked towards the blonde woman who stood next to her sister. The Daughter of the Demon curled her lips into half of a smile. No question about it, Nyssa had her type.

Then, Talia's eyes fell on the young man before her. One glance at the medallion told Talia everything she needed to know. The Daughter of the Demon stepped forward and without any pause, she descended to her knees before the man in front of her.

"Great Dragon, I am honored, truly blessed for you to have agreed to this meeting," Talia said.

"Talia, please rise to your feet and face me."

Talia did as she was asked.

"Nyssa informed me you may have information which is of use to me upon a question," Harry said. "If you don't mind, the two of us should take a walk and we can discuss terms."

Talia answered with a nod. Her father looked at Harry as if he was either willing to marry off both of his daughters to the Dragon, or was willing to take the Dragon for himself.

'I hope your father realizes he's not my type,' Harry thought.

'I see your point,' Nyssa said. 'And I can see why you wish to meet Talia along. I'll give you the proper respect and the proper room to do so.'

Talia and Harry turned around the corner and exited the temple. Sara looked towards Nyssa.

'It matters we're going to have to work through,' Nyssa said.

'I understand,' Sara said.

'Hopefully, for your sake, your relationship with your sister has not turned as cold as mine had,' Nyssa said. 'It would be my advice to face her, not to let the coldness fester.'

Sara agreed Nyssa was right in certain ways. She hoped to mend the fences with Laurel. Sara took half of a step forward, looking around the temple. Nyssa grabbed Sara's shoulder.

'We'll return to my quarters,' Nyssa said. 'Until Harry is back with my sister. They know better than to disturb me.'

Outside, Talia did not know what to say. She knew of the greatness of the Dragon.

"I intend to reclaim the Medallions," Harry said. "All of them."

"They have been lost, scattered, or how the legends have gone," Talia said. "They will not be easy, as the guardians will not give them up without a fight, even to the Dragon."
Talia respected him but was more willing to give Harry a more balanced perspective. And Harry appreciated it from her.

"They do respect and will hear you out, especially when you bring back the tribe leaders which have been lost," Talia said. "Much like you have been reincarnated in this modern age, they will have, somewhere. But there are others who seek the medallions."

Harry knew about as much. He waited for the two of them to be alone, where there was no chance of anyone to speak to them. With them alone, Harry leaned a fair bit closer towards Talia.

"Is there any chance you know where Bane is?" Harry asked her.

"There is," Talia said. "He has his designs where the temple with the Serpent Tribe was located….I'm not certain if it's his target."

Harry figured there was something more to this. He looked into the woman's eye and Talia paused for a fraction of a second before she continued.

"However, if someone from the tribe has left, and joined up with him, she may have promised Bane power, in exchange for his help," Talia said. "Ever since the fall of the Queen, the Tribe has been fractured. There are splinters in the group, and they are in desperate need of repair."

"They have to listen to me," Harry said.

"They will be on their guard, but your status gives you certain leverage," Talia said. "Bane has made it very difficult to get into that particular area of Brazil."

Harry thought he was getting to the point. He looked at Talia with an encouraging look on his face. He hoped she could help him because if she could not help him, it would be back to square one.

"You know of a way?" Harry asked.

"Yes, but it's not going to be easy," Talia said. She smiled. "If half of the legends are true, easy is not something you do, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Harry said. "Sara, Nyssa, and I will join you, as we escort you there."

"I have an elite guard of female warriors which can be at your disposal, should you wish," Talia told him. "There is no need to pull my sister and your other companion into this, and…"

"It's my preference," Harry said. "The three of us work together fine, and we can handle anything. Your guard, while I don't question their abilities, I do question how well they work together. Trust me when I say, it should be the three of us."

Talia most certainly did like it, but she had to accept Harry's words. She just responded with a very light nod and bowed down before him.

"We will leave by dark," Talia said. "My father will….."

"I think there should be no problems to get your father to authorize you joining me," Harry said.

Harry could tell Ra's al Ghul wished to do everything to acquire his favor, and everything meant relinquishing Talia to him, for this mission.

'So, you're going to trust the two of us can work together?' Nyssa asked.
'I trust both of you will set your differences aside, what they might be for a greater cause,' Harry thought. 'I'm going to make it work, trust me.'

Slowly, a figure shifted through the shadows. Dirty blonde hair came down passed her shoulders, spiked up wildly. She wore a black face mask over the top or head and a pair of beady little eyes stuck out from the other end of the mask. She dressed in a vest which stretched over her chest, and a pair of tight orange pants which kept hold of her tight ass. Many would say she had a body to die for, and there were many people who would die for it.

Snake light movements brought the woman to a camp. She stepped across a larger mercenary, broad shouldered, dressed in military fatigues. She curled her tongue and hissed when looking the man in the eye.

"I wish to see your boss," she hissed, dragging out the last two letters of the final word on the tip of her tongue.

"Copperhead," the man said. "Go on in, Bane has been expecting you."

Copperhead responded with a nod. She had been born into the tribe and taken in by the heralds of the Queen. She was their servant, and now she broke free from them. The woman took pleasure in the first chance she had to escape and how she would make them suffer, just like she suffered under enslavement.

She moved, movements still very snake like. A moment paused before the large man, wearing a bulky overcoat and a black leather masked stepped in. He surveyed Copperhead.

"I've heard whispers the Faithful Five are on the move," Copperhead said. "I thought you would have brought about their destruction by now."

Bane leaned forward and grabbed Copperhead firmly by the shoulder. She pulled away, but slightly. Bane dropped his hand and looked towards her.

"They will suffer, once I've found a way to break through the barrier," Bane said. "I'm working with my benefactor, in exchange for certain considerations."

Copperhead understood what considerations he was going at. There were thriving drug crops close enough to the area which raked in countless amounts of money. Copperhead could tell how Bane's partners would be after it.

"He approaches," Copperhead said. "There are whispers of him approaching. The Dragon."

"Interesting."

Only one word passed through Bane's lips. Copperhead raised her eyebrow, very surprised at the lack of reaction. At least the lack of visible reaction, through Bane's mask, it was very hard to tell any reaction. Bane leaned forward and locked eyes directly on Copperhead's.

"Return to the camp, I will call you when I need you," Bane said.

She would have thought Bane would have given her a bit more respect. Copperhead's tongue twisted out and she made her way out, slinking away in the distance.

Bane leaned back and heard the sound of a helicopter which landed down in the camp. He stepped out of the side exit and walked forward. A dark haired woman dressed in black appeared, with a
small army of men on all sides of her. She peered at Bane through her eyes.

"Ruve Darhk, welcome," Bane said.

"Hello, Bane," the wife of Damien Darhk said.

"And how is your husband?" Bane asked, making casual talk.

"Not relevant to our meeting today," Ruve said. "I've spoken to my superiors regarding your request, and we have what you want. And we also have an agreement drawn up where you pay the price."

"Of course, come inside, and have something to eat, and we'll look it over," Bane told her. "And I have some information to discuss with you when we get inside."

"I'm be happy to hear it when we're inside," Ruve said. "I take it there's news which of great interest to HIVE."

"Yes, even more so than the temple in the area."

Bane knew of HIVE's quests for the medallions. The fact he had access to one of them gave him leverage to use HIVE for his own means. A smile passed over Bane's face. He would soon have everything he wanted and then a little bit more.

'The game is afoot.'

Talia's blind spot could not be under any definition of the world be described as intentional. Harry prepared himself for a fight, against someone. He didn't know whether or not it would be against Bane's mercenaries, or the people protecting the temple, or some particular third party.

"Bane was having problems with this particular gate," Talia responded.

Harry stepped in front of Nyssa and Talia. Sara put herself in between Nyssa and Talia and watched when Harry bent over next to the gate. The emerald-eyed sorcerer put his hands on the edge of the gate. He noticed a seal which would not break open.

"Open."

The seal glowed for a second and reacted to Harry's Parseltongue. The gate did not budge, and Harry figured, unlike Salazar Slytherin, the password would not be mundane. Harry closed his eyes for a second and made an attempt to figure out how the gate lock worked.

"I'm going to try and figure out how to get this gate open," Harry said. "There has to be a way to work around the seal."

If it was easy, Bane would have found a way to break through the gate by now. Harry took a moment to look at the gate. His medallion reacted when it made its way near the seal.

"Does it normally hum?" Talia asked.

"No, it doesn't."

Harry, Talia, and Nyssa all withdrew blades at the same time. Sara stood with tonfa in each hand as well. It was not as deadly as the blades the three carried, but anything could be dangerous in the right hands.
"Show yourself," Harry said. "My name is Harry Potter, I am the personification of the Dragon! I hold the medallion, and I suggest you show yourself."

His declaration sounded a lot less pompous in his head. The first of five figures stepped out into the path. She dressed in green robes, along with a green cloak. Her eyes poked out of the top half of the cloak, locked onto Harry. Bright blue eyes shined from the other side of the cloak. Said eyes locked onto them.

Four more figures stepped around them. Talia's eyes widened and she leaned closer towards Harry. "The Faithful Five, the elite guard of the heralds of the Queen."

Nyssa was well aware of the legends surrounding the Faithful Five through the years. The faces might have changed over the years, but one thing was for certain, they were among the most dedicated.

"She resembles the White Canary," one of the Five said in a soft tone. "But, she doesn't wear the medallion, yet."

"She has not been unlocked yet," another member of the Five responded.

The shortest member of the five looked over towards the rest of them. Her eyes fell on Talia and Nyssa, and there was a certain amount of distrust dancing in their eyes. The represented the League of Assassins, who had worked together alongside with Bane to bring darkness into their sacred lands.

"It's him," the leader of the Five responded. "Great one, we intended to seek you, and bring you back to face the Three, but you have beaten them first."

The mask poured off, to reveal a woman with blonde hair which had been tied back. Harry stopped and looked at her.

"Daphne Greengrass," Harry said.

"Yes, great one, and I'm honored to be acknowledged in your presence," Daphne said. "My family has waited for your return, and followed the path of the Serpent tribe for countless generations."

"Not as countless as mine," one of the other members of the Five commented.

"It's not a matter of who has believed the longest," Harry said. "It's a matter of keeping the resources of this temple from falling into the wrong hands. And there are no hands which are more wrong than those of Bane's."

Daphne responded with a nod and finally decided to ascend to properly face the Dragon. Up close and personal with him showed the legends barely had an opportunity to do him justice.

"You are with the League, though," Daphne said.

"They are with me, and they are under my protection," Harry said. "Talia has been working to bring Bane's operation down for quite some time and Nyssa assisted me from preventing an artifact which could lead to the destruction of us all from falling into enemy hands."

"They are friends," another member of the five said. "We much respect the wishes of the Dragon…"

"And I wish for you to take me to see your heralds," Harry said.
"Oh, we are in agreement now," Daphne said with a smile. "They wish to see you, and you do not want to keep them waiting, do you?"

Harry shook his head. He wanted to get to the bottom of this. He took a closer look at the symbol, the green shield which resembled an "S". Harry had a feeling that symbol had great importance to him somewhere, but he couldn't quite place it.

"Lead the way then," Harry said.

Daphne and the rest of the members of the Five turned around and lead Harry to the Temple. He passed with them, along with Sara, Nyssa, and Talia.

To Be Continued on April 20th, 2017.

Ladies and gentlemen, Harry has made contact with the other daughter of Ra's al Ghul.

Nefarious goings on here, with Bane and also HIVE getting involved. Harry makes contact with Daphne and the rest of her allies, and there's a bit of competition to try and be the one to say they're the Dragon's most faithful servant.

Be back on Thursday for more.
Chapter Twenty-Six: Mending Fences.

Gates parted, almost on their own accord when bringing the quartet into the area. Daphne and the rest of the Five lead the way. Harry stood across from Talia, who had her own share of distrustful looks towards the Five. Nyssa had been more than willing to keep her tone neutral and respectable, even though there were some questions she had to ask. Sara, who only knew what she researched so far, wondered about the bad blood between the Snake Ninjas and the League of Assassins.

'So, there must be some really amazing backstory between both sides, which is why your sister is giving them the evil eye,' Sara thought. 'And you're trying to remain neutral even though you don't trust them.'

'We've had our share of difficulties in the past,' Nyssa said. 'I hope to move on with them. It is easier said than done, unfortunately. It's all down to them.'

Daphne walked in front of the seal and dropped down on the symbol on the ground. The same symbol etched on the gate outside, the green "S" and the symbol also flashed at several points in front of the temple. Daphne's eyes stared up and locked onto the three pedestals.

"Herald's three, see me!" Daphne yelled. "I have brought him before you, awaken!"

The first of the three heralds, a very attractive blonde flashed into the light. Her nice fit body caught the eyes of everyone involved. The second woman, an attractive and fit brunette with olive colored skin showed up. She had a fantastic ass and a very fit body, with long legs and a very nice head. The redhead looked the youngest of the three, and she had pale skin, along with a nice round ass as well. All three of them were very beautiful.

The blonde descended down from her pedestal, not caring whether or not she wore a stitch of clothing on her body at all. She sauntered over towards the young man and smiled.

"Great Dragon, it's good to see you," she said with a smile. "It's been a long time…my name is Isabelle…and these are my younger sisters…"

"We're able to introduce ourselves, thank you very much," the brunette said. She rolled her eyes slightly, not really becoming behavior for a snake goddess. "I'm Vanessa."

"And I'm Anya," the redhead said in a breathy voice. She stepped closer towards him and put her fingers on Harry's chest. "Just as firm as I remembered...I wondered if everything else is hard as I remembered."

Isabelle cleared her throat and her younger sister fell in line with a pout. All three of them had their eyes locked on the Dragon.

"I know it's been an eternity since you've seen him, and it's a shame our Queen cannot be here to meet him," Isabelle said in a saddened voice. She took a moment to return to her thoughts. "The fact he's here though, it's more than enough to please all of us."

"I know I'm pleased," Anya said. "Of course, since he's in a brand new body...and quite a body, we should....have some fun getting..."
"Anya, not now," Isabelle said. "I have to apologize for my sister. She's a kinky slut who hasn't gotten any cock in a thousand years, so she is a bit strung up."

"We are all, and don't think you're above it either, Isabelle Slytherin," Anya said.

Harry had to admit, that last name gave them pause. Sisters, some come of heirs to Salazar Slytherin, maybe, but Harry remembered he was in some kind of alternate universe where things changed. He came to some interesting conclusions.

"Sorry, if we're so high strung," Isabelle said. "My sisters and I….we thought the world of you, and so did our oldest sister….our Queen….Kathryn Slytherin…"

"She'll be reborn someday," Vanessa said. "Look, the White Canary is here, she's been reborn. Why would our sister not be given the same treatment? She was….a fair bit….."

Isabelle silenced her middle sister before she said something which would offend them. They did not know whether or not the woman they stood before was the White Canary. There was a lot of questions, to be honest and not too many answers.

"The Faithful Five, they are among your most loyal disciples," Harry told her.

"Yes," Isabelle said. "You've already met Daphne face to face, haven't you?"

"Yes, and it's a pleasure to meet you," Harry said.

Daphne answered with a smile and bowed towards her. The shortest member of the Five next to her pulled down her hood and she looked like a shorter and slightly younger version of Daphne in every way possible that mattered. Her smile shined brightly into the distance.

"And you must be Daphne's sister, Astoria," she said.

"Yes, I am," she said.

Another figure dropped her hood. She looked younger than Astoria, by maybe a year or two, even though she was taller. She cut her red hair short, and she had a pair of green eyes. A different shade of Harry's eyes, so there was no relations.

"Vera Nott," she said. "And I'm glad to see you've found our way back to us."

Harry smiled, he knew the name Nott but did not know of any female members of that particular line. Theodore Nott, who was in his year at Hogwarts, must have had a younger sister. Or the last name was just a coincidence, at least as much Harry figured. He had no clue.

The next in the line dropped her hood. The dark haired girl, who was older than Daphne by a few years, despite Daphne being the leader, looked at Harry. Her black hair shined and she had violet eyes. Harry frowned, she looked like someone Harry met before.

A younger version of Bellatrix Lestrange stared back at Harry with a grin on her face.

"Vega Black, at your service, my liege," she told him, and leaned in, to kiss Harry on the tip of his finger. "And this is my sister…well cousin technically, but we have the same father…it's complicated….Lucretia Black."

The final figure of the Faithful Five dropped her hood to reveal a blonde woman who looked to be a dead ringer for Narcissa Malfoy. Narcissa aged very gracefully, even for a witch, and this woman
looked like she could be Narcissa's younger sister.

"Thanks for ruining my chance for an introduction, Vega," Lucretia commented. She folded her arms together and gave a long look at her sister/cousin.

Vega just responded by shaking her head and giving a not so subtle roll of her eyes in response. "You know, he already knew who you are, if he knew who Daphne was. He's omniscient, therefore he knows both your name and how many times you masturbate to him a day and…"

Daphne cleared her throats. She had been the third oldest member of the Five, but there was a reason why the Heralds Three had put her in charge. She had a far more level head than the others by a couple of miles.

"Now that the introductions are out of order, what are we going to do about Bane?" Daphne asked.

-X

Liv heard the news, Waller wanted to see her. Hopefully and Liv crossed her fingers, this was about the news she would find her way home soon enough. She was having a lot of anxiety waiting to get the order for Waller to tell her to go home. She wondered what Starling City would be like when she got home.

She still needed to have a conversation with Sara before she returned home. Other than that, Liv thought it was mostly smooth sailing on her way home. She just needed to keep her head above the water, and she would be fine, at least she hoped she would be fine.

'Or not,' Liv thought to herself.

Holly and Nym joined her a second later, walking in from behind her. Already, Nym figured there was something going on here. She didn't know what, but she just figured out there was something by the looks of the things. Both of the women stuck to her on either side.

"Waller's not going to let me home, is she?" Liv asked.

"Don't know, but I'm guessing if she wants to see all three of us, that's not a good thing for your prospects of going home," Holly said.

"What right does she have to hold me here?" Liv asked. "I've done everything Waller's asked of me, I've been on a couple of missions. What more does she want?"

Nym placed her hand on Liv's shoulder and gave it a light squeeze in response. "That's the question a lot of us are asking every time she convinces us to do something. I knew what I was signing up for and Holly did as well, but you, on the other hand, you really didn't know what you were in for."

No one faulted Liv for being a fuming wreck. She made her way into the room and saw Amanda Waller standing there. Liv threw her hands up and walked up to Waller a second later. Nym stood in the back. Half of her wanted to hold Liv back from doing something she ends up regretting. The other half her wanted to sit back and enjoy the show, for whatever it would be.

"So, what's the deal here?" Liv asked. "I was on your mission, and I stuck my neck out there. If Darhk would have gotten his hand on the artifact, we all would have been screwed. So what's up?"

"Ms. Queen, sit down," Waller said.
Two of the other agents lingered behind Amanda Waller and Liv looked at them. She wanted very badly to take a shot at the woman.

"You didn't answer my question," Liv said.

"The mission isn't over yet," Waller said. "I think someone of your skillset would have wanted the ability to make something more of her life than to become another blurb in the evening tabloid, another celebrity statistic, or whatever you want to call it."

Liv closed her eyes. It took every ounce of what passed as self-control for her not to blow up and to rip into Waller. She had a lot on her mind and there were some combustible elements which were about to explode.

"How long is the mission....."

"When I release you," Waller told her. "You aren't completely inept out there, and if I let you go that way, it will be more potential wasted. Unfortunately, that's a problem with a lot of people your age. Wasted potential.....you would rather complain about your lot in life or the latest social injustice, rather than sit back and do anything about the problems in the world."

Waller looked at Liv. Liv took a second to look at Waller and she just inclined her head. It was not worth the time to argue with Waller. All she could do was stew in her own juice.

"So, what have we been called in for?" Nym asked. "I don't think you just called us in to watch you lecture her."

"No, as entertaining as it might be, I didn't," Waller said. "We've located a dangerous fugitive, one of ARGUS's most wanted. There's an opening to bring him in, but the window of opportunity is only in the next three days. We may never get another chance with him."

"One of your most wanted," Liv said. "Are you sure you want me for this mission?"

"It requires a long range hit to get to him, and I've watched the security footage and can see you are the perfect one to be able to hit the shot," Waller said. "His name is Konsantin Kovar, he's taken ahold of several establishments in Russia. He works with the mafia, and he has ties to other organizations. And he may have gained possession of this."

An image flashed across the screen depicting a grainy shot of a medallion very similar to the one Harry wore. Only instead of the dragon, a spider flashed on the amulet.

"So, he has one of the amulets?" Nym asked.

"That's what you're going to try and figure out," Waller said. "I'll be blunt, this mission requires a very special set of skills, which you have. And it also requires direct timing and attention to detail."

"We'll do it, you want us to take this guy out," Liv said.

"And I also hope you go in there with the proper attitude," Waller said. "If you don't, you might not make it out of Russia alive."

Liv understood precisely what Waller was saying. She did not have to like a single word coming out of the woman's mouth, but she had to respect it. And she hoped, this mission, foolishly, would have gotten her one step closer to home. Liv curled her fist up in response.

"And you might have a little bit of a problem," Nym said. "You're too good.....and Waller is going
to find an excuse to use those talents."

Liv groaned it would just have to be her luck she would have been screwed by some kind of competence. She locked her eyes onto Nym, who just patted on her head, in a consoling manner.

"So, how do we handle Russia?" Liv asked.

"Dress warm," Holly said bluntly.

Harry kept his eyes around the camp. Sara and Nyssa stood by him, and Talia stood a few inches away from him. The rest of the Faithful Five kept their eyes locked on sharp to the members of Bane's army who were moving around. They surrounded around a clearing. What were they after exactly?

"They're not getting into the camp," Daphne murmured.

"Maybe that's a good thing," Vera said. "Maybe they've actually given up."

"Trust me when I say fanatics like Bane don't give up," Daphne said. "No, there's something else, and someone else...."  

Harry reached in and grabbed her by the wrist. Daphne took a half of a step forward. She very nearly avoided a trigger point which had been locked into the ground. Had she stepped on it, they would have been pretty much doomed.

"Better keep your eyes open, fearless leader," Lucretia commented, almost with a smile on her face.

Daphne knew Lucretia and Vega thought they should have been in charge. The only thing which kept them in line other than a few scathing remarks was the fact they respected the three heralds, and they knew Daphne had been made the field leader to the reason.

"Vera, you and Astoria stay with me, you two, go around to the right side," Daphne said. "Vega and Lucretia, you head over with the League women....and you try and get in on the left side....."

Talia looked about ready to protest.

"Talia, you go with those two," Harry told her. "And Sara and Nyssa, you're with me. We're going to attack them from three angles."

Harry intended to get in and get out of there, before there were too many problems, at least on his end. Three girls went to the right, three girls made their way to the left, and it left Harry, Nyssa, and Sara to go over to the center side. They all made their way over to their position.

"Sara, you're on," Harry told her.

Sara smiled and withdrew the sonic weapon. She enjoyed this thing, although it was a bit clunky to carry around. She hoped, in time, it could have been modified and put to a more universal use. She closed her eyes and pressed the button inside, releasing a small sonic vibration which ripped through the air.

Several of Bane's mercenaries had been caught to the right side. Off to one side, Vega withdrew two glowing daggers and stabbed the mercenary into the side of the neck. Her attack got the attention of the other mercenaries. One of them withdrew a huge weapon and pointed it at Vega.
"Bring it," Vega mouthed to him.

The mercenary had been baited to going forward. Vega dodged the attack from the mercenary, and she put him into position for an attack from Lucretia. She flashed her hand forward and exploded the weapon in her hand. She stepped back a few feet.

From the shadows, Copperhead viewed the battle through narrowed eyes. She watched from one side and noticed the Dragon coming in from one side. Even though she tried to remove herself from this life, Copperhead could not help, but be taken off guard.

Had she prepared herself, she would have been a lot more able to hold back certain thoughts in her mind regarding the Dragon. Copperhead's breath increased a second later. Two of the women standing beside her, people who she liberated from the temple, looked at her.

"Do nothing," she hissed.

The Dragon rushed in front of the mercenaries. Green fire surrounded him, manifesting from the amulet. The blast of green fire shot through the sword and knocked the goons back a couple of steps. Their armor heated up so badly they had no choice other than to put them away.

"Where is Bane?" Talia demanded.

Two of the rogue League members moved in to attack Talia. She turned over to one side and used her sword to block one of the attacks. Her eyes closed shot, and Talia nailed her adversary with a sweeping kick. Talia jumped behind one of the assassins. The assassin measured Talia and hurled three daggers at the woman. Talia swung her blade around and deflected the daggers back.

The Daughter of the Demon moved further behind and gave her enemy no quarter. She stabbed the man in the back of the leg and turned a fraction of a second off to the side. Talia swept the edge of the blade across the forearm of her adversary and dropped him down to the ground. Talia snapped the man down to the ground and stepped back.

Nyssa jumped next to her sister and put an arrow into the gut one of her adversaries. The adversary doubled over, and Nyssa popped up with a spinning back fist to drop her adversary down to the ground. Sara jumped to the other side and took one of the goons down with a well placed Tonfa.

"We don't fear you."

"Well, that's not my problem," Harry said.

Harry avoided the blade of one of his adversary's cutting into his shoulder. He blocked the blade and forced it back down to the ground. Harry picked up the pace and dropped his adversary with a series of kicks to the side of the head. Harry grabbed the adversary from behind and applied more pressure. The nerve endings of his elbow caused so much pain, he dropped his weapon.

Vera summoned the weapon and smiled. She turned the modified rocket launcher and blew it through the camp, causing the goons to scatter off to all sides.

Two assassins dropped down onto the ground. Talia stepped over, and suddenly, someone flipped from the shadows behind her. Talia swung the blade off to another side. Copperhead slithered onto the ground at Talia's face and dodged the point of the blade coming down into her neck.

The Daughter of the Demon screamed when Copperhead sank her fangs down onto the back of Talia's neck. She screamed at the burning fury spreading over her body. Talia's blood boiled and something, from that venom spreading through her body.
"No, oh god, no!" Talia screamed.

Nyssa fired one arrow to the side of Copperhead. The arrow deflected off of her skin. Copperhead rushed in, to go after Nyssa.

Harry flashed in front of Copperhead and looked her straight in the eye. "Stop!"

Copperhead stopped short, a compulsion to obey the Dragon. She dropped down to her knees.

Nyssa moved over to help her sister up to a standing position. Talia slumped down onto the ground and dropped down against her sister's shoulder. Copperhead looked at them, and even the other members of the Faithful Five looked rather confused at what happened.

Harry raised his hand and formed a dome Talia, Nyssa, Sara, and the five, and just in time as well. A huge explosion came around them and rattled the dome. The only pain Harry suffered was an intense ringing in his ear.

The smoke cleared, and Harry saw a couple of men in very familiar looking uniforms moving in the shadows. His fist clenched together.

"HIVE, of course," Harry muttered.

"Fall back!" a gruff voice yelled.

Copperhead shook her head and snapped at it. She started at Harry for a long ten seconds, before she slipped out of the way. They all retreated far out of the camps and made their way over to the mountains.

"Getting away," Daphne said.

"My sister is more important," Nyssa said.

Talia groaned, she was trying to voice getting Bane and his men, they were more important. Unfortunately, the bile rising in her throat prevented her from speaking right away. Not that her words would have been hit on deaf ears.

All parties entered one of those good news/bad news type situations. The good news, as Harry could see it, was that they stopped Bane from going after what he was going for it. The bad news, HIVE, a branch of HIVE, had been involved. Darhk's plans to get his hands on one of the medallions spread down the organizations.

More bad news, Harry could sense Talia did not have much time. He took her into the temple. Isabelle, Anya, and Vanessa looked around.

"She used the gift we gave to her, to harm another," Isabelle said.

"Please tell me there's a way to counteract the venom," Nyssa said. "If you didn't, what happened to my sister is on your heads, and I'm not...."

Harry cleared his throat and Nyssa had been pulled straight back into line. She drew in a deep breath and nodded. Anya moved closer and placed a hand on Talia's head. Her fingers burned from underneath Talia's forehead when she retracted the hand back.

"Unfortunately the venom spread too quickly because of her adrenaline," Anya said. "We can put her in stasis, but that will only delay the inevitable."
"There's always a way," Harry said. "Stand back."

Harry motioned for them to move back. All of them did.

Nyssa realized what he was going to. He was going to take on the burden from Talia's poison, but if the poison was as lethal as they thought it was, to the point where the creators could not counteract the effects.

'Perhaps they just choose not to.'

That one particular cynical thought slipped out of Nyssa's mind. She had to worry about her sister. The Lazarus Pit could have cured her, but it may have turned her into something like Copperhead as well. The supernatural snake venom was an unknown variable.

"If anyone can cure your sister, he can," Vera said.

"I know," Nyssa said. "Because he saved me when I was an inch from death."

Harry took a moment to grab Talia around the shoulder and he maneuvered around inside of her body to find the source of the venom. He drained the venom from Talia's body, slowly working it out of her. Harry could feel the burning feeling coming through his body.

'Phoenix tears, don't fail me now?'

The venom seemed to be close to Basilisk venom, one of the most potent strains of venom out there. Harry survived that, and he could survive this, for better or for worse. His mind almost shut down because of the draining of the supernatural snake venom.

Talia coughed and shook. Anya reached over and put her hand on Talia's forehead to feel her body temperature. She slowly retracted her hand and smiled.

"Her body temperature is going down," Anya said.

Isabelle swiped one of the rune stones over Talia's body. It detected snake venom, and she found there was none in her system. She turned around towards Harry and scanned him.

"You're immune to venom," Isabelle said.

"And he can speak our native tongue," Vanessa said. "We didn't…we couldn't have known, even the Dragon is full of surprises."

"That much is for certain," Anya said. She flashed a brilliant smile. "He's amazing, you know."

"Yeah, he is," Isabelle answered a second or so later.

"We're in your debt again," Nyssa said.

Harry just smiled. He decided not to tell Nyssa how close Talia was from entering Death's sweet embrace. Harry figured something would have to effect the balance later, although he is not what. Then again, being Death's master offered Harry some liberties.

"Let her rest, for now," Harry said. "She'll be better than ever in an hour or two."

"We still have some problems with Bane," Isabelle said.

"His pride, he will not rest until he faces off against the Dragon," Nyssa said.
"When he's here, I'll be ready," Harry answered a second or two later. "He hasn't shown himself in light, but there's enough of his men alive where they can tell him what they faced."

"Good, and we'll bring the fight to him when it happens," Nyssa said. "I'm worried about his partners, the ones that were with him."

"You're talking about HIVE, aren't you?" Sara asked. "Just when you thought you were done with them for a while, they just keep popping up."

Nyssa sighed. She did not know whether or not Darhk survived his encounter, but regardless of whether or not he survived, he was not the end of the road for HIVE. He was just the beginning.

Hours later, Talia opened her eyes up and brought a deep breath. It took a matter of moments for her to reconstruct her past memories. She recalled it, instantly. Copperhead somehow managed to get the jump on her. She could have hung her head in shame.

"Good, you're awake."

Talia turned her attention towards Nyssa who crossed the threshold. Both of the sisters looked at each other. Neither knew what to say. Talia finally managed to break the silence between the two of them.

"So," Talia responded. "You've come to tell me how I've regressed in battle since I've spent most of my time up in the temple training the new recruits. They don't give me enough of a challenge."

"Nothing of the sort," Nyssa said. "I'm here to talk."

"To talk?" Talia asked. "Wouldn't that be a change from the last few years?"

Harry made his way into the room in front of them. Talia closed her eyes. She could finally move. A pretty good turnaround for almost being dead a short time ago, at least Talia would have to say so herself. She stretched against the bed and got herself to a mostly standing position.

"Relax," Harry told her. "You don't want to hurt yourself, not after what you've been through."

"No, I don't," Talia said. "But, I feel fine. I'm just a bit sore and could use a couple of good meals. I thought my body was going to melt earlier."

Harry reached over and put his hand on the other Daughter of the Demon. He squeezed her hand a second later. "Not too far off, really."

"I figured as much," Talia said. "And I've had a lot of time to do some thinking...and I'm thinking my father might have stirred up some of the tension between myself and Nyssa."

Nyssa raised an eyebrow and looked Talia directly in the eye a few seconds later. Her mouth hung open and she resembled someone who was about ready to catch flies.

"Are you honestly shocked?" Talia asked.

"Well, no, I'm not shocked," Nyssa responded. "I'm just surprised that you're the person who brought it up. You normally are the person who follows our father without any questions. And every time he's come back, there have been more questions about what he's doing."

Talia spent a moment surveying her sister and responded with a nod. Nyssa sat on the bed next to them. They moved closer, the emotional distance between them closing just as much as the
physical distance.

"I respect him, more than you do I think," Talia said. "But, he has ideas which are a bit out of date. There needs to be changes throughout the League. There needs to be a new leader."

Talia took a moment to lock her eyes onto Harry. She was not exactly subtle at who she thought should be the new leader of the League. Harry appreciated her blunt nature.

"I saw you out there," Talia said. "While there are parts of your fighting style that are raw, they will only refine in time."

Talia smiled and she moved closer towards Harry who had joined the two of them on the bed. She placed a hand on Harry's thigh and squeezed it. Her fingers lingered very closely towards him. "I'd like to thank you for saving my life. I owe you more than the normal debt."

For the second time, one of the Daughters of the Demon had a debt to Harry and she intended to do all she could to thank him. Talia's hand moved to Harry's thigh to squeeze him and her other hand moved to his chest. She approached him and pushed her lips to Harry's. 'That escalated quickly,' Sara thought.

Talia's mouth positioned itself onto Harry's, her tongue shifted against his in a sensational kiss. Talia slowly, but surely undid the front half of Harry's outfit, and moved back with a further smile on her face. She leaned closer towards Harry and nipped the side of his ear.

"Anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to ask," Talia commented with a smile crossing over her face.

"Well, I would have liked to see you and Nyssa kiss and makeup."

Harry said the comment in jest, for the most part. Nyssa and Talia locked eyes with each other. Nyssa rose to her feet and Talia followed her. The two moved towards each other. The arms of the two beautiful sisters ensnared each other. Nyssa's mouth clamped onto Talia's. Talia opened her mouth to receive her sister's tongue.

The tongues of both of the sisters joined together in a passionate kiss. 'No way that power can be abused,' Sara deadpanned.

Both Talia and Nyssa slipped away from each other. Their smoldering eyes locked onto Harry. One sister pressed on either side of Harry and moved closer towards Harry. Nyssa kissed away at the side of Harry's neck and Talia kissed the side of Harry's mouth.

"The best way to make up for lost time is to discover shared interests," Talia said. Her fingers moved down Harry, as his chest had been rendered bare. She smiled and kissed down his right side, with Nyssa taking his left side with kisses.

Nyssa cupped his crotch through his pants and looked at him with a lustful smile dancing over her face. "And I think we've found something both of us can agree is magnificent, beloved."

Slowly, Nyssa stroked Harry on the other side of his pants. He groaned with the fingers of the Daughter of the Demon rubbing through his pants.

"Let's remove those pants," Talia said, kissing down Harry's chest to his abs and getting closer.
Harry's long cock stood up in the air when the two of them removed his pants. Talia viewed his throbbing hard cock, with a big smile on her face. Her lips puckered together. Slowly, Talia worked for her hand down to the base of his cock and grabbed him, tugging on him. The Daughter of the Demon worked her very able lips down Harry's throbbing pole and sucked his cock into her mouth.

"Damn, Talia!" Harry groaned, feeling the warmth spread around him.

Nyssa covered Harry's inner thigh in very sensual kisses. The warm nature of Nyssa's mouth moved up Harry's thigh and caused him to twitch. Her mouth edged closer to the point where she reached Harry's balls. The pleasurable feeling of two sisters pleasuring his cock and balls made Harry just hunger for more.

His hands reached to the back of Talia's head and guided her warm mouth deep down his hard pole. The Daughter of the Demon worshiped the meaty pole underneath her. Her tongue canvased every inch of the veiny pole, shoving deeper into her mouth in the process.

Nyssa kept up the steady pace along with her sister. She enveloped Harry's hard balls between her lips and drew them deep into her mouth. The Daughter of the Demon slurped both of his round thick balls which quickly filled up with the first of many doses of cum.

Both of the daughters of Ra's al Ghul worshiped Harry. Every single inch of their very ample, their very soft and succulent lips combed over Harry's manhood. Harry groaned at the feeling of their soft lips succumbing to Talia's efforts. She pulled off of his cock.

Both Nyssa and Talia took turns licking Harry's cock and covering it with tender kisses. When they had bathed it with salvia, Talia continued her worshipping of Harry's pole. She took it deep inside of her throat. Harry put his hands on the back of Talia's head and guided his cock into her throat.

Every single time this throbbing hard cock entered the back of her throat, Talia kept up the pace. She wanted it, she wanted all of it, and she would take all that she wanted. The Daughter of the Demon brought her warm lips down to the edge of Harry's throbbing hard pole and released him. Talia drew her lips around him again.

"Talia, you keep that up, and I won't be able to hold up much longer," Harry warned her.

Funnily enough, this did little to discourage Talia. She sucked his cock, deeper, harder, faster. Nyssa's mouth sucked on Harry's balls, giving a nice amount of suction on them. Those able mouths worked all the way down his manhood and his balls as well, sucking on them.

"Fuck!" Harry groaned in response.

Harry pushed his throbbing hard cock into the mouth of Talia. Her beautiful exotic face looked him in the eye when she sucked him. The pressure built in Harry's loins and he held onto Talia's head, to thrust his cock deep into the back of her throat. His lust made him plow her throat like a pussy.

The milky white discharge fired cum deep into Talia's mouth. She dropped down and sucked Harry as hard as possible, draining all of the cum from his balls.

Talia rose up and smacked her lips together. In a sisterly gesture, she leaned in to catch Nyssa with a kiss and share the cum.

Harry hardened up instantly, watching both of the women kiss each other. Nyssa grabbed Talia's face and sucked the cum out of her mouth. Her hands moved and slipped off the night shirt Talia was wearing, to reveal her bare body. Nyssa's fingers pushed over Talia's body, brushing against her warm slit. Talia could feel her sister's finger enter her body.
'Make sure to get her nice and wet for your cock, beloved,' Nyssa thought.

Talia removed Nyssa's cloak and her garments underneath. Nyssa's round tanned breasts stuck out for Talia to grab onto and for her to suck on. She gave her sister all of the love possible, sucking on Nyssa's round nipples.

"As nice as it is, Harry should not be ignored," Nyssa whispered in Talia's ear.

Talia, with regrets, pulled away. She moved over for Harry to get a full glance at her exotic body. Her olive covered skin shined up in the light, her black hair framed her face in a seductive look. Two round breasts stuck out, and they demanded a great amount of attention. They demanded to be squeezed, to touched, to be tempted. Her juicy ass and long legs, along with her pubic hair shaven into a small strip, off-setting a dripping pussy made Talia a very delicious treat.

"My apologies."

Harry took Talia's body and embraced her. He pushed her onto the bed and kissed her. He started at the tip of her ear and moved down all over her face. Her lips, her jawline, every single last inch of Talia had been lathered with kisses. Harry lightly brushed against her body, grinding his cock against her stomach when he moved down. The reaction coming from the Daughter of the Demon drove home the point how delightful she felt, just underneath Harry's tender loving care, and his thick cock.

"Beloved, please," Talia whispered to him. "Take my body, pleasure it."

Caressing of her nipples made Talia squirm underneath. Harry moved down and pressed his muscular body against his, and kissed her. His hard cock came an inch away from slipping inside of her gates.

"Eat your sister's pussy while I fuck you."

No question about it, Talia thought that was a good idea. She saw Nyssa crawl onto her face. Those toned thighs came close to wrapping around her face. Both Daughter of the Demon indulged in some steamy, sensual, sisterly love with each other.

"Take my pussy," Nyssa said. "Go ahead, beloved, take your big cock and ram it into her pussy. Make her really feel everything you have."

Harry spent the next couple of moments teasing Talia's wet slit and dragged his huge cock all over her womanhood. Talia lifted her hips up in a very honest attempt to take Harry's cock inside of her. Harry slid his manhood into her and filled her pussy up.

The warmth ensnared Harry's cock. He grabbed onto Talia's hips and lightly rocked back against her, further pushing his manhood inside of her tightening hot quim.

"Perfect fit," Harry said.

Harry rocked his hips down against her and pushed his hard rod inside of her. Talia enjoyed every single inch of Harry's hardening rod, just filling her up. Her pussy stretched out far and wide for Harry. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul rose her hips up and met Harry's hard cock.

Talia reached behind her sister and felt her perfect ass and thighs. She slowly rubbed her sister's pussy lips and delved deeper into them.

Nyssa closed her eyes and enjoyed her sister giving her a tongue lashing, but in a very good way.
Talia licked her pussy and then pulled out of it. She shifted into the depths of Nyssa's warm, dripping hot pussy.

Further thrusts inside of Talia's pussy made her wet pussy clamped around his hard cock. She squeezed her pussy and released it. The Daughter of the Demon felt her pussy be battered. The first orgasm of with her savior's cock inside of her visited Talia's body. Those hard balls slapped against Talia's thighs and spread through her body.

"That's good, but I think we can make your tight pussy cum even harder, can't we?" Harry asked her.

Talia could not and would not deny that fact. Those big balls kept slapping against her. Talia's wet walls closed around him and milked his cock. Harry moved over to touch her body. Every inch of her flesh begged for contact. Harry never failed to deny a beautiful woman the contact she desired. His fingers tempted Talia in every single way.

Nyssa drove herself down onto Talia's tongue. Talia prepared Nyssa for the strong hard rod of over beloved. Her thighs clamped down and released Talia's face, sending juices down onto the face of her sister.

"Again, cum for me again."

Briefly, the two sisters pulled away so Harry could get full coverage on Talia's body. Her legs snaked around Harry's body and Harry pushed his rod as far into her as possible. His thick balls snapped down onto Talia's moist thighs. Harry rose up and dropped all the way down onto him. Harry's hard cock slammed into her.

"Mmm, yes, please, faster."

Harry obliged and picked up a heavier pace. Talia's body rose up off of the bed and took as much of Harry inside her as possible. Harry's throbbing hard cock picked up a steadier pace, ramming into her. Those big balls bounced off of Talia's thighs and left some not so subtle marks on them. Talia grabbed onto Harry's lower back and dug her fingernails into it.

"Oh yes, oh, right there!" she moaned.

Another orgasm hit Talia and another one. They all rocked her, in multiple successions. Harry buried himself into her depths and worked her wet pussy open for the final, greatest climax of them all.

"I'm ready," Harry said. "Cum for me one more time."

Harry touched her erect and very sensitive nipples. Pure warmth spread through Talia's body and Harry rocked down inside of her. His hard balls slapped harder against Talia's moist pussy. She could feel how much cum was about ready to be launched inside of her body.

"Please, please, cum for me," Talia breathed.

Talia ground her nails against Harry's back and encouraged him. Harry obliged the beautiful women underneath him and thrust away at her. Their hips bounced together, with Harry grabbing her breasts, hips, legs, hair, and ass, anything he could get his hands on.

The two worked against each other, with everything dragging to a close. Harry dropped his hard cock into Talia's inviting quim. Talia pressed her walls against Harry, to try and milk every last drop of cum out of his aching balls. The Daughter of the Demon kept encouraging Harry deep
inside of her.

Finally, his balls released their contents and fired them inside of Talia's body. Her tightening walls squeezed around Harry and released him. Harry released the contents of his balls into her.

Talia closed her eyes, receiving a wondrous gift from her savior. The inside of her body had been coated with the seed. Should legends be right, the medallion should have protected them from any unexpected surprise. Not she was against it, but there would be plenty of time in the future.

An endless amount of cum filled Talia, and soon enough, Nyssa's tongue replaced Harry's cock. She slowly dug her tongue into Talia's thighs and licked the pussy.

Harry watched as Nyssa lowered herself between Talia's thighs, and watched as the cum drained out between her thighs. One sister wrapped her lips around the nether lips of the other sister. This cock-hardening sight only increased when Harry viewed Nyssa, her hips swaying on her hands and knees, sucking the combined juices out of Talia's face.

They had most certainly made up, in the most enticing way possible. Harry moved closer towards Nyssa, reaching her from behind. His huge engorged cock came an inch away from parting Nyssa's hips and sliding in between her legs. Harry ground his hard cock in between Nyssa, working his rod into her moist slit.

"I have to have this pussy," Harry said.

The manhood slid deep inside of Nyssa's wet pussy and filled her completely up. Harry grabbed her hips and worked his hard rod into Nyssa from behind. The young man pulled almost all the way out of Nyssa and slid into her deep and fast from behind. His thrusts grew harder, the deeper Harry inside of her.

"Keep eating your sister out, don't stop."

Nyssa did not need to tell twice. Her sister's fingers threaded the assassin's hair. Nyssa could feel the tantalizing tongue dance deeper between Talia's thighs.

Tight, the sheath of Nyssa was very tight, and Harry further indulged himself in her pussy. It gripped him snugly and made Harry's balls throb in excitement.

Harry pulled out of Nyssa's tight body and pushed deep inside of her. Every single inch of his cock spread into Nyssa's body. Nyssa tightened the walls around Harry's hard cock. More pushes inside of Harry's hard cock into her body. Harry pulled out of her and pushed deep inside of her.

"It's getting close, you can feel it," Harry said. He traced patterns down Nyssa's fit body when working his way into her. "Your sister, she can feel it too. She feels it when your naughty little mouth is eating her out."

Talia only clutched her sister's head with her legs and rose up as far as she could go. The sucking of her pussy grew even more intense. She never thought a thrill this good would come. Talia looked up and greedily followed the progress of Harry's cock inside of Nyssa.

"Finish her," Talia breathed.

"Oh, you'll get your chance...soon enough."

Harry picked up the pace and hammered Nyssa in a fluid motion from behind. He worked on the next orgasm, and another one. He pumped his way inside of her tightening pussy, working his rod
inside of her.

Stroke for stroke, Harry brought so much pleasure into Nyssa's body. Her loins spread over Harry's thick throbbing cock. Harry picked up a heavier pace and pushed himself deep inside of Nyssa's tight body.

"One more time."

She came again on Harry's request. Everything struck her with a well-placed precision. Harry pushed his rod deeper inside of her body, pushing Nyssa's wet pussy to her very limits. Harry buried further inside of her and almost slid completely out of her before pushing himself into her one more time.

"Harry!" Nyssa begged him for a minute.

"We're getting close, you're almost done," Harry told her.

Another constant barrage of orgasms, three in succession, rocked Nyssa. This action allowed Harry to push his rod into her and move further into the center.

Harry's balls discharged one more time and buried his warm seed into Nyssa. He rode out her orgasm with his own and pushed his cock into her with a never ending barrage of cum. It drained out of her faster than Harry could put it inside of her.

The sorcerer pulled himself away and allowed Nyssa to drop down onto the bed. Talia answered with a smile and shoved her sister away. She sauntered over to the bed and crawled over to Harry. Her legs wrapped around his waist when she pulled himself.

"I'm ready for more."

Harry squeezed her breasts and suddenly, his cock inched closer towards her slit before sliding into her. The two joined, and Harry just had a feeling he would be taking turns on the sisters throughout the night.

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**To Be Continued on April 23 rd , 2017.**

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Well, things are getting done on multiple fronts. Our ARGUS team heads off to Russia.

And we meet the other members of the Faithful Five. Now granted, I could have used canonical characters to fill out the Five, like the Carrow sisters or Tracey Davis, but in my defense, they've shown up about as much in book canon as my OCs so there you go.

Hey everywhere, we get a Harry, Talia, and Nyssa threesome, something that if I'm not mistaken actually hasn't happened yet in any my stories. Or maybe it has.

Until Sunday.
Anxiety hit Daphne Greengrass very hard. No one would have thought her to be the anxious type by looking at her. She had this cool and calm façade, but Daphne had a lot of expectations to live up to. Her family supported the tribe for years, and by extension the Dragon. She had been chosen by the three heralds to lead the Faithful Five and there had been some stumbling blocks on the road.

'They chose you for a reason,' Daphne tried to think to herself.

Leadership could be a burden on people. Daphne moved about anxiously, as she did when she was nervous. Astoria, Vega, Lucretia, and Vera all retreated to their quarters. They did not have to worry about how one misstep could mean the end of everything.

'No pressure or anything, Greengrass,' she thought to herself. The frown expanded over her face. 'You just have to do, what must be done. There's no question about it. You were chosen for this for a reason.'

Daphne stopped outside of the Quarters of one of the daughters of Ra's al Ghul. The League of Assassins being involved her had led to a slight stir, especially with Vega and Lucretia, both who had their fair share of run-ins. Daphne wanted to keep an even head.

The Dragon went in there tonight, followed by Talia's sister. They did not exit, despite it being well past sunrise in the morning. Daphne frowned and curiosity very nearly got the better of her. Thankfully, despite everything, Daphne maintained the slightest bit of discretion.

'He could have been in there for more than a few hours,' Daphne thought, a slight grin forming on her face. 'That's just the prowess and the power of the Dragon. He could have been in there for much longer and no one would really have known it.'

Daphne heard some footsteps and realized she was not alone in her walking of the hallways. She turned around to see the other companion who had joined the Dragon on this mission.

"Daphne, isn't he?" she asked.

"Sara, right," she said.

The two of them responded with nods with each other. Both of them really did not know what to say. Sara motioned for Daphne to sit down next to her on the bench leading in the room, so she did.

"Just taking a midnight walk, I've got a lot of things on my mind," Daphne said.

"Are you sure you're just taking a walk?" Sara asked. Daphne looked at her, and Sara smiled, putting her hand on the shoulder of the skilled warrior. "I understand. I can see some conflict. Lot of this is known to me…just a couple of years ago, I didn't think I would be involved in anything like this."

Daphne shook her head in response towards the younger girl next to her. Well, younger in age, she did carry herself with a maturity, which could only be trained through adversity. Daphne did not know the full extent, or whether or not this girl knew exactly what she could become.
That isn't my place to tell her, especially if I'm wrong,' Daphne thought.

"We've got a lot to do," Sara said. "Bane's going to make a counteract. Can you and your girls keep his men away, while we deal with the big guy?"

"Yeah, we can do that," Daphne said. "No problem at all."

They had to do this, they had to accomplish these goals. If they did not, if something happened where they could not, it would be trouble. Copperhead and her followers leaving had been a big blow, and they brought information to Bane. Daphne thought it was only a small mercy they did not know everything.

Hell, Daphne did not know anything. Vega and Lucretia both claimed they knew a lot as well, but Daphne thought they were only speculating on certain matters at best.

"Harry has got both of them on the same page," Sara said. "Guess, people have a point, shared interests end a lot of arguments."

No one needed to tell Daphne what shared interests Nyssa and Talia had. She just smiled and thought about it. It would be an honor of the Dragon took her into his strong arms. She thought about those green eyes, dark hair, and his firm body. All of those thoughts put desires in the back of Daphne's mind.

Sara gave Daphne a knowing smile in response and put a hand on her shoulder. The door opened and brought the attention of both of the girls to one central location. Talia and Nyssa stepped back out of the room, walking side by side. Both of them had smiles on their face. A second later, Harry followed a half of a second later, bringing up the rear.

A place any man would have given anything. Sara climbed to her feet, and Daphne joined her. Before she could say anything, Vera made her way down the hallway. She looked about half asleep. She stopped and came head to head with the Dragon.

"Good morning," Harry told her.

"Well, looks like they were having a good morning," Vera said. "There's a couple of things Vega and Lucretia want to discuss."

"Do they want to have a discussion or an argument?" Daphne asked Vera, sounding very tense and for a very good reason.

Vera answered with a shrug in response. She had no idea. She was just the messenger, the buffer if you were, between the Black Sisters and the Greengrass sisters. Vera appreciated her necessary part.

"I will leave you to your morning activities," Vera said. "If you want breakfast, the dining hall is down the hallway and to your right."

"Thank you, Vera," Harry said.

She smiled and turned to walk Daphne to the meeting. Sara watched Daphne leave and turned back to Harry, Talia, and Nyssa, who all looked rather relaxed this morning.

"Lack of blood means Harry smoothed things over, right?" Sara asked.

"No blood last night," Nyssa told her. "Only more pleasurable bodily fluids, as you might have
Sara did guess, and she thought it was pretty good. Finally, both sides were on the same page and they could move on to the next step. Bane and his next move, and whatever connection he had with HIVE.

A cold biting wind made everything colder in one of the worst parts of Russia. Many people were held captive in this area. Some had just been in the wrong place at the wrong time, and some people committed crimes of knowing way too much. Information could be a very dangerous thing to have.

There was barely enough wood to get a fire roaring. The person who had kept these prisoners was not busting his neck trying to get wood inside and a fire roaring. One particular redhead hovered over the fire. The embers burned cold and it was very hard to get anything going. She gathered together some sticks and a few old newspaper to try and get a fire going in the fireplace.

The redhead wrapped herself in a coat and hovered over the fire. She had been used to harsh conditions and had been in these conditions for more time than she cared to count. There had been no clock, no calendar, no indication on how much time had elapsed her. Just nothing other than confusion and sorrow reached the few occupants, the ones who did not try and escape.

Unfortunately, the prison had been situated on the top of a very steep mountain, and very few could make the climb or the descent. Those who had tried had either fallen to their doom, or they had frozen together.

Frustration spread through the body of the prisoner. Her gloves were thin, but they were better than nothing. She managed to acquire a coat, at least for the moment. She had to keep one eye on the prisoners, to prevent them from attacking her. She fashioned a weapon which could defend herself against any attackers.

The guards would have destroyed her in a second, even if she picked her spots wisely. They were armed by a very dangerous man.

'Things are becoming hopeless,' she thought to herself. Her hands rubbed together to try and get the necessary amount of friction.

Off to the side, a man who looked an inch away from just ending it all rolled over onto the cot. He looked at a photo of a woman and two young boys. They were the only link to the real world, and the only link to sanity he had left. The redhead turned away from him.

The man who lay in the corner had barely moved since he arrived her. Only the barest hints of breathing could be heard. The guards would arrive soon enough, to bring just enough food to prolong the agony.

The bathroom had been a gamble to enter, given there was always a sense someone had used the ragged shower curtains to hang themselves. Her eyes followed across the room towards the only other woman who had been brought her. She flipped through a worn pad of paper and kept reading something, muttering something underneath her breath.

"They're out there, they're out there," she whispered. "He'll pay for leaving me to die here."

Those words had been those of a woman who had lost all sense of reality. The red-haired woman rocked backed and moved to try and create a fire. Voices could have been heard outside, from a village which was down to the edge of the mountain.
Someone was here, but who was here? She wondered boy, did she ever.

"They're suicidal for coming here," the second woman commented. "No one comes here willingly. They will suffer consequences."

The redhead just nodded and she moved to the front door. Dare she step outside for a peak? She looked at the mat, stained with blood, and thought better of it. The last person who ventured outside ran into some pretty unfriendly fire.

Down on the ground, a rope ladder lowered them out of a helicopter. A figure dressed in a green hood which had been pulled up over her face dropped down onto the ground. Two more figures, dressed in black dropped down onto the ground.

In one last desperate attention to gain their attention, she wrapped her hand on the glass window numerous times. All she achieved was a mild reaction from the man in the corner.

"They can't hear you," the other woman said. "I won't leave here alive, and neither will you."

The belief everything was hopeless, and there was no way out never entered the mind of the woman. She looked out the window once more and towards the people inside. No one shared her hope, as mild as it could be, they were going to get out of there.

The redhead looked over and saw the name "Robert Queen" scrawled repeatedly on the paper and then scratched it away instantly.

"It's all because of him, he betrayed me," she muttered underneath her breath.

The dark haired woman shook her head. She retreated back into the corner to continue her work. That pad was just a name, written over and over, and scratched it away constantly. That just added to the problem.

"I know what's to come in Starling City, it must burn, there's no hope," she breathed. "They must all burn…especially him, he must burn as well."

'Really sunshine and happiness that one, but I can't say I blame her, given how much these people go mad in here,' she thought.

The trio disappeared into the village and left them all alone. She prepared to open up the door.

"They're spies," the man in the corner rasped, finally breaking out. "The Westerners sent them….he will not be pleased…..especially if they threatened his hold over it."

"What is….."

The man silenced himself, and the redhead once again looked out the window. Whatever helicopter dropped them off disappeared into the night, and the three figures had been dropped down.

"They will die as well," another one of the prisoners said. "Give me the knife…so I can end this."

Every day someone made a play at her concealed weapon, not to defend themselves, but to end themselves. It was a very sad state of all of their lives where they wanted to spill their own blood, rather than live another moment.

Tess Mercer needed to get out of here soon because the redhead felt her sanity slipped along with
the rest of them. She just needed to remain collected and everything would work out for the best.

Hell defined the early years of Bane's existence. His mother was little more than the prison whore. Giving birth to him as a means to carry out his father's sentence. Bane spent more years in darkness than he could count. Many who were less strong than him would have been annihilated by now.

Bane grew much stronger. Every day he spent in that hell, he reminded himself of vengeance on those who kept him there. The first man he killed when he took control of the prison and escaped was his father. To see the man die at his feet was satisfying beyond any human emotion.

Only one regret and Bane wished he would have spent some more time drawing out the death. Making sure every single ounce of oxygen drained from his father's foul body. Bane killed him too soon. It should have been more calculated, and less emotional. It had been an unfortunate lesson Bane learned.

Now, he was getting close to cementing, even more, power than before. The legend of the Dragon, Bane heard of it throughout the years. HIVE contacted Bane and they pooled their resources to slowly take over this area, village by village until only one monument remained. The temple of the Three Heralds of the Serpent Tribe stood in Bane's way as one last obstacle. Bane wished to enslave them, using the medallion which once belonged to their Queen.

Irony, but Bane had another problem. The man clutched his fingers together and formed a very violent fist. His breathing increased when he closed his eyes.

"He grows closer,' Bane thought to himself. 'Nearer, I can feel him. I can feel the darkness submerging around me.'

Bane prided himself on strength beyond the measure of many men. He would not hesitate to use his abilities to crush someone if it meant he could accomplish great feats. And those great feats of strength ensured Bane would drive anyone who stepped up underneath his foot.

'I must observe, strike when the time is right, and crush when it will lead to the most success,' Bane thought. 'Years, I've been waiting for this.'

Bane heard his men, awaiting his orders. It was not a man who entered his quarters, rather a woman, a woman who once worked for Bane's enemies, the Heralds. Copperhead stood before Bane and waited to be acknowledged. Bane slid the box he received from his business partners back underneath the desk.

"You were distracted, and almost ensnared by him," Bane said.

"I was unprepared for the Dragon."

Bane rose up to his feet. Tension followed, and Copperhead tried to maintain her composure, even though it was very hard for her to stand up. Bane had been known to crush men and women far stronger than the former slave.

"You should always be prepared for everything," Bane said. "You were born a slave, and you will die a failure. Is that what you want, Copperhead?"

Copperhead drew in a breath. Bane was her only salvation and turning on him now would not be a good idea.

"Please, Bane, it will not happen again."
If not for the simple fact Bane needed the support of Copphead and her followers to secure the temple, he would have ended her existence in a mere moment. She would become a liability of the Dragon had gotten his hooks into her again.

'Perhaps it's not worth the risk, but I cannot take the chance,' Bane thought.

"For your sake, it should not," Bane said. "Do not engage the Dragon directly again. Unless you want to be enslaved once again and go back to the way things were."

Copperhead's mouth turned very dry. She did not want to be submissive. She thought the tribe would be much better under her leadership. They would not have lost this much ground and more importantly their Queen if Copperhead had been in charge. She wanted to head the tribe, but the pets of the Heralds, the Faithful Five, got more consideration than she did.

'I'll tear them to shreds,' she violently thought.

"We won't have any further problems, will we, Copperhead?" Bane asked.

Copperhead removed herself from her thoughts of power and locked eye to eye with Bane. Her head dropped a half of a second and she nodded.

"Good," Bane said. "I'll send for you when you are needed. You're dismissed."

Bane waited for Copperhead to leave and he opened the black box. He noticed three vials of a serum, refined, as a gift from his new benefactors. It would be necessary to give him the edge against the Dragon.

The broad-shouldered mercenary slipped off his overcoat and slipped the contents of the three vials of serum into a front harness on his body. He slipped his overcoat back on and turned. The masked man came eye to eye with one of his minions.

"Do you have a report for me?" Bane asked gruffly.

"Yes, master," the gentleman responded. "They have reinforced the gates."

"They're preparing for war," Bane said. "They've challenged me. They will regret their arrogance."

Bane enjoyed a challenge and knocking those gates down would be the most successful thing he could have ever done in his life. He could not wait to succeed in his goals. A smile crossed over the face of the masked man, which stretched out underneath his mask.

"Prepare them, we leave at sunset," Bane said. "Tonight, it's in my hand."

Bane double-checked to make sure everything was in place. The next time he came face to face with the Dragon, there would be some surprises.

"I don't think we should have gone with a passive approach," Vega said. "We know Bane's out there, and we know he'll try to attack us again. We attack first and leave him hurt."

"We don't have many people to spare," Daphne said.

"We have the Dragon," Lucretia argued. "He can crush them all….."

"I prefer not to count on one man, even a great man," Daphne answered. "Your plan will get more of us killed or captured. My plan is going to split Bane's forces and allow them to pick us apart."
"Both of you have good points," Vera said. "Standing here and waiting for the attack to come is not going to be a good idea."

Vega and Lucretia both wore smirks on their face. Vera was going to have to bust their bubble in a couple of minutes thought.

"But, going out there and fighting is reckless, and I agree, no matter how great the Dragon is, we can't rely on him," Vera said. "Our leaders, they must have an idea how to deal with Bane."

Outside of the door, Harry listened to the argument. He looked at Sara who stood by himself. Talia and Nyssa were off elsewhere in the temple.

"So, what do you think?" Sara asked.

"I think both sides have their points," Harry replied. "Bane's going to come, so I think it might have been a good idea to bring the fight to Bane, but also wait until he's right outside of the gates so we can spring some kind of trap on them."

"So, best of both worlds?" Sara asked.

"We hoped to impart that on them."

Isabelle made her way down the hallway. She dressed in elegant robes instead of her usual nude state, even if she struggled to find shame in the naked human form. She dressed in white robes with a green crest on it. Anya and Vanessa turned up beside them.

"Yes, they are loyal to the cause, but they'll rip each other apart just as much as they will rip apart their enemies," Anya said with a sigh in confirmation. "They are very dedicated though, almost too dedicated."

"They have lasted when many have fallen," Vanessa said. "Do you think you can come with us, great one….."

"Harry," Isabelle corrected her sister. "Remember, if we ever are freed from the temple, we're going to have to respect his wishes to be called by his human name."

"Yeah, and we also have to wear clothes," Anya said. She pulled a face in response. "I don't know how humans can stand to wear these things, they're not exactly the most comfortable thing in the world."

'That wasn't the first time they've made a comment which makes me think they're less than human,' Sara thought. 'To be fair, they're pretty divine....beautiful as well. Kind of eerie, but beautiful.'

"Do, you think you could give us the honor?" Isabelle asked.

Harry extended his arm and Isabelle took his right arm. Anya took his left arm and that left Vanessa out in the cold. The quartet made their way down the hallway and walked around the corner.

"So, what did you want to show me?" Harry asked.

"Our Queen...our sister," Isabelle said.

"Oh, is she like you?" Harry asked.

"Well, kind of, but not really," Vanessa said. "You might have guessed we're not completely
human. We were born as snakes, but our sister, lonely for playmates when she was younger, performed a very powerful bit of magic which gave us human qualities."

Harry nodded in response, that was some very impressive magic, to be honest.

"We grew up with her, and we supported her when you….you met her and gifted her with one of the medallions," Isabelle said. "Which I guess hasn't happened from your perspective."

Anya answered with a groan and gave a sidelong look at her sister.

"You just have to bring up the time travel thing, didn't you?" Anya asked. "It makes my head spin."

"Well, to be fair, it doesn't take much for you," Vanessa said.

Anya gave her sister one of those sidelong dirty looks. Harry cleared his throat and all three of the sisters managed to get back in life.

"Your sister turned you from snakes into actual human beings," Harry remarked. "That's amazing…..do you still have….."

"Well, we won't bite," Anya said. She lightly squeezed Harry from behind and pulled back when he gave her the look. "Unless you really want us to."

Isabelle cleared her throat and Anya pulled back. The eldest of the three, she took a role of responsibility and leadership, especially since her sister had disappeared. They crossed the doorways with the crest of their family superimposed on it.

Harry came face to face with a statue of a beautiful blonde woman with shiny blue eyes. She dressed in robes similar to her sisters, only they were blue, with a red "S" on the crest on it. Harry smiled, and he could feel a pull towards her.

"The White Canary has been resurrected," Isabelle said. "Therefore our sister has been reborn in a new vessel as well."

"I will be able to use the medallion to locate her if she has been born yet," Harry said.

"Oh, she's been born, I can feel her," Isabelle said. "I can feel my sister, she's out there. I can reach out and touch her, just with a little more effort."

Isabelle closed her eyes and took in a deep breath in response. The only person who could locate her sister stood before her. Isabelle's confidence he could succeed reached a fever pitch.

"You will find her," Isabelle said. "And together, you can free us from this confinement."

"And remember, our sister pledged us to you as a token of your greatness," Vanessa said. "Therefore, anything you want from us, you don't even need to ask."

All three sisters looked about ready to drop their robes. Unfortunately, a frantic set of footsteps coming from the other side caused whatever fun the heralds wanted to have with Harry would have to wait. Astoria moved through the doors and almost dropped forward onto her knees. She leaned down towards them.

"Bane is here, and he's not alone," Astoria said. "I see them, ghosts."

"So, Bane and HIVE work together," Isabelle said.
"Just point me to him," Harry said.

Nyssa's point about HIVE being nothing but glorified cockroaches resounded in Harry's eye. He waved his hand and was in battle armor with the sword strapped to his back in a matter of seconds.

Bane waited for the first flank to step into the picture. Those men would go in and assess the situation. They would see what they were going up against. Two of the men up to the front held a battering ramp which flashed with several strange runes carved into it.

'Tonight, no one turns back, until we either succeed or perish,' Bane thought.

A loud bang echoes and almost bombarded the gate. The gate rocked and energy swam in the hinges of the gate. The goons moved back and swung the battering ram, slamming it against the gate hard. It cracked against the gate and rocked on the hinges.

"We have some headway," Bane told his men. "Keep hammering the gates. Do not step back by any means."

Another slam of the super reinforced battering ram hit the gates. One more slam activated a pulse of energy from the gate. The energy bombarded the battering ram and flashed against them. Tight bandages wrapped around the men and drained the fluids from their body. They dropped down onto the ground injured.

Bane stepped over the men and walked over the two of them. The man in question bent down over the men and tested them for something.

"First defenses have been activated," Bane remarked. "Keep going."

One arrow pierced a man off to the side. Bane turned around from one side to the other side, and then peered down off to the side. A figure wearing a green hood disappeared into the distance. Bane watched when one of the goons dropped down to the ground.

A figure clad in black moved behind three more men. She retracted a blade from up her sleeve and aimed it towards the chest of an adversary. The blade caught her enemy square in the chest and doubled over.

Bane stepped back and watched everything unfold. He would pick his moment shortly. At least one of the daughters of Ra's al Ghul turned up, but they did not matter. Bane had the perfect means to attack them.

Talia stepped back a few inches and dodged the blade from one of the ninjas. Another ninja tried to take her down. An arrow caught the ninja directly in the back of the leg. Talia snapped off a vicious kick and dropped her adversary down to the ground.

'Keep focused,' Talia reminded herself.

Copperhead jumped into the picture in front of Talia.

"This time, I'll make sure you stay in the ground," Copperhead said.

Daphne blasted Copperhead in the back of the head. She flipped over and landed onto the ground. She motioned for her followers to move over.

"Enough," Daphne said.
A barrier formed and the rest of Copperhead's traitorous followers slammed against it. Vega and Lucretia dropped down and bombarded them with a blast of light which rendered them completely unconscious.

"You won't take me!" Copperhead shouted in a violent hiss.

She tried to sink her fangs into Daphne's neck in a blink of an eye. Daphne, prepared for this attack, applied a counteragent to her neck before heading out to battle. Copperhead's own poison paralyzed her temporarily and dropped her down to the ground.

"I told you enough," Daphne said.

"Well, we got her bagged up at least," Lucretia said.

Nyssa dodged the swords and disarmed one of the HIVE members. One of them flashed behind her. Nyssa swung the blade and he flashed out of the way to dodge the blade. Another flash brought the HIVE goon out of the way. Nyssa stabbed through the air and hit nothing of note.

'Three, two, one,' Nyssa thought.

Nyssa spun around and slammed the blade into the stomach of her adversary when he teleported in. The gagging sound followed and blood poured from his mouth.

Bane drew a sword and rushed towards Nyssa. The large man knocked the Daughter of the Demon back a few steps. Nyssa turned around and engaged Bane with a battle. She matched him steel for steel, blade for blade, shot for shot. Both parties would not back up from the other.

Nyssa pushed back against Bane to stagger the larger mercenary.

"Skilled, but…"

An electrified land mine forced Nyssa to take some separation from Bane. Three of Bane's larger mercenaries crowded Nyssa. The Daughter of the Demon knocked one of them into an electrified land mine.

The gates burst open and Bane raised his hands in triumph. He stepped forward to claim his prize.

A bombardment of energy to the chest denied him. Bane flipped head over heels and stuck the landing down on the ground. He sank into the rock and slowly pulled himself up to a standing position.

He came face to face with the Dragon. The Dragon carried the sword which could either empower him or lead to his destruction, depending on what legend you believed. Bane held a blade in his hand and charged him.

"So, you live," Bane said. "I've been waiting my entire life to bring you down!"

Harry blocked two of Bane's well-placed sword swings, and came underneath him. Harry blew the ground up underneath Bane and forced him to retreat.

"Your road to my temple stops here, Bane."

One more bolt of white light caught Bane flush on the midsection. He pulled himself to his feet and watched his men drop around him.

"Enough."
Bane pressed the button through his overcoat. His muscles swelled up and his overcoat ripped open. Bane growled when rising up to a standing position, a more hulking version of himself.

Harry propelled a bolt of magic energy at Bane's chest. It connected to him like a spitball off of a brick wall. The attack only served to make Bane angrier.

'Well, that's inconvenient.'

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To Be Continued on April 30th, 2017.

Until next Sunday.
Anger spread through the body of Bane. Two distinct magical assaults were not enough to take him down. Harry looked over and caught a glimpse of Bane turning his attention towards him. Harry flashed out of the way with Bane coming an inch away from taking his head off.

Bane smashed his fist down onto the ground and caused a miniature explosion when he slammed himself fist first into the ground. In a blink of an eye, Harry flashed from behind Bane. He withdrew two amplified daggers and threw them with as much force as possible. The daggers caught Bane in the chest but only caused him to stagger back an inch.

Astoria flipped herself into the air and pulled out a dagger with a snakeskin handle on it. She slammed the blade of the dagger into Bane's chest. The dagger warped against the chest of the muscled up man. Astoria dodged the swing from bane, with Lucretia dragging her out of the way.

Vega rapid fired daggers into Bane's chest. Each of them bounced off of his chest and he charged forward. Daphne caught Bane running and forced him to flip over and land on the ground. Bane smashed against a concrete enclosure.

Daphne, Vega, and Lucretia blasted Bane and tried to hold him down onto the ground. The strength of the man only increased the more pressure they put on him. Bane's loud roar echoed around the area. He swung towards Daphne who just narrowly avoided having her head taken off from a wild swing.

"I don't understand this!" Daphne managed.

"Watch your head if you want to keep it!"

Seconds after Lucretia's warning came Bane's fist in an honest attempt to cave in Daphne's face. Daphne flashed out of the way a blink of an eye later and avoided getting Bane's fist smashed into her face. She dropped down behind him and aimed a cutting spell at one of the tubes feeding into his back.

Bane turned and allowed the spell to strike him in the shoulder. The energy swelled around him and just made Bane grow even larger. His body thickened up, with veins pulsing, and eyes bulging. The man raised his hands in the air.

Harry transported one of the mines a mercenary dropped down directly underneath Bane. Detonation occurred with the mine launching Bane halfway up into the air and sending him crashing down onto the ground. Bane rolled up to his feet and pulled something out of his belt.

A small metal object rolled out of his hand and released an energy dome, blocking their progress to the temple. Daphne acted like she was going to teleport on through. Harry grabbed her by the arm to prevent her from doing so.

"It will rip you apart if you go through," Harry said.

"Right, I….I knew that," Daphne answered, responding with a shake of her head. "What did he inject himself with anyway?"
Talia moved over. She took one of the larger and more frustrating mercenaries down with a huge forearm smash driven down onto the back of the man's head. She pulled back and wiped a small amount of blood off of her lips. Nyssa gave her a sidelong glance. Talia threw her shoulders back in an attempt to motion that she was fine.

"They call it Venom, it is supposed to amplify the strength and resistance of an enemy," Talia said. "But, it's not supposed to make them immune to all magical attacks."

Harry took a moment to lean down and study the orb Bane dropped. He already slipped into the temple.

"We have more defenses inside," Daphne explained. "But, exactly how long they're going to hold, I don't really know."

One nod showed Harry understood where she was coming from. He locked eyes onto the orb on the ground and started to study it. He turned around a second later to see Daphne and Astoria drag a bound figure. Copperhead looked rather dazed and confused.

"Maybe she'll be able to tell you what you wish to know, Great One," Astoria offered.

Harry thought it was just about as well. All things considered, he had no idea what he was banking on. He leaned down towards Copperhead, and force the woman to stand. She just barely acknowledged Harry's presence when looking at her.

"I know you can hear me, and I know you will answer me," Harry said. "Am I correct on both of those accounts?"

Copperhead's tongue flickered a moment later and she hissed in response. "Yes, you're right, no matter how much I wish to fight it…..I have to tell you anything."

"You don't want to fight it, really," Harry said. "You've been just fed a spoonful of lies by HIVE and by Bane….."

Most of Bane's mercenaries already retreated from the area or had been rendered unconscious. As for HIVE, they were always a pain to deal with under the best circumstances.

"They are not lies!" Copperhead managed.

"Are they?" Harry asked. "Can you tell me whether or not you were one hundred percent on board with Bane? Did you really think you would have a better life? Or were you just going for one master to another."

Copperhead's eye twitched. He spoke in not only her native tongue but also in a very compelling voice which caused her to snap forward to face him.

"He has received new and improved Venom from HIVE," Copperhead said. "There is but one weakness to it, but I don't know what it is. I glimpsed the note HIVE sent to him before he ushered me away."

Harry could tell there was a slight bit more going on than met the eye with Copperhead. He looked her straight in the eye and she could not go away.

"You can disable the force field by overcharging it with more than a sufficient amount of energy," Copperhead said. "Bane will not rest until he receives the medallion…and enslaves the three Heralds. HIVE wants their power as well…and I believe they may intend to turn on Bane."
"Naturally," Talia said.

"We're wasting time," Daphne said. "I saw a weakness on him, and…"

Harry brought out the sword and stabbed the sphere with it. The energy amplified until the item burned out and had been reduced to a smoldering pile of ashes. Very few could pull that one off and even with the enhanced ability of the amulet, Harry had been slightly winded.

"Are you alright?" Daphne asked.

"Not pleasant, but I'm durable," Harry said. "Let's go."

Visions of great power seduced all but the strongest of men. Bane had spent most of his life living in darkness and living in decay, trying to gather strength. He rose up out of that hell not be driven back down by a powerful force, but to rise even further himself.

'Closer,'

Rage motivated Bane and also a thirst for power. He stepped inside of the temple and looked around. The statues of the heralds lined up against the wall. Soon they would be little more than servants, play toys for Bane to do with as he wished, whenever he wished. He could hardly wait to bend them at his feet and make them suffer.

'Forward, it's close, I can feel it.'

Bane placed a hand on the wall and could feel the stones about ready to part. One huge fist smashed through the edge of the wall.

The large masked mercenary came across the statue of the Queen. She looked down upon all who worshiped her with a smile on her face. Heroic, and ultimately foolish, Bane paid the Queen no mind. The presence of his statue just meant he grew ever closer.

"Finally," Bane growled even deeper.

Bane swung back and smashed into the wall. The wall resisted Bane's continued and effortless smashing. He slammed it deep against the wall and buried his knuckles until them. Blood oozed from Bane's knuckles, something which should not have happened given the super powered venom pumping through his veins.

One turn of the dial fixed Bane's problems and pumped more into his body. He threw his arms back and rammed them directly into the side of the temple. Everything cracked on either side. Bane growled and pulled his arms back and slammed them into the temple once more. His fists did the vast majority of the talking, slamming into the temple all of the way.

"Closer!" Bane howled at the top of his lungs.

Closer he came and closer he went, smashing his way through the temples. Bane's knuckles grew swollen from ramming themselves into the temple. He drew in a deep breath and reared back his hand one more time. Bane planted it into the side of the temple where it connected with a solid crack.

The stone's parted ways and allowed Bane to step into a long corridor. Several markings in the native language of the tribe glistened in the wall. Bane's bloodied knuckles healed over, only dried blood now when he pushed himself further into the temple. Bane stepped further into the temple
and lifted his head up. Sensations entered his body, and he moved forward.

"Typical hiding place," Bane growled.

Those last few words came out of his mouth when he pounded against the wall. The snakes on the wall parted when they had been smashed in blood.

Bane came eye to eye with the medallion, with the simple carvings of snakes etched into it. The mercenary reached out and grabbed the medallion.

The medallion passed through his fingers and flickered out in the distance. Three voices laughed in unison.

"Did you really think we would keep a medallion in such an obvious hiding spot? Anya taunted him.

"They say he's a tactical schemer, a genius, but I think the venom seeping into his brain made him not as bright as he could have been," Isabelle said.

Bane listened for the sound of the voices. He moved off to one side, only to run headlong into something. A containment field trapped him and prevented further movement. Bane growled when pushing his way through the containment field.

"You can't stop me!" Bane yelled.

Bane reached over, back to an old vice, back to cranking up the Venom as much as possible. The venom pumped its way into Bane's veins and caused them to expand. He placed his hands on either side of the wall and brought it down. The rocks falling all around him disabled the containment field.

"Not too bright of you, was it?"

Bane looked up just in time to see the Dragon flash in front of him in all of his glory. Bane grunted and ripped the rocks from him.

"I'm stronger!" Bane yelled.

"And not smarter either," Harry said. "Can't say you were too bright making a deal with HIVE, given how they use people and spit them out. You're nothing but a high-powered drone, and every time you dose yourself with Venom, it slowly strips away your intelligence."

Not time for conversation, Harry figured, and sure enough, Bane proved him right. Bane tried to land a very violent punch to the side of his enemy's head. Harry bobbed out of the way and noticed the punch sailing over the top of Harry's head, smacking up against the wall.

Bane pulled away and rushed. Harry lured Bane out into the open, while also giving him enough cover. Bane looked bulking and it was hard for him to maneuver around the corner quick enough to grab Harry.

'Keep his hands off of me, because magic or not, he could crush my throat.'

Harry intended for that not to happen. He avoided Bane when Bane reached out. The trap he set caused the ground to explode underneath Bane and force him to drop into a dungeon area of the temple.
Bane popped up just in time to see Harry Potter come down and double stomp him on his chest. He gagged from the impact coming off of him. Harry slid back and motioned for Bane to come back at him. Harry dodged the attack and rapid fire a swing from the dagger.

The dagger partially sliced one of the tubes feeding the Venom into Bane. Instinctively, Bane reached for the tube which spilled out. Harry took advantage of this instinct, by destroying the second feeder tube with a concussive blast. Bane thrashed in agony, and Harry disrupted the feeding mechanism as well.

The final tube inside of Bane overloaded with Venom and threatened to cause his body to swell up. The energy surrounding him was just too much. Bane threw his head back and gave an agonizing scream.

Harry stabbed him in the back of the neck and blood, along with green serum, splashed out of him. He would survive the attack due to the residue immunity. Despite the survival, Bane most certainly would be feeling that one for quite some time.

Those loud screams echoed throughout the area. Bane's body expanded for at least twice its normal length. He resembled a candle which had been lit extremely hot and burned out extremely fast. Bane's screams echoed through the area around him.

Bane's body snapped back, he slid and dropped down to the ground. Bane pressed both hands onto the top of his head, agonizing. The burning energy flared through Bane's body as he slowly, but surely, faded into a husk of a man. Bane's fingers twitched when dropping down onto the ground.

Anya, Isabelle, and Vanessa flashed into the temple. The stunted, once proud mercenary, shivered on the ground. It had been the weakest he had ever been in a very long. Bane's fingers twitched a second later before the man faded.

"No, I was so close," Bane managed in the weakened tone of voice.

"Actually, you weren't," Isabelle said. "The thought counted, though."

She blasted Bane down with one little bolt of magic which caused his cells to degenerate even further. She kept him in a stasis field to prevent his mind from degenerating alongside the rest of body.

"There's still one more thing we need to take care of," Isabelle commented.

All three of the heralds turned their attention to one side, only to notice their great leader having disappeared in a blink of an eye. All three of them smiled. They still had the problem regarding HIVE and it looked like their great leader had the right idea.

Ruve Darhk folded her arms off to her chest and waited. She watched from a distance and watched Bane step inside of the temple. He made his way for the medallion which would have been a great bargaining chip to achieve her goals. Unfortunately, Bane did not exit the temple very quickly and Ruve knew with each second having passed, she knew the chances of Bane leaving the temple either willingly or on his own accord, they were very limited.

"Should we wait any longer?" one of the HIVE members asked her.

"Give him a few moments longer," Ruve said.

Ruve did not get contact from the other HIVE representatives. They were still working on
retrieving her husband who had disappeared in a blink of an eye trying to retrieve the artifact to take down the Dragon in the Far East. Ruve's fingers lightly tapped around the contact information.

A figure swooped down from behind and stabbed one of the men in front of her on the side of the neck. The wound was fairly grisly, but not entirely lethal. Ruve took half of a step back and watched when the two nearest members dropped down onto the ground. The goons kept falling down onto the ground in a circle around the HIVE representative.

The dust cleared, and Ruve stepped back an inch. She ran into someone very solid. Slowly, her head turned around and stepped back, to go face to face with the one and only Dragon. The medallion swung out in front of her eyes, tantalizing her. Ruve knew better than many never to reach out and touch that medallion for the consequences could be Earth shattering.

"I have to say, you make an impression wherever you go," Ruve said a moment later. "And you're even more intriguing than the legends my husband obsesses on makes you out to be."

"Where is your husband?" Harry asked.

Ruve took a few seconds to consider his question and consider how much she was going to tell him. She did not fear looking him in the eyes because she had no deceit.

"My husband has not surfaced ever since his confrontation with you," Ruve said. "We both know better to consider him dead until there's a body."

"I think he still lives, but he's biding his time," Harry said.

"That much we can both agree about," Ruve answered. "I'm certain you're wondering the purpose of this mission. Why I teamed up with Bane? Why we attacked this Temple and attempted to liberate the amulet from it?"

"Those thoughts did cross my mind," Harry said.

"I have no doubt," Ruve said. "As you know, my husband is a part of a criminal organization known as HIVE, as I am. My power ranking is slightly above his, although he has the ambition to acquire more. And I do not hold any delusions what he might do if I stood in his way."

"Sounds like a pretty pleasant marriage," Harry said dryly.

Ruve answered with a shrug in response. "When you don't deal with the business regarding HIVE, it can be one. But, most of the time, we have our own goals, and we rarely cross them. The South American drug trade Bane is taking control of will replenish resources we've lost in the battle of the League of Assassins. Which, you've apparently aligned yourself with."

The woman took a moment to consider Harry.

"Unless you attempt to wrestle control of the League away from Ra's al Ghul," Ruve said. "Our goals are not too much different, Dragon. I wish for more power inside of HIVE, as there are those above me, and most certainly above my husband who would wish me harm if I stepped out of the lines they designated."

Only a moment passed before Harry nodded. Some kind of angle was being worked regarding what Ruve had planned. Harry just needed to figure out which angle she was working.

"HIVE is after power, but my husband is one small cog in a bigger machine," Ruve said. "And I don't think he has the ambition these days to take over HIVE. He's too fixated with powerful
trinkets and his plans to cleanse the world, to create a perfect life."

Harry just raised his eyebrow for a fraction of a second. Ruve very nearly descended to her knees before the Dragon, but stopped and pulled herself up to look him straight in the eye with respect and dignity.

"The League can be yours, and you can help eliminate several unsavory parties from HIVE," Ruve said. "And once I've taken control of HIVE, there will be no further aggressions against you. I swear on the head of my child I will not act against you."

"That's a very serious vow," Harry responded. "What about your husband?"

A moment passed a second and Ruve gave him a fraction of a smile. She leaned into Harry.

"What needs to be done, will be done," Ruve said. "We have a deal?"

Before Harry could answer, a dart impacted the side of her neck. The tranquilizer filled through Ruve's body and dropped her to the ground in one fell movement. A pair of boots was the last thing she saw before she blacked out into a state of unconsciousness.

"She told you what you expected?" Talia asked.

"Yes, Damien has a far bigger plan than getting an artifact which will destroy me, and there are others higher up the food chain in HIVE," Harry said.

"So, he portrays himself as a far greater threat," Talia said. "I would say that's a surprise, but I'm not."

Talia and Harry stooped down on the ground and made sure Ruve was held. She had plenty of information to give them, and given her status in HIVE and potential inside information regarding her husband, her value just increased tenfold.

"It goes without saying there's something she was keeping from me," Harry said.

No one involved had a doubt in their mind. For now, Ruve had to be contained for her own good, at least until they figured out their next move. And Harry had to talk to someone else.

Bane slumped against the wall of the chair. He could barely hold his head up and barely remain standing. His heart struggled to pump in a breath. An oxygen mask had been placed over his face which kept him alive. Two bracelets snapped him to the wall. Bane had seen better days for certain.

A figure appeared in the darkness in front of Bane. Bane took in a deep breath for a second. The oxygen tank just allowed him enough of a chance to draw in his breath and draw out his breath. The breathing continued when the form of the Dragon appeared in front of him.

"Savor your victory now," Bane managed. "For, there are those who will still hope to crush you."

Bane's voice sounded very garbled, almost modulated after the beating Harry gave to him. The venom did damage to his vocal cords. Those green eyes haunted him for several nights and would continue to haunt him for several more nights. They stood, fixated, and cold when staring Bane completely down. Bane's fingers twitched when trying to break free.

"You're just barely kept alive," Harry said. "You have information for me."

"Maybe, I do," Bane said. "HIVE set me up. As I expected, had it not been for your interference, I
would have had everything I needed from that temple."

Bane gagged when the oxygen burned his lungs. His nerve endings tingled and not in excitement either. Two eyes stared down at him as well.

"You would never have gotten close to the medallion," Harry said. "You had to be allowed inside so we can trap you. And now, you're in a hole deep underground. I hope you've figured out the gravity, and how you're not going to escape anytime soon."

"So, I'm in a hole deep underneath the ground. It would not have been the first one I've been able to escape from."

Just as he said those words, Bane tried to stand. Pain racked through her body. Those ligaments which held his legs together and allowed him to walk had been eroded away. He only could stand for a fraction of a second. Bane thumped down to the ground.

"Case in point," Harry said.

Bane slumped over and took a harsh breath out of his body.

"You're not getting out anytime soon, and I've shut down your operation, and rescued the borders around this temple," Harry said. "It's going to take a small army to breach the area around this temple."

"Oh, if he wants this temple, he will take it," Bane said. "He will be very interested in seeing how you survived and....."

Bane grunted when another stabbing pain came through his lungs. Harry waved his hand and there was fluid, build up for the venom constricted his air flow and prevented him from being able to breathe. Bane's burning agony increased when rocking through his body.

"Bane, stay with me," Harry told him.

A jolt of energy shot through Harry's hand and shook Bane's body. Bane quivered underneath the attack and he coughed up some fluid. Blood and green serum splattered onto the ground. Bane's eyes drooped over and he slumped down. The eyes were opened, but no one was home.

'Legimens,' Harry thought.

Harry tried to get into Bane's mind, but unfortunately, the damage of his brain tissue prevented him getting any thought patterns. You could not have gotten any thought patterns from a brain-dead man, and while Bane was not completely brain-dead, he had more than his fair share of damage.

'Damn it, just one stupid little thought, that's all I want,' Harry thought.

The throbbing in Bane's temples showed a very thick blockage in his mind. Harry tried to force the thoughts out of his mind, but nothing, nothing tangible had been pulled from the mind.

'His mind should shut down,' Harry thought.

'Can't you get anything from his mind?' Sara asked.

Harry took a moment to look into any areas of Bane's mind which were still functional. There were only areas still function which regulated basic functions like breathing, eating, and some coordination movements. Harry leaned closer towards Bane's eyes and tried to find something.
'Nothing, I only pulled out a few scattered thoughts,' Harry thought. 'Magic can do a lot, but this type of brain tissue damage, I don't think it's good.'

'Well, the village has been liberated at the very least,' Nyssa commented. 'Hopefully, we can keep them out. Especially when we have a pretty big bargaining chip as far as HIVE is concerned.'

Harry pulled back with a not so subtle nod. They had one of the biggest bargaining chips ever, Ruve Darhk, the wife of the lost Damien Darhk. Well lost, if he wasn't among the dried out husks which ARGUS pulled out of the temple to analyze.

To be honest, Harry knew better to consider someone dead until he saw confirmed proof. And he could not sense Darhk had gone on or he was still alive. Limbo meant alive as far as Harry was concerned. One could come back from Limbo. Hell one could come back from death if the right plays had been made.

'I'm heading back,' Harry thought.

Bane's eyes glazed over. His veins flared for a second which caused Harry pause. He made sure the rune stones which secured Bane in place held him. Once Harry determined he was secured, he turned around and walked off to leave the destroyed Bane to recover.

Harry stepped into the temple. He came face to face, or rather face to behind with Daphne Greengrass. Daphne bent over in a pair of tight yoga pants which stretched over her very firm backside. She stretched as much as possible and slowly turned around to face Harry with a very small smile on her face.

"Hello, great one," Daphne said. "Or Harry, isn't it when we're outside of the temple?"

Daphne looked for a second and moved over towards him. She had a few minutes alone with the Dragon and damn if Daphne would not make the most of it. Daphne stepped closer towards him.

"I hope you don't mind calling you Great One within the confines of this temple," Daphne said. "Because you are much more than a legend out there. I saw you up close and it was stunning. And inspiring as well."

"You and your team performed well out there," Harry said. "A team is only good as their leader though. And you've really stepped up. All you need was a little nudge."

A cheeky little smile spread over Daphne's face. She pushed closer towards Harry a moment. She dared put her hands down on Harry's side and looked him in the face.

"You've inspired me," Daphne said. "They chose me to lead this team."

"And you will lead with strength," Harry said. "All of them have their own strengths, don't they? You're going to have to find out how to use them to the best of your abilities."

Several seconds passed and Daphne looked up into the skylight. The moonlight inspired her for a few seconds. She wondered if she dared.

"Thank you," Daphne said. "It means a lot to me. And you helped us today. The village is now ours again and you will find our Queen once again. And the Three will finally be able to walk the world outside of the temple one more time."

She looked very excited. Harry met her dazzling eyes. Her body looked to be the pinnacle of
female beauty. She was older than Harry remembered from his time, but given the nature of the accelerated timeline he was in, it went without saying. Daphne moved a little bit closer towards Harry.

Before she closed the distance, the door swung open. Astoria made her way inside. She looked and saw her sister inches away from coming mouth to mouth with the Dragon.

"Yes, Astoria," Daphne said.

"Vega and Lucretia want your advice on what to do with Copperhead and her followers," Astoria said.

Daphne shook her head. She loved her sister, but she had some of the most abysmal timing possible.

"I'm more than fond of the slave collars," Astoria said. "I hope I have not offended you by taking my sister away from you, but this is an important matter that can't wait."

"Of course," Harry told her. "Take Daphne and get what you need."

Daphne's nerve had been lost along with the moment. Had Astoria been a few minutes later, she would have taken the plunge in more ways than one.

"Talia, Nyssa, you can come in," Harry said the moment the two Greengrass sisters left.

On the other side of the room, Nyssa and Talia stepped out of the shadows. A moment later, Sara came down the hallway and joined them.

"I'm guessing you were the victim of some pretty bad timing," Sara said.

"Maybe," Harry said.

"With all due respect, if she gets it right away, she won't be as loyal if she has to work hard for it," Talia said. "Nyssa waited her time and look where it got her."

A brief smile spread over Nyssa's face. She did not want to say she was the only one who waited long. Talia knew about the legends just as much as she did. Her loyalty to the Dragon was also very strong.

'And to think, he has brought us closer together, on a common ground,' Nyssa thought.

This very fact pleased Nyssa. Everything slowly came back together and soon a much better world would come to them.

"We have Ruve, and she's currently cooling her heels," Harry said.

"Might be very useful, if we can get her to talk," Sara offered, shrugging her shoulders in response.

"Oh, she'll talk," Talia said. "Give her enough time, and she'll talk."

Harry could tell from that look in Talia's eyes, she had a devious plan. He turned to Nyssa who responded with a shrug. Sara looked towards Harry and just leaned closer towards Harry.

'With a look like that, I'm glad we're on the same side,' Sara said.

Harry always knew a presence was around him. He looked towards Talia and agreed. It would be
much better to have Nyssa and Talia as enemies, other than allies. Especially given it opened up the door for several other possibilities.

"So are you going to pay her a visit?" Sara asked.

"Let her wait," Harry said.

Anticipation bread character and Harry knew the more he made her wait, the more things would be easier to sway her to give him the information he wanted her to give.

'If she actually can be trained to be a loyal pet, that will be very useful,' Nyssa thought.

To Be Continued on May 7th, 2017.
Cold Fury

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Cold Fury.

Bitter cold air blew through the area around them. Liv held her head back. Even when wearing heavy tactical gear, she felt extremely cold. Holly's flippant comment about bundling up when heading to Russia was not lost on her. She had never entered these harsh conditions. She had been more than used to a life of privilege and one of comfort. Now, this comfort was something she lacked and the chills continued to blow down her spine.

'Well, at least the two hardened government agents aren't faring that much better,' Liv thought.

She took a few seconds to look around. One wrong move and everything could be coming down on them. She motioned herself to climb up the mountain. Holly stood ahead of her and Nym stood behind her. Nym had the ability to warm herself up using magic at least.

"No wonder people use this town as a prison," Nym said. "It's a place where people have their hopes go to die."

"Yes, I realize that," Holly said. "Just keep your head up. We're almost there."

Mentally, Holly cursed out the name of Amanda Waller for what she had been forced to do. It was important if this mystic item had been in the hands of a very dangerous man. If it wasn't, well he was still doing something very illegal. Several people went missing as well when they had been taken overseas.

Holly made her way to the top of the mountain. The rocks slickened underneath her feet when moving up from the mountain. Holly's eyes flashed forward towards the mountain. She turned around and grabbed the rope to yank Liv up to the mountain.

"Watch your step," Holly said. "It's pretty slick on your way up."

No sooner did these words come out of Holly's mouth, Liv's foot slipped a slight bit down the mountain. Holly snapped her hands forward to grab onto the rope and prevent her from falling several hundred thousand feet to an untimely demise.

"What did I just get through saying?" Holly asked.

Liv adjusted her footing. Her legs ached from the cold. Nym stepped onto the top of the mountain. They made their way out of the danger zone. On the top of the mountain rested a cave.

"Look," Nym said.

All of their eyes landed on the area leading into the temple. Nym swallowed a huge lump in her throat at the carvings on the wall. Holly did not look much better when she looked at them.

"It looks like some kind of marking," Liv said.

"Yes, I'm aware," Holly said. "Mystical runes which resemble a spider…and I'm sure if we venture further into the cave, we might find some kind of mystical spider totem in there."

"Please tell me we don't have to go in there and fight giant spiders again," Nym said.
Liv took a moment to raise an eyebrow. Her eyes snapped around and looked Nym right in the eyes. "What do you mean, again?"

Holly shook her head. The two of them were a bundle of nerves, and to be honest, after the last time she ran headlong with a spider totem, Holly was not too particularly thrilled either. She made her way into the cave. The crackling of embers elsewhere in the cave forced Holly to stop headlong. She craned her neck back to one side and then craned in forward.

"Please don't be a giant spider goddess again," Nym whispered.

Holly kept her head turning around. She almost got whiplash when she brought it back around in the corner. One thought came into her mind when she heard the crackling of the fire, low voices, and then footsteps start up and stop up again.

"We can only be so lucky," Holly said. "Someone is here, someone beat us to the cave…and someone is already looking for the medallion….well at least we know he doesn't have his hands on the medallion yet."

"Maybe he doesn't have his hands on the medallion, but he knows where it is," Nym said.

Liv did a full three hundred and sixty degree look around the cave. Nothing popped out from around the corner which put her at ease, a little bit. She then turned around when two men approached them. One of them held a flashlight and the other held something in his hand.

"A helicopter came in here a few hours ago, Kovar wants anyone snooping around to be taken care of," the leader of the man said in a gruff voice. "And I don't even have to tell you what it means when we take care of someone around here, do you?"

"No, does it look like I was born yesterday?" the lead goon asked. "I'll just blow them away. Anyone who comes here, I'm game for it."

Liv took in a deep breath. She reached over and pulled out her bow to aim at the adversary. Nym put her hand up to block the attack as if tell her not to jump the gun. Liv grew increasingly flustered about the inability to be able to do anything.

Off out of the corner of her eye, Liv caught sight of Holly sliding her hand up to her side and pulling out a gun. A loud crack echoed from behind them and something started to move on the wall. The markings on the cave lit up around them and bathed them with light, light where the men roaming the cave would have to see.

'I really fucking hate magic sometimes,' Holly groaned.

One of the men turned around and Holly, as she always tended to do, shot first and maybe asked questions if she felt like it. The bullet connected to the man's chest and dropped him down to the ground. Another man reached behind him and hurled out a flash bang grenade which dropped down to the ground and caused smoke to fill the air around them.

"Liv, distraction!" Nym yelled.

Liv fired an arrow upwards and connected to send the rocks down. The three girls made their way into the cave. They turned around to see several more men standing at the side of the cave. They all pointed guns at the girls. Nym whipped her hand and caused the guns to backfire to take three of the men back.

"This isn't what I quite had in mind!" Holly yelled. "You know, we were supposed to go and find
"Out information and not get into a firefight."

"You know what they say about the best-laid plans," Nym responded. "We need to find a way out of here and fast before we get captured, tortured, and....."

"Kovar knows we're here," Holly said. "We're not getting out of this alive."

"I can't believe I have to be the sane one here," Liv said.

She took careful aim and shot an arrow into the air. One of the men had been nailed with an arrow. He dropped to the ground and allowed Liv to run over him. Holly and Nym followed several feet behind the archer.

"Do you have any idea where we're going?" Holly said.

"If we have any kind of luck, a way out of this death trap," Liv said. "There's running water.....I don't know why there would be running water in the middle of a Russian winter. Wouldn't it all be frozen over or something?"

"I'll spare you the obvious answer," Nym said.

"We thank you," Holly said.

Holly pushed open the walls and they made their way into what appeared to be some kind of city or something. It was very hard to tell at this point when they got inside. Those rocks did not look like they would hold their weight for much longer.

"We go out the same we come in if we go that way," Nym said.

Dynamite blew up the wall and several men came out through the dust. The three women held their respective weapons to defend themselves. The leader of the crew stepped towards them with a very sadistic look dancing in his eyes. He enjoyed people who squirmed and could not defend themselves.

"End of the line for you," the leader said.

'O, Morgana, I'm going to have to leave this way,' Nym thought.

Nym rocked the ground underneath him. The rocks the men climbed onto started to crumble, and it caused them to retreat further into the tunnel.

"Good, you scared them away," Holly said. "Not good, we're going to die!"

Holly took in a deep breath and made a mental note that when they got out of this, she was going to kill Nymphadora Tonks. That seemed to be the one way to balance the scales. Nothing else would get balanced with the ground rocking around her. The three of them slid off of the rocks and they slid deep underneath the cave.

"I have no idea where we're heading," Nym said.

Nym's heart started to race. She would not have been able to teleport out. Hell, if it was that easy, they would not have gone into the Russian wilderness in the way they had. They slid down the jagged rock slides.

Holly dropped down to the ground first. Nym followed her, dropping down on the ground. Liv flipped down completely onto the other end of the ground. She pulled herself up and made a
movement to join her companions.

Falling rocks shot down into the underground tunnels of the caves. They began to form a barrier to block any forward movement. Nym dropped down onto the ground.

"Liv!" Nym yelled. "If you can hear me, we're going to dig you out, okay?"

"You're not digging her out with magic," Holly said. "Trust me, that's caused enough problems….we're going to have to find another way around and hope she's in one piece."

Nym did not have it in her to protest to be perfectly honest. They were very lucky not to get crushed. Hopefully, they were just blocked and Liv did not get buried alive under several tons of broken rock. Nym pushed her ear piece in and tried to get it to work.

"And to add to the fun, we're cut off from ARGUS headquarters," Nym said. "The day just keeps getting better and better, doesn't it?"

Harry stepped into the central room of the temple. His attempts to gain information from Bane were a no go. His brain had been temporarily damaged by the venom. Whether or not that damage would be repaired in time, Harry did not know. All he could do was take several deep breaths and calm himself down.

'You haven't talked to her yet?' Sara asked. 'Not that I mean to rush you, but I'm surprised you haven't talked to Ruve yet.'

Harry took a second to smile and stretch out. Talia told him this room had a certain aura to it which caused people to relax and Harry would have been lying if he was glad she was right. He was able to clear his head and most importantly, figure out what his next move was going to be.

'She's very attractive when she's not in raging bitch mode,' Sara thought. 'Can't believe a weasel like Damien Darhk would get someone like that.'

'Well, she pretty much all but stated it was a very political marriage,' Harry thought. 'There's a lot about HIVE which seems very political.'

Harry took a couple of deep breaths. He stripped off his shirt and pants already and wore nothing other than his undershorts. He sat with his legs crossed on the rocks leading out to a bubbling pool. Breath in, breath out, and remain calm, Harry figured out the game by now.

'That's for sure,' Sara agreed. 'It's your play though. You're the omniscient Dragon god.'

'Yeah, but you're the reincarnation of the White Canary goddess,' Harry said.

Sara could barely hide the smile. 'Until we find that medallion, that hasn't been proven. That could be a coincidence, and yes I'm aware you don't believe in them.'

'Good to see you know them,' Harry said. 'I'm inclined to leave Ruve stew in her own juices. I might give her to Nyssa and Talia to play with.'

Some amusement came through Sara's tone when she laughed over the bond link. It took a couple of moments for her to calm down and talk in a calm and rational manner.

'Well, I think both of them would enjoy that, maybe a bit too much,' Sara thought. 'You're going to let her stew in her own juices, just like you're going to let the lovely Ms. Greengrass and her
companions stew in their own juices. And you can make women make a lot of juices."

Harry just smiled. He could smell something in the air behind him. It was a sweet, citrus scent which came through the air. Harry turned around and came face to face with Anya who wore a short green dress. It came down to her ties and showed her juicy thighs. She did not wear any underwear when moving towards him.

"Hello, Harry," she said with a smile. "Are you enjoying your rest?"

"Yes," Harry said. "I always enjoyed resting."

Anya reached into a bag and pulled out a bottle of lotion. She squirted the lotion onto her hand.

"This relaxes you even more," Anya said. "Trust me, the oils cause your muscles to get loosened, relaxed...well, most of your muscles. Some of the lotions strengthen other muscles."

The redhead climbed behind him and leaned against him. Her hands, cupped in lotion, rubbed over the back of Harry's neck. She rubbed the lotion, feeling of Harry's chest. The toned muscles burned underneath her hands. Anya leaned in and kissed him on the back of the neck.

"Anya," Harry groaned.

"Don't worry, I'll make you feel really good."

Anya's light fingers caressed Harry's abdomen area. Her fingers caressed Harry through his shorts and pushed her fingers through the edge of the pants.

"You started without us?"

Vanessa made her way into the room. She dropped the red dress she wore down to the ground. The dark-haired beauty sauntered towards Harry naked as the day she had been created. Her soft looking olive complexion brought Harry's gaze towards her.

"You two are always so slow," Anya said.

Isabelle stepped into the room. The blonde stepped into the room and Harry's mind had been blown. Her perky breasts, round and supple stuck out, with juicy little nipples. Her stomach was completely toned without an ounce of fat on her abdomen. Her ass curved out wide and the moment she straddled Harry's lap, Harry reached behind to feel it. He also brushed his fingers down her soft, long legs. Beautiful when they squeezed his waist. Isabelle rocked her hips back onto him ever so slightly.

"Let us thank you," Isabelle said.

Harry grabbed the back of the gorgeous goddess's head and kissed her on the lips. Her tongue danced around the back the back of his throat. She rose up enough to allow her sisters to strip Harry's boxer shorts completely off.

Isabelle slid back and moved down to join her sisters, at the prize before them.

Twelve inches of handsome meat stuck up into the air. Anya looked at the meat eyes widened and lips moistened. The redhead sister's breathing increased. Nipples poked out to be caressed by the air in a very amazing way.

"Oh, I want that, so badly!"
Isabelle grabbed ahold of Anya's hair and forced Anya to turn around. Vanessa offered a smile but received a similar reprimanding look from her older sister.

"We must share him," Isabelle said.

"Ladies, there's more than enough to go around," Harry said.

Vanessa gave a shifty little grin in response. "Well, that's obvious."

One firm tug of Harry's shaft resulted in a very naughty smile on the face of Vanessa. She slowly gripped Harry at the base of his cock and increased the grip. A huge pop caused the already sizable organ to swell even more. Vanessa's tongue swirled around the tip of the head.

"My turn."

Anya moved in and planted a series of hungry kisses all along the length. She started back at the head and kissed all the way down to the base. When done, Anya slid down and wrapped her lips around Harry's right testicle. She sucked him hard, pleasure swimming through her eyes.

"Mmm," Anya breathed hungrily.

"Yes, indeed," Isabelle answered a second or so later. "I'm going to take this big, throbbing cock so deep in my mouth I'm going to choke on it."

Harry grabbed the silky blonde hair and Isabelle moved further towards Harry. Harry's hard prick stretched forward and had been surrounded by so much of that silky, warm mouth. Isabelle's lips moved down to caress. She pulled back and pushed down onto him. The beautiful blonde bobbed up and down.

Anya, Vanessa, and Isabelle did a three prong attack on Harry's manhood. Throbbing cock and balls received a full course pleasure. Vanessa sucked Harry's right ball and Anya sucked Harry's left ball. Isabelle's tongue slowly wrapped around the length and vibrated.

"Shit, that feels so good!" Harry groaned.

Harry pushed deep into Isabelle's mouth. The oldest of the three, the blonde, gave Harry a very amazing Parseltongue blowjob. She accelerated the pleasure spiking through Harry's body. Vanessa switched off and was a bit more greedy than Isabelle, who was slow and sensual.

Anya waited for the moment she could jump in very impatiently. Heat rose through the body of the woman, amazing given she was by nature cold blooded. Of course, magic caused many conventions of science to be thrown completely into question.

Isabelle's finger shoved deep inside Anya and made the girl snap up. The redhead bucked up hips first to feel the blonde moving around inside her pussy.

"Make sure to behave yourself," Isabelle said.

Harry grabbed the back of Vanessa's head. The girl took cock like a pro. Every inch pushed into the back of woman's throat when sucking Harry off. That vibrating tongue caused tingles to spread through Harry's loins, the deeper he pushed into Vanessa's waiting mouth. Her throat clenched Harry when pushing deep inside.

A good taste of throbbing cock made Vanessa very excited. Vanessa grabbed onto the back of the young man and pushed more cock inside. She sped up a little bit and slowed down when needed.
Harry's hands guiding the middle sister's speed made things feel really good.

Suddenly, Vanessa pulled back. Anya nearly dove deep onto Harry's cock and grabbed him around the back. The very eager redhead went down onto Harry's cock.

"Damn, you must have really wanted this."

Those vibrant brown eyes looked up at Harry to show the man of their dreams, yes, she did want this very a very long time. Anya craved one thing above all else, and that was cock, or to be more specific, the cock of the Dragon. Aptly named in many ways, given how thick and juicy this phallus which her lips firmly wrapped around was. Harry grabbed the back of Anya's head and shoved more manhood down into her throat than Anya ever thought possible.

Anya took the cock deeper into her throat, hungrily sucking on Harry. Harry pushed more of this throbbing hard manhood deep into Anya's waiting throat. The warm throat clenched around Harry and released it.

"If you get it, you better share," Isabelle said.

Isabelle moved over to climb into a slinky embrace with Vanessa. The two of them locked lips with each other and their tongues danced together. Passion and hunger increased. Vanessa tried to beat Isabelle's tongue. The woman knew what turned the younger one on. Vanessa succumbed very quickly.

"You were born to suck cock," Harry told Anya. "My cock and I can't wait to have my slutty little snake choke on my cock."

Anya slurped Harry's manhood as hard as possible. The sultry redhead kept bringing Harry's length into the depths of her throat. The tightness around Harry's cock constricted.

"Shove your cock into the slut's mouth!" Vanessa screamed.

Anya could not really protest about being called a slut. The proof was at hand, and the cock was in her mouth. Really, nothing to argue. Harry's balls, bloating with cum slapped Anya in the face with a repeated momentum. Harry's fingers caressed the back of Anya's head.

"Just a little bit further, and I'll have you choking on my cum."

Isabelle buried face first down between Vanessa's tanned and toned thighs. Caressing, licking, sucking, a full court attack drove Vanessa to fits of pleasure. No matter how many times Isabelle went down on Vanessa, it always was like the first time. The blonde's oral talents showcased themselves as second to none.

"Fuck!" Vanessa yelled.

Sounds of flesh slapping against bone continued off to one side. Harry kept ramming his thick tool deep into the depths of Anya's throat. His nails dug into the back of the head of the succulent snake goddess. Anya took Harry deep into her gullet.

"Here it comes."

Anya opened wide to get a creamy surprise. The warm cum rushed out as a flood into her throat. Harry held on tight and slammed deeper into Anya's mouth. He slid back and down into him.

The constant barrage of thrusting emptied Harry's balls into Anya's overflowing mouth. He tugged
on the red goddess's locks and jammed deep and fast to fill up Anya's mouth with more cum than many women could handle. Like a pro, Anya sucked up every last drop of cum shooting from Harry's cock and spilling deep down her throat.

"More than enough to go around."

Anya staggered over and Vanessa grabbed two hands full of red hair. Both of the sisters went into an extremely hot kiss with each other. Vanessa dug tongue first into Anya and got a hearty fill of warm cum. Anya closed her knuckles around Vanessa's dark locks to increase both of the sexy snake sisters exploring each other's mouths with their tongue.

Isabelle's pussy ached and needed Harry's cock very badly. The leader of the two allowed the sisters to indulge in each other. A bed appeared, and Isabelle smiled when looking towards Harry.

"They're having fun, it would be a shame to ruin that," she whispered in a very sultry tone of voice. "And I need to be filled. Badly, Harry. Very badly, do you think you could bring that big cock over here?"

Harry drank in the visual buffet of Isabelle when laid out on the bed. Nice blonde hair which gave an appearance of an angel lying in wait to be debauched. Firm, perky breasts with nipples standing up to be twisted and sucked also had been given, an amazing body without an inch of fat. A perfectly shaven pussy glistened in the light with very evident hints of arousal. Harry groaned when stepping closer towards Isabelle. Those legs spread nicely and made a suggestion of where Harry should be.

"Of course," Harry said. "I wanted to fuck your tight cunt since I laid eyes on it."

"Mmm, I'm sure you have, stud," Isabelle said in a sultry voice.

Harry climbed aboard and straddled Isabelle. It did not take that much for Harry's cock to harden and push against Isabelle's sweet slit. Isabelle rose up and Harry pushed one hand against the silky leg. They were very smooth, very nice. Harry rubbed down Isabelle's leg.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"Fuck me!" Isabelle hissed. Never had Parseltongue sounded so sexy. "I want you to take your big strong cock and fuck me until I'm cross-eyed."

Harry put his hands on either side and guided Isabelle's thighs apart. A heat seeking missile between Harry's legs found the target. He jammed several inches of thick cock inside the goddess. The warmth grabbed Harry when sliding inside.

"So tight!" Harry yelled.

Isabelle squeezed Harry tight like a serpent. Her thighs clamped down around Harry and released him. Harry kept with momentum and rocked Isabelle. Slow and steady at first, with Harry planting several inches of thick hard cock inside the warmth. Harry pulled almost all the way out and shoved deep inside of Isabelle. Those balls snapped down onto Isabelle and filled her up.

On the other end of the room, Vanessa straddled Anya's face. Nibbling frantically, Anya had been seduced in making her sister's day. Vanessa ground her pussy.

"You better make me ready for my master," Vanessa breathed. "Lick my pussy out. Does my slutty little sister like using her tongue? I know you do because you like how I taste."
Anya grabbed onto Vanessa's thick ass and shoved more tongue into the olive-skinned beauty. Those hips rocked firmly onto Anya and gave more of a chance for her to eat out Vanessa.

Harry grabbed Isabelle's thighs and shoved deep inside. Isabelle squeezed Harry in response. Every bit of energy filled her up, with hunger. Isabelle scrapped her nails off of Harry's arm and encouraged him to keep with it. She came one more time and moaned softly.

"Nymphomaniac snake, that's a first," Harry said.

"Kara made us...to serve," Isabelle breathed when squeezing Harry.

Evident, how the sisters had been trained to give pleasure to their master. Each orgasm spreading through Isabelle's body made Harry drive his cock further into her. Each time, Harry kept up with the beautiful blonde beneath him. Those nails raked Harry's back, the scratches healing over. Harry returned fire by feeling up Isabelle's perfectly long legs and the warmth spreading through his cock with her pussy rising and falling with several drops.

"Yes," Isabelle breathed in Harry's ear. "Yes, right here."

Isabelle put those hands on Harry's lower back and pushed deep inside of her pussy. She hung on for a very long time. Each thrust brought the oldest of the sisters further to pleasure. Warm walls caressed Harry. The powerful sorcerer bottomed out in Isabelle's tight body.

Everywhere Harry touched, soft skin greeted him. Those nipples looked so suckable as well and Harry sucked them when pushing deep into Isabelle's tight chamber. The last round made Harry's balls tense up.

"Cum for me, please," Isabelle said. "We know there's plenty to go around!"

Harry pushed deep inside of Isabelle. Warm walls tightened hard around Harry the further he pulled out and pushed back into the beautiful blonde. Isabelle tightened around Harry's shoulder and moaned hungrily. Isabelle's fingers came further down to rake Harry's back.

"More, please, more!" Isabelle begged him.

Everything broke, and Harry sent cum deep inside Isabelle's warm and waiting body. The tightening of Isabelle's inner pussy walls clamped down on Harry. Several drops of cum blasted inside of the tight and waiting chambers. Harry held onto Isabelle's leg and pushed down as far as possible. Isabelle moaned when grabbing down onto Harry's cock and sucking all of the cum in.

No sooner did Harry pull out, Vanessa smiled, and crawled over. The sultry brunette turned around, firm rear, and wet pussy presented towards Harry.

"Smell that," Vanessa hissed. "It smells good, doesn't it? It's going to be so tight. I bet your cock will fit so nicely in there."

Harry moved over and ran over Vanessa to indulge himself into the body of the middle sister. Each curve rolled underneath Harry's very eager hands. The journey stopped to the swell of Vanessa's plump ass and slowly, Harry further fondled Vanessa's ass. The perfect round bum fit into Harry's hands.

"I need your cock!" she breathed.

"Don't worry, you'll have everything you ever wanted," Harry said. "You'll have everything you ever wanted and so much more."
Harry lined up alongside Vanessa's wet pussy. Those lips parted and sucked in Harry with one fell swoop. Only a couple of minutes later, and Harry adjusted the warmth spreading around his cock. Harry lightly rocked deeper inside of Vanessa and pulled almost all the way out.

"Oh, smack those thick balls against me!" Vanessa moaned.

Anya crawled over and moved over towards Isabelle. The woman's thighs spread apart with cum draining down. Anya reached in and cupped Isabelle's warm pussy to feel the trickling of cum. A naughty little grin flashed on Anya's face.

"Oh, you slut!" Isabelle yelled.

Anya drove a vibrating tongue inside of Isabelle's pussy. The eager girl parted Isabelle's lips and drank the mixture of juices presented for consumption. Isabelle eagerly responded despite the reprimand. Fingers pushed against Isabelle's clit and forced Isabelle to rock further up.

"Mmm , your pussy tastes so good!"

Harry rode Vanessa's tight cunt from behind. Each time a pair of thick cum loaded balls slapped against Vanessa's wet pussy, Harry pulled almost completely out, and then speared inside Vanessa. Vanessa spread her thighs apart and Harry pushed inside with a few more pumps.

"Harry, harder, my lord, harder!" Vanessa chanted.

Not one to let a lady down, Harry really let Vanessa have it. The brunette sister's ass bounced when Harry rammed in from behind. Harry gripped the nice round rear and pushed deep inside of the goddess. Vanessa clenched down onto Harry and released the throbbing manhood from her tight pussy. Harry pulled out and pushed back in again.

"Cum."

The order had been given in Parseltongue, and Vanessa's loins vibrated in response. Every inch of her body enslaved towards Harry's will. Harry pushed deep into the goddess with a few hard thrusts. Harry slapped Vanessa on the ass firmly when slamming deep inside and then pulled all the way out. Harry pumped deeper inside of Vanessa with constant thrusts.

"I'm going to make you mine," Harry whispered in Vanessa's ear. "I bet you'd like that, to be nothing but one of my snake sluts."

"Mmm, I love it when you control my body," Vanessa said. "And I love it when you make me cum, and I know it's only because of you I am."

"Well, you're going to love me a whole lot."

Explosive orgasms rocked Vanessa's body every second Harry entered her. The brunette's pussy grew tighter and Harry slapped Vanessa's ass a few more times. The beautiful woman pressed onto the bed, dripping completely in sweat. Harry cupped Vanessa's ass hard from behind and spanked the woman, to become rewarded with sensual moans. Harry picked up an extensive pace.


"It's going to be my turn soon."

Anticipation made Vanessa only tingle with greater excitement. Harry's fingers touched Vanessa's
overly sensitive nipples and sent jolts of magic. The goddess grabbed Harry and pulled him deep inside of her. The feeling of Harry's cum buried inside, it got her motor running.

"Oh, yessss!" Vanessa screamed.

Harry bottomed out inside of Vanessa and stretched the goddess from behind. The tingling inside of Harry's balls increased and with one more solid thrust, Harry's cum splattered inside of Vanessa's waiting pussy. Harry pumped an immense load inside of the woman, burying every single last drop of seed into the woman until empty.

A wicked smile spread over Vanessa's face when Harry finished up inside of the goddess. A few more thrusts brought an extreme amount of cum from Harry's balls.

The exact moment Harry finished unloading, Anya threw herself down onto Harry's lap. The feisty redhead ground onto Harry's pole.

"I've waited a thousand years for this again," Anya said. "I'm not waiting a fucking second longer."

Harry's cock hardened at the eager woman squirming against him, kissing the side of Harry's face. Harry's hard cock rose and trapped between both of their bodies. Anya lifted completely up.

Both of her sisters had been spent, for now, and that left her with time to ride the Dragon. Anya's wet pussy slid down onto Harry and engulfed him inside with one fluid drop.

"That's what I've been waiting for."

"Ride it like your life depended on it," Harry ordered.

Anya pushed deep down onto Harry and brought his cock inside. The snug tightness of the goddess surrounded the thick tool. Anya's eyes flooded over and she responded with a soft moan.

"Oh, damn, you're so big," Anya said.

"Little girl can't handle it?"

Anya shook her head.

"Your sisters took it perfectly."

This little comment sparked Anya to slide Harry's cock inside of her tight cunt.

"Oh, stud, your cock fills me up so nice," Anya said. "Any woman would give her right arm to have one night with this big cock inside of her."

"Can't your arms grow back?" Harry asked.

Anya shook her head. "Details."

Harry pushed Anya deep onto him. The pleading look in the eyes of the naughty nympho only sparked Harry further along. Harry rammed deep inside of Anya's tight chambers. Anya rose up and dropped down onto Harry as hard as possible. His manhood filled up the beautiful woman's warm pussy.

"Yes, details," Harry informed her. "You need to be very clear on the details. And you can be very clear I'm going to fuck you until it's very hard for your to stand."
Anya's breath came out in a very solid hiss. Harry pushed inside in places she did not know could stretch for that big cock.

A very pleased looking Isabelle and Vanessa crawled towards each other in the center of the bed. Vanessa reached in and grabbed Isabelle's ass and squeezed it.

"She's having fun, let's not interrupt, for now," Vanessa said.

"We can have more than enough fun together."

Both sisters met in the center, grabbing and feeling up each other's bodies. Isabelle showed her dominance by rolling Vanessa over onto the bed and parted her thighs together. Isabelle's wet pussy stretched out for Vanessa's fingers. Vanessa rocked up a few inches to enjoy her sister's pleasure intrigue.

Anya panted hungrily and shoved Harry's thick tool inside, going deeper, and bottoming out on Harry. Harry pushed inside of Anya.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard!" Anya yelled at the top her lungs, grinding down on Harry's shoulder.

The first of many orgasms set off a chain reaction. Anya screamed in a way where anyone, most certainly the people in the next room could hear.

"You're just a dirty little girl, who can't get enough of my cock inside of you, can you?" Harry asked. "I'm going to make you beg for everything I can give you. You're not going to walk out of here until I'm done fucking your tight hole…maybe more than one."

Harry showed to be a man who lived up to his words. Anya stretched hungrily and hotly, feeling Harry pushing deep inside. Harry's thick balls slapped against Anya's wet pussy. Anya tightened the grip around Harry and grabbed down.

"Mmm, batter my tight pussy with this nice, big, throbbing cock," Anya moaned in Harry's ear. "I want to feel you cum inside me."

Anya's wet pussy clamped down onto Harry. She wanted this cum so badly. Harry was not about to give it up for a fight.

"I need you to cum!" Anya yelled. "I need it so badly. I need it inside of my nice, pussy, filling me up. Please, give it to me, my King!"

Harry pushed deeper inside of Anya's warm pussy and allowed the feisty redhead to keep driving herself down on Harry's throbbing hard cock. Anya's nails grabbed Harry hard and pushed down hard. Harry grabbed her ass and waited for the rise and the fall.

"Fuck, this is so good," Anya mewled.

Anya's fingers grabbed Harry's shoulder and hung on.

Every action resulted in an equally pleasurable reaction. Harry buried deep inside of Anya and filled her up with so much cock. Each orgasm made her wet pussy just grab onto Harry even harder. Harry pushed deep inside. The sounds of flesh smacking together echoed throughout the chamber.

Harry played with Anya's nipples and really got the youngest sister screaming. Anya rode Harry's cock with all of the precision and force of someone who had gone through an immense sexual
draught, and she did say, it had been a thousand years.

To Anya, it felt like ten thousand years. Harry scratched very last sexual desire into nymphomaniac goddess driving down onto Harry's large and prominent cock.

Both parties saw white, first Anya's orgasm rocked every fiber. Harry gave her death by a million orgasms and they never felt so good. Harry pumped his way into Anya's wet chambers.

Harry felt a tightening feeling spread through his balls and pushed deep inside of Anya. Several blasts of warm cum began to fire in an excessive manner and fill Anya's moist pussy up with a flood of cum. Anya tightened up and made sure to drain Harry of every single last drop.

"Oh, it feels like you could cum for days with the right….rituals," Anya breathed.

The redhead collapsed, drained from the coupling. Two more sisters were ready to pick up the slack, and the fun was going to continue.

Hours it went on, just in the room outside of her cell. Ruve tried to block out the thoughts. She had been visited with thoughts in her head about the Dragon taking her in every angle, in every single hole. Ruve's hands had been cuffed behind her back, preventing her from pleasure.

"See what you get if you prove yourself loyal?" Nyssa asked.

Ruve closed her eyes. She tried to block everything out of her mind.

"You can't do this to me, HIVE will come," Ruve said.

"We await the challenge, "Nyssa answered a few moments later. "Just like how long will it take before a powerful and proud woman was broken, just like that."

Nyssa snapped her fingers. She smiled, the magic in the cell both amplified the sounds from the next chapter, and also the pheromones Harry pumped in when he was active.

Mia agreed to do so support work at ARGUS, mostly so she could get access to some of the files. She still hoped to find her mother and sister. If her mother did steal one of the medallions, then HIVE would hunt them down to the end of the Earth. She chewed down on her mouth and took a deep breath.

"Checkpoint?" Mia asked.

Radio silence from the trio of Nym, Liv, and Holly, nothing really out of the ordinary for a mission like this, at least Mia thought. She double checked to make sure all of their signals were in play.

'Damn,' Mia thought to herself.

All of the oxygen came out of her in a deep breath. Mia moved to recalibrate everything. No dice, there was no dice for her locating any information. She tried not to panic, even though there were plenty of reasons why she should be panicking.

"Holly, Liv, Nym, anyone?" Mia asked. "Agent Granger, Agent Tonks, Cadet Queen….are any of you out there?"

A backfire echoed through the headset. Mia tapped on the headset for a few seconds and frowned deeper. She moved out to see if she got a connection.
She moved off to catch Rose out of the corner of her eye pounding away at a heavy bag. The woman smacked the bag with each punch. She stopped the very second she caught sight of Mia walking out of the room.

"What now?" Rose asked.

It took Mia a few seconds to realize Rose had talked to her. Mia drew in a deep breath in response and turned her attention back to Rose.

"It's Holly, and the others," Mia said.

Rose felt a slight headache come on and it wasn't because of Mia's frantic voice either. She saw an image of a rock slide and three figures coming down onto it. The vision grew more prolific and suddenly, two of the figures dropped down onto the ground. The image of Holly Granger and Nymphadora Tonks appeared in her head. On the other side, Olivia Queens stood.

Olivia ran and the rocks slid. She had to move back until the sliding rocks separated Liv from the rest of the crew. She groaned in a very audible manner from the other end of the tunnel.

"ROSE!"

Rose snapped out and was back into the real world. She had to prevent herself from lashing out and attacking Mia when she grabbed onto Rose's shoulder. Several deep breaths came through the woman's body. She heaved out one heaving sigh and then heaved out one more sigh.

Mia looked nervous. Rose didn't quite have the same murderous look she had on her face the last two times she lost all sense of herself.

"Are you…okay?" Mia asked.

"I've had worse," Rose responded. "I saw something."

Mia's own curiosity got the better of her. She leaned closer towards Rose and urgently grabbed her shoulder and caused the two of them to come eye to eye with each other.

"What did you see?" Mia asked.

Rose drew in her deep breath and leaned forward towards her.

"It was a cave and a rockslide in the cave. Liv, Nym, and Holly fell down into the cave, and the rocks….no one died. Liv got separated from the rest of the group."

"Did you see what cave it was?" Mia asked. "Is it something happening now, or something that's yet to happen?"

Rose shrugged off Mia's words and took in a very deep breath.

"I really don't know," Rose said. "It's just a big mess. I don't even know if it's real or not."

Mia thought about it. Was Rose seeing something that was really there or was it just a fabrication? Mia had an idea it had something to do with the serum. Her studies of the Mirikuru gave a couple of unsubstantiated accounts of people developing psychic abilities. Precognition would not be out of the realm of possibility.

"I have a way to find Nym because she slept with Harry."
Rose held out the watch she wore and pressed a few buttons on it. The advanced runic work on the watch impressed Mia.

"Are you sure you can find them?" Mia asked.

"I can find Nym and Holly at least if they're still together," Rose responded. "Liv's going to be a problem if they're separated."

The coordinates flashed up on a three-dimensional holographic projection screen. Mia bit down on her lip and took in a surprised breath before she turned back towards Rose.

"That's in the middle of nowhere?"

Mia reached over and tried to type in the coordinates. A flash of light appeared. It was a secured channel, and she couldn't get any more information.

"I know where it is," Rose said.

Mia stopped looking. "You do?"

"It's around an area of a supposed safe house for Western exiles," Rose said. "It's really a prison. The last place people go before their hope dies."

"I see," Mia responded a half of a second later. "Are you….are you sure you're able to go there? I mean, in your condition, you should maybe wait for Harry to get back, or maybe contact some other ARGUS agents? I'm not sure if you're supposed to leave, you know."

The stream of consciousness thoughts Mia belt out was done without taking a breath. Rose didn't say anything. She remembered one of the few things her father told her which made sense. It was always easier to ask for forgiveness than ask for permission.

"You realize this watch isn't just for decoration?"

Mia understood. She thought about going with Rose, but realized, she was useless in a fight.

"At least take this," Mia said.

She handed Rose an advanced weapon and a set of armor. Rose looked at it for a few seconds. She figured it might help her survive whatever was out there.

"They were after a man named Kovar," Mia said.

She was already in a lot of trouble letting Rose leave. She might as well have told her everything she needed to know before heading out.

"I know who Kovar is."

Harry stepped into a shining room. He pleasured all three of the sisters, the heralds of the temple. They, in turn, provided Harry with a fair amount of pleasure himself. It was a mutually beneficial agreement. He also made his captive prisoner get a good taste of what she might receive if she pledged her undisputed loyalty.

Still some questions of her loyalty, so Harry did not want to reward someone who was indecisive. He smiled and stepped into the room. Isabelle sauntered behind him, with Anya and Vanessa taking up the rear.
"You are our best hope for finding her, and liberating us from this temple," Isabelle said.

Isabelle leaned closer towards Harry and gave him one more kiss. She could not help and get a piece of him. Anya and Vanessa folded their arms and stuck out their lips with a pout on their faces. Isabelle smiled and looked at her sisters.

"Our best hope," Isabelle said. "We've been secured, but the future of our tribe is strained at best without our Queen."

Isabelle squeezed Harry's hand. She moved over and motioned for her sister's to join her.

"Bane would not have gotten close to lifted our Queen's medallion," Isabelle said. "It needs the three of us."

The three sisters placed their hands on the pedestal. They hissed one word.

"Kara."

The flash of light bathed the temple. The temple never looked even more beautiful. The medallion rose up. It resembled Harry's, only it depicted a Basilisk on the front instead of a Dragon. A green "S" flashed on the back of it. Isabelle snapped the medallion into her hand.

"It's in your hands, great one," Isabelle said. "We hope you have the best of luck to find our Queen."

"Yes, only you can find her and bring her back home," Anya said.

Daphne, Astoria, Lucretia, Vega, and Vera stepped into the midst of the temple. Lucretia and Vega both opened their mouths to say something, but Daphne beat them to the punch.

"So, you have it?" Daphne asked. "Will you find her?"

"I will hunt the ends of the universe for her," Harry said.

"Be careful with that proclamation," Daphne said. She wore half of a smile and half a serious expression on her face."She may have been reincarnated on a planet in the far reaches of space."

Vega popped in with some words of her own. "We know you will succeed in locating her. And we will return to the greatness which has been lost through greed over the years."

Harry only received some hints of the greed, Copperhead, and her followers were far from the only ones who experienced greed. Power enticed many people who tried to grab ahold of just a little more powerful to increase their greed as time went on.

'We're going to have to deal with them soon enough,' Harry thought.

"With time we will make sure that lack of loyalty and corruption is eliminated," Lucretia said. "Unfortunately, there have been many external factors which have prevented us from achieving our goals. Once our Queen has been reborn we will achieve these goals and will return our tribe to great power and prominence."

Harry hoped those words proved to be true. Turning around, Talia came right around the corner. Ruve had been kept on a very short chain, figuratively and literally when Talia escorted the HIVE woman out. Sara and Nyssa followed straight behind. Ruve looked rather resigned to the fate which presented the woman. Either that or Harry figured the crafty woman planned an escape.
Either possibility appeared to be more than likely.

"We both know you have information," Talia said.

"Yes, I do," Ruve said. "If you're searching for another Medallion, the secrets of which can be located in Russia. I will happily tell you everything I know. I only wish to serve the true future leaders of the world."

Harry's intrigue increased, and Sara tried very hard to keep from smiling.

'Your little performance has left an impression on Ruve,' Sara thought.

'Little is nothing to do with it,' Nyssa chimed in.

Harry spent a second pondering Ruve's suggestion. The HIVE representative wanted something, perhaps more power. Harry looked to be the best means of achieving power now. He would play the game, at least for now. The moment Ruve slipped up, Harry would have something tangible to nail her with and not in a good way either.

"Color me intrigued," Harry said. "You say it's in Russia?"

"Yes," Ruve said. "A man named Kovar has control of the medallion."

One could see an eye twitch in Talia. Nyssa turned for any kind of explanation. No explanation was forthcoming now. Talia just remained as stoic and calm as humanly possible in this situation.

"There is also the matter of HIVE's supreme leader. He will be more ruthless than Damien could ever hope to be."

"Who is HIVE's supreme leader?" Harry asked.

Ruve hesitated. Harry saw fear about revealing this man, and also fear about failing to reveal him. Talia pulled on the leash and Ruve dropped to her knees.

"Your master asked you're a question," Talia said.

Ruve took in a deep breath. "None of us know his name. He's referred to as the White Bumblebee by many."

Harry frowned at Ruve's declaration of the man's codename. One thought entered Harry's mind. A thought which had to be promptly squashed for the sake of his sanity.

'No, surely not,' Harry thought, frowning deeply.

It was always possible, at least Harry figured. Two sets of eyes looked at him, three actually come to think about it. Harry turned towards the other members of the Faithful Five and the Heralds. All eight women looked prime to drop to a kneeling position and worship Harry when given a second's notice.

"I will return once I've secured the other medallions," Harry said. "And I have not forgotten your Queen."

"We know you won't," Isabelle said. "Do be careful. There are dark forces who wish to acquire the medallion along with light forces."

Harry only could take Isabelle's warning seriously. The problem was the difference between the
darkness and the light only happened to be political perspective at the top. A serious folly existed when trying to pin something as completely dark or completely light, as there were all kinds of qualifiers to deal with.

"We wish you well," Daphne said. "Do have a safe journey."

"Don't worry, I will return, and get to know you under less pressing circumstances," Harry responded.

Olivia Queen gagged on the dust filling the air. Party girl, completely air-headed at times, well most of the time anyway, Liv had not been used to conflict. And the heiress most certainly could not grow used to getting trapped in the midst of the Russian wilderness in the middle of the winter time even though she figured it was time to get used to such a thing.

'Damn, this could have been worse.'

Liv took a moment to gauge the surroundings. A light flashed, dare there be any hope that there was some amount of salvation around the corner? Liv stepped forward and looked from the right to the left. The woman's eyes looked forward.

It was a tunnel, leading to a small slope. Liv thought trying to climb up a water slide was hallowing. No running water to deal with here, and no people trying to get her wet either. Not wet in a good way, just frigid wet anyway. Liv grabbed onto the edge of the slide and pulled up to a certain position.

'Deep breaths, remember your training.'

Training, more like a crash course, but why pick nits over something like this? Liv staggered up the sliding rocks. One of the rocks clicked out of place.

A voice could be heard from above. Liv took a second to wonder if it was a good thing or a bad thing. She had two choices. Either move to the sound of the voice or stay in the cave where she would languish forever. No real choice, Liv had to walk into the cave.

Liv closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She found at the end of a slope a door. A secret passageway. Liv pushed her fingernails underneath the door and dug in. The door refused to budge at first.

The door opened and Olivia Queen climbed in. Boxes rested on every corner of the ground. She had to slump down onto one of them to catch her breath.

The door opened up and a figure appeared at the top of the steps.

"How did you get in here?"

To Be Continued on May 14th, 2017.
Cold, bitter, snowfall came down in Russia. Not exactly the best place people wanted to be during any time, especially when they wanted to be comfortable. A bright light appeared, and Harry Potter dropped down, dressed in armor which protected from both the attacks and the cold.

Nyssa and Sara dropped down behind Harry. Talia decided not to join them on the mission, due to wanting to move the prisoner to a secure location. The Daughter of the Demon also intended to search for the remaining pockets of Bane's men. She assured Nyssa, Sara, and Harry it was an investigation which could be undertaken on her own, and there was no reason for them to intervene. So, Harry decided not to intervene, and just let Talia do.

'We're in contact if we need something,' Nyssa thought. 'So, are we in the right place?'

Harry spent a second. The medallion opened a portal to this location, due to the familiar magic in the air. Harry wondered if it would be easy enough to drop them back in the location with the spider medallion. Harry had possession of two medallions, took him long enough, to be honest. Even though the medallion would have to be held for the rightful owner, and Harry still needed to find that rightful owner.

'One problem at a time,' Harry thought. 'And yes, we're in the general area. Something is off in the air though.'

Harry moved around outside of the cave and poked inside. Several men scrambled around the area of the cave. One of them looked on and was speaking very fast in Russia and sounding very agitated when doing so.

"He's saying they couldn't have gotten far," Nyssa said. "The westerners, they'll pay for what they've done."

"What, who did what?" Sara asked.

Nyssa shrugged in response. A good question, to be honest, an even better question would be, was the medallion around this area? Nyssa stepped towards the cave and noticed markings similar to a spider.

"With any luck, we won't have to fight giant spiders," Sara said.

"Been there, done that," Harry said in a very bored voice.

"Why am I not surprised?" Sara asked.

Harry held a hand up and they moved to a dark corner into the cave. Contrary to popular opinion, Harry very much liked to avoid a fight when necessary.

"It's too bad the medallion can't translate," Harry muttered.

No sooner did those words pass out of Harry's mouth, the medallion flickered to life. Harry thought for a second, the medallion would have given away their location. The men looked around on the opposite end of the cave.
"They would have been buried alive by now," one of the men said.

"Until we find a way to bring the bodies up, and verify, they're still out there," another man said. "Spies, filthy, dirty spies and they think...they think they can disable Mr. Kovar's operation. Well, they are in for some kind of rude awakening, aren't they?"

Harry got a name of the man who was involved in the operation, Kovar, and something told the sorcerer he was on the right track. A loud humming sound came from the cave, and Harry frowned. It was almost like someone else opened a portal.

The men looked up and a figure almost fell down onto the cave wall. Harry noticed a flicker of a watch around the figure's wrist.

"Rose?" Sara asked, noticing the same thing.

The question of why Rose decided to pop up in the cave would have to wait until later. Several of the men pointed weapons at the young girl. Rose withdrew a concealed dagger and stabbed one of the nearest men in the throat, doubling him over.

The others made a grab for Rose. Rose twisted out of the attack and nailed one of the men in the ribs. Rose dipped behind the attacker. One huge kidney punch dropped the grunting goon down to the ground. Rose flipped the man down and hyperextended the arm. The elbow drove down to the side of the man's neck and smashed him face first down onto the ground.

One of them closed in on Rose from behind. Nyssa looked towards Sara and Harry and all three of them had the same general thought when dealing with this situation.

'So much for stealth.'

Nyssa came out of the shadows and knocked the man with the gun back down. Several more inches back and the man would have dropped down a bottomless pit straight to doom. Nyssa pulled the man back and nailed the man with another punch.

Two stun batons whipped out and Sara dodged them with a flipping attack. The nimble blonde dropped down behind the attacker. The warrior's dodging frustrated the mercenary. Sara finally got the hang of dodging each individual attack. The more the attacks had been ducked, the more frustrated.

"Bitch!"

Well, at least the gentleman, a term used very loosely, used English. Sara avoided the baton coming into her stomach and kicked the man down across the back of the head. Sara pulled out the sonic weapon, the last one borrowed from ARGUS, and pressed a button.

A shrill cry doubled over several of the attackers. Harry came down from the heavens. Bullets bounced off of a field around Harry. One of them looked up and saw the medallion on Harry's chest. Horror struck the man with one clubbing blow from Rose did.

The dust settled and most of the men had been knocked out. One only just barely remained awake. Nyssa leaned down and grabbed the man by the shoulder to force a standing position. Nyssa grapevine the arm and pulled it back, agonizing the man something fierce.

"You can't stay out of trouble, can you?" Harry asked.

"Well, no," Rose admitted. "But, believe it or not, I didn't take a trip to Russia for my health. It's
Liv, Nym, and Holly, they were….well they went on a mission for Waller, and they never checked in. Mia was flipping out."

Harry could only imagine. Regardless, the Dragon's attention turned towards Nyssa who grabbed the man's shoulder and twisted it.

"You're going to tell me everything you know," Nyssa said. "Do you understand me?"

"Da," the man muttered.

"There were three women down here," Rose said. "Do you know anything about them?"

"Oh, those idiot women blew up the ground and caused a rock slide," the man said in broken English. "We were planning to search for them. After all, you can't declare someone dead without a body."

'They have brain cells,' Sara thought.

Harry peered down to the hole and the good news was, he sensed no corpses down the hole or no one in danger of dying. Other than clarifying that particular fact, Harry could hardly tell.

Tess Mercer roamed both the top floor and the basement, for lack of anything else better to do. The Westerners arriving out in the middle of nowhere had been the most exciting event. Kovar's men had not been by in a while, but regardless, Tess did not know what happened. Perhaps they were busy, perhaps there were other reasons. Tess did not want to take the chance to be perfectly honest.

'Knowing your luck over the past year, the minute to step outside, you could be dead.'

A thumping sound could have been heard deep inside the basement which caused the hairs on the back of Tess's hair to stand up. Tess never stepped inside of this particular part of the basement, given there were rumors those who entered this area of the basement would be punished.

The reasons precisely why they would be punished, well, Tess could not really tell without a shadow of a doubt. There were rumors Kovar's men kept their wine down in the basement, but it could not have been clarified to be perfectly honest. Tess stopped a few seconds later and the sound stopped.

'Maybe it's just you going mad,' Tess thought.

Hardship should not have broken Tess, given the conditions she grew up in. Regardless, the redhead peered down the hallway and waited for something. In a dark, dimly lit basement, shadows moving caused a person's imagination to run wild.

Another loud thumping sound made Tess stand up straighter. Imagination or not, something was down here, or rather someone. Tess made sure the makeshift weapon had been in hand. The last line of defense, as crudely made as it was, gave Tess some level of security, a blanket which could allow Tess to have some level of security.

'Why don't I feel secure now?'

Another loud thumping sound echoed and Tess stood up even straighter. Tess could see something moving and walked over. The lights grew a bit brighter in this part of the basement. Tess hesitated to flick on a light switch. The redhead walked past, not wine, but several boxes full of papers and books.
No time to really shuffle through those boxes now to see what was there. Tess leaned back a few inches and leaned towards the darkness. A figure stepped from the shadows and looked hunched over. Something happened to the figure which caused a minimal injury, or maybe something more serious.

"Who are….."

Tess saw a figure stumble a little bit. Whatever adrenaline brought the person here, wore off. Tess caught the figure when falling over. The feeling of the body pressed against her caused Tess to guess the mysterious figure was a woman. Tess looked over and frowned.

"Are you okay?" Tess asked.

Stupid question given where they were, but one Tess had to ask, to keep the peace. The figure grabbed Tess's shoulder lightly to remain standing and took in a deep breath. The pained breaths continued as the figure tried to remain standing.

"I'll be fine, I've had worse," she said.

Tess understood false bravado when she heard it. Regardless, the figure moved over towards a cot which had been left in the basement. Tess rummaged around and got her hands on a minimal first aid kit.

"I don't know how you got here, but you stumbled on the last place someone in your condition wants to be…you're going to have to take that off so I can get a look at you."

The woman hesitated for a second. Tess leaned in and put a hand on the woman's shoulder. The gesture did a lot to relax the woman, who obviously was on pins and needles on her way there.

"You're going to have to trust me," Tess said.

"I'm going to have to."

The hood part of the outfit had been taken off, and Tess could have gasped. The face had been recognized from the news, and it was the face of Olivia Queen. The girl who went missing close to two years ago, after the Queen's Gambit had gone down. She would have been declared dead a long time ago when Tess was in captivity.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm not used to meeting dead people," Tess said. "The rest of it, please."

Liv shrugged off the rest of the attire, dressed in nothing but a sport's bra to show her ample breasts and flat, toned, abs, without an ounce of fat. Tess noticed a few small scraps on the side, along with a cut coming down the woman's back.

"That doesn't hurt, does it?" Tess asked.

"Well, it didn't hurt until you started to poke at it," Liv said, closing her eyes at the agony of feeling Tess's finger brush against the injury.

Tess pulled back with a soft smile and a soft sigh, almost apologetic. There was only so much which could have been done here, with the injuries to the woman. Thankfully, by some small grace, the injuries were not immense. A few bruised ribs, some cuts, nothing else. Tess shined a flashlight in Liv's eyes.
"You don't seem to have a concussion," Tess said.

"That's good news," Liv said with a smoke. "I think I'm scatter brained enough without the added head trauma thank you very much."

Liv's breathing continued a few seconds later. An attractive redhead feeling her up wasn't the worst way to spend some time. It could have been much worse. Regardless, Liv tried not to let herself get distracted by her own enjoyment of the situation for too long. Despite everything else that happened, there was still some work to be down. Liv took a deep breath and let it out.

"So, am I good to go?" Liv asked.

Tess nodded and heard something falling the way Liv had gone. The redhead moved over to check the door, only to reveal the tunnel collapsed in. Tess took a deep breath and turned back to Liv.

"Well, good thing you got there when you did," Tess said. "You would have been buried alive."

Liv's heart sank somewhere down to the pit of her stomach. No way out of here, they did not have a chance to get out of here, and her team had been trapped. Had they found their own way out or had they been buried alive elsewhere? Liv tried not to get frustrated.

"You weren't alone, were you?" Tess asked.

"No," Liv said. "The rest of my team….."

Liv staggered a moment and felt very flushed. Tess grabbed the Billionaire heiress's arm to prevent a collapse to the ground. The moment Tess checked Liv's pulse, she felt something. It was very weird, to be honest, but Tess deduced through common sense what was going on.

"You need water and food," Tess said. "Not a whole lot of that here, unfortunately. We're at the mercy of Kovar, but...that's a long story. We'll see what you can do...get that hood back on and make sure your face is covered at all times."

"Why?" Liv asked.

"You're a known face," Tess said. "People aren't going to like the fact you're here."

Liv had a pretty strong suspicion this woman was not telling her everything to be perfectly honest. She did not really know, to be honest.

"So, we're going to have to...."

"Tess," she said with a smile. "I should take you upstairs."

Not the first time Tess said that to another woman, although this time, there were less fun reasons for saying that sentence. Liv made sure to secure the hood, for reasons which Tess hoped would be clear the moment the woman cleared the steps. For now, Tess just had to play it calm and collected when leading Liv up the stairs.

Liv stepped into one of the most depressing and hopeless places in the world. She turned around and noticed a man in the corner who had been just humming. Another man lying on a cot looked up and looked towards the woman who came in from the other side of the basement.

"Great, another mouth to feed...not that it matters, they're slowly starving us."

The cynical nature around the room caused Liv to feel really anxious about everything which was
going on around her. Nervousness spread through the body of the young woman and she turned around to see another woman. Liv had a feeling that there were only three women in this area.

The woman would have been beautiful, had she not have been so beaten down. The dark hair came down her face. The woman scrawled down something on a pad of paper and crossed it out violently. Liv took a moment to look and blinked, realizing the name was Robert Queen. The woman wrote Robert Queen's name several times and crossed it out several times.

"Her name is Isabel Rochev," Tess whispered. "She's been here slightly longer than I have been, and she's only kept alive by one thing, vengeance."

Liv somehow knew, to be honest. The woman continued to go to work on the pad and Liv could tell why Tess warned her to keep the hood on.

"So, let's get lunch," Tess said. "Hope you like stale bread and soup and water….it's not much, but it's all we've got."

Beggars could not be choosers, and given what Liv had to work with to survive during the over a year before ARGUS picked her up, it could have been much worse. It could have been much better, but at the same time, it could have been much worse.

A large broad shouldered blonde man sat and drank fine wine in an even finer dining hall. News reached him that there had been spies in the country. Spies who intended to destabilize an operation which had been set up by the Russian government in a very legitimate way.

Konstantin Kovar earned the role in the government and continued to achieve several very important goals along the way. He made lots of money, for lots of important people. Started from very humble beginnings, as a prized fighter in Russia, working his way up the ranks, and stepped on some very important toes along the way, but it was just the nature of business. It was nothing very personal.

A knock on the door caused Kovar to put down his wine.

"Come in," Kovar said. The man opened the door, a very broad shouldered Bulgarian gentleman who walked into the room. "Viktor, come in, sit down."

"Thank you, Mr. Kovar," he said. "We have a problem."

Kovar took a drink from the wine.

"I'm not sure what to think about this, Viktor," Kovar said. "Is it Bratva? Are they causing more problems."

"No sir," the Bulgarian youth responded. "It's him…he's been sighted…in the country…..the Dragon."

Kovar took a moment to sip on the wine very thoughtfully.

"Yes, the Dragon," Kovar said. "Do you understand what forces he can command? It would not be wise to make an enemy out of him, rather an ally….."

"But, you have one of the medallions?" Viktor asked.

"Yes, Viktor, I have one of the amulets," Kovar confirmed. "The spider, a medallion which has ties
to Russia….further back….it's inspired them…inspired the Red Room."

The young man looked very confused, and Kovar decided to elaborate.

"The Red Room is when they took young innocent girls and trained them to be deadliest of assassins," Kovar said. "They call them Black Widow, after deadliest of all spiders. One bite and you're dead, just like one attack from them, and most of their marks died."

Kovar took a moment to sip on the wine and smiled at his young charge like a favorite nephew.

"The point is, the program had been shut down during the Cold War, but all of those girls had to go somewhere," Kovar said. "They grew into mercenaries, working. Some of them joined a cult which worshiped the spider goddess…although they have never been able to find this medallion."

Kovar pointed behind to a case which the medallion shined. Any special properties it had, it would have to wait. Kovar's lips curled into a smile when turning back.

"We will have to meet with the Dragon," Kovar said. "He should thank me for liberating the medallion. There are other more sinister forces who would cause great harm, such as the White Bumblebee."

Both men in the room shuddered to even speak of the name of that particular man.

Dare they try and find a way up? Holly asked herself that question sooner rather than later. Her pulse started to race, along with a quickening heartbeat. Holly never did nervous a lot of the time. Still, they had been in a situation where they had screwed up.

"Maybe I shouldn't have agitated the rocks and brought us down here," Nym said.

"A bit too late for apologies," Holly said, voice a little bit colder than intended. "We need to get out of here, and hope we can find a way to extract Liv."

Holly spent as much time as possible to try and fiddle with the communication ear piece. The ear piece whistled when trying to press it in. The thing was very much busted, and Holly did not like the looks of it. No way to get back to home base.

The only good thing Holly could think of was the fact Mia would be freaking out something fierce and would likely have tried to nag Waller about a search party. That would have been a conversation Holly wished to be a fly on the wall for.

"Well, the only way to get out of here is to go up," Nym responded. She anxiously drew in a deep breath and turned to Holly who responded with a very casual shrug.

"After you."

No question about it, Nym felt like a canary being sent into the mine, taking the first step. Any magic could further bury them down the cave. Nym took the first tentative step up and reached towards the air. It had been a long jump and Nym had never been the most graceful girl in the world.

'Take a deep breath.'

Nym jumped as far as possible. She tried to think positive. This jump could be made. There was no question about it, the jump could be made. Very close to not making the jump, and Nym's heart
practically stuttered when almost slipping down into the chamber beneath.

A hand reached out and grabbed Nym to yank her back up. Nym turned around and came face to face with Rose who pulled her up to a standing position.

"Thank Morgana's hairy…"

"You're welcome," Rose said. "Is Holly or Liv down there?"

Nym took a couple of minutes to catch her bearings. After a second, she pointed down and Holly came up. Sara and Nyssa joined them and pulled Holly up into the cave instantly.

"There's Holly," Nym said. "As for Liv, well that's a good question. There was an incident where we got separated and…"

"Liv is still trapped down there," Rose said. "I know it's really weird, but earlier, I saw a vision of what happened, and it brought me here. Thankfully Harry, Nyssa, and Sara were here, otherwise, things would have gotten really ugly, but….maybe things are going to get ugly."

Something about the cave put Rose on edge and looking around them, the teenager could only begin to guess what the others thought.

"So, wait, you saw it?" Holly asked. "Is this some kind of side effect to the Mir..whatever?"

"She could be a seer," Nym offered. That thought seemed a bit absurd to Nym when saying it, but given how many absurd things Nym saw, perhaps it was not the worst possible thought. "Well, kind of a seer, I mean, it's not like she's seeing things that are going to happen, maybe. She could be seeing something that's going to happen, or is happening or something like that."

The shape-shifter took a deep breath before tripping all over her words and then returning back to the conversation at hand.

"Maybe," Nyssa agreed. "But, maybe it's another side effect."

"Well, guess it's just more tests for me, the last thing I really want to do right about now," Rose said.

"So, are you two okay?" Sara asked.

"Well, we'd be a lot better if we weren't nearly buried alive," Nym offered, with a slight shoulder shrug. "And we would be even better if we got out of the creepy spider cave of death…and you know, we found the other girl we're with. Who I suspect is down there somewhere."

Rose moved closer with eyes screwed shut. A deep breath came through the girl. Nothing popped into her head other than frustration. Whatever triggered the vision regarding the caves collapsing, and Liv, Holly, and Nym being separated did not happen twice.

'Damn, why, why, why?' Rose asked.

"Don't force it," Sara said. "You looked….well no offense, but you looked more constipated than anything."

"Thanks," Rose said. "I just wish I had found a way to find out where she went….maybe Harry will have better luck tracking her down, at least I hope so."

"Speaking of which," Nym said. "Where is the Dragon?"
"He had to check out something," Sara said. "He should be back any moment, right about now. Unless of course, he got in trouble."

Rose took a few seconds to sigh, she hated to be cynical, but at the same time, found it highly likely. The presence creeping in the cave gave Rose some creeps. What crept out the poor girl, even more, were carvings being etched in the walls.

"Return what was stolen or suffer."

Nym's mouth opened and shivered. Everything grew even creepier and something loomed in the cave. She watched Rose, Sara, and Nyssa who remained ready to fight whatever came around the corner.

Liv stood in the corner, just waiting for the other shoe to drop. The woman started to scratch a line through a piece of paper and once again write the name of Robert Queen. Several times, the woman scratched through the paper over and over again and tore it to shreds in anger.

"If you're going to stare at me, at least tell me what's on your mind."

The woman, Isabel, looked straight into Liv's eyes. Liv's hand shook, very nervously when walking over towards the woman. No way, she could have known who Liv was. Still, it was a very anxious situation.

"You hate Robert Queen?"

Liv knew the very instant when she spoke this question, there was something very personal about it. Liv should not have spoken the question to be an instant.

"It's personal," Isabel said.

"Oh, it's obvious….you're holding onto something, and it really isn't that healthy to hide onto that kind of bitterness," Liv responded a second or so later.

There had been a very long sigh in response coming from Isabel. The woman, by some miracle, put down the tablet of paper and turned to direct her full attention to Liv. The moment those eyes were locked on Liv, Liv knew right away there was something really going on.

"I don't know how you got here, and I don't know who you are," Isabel said. "One lesson you're going to learn when you're here is everyone here has given up hope, well most of everyone here has given up hope. Unlike some of them, I have something to hold onto. That bastard who ruined my life, he took everything from me, when I gave so much to him, I gave him some of the best work."

Liv thought the name Rochev sounded very familiar, but to be honest, Liv didn't really know. One of her father's conquests, well Liv thought it was very possible. Anyone who thought Robert Queen was completely a faithful family man was delusional. Liv thought the world of the man, but she did not become very blind to some very obvious and very evident flaws. Liv took in another deeper breath when looking at the woman across the room. Those deep breaths increased.

"You worked for Queen?"

"I started as his personal assistant, but over time, I became a trusted partner in business, at least so I assumed I was," Isabel said. "We had a relationship which got very intense, and pretty personal….and I thought I knew the real Robert Queen, a man his family barely knew still existed.
I thought he was a good man."

Isabel took in a deep breath.

"He chose his family over me, over the fresh start I offered him," Isabel spat, sounding very bitter in response. "His children….I know Thea wasn't his….""

"What?" Liv asked.

This revelation floored Thea.

"Not sure about Olivia, not that anyone would have acknowledged her, given the spoiled entitled brat she is," Isabel said. "Given the fact she didn't wind up dead in a gutter somewhere by the time she was twenty really shows how unfair was. She's likely living the high life in Starling City, with her many adoring fans and friends, while I'm stuck her, rotting, because I pledged my heart to a man who would stomp on it."

"its…she didn't know about this," Liv said.

"You don't know the Queens like I do," Isabel said. "I gave Robert a choice, either choose me, or he choose his faithless wife and his worthless kids….kids which I'm not even sure was he come to think of it. I would have never betrayed him, and now he ended up betraying me….that son of a bitch, I hope he burns in hell when he dies!"

"Why did he….just because he didn't run off with his family, he betrayed you," Liv said.

"Oh, no, it's much more than that," Isabel said. "I knew Robert was making plans to help clean up a city which was built on corruption and on crime. He made a deal with Malcolm Merlyn and a cabal of like-minded individuals. I didn't like it, but what could I say? I was faithful….they planned to sacrifice some of the worst parts of Starling City…..I confronted him about this, tried to tell him he was going down the wrong path."

Isabel gave a very defeated sigh.

"I was drugged, and shipped off to this hellhole in Russia, to die, and likely go insane," Isabel said. "That son of a bitch used me, I let him sleep with me, and I helped hold his company up, I did more for him than he ever would know, and he didn't appreciate it."

"I'm sure there's more to this than meets the eye," Liv said.

"Look, I don't know who you are," Isabel said. "I don't even know why I told you this much….mostly because it doesn't matter. There's a chance you're going to be dead soon when Kovar's men come and see a government agent standing in the middle of their prison complex. Many of these guys will sell you out if it means one warm meal."

"Will you?" Liv asked.

"I have nothing to gain," Isabel said.

"You do because we're going to find a way out of here," Liv said. "My friends will find me."

"Your friends…Kovar will have them gunned down before they get close enough," Isabel said.

"Try and have a little hope," Liv said.

"I lost that the first week," Isabel fired back.
Harry Potter separated from the rest of the group, staying in contact with them.

'Holly and Nym are okay, a bit shaken up, but given what happened, I don't really blame them,' Sara thought. A long sigh followed by the woman when she took a second to compose her thoughts. 'Liv, she still hasn't shown up, and I'm worried about her, and for good reason.'

'Well, I have a feeling she's not dead,' Harry thought. 'Or, has been swapped for another alternate version, or really the same alternate version that she got swapped from...which technically was the native version to this universe of,...well the multi-verse can cause headaches to even the best of us.'

'Yes, know kidding,' Sara said.

'I thought I saw something lurking around the area of the cave,' Nyssa thought to Harry. 'But, it's just nothing....at least nothing I can see. Given the legends involved around this area in Russia and the rumors what the Soviet Union was up to during World War II and the Cold War....well....'

'The Red Room?' Harry asked.

'Yes,' Nyssa thought. 'They wanted child soldiers, and who better than innocent little girls. They would only age to young women if the rumors of the experiments were true.'

'I think it's highly likely,' Nym thought. 'My mother ran into someone claiming to be one of the girls experimented on, she was sixty years old, but she hadn't aged a day past her twenties.'

'Capturing a woman like that could be very useful,' Rose thought.

'Yeah, they're dangerous, you wouldn't want to try and fight with them,' Nym thought. 'With their state of the art conditioning, mental and physical, it's going to take a long time to get into their heads.'

'If anyone can, Harry can,' Sara thought.

Harry smiled and heard something coming over the edge of a village. A small group of well-armed gentlemen stepped closer towards Harry. Naturally, Harry waited to see what they were up to.

The leader of the group stepped forward, a tall and broad-shouldered blonde man, with an aged face. This gentleman looked like he could crush most people who tried to fight him. Harry noticed something, sensed something rather.

'He's been in contact with one of the Medallions,' Harry thought.

'It's close by, the Spider Medallion then...it's Kovar, isn't it?' Nym asked. 'He's just walked up to you...he must be insane or very confident.'

'Or one of his men mentioned I had been sighted,' Harry said. 'Which was my intention all along.'

"Well, as I live and breathe, the fabled and legendary Dragon," the gentleman said in a bold voice. "Stand your ground, men, there is no need to fight."

The men backed off on their boss's orders. Harry wondered what the catch was. His eyes followed the progress of the gentlemen.

"Konstantin Kovar," Harry said. "I wondered whether or not I was going to run into you."

"Ah, yes, you are as omniscient as the legends say," Kovar said. "Please, I do not wish for a battle.
Good men are so hard to find these days, and I'm afraid you would end up ripping apart some of the best….I wish to speak with you, face to face. I think we can come to some kind of understanding with each other."

Unless the understanding resulted in Harry leaving peacefully with the Spider Medallion, Harry doubted it would occur. Regardless, he just nodded politely.

"Let's talk over tea like civilized gentlemen."

"Yes," Harry said. "Let's."

He had a few questions for Kovar, but the fact he would not go to aggression made Harry very curious what angle the gentleman went for.

To Be Continued on May 21st, 2017.
Appearances could be very deceiving. Harry saw the man around him, Kovar, and wondered what the game was. The man seemed personable enough, all things considered. Harry did not want to accuse the man of any kind of trap, but it looked like Kovar was planning something. Exactly what, Harry did not know. The man looked like the type of person to keep cards very close to his chest.

'Do you need us to back you up?' Nyssa thought a moment or so later.

'Be ready in case I need any help,' Harry responded. 'For now, no….I think Kovar will be more relaxed if there aren't any members of the League of Assassins or any ARGUS agents moving around. Best to make sure he's comfortable. He might be more willing to give up information, but if I back him too far into a corner….'

No need to tell them what was going on. The group understood everything completely. Kovar looked around and spoke to his men very calmly. They all nodded and two of them made their way to open the gates to some kind of base of operations, which doubled as a mansion of some sort.

"I do hope you don't mind the walk," Kovar said. "But, keeping my base of operations slightly out discourages retaliation from enemies. There are those who don't understand what we do. I think we have that much in common, don't we?"

Harry answered with a nod in confirmation and waited for Kovar to lead the way inside. Those men still having their weapons forced Harry to remain on his guard at all times. The group made their way up the long slope and stepped into position.

"Just one second, and I'll allow us inside where we can talk together, have a meal, have something to drink, tea, or maybe something a bit stronger?"

"Lead the way, Mr. Kovar," Harry responded.

Harry saw no attempt of deception just yet. There was something unsettling about the air around him. The closer they got, the more Harry sensed they were in proximity of something. They were in proximity of the medallion, the spider medallion.

The glow coming from one of the trophy rooms indicated Harry would be a lot close. A maid stepped around the corner, and walked back, mouth hanging open. She quickly moved to get refreshments for the guests.

"I hope you enjoy my humble home," Kovar said. "It's come a long way since I had to fight for my next meal. I'm now making sure people get an opportunity to have next meal….and we're going to have big meal, aren't we?"

"Well, that's all up to you," Harry said.

"You must try this, my friend," Kovar said. "This wine was some of the strongest in the world. It's very potent and has a sharp enough kick to it just….snap."

Kovar snapped his fingers and one of the henchmen retreated to the cellar to bring up a very
elegant looking bottle of wine. Very dusty, very vintage, the man put the bottle of wine down on the table. Another man brought a cork opener. Kovar smiled and pulled on the cork which released the wine in a fizz.

"Here you go, drink to your health."

The wine poured and Harry placed his hand on the glass, performing a scanning charm.

'So, is he brazen enough to try and poison you?' Nyssa asked. 'Because, if he is, he's made his biggest, and final mistake.'

'It's just a little bit stronger than normal,' Harry responded. 'No poisons, no serums, nothing, but a well made, and very potent wine. Enough to get someone without resistance built up drunk with a few drinks.'

Harry could tell the wine would not be enough to knock Kovar over, at least until a few glasses had been downed. The glass had been picked up and Harry took a drink of the wine. He smiled when peering over the edge of the wine glass towards Kovar.

"Did I tell you?" Kovar asked. "Was that not the best wine you've ever tasted?"

"It's pretty good," Harry admitted. "But, I don't think I've just come here to drink all of your wine. There is more pressing business, and I don't think an intelligent man such as yourself is ignorant to the real reasons why I'm here in Russia."

'Well, you're going to tell him, if he doesn't already know,' Sara thought.

'Oh, I'm sure he already knows,' Nyssa commented a second later. 'Why wouldn't Kovar know? He made that show of power and showed how much he had his men under control. Kovar called them off. There's such kernel to what he's saying, he fears what the Dragon would do.'

A knock on the door caused Kovar to look up from Harry. He had been saved, at least for the moment of answering Harry's inquiry about the reason why he was here. Kovar cleared his throat a second later.

"Yes, come in."

The door opened and Harry saw that not only the women from his own world existed in alternate forms, the men did as well. A former opponent in the Triwizard Tournament, Viktor Krum, turned in. He still was slightly more coordinated when standing than the Krum Harry remembered.

"Viktor," Kovar said.

"The latest report, sir," Krum responded a few seconds later. He avoided all eye contact with Kovar's guest and slipped the folder into the man's hand.

"Thank you, Viktor," Kovar responded a second later. "I have a very important guest which I have to entertain."

"No sir, I need to check on my parents, to see if they are still holding up well after what happened," Krum said, looking at Kovar and not looking at Harry for a second.

'Is it odd to you that he's doing everything possible to avoid your eyes?' Sara asked.

Harry just brushed it off as Krum not doing well around strangers, at least in this world. He was not
a world famous Quidditch Star in this universe, rather he appeared to be a hand for a powerful man in Kovar. Krum took a half of a step back and Kovar returned to take a drink of wine.

"He's not very chatty, is he?" Harry asked.

"Viktor's had a very hard life," Kovar said. "I've given himself and his family a second chance after they've had everything taken from them by Bratva….his father has a weakness for gambling. Horse races are is passion, but it was a one-two punch of his mother being ill and his father's debts. He's a good soldier in the battles ahead. I hope to bring tranquility back to many who had lives which were lost."

Kovar took a moment to down another glass of wine.

"And yes, I'm aware you here to ask about the Spider Medallion," Kovar said. "It's a long story of how I acquired that particular artifact. I couldn't be certain what it was at first."

Krum watched the meeting from outside of the room. The Dragon was considered to be a spirit of misfortune from his family, and only bad things happened when the Dragon was around.

'Viktor, you can stop him,' a voice whispered in Viktor's ear. 'Use the medallion, the spider Medallion, you know where it is. Use the power to crush the Dragon.'

Krum could have sworn an image of an unkempt man with a beard appeared in the mirror. The only thing Viktor saw in the mirror was his own reflection. The young Bulgarian man shuddered and heard those whispers continue to escalate, being encouraged to take down the Dragon.

Tess heard some insanity in her day. Hell, there were times where insanity crossed the mind of the woman. Still, she looked at Liv for a long few seconds when Liv suggested they would find a way out of here.

"I told her she was crazy," Isabel said. "She hasn't been here for five minutes, and her mind already has slipped more than the rest of us."

Liv took a deep breath and perhaps they had a point. Perhaps they both had a point, the fall and getting separated from the rest of her team drove Liv completely insane. The disguised heiress did not know whether or not Nym or Holly survived. That uncertain thought made Liv's mind go a million miles a minute. More thoughts entered the mind of the poor girl and a deep breath filled Liv's lungs.

"You want to get out of here, don't you?" Liv asked.

"With my entire life," Isabel said. "Which is the only thing I have left about now."

Tess thought about it and considered all of their options. All things considered, escaping from this point was not the worst idea in the world. Kovar's men did not show up for several days, maybe even weeks. The perception of time had been skewed a little bit on Tess's perspective.

'We either die here, or we die out there,' Tess thought.

"So, we get out of here, where do we go?" Isabel asked. "Are the people who sent you on this mission even have an extraction plan, or did they just drop you out here. Because it's very risky to be out here when you're a Westerner."

Liv frowned in response, more risky to be there with a woman who hated her because of Robert
Queen, despite the fact Liv's face. Still, Liv had to keep her head up and maintain a very positive thought pattern. The heiress kept her head turned around and locked directly on the two other women.

"We can do this," Liv said. "All of us can do this if we just stand up to them. Are you afraid of dying? Or maybe afraid of living again?"

"You should save speeches like that until you run for public office," Isabel said.

The question pierced Isabel's armor, the thoughts she had put up. Isabel's eyes screwed tight in deep though. Did she really want to take the risk of getting out? Well, did it really matter at this point?

"If you're going to get killed, that's your business," the man in the corner responded when looking up towards the three women. "There's more food for the rest of us."

"Yes, get killed out there, get killed in there, makes no difference," another prisoner said.

"You don't have to stay in here, wondering where your next meal is coming from," Liv said.

Tess sighed, she appreciated the girl's passion for doing what was right. Unfortunately, and Tess really hated to be the one to break this particular news, Liv fought a losing battle.

A thump on the other side of the mountain could be heard. Liv's heart started to race a moment later when taking a very deep breath and letting out the breath.

"Someone's coming."

Liv reached over and pulled out the quiver of arrows. The man in the corner scoffed and picked up the newspaper, very worn, and smelling of urine, yet the only thing to read in this particular area.

"I don't think those little arrows are going to help her much against Kovar and his weapons," he muttered.

Tess and Isabel took a couple of steps over towards the outside. The fact they had not been greeted by immense gunfire was a very good sign.

A loud thump followed, and one lone man stumbled on the mountain, with stab wounds in his chest. The man groaned when dropping down onto the snow. Splatters of red stained the white, and the man kept coughing very loudly. The body twitched on the snow.

"Not one of mine," Liv said. "One of Kovar's."

Tess stepped over to a man who had been violently slaughtered. She would not shed too many tears for Kovar or any of his men, but at the same time, it was very curious. Some of those stand wounds ran pretty deep on the men. Tess peered down and glimpsed a hint of another man who did not make it up.

"Maybe being inside is the safest, given what attacked them," Tess suggested.

Liv ignored these very simple words of warning and turned around three hundred and sixty degrees. The radio on the downed men could potentially get information out to ARGUS if Liv modified it enough to get it working. The man on the ground looked up towards the man.

"Danger….Widow…..trouble….return…medallion to…..Spider!"

Those words choked out with a splatter of blood from the man's mouth. Tess grabbed Liv's
shoulder and steered her both inside. Isabel followed them and pushed the door shut. No one was going to come up here, not now, not ever.

"At least we got the radio," Liv suggested. "Maybe we can get help from someone."

"Providing whatever is down there doesn't get to us first."

"We can only hope," one of the cynical prisoners muttered.

Harry knew Kovar knew Harry knew that there were a lot of their conversation which was not completely on the level, to be honest. Kovar took a deep breath and had stopped drinking the wine. They had dispensed with the pleasantries and took a very deep breath in response.

"I can assure you, the power is very tempting, but I've studied enough books to realize holding that Spider Medallion when not worthy will have severe and long reaching consequences," Kovar said. "But, I've been unable to tell who is worthy of the medallion…and I do wish to keep it under lock and key unless he comes for it."

"Who is he?" Harry asked.

Kovar once again looked around and then stared Harry straight in the eye. The gentleman's voice dropped into an extremely deadly whisper so only Harry could hear it.

"The White Bumblebee."

Harry needed to drink some wine after hearing that particular name again. Not that it did Harry much good because the wine barely caused a buzz in the sorcerer. Still, the thought counted, with Harry taking a deep breath.

'The White Bumblebee?' Nyssa asked. 'That's the same name Ruve Darhk mentioned, who was a high-profile leader of HIVE, maybe a high profile leader.'

'Albus Dumbledore,' Harry thought. 'My old school headmaster, his name means White Bumblebee. He was capable of some pretty shifty things, all for some greater purpose. But, I don't think he was capable of performing international terrorism, as far as I know anyway.'

Harry took a deep breath, as far as he knew.

"The White Bumblebee….."

"Please, I beg you, keep your voice down," Kovar said urgently and turning around three hundred and sixty degrees. His eyes locked on Harry once again and leaned back. "No offense meant, Comrade, but he has his ways of knowing when people speak of him."

"I don't fear him," Harry said.

"Even after he was the man who helped seal you away in your prison for a thousand years?" Kovar asked him. "Or so the legend goes?"

"No."

Harry found this particular bit of information to very interesting. Providing, of course, the White Bumblebee and Albus Dumbledore were one and the same. Harry took a moment to consider the factor.
"Ironic given how Dumbledore was feared by a man who most people feared to speak his name, and this one right here, he has his name feared by a hardened mobster, who should not fear anyone. He could break people easily, but that's just the power Albus Dumbledore commands, unfortunately."

"We have a serious issue we need to discuss," Harry responded. "You are keeping prisoners here, on the mountain just outside of the village across that field."

"Mmm, yes, I knew you would ask about that," Kovar said. "I do not abduct people from their beds and drag them all the way here. I leave those matters to the United States Government. I've heard horror stories from people about what they do to those who don't follow their party line. People wind up dead, missing, or worse. All in the name of preserving freedom, naturally."

Kovar took a long drink one more time from the wine. Harry did not react in either a favorable or unfavorable way to Kovar's words. He had no knowledge of how the United States government, magical or otherwise, worked. If they were half as corrupt as the British Ministry, well, Harry would have problems, naturally. Then again, he always had a serious problem with following authority.

"I only bring in spies, great one," Kovar said. "Those who have come onto Russian soil, under the orders of the United States government. I can assure you no one who has shown up here is being dragged here against their will."

Harry nodded, suspicion of being a spy and actually being a spy were two different things. Kovar sounded a bit anxious now when talking about this prison. Harry made sure the Dragon Medallion laid in great prominence so the Russian understood who he spoke to.

"I want to talk about a woman who went missing recently," Harry said. "Perhaps you've heard the name Olivia Queen."

Kovar put down the wine a few seconds later and rose up to his feet.

"I'm afraid I can't say what some girl heiress would be doing in Russia," Kovar said. "If she's anything like some of your American celebrities, she must have gotten into trouble. She would be nowhere near Russia….I can assure you, as an act of good faith, I will swear on my mother's grave that Olivia Queen has been nowhere near Russia."

Harry looked Kovar dead on in the eye, so deep. Those eyes burned directly into Harry's vision. Harry suspected Kovar was not telling a lie to him. Harry pulled back from Kovar and took a deep breath in response.

"Very well, I believe you," Harry said. "Why don't you take me to see the Spider Medallion?"

For the briefest of seconds, Kovar acted like he was not going to accept that request from Harry. A moment passed when Kovar let out a deep breath and let one back in. The man nodded in response and rose to his feet.

"If you insist….you wish to see it, and you can see it's been unharmed," Kovar said. "I am all about transparency, unlike the White Bumblebee."

For the second time, that name had been spoken in a very crisp whisper. The two of them walked around the corner, towards the trophy room where the Spider Medallion. Harry took a moment to breathe in deep. Some presence caused Harry to be on edge. Perhaps it was the medallion, or perhaps it was something else.
'He's confirmed to me where he's kept prisoners,' Harry thought. 'He doesn't seem to know if she's here, but she might have….she might be close…that cave leads out into a village….and across the village is where he's keeping those prisoners. He believes they're spies, and maybe they are.'

Maybe they were innocent people who were at the wrong place at the wrong time, just victims of politics.

Nyssa slipped out of the shadows to the village. Something caught Nyssa's eye. The smell of decayed human flesh was the first thing which filled the air and Nyssa's nostrils. The Daughter of the Demon craned back a half of an inch and then leaned back.

"Someone else is here," Nyssa said.

"Is it the weird presence we ran into in the caves?" Sara asked a moment later.

Nyssa thought it could be. With each step, a very unsettling presence hit the Daughter of the Demon. Nyssa kept a steady hand on a blade very second of the way. A moment of lapsing her concentration, a moment of hesitation, and everyone would shatter. Nyssa could not do anything other than keep a steady look around. The Daughter of the Demon's deep breathing continued when turning from one side to the next, and all the way back around. Nyssa let out a very casual and very frustrated breath.

"It could be."

Nym looked up and saw a giant statue depicting a spider. Whoever built a spider statue, well they had a few problems, including problems which Nym could not even describe. The government agent took a closer look at the carvings at the basement statues.

"I'm pretty sure those carvings match those in the cave," Nym said a moment later.

Sara looked in for a second opinion. The carvings flickered when Sara got in close proximity to them. After Sara stepped away, the carvings stopped. The warrior frowned when looking at the carvings. Very interesting how their movements only happened when she had been near them.

Rose reached over and extended a hand to touch the base of the spider statue. A flash of light erupted from the base of the statue, and Rose saw something. A figure dressed in black swooping down with a blade extended and attacking them.

In a blink of an eye, Rose pulled away and drew in a deep breath.

"Did you see something?" Nym asked.

"I don't know," Rose said. "I'm not sure if getting attacked by a black people is a very good vision. I mean, isn't there chances of getting attacked by figures in black pretty high given we spend half of her life doing battle with various ninjas?"

"Maybe," Nym agreed.

Nym lightly moved over and rapped on the base of the statue. So far, the statue did not react to Nym's actions.

"I guess it likes you two better."

"I found something else."
Holly motioned for the rest of the group to come over. One of the armed men from the village doubled over with stab wounds in his chest. Whoever attacked this man did not give him a chance to fight back. Nym reached down and did the best to stabilize the wounds, but it was too late. The man already succumbed to some kind of infection and was an inch away from death.

"What the hell attacked him?" Nym asked.

Nyssa turned around going around the area. It was not the first time Nyssa noticed something in the shadows. The Daughter of the Demon withdrew the blade. Sara copied that action as well.

A figure jumped out of the shadows and knocked Sara back down onto the ground. The woman stopped short of stabbing Sara directly in the throat and pulled away. Sara popped up and the figure who attacked her disappeared into the shadows.

'What the hell is going on?'

Sara wobbled back a few inches and drew in a very obvious breath. No telling what happened now, Sara caught sight of Nyssa. Nyssa turned around and blocked a stabbing motion from the side. The stabbing motion broke Nyssa's sword and almost penetrated the side.

Rose saw a flash of where the attacker would attack next. A flash of light followed, and Rose turned around, blocking the jab from the blade. Sparks flew when Rose pushed the attacker back. Said attacker charged Rose with the weapon extended and made an honest attempt to skewer Rose at the end of the knife.

The girl saw a flicker of the attack in her mind's eye and avoided the blade from coming away from piercing her cheek. The electrified jolt repelled back and Rose saw another image of the woman launching into the air and dropping down from behind Rose before stabbing the girl in the back with a knife, dropping her down to the ground.

This Deadly Assassin spun around just in time to watch the deadly assassin jump up high in the air and come down hard. Rose blocked the attack, utilizing the blade. Both of them moved around each other. Despite the deadly nature of this woman, there had been a small amount of vulnerability and an even larger amount of shock going through the woman's mind. It was almost like the woman could not believe someone stood up to those attacks.

Once again, Rose saw a flash of the attack coming and proceeded to answer the attack accordingly. The whipping of a blade came inches away from puncturing the side of Rose's wrist. Rose snapped around and blocked the woman who snapped back.

Holly armed a miniature cannon found lying in the bushes of the village and fired it at the person in question. The mysterious woman in black showed some very skilled abilities by dodging the cannon when it blew up down onto the ground.

Nyssa thought taking advantage of a sudden distraction would put her in perfect position to take the mystery woman down to the ground. One sword spun around showed Nyssa was completely wrong. The woman pushed the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul down to a kneeling position and fired a snap kick which brought Nyssa down onto the ground. Nyssa flipped over and dodged an electrified string.

The woman stopped and flung a gas grenade down onto the ground. The gas filled the area and gave the perfect amount of cover for the attacker to escape.

Rose closed her eyes and tried to will a vision of where the attacker headed, or where she planned
to go. Unfortunately, the attacker disappeared and Rose had been standing there, without any idea of what just happened. Frustration looked to mount in Rose's mind.

"I can't believe this," Rose said through gritted teeth. "I really can't believe this. I come so close to taking her down, and see what her moves are like. Then I let her get away."

"Keep your cool," Sara reminded Rose.

Rose nodded in response, yes, very true, have to keep her cool, no matter what the situation was. More importantly, the group of five had to stick together. If any one of them had been picked apart on the margins, it would have been the end.

"She's one of the ones they left behind," Nyssa said.

"Come again?" Nym asked.

"Back when Russia was part of the Soviet Union, they sent girls to the Red Room to be educated and trained as weapons," Nyssa said. "Not all of them were recovered and taken down after the program got shut down. The few remained are the ones they left behind."

"Right, I remember, they were called the Black Widows," Nym said for a second. "Which is why they would be part of this entire spider tribe thing."

"Of course," Nyssa said a few movements later. "They don't want us to take a closer look at this statue, which means something is underneath it."

Sara looked at the statue and once again the runes on the statue glowed. It only seemed to react around her, not to anyone else in the group. Sara stepped back and Rose took a look at it. Rose turned around and locked eyes to Sara.

"I'm going to have to be the one, aren't I?" Sara asked.

"Yes, it looks like that," Rose said. "Well, let's give it a shot, what do we have to lose?"

So many flippant responses for that particular question, so little time. Sara drew in a deep breath and walked closer to the base of the statue and pressed in the bottom of it. The runes lit to light and the statue slid open to reveal a set of stairs leading down to a basement area.

"Down the rabbit hole we go?" Nym asked.

The team could not help but think they had been sidetracked of the original mission of hunting Olivia Queen down, but at the same time, they just had to go down. They moved down completely into the underground. For a brief second, they sensed a presence down here.

'Something tells me if we're found down here, it might be an uphill battle to stay alive,' Nym thought.

'Keep you cool, I don't think they'll harm you if I'm down here with you,' Sara thought a second later.

Nym wished there was a bit more clarity in Sara's words, perhaps a little bit more certainty in those words. Regardless, Nym took a deep breath and kept herself, head up straight, feet on the floor, as calm as possible when getting through the chambers. It reminded them of the old Black Catacombs, and that was not exactly a ringing endorsement.
"So, is anyone else waiting for something to happen?" Holly asked.

"Don't tempt Murphy," Nym warned.

Several bright lights popped on into the tunnel and an archway with stationary spiders had been lit open. Webbing covered the ground which never had been the most ideal of circumstances for anyone involved. The five women stepped inside, with Sara making the lead.

They moved inside to see a large black cocoon with some kind of black substance just oozing onto the ground from this particular position. Sara's mouth hung open when following the progress of the black substance draining from the ground. She had no idea what was dripping onto the ground from the cocoon.

"What the hell is that?" Rose asked. "Please tell me it's not some kind of giant spider egg."

Rose thought about touching the egg, but common sense prevailed, to be honest. All five of the girls looked at the egg which slowly and surely began to crack open. A bright light flashed from the inside of the husk.

"There's someone inside of the egg, isn't there?" Nym asked.

"Someone or something," Holly confirmed.

Holly held the miniature cannon borrowed from the grounds outside. She wondered how much use it would be given the circumstances. Holly drew in a very deep breath, waiting for the egg to slowly begin to crack open. Light poured out of the egg when something began to break out of the surface.

"Someone," Sara said.

One hand slowly poked out of the black husk, and all five women followed the progress of the whatever, was in the egg.

"He sees you nothing as a tool, something to be worn out and thrown away, 'a calm voice said in Krum's ear. 'He will just let the Dragon roll over everything. He will destroy your family's land and take everything.'"

Krum stepped closer towards the case with the spider medallion. The Bulgarian gentleman lifted the bottom of the case up. Viktor Krum had never taken an aggressive approach, but this new assertive step made him feel really good. Krum's smile widened.

"You have the whole world in the palm of your hand, 'the voice whispered very excitedly. 'Take it Viktor, it belongs to you. Take it.'

Viktor reached in and grabbed the bottom of the case, sliding it up. The medallion glinted underneath his hand. Krum smiled wildly but hesitated.

"Well, nice night for a walk, isn't it?"

Krum's hesitation caused him to look up when coming face to face with the Dragon himself. Those green eyes taunted Krum.

"You think you can roll over everyone just because you have a shiny little trinket," Krum said. "I've spent my entire life hearing stories about the feared Dragon. Well how feared am I going to
be when I take this medallion, and the power, and use it to slay you."

"You're drunk with power," Harry said.

"Not yet," Krum said.

Krum picked up the medallion in hand. The forbidden thrall of the medallion locked onto Krum's mind and sent waves of power, and great excitement towards Krum. He had never been more excited in his entire life.

"Viktor, what are you doing?"

"You don't have the imagination to succeed in life anymore, Kovar," Krum said. "You've grown fat, lazy, casual in your own power. You could have taken this medallion and used the power to destroy all your enemies, but now it will be mine to hold."

"Drop it, Krum, you don't know what power you're holding," Harry said.

"Oh, yes, I know the power!" Krum cried in pure triumph. "I know the power, and I know how good it feels to hold it."

"Drop it….

A flash of light engulfed Krum and his screams continued. Kovar turned towards Harry.

"Is it killing him?" Kovar asked.

"If we're fortunate," Harry said. "Unfortunately, we're not."

Four additional limbs ripped from Krum's body and his eyes grew rather wide and prominent, with fangs poking out from the man's bottom lip. Kovar watched the horror show unfold and his men aimed their guns at Krum.

"That won't work."

Harry's words had fallen on completely deaf ears. The bullets vaporized in mid-air thanks to the magic pulsing from the medallion before they could get a chance. Slits on Krum's wrists opened and shot lines of webbing at the gentlemen, wrapping the web lines around their throat.

The web lines, as strong as steel, snapped the men's neck when dropping down onto the ground. Krum raised his hand and summoned a flash of several spiders.

The spiders crawled over one of the men, covering him from head to toe. The screams of agony when the spiders ripped the gentleman had agonizing screams.

Harry sensed someone stirring up Krum's own insecurities to get the medallion. Kovar's guard had been reanimated to be made of spider, and three more followed.

"I want those other two medallions you're carrying!" Krum yelled. "I'm going to have all of the power."

'That escalated quickly.'

To Be Continued on May 28th, 2017.
Chapter Thirty-Two: Just Spectacular.

A man slowly morphing into a giant spider monster and morphing some of the guards into his spider minions ranked pretty high on the list of the weirdest things a person would ever see in their life. Well, it would rank high on the list of the highest things a person would ever see.

Harry sensed a presence other than the power of the medallion in the room, although it was very weak, and very much on the fringes. Krum's eyes swam with power. It normally took a much longer time for someone to grow completely drunk with power.

"Do you really think you have the power to stop me, Kovar?" Krum asked. "You are nothing compared to me!"

"I took you in," Kovar said. "You and your family would have languished had it not for me. Whatever this medallion is doing to you, it's messing with your mind."

"My mind has not been messed with!" Krum yelled at the top of his lungs. His voice echoed throughout the chambers. "On the contrary, Kovar, my mind is stronger and more clear than it's ever been in a very long time, now it has been steered away from her lies, and your deception."

'Thinks his mind is clearer than ever, an obvious sign of someone who ended up going for a magical artifact which is far beyond his ability. Wonderful, just perfect.'

Kovar broke a case and withdrew a miniature cannon from it. The large gentleman pulled the trigger and fired at the spider. The heated blasts had been blocked and Krum just laughed, as did his minions.

"You do not get it do you, little man," Krum responded a moment later. "I have power the likes of which you could not even dream about in your greatest masturbatory fantasies. I'm stronger, I'm stronger than you ever will be and I will use that power to crush the dragon."

One more shot, but even the ground beneath Krum had been mortified. The line of webbing wrapped around Kovar and yanked him back. Kovar tried to fight against the webbing which tightened around him. Krum smashed Kovar against the windows and dangled him above a long drop.

"And now, I must break you."

Krum dropped Kovar down to his apparent and inevitable doom, causing him to fly down several stories.

"Now, I will take over Kovar's operations, and gain revenge on all who ever thought I was a meek little boy, all who picked on me, made fun of the way I walk, in the way I talk," Krum said. 
"Before, I gain control however….Dragon, show yourself! Your reckoning is at hand…your time is at an end."

One of the guards turned spider minion supercharged with energy before exploding into a shower of thousands of tiny spiders. The spiders vaporized the second they disappeared.

"You know something, Dragons step on spiders."
Krum shot webbing out into the corner. Harry avoided the webbing from wrapping around his arms and legs. The sorcerer appeared and disappeared behind Krum, dropping to the ground.

"Bah, merely a parlor trick!" Krum shouted. "Let me show you what true power is."

One stinger impaled in the wall where Harry stood. The stinger caused the wall to explode and the floor to crumble out in front of where Harry used to be.

Krum turned around and noticed two more of his minions had been brought down. The empowered man raised his hands into the air and slammed them down onto the ground.

'As fun as this is, I'm going to have to get that medallion away from him as soon as possible,' Harry thought. 'Okay, I can do this.....you're not going to beat that easily.'

"You seem to have a bit of trouble channeling that thing...Vicky," Harry jeered.

"Don't ever call me that," Krum warned Harry.

Some things never changed, no matter what the universe.

"What, Vicky?" Harry asked. "Because, you're not acting like a man, you're acting like a spoiled little girl, whose prom date dumped you. You know something, Vicky...you have that power, but you will never be able to control it because you're not worthy of holding the power of the spider medallion."

"SILENCE!"

The statues in the trophy room vibrated and shifted into an army of spiders. The spiders linked together and magically fused together into one hideous looking abomination, one large spider made out of a series of small spiders. Harry looked at the creature which rose into the air and bared fangs.

"I'd be scared if I was five," Harry said. "Actually, no, I wouldn't be, Vicky."

Krum's eyes flared with anger.

'He's trying to bait you to burn you out before you completely bond,' the voice in Krum's head warned him. 'Do not.....allow him to.'

"Ah, is that the best you can do, Vicky?" Harry asked. "Come on, Vicky, you can surely do better than a giant spider.....looks like a really bad special movie effect from the eighties!"

"I'll show you!" Krum yelled. "I'll SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU!"

Krum's loud shriek was girly when the giant spider monster rose up to go for Harry. Harry avoided the charging of the spider twice. The spider smashed against the wall before bounced back. The mouth opened and released a very dangerous looking green venom from Harry. The sorcerer avoided the venom from connecting to the ground. The wizard dodged the spider venom before it connected to the ground. The wizard avoided the attacks, dodging the venom before it coated on the ground.

More of Kovar's guards came around the corner. Harry withdrew the sword of Godric Gryffindor and caused a spark of energy to come through it. The spiders supercharged and flew into the air. Harry smiled and saw Krum. The sword flashed and showed Harry an outline of Krum's aura and the cracks coming into it. He rejected the medallion, but at the same time, fought to bond with it.
'Perfect,' 

"Hey, Vicky!" Harry yelled. "If that's the best you do, then maybe you should be wearing a Troll Medallion."

Krum rose his hands up and a shower of spiders dove towards Harry. The cyclone of eight legged freaks when towards Harry, with Krum right in the middle, hands outstretched. Both of them smashed through another set of windows and went down onto the ground.

Harry rose up from the ground, without a scratch. Krum stood up, looking more inhumane than possible, and also growing in mass. The mass only increased the further Krum rose from the standing position. A hideous scream followed when Krum whipped his head back and shook like a mad man.

"What is happening?" Krum asked. The power rising through Krum took more changes, twisting the man.

For a brief scant second, Krum feared what the power might do, but then, the man embraced it, embraced the true power. Thousands of spiders scuttled across the ground, some of them crawling up his arm. The man grabbed onto the ground, eyes flashing in devious nature.

'We'll be there as soon as we can,' Nyssa thought. 'We've run into…difficulties.'

'Imagine that,' Harry thought. 'Don't worry, I've got a plan…at least the makings of one.'

The cocoon started to crack, and there was a sharp, pained intake of breath. Nym took a brave step forward, but Holly pushed forward towards her. Holly pulled out a knife and started to hack away at the cocoon. This was much to do about nothing given how the knife stuck to the cocoon.

'Not exactly the thought I had in mind,' Holly thought, trying to pull away from the sticky cocoon before it completely sucked in her knife.

The woman looked around, and looked at her hands, taking a deep breath. The eyes flashed in a combination of fear, and also curiosity.

Sara could not help but notice how hot the woman was, but this was very much beside the point. One step forward and encouraging smile tried to bring the conversation around to a less awkward angle. The woman rose up to a standing position and almost fell back onto the ground.

"It's okay," Sara said. "You're here, you're safe, you're among friends."

"Where I am?" the girl asked.

Holly looked towards the girl in response and back towards the rest of the group. "That's actually a good question."

Nym handed the girl a canteen of water. The girl uncorked it and took a drink from it. "Thanks...I don't know how long I've been down here….the last thing I remembered is I found that meteor….and there's a bright light, and I ended up here."
Everyone in the chambers tried to wrap their hands around the mysterious blonde's statement. There were not as many answers as they would like, and there would also be a lot of questions. The girl in question took a deep breath and looked around the tunnel.

"I've never been inside here in my life," she responded. "It could have been months, years, maybe even longer….or maybe…"

"What?" Rose asked.

Rose was not going to lie, she didn't like it when people never finished their thoughts. No matter how stupid the thought might have been, being left hanging was a marginal amount more stupid, at least in Rose's opinion. Rose leaned forward towards the girl and gave her the long eye.

"Maybe, I'm not in the same world anymore," the mysterious blonde responded. "It makes a lot of sense if you really think about it. There are countless universes, multiple alternate dimensions out there. I could have fallen into the portal and ended up in one of those."

"It wouldn't be the most insane explanation," Holly said.

"My name is Gwen…Gwen Stacy," she responded by the way. "I'm an explorer…and a scientist, and I guess both of those reasons were the reason why I'm here…..in this world, wherever this world is. What year is it anyway?"

"2010," Nym said.

Gwen's very obvious and uncomfortable sigh indicated she may have been put to sleep yet.

"1973, that's the last year I remember," Gwen answered after a moment's thought. "Do we have flying cars yet?"

"No," Sara said. "There's a lot of other stuff in this time that's going to blow your mind though.:

Someone had been asleep, since the 1970s, they would have missed out on a whole lot of the world in the last forty or so years. Especially given there had been a lot of changes, more than Sara, or anyone else could barely even recollect.

"So, I'm here, in this temple," Gwen said. "'I guess that's where I'm supposed to be, or something….."

"So, you're like Lara Croft or Indiana Jones?" Holly asked.

"I have no idea who those people are," Gwen said.

A crumbling sound came through the temple, and the conversation would have to come to a stop. Everyone who stood in the temple realized they were not alone. Gwen's heart stammered a couple of beats when looking around the area of the tunnel.

"Shit," Gwen murmured a second or so later. "There's…there's this buzzing in my head….I don't know how to explain it, but I know that there's danger coming, and while I don't know what it is, I know it can't be good, at all."

Gwen turned around the tunnel, and the statues, which she swore were stationary just a minute ago, had been less than stationary. One of the lunged towards Gwen.

In a flash of an eye, Gwen jumped high into the air and flipped onto her feet, landing behind the
The statue turned around, and Gwen blocked the ax, surprised at the reflexes she showed. The blonde pulled the axe out and flipped it back, decapitating one of the statues.

The girls watched when Gwen landed down onto the ground and did a flip over one of the charging statues. The girl had been very surprised at the agility which brought her onto the ceiling. No more surprised when she clung to the ceiling and dropped down onto the statue, cracking it down onto the ground. Several fragments of the statue broke apart.

Gwen twisted around the attack, showing great flexibility to the attacks. Several strands of black material, similar to the cocoon shot out of Gwen's wrists, locking onto one of the statues. Gwen smashed the statues apart.

Nyssa caught one of the rune stone slid a fraction of an inch out of place, which caused the statues to attack. The Daughter of the Demon waved over the rest of the party, who made their way over. Sara and Rose helped Nyssa push it back into place.

The statues disappeared in the flash and Gwen dropped down onto the ground.

"I don't know what I just did," Gwen said. "But that was pretty amazing!"

"Yes, it was," Sara said with a smile. "Those powers, I've never seen anyone move like that in my life."

"I guess going into a coma or whatever for forty years does you some good," Gwen answered a few seconds later. The blonde's lips curled into a smile. "So, what now?"

"We help the Dragon," Nyssa said.

"Wait, are you serious?" Gwen asked, her tone growing excited. "He's....he's actually a thing, that's real....oh my, that's....that's so....wow, just..."

Sara grabbed Gwen firmly by the shoulder. No matter how much Sara thought there was an amazing story about Gwen's potential connection to Harry, they did have some crazed Bulgarian with a medallion which allowed him to achieve powers about spiders.

"That meteor, it gave you spider powers," Nym said.

"I guess it did," Gwen responded. "It just seems so weird, doesn't it?"

"Maybe you're the one," Sara said.

Gwen didn't know what to make of this statement. She was the one, the one what? Gwen didn't have any idea what to make of this particular statement and the brainy blonde felt brimming with the questions.

"Explanations later, ass kicking now," Rose said. "We do have to stop the guy who shouldn't have the medallion."

Harry led Krum and the unholy spider army back several feet. Those eight-legged freaks approached Harry, with insidious laughter following.

"Try and keep up Vicky," Harry said. "You wanted to squash me, well here's your chance."

Harry made his way towards a village. Several of Kovar's men were down from an attack earlier. Harry banished the corpses away, not wanting any more surprises. The sounds of several tiny ate
legged abominations and several large ones who appeared out of air. The spiders cycled in the air like a cyclone.

"You talk way too much, little man," Krum said.

Harry sized up his adversary. Just because Krum was a ten feet spider monster, did not make him any stronger. The giant spider monster rushed towards Harry and shot a blinding amount of acid at the sorcerer. Harry put up a shield to block the attack and evaded several more attacks. The webbing almost wrapped around Harry, at least until a blast of fire recoiled the creature back.

The inhumane scream proved to be music to Harry's ears. The creature rushed towards Harry and the wizard conjured three flaming hot daggers before slamming them into the fleshing underside of the giant creature. The creature howled in agony.

"You will pay!"

"Well, you've been saying that for a while now," Harry said. "I've yet to see some results...you really think that medallion gives you power. It's turning you into something dangerous because you're not worthy. And eventually, you're going to lose control. But, maybe you can take me out."

Krum charged, the spiders magically fusing to him and causing him to extend in girth. The hideous looking creature appeared, and Harry noticed a marking underneath him, which had to be where the medallion was. If only Harry could break Krum free, there might be a chance. A small chance, but a chance.

A flash of light flickered out of the corner of Harry's eye. The same woman dressed in black who attacked the group elsewhere jumped up and slammed down onto the back of the spider. A blood-stained dagger tore through the back of the creature and resulted in several of the spiders splattering down on the ground.

"Widow, impossible!" Krum yelled. "You will serve me."

"You are not the medallion's rightful master," she said. "Someone has poisoned your mind, and your mind is too weak to realize what happened."

A hideous howl followed, and the Black Widow avoided the attack. The skilled assassin, one of the most deadly ever trained, electrified the bottom of the spider. Harry stepped back to allow the woman to attack. She was good, but not the one who would get the medallion away.

"NO!"

The ground opened up and several spiders crawled out. They patched up the areas where the Black Widow destroyed. Krum used the long legs to grab the Black Widow and hurl her. Venom spit through the air, but at the last second, Harry pulled the Black Widow out of the way.

"I had it under control," she said.

The creature howled in agony and once again made a beeline towards them. Only a figure flipped into the air and landed on the back of a large spider monster.

"You know the little ones aren't that bad," Gwen said. "But, you, you're hideous and disgusting, and...well, I think I'm running out of adjectives. So, I'll just take you down."

Gwen jumped off the man's back and shot a blast of energy from her hands which stung the underside of the creature. The creature's hideous screams continued to escalate when stampeding
towards Gwen. The young woman dodged the attack.

Sara, Rose, Nym, Holly, and Nyssa joined them. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"She's Gwen…and it's a long story," Sara offered.

"I figured about as much."

"I will crush you, little girl!" Krum yelled.

"Please, you're boring me to death," Gwen said. "You're not going to crush anything…you sickening little...UGH!"

Gwen flipped down to the ground, those legs almost striking her in the ribs. The web-slinging heroine just avoided being driven down through the ground from the impact. The creature rushed towards Gwen one more time. The underside looked to be a weak spot.

"Perfect!"

One punch to the underside of the creature and Gwen grabbed onto the silver object. The medallion ripped from the chest and flashed with a bright light. The size and girth caused Krum to shrink back to a normal size, and Gwen to almost flip out of the air.

Harry moved in to catch Gwen before she made a very nasty spill on the ground. The girl shifted very nervously when Harry held her up in his arms.

"Hey," Gwen said. "Um….nice catch."

"Thanks," Harry said.

Harry was very curious to see what would happen now that Krum was not under the power of the medallion. Several of the spiders surrounded, and Krum screamed in agony, when the spiders jumped on in, covering Krum. The young Bulgarian man was attacked by the hideous spider creatures.

A flash of light engulfed the air around them, and there was a moment's pause. Krum, or whatever was left of him, had been sucked into oblivion, and the spiders disappeared. Gwen stood there, a wide eye on her mouth, the medallion in her hand. It was almost hot when pressed into the palm of her hand.

"So, that happened," Gwen commented a moment later. "Do you think any of us can fill me in on exactly….you're him, aren't you?"

Whatever question Gwen had, it had been lost the moment she regained some level of footing and straightly looked into the eyes of Harry. Rose threw hands into the air and offered a smile.

'Another one,' Rose thought. 'What are the odds?'

'Pretty high?' Nym asked. 'Well, she knew the Dragon…another willing disciple.'

The Black Widow moved around the margins. The skilled assassin did not really do anything right yet. Rose, Sara, and Nyssa all stood ready, prepared for a fight, and they were not the only ones who were prepared for a fight. The Black Widow turned towards Holly and Nym. Both of them were on pins and needles and waited for the next move.

"You wanted to find your fellow agent?" she asked. "Follow me….there are other prisoners."
"We'll go and pick up Liv," Nym said. "And the four of you...well now the five of you I guess, we'll be back, and we'll figure out what we need to do."

"That's just as well," Harry said. "We're going to need to take a look around."

Nym did not know what to think. They were very close by this entire time. The Black Widow led the way and to her credit, did not lead them into trouble. It was the main thing. There were a few men who lined the mountain.

"Kovar has disrupted this area, and stole something which did not belong to him," Black Widow said. "Everything should calm down now that his operations have been disrupted."

"Sure hope so...um...we haven't been introduced," Nym said.

"I haven't had a name in a very long time ago," the assassin responded. "And any name I've taken on in the time since I've been trained by the organization is not my own."

The statement caused everyone to grow very awkward. The entire mission was very awkward to be honest, with the three of them making their way up the mountain. Nym could only imagine living an entire life without any sense of themselves, who they were, where they came from. It was very awkward, to be honest, and there was a small part of Nym who felt sorry.

The woman was not the type of person she should really feel sorry about, at least a lot of the time. Nym's eyes shifted back one inch and then another inch. They made their way up the mountains.

"The way down is harder than the way up. I think you can agree this is done by design."

Holly responded with a nod in response, there was no kidding. The government agent had been trained to be a pretty expert mountain climber, but even the experts had their fair share of trouble navigating a place like this and Holly was having her fair share of troubles navigating the mountain.

"We are almost there."

The blood stained the snow, and one of the guards had been taken out. One the windows were busted, which was a very bad feeling. Nym took a step forward to open the door, but already, Holly beat her up the mountain.

The door opened, and the sounds of talking inside stopped. Holly stepped inside and pulled out a gun to point around.

"Anyone here?" Holly asked. "Liv, are you here?"

A sound of a figure stepping up the hallway appeared in the light. A bow and arrow had been pointed, and the figure looked very anxious, to be honest. Holly took another couple of steps down the hallway and looked forward.

"Okay, Liv, it's me, you don't have to attack," Holly said. "The last thing I want you to do is put another arrow through me again. I still haven't recovered from the last one you did on me, okay?"

Olivia Queen dropped the bow and arrow when holding it on Holly. Holly stepped inside, along with Nym, and a third person lingered at the entrance. Liv realized something instantly, it was the woman who attacked Kovar's men when they were coming up here.
"It took you long enough," Liv said.

"Hey, you're welcome too," Holly said. "So, you were captured?"

"Not exactly," Liv responded. "I made my way up through the basement, and then ran into a couple of people...the sooner I can get out of this depressing place, the better off we can be. Better off all of us can be."

"You work for ARGUS?"

Liv, Holly, and Nym turned around and saw the redhead woman walk around the hallway.

"Tess Mercer, these are the teammates I got separated with, Holly Granger and Nymphadora..." Liv said, but there was a pause from the patented Nymphadora Tonks dirty glare of death. Liv just responded with a smile at the antics and the look on Nym's face. "Actually, Tonks, just plain Tonks."

"That's Agent Tonks to you, Cadet Queen," Nym said with a dirty look.

"Tess Mercer?" Holly asked. "You mean the Marine Biologist who disappeared last year under mysterious circumstances?"

"Yeah, me," Tess said. "The rest of my team, they didn't make it, and for the longest time, I didn't think I was going to. On the bright side, I didn't die...but there's really no bright side to being locked up in prison here."

"I can tell," Nym said. "Well, the important thing is everyone is going to go home, and everything is going to be fine."

"Your optimism is appreciated," Tess said. "But, if you were actually here, you wouldn't be able to hold onto it. Trust me on that one...well, I guess if you're going to bring us home....."

"We'll have to keep everyone in temporary custody," Holly said. "I don't like it any more than you do, but that's just standard procedure, it can't be helped."

Tess just responded with a smile, a few days in ARGUS lock upbeat almost a year locked up in this hell hole. And she was certain the other people who were here would agree.

"So, I don't really know the names of many of the other people in here," Tess said. "But, there's Isabel Rochev, she's currently waiting in the other room..."

"Rochev, why does that name sound familiar?" Holly asked.

"Mainly because she hates my father, because she was his Mistress," Liv said. "And she didn't agree with something he was doing, so he deported her off to Russia."

"Or, so she says," Holly said.

Holly was not surprised about the Queen Family drama, to be perfectly honest. She was more surprised it did not pop up more often. Regardless, everyone would have to go back to base, and they would figure out who would be able to go free. After all of this time, the people involved.

"May I return with you?"

This question caused Holly to be taken aback because it had come completely out of left field. The brunette turned a fraction of an inch and frowned in response to the woman's statement after it had
been given. The Black Widow's eyes locked onto those of Holly's.

"You want to come with us?" Holly asked. "You would be willing to come back with us, to ARGUS….."

"I think I have special skills which will be valuable to you and your organization," Black Widow said. "And you would not mind the assistance."

Holly thought about it for a moment. It really wasn't her call. Regardless, Holly pulled out the communication device, which now worked suddenly. Holly was not going to question it, rather she pressed a button to activate the communication device.

"Mia?" Holly asked.

"Oh, Holly, thank God," Mia said. "What happened?"

"Long story, might tell you about it over coffee when we get back," Holly said. "Let's just say, we ran into some trouble, found some people…a couple who have been missing persons and Harry grabbed another one of the medallions…well, we found the one who was supposed to hold that particular amulet."

"You want me to send the signal in for extraction?" Mia asked.

"Yes, the sooner we get out of here, the better off we're going to be," Holly said. "Trust me, we have a story to tell now."

Forty missing years, Gwen could only imagine the catching up she had to do. Providing, of course, this was her universe, and Gwen had some misgivings about it. Regardless, Gwen looked at the medallion and then looked over towards Harry who walked over towards her.

"So, that's a lot to take in?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, you can say that again," Gwen said. "I was just a normal explorer, scientist, just someone who looked into the mysteries of life. And I've become a part of the mysteries of life. My mind is completely blown, to be honest."

"Yes," Harry commented a moment later. "But, it doesn't get much easier, later on, trust me. You're just going to have to go with the flow, and see where life takes you."

"Well, I'm going to go with the flow now, and see where life takes me."

Boldly, Gwen leaned over and kissed Harry on the lips. Something about that particular gesture just felt right. Harry put a hand on the back of Gwen's hair and kissed her back. The two of them exchanged a kiss which caused sparks to go down their bodies.

"Wow," Gwen said. "That's…"

"We found something."

Gwen pulled herself away from the moment, and Rose made her way up from the basement of Kovar's facility. Harry moved close to see what he could find out from the basement area. He had a feeling it would be something very interesting down there, well at least he speculated about as much.

"Kovar has been stockpiling a lot of priceless treasure down here," Nyssa said. "And given he's….a
"Spoils of war?" Rose asked.

"Precisely," Harry said with a smile.

The gold coins would be very valuable, and there was also plenty of artifacts down here. Once Harry picked through them, selling the harmless ones to the highest bidder, and keeping the dangerous ones either to hold on or destroy. A quick scan showed Harry the artifacts.

'So, we’re ready for extraction,' Nym thought. 'Aren't you?'

'We will be soon enough,' Harry thought. 'Just got a couple of things to take care of.'
Gwen Stacy could do things that at first, she only thought could be possible in her wildest dreams. The blonde would not lie, a slight smile crossed over her face when stepping towards the edge of the ARGUS training course. Months ago, technically years ago, but months about from her perspective, Gwen would have thought this particular course would have been very daunting. Now, Gwen looked around the training course and craned her neck a fraction of an inch back.

A deep breath followed out of Gwen's body a second or two later. She could most certainly run through this particular course.

"Remember, this is just a trial run," Nym said from the other side. "You don't need to overextend yourself, just take your time, and do the best you can."

Harry observed very closely, sitting next to Sara. They watched as Gwen stretched, dressed in a pair of tight black pants which fit her body nicely. The top she wore also topped off the outfit nicely. Gwen's limber, flexible body moved.

Hanging from the side of the ARGUS wall, a bag, and inside the bag, laid one of the medallions, the medallion of the spider. Gwen took a deep breath and moved forward. Not quite yet ready to put on the medallion, Gwen wanted to first test the limits of her newfound abilities. There had been several scans ran on her.

"So, what do you think?" Sara asked.

"Well, she's eager to learn," Harry said.

"I mean, she's pretty hot, isn't she?" Sara asked a moment later.

Harry just smiled and joined Sara in appreciating the view. They watched when Gwen rushed through the first round of the trials. She avoided the floor from coming down. It was only a six-foot drop, nothing bad, but still, it hurt the person's pride. Gwen clung to the ceiling and flipped over, landing on top of the hurdles. Gwen did a somersault flip and dropped down onto the ground.

Tess stood, watching from the other side. She looked to be trying to catch Harry's eyes. Harry motioned for Tess to come over. He moved over slightly, so Tess could sit to his left, while Sara sat to his right.

"So, when I went on that trip, I didn't expect to run into you of all people," Tess said. "I know you must get this a lot, but really, it's an honor and a privilege to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine, Tess," Harry said. "Do you remember how you got sidetracked from your expedition?"

"Sorry, unfortunately, I don't," Tess said. "The rest of my crew got lost at sea, while I was picked up by some of Kovar's men. They thought I was a spy, apparently. Kovar was doing some operation out on the seas, I don't know what. I never know what. They would never believe I didn't know anything."

Tess spent a minute just sighing.
"I can't wait to return home," Tess said. "But, I'm sure, I owe ARGUS a debt. Although if it wasn't for you, then the ARGUS agents would have never found me."

"We all do what we can to help each other," Harry said.

"Oh, I know," Tess said. "The legends…I must have snuck away from my foster parents at least twice a week, three times if I was sneaky enough, to go and visit the caves. It was a bit of a walk, but you know something, they were amazing. I wondered if there were more from a story…of the man who fell from the heavens and gave new hope from the world. Some called you Dragon, but the tribe which the caves were in called you a different name. But, there are many legends, and the truth is more amazing."

Harry would have to agree the truth was more amazing. He watched Gwen's death-defying acrobatics.

"I'd take you to the caves if you want to see them," Tess said. "You inspired them, some time ago."

Tess thought Harry Potter, as the Dragon was called in his mortal life, was most certainly something else. The loyalty and the hope he inspired, well Tess didn't see anything.

"She's really getting into this, isn't she?" Sara asked.

'That's a kind of energy which should be harnessed,' Nyssa said. 'Oh, and Ruve is still secured. Talia won't let her slip away, but I understand your concern. HIVe has not come for her yet. I'm not sure if they've noticed one of their key figures is gone.'

'And yet, still no news on Darhk?' Harry asked.

"It was a pleasure to meet you," Harry said. "And I'll be happy to come with you and see the caves….where did you say these caves were?"

"They are in Smallville, it's in Kansas," Tess said. "It used to be known as the production center for corn in the world, but fifteen years ago, something happened. There was a meteor shower, and everything changed."

Sara heard a couple of things about Smallville as well.

'My father used to have a Lazarus Pit there, but it's been tainted,' Nyssa thought. 'It was tainted by the green meteors which fell from the sky about fifteen years ago.'

Harry just responded with a nod in response. He figured as much and wondered if the Lazarus Pit in Smallville would become a security concern later on. It would be one of the many reasons for Harry to head off and check Smallville, to see if something could be done.

Gwen dropped down at the final part of the course. The nimble woman looked pretty excited about herself, having not only gone through the course but also made it through the course without having a single scratch on herself. She walked in and moved towards Harry, Tess, and Sara, along with Nym, who supervised the course.

"So, how did I do?" Gwen asked.

"You've passed the intermediary training course on the first try," Nym said. "Although, you did have a bit more of a leg up than I did."

"Can't you do magic, though?" Gwen asked. "And can't magic, by its very nature, warp the fabric
Nym raised a hand in response to silence Gwen. The shape-shifter shook her head. "That's not the point though, the point is, you did good, and you used your abilities in the best possible way. You've accomplished a fair amount as well."

Gwen would have jumped up and down in excitement. She looked towards Harry, who smiled.

"Spectacular, Gwen," Harry said. "There's room for improvement, there always is, but for your first trial run, it's pretty good."

"Especially since Captain Klutz here fell face first into the pit on her first trial run," Holly said a moment later. She had been joined by Rose, who had a look on her face.

Harry rose up to his feet and motioned Rose over. Rose moved over, only so Harry and Sara could hear her. One thought entered Harry's mind and it was the fact that Rose looked pretty disturbed, and potentially for good reason. Harry would have to figure out where to go from here next.

"You had a vision, didn't you?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Rose said a moment later. "I saw the White Canary Medallion."

"Where did you see it?" Sara asked.

"I don't know exactly where…it was just a fleeting vision, here one minute, gone the next," Rose said.

Frustration mounted on the face of Rose. These abilities were a blessing and a curse all rolled into one.

Rose took a deep breath in response, and the breath continued to go. Harry leaned forward and grabbed Rose lightly by the hand to pull her into a darkened office off to the side. Harry motioned for Rose to sit down in the chair, and so she did.

"Rose, take a deep breath, and just focus on what you've seen," Harry said. "Try your best to tell me everything you've seen. Don't strain yourself trying, but…"

"No, I can… I can see enough to tell you," Rose said. "The answers you're looking for, you can find them in France."

One of the last places Holly wanted to ever go ever again was Russia. Especially when it pertained to dealing with giant spider totems, that was the one thing Holly never wanted to go up against.

Holly stepped into the room, where Dawn had been looking for the woman who had been one of the survivors of the Red Room.

With the woman's mask off, Holly had been blown away by how gorgeous the woman was. Vibrant red hair, stunning green eyes, and a soft face, but it could be deceptive. Men and women alike could be lured in by that dangerously deceptive beauty until the kill happened. Holly did not take her eyes off.

"Holly!" Dawn yelled in excitement. "Thanks for stopping by for a visit, and to think, you almost didn't get yourself killed to stop by this time."

"Very funny, Dawn," Holly said.
Dawn just responded with a cute little smile, which was equal parts adorable and obnoxious. Holly could not think of whether or not to slap the smile off of Dawn's face or to just smile.

"I'll be almost done with our…nameless friend," Dawn said. "She's in peak physical condition, and kept herself in great shape."

"You must be in great shape to survive out there," she said. "Now that the Spider Medallion is finally in the right hands, I can leave…that was my final mission from my old handler. To find the person who was worthy of holding one of the most sacred treasures in the entire world."

"What happened to your old handler?" Dawn asked.

"I don't know, but given how many political enemies he had death seems to be very likely."

Dawn breathed in and breathed out, the woman's blunt words were very appreciated, even though Dawn just thought those harsh words were something which jarred her. Regardless, Dawn made a few notes on the medical examination.

"Well, if it was up to me, you would be cleared for field duty right away," Dawn said. "You have passed pretty much every single physical I can think of. Although, I'm sure Waller will want you to put more tests, both physical tests, and psychological tests."

The Black Widow just responded with a nod. She eagerly anticipated being tested. Dawn pulled off the monitoring device from her.

"I'll return to my designated room," The Black Widow responded a few seconds later. "And you'll give me the results of my examination, and I'm sure I'll find out whether or not I can be an agent, or whether I can be a prisoner."

Dawn answered with a nod in response. "Well, I'm sure your more than worthy, but…"

"I understand your concerns," the Widow said. "And I would strongly have misgivings about the credibility of this organization if you didn't have any misgivings."

Holly just looked towards her sister. She moved over to open up the door for the nameless Black Widow, and Holly thought she would have to have a name. Calling this woman the nameless Black Widow really did get confusing after a long time.

"So, did you want to see me?" Dawn asked.

"Just wondering if you have the afternoon off," Holly said.

"Yeah, her exam was the last one I have, and I'm free to go," Dawn said. "How about you?"

"I have the afternoon off as well…..Waller better have given me time off after that mission," Holly said.

Dawn just answered with a smile and knew despite her sister's words, it would drive the poor girl to the point of insanity not to get any field action. One light grip of Dawn's shoulder caused a smile to pass over the woman's face as Holly steered her out of the office and down the hallway.

"What are you doing?" Dawn asked.

"Trust me, you'll thank me later."

Dawn could only imagine what Holly was doing. Holly had the look on the face, the same look on
her face she wore when she was about to get both of them in trouble when children. Dawn's apprehension hit a brand new level when Holly steered her into the waiting glimpse of Harry Potter.

It took Dawn a few seconds to realize what devious scheme Holly had been cooking up this time. To be perfectly honest, Dawn found herself equal parts excited, and also terrified with what was going on here. She looked Harry straight in the eye.

"So, remember how we agreed to go out to dinner?" Holly asked.

"How could I forget?" Harry asked. "I would be happy to do so if you wanted to have me for dinner."

"Oh, we would love to have you," Dawn said. "I mean, go out with you for dinner….if that's alright….if the three of us can go out to dinner, together, and stuff."

Dawn took a deep breath, stuff, honestly, what butchering of the Queen's English. She always had gotten tongue-tied around an attractive guy. A few seconds passed and Holly just smiled at Harry, looking very dazzling in the process for doing so.

"So, would you take a pair of sisters out and keep them company over dinner?" Holly asked. "Because, if we're going to do this, I think we should do this as soon as possible, you know before something bad happens."

Harry gave a smile in response and leaned closer towards Holly. "Good plan…how does four sound for the three of us to get together?"

"Great," Dawn said. "I can get off at any time, but…that's perfect."

Holly gave Dawn a smile and Dawn just gave her sister a glowering look, as if telling her to keep her mind out of the gutter. The two Granger sisters looked at Harry, with smiles on their face, sizing him up like a juicy cut of supreme beef. Holly looked to more subtle.

"Good, we're a threesome," Dawn said.

Holly just smiled and Dawn just sighed in response. It was her sister and her dirty mind, honestly taking pretty much everything and twisting it around. Still, the thought of being in a sticky situation with both her sister and Harry, it really turned Dawn. Plus, Dawn thought it was only polite to thank Harry for bringing Mia home, and they could never thank him enough.

'Not that we won't try,' Dawn thought.

It had been the first time Dawn had been since someone since college, and that was as awkward as all fuck. It didn't help the guy was not as good as he boasted, and very clumsy as well. Dawn thought with Harry, there would be no problems.

"I've missed some fun, apparently," Shado said.

"Hey, feel free to join us whenever you want to," Sara said. "You're always welcome to tag along."

Shado might have to take them up on the offer. Despite the enticing proposal from Sara, Shado doubted very much Sara was here for a pleasure visit, again, as enticing as that might seem. Shado leaned towards Sara and raised an eyebrow as if asking Sara what was up.
"I'm here looking for information about the White Canary Medallion," Sara said.

"It's because you're feeling a stronger pull towards it, the longer you're in proximity with Harry."

Mei turned around and walked around the corner. She thought Sara had a very uncanny resemblance to the White Canary of the past legends. Each time the two met, with the way Sara held herself, Mei was more convinced. The fact she was drawn to Harry, the Dragon, it showed even more.

"Well, maybe," Sara said. "But, we can't be one hundred percent sure I'm this reincarnation of the White Canary, at least until I….well until I do some research."

Past lives fascinated Sara a little bit, although it seemed weird that you were destined to be in a certain place over time, based off of what happened in a past life, seemingly thousands of years ago. She did not properly know how to feel about it, to be perfectly honest.

"Is there any books regarding the White Canary Medallion….that I can read?" Sara asked.

"You are welcomed here always," Mei said. "I believe you will find this book to be very interesting."

A bound book on the shelf had been pointed out by Mei. Sara took a step over towards the shelf and slid it into her hands. The book looked very interesting, to be honest, and she thought it would be useful.

"Take it, and consume it at your own pace," Mei said.

The book, it felt powerful, even cupped in Sara's hands. The energy coming out of the book, it led to a tingle coming down Sara's spine. It was more of a diary, maybe a journal, than an actual written book than information, factual information. Sara opened the book and the handwriting looked very much like her own. She could not help but shiver at the eeriness of it all.

"I'll bring this back when I'm done," Sara said.

"Well, hold it for as long as you can," Mei said. "You might be able to derive some wisdom from it."

Sara disappeared with the book in hand. She would have to read it a little bit. A few seconds later, Sara walked down the hallway and noticed Gwen sitting down on the bed. The spider medallion rested down on the edge of the bed. Sara could see Gwen looking at the object on the bed. The girl's frown deepened when looking at the object on the bed.

A knock on the door announced Sara's arrival.

"It's open," Gwen said. "Oh, hey, Sara!"

Sara stepped inside and sat on the edge of Gwen's bed. The spider medallion glistened between them on the bed.

"So, what's wrong?" Sara asked.

"I'm….just trying to figure out whether or not I should put on this thing," Gwen commented a second or so later. "I mean, it feels like I'm the one who should put this thing on, but there's just
something which is stopping me."

Sara leaned over and grabbed Gwen's shoulder giving it a light squeeze.

"You are the worthy one," Sara said. "That medallion was made for you, wasn't it?"

The medallion flickered on the bed.

"It seems so," Gwen said. "But, there's just something about it...where I wonder if my life is going to change if I put the medallion on."

Gwen did not want to discuss the very obvious fact her life already changed right before putting on the medallion. Reaching over, Sara put a hand on Gwen's and leaned closer. The two of them locked eye to eye with each other, and seconds later, they would be lip to lip, if they so desired.

"Do so at your own pace," Sara said. "That's what I can tell you. No one should rush you into doing something. The medallion will be there when you're ready to accept it. If you're ever ready to accept it."

A second passed with Sara edging closer towards Gwen. Gwen looked at the beautiful woman in front of her, her heart growing faster when it beat. Sara's fingers intertwined within Gwen's, and the two of them moved closer towards each other. Sara placed a hand on the back of Gwen's head and smiled when looking into the face of the beautiful blonde. The traveler did not pull away from her.

"I want to kiss you."

Gwen's statement came out so fast, that she could not stop herself. Sara just responded with a smile and leaned closer towards Gwen.

"What's stopping you?"

Sara leaned closer towards Gwen and the two of them met lip to lip with each other in a very passionate kiss. Sara's tongue slowly worked deeper into Gwen's waiting mouth, and Gwen returned the kiss. Sara reached in and grabbed Gwen by the waist and pushed her back on the bed.

Gwen could not believe this is happening. Kissing another girl, well from the time she was from, it was strange, but obviously, it was a more accepted practice now. She had been attracted to Harry and Sara, both, and now Sara's tongue slowly worked into Gwen's mouth.

"Mmm," Sara moaned. "You're so good...I wonder how good you're going to taste."

Sara's fingers slowly dipped between the waistband of Gwen's pants and Gwen responded with a very soft shudder. She had been at the mercy of Sara's fingers, and maybe even her tongue soon enough. Gwen's nipples stood out hard, and suddenly a cool snap of air came over her breasts.

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Holly Granger stood at the edge of the door, dressed in a red dress which clung to her very curvy body. Her sister might have had the better ass and legs, but Holly had the better chest. Still, they were both very beautiful. Dawn dressed in a nice black dress, which was short, and hugged her figure very nicely. Holly did not know Dawn had such attire at her disposal, and Holly would be lying if she didn't approve.

Harry showed up, and both of the Granger sisters smiled the second later. The handsome man dressed to impress, and Holly had been momentarily lost in those green eyes which should have been registered with the government as a lethal weapon of some sort.
"What can I say?" Dawn asked a second later. "She cleans up pretty nicely, doesn't she?"

"You both look beautiful," Harry said.

Holly would have kissed Harry, but Dawn jumped in. Holly had been so surprised by the bold action from her normally passive and demure sister. Dawn gave Harry a nice long kiss in response. Harry wrapped an arm around Dawn and reached behind, to grab a handful of Dawn's ass while kissing her.

Dawn gasped in surprise but just kept deepening the kiss. One of Dawn's legs wrapped around Harry's body for a second, before she pulled away.

"Sorry, I got carried away," Dawn said.

"Oh, that's not carried away," Holly said. She grabbed Harry and tried to shove him back into the wall. Harry allowed Holly just a brief moment of pause before turning the tables.

Harry pinned Holly against the wall. The feisty redhead tried to exert her dominance, but Harry won the struggle, with a very powerful tongue kiss. Holly leaned back and allowed Harry to take her tonsils, kissing her. Holly's nails raked the back of Harry's back and slightly tore at the suit jacket.

"Yes, a bit carried away," Dawn said for a minute. "Maybe we should actually try and eat dinner before we tear into the real main course."

"Fine," Holly said.

Holly supposed trying to get her sister to embrace the joys of public sex was just a bit too much to hope for. They purchased a nice, private suite, and they hoped to settle in later, to really get to know each other later on. The trio stepped over and moved in.

"Now, we're buying, remember," Dawn said. "You were the one who saved Mia....and you brought her back....so that's the very least we can do."

Dawn obviously wanted to do more than the very least they could do, but for right now, dinner would be pretty good between the three of them.

"So, are you planning to stick around ARGUS, as an agent?" Holly asked when they got settled in. "I don't know if you've figured this out yet, but Waller, she would love to have you."

"I'm sure," Harry said. "No, I don't think I was going to stick around and work for ARGUS. I never have seen myself as a person who would follow orders. It's just not in my DNA."

"Holly's the same way, I still don't know how she became a part of ARGUS," Dawn said. "Well, I figured it was because of some trouble she got in, and....."

"I thought it was the best way to find out information about Mia and where she had been taken," Holly said. "And now, it allows me to do something useful for my life...and keeps me out of trouble."

Dawn smiled at her sister, looking very amused in the process. "And you know, that's very hard to do...well, you would know that if you knew Holly when she was younger."

"Hey, she's pretty good out there on the field," Harry said.
The three of them waited for their meal to arrive. Holly leaned back on the table a few seconds later. There still were a few regrets she had, no matter how hard it was to bring them on. One of the biggest regrets was the fact her aunt Charlotte and cousin Hailey slipped through the cracks.

"If my grandmother was right, and they have one of the medallions," Holly said. There was no need for her to say who she was talking about, Harry knew right away. "It should be easy for you to track them. I mean, it should be easy for you track them in theory."

Harry just responded with a nod.

"If they do," Harry said. "It might not have been Charlotte who took the medallion. Your grandmother could have just been ranting to anyone who would listen without having any basis to back them up."

"Yeah, she does that a lot."

Dawn never had a bad word to say about most people and always looked for the best in people, almost to the sense of absolute foolishness. However, there was one person who she could not say a good word about, no matter how hard she tried to find something good about it.

"I really don't want to talk about this," Dawn said. "She's locked up tight where she should have been a long time ago."

"Yeah, we're not letting her out," Holly said.

Harry checked on the security and made some additions of his own. There was no question about it, ARGUS had some of the most adept security on the entire planet, but Harry wanted to make sure it was completely and one hundred percent in order. Nothing in life was foolproof.

"So, are you planning to go anywhere after this is all over?" Dawn asked. "Do you…do you miss the world you've been in?"

"I miss a few people here and there," Harry admitted. "But, it's not nearly enough to justify attempting to breach the fabric of reality to make the trip back home. If home still exists."

Harry had been looking into the shifting of dimensions for a very long time. He did not know whether or not the home dimension existed or not. Harry had no real ties now. A lot of his friends died, and many others moved on, and while Harry saw some familiar faces, there were a lot of them who were not there.

"Yeah, best to move on," Holly said. "You've been a help to us…don't know what we would do without you."

"I have a tendency to get about as many people in trouble, as I do to get people out of trouble," Harry said. "But, I guess it all balances out in the end."

Dinner had been good, and Dawn and Holly invited Harry back to the apartment both of the girls shared, when they had not been on ARGUS duty. Unfortunately for them, these days, the time they had spent on ARGUS duty had been rather long.

'So, how did things go with Gwen?' Harry asked.

'Well, she completed another level of training,' Sara thought. 'She still has had misgivings about putting on the medallion though. She's looking at it, considering putting on it, but she still hasn't
'decided whether or not she wants to do it yet. I can't say I blame the poor girl though.'

'She'll do it when she's ready,' Harry said.

'Yes,' Sara said. 'We got to know each other better.'

'Oh, you took a taste didn't you?' Harry asked.

'Look at the girl, and tell me you blame me for being tempted,' Sara said a moment later. 'We had some fun, wish you were here to see it. I can always replay it when you're around if you really want me to.'

'Well, I won't say no to that,' Harry said a moment or so later. The flickers of Sara's memories were only scratching the surface of the fun and games which happened between Gwen and Sara.

'I'm pretty sure you won't,' Sara said. 'So, are the two sisters about ready to make their move?'

Harry watched out of the corner of his eye and noticed Dawn come out of the bedroom. The beautiful blonde crawled onto the bed with a seductive smile on her face. Her blonde hair flowed down in beautiful tresses around the area of her face. The blonde beauty dressed in a black bra, which pushed up her amazing breasts. The beauty's flat stomach was on display, and the black thong covered Dawn's perfectly curved, deliciously round ass. Stockings made Dawn's legs look fantastic and drool worthy as possible.

Something brushed on Harry's thigh from the other side of the bed. Slowly, Holly dragged her foot up and down the growing length on the other side of Harry's pants with a smile. The redhead dressed in lingerie, showing off her toned body. The corset looked amazing, as did the thong, stockings, fingerless, gloves, and choker device. Holly slowly worked up and down on Harry's length with her stocking-clad foot.

"I've wanted this for a long time," Holly said. "Ever since Nymphadora the Nymphomaniac won't shut up about how your cock feels in her, in her mouth, in her pussy, and up her ass, I had to have a taste of it…but I'm sure my sister wants a taste, don't you."

Dawn smiled and slowly unbuttoned Harry's top. She leaned in and kissed Harry on the side of the neck. Both of them engaged in some heavy lip action, with Harry slowly caressing the back of Dawn's neck and pulled her into a passionate kiss.

Both of the girls stroked him lovingly, working over his body, and the fun was just about to start.

Holly unbuttoned Harry's pants and slid them down over his ankles. One giant cock stuck up in the air, and almost smacked Holly in the face. The sexy government agent grabbed the base of Harry's cock and slowly pumped the young man.

"Oh, I have to have that in my mouth," Holly mewled in hunger.

"Age before beauty," Dawn said with a wicked grin.

The redhead pushed down, lips engulfing down to the tip of Harry's cock. Holly slowly pushed down to the cock, while Dawn went between Harry's legs and slowly licked the balls of the young man. Both of the Granger sisters pleased Harry.

"Damn, Holly."
Holly took Harry's cock down into her mouth with a very aggression blowjob. The girl had sex about as good as she fought, with a passion and excitement nothing could defeat. Holly's nails raked down Harry's thighs and pushed more of Harry's cock inside.

"Hey, I want a turn," Dawn whined.

Detaching Harry's cock from her mouth, Holly turned. Dawn took over, the very eager and sexy blonde taking Harry's cock into her mouth. Slowly, Holly rolled her hands down Dawn's back and gripped the underside of the woman's body, when she sucked up Harry.

"My sister has such a nice ass," Holly said.

Dawn breathed heavily and went down a little bit deeper on Harry's cock when Holly slapped her ass and played with it through the thong. Holly moved down and planted some kisses down Dawn's elegant back, getting closer, and closer to the point where she wanted to be, the point where she needed to be.

Both Granger sisters double teamed Harry's cock, working it over. Harry threaded both of the girls. Holly took a few moments to suck Harry's length while Dawn licked the balls, and the two of them switched off back and forth.

Dawn never tasted something this good, and she tasted a small amount of pre-cum trickling from Harry's cock head. It just inflamed Dawn's desires for taking this cock into her mouth, and sucking Harry as hard as possible. Those throbbing balls were just so full.

The only regret, Holly had was the fact this cock was not in her mouth sooner. Holly impaled the cock down into her throat, the organ stretching the lovely redhead's throat. Fire burned through Holly's eyes when joining Dawn in a sisterly bonding exercise of giving the very powerful man underneath them pleasure.

A swelling came through Harry's balls and seconds passed before Harry planted his seed deep inside of Holly's waiting mouth. The sorcerer's seed splashed into the mouth of Holly Granger, who sucked it down like a champ. The government agent kept sucking Harry off until reaching completion.

"So good."

Holly pulled away, and Dawn grabbed Holly by the face and surprised the normally feisty redhead with an aggression kiss. The two of them pushed together with an amazing kiss, with each other sucking the cum out of their mouths. Harry hardened in response.

Holly moved over and walked over to the base of the man's cock. Harry pulled Holly's top down and released those breasts into the world. Those amazing breasts which Harry needed to cup in his hands.

"Fuck," Harry said. "Your tits are so good?"

"Would you like to fuck them?" Holly asked with a smug little smile.

Holly wrapped those round breasts around Harry's engorged prick and sucked them deep in between her nice breasts. Slowly, Holly ground those round orbs up and trapped Harry within them.

Laying back on the bed, Dawn excitedly watched the tit fuck, pulling her panties back, and rubbing the swollen, sticky lips with her fingers. Harry leaned over and cupped Dawn's perfect pussy,
squeezing it, and causing the beautiful woman to gasp in response.

"You're going to cum for me, aren't you, Ms. Granger?"

Harry slipped a finger deep inside of Dawn with a free hand while cupping Holly's breast in another hand.

"As much as I'd like a load all over these nice big breasts, I think your cum is better put in another area."

Holly pulled up to a standing position, releasing Harry's cock. The sorcerer almost felt disappointment of having to leave the area between Holly's perfect breasts. Holly crawled onto Harry's lap and aligned his thick cock between her thighs before driving down.

"Damn, you're so tight!" Harry groaned.

"First guy I allowed to fuck my pussy."

"Oh, you think you're allowing me, don't you?"

A firm grasp wrapped around Holly's ass and Harry smacked it. Holly smiled and pushed down onto Harry's throbbing cock. The beautiful redhead vixen drove down onto Harry's cock. Harry grabbed onto Holly's hips and slowly pushed down onto him. Each push brought more of Harry's cock into her waiting pussy, stretching her out.

"Oh, that feels so good," Holly moaned. "I can't help it... I need that cock inside me, just stretching me out like that... just a little bit further... ooooh yes!"

Holly moaned the very second Harry's cock slid deeper inside. Those balls were very big and Holly could not wait to indulge in the treats inside. Slowly, Holly bounced up and down, gaining speed. Harry matched the momentum of the redhead.

Harry leaned in and indulged in Holly's round breasts as well, slowly squeezing them. Those nipples squeezed in between Harry's fingers. Every touch caused Holly's excitement to increase, with the intense bouncing on Harry's engorged cock. Harry brought the beautiful woman to an orgasm. Screams occurred followed by those beautiful legs wrapping around him.

Dawn lay on the bed, moaning. Suddenly, a pair of hands gripped Dawn's chest and crawled on top of the beautiful woman. A duplicate of Harry Potter appeared, crawling on top of Dawn, and slowly running his hands over her body. Every single touch brought Dawn Granger to excitement. That throbbing cock ground on her flat stomach and made Dawn pant.

"Give it to me," Dawn breathed. "Please, Harry, I can't take much more. Give me your cock, please."

"Well," Harry whispered in Dawn's ear hotly. "Since you asked me so nicely."

Good things came to those who waited. Harry worked his manhood deep inside of Dawn's dripping hot pussy. The feeling of such a lovely sheath of womanhood stretching around Harry's engorged prick felt so good.

Both pussies wrapped around Harry's cock resulted in some pretty good sensations. Speaking of which, Harry needed to run his hands over Holly's soft, smooth, skin, feeling up every inch of the bouncing beauty. Holly's nipple hardened even more and allowed Harry to kiss on it, to suck on it, to drive Holly positively insane with desire. Harry slowly drew his tongue around the area of
"Are you ready to cum for me?"

Holly nodded in response. They somehow switched positions mid-orgasm. Harry pinned Holly's hands behind her back and rammed the length deep inside. Those thick balls slapped against Holly's thighs, with her squeezing. Holly pumped Harry deep inside.

"FUCK!"

The loud screaming and the grinding of the nails increased Harry's pushing the deeper when he buried inside of Holly.

Dawn now turned over onto her hands and knees, both so Harry could drill inside from behind and watch Dawn's beautiful ass bounce while she watched the prime copy of Harry fuck Holly. Harry slowly squeezed Dawn's ass, slipping a finger inside of the tight girl's ass.

"Harry!"

"You like that, don't you?" Harry asked. "You like it, don't you? You like it don't you, you naughty girl? You like me finger fucking your ass while I pound your tight pussy."

Dawn nodded feverishly. She liked it a lot. Liked the feeling of Harry pushing as far inside of her pussy as possible, and rocking Dawn. Those thick balls kept bouncing on Dawn and bringing greater feelings of lust. Dawn's tightening walls closed down on Harry, stretching around that big cock the further Harry pushed inside.

"You're mine."

"Yes," Dawn mewed in agreement. "I'm yours....keep fucking me....please don't stop....oh for the love of....please don't stop. I have to have your cock inside me....now...faster...harder...deeper....just like....THAT!"

She screamed those last few words with Harry planting his rod deep inside of Dawn's tightening pussy. Harry slowly pulled out of Dawn and slipped back inside with a huge series of thrusts. Dawn's ass molded deep into the palms of Harry's hands the further he fucked the beautiful vixen's tightening pussy.

"Yes, just like that," Harry said. "Time for you to cum."

Holly came as well, wrapping around Harry's thick, invading manhood. The fit agent's hips lifted off of the bed, to receive Harry pushed inside of her.

"You're going to get the load you've dreamed about for a long time," Harry said. "But, first, I want to feel you cum....I want to feel your tight walls milking me. You know, I'm the only one who could give you pleasure like this, aren't I?"

Holly nodded in response, legs snagging Harry the moment he pushed deep inside of that very wet and very eager pussy. Those legs pumped around Harry, and received a huge amount of cock, feeling up. Slowly, Holly grabbed the back of Harry's head, moaning the deeper Harry pushed inside. The two matched each other, stroke for stroke, move for move. Harry's thick engorged balls slapped Holly's thighs.

"I need you to cum," Holly begged him.
Harry feasted on the delicious chest underneath and made Holly squirm and moan in response. The response to his touches made Harry only work over Holly even more. Those legs were also very nice as well. Dawn's were amazing, but Holly's was pretty beautiful as well.

Speaking of Dawn, she entered heaven with Harry pushing deep inside. Those balls bloated and slapped against her thighs. Every single minute, Dawn did not know what to think. It almost felt like a second cock pushed into her ass at the same time in a sinful act of double-penetration.

"I can fuck you all day long," Harry said. "And you are up for everything. It is always the reserved ones who are the kinkiest when everything is on the table. Isn't it, Dawn? You want this cock, and you want it bad, don't you? You want it...REAL BAD!"

Harry hammered the point home by driving deep inside of Dawn's waiting asshole. Said hole tightened around Harry's hard cock and squeezed him, the deeper he pushed inside of her.

"Harry, oh god!" Dawn moaned at the top of her lungs. "It's....it's just amazing."

"Yes, it is," Harry said. "And your ass and your cunt, the both feel good. And I'm going to cum inside of both of them, just like this."

Two heavy loads spilled into both of Dawn's holes. The duplicate caused Dawn to receive orgasm after orgasm, completing blinding her body with so much pleasure. The juices overflowed Dawn when the bright light surrounded the body of the gorgeous creature.

"Fuck, so good!"

The shower of cum signaled the self-destruction of the duplicate, and Dawn had been coated from head to toe in so much cum, it was almost obscene. She resembled a used condom more than a person, and Harry just finished emptying his load inside her waiting and very willing body.

"That is fucking good," Holly mewled, working up against Harry.

Holly felt determined to drain Harry of as much cum as possible. The green-eyed stud pushed into Holly. Each orgasm spilling over Holly's body just encouraged the beautiful government agent to push more of Harry's length inside. The pair worked back and forth against each other.

"Getting close?" Harry asked her.

Holly nodded in response. The redhead's body pushed against Harry and wanted the cum. One more orgasm rocked Holly's body. The tightness of her walls milked in the cock. The feelings increased the more Harry played with Holly's ample chest, taking those round breasts in hand and squeezing them. Holly closed her eyes and breathed in and breathed out more heavily.

"Closer," Holly said. "Please, cum for me."

"You look cute when you beg," Harry responded.

No time to comment with a snappy retort, with Holly pushing against Harry's throbbing hard cock. The two of them worked against each other, with Harry burying deep inside. Holly pushed up completely and took Harry's length inside. Those balls snapped back and started to spurt cum.

The shared orgasm led to intense feelings. Harry rode out the gripping warmth of Holly's tight pussy. Each time the pussy stretched and squeezed it, delicious friction followed with Harry emptying his load deep inside of Holly's waiting pussy. The vixen leaned back on the bed and received the full load and a couple more orgasms for her trouble.
The two felt sweaty, sticky, but very satisfied. Holly was sorer than Harry, but she would be back for more.

Seconds passed, and Harry pulled out of Holly, leaving her to fall back on the bed with a smile.

"Why don't you clean up your sister?"

The amount of cum Harry's duplicate saturated Dawn in caused Holly to lick her, Holly leaned over, and started at Dawn's toes, licking Harry's cum off, before working down the legs of her leggy sister.

To Be Continued on June 11th, 2017.
Chapter Thirty-Four: Chance Meetings.

Olivia Queen pounded away at a punching bag in the middle of the ARGUS. She just had to calm down and get her mind off of some very obvious frustrations somehow. One of the frustrations was the very obvious that no matter how much Liv did to help ARGUS, there was always a chance that what she did, it was not good enough. Liv pounded away at the bag at a more rapid-fire fury than ever before.

Or maybe, as Holly and Nym hinted, Liv was a bit too good. The teachers in school might have disagreed Liv had been too good given some less than favorable reviews. The bag flew when the girl punched away at the bag in a rapid fashion, breathing in and breathing out heavily with each punch which connected with a bag.

Harry stepped behind her and Liv took five to address him. Seconds later, Tess followed Harry inside.

"So, are you free to go?" Liv asked a few seconds later.

"Yes, almost, well Waller says she has to finish up the paperwork to release me," Tess said. "I'm surprised you haven't left yet."

"Why are surprised about that?" Liv asked, keeping one eye on Tess a few seconds later.

Tess just answered with an obvious shrug. "Well, it seems particularly obvious that you don't prefer being here. Which is a shame, you're very capable of what you're doing at ARGUS. Rough around the edges, but you're pretty capable, to be honest."

Liv pounded away at the bag a few more rounds mostly to keep calm. Waller's face flashed into Liv's eyes for a moment. The director had a job which Liv would not envy, that much was for sure. Still, Liv hated to have to be here every single waking moment. Liv missed her home, friends, her family, especially Thea. It would have been nearly three years since she last saw Thea.

"I feel grateful and all for Waller pulling me out of that hell," Liv said.

"But, she has no right to leave you here for long," Harry said. "But, there's a part of you who thinks you should be here."

Liv blinked in response. Why would she want to remain away from home for any longer than possible? The two years fighting for survival, and almost another year in ARGUS, working for Waller, Liv didn't really want to even think about the fact she wanted to be here.

"You feel guilty about something, don't you?" Harry asked.

"That obvious?" Liv asked. "Well,…it's about Sara…actually, it's about Laurel. I lied to Laurel, saying I didn't know where her sister was. I knew exactly where Sara was, she was about to get on the ship to join me, behind the back of my girlfriend."

"Well, that's a tough one to justify," Tess said.

"I thought maybe the ship going down was part to punish me for throwing away something good,"
Liv said. "Maybe I was afraid it was getting too personal, maybe I feared commitment. I don't know."

Liv picked up the bow and arrow and sighed. The woman took a deep breath and hit the targets one by one with pinpoint precision, never once missing a shot. Liv would have asked Waller to get some harder targets to hit, providing she wanted to stay here. The Queen Heiress did not want to stay here any longer than possible.

"Never get too good at anything in front of Waller," Liv warned Tess. "She'll draft you into service. She has you by the throat given how you got pulled out of the fire."

"I'll be careful to look incompetent then," Tess said with a smile. "So, I don't see why you can't just walk out of that door. Is Waller going to track you down?"

"I can get you out of here if you really want to leave," Harry said.

Liv's frown deepened. Did she want to leave and take Harry up on his word? Harry and Sara could come and go as they pleased. Not that there seemed to be any cell which could hold either of them, Harry, especially, if Liv was being perfectly honest, and for right now she was.

"Yes, at least you aren't under investigation."

Isabel Rochev stepped out into the gym, dressed in a nice button up black shirt and a pair of black pants. Liv suspected the ankle bracelet and the wrist bracelet was not the standard autumn fashion, at least that's what the woman suspected anyway. Isabel stepped in, a grimace locked on her face.

"Olivia Queen," Isabel said. "I never would expect a Queen to stick their neck out and save someone that wasn't in their tax bracket. Or really, anyone at all."

"Whatever, my father did, I'm sorry," Liv responded, to be honest. "I'm sure there are a lot of things which he did, that I'm not going to be proud about. I didn't really know. I think he thought he was doing the best."

"Yes, well his best hurt a lot of people who trusted him," Isabel said. "But, I'm not going to fault you for anything he did. The only crime you've committed were being blissfully ignorant. He did think the world of you, and Thea, even though Thea was not his daughter."

"Wait, what?" Liv asked.

Harry and Tess exchanged a sidelong glance, wondering if they should be in the same room for that particular level of family drama.

"Thea is Malcolm Merlyn's daughter, not Robert Queen's," Isabel said a moment or so later, and she took a small amount of pleasure in letting this secret off of her chest. "It's not the main reason why he sent me into exile. Guess Robert Queen can't handle the implication he had been cucked by his supposed good friend and his wife."

"It's...you might...I don't know how you got this information," Liv said.

"From a very credible source," Isabel said. "I could kill you, but I won't. I think learning your parents are awful people are more than enough to destroy your life."

"If it wasn't for me being there, you would have rotted in that house," Liv said.

"Maybe, I suppose you want a parade or something," Isabel said a second or so later. "Regardless, I
thank you for that, and I also hope you find the list. And if you do have the nerve to return to face your past, you should kill every single person on that list, starting with your mother and Merlyn."

'How does she know about the List?' Sara asked.

'You mean the List that we haven't told Liv about, and that we really should,' Harry thought a moment or so later.

"Well, the List must have gotten lost with my father at sea," Liv said a moment or so later. "I think you've been locked up for a long time though, and you have issues because of it."

"Maybe," Isabel said. "Or maybe, my heads clearer than ever before...Waller is going to keep me on a leash now, at least you have the freedom to move about."

'Yes, Waller's little Suicide Squad,' Rose thought. 'Just like my father....I can't believe he's still alive....no one will tell me what facility he's in either.'

'Yeah, I can't imagine why they wouldn't tell you,' Nym thought.

There had been no answers, and the tension in the air continued.

'So, I've made contact with one of my associates in France, and she has something you might want to find out if you want to make the trip,' Nyssa interjected.

Harry did not want to leave Liv and Isabel alone as there had been some obvious tension there, and Isabel seemed to be taking out the frustration of her current predicament out on Liv. Still, France awaited, and the answers to the White Canary medallion awaited as well.

"So, maybe by the next time I'll see you, it will be on the outside," Tess said. "I just hope I still have a job to get back to."

"Where do you work?" Liv asked.

"LuthorCorp," Tess said.

Liv grimaced at that particular last name. Lex Luthor obsessed with her so much when they went to school together, Liv wished he took up some kind of very constructive hobby.

"Sara and I have something to share with you later," Harry said. "When you get out....and you will get out soon....whenever you want to."

Liv really thought the matter was out of her hands, to be honest. Never the less, she humored Harry with a nod and wondered what those two could have to share with her now. Something about when the ship went down maybe, and sensitive information which could not have been told around other prying ears. That was the best Liv could have figured out anyway.

'Guess I'll have to figure it out later.

Liv brought in a deep sigh and knew things would get very frustrating from here.

Harry arrived in France and stepped to the hotel where he was going to meet Sara and Nyssa, who had been there for a couple of days. Nyssa's contact would also be meeting them.

'Well, Liv's entire worldview has changed, hasn't it? Sara asked. 'I'm not sure if it's a good idea to show her the list now, but given that it was intended for her...we should.'
'Yes, we should,' Harry agreed. 'I really didn't want to leave her after the bombshell Isabel gave. I don't even know if it's true or not. Isabel didn't seem to be lying, but there's a chance she had been misled.'

'Well, Moira Queen and Malcolm Merlyn always seemed a little bit friendly in public,' Sara said. 'Not saying that means anything because there are ways for men and women to be friendly, and not be trying to get into each other's pants. Still, it might have been some kind of revenge fuck, after Robert slept around on Moira, and let's face it, that happened a lot.'

'Merlyn is a snake,' Nyssa said.

'Not a big fan?' Sara asked.

'Hardly,' Nyssa thought. 'He's a former member of the League of Assassins as well, and he was released from services. My father does not like being made a fool out of. He's very good at escaping situations he shouldn't. Got him the name the Magician in the League because of it. There were times where he should have been killed several times over, but for some reason or another, he survived.'

Harry filed the fact under very interesting when he stepped into a hotel lobby. In an instant, Harry almost ran into someone coming down the hallway.

"Whoops, I'm so sorry!"

The cup of coffee flying out of the woman's hand had been caught so quickly. The blue-eyed redhead woman watched when Harry caught the coffee, in surprised awe. She dressed in a black tank top and a pair of shorts, showing a very fit figure.

"That was amazing," she said. "I've only seen one person with reflexes that fast."

'Oh shit,' Sara thought.

'What's the matter?' Nyssa asked.

'That's one of my sister's friends, Barbara Gordon, and she has a tendency to learn things that she shouldn't,' Sara thought a moment later. 'We have to be very careful, not to blow my cover.'

'Relax, beloved, you're in disguise,' Nyssa thought.

'No, she's able to see through things, her father was a cop and her boss...well her boss....let's just say he's a master of deception and leave it at that,' Sara said a moment or so later.

'Oh, I see, the Detective,' Nyssa thought, a small amount of disdain crossing through her voice about that particular individual.

The redhead, Barbara Gordon as Sara pointed out, had the cup of coffee slipped back into her hand. Harry responded with the type of smile which just melted the hearts of girls. Barbara shuddered the very second Harry put the coffee into her hand.

"You should be more careful Ms....."

"Gordon," she said. "Barbara Gordon...and I've never seen you around here before..."

"Harry Potter," she said.

"Oh, you sound like a spy, or maybe a character out of a children's fantasy series," Barbara said.
The inquisitive redhead looked at Harry with what appeared to be a very dazzling smile. "You're not either a spy or a character from a children's fantasy series, are you?"

"No," Harry said with a chuckle. "So, how are you enjoying France, Ms. Gordon?"

"Please, call me Barbara," she said with a smile. "And it's an interesting trip, I'm actually going all over Europe for my summer vacation. Getting my friend to come here was the real trick…she needed a vacation badly, she's needed one for about three years."

'Wait, you can't…you can't be serious, can you?' Sara asked a moment or so later.

Sure enough, a gorgeous blonde woman stepped around the corner. She dressed in a black leather jacket, a white tank top, and a pair of nice blue jeans which fit around the lower half of her body like a second skin. She sauntered into the area with a very steady step and a very prominent smile over her face.

"Harry Potter, this is Dinah Laurel Lance," Barbara said. "Laurel, this is Harry Potter….we bumped into each other, and he almost spilled coffee on me."

"Hi," Laurel said for a minute. "Sorry about Barbara, she…she tells get a bit overexcited about things. I hope she wasn't giving you the third degree over here."

"No, she wasn't, and it's a pleasure to meet you, Laurel," Harry said.

Harry thought it was kind of surreal to mean a woman he learned so much about through a bond mate, who just happened to be said bond mates sister. The moment Laurel and Harry touched hands to shake, a few sparks flew.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"Static cling?" Laurel asked.

"Oh, that can be a bitch," Barbara said, but she was looking at Harry curiously.

Barbara Gordon prided herself on keen observation, and the fact was, Harry Potter seemed to be familiar with Laurel. Despite this being the first time the two had ever met. Why? Barbara wanted to know.

"Well, we won't want to keep on him his vacation any longer, would we?" Barbara asked.

Laurel wanted Harry to stick around a bit longer, to be honest. She had not been in a serious relationship in about three years, despite Barbara needling her about the fact Laurel should move on from what happened. The relationship with Liv, Laurel thought it was very serious, but things spiraled out of control.

"Well, I have to meet with someone, but it was nice meeting you," Harry said. "Nice meeting both of you."

"Yeah, sorry about the near coffee spill," Barbara said. "I won't do it again…well, I should really watch where I was going."

Barbara shook Harry's hand one more time and pulled away from him. A second passed, and a smug smile appeared on Barbara's face. She had a hunch and planted a tracking device on Harry to see what the young man was really up to. The smile faded an instant when the tracking device Barbara slipped on Harry had been slipped off onto the front lobby desk.
Laurel noticed the tracking device at once, mouth hanging open, and she turned to Barbara.

"Babs, you didn't!" Laurel whisper yelled.

Barbara just shrugged, no harm is done given that he was able to shake the tracking device in approximately ten seconds. That was pretty sloppy on her part, or maybe he was that good.

"I see the Detective has taught her not to respect the personal boundaries of others."

Harry turned on to meet with Nyssa and Sara on the penthouse floor of the hotel suite, where Nyssa's contact was around. The meeting with Nyssa's contact would take place in a few minutes, and they were going to be very early to the party, to leave a good impression.

"Barbara did that?" Sara asked. "She slipped a tracking device on you? I can't believe she did that!"

"You really can't?" Nyssa asked. "Look who her mentor is, and tell me, you can't believe she would have done something like that."

Sara did not know what to do. She would have to be more careful, because either Sara bumped into Barbara or Laurel, and the great cover of being missing presumed dead was blown. A part of Sara did want to see her sister, to assure Laurel everything was okay, but a part of her dreaded it.

One of two things happened, either Laurel got over Sara lying almost three years ago, or everything festered, and more bitterness built up over three years. Sara could not see anything other than those two extremes happening.

"She'll need to be punished for disregarding your personal boundaries," Nyssa said.

"Just let it go," Harry said. "I don't think she could have guessed I have something on my watch that warns me when someone tries to track or trace me. It would take an act of an army of gods."

Nyssa only let the matter drop on two accounts. Respect and devotion to Harry and the fact a very stunning blonde dressed in an elegant female business suit ensemble stepped into the room. The first couple of buttons of the blouse were tastefully undone to show how well-endowed the woman was, and a nice skirt hugged her hips as well. Stockings covered stunning legs which went on from miles.

One look at that angelic face showed Harry exactly who Nyssa's contact in France was.

'Hello, Fleur,' Harry thought.

'You….another doppelganger?' Sara asked.

'Yes,' Harry said. 'This should be interesting, as she is part-Veela…at least she was back in my universe. I don't know whether or not she is or not.'

The allure wasn't as in Harry's face as it was back home, but it could be dialed back for a more subtle deception.

"Hello," Fleur said. "Nyssa…and you must be…..Melody, right?"

Sara nodded at the alias of Melody Drake which she took. The dark wig and glasses were in place.

"A pleasure to meet you," Sara said, with a smile.
"And you're the famous Harry Potter," Fleur said. "Are you by chance any relation to the Potter Twins, of Amanda and Emily Potter, who run Horizon Media Enterprises, one of the top media companies in Metropolis?"

"No, can't say I know of them," Harry said.

Although, these two females would be something to look into because Harry doubted the fact there seemed to be two people who shared the same last name as his to be a coincidence.

"Oh, well, it's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter," Fleur said.

The allure was still present, as Harry took a closer look. Fleur just had a lot easier time in making it less overt in this world. In the other world, Fleur confessed to Harry that it was hard to keep the allure under wraps, and it lead to her being frustrated most of the time. Something happened in this world when Fleur gain controlled.

"Nyssa, why did you want to meet with me on such short order?" Fleur asked.

"We hoped to ask you about the White Canary," Nyssa said. "HIVE has been after the medallions, and Melody has been researching it, and the White Canary medallion….."

"You wish to know whether or not the rumors are true of the medallion are in France, yes?" Fleur asked. The woman took a drink from the glass of wine which had been poured out and smiled from across the table. "I believe I may be able to help you, although not as much as you would like me to help you."

The woman took a long drink from the wine on the table and took in a deep breath in response. Fleur slowly sipped on the wine and leaned closer down to the edge of the table.

"The medallion is somewhere in France, although if we knew where we could have used it to find it to resurrect our Queen," Fleur said. "Unfortunately, the medallion has a tendency of having a mind of its own…and can only be properly accessed by the Queen…the White Canary."

"So, that's a problem," Harry said.

"Unfortunately, it is," Fleur agreed. The woman blew a blonde lock of hair away. "I can give you the journal containing all of my aunt's notes."

"What happened to your aunt?" Sara asked suddenly.

"I don't know, one day she just disappeared," Fleur said. "My mother had to take control, to ensure peace would continue with my people. And I have been given the task of collecting all of the information possible. It is how I got in contact with Nyssa and became a part of the League of Assassins. To protect my home, my sister, and all of the White Canary Tribe."

Sara took a moment to smile and lean across the table. The moment Fleur and Sara touched hands, Fleur just smiled, but the smile faded towards a look of stoic indifference.

"I believe you will be able to find it, should it still be in France," Fleur said. "Providing of course…he hasn't gotten control of it."

The moment Nyssa mentioned HIVE had been involved, great fear and panic gripped the body of Fleur Delacour. She feared the White Bumblebee continued the hunt for the medallion. Darhk might have had his own ambitions to grab ahold of the medallion, but none of these ambitions matched anything close to the horror of what might happen when the White Bumblebee had gotten
control of the medallion.

"He won't have," Harry said. "No in HIVE will have."

"You can start with crypt of one of the White Canary's trusted advisors," Fleur said. "Her name is Countess Margaret Isobel Thoreaux."

Fleur handed the piece of paper down on the table, and they had information, and a name to work on, with a crypt. That could be something to build upon.

"I'll check out the crypt," Harry said. "The two of you, you check out the monument across from the hotel...and we'll meet back later, or inform the others if anything find something....thanks, Fleur, it is a pleasure to help you."

"The pleasure will be all mine," Fleur said. "I'm sure we can come up with terms of payment later."

Fleur's hand lightly brushed Harry underneath the table and pulled away with a smile. The full blast of the allure had been given, for a brief second, and Harry just stood back, smiling knowingly. Fleur had all of the confirmation she needed about the man's identity because there was only one man in the entire multiverse who could withstand the full blast without being turned into a blithering idiot.

'And that's why she's a deadly assassin, she can bring men down with a smile and a wink, and a caress, before stabbing them,' Nyssa thought. 'But, she has her own agenda....even if her loyalty is to you two, above the League.'

'Me?' Sara asked.

'Well, you are the White Canary,' Nyssa commented, unable to believe this was an argument Sara was going to have for much longer.

Harry Potter stepped into the crypt, and he sensed some strange energies. Being the Master of Death, Harry could lock into Death without flinching. Harry turned around the corner and came across a statue of a dark haired woman who looked down upon Harry. The woman was of stunning beauty, but also looked very dangerous.

Turning around, Harry could have sworn he saw a ghost to be honest, or at least a doppelganger. A teenager, of about seventeen or eighteen years ago, stepped around the corner and looked at Harry.

"It can't be," she breathed.

"What can't be?" Harry asked.

"Sorry, you just look like a drawing I've seen in a cave somewhere before," she said. "It's just unreal....my friends Claire and Chloe, they showed me the cave, and....it looks just like you. I just can't believe it...."

"Well, to be fair, you look just like that statue," Harry said.

"Yeah, I know, I've heard of identical ancestors," she said with a smile. "I was in France, researching my mother's side of the family, and one of my ancestors is here...Countess Margaret Isobel Thoreaux....she was burned at the stake for being a witch....which seems silly."

"What the fact that witches exist?" Harry asked.
"Well, no, trust me, I think that's possible," the girl said. "But, you would think, if they were a witch or a wizard, or something, they would magic away the fire, and teleport out of there, or something."

"Maybe the person who burned them was secretly a witch themselves," Harry said.

"Oh, that could be it," the girl responded a few seconds later, the smile brightening slightly when locking onto the young man's eyes, and he had gorgeous green eyes. "I'm sorry…who…"

"Harry Potter," Harry said.

"Huh, that's interesting," the girl said. "My mother's maiden name is Potter….and she has cousins from the United Kingdom….you're not by any chance related to Amanda and Emily Potter, are you? The co-founders of Horizon Media Enterprises?"

"Believe it or not, you're only the second person to ask me that question today," Harry said. "And no, not to my knowledge….are you?"

"Yeah, cousins, distant cousins," she said. "My name is Lana…Lana Lang."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Lana," Harry said. "Isn't it spooky how she looks exactly like you?"

"Yeah, a little bit."

Lana could not take her eyes off of Harry. If he was related to her, well it was a good thing Lana was not really opposed to incest. But, there was some kind of feeling Lana had, the same feeling she had about Claire before Lana learned Claire's secret. The feeling that Harry might not be from around here hit Lana very hard.

"I'm looking up something for a friend," Harry said, answering Lana's unanswered question. "So, you say there's a painting in a cave which looks just like me?"

"Yes, exactly like you," Lana said. "Well, you're not wearing battle armor right now, but slap some armor on you, and you would look just like the painting in the cave."

"Well, maybe if I'm back in Smallville, you can show it to me," Harry said. "I'll just need to find a place to stay…"

"Well, I've got a place for you, if you're interested," Lana said. "Just let me know whenever you get into town."

Harry looked around the statue, performing some scans. There most certainly was something peculiar about the statue, not that Harry was going to cause it any unrest, especially with Lana here.

"You know, I might have to take you up on that offer," Harry said.

"Good, here's my name and address, and my phone number," Lana said, carefully taking out a pad from her purse and scribbling it on the piece of paper. The dark haired girl smiled. "So, feel free to come by when you have a chance, and who knows, maybe we can get together?"

The two of them parted ways, and Harry slipped elsewhere into the building. Lana moved around to the crypt underneath the statue and responded with a frown. There most certainly was markings on the bottom. Lana stepped inside and took a closer look at them.

The dark-haired woman's eyes flashed for a moment, and a smile passed across the face.
"Yes, Dragon, I'll see you again, really soon," she answered with a smile.

Lana shook her head. For a moment, she seemed light-headed, and the tingling feeling appearing through her body grew with even more prominence. Lana drew in a deep breath and sighed, sure it was just nothing. Even though there was just something about this entire temple which unnerved her. She could not explain why it just did.

Regardless of those feelings, Lana was more than intrigued to meet Harry and looked forward to looking him up sometime. She never knew what could happen, with excitement brimming through the woman's eyes.

'I swear, you can walk six feet, and bump into a beautiful woman without even trying,' Sara thought.

'You know how the legends go,' Nyssa said. The best way to look for the Dragon is to locate beautiful women. The chances of him being around are fairly decent.'

'That about sums up Harry in a nutshell,' Sara said. 'So, I've been doing some thinking....just a little bit here and there....about Laurel...and whether or not I should find her, or at least let her know I'm okay.'

'That's honestly up to you,' Harry said.

'Yeah, I know, but....it would be a lot easier to get this done, but the more time I wait, the more....well the more it just builds,' Sara thought.

'Well, I can't tell you what to do,' Nyssa thought. 'The only advice I can give you is the longer it builds, the harder it is to reconcile. Talia and I were very fortunate to find some common ground. Without knowing what caused any problems with you, I can't really help you. And for that, I'm sorry.'

'Let's focus on finding the Medallion first,' Sara said.

Harry could tell Sara tried to deflect something. Laurel being so close by had caused Sara a small amount of frustration, and Sara did not expect her sister to be anywhere near France.

'Take the North Wing, I'll check the South Wing, and if there's a clue, we'll find it,' Harry thought.

No sooner did he step forward, Laurel walked around the corner. The woman stopped, with a smile on her face when looking at Harry.

"We must really stop meeting like this, Ms. Lance," Harry said.

"Well, one might think you're following me around," Laurel said. Harry just gave her a smile. "Kidding, I saw you were here before I was....so unless you have some kind of ability to predict the future, there's no way you can be following me around."

Laurel turned around and caught glimpse of a portrait. She gasped when looking at the portrait.

"What's up?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," she muttered. Harry put a hand on Laurel's shoulder and steered her away. "Sorry, the portrait just looks like my sister, Sara....she's....well, she left about three years ago."

Laurel sounded defeated. The picture was very spooky for a couple of reasons.
"I'm sorry to hear she's gone," Harry said. "But, maybe she's closer than you think."

"Always in my heart," Laurel said, with an almost sorrowful look.

'Well, now I feel like a bitch,' Sara thought.

"I mean, I guess I was mad at her at first, but maybe it's my fault," Laurel said. "It doesn't matter
now...I hoped I would run into her in Europe somewhere....it was a chance...a longshot she might
still be alive, but I had to try."

"No one thinks any worse of you for trying," Harry said. "So, where's your sidekick?"

"Babs?" Laurel asked. "She had to look into something for her employer.....she should be back by
tonight."

Laurel looking at the portrait of Sara brought back all kinds of repressed grief back in. Harry
looked at her and leaned in for a moment.

"So, do you mind joining me for a drink?" Laurel asked. "I....understand if you don't, I just have to
get away from here."

'Go with her, Harry, please,' Sara thought. 'I'll...I have to think about something.'

Damned if you do, damned if you don't, and Sara had to think about going with her head, or going
with her emotions right now. Logically speaking, the medallion came first, but emotionally
speaking, maybe she should put Laurel first, especially after all the grief Sara caused Laurel, and
maybe her parents.

"Sure, I'd be honored," Harry said. "I'm buying."

"Thanks," Laurel said. "Sorry if I seem a little forward, but it's just..."

"I understand," Harry said.

Harry grabbed Laurel by the arm and steered her away for a moment. The portrait was a very
uncanny resemblance, and Harry could see why Laurel had been spooked by it.

To Be Continued on June 18th, 2017.
This particular temple caused Sara to be put on edge. Several conversations with Harry educated Sara on one clear point, and that was the fact magic always had nature where it could be alive, and it could be particular with how it affected certain people. The older the structure was, the more the magic had been turned around. Sara looked around the area and took in a deep breath. She held in a breath and held out a breath a moment or so later. She could feel Nyssa's hand on her shoulder.

"Stay focused," Nyssa warned her.

Sara stepped inside of the temple, on the East Side at least. Several statues of women perched high on the ceiling. They had been dressed completely in white, their faces covered. Yet, their figures showed they might be some of the most beautiful and alluring women on Earth. Sara really couldn't say anything based off of that, or say why she felt that, without even really thinking about it. It was just a feeling she had, which she could not place.

"Your mind is all over the place," Nyssa said. "Is this about Laurel?"

"How could you ever guess?" Sara asked.

Nyssa decided to allow the flippant remark slide. Given the circumstances, she perfectly understood why Sara was upset, and how her entire worldview had been turned upside down. Nyssa had been down that road sometime before and it was not a very pretty picture to be down. Slowly, Nyssa leaned in and cupped Sara's shoulder which caused the blonde woman to stand up straight.

"You wear it on your face, no matter how much you attempt to conceal it, beloved," Nyssa said a second or so later. "I would be both a liar and a fool if I wasn't concerned about you. If you really think you need to go and face her, then go and face her."

"I will, soon enough," Sara said. "The medallion is important…and I just feel we're close enough to it. We just need the right clue."

Sara turned around a fraction of an inch. She could have sworn something moved around the area, but the more Sara thought about it, the less she heard. Perhaps it had been just her paranoia something was going to happen, just shifting in. Sara really didn't know.

"I thought so as well," Nyssa said. "I'll watch the door, while you have a look around."

No one normally came into this wing of the building, mostly because no one was allowed. Nyssa heard whispers about ghosts, mysteriously and feverishly protecting the crypt with every fiber of their being. Nyssa was not one hundred percent certain ghosts could or should be a factor, but she was willing to say that there was something going on, even though it was hard to know what.

'Just keep an eye out,' Nyssa thought.

'Yes, you're wise to do so,' Harry thought. 'There's a presence around there somewhere.'

Sara moved over to the base of the statue. Several hundred years worth of dust caked onto the bottom of the statue. The blonde pulled a face and looked up the statue. Once again, a clear
resemblance to her, which made Sara wonder about certain things. Reincarnation became more likely.

"There it is, the medallion," Sara muttered.

Nyssa stepped towards Sara with half of an eye remaining on the door. She saw the medallion, perhaps a good sign, but there were a few concerns which Nyssa had to figure out.

"Yes, I see it, but it's just a replication," Nyssa said. "But, you might be on the right track."

Sara reached on the underside of the statue. Several of the carved letters, worn off during the years, flashed in front of Sara's face. She shifted at the base of the statue, and pulled back, her hand withdrawing from the underside of the statue.

"Close," Sara said. "Maybe."

Something else was close inside of the temple. Sara looked up high above to lock onto the statues who were up above. None of the statues shifted in movement, not that Sara would have been surprised if they did. The statues were magical, and Sara could have sworn she heard a beating heart.

'You can't be paranoid. Not now. Not because of this.'

"I think I've found something," Nyssa said a moment later. "Help me remove this panel, the medallion, it might be back there."

The two women worked on the panel on the wall and tried to pry it off. The panel refused to budge for a moment. Nyssa frowned and removed a vial of blue liquid from her carry on back. Nyssa took a cotton swab and steadily applied the blue liquid to the center of the panel. The Daughter of the Demon stepped back and pulled Sara behind the statue.

Nyssa flung a shuriken at the side of the wall. The spark erupted and resulted in the panel of the wall crumbling outward and leaving them a moment to slip on through. Sara stepped behind Nyssa when she had received the go ahead. A chest had been pulled out of the wall.

Sara was excited, but at the same time very skeptical. The medallion may have very well rested in the box.

"Would you like to do the honors?" Nyssa asked.

Sara decided not to inform Nyssa of the very real possibility she was the only person who might have been able to do the honors, to begin with. The box felt like white hot fire in Sara's hands, and she slowly began to pull back the side of the box, to see what she could find outside.

The box opened up and several gold coins and a small book rested in the bottom of the box. Sara frowned when shifting through the coins. They had been like no coins she had ever seen before. Sara looked at the book and someone sketched several strange symbols. Sara almost could have read the symbols, or at least figure out what they had meant through sudden and solid thought.

"Not here," Sara said. "They should have been…"

Nyssa withdrew the blade and turned around into the shadows. The shadows shifted for a brief moment. Nyssa clutched the blade in hand and let out a deep breath.

"We're being watched," Nyssa said. "Remain ready for anything."
Sara had many questions, namely whether or not someone had been after the medallion instead. There had been so many questions, and unfortunately, not a sufficient amount of answers.

Laurel smiled and took a seat at the front of the bar. She had a feeling this would be a rare chance to kick back, and relax, and just enjoy herself. Even this vacation had to do with trying to find Sara, and Barbara agreed reluctantly to tag along, joking that maybe the both of them could minimize the trouble they could get to, by sticking together.

"There you go," Harry said.

"Thanks," Laurel said. "I really shouldn't...but it's just that, seeing my sister like that...I have pictures of her, and a few times a week, I look at that. Hoping that the sound of the door opening as her coming home, every car down the road is her driving up. Half of me wants to hug her, the other half of me wants to smack her for all she's put me through."

"Well, when she turns back up, you two are going to have to work out your issues," Harry said.

Laurel nodded in response and took a long drink. She really should not, given how Alcoholism, unfortunately, was a vice the Lance family had to deal with a long time. Laurel's father crawled into the bottle on an unfortunately regular basis to deal with the trauma of losing a daughter, and also the divorce.

"Mom blames herself," Laurel said. "But, I don't think it's her fault. Sara was an adult at the time...I should have seen the signs. This is revenge for something I've done...when we were teenagers. We do stupid things when were kids, but I guess we do stupider things as adults."

"Age should come with more wisdom," Harry said.

"That's a good theory," Laurel said a few seconds later. "But...not good in practice."

Laurel really wished she would have bumped into Sara, just somehow. But at the same time, the older Lance Sister feared what might happen. What would she say? What would Sara say? There were just too many questions.

"I think you need to relax," Harry said.

"Yeah, you're right," Laurel said. "I mean, I'm supposed to be on vacation...to get away from...well, everything for a while. But, you know how that goes. A lot better in theory, than in practice."

Harry would not have agreed more. The only vacation Harry attended really was not a vacation. Harry had no delusions of his ability not to get attacked by any enemies. He looked over his shoulder and towards Laurel.

A pair of drunken patrons made their way into the bar, and Laurel could almost have groaned. Harry saw what Laurel groaned, they were the type of people who looked for trouble, no matter what.

"Let's go somewhere else before they start something," Harry told Laurel.

Laurel would have agreed, had one of the beefy, and not too bright, bikers stepped into her path.

"Hey, you're in my personal space," Laurel said.

"If you ever want to be with a real man, then ditch this guy, and we can go for a real ride," the
biker said in response. "I'm looking for a real chick to go for a ride."

"Trust me when I say, you're not my type," Laurel said. "I normally don't look for guys who look like they should be hanging out at the YMCA."

She had a few drinks and was almost begging for a fight, but a small voice in Laurel's head told her not to do it.

"The lady said no," Harry said.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, you little…"

Harry grabbed the biker's arm and snapped it back without much effort at all. The sounds of bones breaking echoed through the bar, and the other bikers, no doubt members of the biker gang all looked at Harry.

"Hey, you can't do that!" one of the bikers yelled. "Some of them should teach you some manners, boy!"

Boy, Harry always hated that. It just seemed so demeaning.

"Well, if I do need a crash course, I won't do so from an etiquette school dropout," Harry said.

One of the bikers grabbed Harry, and he made one of the biggest mistakes in his life, next to getting that haircut. Harry flung him over the bar and caused him to land right behind the bar. One of the bikers moved towards Harry, but Harry caused the bottles to explode, while also pulling Laurel out of the way.

"Oh, you're dead!"

"Yeah, heard that more than enough," Harry said. "Really wish I didn't have to."

Laurel kicked one of the bikers in the back of the leg. One of the bikers grabbed her from behind and shoved her against the pool table. The Lance Sister returned fire with a palm to the side of the neck and slid back off of the table. Laurel grabbed a Pool Cue and speared the biker in a very private area with it.

The other patrons of the bar looked to be about ready to settle their differences in battle. A chaotic bar fight scene occurred. One of the other bikers had been smashed head first into a fish tank at the back of the bar.

One of the bikers pulled out a knife on Laurel. Laurel pulled some darts off of a dartboard on the wall and flung it at the biker's wrist, which caused him to drop the knife. Laurel jumped up, flipping into the air, and came down on the back of the head.

'Okay, badassery runs in your family,' Harry thought.

'Laurel...I didn't know she could do that,' Sara said. 'Well, I knew she had some training, both of us did, self-defense, before I got trained for real, but nothing, that good.'

The older Lance Sister dropped down onto the back of the head of one of the larger men and dropped him face first down onto the ground. Laurel narrowly avoided a beer bottle being jammed into the side of her face. The skilled blonde dropped down onto the back of the head of the goon in question and planted him head first into the table with a solid smack, knocking the wind out of him.
The sounds of sirens could be heard. Laurel stepped back, and she looked towards Harry. Harry grabbed Laurel by the arm and pulled her out of the nearest side entrance before the cops could arrive.

"Why was that more exciting than I thought it would be?" Laurel asked.

Harry just shook his head.

"Might be a good idea to get back to your hotel room if you have one," Harry said.

"Well, maybe you should walk me back, and tuck me in, to make sure I don't get into any trouble," Laurel said, with a smile.

She staggered, now that the adrenaline from the fight had been over, Laurel could feel a few bumps and bruises. The bumps and bruises were no more prominent than the ones caused by her mentor in battle.

Gwen slowly pushed up and down, testing the very limits of her body. The spider themed heroine showed an immense amount of flexibility when rising up on the bar and clutching onto it, breathing in and breathing out like no one's business. Gwen dropped down to the ground a moment later.

Rose and Liv stepped into the room.

"The two of you aren't looking good," Gwen said.

"Well, she found her sister might have had a different rather," Rose said. "And I…well I found out my father is currently being employed by ARGUS. So, that's not making me very happy."

Rose moved over to do some stretches. She understood why Harry did not bring it up. Hell, if the position had been reversed, Rose might have struggled how to break it to Harry. It was a good thing the serum inside of Rose finally stabilized, providing she kept up with the control exercises. Now, she could take a deep breath, allowing it to flow in and out.

"You and your father….."

"Let's just say we don't get along," Rose said. "Come on, I need a sparring session to get my mind off of everything. If it's not one thing, it's another."

Liv just responded with a nod. As long as Rose did not start taking out her frustrations on Liv's face, everything would be fine. The two of them stretched out and prepared for a battle.

"Unless you want to find me instead," Rose said. "I'd like to see how good you are hand to hand."

"Maybe, I'll take the winner later," Gwen said. "Just want to watch now, and cool down."

Gwen decided to sleep on whether or not she put on the medallion. Harry built a box for it which only she could open or even touch. The moment Gwen worked up the nerve to slip the medallion on, it would have been around her neck.

Rose looked at Gwen. She understood the conflict going over in Gwen's eyes. Hell, she felt the same thing time and time again, conflict.

"So, we're going to be going ten rounds on the mat later, and not in the good way," Rose said. "Well, maybe later."
"You're going to have to beat me first," Liv said.

"No sweat, your hand to hand sucks," Rose said.

Liv looked at Rose for a few seconds and her nose scrunched up in response. "Hand to hand….what the hell is wrong with my hand to hand?"

"Try and fight me, and I'll show you."

Rose knew Liv was a pretty good long range fighter. Hand to hand battles, on the other hand, she was not among the best. Still, perhaps she improved. Only time would tell. Liv rushed in to attack Rose. Rose lifted one hand to block Liv's backhand strike and flipped her down to the ground.

"Attack me, again!" Rose yelled.

Liv, a bit hot and heavy, rushed towards Rose and went for the attack. The punch had been blocked, with Liv being knocked back to the ground one more time. Rose grabbed Liv and put a knife at the back of Liv's neck. Liv pressed against the ground.

"You have to look for openings without creating anyone for you," Rose said. "You don't want to leave your right side open when punching. You don't want to leave your left leg open for an attack while kicking with your right leg. You need to pick your spots wisely."

"How?"

Rose took a second to smile and an uppercut punch came precious seconds away from clipping Liv hard across the jaw. Liv lifted a hand to block Rose from jacking her jaw. Both of them engaged in a brief round of sparring with each other. Liv flipped Rose down to the ground and caused her to drop down hard.

"Not bad, but try again!"

It would have been a lot easier if Liv could fight in a long range manner. That was the idea, as she saw it. Liv took the long range attacks away. Rose went for an uppercut punch to the side of the head, but Liv blocked it just barely. Rose buried a knee into the side of the ribs of Liv and buried another attack into the midsection. Rapid fire attacks kept stunning Liv.

"You get one good shot in, but open yourself up for three more," Rose said. "Sloppy, scarily sloppy."

"I can get most of them long range," Liv said.

Liv jumped up and withdrew a bow from her back. One of the arrows shot in a blink of an eye and almost hit Rose on the side of the arm.

"That's true," Rose said. "But, there are enemies where you can't get long range, unfortunately. They are heavily armored, and you would have to be very precise with your attacks to get them with a long range arrow attack. And if they're quick enough."

In a blink of an eye, Rose took Liv's legs out from underneath her and pushed the young woman down onto the ground. Liv once again found herself trapped in a very frustrating position. Rose was holding Liv down, and Liv struggled, despite her best efforts to find a way out.

"If they're quick enough, they're going to take you down very easily," Rose said. "Is that clear?"
"Yeah, note," Liv said.

"If we work on your hand to hand, you're going to be one of the best," Rose said. "But, keep it from Waller, unless you want to spend the next ten years working for Cadmus."

Liv's expression darkened. The last thing she wanted was more time in Cadmus. She spent more than enough time in the organization. Harry offered Liv a chance to head home, but she was not going to take it, at least not yet.

"Don't let your emotions distract you either," Rose said. "What Isabel told you, it's messing with your mind! Don't allow it to!"

Liv hoped this particular statement wasn't going to lead to Liv kicking her ass. "How about your father? You allow yourself to be distracted by him all the time."

"My father….that's funny you should bring him up," Rose said. "I don't let him get to me, not anymore."

Liv thought Rose was putting an act of bravado but wisely said anything. She picked her battles wisely, and there were certain hills someone should not die on. Especially when the person in question had the ability to kick your ass, and Rose once again took advantage of an opening to stun Liv and bring her down to a kneeling position. A huge kick to the ribs further punished her.

"You want to kill him."

"I still do, if I had the chance," Rose said. "But, he's pretty pathetic."

Liv breathed heavily with Rose going behind and kicking Liv's legs out from underneath her. Rose rolled Liv over and pushed her down onto the ground. The blade once again came close to Liv's neck and came close to pushing in deep. Liv slowly pushed back up to a standing position.

"Fuck," Liv said.

"Oh, you're going to keep getting your ass kicked until we get this right," Rose said. "And don't worry, Spider-Girl, I'll be with you in a minute."

"Actually, Spider-Woman, thanks," Gwen responded a moment or so later.

She had been excited about the battle which was come and also a little bit nervous.

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"I can't believe you, I can't leave you alone for an hour, and you get in trouble."

Laurel smiled at the frantic voice of Barbara Gordon coming over the phone. Harry sat in the other part of the hotel room. She managed to convince Harry to stick around, and soon Laurel thought she would be giving Harry more than a few more reasons to stick around. Laurel leaned against the chair.

"It's fine, Harry was with me," Laurel said. "And we kicked some ass in there."

"That's not the point," Barbara said. "The last thing I want to do is have to bail you out of some French Jail or something."

"Hey, Babs, relax, I'm fine," Laurel said. "You know, if you want to join us….I'm sure Harry could find a way to relax you even more."
"Um…can't right now," Barbara said, and she sounded regretful at the fact she could not join Harry and Laurel in whatever. "I'm still working, trying to find out the lead. If the League of Assassins is in the area, then You-Know-Who would want to know what they are up to."

"Oh, yes, your fearless employer, the World's Greatest Detective," Laurel said a second later, smiling in response. "Well, hope your work goes well…..and I'll be fine. I'm sure Harry will keep me occupied until you get back. And I'll try not to get in any trouble."

"You better not," Barbara said.

"Oh, before I forgot, I saw the weirdest thing," Laurel said. "It was a portrait, and the girl in the portrait looked exactly like Sara."

"Are you sure?" Barbara asked.

"Hey, it's right across from our hotel, you can look for yourself if you really want to," Laurel said. "It's weird though, it almost seems alive, almost like….."

"You know, if you say the M-Word, then I'm going to be very upset," Barbara said.

"After seeing Zee, you think the magic thing would be a bit more easy to swallow," Laurel said.

"Well slight of hand and trickery is very different than actual enchantments," Barbara said with a shrug. "Zatanna Zatara has the best show on Earth….and yes, I realize some people think her magic is the real deal, but some people think that Batman is a supernatural force. It's all about deception you know."

"Yes, maybe," Laurel said. "Good luck, with whatever you're doing."

"Yeah, thanks, and don't do anything I won't do," Barbara said.

"Doesn't really leave me with a whole lot of taboo, does it?" Laurel asked.

Barbara responded by laughing over the phone. It really didn't leave Laurel with a whole lot of what she could not have done.

"Take care of yourself, and I'll talk to you as soon as I can," Barbara said. "Tell, Harry I said hi….I can't believe he figured out the tracker thing so fast."

"He's pretty observant," Laurel said. "Or you're getting pretty sloppy, it's just one of the two things. Pick your poison what one you want to go with."

"I'd like to think I've just finally met my match," Barbara said.

Laurel hung up the phone and looked into the hotel room where Harry waited. She smiled and stepped into the hotel room to greet him. Harry invited her to sit down on the bed next to him, and Laurel wasted no time in settling in next to Harry on the bed.

"So, did you explain what happened?" Harry asked.

"You know something? I can't figure out whether or not she was upset about the fact I got in trouble or pissed that I couldn't get in trouble myself."

Laurel leaned over and placed a hand on Harry's thigh. The last few drinks knocked her inhibitions a bit loose and caused her to relax just a tiny bit. She leaned closer towards Harry, smiling when looking at him. Those beautiful green eyes dragged in any woman and made them weak with
"So, I hope I'm not getting too personal, too fast," Laurel said. "But, the past three years taught me one thing. You need to jump at the opportunities when they present themselves."

"You never will have a second chance to do what you want."

"Yes," Laurel agreed, smiling in response. Her hand cupped around Harry's and gave it a very light squeeze. Slowly, but surely, Laurel moved closer towards Harry. The two of them were very nearly about ready to touch together in a kiss.

A sound of broken glass followed. Laurel released Harry's hand and pulled back.

"Are you sure this is the right room?"

Harry grabbed Laurel and pulled her into the bathroom area. He grabbed Laurel's hand and shielded her from detection a second later. Seconds passed when the ninjas searched the area of the room in an attempt to locate Laurel. Time moved to a standstill, practically freezing.

"Are you sure she's even here?"

"Yes, I'm sure she's here for the last time," a low voice said. "The man at the front desk helpfully informed us she checked in. She came in with a man with green eyes and dark hair."

"That's not going to be a problem, is it?" one of the men asked his boss.

"No, it's not going to be a problem," the mysterious man dressed in a cloak responded. "It's not going to be a problem because we'll kill him and take her out as well."

Laurel tensed up in a moment. Harry grabbed onto Laurel's hand and squeezed it which calmed her down just enough to take a deep breath and regain some level of control. It was not the best control to be regained, but at least it was something. She needed to hold in a deep breath and come out with another deep breath.

"You know him?" Harry asked.

Laurel dared peek through the crack of the window. They were looking underneath the bed and looking in the sitting room area. One of them pulled open the drapes to look for her.

"Yes, unfortunately."

"So, spurned ex-boyfriend....."

"No, nothing like that," Laurel said. "Mainly a jealous man who is upset that he's no longer his mentor's best student. I should be able to take him out easily."

"We don't know how many of his men are waiting on the outside," Harry told her. "You should be able to get out the side window, and I'm going to take care of them."

"I'm glad you want to help me, but I'll be just fine," Laurel said. "Trust me on that one, there's not going to be a problem."

Harry raised an eyebrow at Laurel. Laurel lightly grabbed Harry by the hand and gave him a very soft squeeze. Slowly, Laurel leaned in and kissed Harry on the lips. Their lips lingered together next to each other for a moment, and Laurel moved up.
"We can take them out together."

"Real romantic end to a date," Harry said.

Laurel just shook her head. They were going to end this night with a bang, it just wasn't the bang she had in mind if she was perfectly honest. Still, they had to make do with what they had.

Harry moved first and knocked one of the ninjas down. For someone who was supposed to be a master of deception, the ninja did not look exactly too observant. He dropped down to the ground and Harry pulled back to face off against the Ninja.

Laurel decided to offer a contribution by grabbing the ninja around the shoulder. One solid punch to the back and it took him down.

"Come out, Black Canary!" the man in the hood taunted. "Come out and meet your superior."

"I don't see him here," Laurel taunted.

Sara and Nyssa searched the temple high and low and they were no closer to finding what they needed to find than they were when entering the temple.

"There it is again," Nyssa said. "Stay sharp."

Another sharp item was a shuriken which flung through the air and came just half of an inch from striking Sara directly on the side of the head. The younger of the two Lance Sisters stood up, looking prepared for the attack.

A single ninja dropped down from the sky, followed by a third ninja, and then a fourth, followed by several more. The ninjas closed in on Nyssa and Sara. Both of the skilled women took a step back and waited for the ninjas to keep closing in on them. They filed ranks against the two of them.

"Who do you work for?" Nyssa demanded.

One of the ninjas moved forward, leaving a flash of fire behind. Nyssa turned and blocked the ninja's blade with the dagger. Two of them pushed back and forth, with Nyssa managing to get up from underneath the ninja in question and dropping her down to the ground with a huge kick. The ninja slid back and landed down on the ground with a very obvious thud.

The ninja stepped back and motioned for Nyssa to come towards her again.

Sara watched when two of the ninjas flung chains at her. The woman avoided the chains from wrapping around. Sara deflected the chains back and caused them to land on the ground. Sara snapped her arm back and dropped one of the ninjas, sending him crashing down to the ground. Or maybe it was her, kind of hard to tell.

From the skylight crashed Batgirl.

"Sara?" Barbara asked.

She knew something was up. What also was up and out was one of the ninja blades which came very close into piercing the side of Barbara's neck. The woman dropped down to avoid the point of the blade from cutting into her neck. Barbara blocked the blade and countered with a huge attack to knock the ninja down onto the ground with everything she could throw at it.

Barbara, Nyssa, and Sara stood when the ninjas clad in white turned towards them. They replicated
the harder Sara, Nyssa, and Barbara fought.

'Well, we have a problem now.'

To Be Continued on June 25, 2017.
Chapter Thirty-Six: Secrets Withheld.

Harry would have liked to have more information about where these mysterious ninjas came from. Right now, one of them rushed towards Harry. Harry disappeared a second and the ninja ripped up one of the curtains. The bill on this room was going to be very high, but Harry could not worry about that right now. The young man dropped down behind the ninja.

"The Dragon?" the mysterious ninja in the hood asked. "Impossible!"

Laurel's eyes widened for a second and said nothing. One of the larger ninjas charged to the stunning block. Laurel blocked the arm and connected with a series of rapid-fire strikes which knocked the ninja back. The beautiful woman flipped down and dropped down onto the back of the head of the ninja.

"Come on, you think you can take me down!" she yelled. "Stop hiding behind your goons, and focus on me! FOCUS ON ME!"

One of the larger goons rushed towards Laurel one more time. Harry wrapped the ninja's legs up and caused him to drop to the ground in a not so graceful manner. A violent curb stomp down to the back of the head followed up the attack. Three throwing stars flung towards Harry. Harry raised a hand and the stars deflected back to the ninja which took him down to the ground.

The Sorcerer stood face to face with one of the ninjas. The ninja pulled out a blade and charged Harry. The green-eyed young man avoided the attack. The blade came precious inches from cutting into the side of Harry's face. Harry backed up and nailed the ninja with a forceful attack. Repeated punches to the side of the head kept Harry on the attack. The sorcerer kept pounding away at his adversary, before stepping back and winding up.

The ninja in the hood came face to face with Laurel. He pulled out an electrified baton and rushed towards Laurel with it. The blonde flipped into the air nimbly and dodged the attack. Laurel blocked the attack from the ninja and caught him with a punch to the back of the head.

She flipped over the bed and the blowdart dagger which came close to piercing her neck came against the wall. Laurel dropped down and caught the ninja with a succession of rapid-fire punches. Every one of the punches caught the ninja and forced him to abort those attacks.

Laurel grabbed the ninja around the arm and showed great agility by flipping the assassin down to the ground. The fighter dropped down and caught the ninja with the point of the elbow down across the side of the neck. The wind had been driven out of the warrior when Laurel pulled back from him.

"Heads up!" Harry yelled.

Slowly spinning around, Laurel avoided a dagger coming inches away from connecting with the side of her face. She blocked it a second later.

"Getting a bit too crowded in here," the man in the hood said. "Let's go."

The warrior never expected the Dragon of all people to be here, and that very fact threw off the game plan. The ninjas left the area, vanishing into several clouds of smoke.
Laurel took a step towards the retreating ninjas. Very casually, Harry grabbed Laurel by the arm and prevented her from following suit against the horde of ninjas.

"What are you doing?" Laurel asked. "They're going to get away if you don't let me stop them."

"I know they're getting away," Harry informed Laurel. "You need to calm down and take a deep breath."

"Yeah, finding that very hard when ninjas attacked me on my vacation," Laurel said. She took a couple of deep breaths. "Alright, alright, I'm calm, well I'm about as calm as I'm going to be right now. That guy just gets on my nerves. This wasn't the first time he took a shot at me."

"And don't worry about them getting away," Harry told Laurel. "I tagged one of them with a tracker device when he got out the door. He's not going to get far, and don't worry, I did a better job than your friend, Barbara, did when tagging me with a tracker."

Laurel wore one of the most sheepish expressions on her face.

"Don't worry, she figured there was more to me than meets the eye and she was right," Harry said.

Harry's expression had been left hanging in mid-air, and Laurel looked towards him, nervousness spreading through the body of the woman. She just had a strong suspicion there was something else more that Harry was not telling her. There was always something hanging in the air. Laurel just didn't know what to make of it.

"There's more than you than meets the eye," Harry said. "I've seen those moves before. When working together with the League of Assassins."

"You're League of Assassins?" Laurel asked.

"Well, I have friends in the League, really good friends," Harry said.

Laurel just nodded in response, Harry's statement made a whole lot of sense.

"These ninjas work for the Silver Monkey," Laurel said. "He doesn't really inspire fear in the hearts of most people, but he was one of Lady Shiva's best students. At least, until I started to train with her."

Harry heard Nyssa speak about Lady Shiva once or twice in passing. To be honest, Nyssa respected the woman or potentially feared her. One way or another, Harry figured she was dangerous.

"How did you become the student of one of the most dangerous women in the world?" Harry asked.

"Only one of them?" Laurel asked. She sounded very amused. "On the one hand, she would have been insulted by you only downgrading her to one of the most dangerous women in the world. On the other hand, she might just overlook that fact, if it means she has a moment alone with the mysterious and very dangerous dragon."

Laurel stepped forward, a crisp smile coming across her face. Those green eyes just called out to her and said so many great things. Things which Laurel could only begin to describe through mere words.

"You didn't answer my question, though," Harry said.
"Well, I was angry after what happened with Sara and Liv," Laurel admitted. "And that anger, it nearly got the better of me. I didn't have it together, and my parents divorcing didn't help either. It was just one thing after another, and I hit one of the more seedy clubs in Starling City. And trust me when I see, there are a lot of seedy clubs in Starling City. Maybe not as bad as Gotham, but they are there."

Harry invited Laurel to continue with the conversation. Laurel drew in a deep breath and continued to move forward with the conversation. Now she had the courage to speak, it was only a matter of time before she told this story to Harry.

"I got into trouble," Laurel said. "I had self-defense lesson, but one of them must have attacked me from behind. Maybe I didn't care. I didn't know whether or not they were going to kill me or worse….guess it was a good thing that I didn't find out."

Another sigh passed from Laurel, sounding about as ragged and frustrated as possible. Harry leaned in and put a hand on the side of Laurel's shoulder. He gave it a squeeze and gave her the strength to continue to talk. There was something shaky about her voice, but Laurel just had to do what she could to pass on through.

"She saved me. Brought me to a safe house to clean up, and also told me that I was going on a very self-destructive path. After the near death experience, I knew she was right. I found out she was the legendary Lady Shiva. I trained with her in secret, every night she could spare. I got better, and channeled my anger into fighting, something which allowed me to go out there and fight the best I could."

"You think you owe a lot to her, don't you?" Harry asked.

"I do owe a whole lot to her," Laurel said. "And I've gone from someone feeling sorry for themselves and angry at everyone, to a skilled warrior. I'm not the best, but I'm not the worst. Unfortunately, I'm good enough to make him upset."

"Silver Monkey?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Laurel agreed a second later. "For the longest time, he was considered to be Lady Shiva's best student. He was her prize pupil, the fighter which all had to live up to. I beat him in a sparring session a few months ago, and he's had it out for me ever since."

"And he won't rest until he's reclaimed his honor," Harry said.

"Unfortunately, no," Laurel said. "So, are we going to go after him?"

"Yes, they're not too far from here," Harry said.

Sara pushed back against the wall. She found a way to take one of the daggers. They felt like burning hot embers clutched in hand. Yet, the embers did not burn Sara, they just empowered her to be something better. Sara pushed the dagger into the ribs of one of the attackers and brought her back.

Barbara deflected one of the attacks from an opponent and knocked the assassin high above the top of the perch point. The skilled woman showed some acrobatic abilities, running up the wall and turning around. One of the attackers turned to try and run Barbara through with a sword. Barbara just barely blocked the attack and came back with a repeated series of punches which stunned the attacker further. Barbara twisted the ninja around the arm and brought him down to the ground with a solid Curb-Stomp style takedown.
"You have a few questions?" Sara asked.

"Later," Barbara said.

Barbara swept underneath one of the ninjas. One of her friends being alive after being presumed dead, well, to be honest, Barbara was not too surprised. She spent half of her life in Gotham City, surrounded by the strangeness the city had to offer. The girl jumped up high into the air and brought a kick down onto the back of the neck of the attacker. The attacker flopped face first onto the ground.

"I figured about as much," Sara said.

Sara avoided the next attack. The daggers came through the air. Sara took them away and engaged the ninja shot for shot with the daggers.

Nyssa caught one of the ninjas in the back of the leg with an arrow. The discipline needed to fire an arrow at such a point grounded in Nyssa's mind. Much to her surprise, the ninja faded into a puff of smoke, disappearing in a blink of an eye.

'Never expected that,' Nyssa thought.

Very nearly one of the ninjas dropped down from the heavens above and came down onto the back of the head of the Daughter of the Demon. Nyssa turned around and planted a dagger into the stomach of the ninja in question. The deadly assassin pulled back and disappeared.

"It's like these attacks aren't working," Barbara said. "How are you holding those things? They pass through my fingers."

"White Canary privileges?" Sara asked.

The response sounded very flippant, but Sara did not have a better explanation to give to Barbara. One of the ninjas charged into place and came just precious inches away from skewering Barbara. Barbara jumped up against the wall and brought down a huge boom onto the back of the head of the ninja.

"Okay, this isn't going to be pleasant."

Nyssa caught the second of the wall with an arrow. The impact caused the wall to crack and several rocks to topple to bury the ninjas underneath the attack.

A second passed and Sara stood face to face with one of the lead ninjas. The ninja opened her hand and a sonic cry came out from it. Sara had been whipped back against the ground, the sonic vibrations rattled her head. Sara tried, perhaps in a very futile manner to get back up and to avoid the cry coming from the hand of this mysterious ninja. Despite her attempts, Sara had been brought down to the ground.

'Going to suck big time,' Sara thought, shaking her head.

Sara's ability to fight through anything reared its head. She jumped up and caught one of the ninjas with a leaping kick to the side of the head. The ninja dropped down onto the ground. Sara pulled the ninja's head back and put an arm underneath the chin. Slowly, Sara shoved her foot down onto the back of the neck of the ninja and dropped her down to the ground.

The ninja slipped out and pulled out a sword with a picture of the infamous White Canary in the hilt. The flames shot towards Sara. Sara avoided the attack and dropped down onto the back of the
head of the creature. Sara grabbed onto the wall and took a deep breath.

She screamed, screamed like she never screamed before. It was just on an impulse, for Sara to let go with a scream. The vocal cords vibrate, and the enchantments in the temple empowered her to take down the ninja dressed in white with a sonic scream.

The ninja's blade still retracted. Sara jumped down onto the back of the head and took the blade away from the ninja. The blade held in Sara's hand and had been put in the throat of the ninja. The ninja faded into dust and faded from the temple. The other white-cloaked warriors followed.

A sound of someone clapping slowly, but loudly followed. Sara, with her newly acquired sword, turned around. The flames around the sword burned out, and turned into a medallion which was much similar to Harry's.

"Very good, we had to be sure you were worthy," the woman said. "If you weren't, you would not have have passed the test."

"Test?" Barbara asked. "Okay, can someone bring me up to speed. I'm normally pretty smart here, but I won't lie, I'm kind of lost."

"I have it," Sara said.

"Yes, you have."

The hood dropped to reveal Fleur's smiling face. Sara clutched the White Canary medallion. She fought to the medallion, with a little help from her friends. Well at least Nyssa and Barbara intended to help, but they could not get any shots in the endless array of ninjas.

"You earned it," Fleur said. "And I would invite you to the ceremony tomorrow night where I tell them our queen has returned. My mother and aunt will be very pleased….and tell the Dragon he is more than welcomed to come here as well. I'm certain that my sisters in the White Canary tribe will wish to thank him for saving their Queen and bringing her to her full potential."

Fleur leaned forward and gave Sara a very passionate French kiss. The energy around the temple started to build around Sara. "Is it just me, or is it starting to get a little hot in here?" Barbara asked a second later.

"Trust me, it's not you," Nyssa said.

The two women parted their ways, ending the kiss. A small amount of salvia hooked both of their lips together. Fleur just smiled and disappeared into a blast of fire.

After all that, Sara had the White Canary medallion. 'Well, Harry, I got it,' Sara said. 'Did you take care of Laurel?'

'Excellent,' Harry thought. 'Laurel and I...well that's a long story as well.'

'You didn't bang my sister yet?' Sara asked. 'Oh, Harry, I think you're losing your touch.'

'Actually, we were interrupted by ninjas just when we were about to kiss, and do even more,' Harry thought.

'Real mood killer there,' Nyssa interjected in a very serious tone.
Laurel wanted to prove it to herself that first sparring session was not the result of the Silver Monkey getting a bit too arrogant for his own good. She wanted to prove how good she was, how well trained she was. Dinah Laurel Lance took a deep breath in response.

"The ninja made his way into this warehouse," Harry said.

"Unless he shed the tracker?" Laurel asked.

"No, can't be, it's not a physical tracer," Harry said. "It's done completely by magic."

"Magic?" Laurel asked. "Babs owes me ten bucks!"

Harry just looked amused at that outburst. There was no doubt a very interesting story there, and he hoped Laurel shared it soon enough. Now they had to focus on the ninjas, and there would be plenty of ninjas. There were always plenty of ninjas.

"We'll worry about whether or not magic exists or not later," Harry said. "Right now, we have company."

As if right on cue, the ninjas dropped down onto the ground. They formed a circle around Laurel and Harry. Neither of them wanted to be the one that made the first move.

"Duck!"

Laurel wondered why Harry told her that. Not wanting to waste any time questioning it, Laurel dropped down into a crouching position. The shuriken came out of nowhere, and Harry waved his hand. The shuriken came back and exploded, causing the ninjas to be encased in some kind of sticky substance which kept them locked onto the ground.

"This is getting old!" Laurel yelled. "If you really were any kind of a fighter, you would face me one on one."

The fabled Silver Monkey dropped down onto the ground.

"You're the one who travels with him," Silver Monkey said. "I was light on you, and you returned the favor by humiliating me. And then you dare spurned me. No one spurns me."

"Given you where that mask, I would think you would get spurned a lot," Harry said.

The Silver Monkey's fingers tightened around the blade. The warrior took in a deep breath a second or so later and looked straight on forward. His eyes flared very angrily when taking a long look at both Laurel and Harry. The attacker did not do anything.

"One against one, I came here for," Silver Monkey said. "But, I will be proven to be the greatest warrior of all time, when I take down the fabled dragon."

Silver Monkey slipped a gauntlet with steel claws on. He jumped down for the attack. Harry flashed out of the way, and the Monkey dropped down onto the ground.

The second passed before Laurel caught the Silver Monkey with a kick to the side of the head. Another kick had been avoided with the Silver Monkey flipping into the air. The two fighters circled each other. The Silver Monkey pulled out a huge chain with a weight on the end and swung it towards Laurel.

"Hope you know how to handle that thing," Laurel taunted him. "But, I'm guessing you don't have
The weight smashed on the ground with Laurel throwing herself high into the air and landing on the ground directly next to the Silver Monkey. The Silver Monkey charged the woman in question and went to attack her one more time. An attack had been blocked, and Laurel flipped him onto his feet.

The Silver Monkey showed a slight amount of agility by dropping down onto the ground firmly. The Black Canary viewed him, a slight smile passing over her face. The Silver Monkey charged in for the attack, with the Black Canary blocking the uppercut punch, and coming back with a succession of attacks on her own.

Harry moved into the shadows, watching the battle. Laurel handled herself pretty well against this attacker, but then again, if she was half as good as Sara, then an amateur like Silver Monkey should be no problem whatsoever. The Silver Monkey charged Laurel and Laurel dodged the attack.

"Stay still!"

A flash of light appeared above their heads. The Silver Monkey had been surprised, and this caused Laurel to grab him around the head. The two struggled down onto the ground. The Monkey slipped a dagger into his hand and went to stab Laurel. Laurel twisted the man's wrist.

The sound of cracking bone followed, with Laurel pushing the Silver Monkey down onto the ground. She buried a knee into the side of the Monkey's elbow, taking him down to the ground. One more huge punch resulted in the Silver Monkey being taken down.

Just to make sure he was taken down and would stay down, Laurel jumped into the air and drove her foot down across the head of the Silver Monkey.

The ninjas moved in to protect their master. The woman who dropped down, wearing a white hood, turned her hand and opened it up. A sonic cry erupted from the palm of her hand and brought the ninjas down to the ground. This allowed Harry to jump in and take them down.

"Thanks," Laurel said. "Um, whoever you are?"

"Actually, since I'm here, and you are...I suppose the cat's out of the bag."

The hood dropped down, and Sara smiled. Laurel almost staggered back, unable to believe it.

"Sara?" Laurel asked, uncertainly. "I haven't been drugged or anything, haven't I?"

"No," Sara said. "Trust me, I'm here....I'm alive....and I'm sorry....well about a lot of things. Which we can talk about later."

Laurel answered with a nod. The two of them had a conversation with each other, which both suspected were long overdue. It wasn't exactly the way either of them envisioned meeting with each other. And Laurel had questions, namely about the medallion around Sara's neck.

'So, you decided to reveal yourself to her?' Harry asked.

'Yeah, I figured it was best to do it now, and get it over with,' Sara said. 'I'm not sure how I'm going to explain to her how I can't go home just yet, even though I'm alive. And I'm not sure if she's still mad at me about the entire Liv thing. Guess, I'll know when she gets over the entire shock of me being alive.'
The younger Lance sister took in a deep breath and allowed everything to come in.

"At the very least, I've finally got the medallion,' Sara thought. 'You wouldn't believe the hell I had to go through to get my hands on it though.'

"Well, finally you got it, and that's all that matters,' Harry thought. 'We can work from there on it.'

"Yeah, we can,' Sara said. 'So, what do we do with this guy?'

'Silver Monkey?" Nyssa asked. 'Actually, I've got a few things to say to him. Just bring him up, because I'm curious to see what he intended to accomplish.'

Harry almost felt sorry for the Silver Monkey now that he was under the tender loving care of Nyssa. Almost, but not quite, given how that bastard interrupted a very private moment.

"So, this isn't a dream?" Laurel asked.

"Well, depending on how mad you are at me," Sara said. "It could be a nightmare…and I guess the two of us are going to have to talk long and hard about this, actually have a conversation with each other, you know, like sisters should have."

Laurel had been very anxious, and at the same time, very excited about the fact she would finally have a conversation with her sister.

Silver Monkey's anger reached a boiling point. Not only did he fail to take down the unworthy student of Lady Shiva, but he found himself secured in some dark room. The ropes tied around the Silver Monkey made it very difficult to move.

"I demand you release me at once," Silver Monkey said.

"It's funny how a glorified servant like you would make demands of me."

The lights came on a few seconds later, and the Silver Monkey looked up. The smell of the dungeons indicated he was not in an ideal situation, and the trouble he was in pretty much increased. Nyssa al Ghul, one of the daughters of the great Ra's al Ghul, looked at the Silver Monkey, with contempt.

"I wonder if Lady Shiva knows about this deception," Nyssa said. "Perhaps I should ask her about it."

"She…she doesn't value my service," The Silver Monkey said.

"Well, if Lady Shiva doesn't value something about your service," Nyssa said. She paused and decided to twist the knife a little more into the Silver Monkey's paw. "Then, there must be something about your service which is lacking."

The Silver Monkey grimaced at these words. He took one look at the area of the Dungeon and realized there were only two exit points. The first was a very small window which a grown man such as himself had pretty much no hope of squeezing out. And the other exit point was the door which Nyssa positioned in front of. Fighting through her in his condition would be ill-advised.

Not to mention the fact he had been bound and secured. The Silver Monkey's eyes locked onto her.

"I trained my entire life, and fought up through the ranks," the Silver Monkey said. "And Lady Shiva replaces me with an outsider. Someone she found up the street. She did not spend her entire
life training to be the very best. She's nothing, but someone who Lady Shiva took pity on."

Nyssa's laughter grew in prominence. She was more amused than anything when looking down at Silver Monkey's face, well covered in that mask. Given how she saw the man's face in light, the mask was most certainly an improvement.

"You know as much as I do that Lady Shiva doesn't take pity. She only sees potential. And she saw someone who had the potential to be molded into a great warrior. Someone who humiliated you twice."

"I won't let my guard down again," Silver Monkey said. "I will get out of here, and the next time I get out of here, the Black Canary will be dead. Do you hear me, dead?"

"Yes, I've heard this same song and dance more times than I care to remember," Nyssa said. The tone in the woman's face became bored. "And you really think I would give the opportunity to allow you to escape? Truthfully, your delusions have reached a new height."

Nyssa slipped a blade into the palm of her hand. There was no reason why she needed to torture the Silver Monkey. Nyssa saw nothing she could get out the man which would help her on this mission.

"The League does not take too kindly to traitors, and by attacking the pupil of a respected associate of the League, you have betrayed us," Nyssa said.

"Then put me on trial with the League," the Silver Monkey said.

"You're amusing," Nyssa said. "You have delusions of grandeur as well. The League has more important matters to worry about than someone who got his feelings ruffled because someone who wasn't training their entire life managed to gain Lady Shiva's favor above him. Which is an indictment of your skills, I should note."

The Silver Monkey growled in response.

"I'm going to deliver you to Lady Shiva," Nyssa said. "She doesn't take too kindly to traitors either, or failure. And you are both, Silver Monkey."

"I will kill her," Silver Monkey said.

"You threaten Laurel again, and I will cut you from ear to ear," Nyssa said. "Shiva will understand if I do so. But, perhaps you will suffer more at her hand. Perhaps, she will explain to you all the ways which Laurel defeated you and how you are inadequate as both a fighter and a man."

'Silver Monkey?' Nym asked. 'More like Butt Monkey.'

'Indeed,' Nyssa responded with dry amusement.

Three long years passed, and Laurel did not know what to say. She imagined what to say to Sara this entire time, but imagining what to say, and actually living it, it was too different things.

"Okay, I guess I'm going to be the one to break the ice," Sara said. "Three years ago, I left, and I left with your girlfriend."

"Yeah, you did," Laurel agreed. "I don't suppose I can really blame you. Liv and I...well I was the one who thought I could tame the party girl. I knew her reputation of sleeping with pretty much
"Yes," Sara said. "But, she's matured a lot since then. Something happened."

Sara did not have it in her to explain what exactly happened, the entire universal swap and everything. Mostly because an already frustrating situation would grow even more frustrating by explaining that sort of thing to her sister.

"I imagine she might have," Laurel said. Something hit Laurel instantly. "Wait, are you saying that Liv is alive, and you've seen her....."

"Like, I said, long story," Sara said. "But the short of it is that she owes some super-secret government agency a favor, and they like cashing in on their favors. So.....she's working with them until she gets released."

"Well, at least I can bring you home," Laurel said.

Sara wondered when they were going to go that particular situation.

"Actually, I can't go home," Sara said. "I made a promise, to see this through until the end.....and I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm not the same person who left three years ago."

"Promise, what promise?" Laurel asked.

"To, Harry," Sara said. "He saved my life from some mercenaries on the island of Lian Yu.....let's just say they call it Purgatory for a good reason."

Laurel heard of the island, Lady Shiva mentioned it a couple of times in passing.

"Harry would want me to go home, that's the funny thing," Sara said. "But, I want to be with him. He's.....he's.....well he's a long way from home, and there's no way he can get back."

"You mean he's an alien?" Laurel asked. "A magical alien?"

Sara laughed.

"Well, as far as I know, no," Sara said. "There are different versions of Earth out there, and Harry's from one. He has a feeling the moment he stepped through the Veil to get here...his world perished. He was an anchor to that world, whatever that means."

"Is he sure he can't get home or just guessing?" Laurel asked.

"Harry's hunches are normally on point," Sara said with a shrug. "It has to do something with this....well these....the medallions."

Sara pulled out the medallion with the depiction of a beautiful pure white canary on it. Laurel touched her fingers on it, and instantly, a wave of energy passed through her body, from the medallion.

"Oh, Laurel, are you okay?" Sara asked.

"I think so," Laurel said.

"They have defenses on them, Harry's is quite nasty, and the Spider medallion, the guy who put that on got turned into some kind of spider monster, "Sara said. "If I had to guess, the magic realized you weren't a threat, so it didn't fry you as bad."
Laurel just gave a smile. "Well good thing. It was just a really bad bout of Static electricity, really."

A moment passed and looked at Sara directly in the eye.

"You leaving messed things up," Laurel said. "Mom and Dad got divorced, and Dad, well he spends more time drinking than thinking. Mom left to Central City, after everything. And I…well until Lady Shiva found me and trained me, I was in a pretty dark place as well."

"You?" Sara asked. "Perfect Laurel?"

"It's been a long time since you called me that," Laurel said.

"Only when I was pissed off when you took the self-righteous act when we were kids," Sara said. "And…you were right, some of the time."

"But not all of the time," Laurel said.

"Laurel, I'm glad to see you again," Sara said. "I was afraid what would happen if we ran into each other. I spent the last couple of days avoiding you, but I guess fate pushed us together."

"Yes," Laurel said. "I guess it did."

Sara and Laurel moved into the center of the room. The two of them looked at each other, their hands placed on each other.

"I love you, Sara," Laurel muttered in her sister's face.

"I do too," Sara said. "I think I was only with Liv because it would get me closer to you, in some weird way. Granted, she's….I'm pretty sure she would be good in bed."

"Oh, she is," Laurel said. "What do you mean, closer to me, through her."

"Well, isn't it obvious," Sara said. "I know society says it's wrong. I don't give a fuck."

"Neither do I, if you don't."

Both Laurel and Sara met with the center. They were going to be sister wives soon enough, so they should get used to being comfortable with each other. The power of the medallion gave them one more thought, with Sara slowly pushing her lips against those of her sisters.

Laurel reached behind her and closed the door. The last thing they needed was the maid walking in on Laurel having sex with her dead sister.

'Okay, that sounded weird.'

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**To Be Continued on June 27th, 2017.**

There is bonus content on the blog which takes place between this chapter and the next one. Go to the Page of Important Links, Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Stranded Archives or the Blog Exclusive content archive. It's Stranded Chapter 36 Xtra. And given what is hinted out, you should be able to guess what it might be.
Chapter Thirty-Seven: Follow the Beacon.

The last few days had been very interesting. Harry allowed Sara and Laurel to reunite and to work together whatever differences they had. Given some very interesting vibes Harry had been reading between the two of them, he almost wished to be a witness of the two sisters reuniting together, and showing their sisterly bond.

'Technically speaking, if my understanding of the bond network is correct, you can look in at any time, being the Main Controller of the Bond,' Nym thought. 'My mother could have explained it a lot better than I did, though.'

'Well, I don't see anything, and I've been on the bond about as long as anyone,' Rose said. 'Sara's not blocking me out, is she? That bitch better.....'

'Rose,' Harry thought to her a moment later. Rose just responded by folding her arms together. 'No, Sara is not blocking you out. This is just a private moment between herself and Laurel, and I would appreciate if they had a chance to work out their differences. I'll know if things turned ugly.'

'And yet you'll always have a sense whether or not things turn the exact opposite of ugly,' Nym thought. 'You know if things turn absolutely beautiful.'

'You have about the subtly of a train,' Rose thought, very nearly avoiding rolling her eyes.

Harry just smiled, that was Nymphadora Tonks in a nutshell, no matter what the world. Some things might have changed. Other things stayed the same. Harry took a second to look around and he could sense someone who was coming from the shadows.

'Well, this should be interesting.'

Fleur stepped into the room. She looked at Harry with a smile. Harry knew the smile, and it was obvious Fleur was trying to test him out, to see how much she could get away with before Harry decided to put her in line. Harry decided to indulge the French vixen in her game, at least for now.

'Well, I'm intrigued,' Nyssa thought.

Rose and Nym also sounded intrigued, and Fleur just looked at Harry for a moment. The woman dressed in a silk blouse and the first couple of buttons had been undone, in a way to entice Harry. Harry wasn't going to lie, the look of Fleur was very enticing and he could hardly wait to see what the beautiful woman had up her sleeve. The black skirt came down to her thighs, and stockings adorned Fleur's lovely legs. She did have a great pair of legs, most people had just been blinded by the overall beauty of her not to notice the legs.

"What can I do for you, Ms. Delacour?" Harry asked.

Fleur's grin passed over her face.

"Many things, great one, many things," Fleur said. "I was wondering if you could pass on a message to the White Canary, given she's occupied with her sister."

Fleur's kind sensed when sex was happening in the area or had happened earlier. Currently, Laurel
and Sara were both resting, and it would be very unfortunate if they had been disturbed. Fleur was not the type of person to her.

"Well, without telling me the message, I don't think I can very well pass it on."

Harry Potter had the same effect on Fleur that Fleur had on most of the men she encountered. She looked into the stunning green eyes of the young man in front of her. A few seconds passed when Fleur found her tongue and managed to speak.

"The rest of my tribe would like to see their Queen," Fleur managed after finally finding her tongue. "My mother and aunt especially."

"Well, if they are as beautiful as you are, then it would be a crime not to visit them," Harry said. "I wonder if they would mind a visit from the Dragon as well."

"Well, I'm certain they would be very pleased if you would have shown up," Fleur said a second or so later. She licked her lips and leaned closer towards Harry. "Although, we need Sara to attend the ceremony on her own. I can assure you that she will be treated the best. It isn't every day that our goddess has been resurrected in a mortal vessel."

Harry took a moment to look Fleur over. She just gave him a dazzling smile in response.

"You can visit on another day," Fleur said.

"Well, I can't argue with that," Harry said.

Fleur stepped back and realized how much this was a mistake, the very second Harry had her pinned against the wall. Fleur's eyes closed the very second Harry had her back against the wall. The young man could do anything he wanted with Fleur at this point, and there was really nothing Fleur could have done to stop him.

Not Fleur wanted to stop Harry from this particular position. The young man's green eyes flashed and locked onto Fleur's for a moment.

"You owe me, though," Harry said.

"Do, I?" Fleur asked, batting her eyelashes at Harry.

Harry leaned in and gripped Fleur's wrists. She shuddered in excitement when Harry pinned her back against the wall. Fleur envisioned Harry throwing her down on the ground, and having his way in any way. Fleur dreamed about being taken and bred by this amazing man before her. Fleur's breathing increased, and she nibbled down excitedly on her lips the second Harry looked her directly in the eye.

"Yes, Ms. Delacour, you owe me big time."

Harry smiled and waited for it. Fleur slowly and subtly tried to get Harry with those Veela pheromones which caused Harry a slight about of frustration at the Quidditch World Cup. Funnily enough, after being caught off guard by them once, Harry was immune to them.

Regardless, Fleur tried her best to get Harry underneath the thrall of those pheromones. Harry just smiled and leaned closer towards her. Those fingers brushed against Fleur's thigh when Harry pinned her up against the wall. Fleur shuddered a few seconds later when Harry pushed against her.

"They're stronger than hers," Harry said.
Fleur did not have the slightest idea what Harry referred to. That smile on Harry's face struck Fleur senseless. Her heart started to beat even faster the very second Harry inched closer. His hand rested on the top of Fleur's skirt. Slowly, it moved until it brushed against her stocking clad legs.

"It's because you have more control over your allure," Harry responded. "You can use that naughty little allure as a weapon to try and bring men down to their knees. I'm sure you've done it before, left men speechless, left men breathless. A smile, a wink, and a fluttering of her eyelashes, and they'd hand you the keys to the world, wouldn't they?"

The Veela tensed up the very second Harry pushed deeper into her. Their hips came about as close to meeting without actually meeting. Further tension rose from Fleur's body. She took in a deep breath, the moment Harry edged in a tiny bit closer towards her.

"Wouldn't they?"

"Yes," Fleur gasped. "Please."

"You think you can get what you want," Harry said. "Well, you may, if you earn it. I bet your mother didn't tell you no, too often."

Fleur racked her mind for a second. She could not figure out if her mother ever said that one simple word. Fleur's shuddering increased the further Harry pushed against her. He pulled back and left Fleur dazed. A small amount of drool dripped from Fleur's mouth when Harry held her up against the wall.

"You think you can get everything you want just by asking," Harry said. "You're going to get everything that's coming to you, and more. Only when the images burn into your head. When you've been driven so hopelessly mad by your lust, is when you get that. And only when you get it. Do you understand me?"

Fleur responded with a nod. She tried to lock onto him, a mistake. Harry pulled back and pushed her against the wall without even touching her. Fleur's panties soaked completely through the more Harry exerted his own influence on her, his own power. Fleur's breathing increased.

"I can make you come undone with just a mere thought," Harry said. "You always have control. But what would it be like if you would lose control?"

The French vixen's breathing increased. Harry mentally locked onto her and made Fleur glisten with excitement. The feeling of Harry's invisible touch caressing every single last inch of her body made Fleur almost slam against the wall. She lifted her hips up to meet Harry's touches. Harry pulled away from Fleur and left her to slump against the wall.

"Not yet."

Harry leaned in and with the smallest touch of the fingernail on his pinky finger he caused Fleur to shiver in response.

"I know you can sense sex, and arousal," Harry said. "I want you to watch closely."

Fleur found herself fastened into the wall by invisible restraints. No matter how much Fleur wished to break free from the restraints, they kept her up against the wall. Fleur's deepening breaths increased the more.

"I want you to watch, and more importantly I want you to learn," Harry said. "And when my lesson has properly sunk into your pretty little head, you will finally get what you want. Do you
understand me, pet?"

Fleur answered with a devoted nod and a smile. Harry pulled away from the girl. The frustration got Harry worked up, and he knocked on door. A few seconds passed and the door opened, with a smiling Laurel popping her head out of the door.

Only a very elegant black bathrobe covered Laurel's fit body. She smiled and motioned for Harry to come inside of the room, with one finger extended out. Laurel leaned closer towards Harry, and slowly moistened her lips when edging closer towards Harry.

"Hello, Harry," Laurel murmured excitedly in Harry's ear. "I'm so glad you can join us tonight."

"Believe me, the pleasure is all mine," Harry said. He took a closer step towards Laurel and smiled. Laurel grabbed Harry and pulled him into an embrace.

"We missed you last night," Laurel said. "Sara's in the shower, after last night. Well, I beat her to it first. I'm glad I'm all nice and ready for you."

Laurel leaned in and took Harry's lips with a kiss. There was something different about Laurel this morning. She seemed very assured, even more, assured than ever before. Harry pinned his hand on the back of Laurel's head and deepened the kiss in response.

Harry pulled back from the kiss and backed Laurel back. Laurel smiled and dropped the bathrobe to the ground to reveal he was not wearing a stitch of clothing underneath it. Harry soaked in the look of Laurel's beautiful and toned body.

"You seem a bit overdressed for the occasion, don't you?"

Without another word, Laurel pulled Harry's shirt off and made quick work of his pants as well. She observed the amazing sight of Harry standing there. She leaned towards him, and their bodies pressed together in a passionate embrace.

Harry leaned in, and grabbed Laurel, cupping her ass, and giving it an inviting squeeze. Laurel responded by grinding her center down against Harry's crotch and kept kissing him. Their lips met together in a fiery embrace, with Harry pushing Laurel back on the bed.

The brief worship on Laurel's body made her breath in and breath out in pleasure. Harry leaned in and slowly rubbed Laurel's nipples. They stood up erect for Harry to play with. Laurel's breathing increased the moment Harry pressed against her nipples.

"Harry," she moaned.

Harry kissed down Laurel's collarbone and switched attentions to the beautiful woman's firm breasts. He squeezed them and leaned in. Harry lightly cupped the round orbs and leaned in to suckle on them. Laurel closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Harry suckling on them. He worked over her sensitive nipples.

Alternating between the right breast and the left breast, Laurel breathed in heavily. Harry moved all the way down her body and kissed her belly button. Laurel gasped at the feeling of Harry. Harry's tongue teased her belly button which was sensitive to Harry's touch. Harry slowly ran his fingers deep between Laurel's moist thighs when they pushed up and down.

Harry slid his tongue between Laurel's folds for a brief second and pulled back. He kissed every inch of the gorgeous vixen's body and came between Laurel's legs. Laurel worked her thighs
against Harry's head and started to suckle on her moist center. Slowly, but surely, Harry brought Laurel to a pleasurable end with his tongue. Laurel gripped the back of Harry's head and guided his tongue, mouth, into her.

Almost as if by willing her to do so, Laurel came. Laurel's thighs closed down around Harry's head and released her pleasure. Harry's fingers stroked the inside of Laurel's thighs and made her pant in pleasure. Harry swirled his tongue and tasted the inside of Laurel's pussy.

The moment Harry released her, Laurel arched back, hips buckling. Harry leaned closer towards Laurel and put those fingers on either side of Laurel's face, those nails sliding down the side of her face. The two of them kissed passionately, with Harry edging down his boxers.

A moment passed and Laurel almost gasped in surprise. Harry's hard cock touched Laurel's inner thigh and caused sparks of delight to flow through her body. Laurel gripped around Harry's wrist tightly and took a deep breath. Harry lightly worked his length down Laurel's thigh and made her breath in delight. Harry slid up and down the inside of Laurel's inner thigh.

"I'm going to fuck you senseless," Harry breathed.

"Please," Laurel begged.

Harry slowly teased the opening, leading to Laurel's delicious center. She took her thighs and squeezed Harry to offer some encouragement. Harry pushed against her opening and slowly inched inside of her. Laurel lifted her hands up and tried to encourage Harry to sink inside of her.

"Harry, please, fuck me!"

Sensually, Laurel dragged her nails down Harry's back. Harry responded by lightly teasing Laurel's body. Laurel ensnared those legs around Harry's thighs and pushed him closer to go inside of her. Harry lightly touched Laurel's back and eased him inside of her. The two of them met together with each other. Harry only had another slight push and he would be deep inside of Laurel.

"You're mine," Harry said. "I'm about ready to fuck you senseless."

Laurel's pussy ached in need. She never thought she would be so empty without Harry's hard cock inside of her. Laurel tried to push up. Harry responded by holding Laurel down on the bed and giving her a series of kisses. A nibble on side of Laurel's neck caused her to breathe in pleasure.

"Please."

Harry worked deep inside of Laurel. Those warm walls edged slowly apart, and Harry pushed between Laurel's waiting thighs. Laurel clamped down onto Harry and took him inside of her. One push caused the floodgates to open and Laurel's pleasure to spike beyond several times.

"YES!" Laurel moaned in Harry's ear.

"Screamers run in the family apparently."

Harry's quip fell on deaf ears with the powerful sorcerer maneuvering his way into Laurel. He rose up and allowed Laurel's legs to spread apart to take Harry as far inside in possible. Laurel's moist center grabbed onto Harry and clenched him.

The two of them met each other in the center. Harry slowly rode Laurel into an amazing orgasm. The beautiful vixen underneath Harry pushed her hips up to meet him. Laurel grabbed and released Harry with every pump possible. His throbbing balls smacked Laurel on the thighs and made her
hunger grow.

"Cum for me, Laurel," Harry informed her.

Laurel agreed, her body betraying the needs she felt. Harry leaned in and grabbed Laurel's breasts, squeezing them. Harry pumped deep inside of Laurel and rode out the orgasm. She grabbed onto Harry in response and sunk Harry deep inside of her body.

The two of them came down for a moment. Harry allowed the full power of the climax to fill Laurel's body. The moment he allowed Laurel to catch her breath, Harry pounded Laurel something fierce with few hard pumps. Her thighs gripped Harry and released him with each solid pump inside of her. Those balls slapped against Laurel's thighs and gave her a hint of the contents inside of her.

Laurel drank up every inch of Harry. She enjoyed the moment. Harry pounded Laurel as hard as possible. Her thighs closed apart and released Harry with a series of throbbing thrusts. He stretched her completely. Laurel rose up off of the bed and met with Harry.

Again, Harry allowed Laurel to release. Her womanhood squeezed and released Harry. Those balls slapped Harry's thighs the further Harry pushed down into her. He buried balls deep into Laurel, riding out her orgasm.

"You can't help yourself," Harry said. "There's been a part of you missing. A part of you unfilled until you haven't gotten this release."

Harry slid his finger down Laurel's thigh and made her tense up around him. Laurel agreed with this, moaning hard. Her pussy received one of the most vigorous workouts possible. Harry knew how to manipulate her and make Laurel question just how much was missing from her life.

"Again, Laurel. Sing for me."

Laurel didn’t say anything other than scream. Harry did more than just thrust into her. His hands rolled over every single inch of Laurel's body. She looked quite lovely when the sweat coated her. Their loins pushed together with Harry riding Laurel. The older Lance sister contributed to the actions by pushing up and pushing Harry down inside of her.

"FUCK!"

That one word was music to Harry's ears. His cock throbbed and balls weighed down with so much cum. That much cum was going to go into Laurel soon. The beautiful blonde tensed around Harry and released him, making sure he kept pumping inside of her.

Again, and again, Laurel had been brought to the edge and then dragged off in a screaming fury. It was now Harry's turn. Harry tightened the grip around Laurel's hips and pushed deep inside of her very willing body. Laurel tensed up around Harry, feeling the pleasure of her pussy wrapping around him. Harry's thick balls slapped against Laurel's thighs.

Every time Harry entered Laurel, just shockwaves of pleasure exploded through her mind. Laurel's breathing increased. Harry leaned down and sucked on the side of the neck of the stunning beauty. He leaned into her ear and whispered. "cumming."

Before Laurel could even process it, the beautiful woman's own body betrayed her. Laurel tensed up around Harry's rock-hard cock, and came herself as well. Harry held onto Laurel and pushed himself into her. Several sounds of flesh smacking against flesh echoed throughout the room. Harry leaned down into Laurel and stretched out her warm pussy with a huge thrust.
"Mmm, yes, Harry, cum in me," Laurel breathed.

Laurel closed her eyes, feeling more pleasure building inside, and another orgasm. This one last orgasm triggered one of Harry's own. He shoved deep into Laurel and started to spill his essence inside of the beautiful woman underneath him.

Harry spilled his seed deep inside of Laurel, firing deep inside of her. Laurel tightened around him and milked Harry's rod. Every time Harry buried himself into her, Laurel squeezed and enjoyed those juices pumping into her pussy. Laurel pushed up against Harry, feeling the pleasure increase in her body.

Pulling out of Laurel, Harry saw her fall back onto the hotel room bed, a very content smile on her face.

"Amazing," Laurel breathed.

"No, that was hot."

Sara stepped into the room, dressed in nothing other than a bath towel. She sauntered into the room, allowing the bath towel to fall down to the ground. Sara came to the room and grabbed Harry's cock briefly. She tugged on it and leaned down.

A few seconds passed when Sara taste-tested Harry's crotch, sucking the juices off of it. Harry put his fingers on the back of Sara's head and guided her mouth where it should be. Sara sucked Harry with a smoldering look of enjoyment dancing in her eyes.

With a pop, Sara pulled away from Harry.

"Both of you taste good. I need to get some more from the source though."

Sara crawled between Laurel's legs and her talented mouth lowered between Laurel's warm thighs. Laurel pushed her thighs up off of the bed, to meet Sara's questing mouth. Slowly, Laurel lifted, so Sara could meet them.

Harry viewed the beautiful sight of the younger sister sucking Harry's cum out of the pussy of her older sister. It was a very beautiful sight, and Harry's cock hardened immensely at the view of it. His cock hardened, even more, when Sara lifted up a hand and spanked herself on the ass.

Enticing pussy called out for Harry. He grabbed Sara's hips and spanked her a couple of times. Harry's cock, now hard as a rock, slid into Sara's body.

Sara's cunt stretched around Harry when he intruded inside of her body. It was really one of the best feelings and one that Sara found herself never getting enough of. Harry pushed deeper inside of Sara, spreading her loins out when Harry pushed deep inside of her. Her cunt stretched down on Harry the further he pushed himself into her. Harry grunted when shoving his length inside of Sara, making her feel the full pulse of his cock inside of her.

"I'm going to fuck you all night long," Harry whispered in Sara's ear.

Sara twitched, her pussy tightening around Harry with each possible intrusion. Harry shoved his lengthy rod deep inside of Sara's waiting quim. Each shove inside of her made Sara explode with desire. Harry pushed further into Sara, pounding her pussy from behind for everything it was worth, and in Harry's mind, he thought it was worth more than a lot.

"Please, harder," Sara begged Harry.
Harry wasn't going to back down from the challenge. He took his cock into Sara and made sure her face was also buried between Laurel's thighs.

"Make your sister cum, and I'll make you cum," Harry said.

Now, Sara re-doubled her efforts on Laurel. Those screams got Sara going, and eating the pussy with a fever beyond all measure. Sara swirling her tongue around Laurel's moist center, slowly drawing more seed onto her tongue. Laurel reached up and grabbed onto the back of Sara's head, pumping up to meet those thrusts. Laurel tightened her grip onto Sara's face.

As promised, Harry rewarded Sara with an amazing orgasm. The flow building in Sara's body showed how intense Harry would make this if Sara wanted it to be intense. Harry picked up a pace and buried his hard cock into Sara's gripping, greedy canal. Sara squeezed Harry and released him. Harry pumped deep inside of Sara, filling her pussy up with more cock than the beautiful blonde could have ever known in her life.

"Cum for me, Sara," Harry told her.

Sara closed around Harry's tool and obeyed his words. She would cum for him, harder than anyone else before. Harry pushed deep inside of Sara and stretched out her pussy. Each time Harry's cock slid into Sara, Sara closed around Harry and released him.

The actions continued, with both Lance Sisters receiving multiple orgasms between each other. Harry held on for the ride and made Sara's pleasure rise up. Her pussy held on tight to Harry and milked him for everything it was worth. All while the sensual sounds of Sara eating out her own sister made Harry push deep inside.

Laurel thought she was going to die with pleasure. Ever since meeting with Harry, she could not get the young man out of her head. And as for Sara, well, Laurel would be lying if she didn't have thoughts about what Sara's wicked tongue could do to her. Laurel closed her hips around Sara's face and allowed Sara to delve deeper inside.

The fun continued for a very long time. Harry's balls reached their full length, and he could not hold back any longer. After edging Sara to one more great orgasm, Harry allowed her to cum. Sara tightened around his cock, releasing the evidence of her arousal around Harry's pole.

Harry then used the lubrication to bury himself into Sara. Those balls came very close to bursting. Harry pushed deeper inside of Sara and buried so much seed inside of her, that it overflowed from Sara's pussy.

Sara pulled away from Laurel. Harry pulled out of Sara.

In a blink of an eye, both Lance Sisters crawled over to Harry and began to worship his cock. Laurel took him into her mouth, and Sara licked the base which Laurel could not put into her mouth while squeezing his balls. The morning of fun was just beginning.

And one poor frustrated Veela outside had no choice, but to view every sticky second of it.

Later the day, Sara decided to take up Fleur on her invitation to head to the temple. Fleur looked at Sara with a look of longing.

'She knows not to act without my consent or yours,' Harry responded. 'I've taught her a lesson about using her little allure to manipulate people without consent.'
'Would that lesson have anything to do with causing her to be forced to watch you take me and Laurel in every single way possible?' Sara asked a few seconds later. 'And not being allowed to join in on the fun in any way.'

Harry just smiled. Sara watched when her devoted servant, and that was a very hard one to wrap her head around, but Fleur had been very devoted. Fleur opened up the door and allowed Sara to step inside.

"We have made the accommodations most comfortable for your return," Fleur said. "If there's anything you want, anything at all, please ask."

"Well, I could use a foot rub," Sara said. "It's been a long walk up here."

Fleur smiled and motioned for two of the servants to bring out a chair. They dropped it on the ground, and Fleur invited Sara to sit down. Sara took the invitation. To be honest, she was being a bit facetious when asking for a foot rub. Since Fleur was so eager to please Sara, Sara was not going to turn it down.

Those boots slipped off, and Fleur lightly brushed her fingertips on the underside of Sara's elegant feet and started to move up, to massage her toes. Fleur used slow and broad strokes. Sara closed her eyes with Fleur rubbing her feet. Fleur leaned in and it was almost like she was tempted to suck Sara's cute little toes.

'Maybe later,' Sara thought a moment or so later.

Fleur rubbed Sara's foot, thanking the heavens for a blessing of worshiping her goddess. Slowly, Fleur ran her hand over the area of the foot, and then back over it. Those toes were open and ready for Fleur to play with as much as she wanted. And playtime was just beginning.

"Well, the perfect spot for you, Fleur."

A girl who looked like Fleur, only slightly shorter, stepped into the room. She stepped back and looked at the younger girl, who dressed in a black silk top, and a matching skirt as well. She had her hair cut a slight amount shorter, but had the same beautiful face and dazzling eyes, along with a brilliant smile.

"This is my sister, Gabrielle," Fleur said. "Gabrielle, this is Sara...she's....."

"The White Canary," Gabrielle said. "It's an honor to meet you, great goddess. Would you care for some of our nectar? Well, you invented the process, so I'm sure you would."

"Gabi, her memories haven't assimilated to the new vessel yet," Fleur warned her sister.

"Right, right, I know that," Gabrielle said, offering her sister a very prominent rolling of the eyes. Regardless of the fact, Gabrielle held out the drink.

Sara took the drink a few seconds later and took a long swig of it. It caused her body to warm up and it felt good. Maybe not as good as the beautiful French woman massaging her feet, and practically worshipping the tips of Sara's toes, going inches away from kissing on them.

"May I help?" Gabrielle asked.

The puppy dog eyes and the pouty lip of the younger sister made Sara's heart almost melt.

"You can kiss my feet if you want to," Sara said.
She was half-joking. Gabrielle leaned in and kissed Sara's toes. She slowly moved her way down the foot and worshiped Sara's foot. Fleur pulled away and looked a bit dejected.

"You may do so, as well, Fleur," Sara said.

Fleur dove in and she kissed the bottom of Sara's feet. She sucked on Sara's toes and they tasted like candy. The pleasured moan coming from her goddess caused Fleur to be pretty pleased.

Both of the sweet French sisters took turns kissing Sara's feet. Sara leaned back on the chair, enjoying Fleur and Gabrielle worshipping her feet in turns. She felt a warmth and wondered if they could worship her in other ways.

'You're enjoying this way too much,' Nyssa thought.

'Who wouldn't?' Talia asked. 'It's not like your Elite Guard doesn't serve you in a similar way if you asked them. And I know you've asked them.'

'I wonder if they would dress in French Maid outfits if I ask them,' Sara said.

'Given they're devoted, I would imagine so,' Nyssa said.

The doors opened up and two beautiful older women stepped inside. Sara decided to motion for the two sisters to slide away from her. Fleur and Gabrielle looked dejected but recovered quickly.

"You've found her," one of the two women responded.

"Yes," Fleur said. "Sara, this is my mother, Appoline, and this is my aunt Adrianna…who was tasked with holding onto the White Canary Amulet until you passed the trials."

"I hope you forgive our strongest warriors for coming after you," Adrianna said. "I had to be certain you were the one."

Sara just smiled.

"Fleur mentioned a ceremony, which would announce my arrival to the rest of your tribe," Sara said.

"There is one, this evening," Adrianna said. "And you are the guest of honor."

Adrianna smiled and looked at her Queen. She looked as divine as possible.

"Come on, let's show you the monument, I built in your honor," Gabrielle said.

"You built it?" Fleur asked. "You little brat, I helped you just as much."

"Yeah, you were too busy primping to do any real work," Gabrielle said.

"I do not primp," Fleur said crossly.

Gabrielle just threw her hair back in distinct imitation of her sister and gave a musical giggle. Sara watched in amusing, the bonds of sisterhood, and sisterhood rivalry was well and truly alive between these two French sisters. Naturally, Sara would not exploit something like this for her own devious benefits. A smile crossed over the face of the young woman.

"Girls," Appoline said. "Remember to act with dignity in front of the White Canary."
Sara just smiled.

"Would you like to show it to me now?" Sara asked. "I'm certain these two will behave themselves."

Gabrielle and Fleur responded with little smiles. Perhaps, Sara imagined such a thing, but she almost could see the devious little devil horns popping out from the other heads of the two young witches. Sara was going to have to see how this played out with both of them.

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Laurel half hoped to run into Sara when heading off for a trip to France, and elsewhere in Europe. Needless to say, Laurel never really expected things to turn out this way. Laurel thought despite some difficulties, the bonds between the two of them felt good.

She felt a bit more energetic as well since touching the medallion. It took them a while to figure out there were no negative effects. Laurel didn't start to sprout feathers or turn into a canary which was a pretty good sign.

"So, is he going to meet with us before we head out?" Barbara asked.

"Don't sound too excited," Laurel said with a smile.

"I was wondering if he might want to come to Gotham City," Barbara said. "Yeah, I know, it's not a place where people would go out of their way to visit. The constant crime isn't exactly the biggest tourist attraction or anything, but it's home, in some weird way."

Laurel smiled, for a lot of people, Gotham City was home. Hell, Starling City was not that much better than Gotham, and both were only slightly better than Bludhaven, which had one of the worst crime rates in the world, other than maybe Detroit or Chicago, or something like that. Regardless, Laurel suspected they could overlook the frustrations they felt when going home.

"Hey."

Harry walked over towards Laurel and Barbara. Both of them greeted them, with Laurel enveloping Harry into a warm embrace.

"Thanks again for rescuing my sister," Laurel said. "I appreciate it."

"I know how much you appreciate it."

Laurel just smiled, and Barbara leaned over to extend her hand for Harry to shake. The two of them shook hands. Barbara found herself surprised, but not entirely displeased to receive a light kiss on the top of her hand. A shudder spread through Barbara's body when Harry pulled away from her.

"Sara will be back when she feels like she can," Harry said.

"What about...Olivia?" Laurel asked.

"I'm sure she'll face it when Waller paroles her as well."

"Waller, of course, it would have to be her," Barbara said. Laurel gave Barbara a very evident sidelong glance, and there was the obvious call for elaboration made between the two of them. Barbara just responded with a very evident sigh. "We've run into each other a couple times before. Long story. Really long story come to think about it. I'd love to tell you all about it."

"From what I heard, she's nowhere near as bad as her mother."
Barbara heard that as well funny enough.

"The two of you can't say anything you've found out here involving me, Sara, or the League," Harry said. "Which means you have to keep a secret from him."

Barbara looked a bit surprised, and a tiny bit flushed that Harry asked such a thing of her. Something caused Barbara to concede in agreeing with Harry's request. She had no idea what made it so easy to agree with everything Harry said. It was just one of those things where Barbara found herself agreeing it was the best for everyone if she agreed with everything that Harry said.

"I can keep a secret," Barbara said. "Trust me."

"I'm trusting you," Harry said. "It was nice meeting both of you. It would be a shame to keep you from your flights."

Laurel didn't really want to leave. Harry slipped something into Laurel's hand. It was a wristband with runic symbols on it. Laurel never saw anything like her life, not even through her mother's life. It looked very interesting, and she had so many questions about the watch.

"It gives you a means to contact Sara," Harry said. "Try and keep it to yourself, and respect Sara's wishes about not wanting anyone to know she's alive yet."

Laurel frowned and had no choice, but to agree.

"Well at least he's not wiping our memories," Barbara said. "You can't do that, can you?"

"Well, I can, although I prefer to use that as a last resort," Harry said. "You can use that wristband to contact me if you need anything. And if you see your mentor before I do, tell her that the Dragon wants a word with her."

Laurel just smiled in response. Not many people on Earth could summon the fabled Lady Shiva, but she had a feeling Harry was one of the ones. Laurel and Barbara made their way to the life.

'So, she didn't get bonded?' Rose asked.

'Sometimes they jump on the bond pretty quick, somethings there's something blocking the bond from happening right away,' Harry thought. 'There's something holding back Laurel from accepting she's worthy of the bond network. She might know it consciously, but there is.'

'That's interesting,' Rose said.

'I wouldn't know,' Sara thought. 'Laurel's changed in the past three years, we all have. Well, maybe not Barbara, but she's survived most of the insanity in Gotham City.'

Anyone who survived the insanity in Gotham City would be pretty much okay for most of their lives, at least that's how Sara felt, and anyone who stepped one foot in Gotham City.

'So, are you going to check it out?' Nyssa asked.

'The caves?' Harry asked. 'Yes, Tess mentioned them, and Lana mentioned them. They might have a clue for one of the other medallions, maybe all of them. And the sooner we have them all, the better our lives are.'

'Got to catch them all,' Sara replied dryly.

This particular statement flew over the heads of Harry, Nyssa, and Rose. Nym, who had also been
listening in on the conversation, broke out into laughter, even though she was the only one on the conference call who got what Sara's snarky little reference was a reference to.

Harry pulled out the cell phone he had and dialed it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Lana, it's me, Harry," Harry said. "I was wondering if you were back in Smallville."

"Yeah," Lana said. "Why?"

"Because, I might be coming there in a few days," Harry said. "But, before I make the trip, I have to ask you one question. Is the offer for a place to stay and a bed to sleep in?"

"My bed's always open to someone like you...I mean, I'll have a bed open for someone like you," Lana said.

Lana sounded flustered, but Harry just let it go without a comment, even though there were so many comments he could make.

"I'll be there as soon as possible," Harry said. "I'll call you when I get into town."

Technically, Harry could have dropped into Smallville at any time just by teleporting there. He had to maintain appearances, and he had no idea whether or not there was any laws regulating the use of spontaneous magical travel. It was a nightmare, or so Harry heard, back in his world when trying to get your Apparation license reinstated after it got suspended.

Harry much preferred brooms anyway. Although, the medallion did make teleportation a lot easier.

"So, is this mysterious guy coming soon?"

Lana smiled and had been hanging out with one of her friends, Chloe Sullivan. The perky blonde stood next to Lana, almost bursting with excitement. If nothing else, one of the more prominent smiles possible went over the face of Chloe. It was hard not to smile while being near her. She was always so full of energy, which had nothing to do with the obscene amount of caffeine Chloe had.

"He said he was on his way," Lana said. "Speaking of which, have you seen Claire lately?"

"She's been avoiding everyone," Chloe said. "I think it has something to do with her father."

Chloe took a moment to take a deep breath and knew that Chloe was not talking about the recently deceased Jonathan Kent, who died of a heart attack. And Claire had a lot of guilt for that one. She always carried the weight of the world on her shoulders, and Chloe wanted to shake Claire, tell her not everything was her fault.

'Some people just have a savior complex,' Chloe responded a moment or so later.

"A guy named Potter is going to be staying in the Potter House," Chloe said. "It's almost poetic. Are you sure you aren't related, somehow distantly?"

"I thought he might be related to Amanda and Emily," Lana said. "They have the same green eyes, and I've never seen eyes like that elsewhere."

"Well, let's just hope he doesn't get into half of the trouble they do," Chloe said. "Otherwise, he's going to be living a very insane life."
"They're not bad," Lana said.

"They make Lois and Lucy look like choir girls," Chloe said. "What the hell does that tell you?"

Lana just responded with a smile, and this debate would have to wait for another time as a very nice looking sports car started to pull up. It was the sort of thing which someone only drove when they were looking to make a statement. Chloe whistled at the car and whistled even more at the man he came out of the car.

"Do you think you could put your eyes back in for a minute, and try and be subtle?" Lana asked.

"Sorry, it's just…he's a not a ten," Chloe said. "Maybe a twelve, or so, he breaks the scale…it's just something like the way he carries himself."

"Well, I'm glad to make a first impression," he said. "I don't know if Lana's told you about it, I'm Harry. It's a pleasure to meet you Ms…"


Harry just smiled and took Chloe's hand to offer a slight kiss to the top of it. Needless to say, this caused the desired reaction through Chloe. The poor girl looked very flushed when Harry pulled away from her. It left Chloe with her mind lost.

"Wow," Chloe murmured. "You're really something….you're here to see the caves, aren't you?"

Another car pulled up before this conversation came on. The door opened up, and Harry came face to face with a girl who was slightly younger than Chloe and Lana, maybe about a year. Her brown hair tied back in a ponytail, and she wore a pair of glasses. She dressed in a black tank top, and a pair of nice form fitting blue jeans, which showed she was very gifted in the backside. The top half was also very good as well.

"Oh, sorry, Lana, I didn't know you had company."

"Hailey, it's fine," Lana said. "This is Harry Potter."

"Oh, are you any relation to Mandy and Emmy?" Hailey asked. "Oh, and my name is Hailey Edwards."

"Not as far as I know, although you're far from the first person to ask me about that," Harry said a second later, offering Hailey a very light smile in response, which the younger girl responded.

Harry just was looking at the girl. Perhaps, Harry had jumped to one of the biggest conclusions of the world, but unless he missed his guess, he came face to face with Hermione's sister. Harry could have been wrong, and there was a pretty big chance he could have been wrong. What if he was right though?

"Well, your eyes are similar," Hailey said. "I've never seen a shade of green like them before, well only in pictures, and that can be manipulated. I mean, I've never seen them up close, or not."

Hailey took a moment to take a deep breath. She tried not to get excited. Harry looked at her, in amusement, and she had been a bit too spazzy. Hailey needed to try and reign herself in before she embarrassed herself.

"So, what brings you to Smallville?" Hailey asked in a more tranquil tone of voice.
"I was hoping to get a closer look at the Kawatchee Caves," Harry said. "Lana mentioned them to me when I ran into her in France, and I was hoping to get a closer look. She wasn't the first person who told me the pictures inside the cave look in me, and I was curious."

"Well, yeah, I would be curious if someone told me there was a picture of you inside of a cave," Hailey said. "My mother, she's been researching the caves for a very long time. She's been researching a lot about Smallville, ever since she brought me here after….well when I was younger."

Harry took a moment to look at Hailey. He noticed that look right away, and Hailey chewed down at the bottom of her lip in response.

"How about I show you the caves?" Hailey asked. "We can talk about….well we can just talk."

Harry wanted to talk to the girl. He looked over and saw Lana grow very annoyed for some reason. Chloe looked at Lana in surprise.

"I was going to take him to the caves," Lana said.

"You've never been as interested in the caves as I am," Hailey protested.

"I know, but I promised I would take him to the caves," Lana said. "You get too excited, you wouldn't want to embarrass yourself, would you?"

Chloe looked from Lana to Hailey, and back and forth several times. It was almost like she observed a tennis match, and she had no idea who had the ball in their court. She turned towards Harry who cleared his throat a moment or so later.

"We can all go."

Lana and Hailey looked at each other a few seconds later, and both of them nodded in response. They didn't really mind that, they didn't mind both joining Harry on the trip.

"We'll take my car," Hailey said.

"Are you sure it's safe?" Chloe asked.

"Hey, I'm a careful driver, most of the time," Hailey said. "Besides, I know these country roads like the back of my hand. I've memorized every turn, every twist, every single bump in the road."

"Fine, we'll take your car," Lana said.

Lana just wanted to see whether or not her theory was true. Hailey turning up when she did, well Lana loved the girl, but she could get a bit too anxious at times. The girl had a lot of energy, to be honest.

"Your mother studied the caves?" Harry asked. "You never mentioned your mother's name to me, did you?"

"No, I didn't," Hailey said. "Her name is Charlotte Edwards."

Harry spent a moment just smiling. He was pretty sure Hailey was the one. To think, this would be one of the least obvious places to hide. Harry was surprised, given rumors he read about Smallville in the not so distant past. He would have figured HIVE would
"I must have gone to this cave at least twice a week since I was ten," Hailey said. "Well, there were a few months ago where something strange happened.....one of my other friends, Claire...she started acting weird and she went up that cave. We didn't see her until three months later."

Harry just responded with a frown. He thought that was very odd. There was something else odd coming from the cave as well. There were pulses of magical energy. Lana and Chloe stepped in the cave as well.

They were not alone as well. Someone else had been up in the cave.

"That isn't odd," Hailey admitted. "The cave is a tourist attraction. Many come here to hear the story about the Namen who has come from the sky and blessed them all."

"Harry?"

Harry looked at the person who popped in the cave. Daphne Greengrass stood at the other end of the cave. She walked over towards Harry, with a brisk smile on her face, edging closer towards Harry when she crossed the path deeper into the cave.

"Daphne, what brings you to Smallville?" Harry asked.

"You know her?" Hailey asked.

"Who are you?" Lana asked.

Lana had been put on guard by the new woman showing up for reasons which she could not quite figure out. She had been having some weird feelings ever since coming back from France a couple of days ago. Lana edged closer to the cave and noticed something in the back of the cave. It was a crack of some sort, and she was very tempted to push it out.

"Girls, this is Daphne Greengrass, she's a friend of mine," Harry said. "Daphne, this is Hailey Edwards, Chloe Sullivan, and Lang Lang."

"It's nice to meet you," Hailey said in a bubbly tone of voice. She bobbed her head in thinly veiled excitement and eyed Daphne with a very brilliant smile.

"Yes, it's nice to meet you," Chloe said. "So, what brings you to the caves?"

"That's a good question," Daphne said. "I woke up this morning and thought I had to be here. I sensed something."

The fact Harry had arrived here of all places made Daphne's curiosity piqued just a slight amount more than normal. She knew the feeling was more than a feeling. It was a sign of something happening. Daphne could not figure out what was going on, just something was going on.

"You don't mind if I borrow Harry for a minute."

All of the girls looked at each other and nodded in response. None of them had any problems, and Harry did not have any problems.

The two walked outside of the caves on the rocks. The vantage point overlooked the fields of Smallville, and across the way, there was a nice dam leading to the area. Harry looked across to a
field and off to the distance, he could see a very prominent farmhouse.

Harry's amazing eyesight locked onto the Potter House as well. He looked around three hundred and sixty degrees.

"Do you have the serpent medallion on you?" Daphne asked.

"Always," Harry said. "Why?"

"Just a hunch I have," Daphne said.

Harry pulled out the medallion and it was glowing. A bright light came out of Harry's hand and a beacon shot in the air. Harry followed the progress of the traveling light which went over Smallville, and it stopped on the ground outside of the area of the dam.

"I think we found her."

Later that night, Daphne and Harry followed the location. Hailey, Chloe, and Lana showed them around the area of the cave. Harry intended to explore the cave more on his own later. There was just something about the cave which caused him interest. There were more questions which needed to be raised, and unfortunately, not enough answers, for Harry's liking.

'Time to answer some questions now,' Harry thought to himself.

Daphne and Harry stopped outside of the Reeves Dam in Smallville. It had been destroyed in the Meteor Shower and repaired over the years. Harry held out the medallion in the palm of his hand. The flittering glow continued to lead Harry to his location. He moved closer to the edge of the dam, seeing the energy pouring out from deep underneath the ground.

"There's something down there," Daphne said. "There's also something blocking us."

Harry noticed several large chunks of green meteors covering what appeared to be a vessel. He scanned to get a look at the chemical composition of the rocks down below. They were unlike anything Harry ever saw on Earth. He lifted the rocks off of the ground, and they landed right away. Harry used a spell to completely block the radiation absorbing from the watch.

Down below, Harry spotted something sticking around the area of the ground. A large metallic ship stuck up in the ground, ready for Harry to come down and yank out of the ground. Harry slowly pulled the alien vessel out of the ground. The remaining rocks sticking to the vessel crumbled away, and had been released.

The markings on the front of the ship illuminated. The spells Harry put on the area indicated that no one, other than himself and Daphne could see the amazing light show which was taking place around the area of Smallville. The symbol on the ship matched the symbol on the temple. Everything combined, it became obvious.

"It's her," Daphne said. "Kara, she's…"

Harry looked at the front of the ship and through a window in stasis, Harry caught a glimpse of a beautiful blonde girl who was in stasis. She dressed all in white and reassembled the statue back at the serpent tribe headquarters.

"Stand back, I'm going to open this ship," Harry said.
Harry channeled enough energy into himself to pull the front of the ship open. The ship had defenses where they had been locked down. The ship slowly opened up and allowed air to flow through. The occupant slowly came out of her suspended animation slumber.

The occupant of the ship's eyes snapped open. She looked at the green eyed man in front of her, very dazed and disoriented. One weak word came out of Kara's mouth.

"Har-Zod?"

To Be Continued on July 2nd, 2017.
Chapter Thirty-Eight: Long Awaited.

Lana sat in the sitting room of the Potter house, she was equal parts confused, and also a bit nervous as well. Her finger started to rap against the window. Harry said he would be back when he took care of something. If it was anything like when Claire took care of something, well Lana was concerned something was going to happen. Perhaps, she should give Harry more of the benefit of the doubt.

On the other side of the room, Hailey had been half-crashed on the couch. She decided to stay at Lana's when her mother was out of town, on assignment about something or other. The mysterious work that Charlotte Edwards did which put her out of town for long periods of time, Lana really did not know and could only begin to guess. The brunette leaned back and took in a deep breath, looking out the window.

Suddenly, Harry appeared in the driveway, next to that other girl. Lana frowned, she didn't hear a car, but then again, Harry left his car parked in the driveway. So wherever he went, he walked all the way over here. Lana thought that was very impressive, for a couple of reasons, at least as much as she could figure.

It took Lana to realize Harry had been with his friend, that Daphne, who met him at the caves. Who had been lurking around the caves for reasons which Lana had not been able to guess. She looked at the window and saw that when Harry was coming around the way, he carried a mysterious blonde woman in his arms. Lana rose up to her feet, which startled Hailey off of the couch.

"What?" Hailey asked, half-sleepy.

Lana didn't say anything, she just flung the door open, with Harry and Daphne making their way inside. The woman in Harry's arms could be heard breathing, just faintly, but still breathing. Lana looked at Harry and Daphne, and then back to the room. She had a lot of questions, and not so many answers to be honest.

"What's going on?" Lana asked.

"I found an alien ship buried in the dam," Harry said.

Lana had looked at Harry like he had grown a second head. A few seconds passed, with Harry looking from Lana to the couch. Hailey got off the couch, and her mouth hung open wildly. Words failed Hailey, in a way which they did not fail her older sister, at least back in Harry's old timeline."

"You found an alien ship in a dam?" Lana asked, slowly dragging out each of those words, as if she did not believe it. Or maybe she was trying to force herself to believe it.

"You sound shocked?" Daphne asked. "I thought Smallville was used to strange activity."

"Don't worry, I put the dam back together when I dug her out," Harry said.

"Okay, you dug her out," Lana said. "Where's the ship?"

Harry moved over towards the blanket and put her down on the couch. Without being asked,
Hailey made her way into the side closet, and pulled out a blanket, and gently laid it down on the visitor, who was shivering just a slight amount.

"The ship's in my pocket," Harry said.

"Of, of course, it is," Lana said. "What do you think happened to her?"

"I'm guessing the fatigue of being put in stasis for so long and being jarred out, not to mention trace amounts of radiation poison got to her," Harry said. "She has been down there for at least fifteen years by my calculations."

Lana did the math in her head and realized the visitor had been down there since the time where the meteor shower which brought Claire to Earth happened. It always came back to the meteor shower, everything in Smallville. It changed it from a humble farming community to the hotbed of freaks.

"She's actually an alien?" Hailey asked.

"Yeah," Harry said.

"Wicked," Hailey said with a smile on her face. She then grew suddenly serious, after realizing the potential implications of the matter. "Um, she's not a dangerous alien invader, or anything, is she?"

"As far as I know, no," Harry answered a moment or so later. "Her planet's gone, I can tell right away."

Lana nodded in understanding. If she came from the same place that Claire did, her planet would have been long since destroyed. Lana felt a slight amount of sympathy for this girl as she was on the couch. Harry stepped back and put his hands on the head of the girl.

"Who is she?"

"In a past life, she was Kathryn Slytherin, but she was called Kara by her sisters and her friends," Daphne said. "Now, we don't know...you don't want to get too close when Harry's doing that."

Lana stepped back and allowed Harry to work whatever he was doing. Did he have some sort of healing hands like Chloe did? Although Chloe would be knocked out for at least twelve hours, if not more, she hadn't quite figured out her power.

"I think most of the injuries are just fatigue," Harry said. "Actually, I know that most of the injuries are fatigue, and she's going to be fine. Just needs some rest."

Hailey, Lana, and Daphne all stepped back. They all wondered what was going to happen next. Harry decided to put the medallion away. Explaining this to a girl who lost her entire world, it was not going to be among the easiest things Harry ever did in his life. He figured it was going to be among the hardest things possible, if Harry was perfectly honest, and most of the time, he was more than honest.

"Hailey, can I have a word with you?"

While Harry waited for Kara to recover, he figured he would have a bombshell. Hailey's eyes widened, but she nodded up and down eagerly. Harry took Hailey's hand and she blushed slightly, but recovered quickly and looked a bit less put off when Harry escorted her into the kitchen to talk.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about?" Hailey asked. "If you want to know more about the
Namen, and the legends surrounding about that, maybe we can go out for coffee or something?"

"Maybe we will," Harry said. "But, it's nothing like that, it has to do with a more personal manner. It has to do with your sister."

The tension in the room could have been cut by a knife. Hailey's eyes closed tight at the mention of her sister, and a deep breath followed. Hailey turned around and the somewhat cheerful and upbeat demeanor turned rather tired very quickly.

"I wouldn't know anything about her, given I haven't seen her in twelve years," Hailey said a moment later.

"She's alive."

Hailey raised an eyebrow and gave a very soft statement.

"Oh?"

"Yes, she's alive, and....well she wants to know whether or not, you and her mother are okay," Harry said.

"We're both alive, yes," Hailey said, delicately. "Harry, I'm going, to be honest with you. I'm not sure if I can forgive my sister for running out on us when she did. There's a lot more going on than she's telling you, or even I know."

"We know about your grandparents and their connection to HIVE," Harry said.

"HIVE?" Hailey asked, sounding very confused.

The tone of her voice showed maybe Hailey didn't know about the HIVE connection her grandparents had. Harry thought that was fair enough, at least he thought it was fair enough.

"So, Mia's alive," Hailey said. "Or does she still insisting of being called by her proper name....Her-My-Own-Nay!"

"Trust me, she hates that name," Harry said.

"Good, thankfully, and I hope she stopped trying to worship the ground our grandmother walks on," Hailey said. "She wants to kill the Dragon, and everything he stands for and.....she will just end up plunging the world into chaos, out of spite."

Hailey half wanted to know where the old bat was because you kept your friends close and your enemies closer. The door opened up on the other end, and Chloe made her way inside. She and Lana had a brief conversation with each other.

"You found another one?" Lana asked.

"Seems to be so," Lana said. "Guess, Claire isn't the unique snowflake we think she is."

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The locked room in ARGUS's central facility had been a source of curiosity for Rose Wilson ever since she got her. She came across the outside of the door and pushed against the door. The door refused to budge, and Rose tried to kick it in.

"What are you doing?"
Rose spun around and withdrew a blade. Mia stepped back a few feet when Rose came this close to impaling Mia halfway to death with the blade. And it would not be the first time that Rose came very close to putting a blade into the chest of this particular girl.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" Rose asked.

"It looks like you're trying to break into a locked room," Mia said. "And you're not being very subtle about it either."

"Well, it's obvious Waller's hiding something," Rose said.

"Well, I find it very hard to believe that the head of a super-secret covert government operation would be hiding something at all."

That tone which Rose received caused her to frown in response and look Mia directly in the eye. Sarcasm was not really a good look on her. The two of them stared each other down for a long moment.

"I'll be honest with you," Rose said. "I really want to get into that room, because I know Waller has information on my father. And I need to find out where he's being held."

"You should just let this go," Mia said.

"Wouldn't you want to ask your father why he did some of the things he did?" Rose asked. "Your father, he willingly helped HIVE enact plans, which resulted in the deaths of millions of people."

"I don't need to know," Mia said. "And face it, Rose, you're not just wanting to ask your father questions. It's never that simple with you."

"I want closure," Rose said.

A few seconds passed with Rose taking in a deep breath and coming out with another one. Mia just looked Rose straight in the eye, as if trying to detect some amount of bullshit passing through the tone of the girl. Mia leaned in and put a hand on Rose's shoulder.

"We both know what closure means for you," Mia said. "You want nothing better than to kill your father for all that he's done to you."

"Don't you?"

Mia sighed in response.

"Yes," Mia said. "But, what I want and what you want are two different things, and that's not the point. The point is, there's going to be blood on your hands if you do this. Back on that submarine, Harry could have let me be killed by you, but he didn't. He thinks you can be a better person."

Rose just folded her arms.

"Being a better person does not mean not leaving people unaccountable for their actions," Rose said. "Slade Wilson was at one time a good man, but I don't really know what happened. All I know is any goodness in him, it's long gone now. He's nothing, but a mercenary, cruel, and heartless. He's violent, and will kill anyone in his path, now and forever."

"Maybe," Mia said. "But, Waller has him under control."

"Does it help you if I say I don't trust Waller?" Rose asked. "If my father wants to find a way out,
"You really want to kill your father?" Mia asked.

"He's used his own daughter as a test subject for a serum," Rose said. "Is that the act of a kind, and loving father? Your father might not have been the one to sell you to Ivo, but he never stood up to his mother either."

"I'm not mad at my father, though," Mia said.

Rose felt like she wanted to beat her head against the wall. Perhaps, mistakenly, she thought Mia would have been the one to understand the situation more than anyone else. She was wrong, and now Rose was back at square one, wondering what the hell to do next.

One of the DEO agents stepped won the hallway and stopped short, looking at Rose and Mia. Rose looked towards the DEO agent.

"Do you need anything?" Rose asked.

"Waller wishes to have a word with both of you," the agent responded.

Rose wondered if it had anything do with getting a chewing out of almost knocking the door down. Mia just turned around and shrugged in response. Both of the girls allowed this DEO agent to lead the way, as they tried to figure out what the hell was going on. With Waller, they never knew. The moment the two of them passed down the hallway, they saw Liv coming out of her quarters, with another government agent following.

"Let me guess, Waller wants to see you too?" Rose asked. Liv responded with a nod in response. "Yeah, I thought so."

The images of towers falling, and the sounds of a planet bursting apart could be heard. A girl of around sixteen or so years old had been pushed out, going to the ship, the ship which had been waiting for her. A sound of a voice came in the back of Kara's head.

"GO, YOUR COUSIN IS ON HER WAY!"

Kara's fingers started to twitch in response, but she made her way to the alien ship. The ship blasted off and left the planet of Krypton, trailing beyond a pod which contained her cousin. She would have thought that the genius which was Jor-El would have built a better vessel.

Also following the two vessels were flying chunks of rock. One of the rocks connected the edge of Kara's ship which knocked it slightly off of course. The stasis field engaged before Kara could react, and the next thing she knew, she went to sleep.

Kara's eyes flashed open and she hurled the blanket off of her. She found herself in an unfamiliar room. The intense breathing of the captive Kryptonian followed. Kara looked around from the right, and to the left, and kept heavily breathing in response.

Those weird dreams also flashed into Kara's mind. She appeared in an unfamiliar time, and an unfamiliar place, alongside a handsome young man, with the most brilliant green eyes imaginable. Kara's heart fluttered when thinking about this particular young man.

Fully awake now, Kara looked across the room, her vision slowly clouded over for a moment. It took Kara seconds to come too, and about a minute to see the young man of her dreams,
surrounded by four women. All of them were offering smiles, and while they were intending to be reassuring, there was something about this situation which did not reassure Kara at all.

"Where am I?"

Kara stumbled back and almost fell onto the couch. The first rays of the morning sunlight coming in caused a small spark of energy to come through her body.

"Relax, you were poisoned," the young man responded. "Your ships shields were beginning to fail when I pulled you out of the area that it crashed in. You have been in stasis for a long time."

Kara just took a second to allow these thoughts to sink in. Her ship's shields were about ready to fail. That was all well and good for numerous reasons. She understood about that much. But, how long had she been down in wherever, with the ship's radiation coming in?

"Sit down, my Queen," Daphne said.

Daphne did not mean to cause any more confusion. The statement about Kara being her Queen slipped out in one of the most natural ways possible. Kara's eyes flashed over to Daphne, widened in surprise. Daphne responded with a deep breath and inclined her head.

"You're in Smallville," Chloe piped up. "Meteor capital of the world."

More faded memories came back into Kara's mind. Yes, she remembered Smallville. It was the place her Aunt Lara chose to send her then unborn daughter Clara, in case something happened to Krypton. The images of the falling towers, the explosions of the planet cores, and the screams of people, of lives being snuffed out, flashed through Kara's head when she heard it.

'So, it's over.'

They were warned for years. The Council refused to listen to any reason. They only listened to their supposed perfect computer, Brainiac, who had claimed that there was nothing wrong. All of the instabilities found by Kara's mother, and her uncle, Jor-El, they were nothing to be concerned about.

Kara's head started to throb when these memories came to her. The young man with the brilliant green eyes reached over and cupped the top of Kara's head. Kara allowed one ragged breath to come out of her and let another ragged breath.

"My friends, my family, all gone," Kara said. "I have to find her...."

"Find who?" Harry asked.

Harry received some questions. Kara had been too distracted to question Daphne's slip of the tongue, fortunately at least. He knew this could change in a blink of an eye, if Kara started to think about things, or start putting two and two together.

"My cousin, Clara."

Chloe and Lana both tensed up a moment. Could it be possible? Kara did not notice their motions. She tried to move out of the door, but Kara staggered. Harry held onto her.

"I was supposed to get powers beyond the wildest imaginings of human beings," Kara said. "Why am I so weak?"
"Poisoning and fatigue," Harry reminded her. "You're not weak, you're just recovering. You were asleep for fifteen years."

"Fifteen…fifteen years?" Kara asked.

That tone of voice resulted in Kara's voice cracking. She leaned against the shoulder of the man who held her up, for lack of anything else better to do. Kara could not really do anything else other than think about what might have happened to her cousin.

"It will be fine," he said.

"Yes…"

"My name is Harry."

For some reason, there was something familiar about that name. Kara could not put her finger on what was familiar about it, it just gave Kara a sense of warmth and security, the likes of which she had never felt before in her entire life.

"Why don't you stick around, and we can all figure this out?" Daphne asked.

Kara nodded, until she got better, the Kryptonian survivor really did not have too much of a choice other than to stick around. So stick around, she did, at least for right now.

Olivia Queen's fragile patience was at the point of being pushed over the edge. She understood going on a few missions for Waller. It reached the point where Waller took advantage of Liv.

There were times where Liv strongly considered taking up Harry on his offer to get out of here. Something held Liv back, and she could not figure out. Perhaps, Liv felt she deserved being just one step above of the collared crooks on Waller's Suicide Squad for all of the tension she had. Mia and Rose joined her, and Gwen stepped into the room as well.

"They're not letting you go home, either?" Liv asked.

"Well, to be fair, I don't have a home anymore, and this isn't my universe," Gwen said.

"What about the spider cult place?" Liv asked.

Gwen knew Liv meant well by talking about that particular location, but it still made her shudder to even consider such an arrangement. The spider cult location had some devoted followers. The Black Widow, or Natasha as they were calling her these days, she had been among one of the most devoted followers possible, and Gwen knew she was not the only one.

The fact she had this spider medallion, still weirded Gwen out a tiny bit. There was a whisper in her ear to put it on and see what might happen. Gwen felt the compulsion strengthen with each moment in time. Something held Gwen back. Something, something, and Gwen did not know what, but it certainly was something which held her back. Gwen's breathing increased when thinking about being surrounded by spiders.

"Maybe someday, but I'm not quite ready to go there."

Liv pulled away, and it was fair enough. The quarter of girls turned around and looked towards Amanda Waller who stepped in front of them. Waller held the briefing sheet in her hand, and Gwen felt like she had been called to the principal's office to get reprimanded. Not she would know
anything about that, okay, maybe a little bit.

"The four of you have been called here because I have a mission which requires your special skills," Waller said.

"Oh, you don't say?" Liv asked.

The very obvious sarcasm burned through Liv's voice. Waller just smiled, and Liv did not like the smile passing over Waller's face. There was something overtly calculating about the look. Even Mia, Rose, and Gwen looked at Waller, a bit uneasy, and a little bit nervous as well.

"It should be right up your ally, Ms. Queen," Waller said. "You'll find that this operation is in the heart of Starling City…right on your home turf. Although the old hometown has changed a little bit. There are drug operations which have popped up, and this gentleman has been building up an empire deep in the heart of Starling City."

Liv could not help, but think Waller tested her for reasons unknown.

"So, this drug empire is in Starling City?" Liv asked. "And you're going to send me there, along with Rose, Gwen…and Mia I guess."

"I'm not the field type," Mia corrected.

"Yes, ARGUS has found your field combat skills to be quite lacking," Waller said. It wasn't done out of malice, just making a statement of fact. "Therefore, you will be heading to Starling City on this mission. And I will willingly release you from your obligations. You do not have to be indebted to Mr. Potter to allow you to sneak away because you will be free and clear."

There was a catch, and Liv knew there was a catch. Liv knew she was a good asset to ARGUS and their operations. Holly pretty much told her point blank, if she was inept, Waller would have found different ways to extract the debt. Now, Liv had to go on these progressively more dangerous missions, for reasons unknown.

"What's the deal here?" Liv asked.

"I want you to head into Starling City," Waller responded. "And do what you can to shut this drug trade operation. If you succeed in this operation, I will release you from your obligations, and you can go home if you really want to."

"Why wouldn’t I want to?"

"Only you can answer that question, Ms. Queen," Waller said. "But, there's one thing you must remember. Until the mission is done, you can't allow any of your friends, or family to see that you're alive. The element of surprise is important in taking down this particular drug dealer."

Liv looked at Waller and set her jaw. Okay, fine, she can play this game, Liv suppose. What was the problem anyway? The temptation to see Thea again had been great,

"Ravager and Spider-Girl….."

"Spider-Woman," Gwen corrected.

"Ravager and Spider-Girl," Waller repeated, this time in a more firm tone of voice which left no room for argument. "Will be joining you on this particular mission. Remember, do not be seen. The Bookworm will be handling the specifications on mission support and any relevant information she.
receives, it will be passed onto you. Is that understood?"

"Don't I get a cool codename?" Liv asked. "How about Artemis...you know like the goddess who could do Archery?"

"Your name is the Green Arrow," Waller responded.

Liv pulled a face in response. Why did Waller have to stick a color in front of the codename? It didn't really make any sense.

"Are Holly and Nym going to be joining me?" Liv asked.

"Agent Granger and Agent Tonks are currently on a classified mission halfway across the world," Waller said. "So, you are the senior agent on this mission, and I hope you will lead things with the maturity I expect from one of my ARGUS agents."

Liv just responded with a nod. Waller put out the package of paper and showed a picture of the drug dealer. He was a man of about four foot tall and wore a fedora covering his face. Did his hands look, green in the certain light in the picture? Liv could not be completely certain, but she imagined them to be.

"His name is Mr. Toad, and that's the man you need to take down."

Mr. Toad? Now, Live felt a little bit better about the entire Green Arrow codename now she had to fight someone who called themselves Mr. Toad. He didn't look too threatening, at least in the picture, but looks could be deceiving, to be honest.

"So, are the Weasels going to be involved as well?" Mia piped in. Waller gave her a very reprimanding look. "Come on, you call me the Bookworm, and don't expect a literary reference?"

"I suggest all of you prepare to leave at once," Waller said. "Our most reliable intelligence coming in from Starling City indicates a shipment has been moved on the pipeline between Starling City and Gotham City. You're going to have to move and get there as soon as possible."

Liv, Rose, and Gwen had their mission and were ready to go, at a moment's notice. It seemed almost too good to be true in Liv's mind, mostly because she did not believe it was something which was going to go on without a hitch. Perhaps she could be wrong, but there was something about the entire situation which put Liv on edge, at least for a few seconds.

"So, are you ready to leave?" Gwen asked.

"I'm about as ready as I'm going to be," Liv said.

Rose just nodded, understanding where she was coming from. The trio of girls made their way out. Waller sent them on this mission for a reason. The reasons of why Liv had been sent on the mission, a blind person could see why she had been sent. The reasons of why Gwen and Rose had been sent on the other hand. Those were less transparent and less obvious. Rose suspected they would find out sooner rather than later.

'Way too many questions. Not enough answers. That's my life in a nutshell.'

Kara took in a deep breath and enjoyed the soup which had been made for her. It had been a while since she ate anything. The stasis field of the ship kept her alert and alive, but still, eating something gave Kara a piece of mind. She took a long drink from the glass of juice which she had
"Thanks," Kara said. "I was a bit upset when I came out of the ship. And I must have been very confused. It's just, it's been fifteen years."

Krypton long since had become a memory in the universe for as long as Kara had been down in the ship. She took a deep breath and looked towards Harry.

"So, where's my ship?"

"As I told Lana, it's in my pocket."

Harry figured he would have to show Kara what he meant. He pulled the ship out of his pocket and set it gently down on the table in front of Kara. Kara's eyes followed the progress of the ship, and a momentary surprise had been surprised. It was her ship, shrank, a miniaturized version in front of her.

"I can restore it," Harry said. "But, I think it's a lot less conspicuous right now to keep shrunk."

"I agree."

"I have to ask you a couple of questions. That is if you don't mind?"

"Ask me, please," Kara said. "You saved my life. If that radiation seeped through the ship, it could have killed me. Especially if it was parts of the radioactive core of my planet....someone was conducting mining experiments down there and thought they could grab a rare element from down there. They thought wrong."

Harry put a hand on Kara's shoulder and she relaxed. Hailey, Daphne, Lana, and Chloe all had gone elsewhere to allow Harry and Kara some time alone. They were in the kitchen, having coffee if they were needed.

"So, what did you want to know?"

"Before you passed out, you called me Har-Zod."

Kara frowned and racked her brain for the memory of that statement. It was not if she did not believe what Harry said. It was just that she did not remember calling Harry that particular name. Her mind went a million miles a minute, deep in thought.

"I did, didn't I?" Kara asked. "I don't know why I called you that. You....look like him a little bit, I guess. General Zod, I mean. He was one of the fiercest army leaders Krypton ever know....but you can't be his son. I'm not even sure if he had a son."

There were rumors he might have.

"The Dragon used Har-Zod as one of the aliases."

Daphne stepped into the room.

"I actually have a question for you now," Kara said. "When I woke up, you called me your Queen. Why did you call me your Queen?"

"You are the reincarnation of Kathryn Slytherin," Daphne said. "She preferred to be called Kara, though. And that's who you are....."
"Kara Zor-El of Krypton," Kara said. "You think I'm reincarnated from this ancient Queen on Earth?"

"She wasn't entirely human either," Daphne said. "You look just like her. You'll know when you put on the medallion."

Harry pulled out the medallion a second later. Kara looked at it. She recognized the image on the medallion as some kind of Earth serpent. She frowned and took a deep look at the medallion.

"It found you and lead me to your ship," Harry said. "This is a lot to take in. Especially given you lost fifteen years of your life."

"If I'm reincarnated, I've lost a lot more," Kara said. "I don't...I don't know what to say."

Kara allowed the medallion to slip between her fingers. It felt warm, almost right if Kara slipped the piece of jewelry around her neck. She held it up and looked over it. Kara felt a pull to put it on.

"When the time is right," Harry said. "No one is forcing you to put it on."

Harry gave Daphne a warning look. Daphne responded by nodding in response, understanding why Harry did not want to pressure Kara. She lived a very interesting life in the present and went through some tragedies. Yet, given how Kara had been reincarnated from their Queen, Daphne was confident she would bounce back.

"Kara?"

"Chloe, isn't it?" Kara asked.

"I know where you cousin is," Chloe said. "And I'd think she would appreciate seeing someone from her blood family, who doesn't want to manipulate her."

Kara didn't really know what to say about it. The last time she saw Clara, the girl was only a few months old, and Krypton was dying. Now, if Kara's math was correct, between the three-year travel and the fifteen years on Earth, Clara would be legally a woman.

"She actually might want to meet both of you," Chloe said.

"Kara, if you want to go on your own first, I understand."

"I don't want to embarrass myself on this new world," Kara said. She gave him a nervous smile, which was less self-assured than normal. "And I trust you to make sure I don't make an idiot out of myself."

Kara instinctively grabbed Harry's hand and Harry reinforced said grip. Something familiar, and very pleasant about his touch occurred to her. Kara drew in another breath and decided it was now time to do this. It was time to see her cousin. Chloe's words made Kara very worried what was going on regarding Clara.

"Where is she?" Kara asked.

"Right down the street."

To Be Continued on July 6 th , 2017.
A dark-haired girl with blue eyes stepped up to the fence and took in a deep breath. Several soda cans lined up over the edge of the fence. The woman dressed in a black jacket, and a black top, along with jeans, and cowboy boots when stepping into the picture. She analyzed the cans with one look and took another deep breath, trying to figure out what to do with these cans.

'Okay, I can do this.'

The last time she tried to do this, she ended up knocking out half of the fence. Claire repaired it, stepped back, and tried to figure out what she did wrong. There was a lot of math involved, and while it had never been one of Claire's better subjects, she sat down and worked with the numbers.

Claire Kent had been through it a lot over the past couple of months. Her birth father continued to integrate himself into Claire's life, and now told her, she needed to acquire three stones which would allow Claire to go forward to the next step of her destiny and training. Claire took a deep breath and looked at the cans on the fence, wishing her father was here, and by her father, she meant not Jor-El, but the man who raised her, Jonathan Kent.

Jonathan would always be there to give Claire the advice she needed. It might have not been the advice Claire wanted, or even advice Claire appreciated half of the time, but it was advice she really needed if she wanted to flourish. Claire drew in another deep breath, and there was a tension feeling in her body at the thought of her father being gone. Claire missed him so much.

Things had been unfortunately different around the farm. Claire had been alone on the farm, and there had no one else there. Her mother, Martha, had gone out on a trip to Metropolis. Claire thought about looking over college plans, and she was sure to get a few scholarships, but Claire just couldn't bring herself to focus.

Every second, Claire heard the whispers of Jor-El coming in, telling her it was time to achieve her destiny. Claire focused, knowing that she could pull this off. It would show Jor-El how his daughter was not weak and did not need to be guided, or rather molded. Claire took in a deep breath and aimed towards the fence. The can on the fence started to rattle, and Claire reared her hand back.

The concussive force made by the palm strike knocked the can over. Claire thought it was good, but her powers could be capable of much more than that. Long range, they could be very useful to take down threats which were just far too powerful to fight close up.

'Okay, I can do this,' Claire thought to herself. 'No sweat.'

Claire took a moment to breathe, and then hold onto the can, at least in her mind. The long range force she could deliver was something which should be able to crush the soda can as it was on the fence, and not just merely drop it off. Claire reared back and smacked the can.

The can just fell backward and landed on the grass. Claire took in a deep breath when looking at the can down on the ground. She did not really know what to say.

'Third time's the charm, maybe.'
Claire looked at the third can and tried to picture it. There was some kind of mental block. Claire held herself back way too much, something which she unfortunately thought could have cost her. She wanted to be normal, but no matter what Claire's best efforts were, being normal was not a good thing. She needed to be extraordinary.

She needed to be extraordinary because that was what she was. Claire Kent needed to crush the can and crush it down. The Kryptonian survivor-focused on the can and focused everything she had into one crushing blow.

The can crumpled and Claire looked very pleased. It finally worked. Now would it work on a constant basis? Claire didn't know. The Kryptonian Survivor thought she was finally making some kind of headway and could have done a dance if it did not look so undignified.

"Claire, are you back there?"

The voice of Chloe came. Claire had been reminded by how much she neglected Chloe, Lana, and even Hailey, in the process of this period of transition. Her friendship with Lex was a dead issue, and he was turning weirder, more obsessive, and slightly creepy as well, trying to find out Claire's secrets.

"Are you still being a moody goth?"

Chloe showed up and Claire looked at her long time friend.

"Hey, Chloe," Claire said.

This statement did not receive the desired reaction from Chloe. Chloe put her hands on her hips and looked Claire dead on in the eye. "Don't you, hey, Chloe, me. You've been avoiding us all ever since it happened. I thought giving you space would be the best thing. You lost your father, and it was the fault of…well, some glorified piece of Malware."

Claire cracked a smile at Chloe's description of the Jor-El AI.

"You won't believe this, but there's another Kryptonian," Chloe said.

"Another one?" Claire asked.

Claire had thought there might have been more survivors from her home world out there. It was Claire hoping beyond all hope there was someone out there who might be able to tell her a little bit about what the planet was like. Jor-El didn't tell her, Claire didn't ask, and even if she did ask, Claire very much doubted Jor-El would be the warm and kind type.

"You want to meet her?" Chloe asked. "She's your cousin….and she's been buried underneath the Reeves Dam for fifteen years."

Claire could not believe it. The number of times she went next to the dam over the years, to think there was a cousin of hers, buried underneath the dam, in some kind of alien ship. The very thought just blew Claire's mind. She looked Chloe straight in the eyes.

"So, are you done being a moody goth and hiding from the world?" Chloe asked.

Chloe tried to smile and this time, Claire returned it. Claire moved around the corner and turned to see a blonde woman who resembled her in some ways, facially speaking. She was beautiful, with golden hair which had been tied back and blue eyes. She dressed in a red tank top which rode up a little bit to show a tiny bit of her midriff. Claire's eyes came on, glued onto the perfectly flat
stomach. Those legs stretched down from miles.

'Wow, she's beautiful.'

"Harry found her," Chloe said.

"Harry…oh the guy who…"

Claire pulled her attention away from the Kryptonian survivor and locked eye to eye onto Harry Potter. Those green eyes, the black hair, that handsome physique, well Claire had been rather blown away by the young man. He resembled the man, the Namen, in the paintings of the cave. She had been drawn to that particular cave.

"Hey, Kara, this is Claire…"

"You look just like her," Kara said. "Lara, I mean, only with darker hair, and when she was younger, but she looked just like her."

"Lara?" Claire asked.

"Yes, your Kryptonian mother, Lara," Kara said.

A few seconds passed, and Claire allowed this to sink in. She heard a lot about Jor-El and knew more than enough about Jor-El to be perfectly honest. Lara, her mother, that was something that Claire was not like.

"I'm your cousin, Kara," Kara said. "Zor-El's daughter and Alura's as well, technically."

"Right," Claire said a few seconds later. "My father didn't mention he had a brother."

"Well, my father and yours…they didn't really get along," Kara said. "I'll be the first to admit my father is about as much as fault as anyone because of the situation. But, your father, he was never perfect. Brilliant yes, but he had his moments."

Given the way Jor-El configured his AI, Claire could have practically guessed there was going to be some problems if she was going, to be honest.

"Hello, Claire," Harry said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Lana and Chloe told me so much about you."

"Hopefully, I haven't been acting like a moody Goth all summer," Claire said a moment or so later. She just smiled and looked at Harry. "You have eyes, just like Amanda and Emily…their mother, was my mother's cousin. Her name is….."

"Lily Evans?" Harry asked.

"How did you know?" Claire asked.

"Just a hunch," Harry said. "Just a hunch."

Harry did not dare ask the question of whether or not his mother was alive in this reality or not. He did not want to take away from the reunion between Kara and Claire. The two happy cousins smiled at each other when making their way to the Kent Farmhouse.

"So, can you tell me about my mother?" Claire asked.
"Of course," Kara said, beaming.

Several of the lower level gang members in Starling City moved around. The upper class, the elite, it made it hard for the guys who were just trying to make it buy, to operation. They knew something big was in the future for the people of Starling City, they just didn't know what.

"I don't know about this new guy, something about him gives me the creeps."

"Relax, he's not going to bite you," he said.

"Okay, it's not Mr. Toad, I'm worried about, it's about his partner in crime, the guy who he's working with," the mobster who offered his misgiving stated. "I've seen pictures of what he's done…his work…it's gruesome….what the hell is he thinking?"

"Hey, you're not a young woman between the ages of sixteen and forty-eight, so you have nothing to worry about," the lead mobster said in a gruff voice. "Just relax, my friend, and let me do the talking."

The dripping of the building and the smell of decay put the mobsters into pretty anxious territories. There were rumors, whispers, that Mr. Toad's partner in crime performed some experiments down in the basement, and those experiments were not exactly very pleasant.

"Gentlemen, welcome."

A short figure of about four foot tall turned up and the mobsters peered down at the man. He held a briefcase in his hand and moved, practically hopping over. The mobsters looked down at the short, stooped figure, wondering what the hell is going on. He dressed in a black overcoat, a hat, and gloves, fingerless gloves which showed his hands. Shoes as well, but when the figure looked up, he had the face and beady little eyes of a toad.

"Mr. Toad?"

"I've earned the name quite well, my friends," he said in a very posh accent. "I understand you wanted a piece of the pie and wanted protection."

"Yeah, the big time drug rackets snuffed us out," one of the mobsters said, shuffling his feet. "But, I'm not sure if I think you're serious enough for us to work with."

Mr. Toad chuckled and opened up the case with several glowing green vials inside. The menacing, but short, gentleman bowed his head.

"You don't believe in Mr. Toad's Wild Ride?" Mr. Toad asked. "I'm not surprised. You don't seem to be the gentlemen who would adapt to such a thing. But, one dose of this stuff and all of your troubles will go up in smoke, trust me."

He already poured some of the bubbling fluid in a syringe. Mr. Toad looked towards the men in question and started to see who would be the best fitting for an experience.

"You seem to be down on your luck, friend," Mr. Toad said. "Why don't you have a little dose of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride?"

The mobster looked very confused and looked at the vial. "Nah, I just sell the stuff, I don't take any of the stuff."
"But, I insist," Mr. Toad responded a moment later. "How do you know none of this stuff is any good if you don't take a shot of yourself? Just one tiny prick and it will be over. And I think you're a gentleman who could appreciate a tiny prick."

Before the gentleman could say anything, Mr. Toad stabbed him with the needle. The man screamed out in horror and then started to hyperventilate in excitement. He fell back onto the ground and moaned in pleasure. His body started jerking and twitching, feeling the pleasure. Every single nerve ending sung with pleasure.

"Oh, yeah, oh yeah, that's the stuff!" the man yelled. "Oh, that feels so good…it feels like there's a party in my body, and you're all invited."

Some of the mobsters stepped back, fretful. Mr. Toad watched the progress of the mobster when he thrashed up and down, eyes bulging over when he hit the amazing high.

"This is a less concentrated dose than I normally give," Mr. Toad admitted. "But, for the purposes of the demonstration, you can't deny it's proved the point."

The other mobsters had no choice, but to nod in agreement. Their fellow mobster on the ground thrashed up and down, breathing in and breathing out. His entire body skidded to a stop when breathing fiercely. Then, in a blink of an eye, another high had been hit, before his body slowly shuddered into a state of pure rest.

Mr. Toad stepped over and put his fingers on the side of the man's neck, lightly brushing against it. A second passed, and Mr. Toad responded with a very delicate nod.

"He has a pulse," Mr. Toad responded. "That's a good sign. He went on a journey, and he survived Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. I think you can agree, it's been aptly named."

The mobsters responded with nods in response, none of them wanted to argue with that man. Some of them had been curious, to be honest.

"I can give all of you're a free sample," Mr. Toad said. "There's only one catch, my friends. You do something for me, and I do something for you. A simple token really. My employer needs people with special qualities. So he could fix them….you've heard of Professor Pyg, haven't you?"

"Yeah!" the mobster yelled.

"Relax, you're not his type," Mr. Toad said. "I have certain maladies that I'm keeping out an eye for him. He will fix them, make them perfect. Make them, grander….look what he did to my wife. Dear Dolores?"

Mr. Toad pulled out a picture of an ugly woman dressed in pink which caused several of the mobsters recoil in horror. She looked rather hideous like some kind of demented hybrid of a toad and a human being.

"Look at her, she's beautiful, isn't she?" Mr. Toad asked.

"Well, there's all sorts," one of the mobsters responded a few seconds later. "Fine, we'll get our stuff. What do we do, with Hank, there on the floor?"

"Leave him, he's going to have to deal with the side effects," Mr. Toad said. "I wish to study him, to see what the long term effects are of a heavily concentrated dose of Mr. Toad's wild ride. And you do this for me, and I will give you what you want. You want respect, I can give you respect. You want a ride, well, my friends, I can give you a ride."
The short, and at the same time sinister drug dealer, turned a living, breathing, talking toad looked. He flicked his tongue in the air and caught a big juicy fly which landed on the mobster's shoulder. The criminal grimaced the second Toad's tongue scraped over his shoulder, causing him to shiver.

"Missed dinner," Mr. Toad said. "Good day, gentlemen. I hope to see you soon."

Mr. Toad had big plans, to spread his drug empire to the world. And he would have the help of Professor Pyg, as long as Mr. Toad supplied the good man with several willing subjects to perfect. They had imperfections, but Pyg would make them better.

Several of his consumers were also now clients or Professor Pyg. Toad smiled at the work the man done. It was beyond exceptional.

Mr. Toad opened up the door and saw three kidnapped teenagers. Two of them looked strung out, and beyond words. The third whimpered in horror when looking at Mr. Toad.

"Relax, child, everything will be better soon," Mr. Toad breathed in response. "You will go on a pleasure trip."

"Please," the teenager breathed.

The scream coming from the lab underneath indicated the operation was not going as planned. Professor Pyg did not administer that strong of a sedative, for fear it would end up corrupting the operation.

"You'll be fixed soon," Mr. Toad said. "Don't worry, you'll be beautiful, just like the rest."

Mr. Toad showed up an image and the teenager recoiled. They looked like monsters. She just wanted an escape from her abusive father, and Mr. Toad's Wild Ride turned out to be a hell of a kick. The kick turned into a nightmare. The teenager kept breathing in and out, horror going through her eyes.

"And it will be your turn, soon."

Hailey took a deep breath and considered some options. The moment that Harry told Hailey Mia lived, it really flipped Hailey's world upside down. She came to terms with Mia being dead, and the fact she would never have to deal with Mia again. Now, Hailey had to face her sister or at least the fact she was dead.

The cave had been a perfect place for Hailey to be left alone with those thoughts, those conflicting thoughts. It gave her sanity and sanctuary. Hailey crossed her legs together and took a deep breath in response. A figure came up from behind her in the cave.

"I wondered if you were here."

Hailey turned around and came face to face with Harry Potter who stood there. The younger girl bounced up to properly face him.

"Sorry, I got out so soon," Hailey said. "I figured I didn't want to crowd Kara and Claire, they were meeting up for the first since when Claire was a baby. And....I figured Lana and Chloe might want to try and pry Claire a little bit out of her shell. So I came up here to think, and to figure out what I want to do if there's anything I can do."

"I'm sorry if I upset you by telling you about your sister."
Hailey leaned in and grabbed Harry's hand for a moment to reassure it, it was not Harry's fault.

"You did the right thing by telling me," Hailey said. "I had to know she was still out there. Where is she?"

"Secure government facility, she's being held for observation," Harry said.

Hailey just whistled in response and wondered what the hell Mia did to land in a government facility. The possibilities were endless, and Hailey's thoughts were vast. She had a very prominent imagination of what Mia could have gotten up to.

"Of course, I'm not really surprised," Hailey said. "Should I be surprised?"

"No, you shouldn't be," Harry admitted to Hailey. "She ran out in a bad place, and your grandmother, sold Mia to a ship where she spent twelve years in her life. She was in a bad place. There are things she was done, which she was not happy about."

"Yes," Hailey said. "I can imagine what she could have been forced to done."

"Ivo manipulated her," Harry said. "And she was looking for a father figure."

Hailey was not surprised about that either. Their father, well Hailey was too young to remember it. The less than a handful of times her mother mentioned David Granger, it had not been a favorable recognition. Hailey could only imagine what he had been liked, and that was what she wanted to do.

"I have to ask you a question if you don't mind," Harry said.

"Sure," Hailey said. "I'm happy to help."

One could tell how fast Hailey's expression perked up, now that the subject had, if not very briefly, had been taken off of her sister. Hailey took in a deep breath and locked eye to eye with Harry.

"You know Amanda and Emily Potter, right?" Harry asked.

"Oh, believe me, I know them all too well," Hailey said. "They're the type to leave an impression on you. Smart, perhaps too smart for their own good. They graduated college by the time most people were struggling with high school. They get it from their mother, Lily."

Hailey had a pretty good idea why Harry was asking these questions. She did not want to dig too deep into the personal business though.

"Lily's still alive?" Harry asked.

"Yes, although she's very busy, she works with my mother, and a couple of others," Hailey said.

"So, your mother knows my…she knows, Lily," Harry said.

Harry had to remind himself, technically in this universe, Lily Evans was not his mother. He never knew the Lily that was his mother. It was something Harry came to terms with a long time ago. Also, there was no Harry Potter in this universe, no evidence Harry had ever been born, even though several people he knew back home had alternate dimensional counterparts.

"Yes," Hailey said. "I can ask my mother if you want to meet with Lily. She might be one of the only people who could get ahold of Lily when she's doing, whatever."
"Thanks, Hailey," Harry said.

"I want you to do me one favor," Hailey said. "I hate to say this, but I need closure. And to have closer, I need to speak with Mia."

"She would be happy to know you're alive," Harry said.

"Seriously?" Hailey asked.

A small glimmer of hope that Hailey could have some kind of relationship with her sister, or at least they could be cordial with each other, it hit Hailey suddenly. She leaned closer towards Harry, while in the cave. The sixteen, almost seventeen-year-old girl, looked very eager.

"I can help you," Harry said. "I know where she is, and I can bring you into the government facility. If you want to meet her."

"Can you let me talk to my mother first?" Hailey asked. "I really don't want to do this behind her back."

"I wouldn't ask you too," Harry said.

Hailey leaned in and threw her arms around Harry. The warm hug pulled Harry into Hailey. The beautiful brunette teenager leaned in and lightly touched her lips to Harry, daring to kiss him. Harry tightened the grip around Hailey, surprised at her bold and brazen actions.

"Sorry, I'm not sorry," Hailey said, grinning. "But, I've always wanted to do that. Kiss a god."

"Well, I'm not sure if I'm quite there yet," Harry said.

"Oh, you will be, though," Hailey said. "It's important to get in on the ground floor. That way, you don't look like someone jumping on the bandwagon."

Another kiss followed, and this time, Hailey pulled away with pretty much no apologies. She left Harry right where she wanted, grinning very obviously.

Starling City was very different than where Olivia Queen left it. Liv wondered how it could have been, and she had a few ideas. Perhaps, she had been blinded by some of the corruption and the contamination of the city she called home. Liv didn't know, but she looked very nervous for obvious reasons when stepping out into the picture. Time gently ticked by and Liv drew in a very prominent deep breath and drew it out. The green hood pulled over her head. Rose and Gwen stood on either side.

"Yeah, that's not going to be in my nightmares or anything," Gwen said.

"What?" Rose asked.

"The Bookworm sent me a picture, showing the end results of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, after an overdose," Gwen said. "You…well we just ate, but I figured….."

Rose and Liv leaned over and both of the girls grimaced in response when looking at it. A young girl, maybe younger than them all, looked on with a wide-eyed look of fear, her skin turning a blistering purple, and peeling off. There was a sense of horror in her eyes, and a closer look at her eyes indicated they were about to fall out. More pictures flashed through, and her skin looked rather rotting, like a corpse.
"And she was still alive through the decomposition process until her organs shut completely down," the Bookworm chimed in. "You need to shut these people down. These are the type of things…David Granger might have been selling."

"Yes, but you don't take what your father did personally," Rose said.

"Thea, come on, you're going to like it. It's the best in town, and it's not like you can't afford the price."

Liv could not believe it. Getting out a car, was Thea, and three of her friends. They moved their way to a very shady warehouse, towards a back alley. One of the girls dressed in a tank top, with a very prominent scar going down the back of her neck, which was visible.

"Rochelle, are you sure about this?" Thea asked.

"Your mother's been on you, you need to relax," Rochelle said. "I've forgotten all about how my older sister wants to butt her nose where it doesn't belong, how my parents got divorced. When you go on Mr. Toad's wild ride, there's no getting off until you feel total fulfillment. It's better than sex."

"Come on, you're just exaggerating now," one of them said.

"Dear Rochelle, how are you?"

One of the men stepped out of the shadows and looked towards Rochelle.

"Hello, my friends were looking to purchase some of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride," Rochelle said. "Especially Thea, she could use a pickup. Her sister and father went missing at sea, presumed dead."

'Don't do it, Thea, don't do it,' Liv mentally chanted in her head.

"Well, that looks…that looks different than any drug I've ever seen."

Liv tightened a grip around the bow. Rose put a warning hand on her shoulder. Her sister was well-informed of what drugs looked like. What happened to her little Speedy?

"It is, it's the ultimate thrill," he said. "And the first sample is on the house.…now, dear Rochelle, my employer wishes to speak with you…..do you think these fine ladies can find their way home?"

"I'll get a taxi, and come back home," Rochelle said. "It will be alright."

Thea's friend followed the shady looking man, and the other three girls, Thea included, left with the case they had been given. Liv took a step forward and had to be held back by both Gwen and Rose.

"That's my sister," Liv whispered urgently. "She's…that's my sister."

"Yes, Liv, I'm fully aware that's your sister," Gwen said. "And she just bought drugs from one of Mr. Toad's dealers. We need to shut them down at the source."

"We have to focus on the mission, Queen," Rose responded. "Your sister does take after you, doesn't she?"

"And what the hell is that supposed to mean?" Liv asked.
"Nothing," Rose said. "We get in there, get out, and we find out where these guys are making their supplies. That way, Thea, and the rest of these girls can't buy anymore."

Liv disagreed, the most important thing was getting to her sister, and talking some sense into Thea. Yet, the man in the trenchcoat came around, without Rochelle, Thea's friend.

"Professor Pyg is going to love fixing that one," the trenchcoat man said. "Better him, then me."

"Professor Pyg?" Spider-Girl asked.

"Shit," Bookworm hissed. "You need to find out where they took that girl now."

"What about the drugs?" Ravager asked.

"What about Thea?" The Green Arrow chimed in.

"No time, there's no time to explain, just believe what I have to say, you need to find that girl, if she's with Pyg," Bookworm said. "Trust me on this one….he's….well, I'll explain it when you've found him."

Liv broke down the door and came across the trenchcoated man.

"Who are you supposed to be?"

The man in the trenchcoat received an arrow to the shoulder. Liv rushed forward, and grabbed the man and hurled him up against the wall violent.

"Look, look, I'll give you anything you want," the trenchcoat man said. "You look like you could use a little bit of Mr. Toad's wild ride, and I can give it to you, free of charge. No strings attached even, you just need to….."

Liv shot another arrow into the man's shoulder, and he felt by in agony.

"Where's Professor Pyg?" Rose asked. "Where did you send that girl?"

"You don't want to meet Pyg, girlie," the trenchcoat man said. "Mr. Toad has been sending some of his more troubled customers along to him. He's going to fix them. Maybe, you need fixing too. Pyg could make you perfect."

Rose kicked the man between the legs and caused him to drop down on the ground.

"Perfection is overrated," Rose said. "Where's your supplier?"

"It's….it's in the Glades," the man breathed. "Facility on the edge, it's three factories, they are making Mr. Toad's wild ride….please don't…have mercy."

Rose grabbed the trenchcoat man around the neck and throttled him.

"Pyg, tell us where it is or I swear to God, I will break your neck," Rose said.

"Such fury, such anger, so beautiful," the trenchcoat man whispered. "I like it when a girl gets rough with me."

Rose pulled back in disgust when she realized the trenchcoat man got a little bit excited in the process. Liv frowned in response and decided to plant three more arrows. She aimed the last one a little bit lower, which caused the henchman to breathe heavily.
"He operates in a lab underneath Facility Two," the henchman said. "I swear to…"

Liv knocked him unconscious. They had the information they needed. She was going to shut these people down and cause them to pay. They were selling teenagers drugs, and it sickened Liv straight down to the pit of her stomach. There needed to be something done to stop these people and soon.

"You going to be okay?" Gwen asked.

"When every last drug in this city is burned, then I'll be okay," Liv said.

Daphne figured there would be some disorientation with their Queen. She did not put the medallion back on.

"I should have known she would have had this current life to worry about," Daphne said. "No matter how much we want her back, I don't think I can take that away from her."

"There's a part of her that remembers, subconsciously," Harry told Daphne.

The two of them made their way into the bedroom which Harry was staying in at the Potter House. Lana offered Daphne a place to sleep as well. Daphne needed to return back to Isabelle, Vanessa, and Anya, and report on the progress. It was slow, but she was back to life.

"I know she does," Daphne said. "And we shouldn't be worried. You're going to be here with her, making sure she adapts. We're going to be strong as ever before he managed to take you down."

"How did he do it?" Harry asked. "The White Bumblebee?"

Daphne answered with a shudder at that name. She did not like to hear it. The man had been long-lived, longer lived than anyone should have, under a variety of different aliases.

"No one quite knows, but he was left weakened for some time after the battle," Daphne said. "But, he's found a way to sustain his life. He'll be surprised as anyone that you're back."

A second passed, and Daphne wondered what to say. She was leaving in the morning. The girl leaned back against the wall and then back towards Harry.

"Thank you, for everything."

Daphne decided she could either go her entire life, wondering what might have been, or jump into the fray, and see what could happen. The gap between the two of them had been sealed with a kiss.

Harry had not been entirely surprised. Daphne always had been beautiful in his world, although he did not get to know the Slytherin as much as possible. That house divides had been an unfortunate problem which prevented people from making friends. Harry did not realize that until it was much too late.

He pulled back the front clasp of Daphne's robe and slid it down to the ground underneath her shoulders. Daphne stood before him, dressed in a lacy green bra, a green pair of panties, and a pair of green stockings underneath. She didn't have anything underneath the robe, other than that lingerie.

"Almost as if this was planned, Ms. Greengrass," Harry said. "You know what to do, don't you?"

Daphne just smiled and kissed Harry one more time. The kiss continued, with Daphne unbuttoning
Harry's shirt, and pulling it off.

One drop to her knees put Daphne in perfect position to undo Harry's pants. There were very few people who Daphne would get on her knees for. The thing women worshiped most of all about the Dragon came into the light. Daphne leaned in and wrapped her fingers around the base of Harry's cock, slightly pulling on it. Daphne leaned in and kissed the tip of Harry's manhood, which caused him to groan. The large cock stretched to meet the inside of Daphne's lips. Her hand reached underneath the base of the cock, and she eased in, sucking Harry.

The feeling of Daphne's mouth wrapped around Harry's aching tool felt really good. The blonde pushed her mouth down, and then pulled out. Daphne licked Harry from the tip of the head down around the base, before going down and sucking his balls.

"Worship me."

Daphne popped Harry's head between her lips and did just that. The amount of cock easing into her mouth stretched it out. Harry leaned in to grab the back of Daphne's head and guide the cock into her throat. Daphne took his cock into the back of her throat like a champ, really feeling it.

A few minutes of intense cock sucking later, and Harry pulled out. He slapped his big cock against Daphne's face. She shivered, and Harry motioned for her to get up. Daphne rose up, and Harry unclasped the bra. Daphne's round, perfect, tits spilled out. Harry leaned in and cupped Daphne's breasts, causing her to moan.

"Fuck," Daphne moaned.

"Such coarse language, from such a beautiful girl," Harry teased. "But yes, Ms. Greengrass, that's exactly what I want to do with these beauties"

Harry's thick cock slid between the valley of Daphne's breasts. It was an amazing feeling, feeling Harry pumping in and out of Daphne's cleavage when she laid on the bed. Harry's cock head slapped the underside of her jaw, and those hands, those hands molded and sculpted Daphne's flesh.

"YES!" Daphne yelled at the top of her lungs. "I'm getting so fucking wet."

Harry pushed between Daphne's breasts and got a hold of the firm pinnacles of female perfection. Slowly, Harry poked his rod deeper inside of Daphne's cleavage, and then pulled almost all the way out. He pushed in and pulled out, at a very rapid fire pace, fucking his way deep inside of Daphne's amazing cleavage. She looked stunning the deeper Harry pushed his rod in between her round breasts.

"Like this, oh yes, like this!" Daphne mewled. "Fuck my big round tits, fuck them, so hard!"

Harry pushed deeper in between Daphne's breasts, and he intended to fuck them as hard as possible. He slowed down a little bit and left Daphne craving for more. Then he grabbed Daphne's round breasts, and really went to town on them, pushing deeper in between them.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard!" Daphne begged him. "Put your cum all over my big round titties...I want them to be splattered."

Harry felt her breasts squeeze him harder as Harry pumped in through them harder. It was very hard for Harry to argue against what was being done, with Daphne. He pushed further between Daphne's cleavage, and slowly rocked deep between her. Those balls slapped against Daphne's
chested further Harry pushed in between them.

"Fuck," Harry groaned. "It's getting close."

The first splatter of warm cum spilled all over Daphne's ample chest, with Harry pulling away from her, and pushing back out of her cleavage. More sticky cum flowed from Harry's balls and covered Daphne's chest.

"Yes," Daphne breathed, with Harry pulling away from her breasts.

The cum oozed off of Daphne's breasts. She scooped up some of the cum from her fingers and sucked them dry. Daphne made many lewd sounds with her mouth, sucking the cum from her fingers.

Harry peeled Daphne's panties off, enjoying her smooth mound underneath his fingers. Harry ran his hands between Daphne's juice thighs and teased her opening, which dripped wet with arousal. Harry pushed the head of his cock at Daphne's entrance, and almost worked into her.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked.

Daphne and Astoria experimented with toys, but this was the first time an actual, cock entered her. She opened up for Harry, her legs spread out and balanced firmly in the air. Daphne slurped the last few ropes of cum off of her tits, before feeling the burn of Harry's cock head dancing at her entrance. Daphne put her hands on Harry's lower back, and slowly guided him into position.

"Fuck," Daphne mewed at the top of her lungs, slowly scratching Harry's back in the process.

"You really want this cock inside you, don't you?"

Daphne wanted Harry buried deep inside of her, more than life itself. The manhood pushed into Daphne's opening, spreading out her thighs. All the way down Harry's hard cock went, burying deep inside of her body. Daphne clenched Harry and released him with a fluid couple of pumps.

"Fuck me!" Daphne yelled at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, indeed," Harry said.

The feeling of such a pinnacle of manhood spreading out her thighs made Daphne burn with excitement. Her loins needed to be filled, and the best feeling to have them filled was Harry's lengthy rod spiking into her. Every single last movement of Harry pushing into her made Daphne excited. She stretched around him, and released Harry, before holding onto him.

Harry enjoyed the feeling. He always suspected Daphne's pussy would feel good. The feeling of her slick walls contracting and releasing around Harry's bare cock made him feel really good. Harry leaned in and touched Daphne's nipples, playing with her breasts some more. The very audible reaction made Harry certain Daphne liked what he was doing, and he endeavored to keep it up.

"You're feeling so good," Harry said. "Feel the pressure slowly build into you. It's flowing, feel your body warming up, feeling how good that feels. It feels good, you like being fucked, don't you?"

Daphne only responded by scissoring Harry's waist. Harry lightly touched Daphne's legs and sexual fire spread through the woman's body. She could feel Harry pummeling inside of her. The flesh smacked against the flesh the deeper Harry went. The first of many orgasms built deep inside
of Daphne.

The energy coming from this woman was very intense. Harry pushed deep inside of Daphne, feeling the warmth of her walls clamped down onto him. Harry shoved more of his amazing rod deep inside of Daphne's warm loins. Daphne tensed up around Harry and pushed him further inside of her. Daphne rose up, and dropped down, to take Harry inside of her.

"Yes," Daphne moaned at the top of her lungs. "Take me. Fuck!"

"Yes, you're going to cum again, very soon," Harry said. "Get ready to cum for me, Daphne."

Daphne came for Harry, alright. The sensations of her loins rocking up and down pushed more of Harry's immense length inside of her. Those balls slapped down onto Daphne's thighs the further Harry impacted the girl's center. Daphne pushed up against Harry, rocking him against her.

"So good!" Daphne screamed.

Harry sped up the actions. Every inch of Daphne's body exploded. Her nerve endings had been rocked by the never-ending fire of pure sexual bliss. Harry was giving her a good workout. Her pussy was being stretched and filled it always meant to be.

Nothing would fill this void. Daphne would always feel empty without Harry's cock.

The beauty between him moaned every time and creamed around his cock. Harry pushed deep inside of Daphne's walls, slapping his hard cock against her womanhood. Daphne pushed up against Harry, to meet him. The two of them worked back and forth against each other, with Harry pushing deeper inside of Daphne.

"Fuck, this is so good," Daphne said.

"Yes, it does," Harry said. "Get ready, feel yourself cum for me. And then, it's my turn."

Daphne readied herself to receive Harry's gift. The feeling of Harry's large cock stretching Daphne made the excitement just double, and maybe even triple. Daphne could hardly stand it, receiving as much of Harry's cock as possible inside of her. The feeling of being stretched, filled, fulfilled even, by Harry made Daphne scream with excitement.

It was so good, it was better than good. Harry's large balls slapped against Daphne's thighs.

Harry worked inside of Daphne's center. The feeling of her orgasm wrapped around his tool, it felt so good. Harry was going to bury his cum inside of her.

Daphne released one more time. Harry grabbed Daphne and pushed into her. The feeling of the very powerful woman submitting underneath his thrusts caused Harry to speed up the thoughts.

Satisfaction filled Daphne at the latest orgasm. Satisfaction filled her that Lucretia and Vega would be second to get this, at best. Beating the Black cousins made Daphne very excited, feeling her loins heat up. Harry slowly pushed deep inside of her.

"You're getting off in beating them, aren't you?"

Daphne just smiled, and another moment of release hit her. Moments after that release hit her, Harry pushed his rod inside of Daphne and spilled his essence into her.

Every second those balls pumped their load into Daphne, she could feel another huge orgasm pass
through her. Harry finished emptying his load into her body.

Harry spilled the last amount of cum inside of her body, leaving Daphne on the bed, with a smile of contentment, having filled her completely up with every last drop of seed from his balls.

He stepped back and could have sworn she heard someone listening outside of the room. It must have just been Harry's imagination though.

To Be Continued on July 13th, 2017.
If I can ask all of my awesome readers a favor, there's a Reader Survey on my blog, which you can find at the very Important Link Page. It should not take you more than about five minutes to take. So, if you should have a chance, please take the survey. It's linked under "Megamatt09 Reader Survey."

Chapter Forty: Interact and Discover.

Harry sent Daphne on her way. He had a sense someone was watching him during this entire encounter, and given how much Daphne asked for a huge pounding, Harry had a feeling whoever played voyeur, enjoyed it. The green-eyed sorcerer took a few paces to the left before he almost bumped into Kara.

"Harry, good morning," Kara said.

"You're in a pretty cheerful mood today," Harry said.

Kara dressed in a nightdress which came down and was a bit transparent. Harry could see certain parts of her amazing body, and it took a little bit of self-control not to drag Kara into the bedroom, and have some fun with her right now. She was beautiful, and Harry had a very strong pull towards her.

"Well, I've been talking with my cousin, and she's been telling me about life on Earth, and I've been telling her about life on Krypton," Kara said. "She's been telling me about this amazing thing called the Internet as well. Didn't know that the humans had anything like the Galactic Network, but I guess it's a more primitive model. It works though."

While the technology on Earth could be considered stone age for Krypton standards at best, Kara conceded there were some brilliant minds on this planet, and a lot of potential as well. Kara motioned for Harry to join her on the couch. Harry sat down next to Kara. Kara put a hand on Harry's shoulder and smiled.

"I had a dream about you last night," Kara said.

Harry raised an eyebrow at Kara. Kara smiled and put her feet up on the couch, very close to Harry's lap. Had they edged a little bit closer, they would have been draped over Harry's leg. Harry looked at her long legs, and beautiful feet, imagining what they would feel like wrapped around him.

"Oh, was it a good dream?" Harry asked.

"Yes, a very good dream," Kara said, smiling. "And I was very happy when I woke up. You know, Daphne told me some things, and I wonder….I wonder if she could be right. I get dreams which might not be dreams at all, they might be memories."

Harry just smiled and leaned a bit closer towards Kara. Now, Kara's legs draped over Harry's lap and smiled, when looking at Harry. Those legs, which were beautiful, and stretched on for miles.

"That's the funny thing about dreams," Harry said. He lightly put a hand on Kara's knee, and Kara didn't even flinch. She just smiled. "They can hold a lot of answers. Including the ones that should be right underneath your nose."
Kara just smiled and looked Harry directly in the eye. It was obvious she was up to something.

"So, did you and Daphne have fun last night?" Kara asked. "Claire and I could hear her screaming from the Farmhouse. I actually ran over and thought she might be trouble. And I stayed for a little bit to make sure….well, she could handle it herself, as it turned out."

The mischievous blonde shifted a little bit, grinding the back of her leg against Harry's crotch, which caused Harry to groan in response. He reached over and grabbed Kara.

"So, you've been a naughty girl, haven't you, Kara?"

"I knew what you were doing," Kara said. "They outlawed actual physical coitus years ago on Krypton, saying it's illogical."

"And you're supposed to be an advanced race," Harry said.

"We can be pretty illogical when we want to be," Kara responded with a shrug. "The point is, despite natural births being the strongest, they created Birthing matrixes to breed their children for a certain purpose in the world. There were still some who went against the Kryptonian edict, and my parents were one of them. I always felt a little different. Everyone had been born for a purpose, while I…well I could do whatever I wanted. Claire was the same way, and one of Kryptonian's greatest generals was a natural birth."

"Zod?" Harry asked.

The blonde confirmed the answer to this statement a nod.

"Yes, he went a bit mad at the end, but unfortunately, that seemed to go along with the territory," Kara responded a few seconds later. "The point is, you do remind me of him, at least Zod before he went completely insane. And there were all kinds of rumors he sent his DNA to this Earth, preparing for the perfect human female vessel. The Science Council grilled him for a very long time."

"Hmm, did they ever prove it?" Harry asked.

"They couldn't," Kara said. "My mother, Jor-El, and Zod worked together before then, well, until the Argo Valley incident caused Zod to lose his mind, and try and overthrow the council. Not quite sure what he saw there. People were discouraged to go near the Argo valley."

Kara pulled herself away from Harry.

"I'd really like to get to know you better," Kara said. "And maybe….."

Kara heard Lana and Chloe stirring from upstairs. Maybe, they could do this later, as Kara promised she would be joining Claire, Lana, and Chloe for lunch. The three of them were heading back to school next week, and there were arrangements being made for Kara to join them. She thought human education might be an experience, to at least try and do. And speaking of education, she wanted to really learn something from Harry.

"Maybe we should do this another time," Kara suggested. "Claire should be coming soon."

In a blink of an eye, the Kryptonian Survivor zipped off. Seconds later, Kara returned, dressed in a black tank top and a pair of blue jeans which fit her nicely. Kara wished there had been a mirror here to see how she properly looked.
"So, how do I look?"

"Amazing," Harry said.

"Thanks."

Kara leaned down and snagged a quick kiss from Harry, before going off, to see if Claire was the one at the door. She opened the door and saw it was not Claire. Still, a beautiful woman, even though that beautiful woman was not her cousin, and Kara was very curious as to why she was here.

"Hello, is Harry here?"

"Harry, there's someone here to see you."

Harry turned around and saw Shado standing at the door.

"Shado, what brings you to Smallville?" Harry asked.

The woman smiled and looked from Harry to Kara. She was not surprised Harry found another one. Three of the medallions, other than Harry's of course, had been located, and their rightful holders, had been given. There were three more medallions out there.

"Do you mind if we take a walk?" Shado asked. "This shouldn't take more than about five or ten minutes, and I'll bring Harry right back."

"Don't worry about it," Kara said. "As long as it takes Lana and Chloe to get ready, it will likely be about five to ten minutes right now. I don't know what it is about Earth girls and their inability to get ready and up out of bed in a timely manner."

"Not all of us have your super speed," Harry said.

"True," Kara agreed. "But, you are still joining us for breakfast, aren't you?"

Now it was Harry's turn to step over to Kara, lean towards her, and wrap his arms around her. He gave Kara a nice, long kiss which caused the blonde to be surprised. She could have pulled away from Harry's tight embrace at any time but did not choose not to. And in the end, why would she pull away from Harry? This kiss stimulated her mind and rocked all of Kara's senses.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Harry turned around and left Kara in a very obvious daze when preparing to walk out. Shado walked up the path and looked like she was enjoying the beauty of Smallville. And the town was rather stunning, to be perfectly honest. Harry could not get enough of some of the sights and more importantly some of the sounds of this particular area.

"I've found another one," Shado said. "Another medallion, at least it was rumored to be sighted in Smallville last. Have you heard of Atlantis?"

"You mean the mysterious lost city?" Harry asked. "It's not a myth."

Harry was not surprised Atlantis was not a myth, to be perfectly honest. Shado leaned closer towards Harry and responded with nod.

"They previously had an outpost, right here in Smallville," Shado said. "I'm going to assume there's still some hint of it being here. And maybe it will lead us to the Merfolk medallion and maybe
even the rightful holder of the medallion."

Harry nodded, he did hope as well. Shado looked more urgent thought than ever, and looked Harry straight in the eye, smiling, and grabbing onto his hand.

"There have also been rumored HIVE involvement in the area," Shado said.

Given the fact that Harry had not been able to prove the demise of Damien Darhk in one way or another, it just seemed obvious HIVE might be still left. From what he heard, Ruve had been very helpful with helping Talia and her Elite Guard collecting HIVE's assets, with Talia keeping the woman on a short leash.

'She's well taken care of,' Nyssa chimed in. 'Talia rewards compliance, just as much as she punishes disobedience. Ruve has learned to toe the line.'

'I'm certain she has,' Sara thought.

'So, are you two enjoying France?' Harry asked.

'A bit too much, actually,' Sara thought. 'As much as it hurts to pull away from all of this, we might have to return shortly. The crypt of one of my followers, well one of the White Canaries followers, she's been disturbed, and I'm concerned someone has been possessed.'

'Thanks for the heads up,' Harry thought. 'I'll keep a look on for anyone suspicion.'

He turned back to the conversation at hand with Shado.

"I'll be looking out for anything odd," Harry said. "It's good to see you again, and I know both you and your sister were working hard. You both deserve to be rewarded for your tireless efforts."

"Mei would appreciate the reward, even though she keeps her emotions tightly sealed more than I do," Shado said. "I don't want to keep you from your breakfast though."

Shado leaned in closer and stole one kiss from Harry. She had a couple of contacts in Smallville to take a closer look at, and there was an implied statement she would catch up Harry on any information, the moment she knew something.

Harry thought things were interesting, especially if there was another medallion holder in Smallville. The plot, as they said, started to thicken.

Rochelle Wilson slowly opened her eyes. The last thing she remembered, she and her friends had been separated, when Mr. Toad's crony told her she was going to get something special for being such a great customer. Rochelle didn't think anything of it at the time.

Now, Rochelle had been strapped to a table, with this hideous opera music playing in the background, and her head throbbing something fierce, Rochelle thought she might have made a huge mistake trusting someone like this. She realized her clothes had been stripped off, and her body had been covered in nothing other than a very transparent hospital gown.

"Relax, my child, just relax. It will be over soon."

Rochelle's arm snapped back against the table, and she could see a man dressed in a pure white butcher's smock, coated with blood. The more prominent his face came into light, the more freaked out Rochelle became. The man had a pig mask on and had dead looking eyes from the other side,
which were more creepy than the blood-soaked smock.

She tried to scream, but the poor girl had been too terrified to even muster the effort to scream. Rochelle settled for a whimper.

"So, beautiful on the inside, but yet, so flawed on the outside," the creepy man said. "Your skin, you have a scar from when you were younger, don't you? You had a really bad break in your ankle as well, and you don't really walk as fast as someone as vibrant as you should. You are in pain, and you turn to other….other things to mask that pain."

The creepy man lightly pushed a hand on the girl's face.

"Your jaw is not properly aligned either," Pyg said. "Let me fix it."

Pyg grabbed her by the jaw and cracked it. Pain shot through Rochelle's body and caused the girl's screams to echo even louder in the lab, even though no one could hear her.

"Hush, darling, hush. It will be fine. I will make you beautiful, just like I made them all beautiful."

Rochelle heard in the news, several teenagers disappearing over the past few months, but thought nothing of it. It happened to them, it wasn't happening to her, so who cared. This was happening to her, and she was scared to death.

"I want my mother," Rochelle whimpered.

"Your new family awaits, you don't need any ties of your past life, not when you're perfect," the man in the pig mask snorted. "Look at them, my flawed friend."

Several women and a few men, dressed in white turned up. They had waxy facemasks on, dressed in robes. They moved in a very robotic and very stiffening fashion. They looked rather inhumane, almost like they moved in unison.

"What happened to them?"

"I made them better," the man said. "Just like I can make you better. You are nothing, but broken, but Pyg can make you better. Pyg can make you great again. Toad help Pyg find new subjects, and Pyg give Toad funding from Worker Bees, to make more drug."

The words did not make any sense to Rochelle who shook in horror. Something stabbed in the side of her neck, and she screamed before feeling no more pain. Everything entered a blissful state of unawareness, and Rochelle's body started to shake madly when she had been hooked to the table.

"Slowly, slowly descend, and let Pyg help. Pyg always helps."

A buzzing in the earpiece Harry had for emergency sake pulled him away, and he turned it on.

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"It's me," Mia said. "I have to talk to you, and I need your honest opinion on something. I think another one of my past sins has come back to haunt me."

"What?" Harry asked. "You're going to have to tell me, so I can figure out how to deal with this, but I have some news to tell you as well."

"What?" Mia asked.
"Your sister, she's alive," Harry said. "I met her, and...well she was a bit cold when I mentioned you at first."

"And I don't blame her at all," Mia said. "Did some come around or are you still working on her?"

"I just explained to her the circumstances of what happened," Harry said. "She still isn't too happy about it, but she wants to have the conversation with you. And she's working on getting ahold of your mother, so, expect a family reunion to come along soon. You did want to find them."

"I really should have just put you on the job from the beginning," Mia said. "So, how is my sister?"

"She's grown up nicely," Harry said. "She's very feisty as well, and she practically shoved her tongue down my throat a couple of days ago."

"Thanks, thanks for that," Mia said, sound a bit sullen. "You know, it's hard to reconcile the fact, that she was barely school age when I saw her last, and now she's snogging with boys. Especially, you....but I'm really not surprised....she has good taste, I guess."

"You guess?" Harry asked. "You think I'm an ogre or something?"

"No, no, nothing like that," Mia said. "As I said, that time on the AMAZO, it did a lot of damage to me, more than even what you can heal. You're very handsome Harry, but I'm just not attracted to you, or anyone really. It's really hard to explain. And I'm sure my sister will enjoy the experience as well."

"Are you upset about this?" Harry asked.

"I've....well, I don't know," Mia admitted. "I mean, it's weird, maybe I'm the one that's weird."

"You're just unique," Harry said.

"Calling someone unique is a politically correct way of calling someone weird, and you know it, Harry Potter," Mia said. She just shook her head on the other end of the phone and sighed. "The point is, I can see why Hailey would be attracted to you, and while a lot of other women would be attracted to you. It's just....I feel no sexual spark for anyone or anything. You're the closest, but I don't know."

Harry had a feeling that she was terrified about the thought of physical intimacy, and had just tap-danced around it. To be honest, Harry wasn't going to pressure her, because Mia seemed relatively accepting of that fact.

"You're just asexual," Harry said.

"Right, that's what I am," Mia said. "Sex does make the world go around, and I guess that's not my purpose in life but....never mind. You found Hailey, and that's good. I'd really like to meet with her, and my mother...."

"Your mother is currently on a trip, according to Hailey, but she'll be back as soon as she can," Harry said. "So, what's the news you called me for in the first place?"

Harry could tell instantly that Mia was very glad to be steered away from this very awkward conversation, although she was only slightly less pleased talking about this than she was about the entire being asexual thing.

"Professor Pyg," Mia said. "I've done a very bad thing, and I've helped recommend test subjects for
him, from the AMAZO in the past."

"You're going to have to get me up to speed a bit more," Harry said. "Professor Pyg, did you say?"

"Yes, his real name is Lazio Valentin, and he's very disturbed," Mia said. "He says he fixes deformities, but….I've seen some of his work. And it's disturbing. And Ivo and I hand selected some people off of the ship to be fixed, and they were never seen again. And now he's continuing his work, in Starling City."

Harry had a feeling this guy was pretty disturbing if everything Mia said was true.

"Rose, Liv, and Gwen are on a mission in Starling City," Mia said.

"Do you think you can send me the specifications for their mission?" Harry asked.

"Not sure that Waller will be too happy about that," Mia said. "But, fine, I'll send them over."

Harry looked and Mia sent over the resource on the portable device that Harry borrowed from ARGUS. He looked at the information and the looks of pictures of the people who had been found mutilated.

"Those are the failures," Mia said. "I have a feeling his successes are more grotesque. I haven't shared any of this with Liv, Rose, or Gwen…do you think I should?"

"Just follow your heart, Mia," Harry said.

"Right," she responded a few seconds later. "Let me know where Hailey and Mum want to meet if they can get it together. I'll be waiting for them."

Harry hoped the family reunion would go well, and he hoped that Pyg would be shut down. Someone like that was very dangerous. He decided to take out a phone and dial a number.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Laurel, how are you doing?" Harry asked.

"Harry, it's good to talk to you," Laurel said, brightening up. "Is there something wrong? Is it Sara, or is it someone else?"

"Actually, I want to know what you know about Mr. Toad's Wild Ride," Harry said.

"You mean the drug, don't you? "Laurel asked. "It's been giving the Starling City Police Department fits, as when they shut down one production plant, several more cropped up. And there have been several past buyers who have disappeared, and never returned."

"That's because they've been kidnapped and experimented on by someone who calls himself Professor Pyg," Harry said. "The point is, some friends of mine, they're in the area, on a mission, and they might have run into trouble. Do you think the Black Canary can handle giving me a hand in backing them up?"

"Maybe she can," Laurel agreed. "Are you going to meet me there?"

No sooner did Laurel say those words, Harry had been standing next to her in her apartment. Laurel turned around and smiled at Harry.

"Well, that was sudden," Laurel responded a moment or so later.
"I think I can manage," Harry said.

Gwen crawled into the vent of the penthouse and dropped down onto the ground. She took a moment to look around, and so far the coast was clear. She didn't see too many guards. She did see boxes and boxes of crates. Gwen dropped down from the ceiling and looked over.

"Mr. Toad's Wild Ride and this looks to be the mother load of it," Gwen said. "Are you two in?"

One of the guards clicked a gun behind Gwen, who turned around slowly.

"What are you doing here?" the guard asked.

"I'm just your friendly neighborhood Spider-Woman, making sure you haven't been doing anything too illegal," Gwen said. "It looks like you've been selling these drugs. Don't you people remember DARE?"

Two of the guards pointed their guns at Gwen. She just smiled and looked towards them. The door opened up and an arrow shot out, catching one of the guards in the back of the leg. Gwen fired a strand of webbing over and jumped up, to drop down on the back of the head of the guard, smashing him down onto the ground.

Rose jumped into the battle and a third guard tried to sound the alarm. Rose blocked the guard's hand and twisted it around. The guard flipped down onto the ground, with Rose snapping the arm back and taking him all the way down to the ground.

An explosive device slid underneath one of the crates, and Rose looked over her shoulder. "Everyone stand clear!"

Everyone did stand clear when the crates blew up. Rose, Liv, and Gwen stepped back. Someone moved down the steps, hand over his heads, and briefcase dangling over said hands. A line of webbing shot out and ensnared the man around the ankle before pulling him down the stairs.

"Please don't hurt me," the whimpering man said. "I'll tell you anything you want."

"Tell us where to find Pyg," Gwen said.

"WHY?"

"He's been kidnapping teenagers and experimenting on them, and you want to ask why?" Liv asked. She pointed the arrow at the top of the head of the goon who shivered. "You've failed this city, every moment you continue to harbor a monster like Pyg. You are lower than trash."

"Show some mercy," the goon said, shuddering in response.

"Mercy?" Liv asked. "You dare ask for mercy after all you've done."

The arrow fired into the ground and came inches away from hitting the side of the scientist's neck.

"Fine, fine, he's across the street, in the lab downstairs, he's conducting his experiments there," the scientist responded. "Don't say I didn't warn you that he will kill you, and harvest your organs."

Rose picked up the slimy scientist and hurled him out of the window. The scientist crashed down onto the ground, laying in the middle of broken glass.

"Let's go!"
A couple more explosions leveled the entire stock, shutting down this particular production facility of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride.

Hailey slipped away from the rest of the group and made her way to the usual spot at the Kawatchee Caves. The young woman looked over her shoulder. At her young age, Hailey already had been through a lot, and she had a lot of responsibility on her shoulders.

The girl pulled out a mirror and placed it gently upon the rocks in the cave. It was no ordinary mirror, as Hailey tapped lightly on the mirror.

"Charlotte Edwards."

The image of a beautiful brunette woman showed up. She might have been in her forties, but this particular woman put many women ten years her junior to shame with the extreme amount of beauty.

"Hailey, what's wrong?" Charlotte asked.

"Just calling to ask to see how your expedition is going," Hailey said.

"Hailey, I know you wouldn't call just to check up," Charlotte said. "Please, if there's something wrong, you can tell me. Is it about Claire?"

"Well, it's not about Claire, it's about something else," Hailey said. "It's about Mia."

Charlotte had been taken by surprise by her youngest saying the name of her oldest. Hell, Hailey went out of her way not to mention her older sister, and Charlotte could see why. Charlotte did not know whether or not her oldest was dead, or worse at this point. ARGUS decided to send Charlotte and Hailey away because they were in danger because of David's operations.

"She's alive," Hailey said. "Can you believe it? After all of this time, she's alive...she was on the AMAZO for twelve years."

"The AMAZO?" Charlotte asked, her voice sounding very grim in response. "Be careful about that, Hailey...your sister might not be the same. How did she even escape?"

"Harry liberated her," Hailey said.

"Harry?" Charlotte asked.

Hailey could have smacked herself for not bringing up that point. "Harry Potter, your future son-in-law, you know when we get married someday."

"Potter...he's not...no, Lily didn't have a son, only daughters," Charlotte said. "Maybe, though he's a distant relation...a cousin...and you...Hailey, you said you're going to marry him someday?"

"Well, you were the one who taught me to be ambitious, mother," Hailey said a moment or so later. "I'm going to be one of a group of many wives, which some women might disagree with, you know, being in a collective. But, I disagree with their disagreement, because it opens up several more dynamic possibilities."

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, looking in amusement at her daughter.

"And to think, you were dead set on being with the Dragon," Charlotte said. "What changed?"
"Harry is the Dragon," Hailey said. "He's the latest identity the Dragon took on…and I've met him, I can't believe it. Our divine Savior has returned to bring back fulfillment to the world. He's just amazing, he's better than the legends stated. And when he kisses you…well, I'm just going to let you see for yourself later."

Hailey looked on for a moment.

"He's come from an alternate universe, that's where he got sent," Hailey said. "And he's…he's interested in meeting Lily. I think the two of them were connected. I think Lily's counterpart might have been Harry's mother in that alternate universe where he came from."

"Maybe," Charlotte said.

Hailey put her hands on her hips and just frowned. It was very obvious her mother just was humoring her, but Hailey was more than ready to entertain certain possibilities. The twins and Lily would not believe it, but even they had to admit, the fact he had the same green eyes, the chance of that being a coincidence could be astronomical.

"I'll inform Lily about this, she'll want to meet the Dragon regardless of who he might be," Charlotte said. "It was the Dragon, wasn't it? We've been deceived before."

"He wore the medallion, and I know a forgery when I see one," Hailey said. "You practically drilled it in my head, mother. He says he's going to talk to Mia, don't know if she's receptive to a meeting as we might be. She's finally stopped trying to worship the ground that old crone walks on."

Charlotte thought she should reprimand Hailey for speaking ill of her elders, but to be honest, Charlotte agreed with every word her daughter said. Still, there was finally some hope, even though the meeting would have to wait.

"I'll pass on the message to Lily, and she'll want to meet him," Charlotte said. "Please keep alert, and let me know if something else happens."

A creepy vibe filled Rose's body, and she had no idea what the vibe could have been caused from. She had a few potential solutions though if she had to guess. One of them could have been the absolute fear everyone spoke about Pyg in. One could have been the smell of decay, or perhaps it was the creepy Opera music. This particular type of music brought shivers down Rose's spine. She wanted to smash whatever speaker it was playing on. Time slowly ticked by when Rose stepped inside.

"He's here," Rose said. "Be alert."

Liv looked around, Pyg was a monster, and she would take great pleasure in taking him down and make him squeal like his namesake. The three girls moved around and so far, so good. This particular warehouse had been cleared out. It was not the warehouse they were taking a close look at, it was what was underneath the warehouse.

A buzzing popped in the back of Gwen's head, and she turned around a few steps. She swung an arm around and snagged onto the weapon one of the guards pointed with a line of webbing. She pulled him down to the ground, but not before the guard fired off one crisp shot.

"So much for stealth, Rose said.

"Welcome, my imperfect angels," a sing-song voice responded. "I'm working with one of my
projects, but I'm certain you three will be perfect."

"Come out and face us, Pyg," Rose said. "Your work is fucked up, and you're going to be fucked up along with it. We're going to shut it down."

"No, you can't shut me down, I'm making the world a better place," Pyg said. "Come forward, and look at some of my beautiful creatures. They are very gorgeous."

Several creepy living dolls walked forward, dressed in red gowns with sickening faces. They all carried butcher knives, or axes, or some kind of sharp blade.

"Are those people?" Gwen asked.

"Not anymore," Mia said. "They are Dollotron Slaves, Pyg has done a number on their minds, and bent them to his will….this is all my fault."

"Ivo?" Rose asked.

"Yes," Mia said. "Do what you have to do."

"Deal with the slaves, I'll handle Pyg," Liv said.

"Do us a favor, and put an arrow through whatever speaker he's playing that god awful music through as well," Rose said.

Liv smiled in spite of the situation, "I'll try."

Gwen and Rose moved to protect Liv from the Dolltrons, one of them whipping out a huge knife and lunging it at Gwen. Gwen snagged onto the knife and web-yanked it away. Everyone moved towards them, attacking in a robotic way. Rose and Gwen stood shoulder by shoulder and cleared the path.

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**To Be Continued on July 13th, 2017.**
Laurel had been caught off guard with Harry asking her if she wanted to join him on this little side mission. The past year or so, Laurel had been training with Lady Shiva, she improved a whole lot. Maybe not enough to take down the likes of Lady Shiva, but Laurel improved more than enough to take down some rough and tumble thugs. She handled a few thugs, some of them who harassed those who could not defend themselves. The crime in Starling City slowly increased over the past couple of years.

It happened so fast, putting it under Gotham City, Chicago, and Detroit as one of the most crime-ridden series in the world. Now, Laurel stood, dressed in a black leather jacket, a black top, and tight black leather pants. She pulled a mask over her face, making sure her hair had been tied back. A pair of batons hung on either side of Laurel's legs, ready to be pulled out and to lay down the smackdown at a moment's notice.

"Are you ready for this?"

Harry's question sounded very simple, and at the same time, it was slightly loaded. Laurel answered with a smile, leaning closer towards Harry as if to convey something to him. The two of them locked hands and smiled at each other. They moved closer to the door, which had already been taken down.

'Rose, Gwen, and Liv were here already,' Harry thought.

Laurel stood rigidly and could hear something. The sounds of battle could be heard from inside, but that was not the only thing which she heard. Opera music echoed from the other side of the door. The hideous sounds caused Laurel to pull a face of abject disgust.

"That guy's both disturbing, and they have hideous tastes in music," Laurel said. "I'm liking this guy, less than less."

Harry wondered what sounded worse. The singer there, or Marge Dursley singing in the shower during one of her visits at Number Four Privet Drive. Hell, Harry wouldn't be surprised if Marge had contributed to this very bad opera music which made the young man's ears bleed.

"Through here," Harry said. "We can take them by surprise."

The sound of a hideous screeching echoed from the room. Harry was not certain if it came from the opera music or something else entirely. His green eyes flashed over a few seconds and saw one of the Dollotron slaves move forward. The stabbing motion slashed the edge when Spider-Girl flipped over the top of the head of the slave. The web-slinger dropped down and pulled the knife away.

Another pair of them grabbed Spider-Girl around the back of the shoulders. Harry jumped in and one of them dove at Harry. The cleaver blade came inches away from snapping into Harry's chest. Harry reached to block and flipped one of the Dollotron slaves over the top. The slave did a tuck and a roll, with the attack being avoided. Harry waved his hand, and a series of ropes snapped through the air.

The slaves had been bound together. Laurel dodged the attack from one of the slaves and avoided
the second attack. The girl gave a hiss, and it almost sounded in pain. Laurel blocked the hand and flipped the attacker over onto the ground. The attacker flipped down and popped back up, going to rush towards Laurel one more time. Laurel blocked the punch and came back with a series of rapid-fire attacks.

The leather clad blonde avoided the attack and came back, grabbing the back of the head of the attacker. Laurel flipped down onto the ground and threw one of them back. She looked where Rose was having a knife battle with one of the slaves.

The slave might not have been more than thirteen, or fourteen years ago, judging by the frantic movements. Rose felt very bad about fighting the girl, it wasn't her fault that she had been brainwashed. Rose blocked the attack, with the blade coming inches away from piercing her hand.

Another one of them charged in with an ax swung to the back of the head. Harry flashed to the side and blocked it with a shield. The knife knocked across the shield, with Harry pushing his way forward. The Dollotron slave rushed forward to try and attack Harry one more time. Harry deflected the attack back a third time and sent the attacker flying back a few feet.

The two attackers moved forward, one of them holding a larger ax in hand. The attacker rushed to attack Harry. Harry avoided the attack.

"Stand back!" Laurel yelled.

Harry had a feeling something was going to happen. He flipped out of the way. Gwen and Rose moved over to one side. Laurel opened her mouth and a sonic scream came out, backing of the drones. One of the drones dropped to the ground, clutching her ears.

Moving over, Harry noticed a chip of some sort slowly poking out of the neck of one of the slaves. She screamed in agony when dropping to the ground. Harry grabbed onto the chip and extracted it from the neck of the poor unfortunate soul who had been given to it.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

Rose shook her head for a second and took a deep breath. "You know, I had it handled."

"And I helped you handle it faster," Harry said. "Let's see what this thing is."

Gwen stepped out from behind and all of them, well all of them for now, had been taken out by Laurel's cry. The only thing she could focus on was that extremely hideous and grating opera music which hammered Gwen's mind.

"It looks like some kind of microchip," Gwen said. "I bet that's how he was controlling, the Dollotron slaves. He implanted them into the base of their neck. And it sent signals into their brain. This one must have jarred loose, or something."

Harry handed Gwen the chip. She walked over to the table and set it down, leaning closer to the chip.

"Do you think you can disable it?" Harry asked.

"I might not be able to disable it," Gwen said. "Not without the proper equipment. I can open up the chip and use it to send a blocking signal which shuts down the Dollotrons."

Mia claimed they were beyond all help, and judging by this microchip technology, Gwen, unfortunately, had to concede the woman was on to something. The best they could hope for was
to shut this entire operation down and put Pyg down for the count.

The insidious opera music continued to play. Liv descended down to the basement steps, and she heard the sounds of battle cease from up above. It was either a good thing those Dollotrons, or whatever had been taken down. The smell of decay and the sound of opera music got even more prominent the further Liv descended down the steps.

"Finish the mission, shut Pyg and Toad down," Liv thought.

The opera music continued to worsen and dig into the back of Liv's mind even more. She tried not to let the hideous tune get to her. Especially considering there was someone singing along with the horrific music the further she slipped into the basement.

"No, no, you'll be perfect, you'll..."

Liv stopped at the edge of the basement and saw one of the individuals chained to the wall by the wrists. Something dried on the face. Liv dared reach forward and grabbed the edge of the mask.

"No, no, you must not touch. You cannot compromise perfection."

"She's in pain," Liv said.

Professor Pyg stepped into the room. He carried a surgical blade in hand, which had been coated in blood. Liv hoped for the sake of these patients, the blade had been cleaned.

"No, no, she's not in pain, she's being fixed, she's being healed," Pyg said. "There are many imperfect people in Starling City, which Pyg helps, just like Pyg helped the people in Gotham City."

Liv moved around the corner and saw Pyg looking at her from the other side of the mask. Those haunted, sunken in eyes horrified Liv more than any kind of hideous pig mask. She held onto the bow and arrow set up, holding her hands.

"Step away from her, now," Pyg said. "You will get your chance. I can see underneath that hood why you are cross. Pyg will put all right. Pyg will....."

The Green Arrow pulled back the bow and shot the arrow right into the wrist of Pyg. The man gave an inhuman squeal in response. Pyg pulled back in agony, and pulled back, slipping a very large needle from up his sleeve.

"No, this won't do, this won't do at all."

Pyg rushed forward in response and tried to impale the Green Arrow in the side of the neck. He showed amazing speed for a large man. The Green Arrow dodged the attempt to implant the needle into the side of her neck. The Green Arrow flipped up high and came crashing down onto the ground. Pyg grabbed the Green Arrow around the shoulder and tried to launch the woman back over.

A well-placed kick to the side of Pyg's head caused him to fly back. An arrow had been rapid fire shot and caused the lights above Pyg's head to explode. Pyg reached underneath the table and pulled out a surgical saw to hurl at the Green Arrow. The hooded archer avoided the attack.

"I'm shutting you down, you monster."
"No, Pyg, not monster, you're the monster," Pyg said. "But, that's fine, for I will shut you down."

The Arrow shot an arrow which flew over Pyg's head and connected to a speaker. The hideous opera music finally stopped playing and sparks flew in every single direction. Pyg charged at the Green Arrow and jumped over the table. He reached over to snag up a remote control.

"Come to me, my children," Pyg said. "Yes, come to me, come to me, and take down the archer in green. Yes my children, come to me."

That hideous singing just assaulted Liv and made her ears bleed. It was almost worse than the smell, and despite Rose's critique, she would have to admit it was far worse than that unfortunate opera music. Liv braced herself for a battle with the Dollotron slaves, as Pyg must have had more of them.

Pyg pressed a button on the side of the remote control, and something was happening. No matter what he tried to do, Pyg could not unleash his slaves. He gave a howl of anguish and picked up a surgical saw. The buzzing came inches away from hitting Liv.

Liv positioned herself and knocked the saw out of the hand of Pyg. Pyg fell back onto the table.

"No, my beautiful creations, they have forsaken me!" Pyg screamed at the top of his lungs.

Liv hit the man right in the face with an arrow and dropped him down to the ground. She put another arrow into the man's shoulder when he tried to set up. She pulled out the trick arrow Pyg used and fired, connecting with the man's shoulder and bringing him down to the ground. Ropes ensnared the man.

"No, it was going to be so beautiful," Pyg whined.

"Lazio Valentin, you have failed this city."

Pyg's attempts to protest had gone pretty much upon deaf ears. One punch from the hooded archer nailed Pyg in the face and broke apart the pig mask covering his face. One look at the fairly foul face made Liv realize that the Pyg mask was an improvement.

"Mia?" Liv asked.

"Yeah, did you get him?" Mia asked.

"Pyg's been put out of commission," Liv said. "All we have to do is take down Mr. Toad, and we're going to be back in business. I don't know what happened to his little Dollotron slaves, but I think that....."

"Actually, that was all on me," Harry said. "I figured you could use the help....and I have someone here who wants to talk to you."

"Let's focus on Toad first," Liv said.

Liv felt a certain rush going out there and attacking people. She hoped that Valentin would never harm another person through his sick and sadistic experiments, and his deranged ideas of what beauty was.

There came a time where a person had to know where to go and when to fold. Mr. Toad was one of those gentlemen who knew when it was time to do that. He took a deep breath and made his way
towards the vault. He could see the ARGUS agents closing in, and he would only have a few minutes to get out what he needed. It was time to take the money and run.

Nothing personal against his good friend, Professor Pyg, but Toad valued his life, and wanted his hands on the money. He knew Pyg got some refunding from his research from these HIVE people. Come to think of it, these HIVE people kept surfacing like a bad penny, threatening to cause all sorts of problems. Toad kept working on the dial of the vault, trying to get it open.

"Come on!"

An arrow caught the vault and forced it open. The case in Mr. Toad's hand had been ripped out by a line of webbing, forcing the creature to fall down onto the ground. Mr. Toad scrambled up to a standing position and came face to face with some of ARGUS's agents. Toad crawled back onto his hands and knees, taking in a deep breath when looking at the people who pursued him.

"Maybe we can work out a fair trade?" Toad offered.

One of the arrows fired over and very narrowly clipped Toad on the side of the ear. He took a deep breath, just barely avoiding being caught by this particular arrow. To say this was a close call, it would be very much pushing things. Toad looked up with one of his more prominent expression.

"Perhaps, we can split the take, fifty/fifty, straight down the middle?"

"You've sold drugs to people, and ruined their lives," the Green Arrow said.

"Now, I didn't ruin anyone's life, I didn't put a gun to anyone's head and force them to buy the drugs."

One of the ARGUS agents lifted up Mr. Toad off of the ground. He scrambled and tried to escape. The man was more of a planner and less than a fighter. He had been hurled halfway across the room. Toad just avoided impact with the wall. The breath came out of the former Circus Freaks mouth became rather intense.

"I just enhanced their lives. I made them happy. I gave them an escape. You look like you could use some of that escape, and....."  

Mr. Toad fell to the ground in mid-sentence. He had been knocked completely out from the attack. Harry stepped out of the shadows and stood over the fallen body of Toad. He adapted the handcuffs which had been brought along for this mission, making sure to hook Toad completely up.

"If you wouldn't have shut him up soon, he would have been going on for hours and hours on end," Harry said. "Trust me, it's for the best we finally shut him up."

Everyone nodded in response. Most of the drugs had been destroyed in the battle, although there were still a few boxes which lingered. They would have to make those drugs disappear, taking them off of the market.

"Yeah, that's why I finally knocked Pyg out," Liv responded. "He just wouldn't shut up, about how he's making people beautiful. They suffered, I don't know how to explain it, but you could see how much they suffered. It was awful, and I don't know how anyone could live with themselves."

"Some people just don't have any scruples," Rose responded.

Rose opened the vault, and sure enough, there were stacks and stacks of money. Money which had
been funding several illegal operations, no doubt, but it would be taken off the streets.

"If they were working with HIVE?" Harry asked. "This is going to put a severe dent in their finances."

"And a severe spike in yours, right?" Rose asked.

Harry just responded with one of those smiles, which was very knowing. "I don't have any idea what you could mean."

"So, should we call this one in?" Gwen asked.

"Already taken care of," Mia said. "I know it's shocking to hear this; Waller's pleased, very pleased. She actually has been trying to shut down this operation for a long time. Toad and Pyg have funded a lot of Darhk's illegal activities."

"They don't seem to be the type of people who would be friends," Rose said. "I guess when money's involved, you make all sorts of friends."

The Green Arrow turned around as Black Canary made her way around the corner. It took them only a scant moment to realize who the other was, and they stared each other down.

'So, how awkward could this get?' Sara asked. 'I mean, I'm still Laurel's sister, but Liv....Liv might be another matter entirely of how much Laurel is willing to forgive...you purposely brought Laurel along so the two of them could meet each other, and hash things out."

'I really have no idea what you're talking about,' Harry responded.

'I bet,' Rose thought. 'You know something, I think you're an evil mastermind. A very evil mastermind and I want you to know that.'

Harry didn't do anything, other than smile. Maybe he was an evil mastermind. He turned his attention back to the stare down between the Black Canary and the Green Arrow.

"So, we need to talk, I take it?" the Green Arrow asked.

"Yeah, maybe more so than we did before you left," The Black Canary said. "So, my place as always...Harry can come along in case things get ugly."

"We can take care of things from here," Rose said. "The agents should be arriving...what time, Bookworm?"

"In about ten to fifteen minutes, but Pyg and Toad aren't going anywhere by the looks of things," Mia said.

Harry moved out, with Liv and Laurel, and they would be having a conversation which was long overdue. Liv stopped and turned towards Harry.

"Technically speaking, I'm not supposed to be having any conversations with anyone when I'm on a mission," Liv stated. "The entire point of me coming back to Starling City was to not run in anyone. And you brought my ex-girlfriend here."

"Mission's over," Harry told her. "And don't worry about Waller, if she has any problems, I'll deal with her."

Liv thought it was better Harry than her.
“Besides, didn't she say you were coming home after this mission?” Harry asked.

In theory, Liv thought she was coming home. There were times where Liv questioned the fact of whether or not it was going to be that easy. It would be so easy to return to the Mansion, but something held Liv back. There was a part of her who was afraid of facing her family.

Yet, Thea needed her, because of the self-destructive path she was going down since Liv had left. It was hard to figure out this complex string of emotions.

Laurel and Liv returned home and sat on either side of the table with a cup of coffee each. Harry sat at the edge of the table as well, although he kept back.

"Three years ago, you claimed that you were going away on a trip with your father, and only your father," Laurel said. "And my sister, she went with you. And you cheated on her with me."

"Well, to be fair, I never technically slept with Sara," Liv said. "I know, that's a bit of technicality, but I swear, the ship went down before we could get to the fun stuff."

Laurel just responded with a nod.

"I believe you, and I should have noticed the signs," Laurel said. "I guess, a year could mean all of the difference in the world. A year ago, if you had walked back in my life, I might have punched you."

"And I would have deserved it," Liv admitted.

"But, we've all grown since a year ago, never mind three years ago," Laurel said. "And I've found it to see that you're not perfect. You make mistakes, a lot of mistakes. What you did out there today, going after Pyg to try and shut his operation down, it was pretty reckless. And at the same time, it was pretty heroic."

"Maybe," Liv said.

"I'm serious, the Olivia Queen of three years ago would have sat back and let that be someone else's problem," Laurel said. "You stepped in and did the right thing. And you should be celebrated for that."

"I saw my sister, she was buying drugs," Liv said.

Laurel sighed, and she hated for Laurel to have to find it out. It was hard to believe Thea grew up, Laurel remembered when she was younger, so innocent, so vibrant, and now, Laurel didn't know what happened. Actually, Laurel did have a pretty good idea, and while she did not want to cast the blame on Liv, she had to admit what exactly was going on.

"Yes, I know she's been troubled ever since you left," Laurel said. "It's not your fault. Thea just took it hard. And your mother has shut herself off and focused on Queen even more. And there's... well, I don't want to have our first conversation in three years tainted by gossip."

"I know about Malcolm Merlyn and my mother."

Did Laurel try to figure out how to feel about this very casual statement given by Liv? Did she feel relief regarding the fact Liv knew there was something going on between Malcolm and Moira? Laurel did not even imply there was some kind of relationship.
Robert Queen wasn't Thea's real father, Malcolm was," Liv said.

"Oh, my...I didn't know that one," Laurel said. "Who told her?"

"One of my father's mistresses, well former mistresses," Liv remarked a couple of minutes later. "It's a lot to explain, and I had my doubts. It makes way too much sense. I'll never tell Thea though, and...I'd appreciate if you didn't tell her either. The revelation would crush her, especially given how much she thought of Robert Queen."

A nod had been followed. Laurel would have to concede Liv's point, to be perfectly honest. It must have been very hard for Liv to come to this terms, although it appeared she was just rolling with it. There must have been a part of Liv who might have known what was going on. Laurel could not even begin to think what was necessary to get into the head of her former friend and lover.

Well, not without receiving a slight headache.

"I guess my family wasn't as ideal as they wanted the world to think they were," Liv responded. "In the end, it was all a face, all a charade."

"No one's family is as perfect as they think they are," Laurel said a moment or so later. She leaned over. "My parents, they divorced. My mother moved to Central City, and my father, well he took it pretty hard."

'Sara, maybe you should....'

'Maybe I should,' Sara agreed.

"I don't blame Sara," Laurel said. "And my mother doesn't either, and my father wouldn't either. Their marriage had been shaky for very long time. All it would have taken was just one nudge to send it over the edge. It dangled over the cliff. The right touch, and boom, it would have been over."

"I can see your point," Harry said.

"Mom does blame herself, for being the one to agree to let Sara go," Laurel said. "Or at least not trying harder to convince her, the trip was a bad idea. She just felt. Sara was old enough to make her own decisions."

Laurel took a few seconds to look Liv in the eye.

"Guess our families were all shattered because of this," Laurel said. "No one blames anyone for this, you know. It's just one of those things that happened. We're going to have to deal with it. I wish I could just wake up, and see the Lance family all together. But, it was inevitable. My father wasn't the same after the Black Mask drug deal, and my mother, she received an injury which put her out of commission for a very long time. She hasn't told us the full story."

Did Laurel have suspicions on what caused her mother to be injured? Yes, you better believe she did have suspicions.

"We have Mr. Toad's wild ride off of the street," Liv said. "No one else can be harmed by Toad's drugs, or by Pyg's sick operations."

"Do you think any of Pyg's victims have any hope?" Laurel asked.

"Even if the physical deformities are fixed, the psychological ones are very hard to fix," Harry said.
"I wish I could say these people would live normal lives. And in an ideal world, they would. Unfortunately, we don't live in an ideal world."

Laurel nodded in response.

"So, when are you coming home?" Laurel asked.

"As soon as I can manage," Liv said. "I'd like to go home with Sara, so the two of us can face what happened together, but it might not be as soon as I would like."

"Are you sure you're not the one who is holding yourself back from returning home?"

Laurel's question pierced the protective armor that Liv put up over the past few years. That was a good question. Was it Liv who was the one who was holding herself back and preventing herself from returning home? She really had no clear idea, and that scared her a little bit.

"I'll return when I can, it's like I said."

"That's all we can ask for."

Laurel and Liv looked each other in the eye. There had been a long pause. The two of them wished things could have been different. If they had been a bit more open, then maybe Liv would not have gone on that ship. Hell, Olivia Queen wondered if Laurel might have been the one to join her, instead of Sara. Or maybe both of them would be there. Liv could not have any time for the games of what might have been.

'You can only focus on what's to come.'

"We're all packed up," Mia said. "The question is, are you saying or are you going?"

The voice in Liv's ear piece gave her a moment of pause. It was a very good question.

"I'll head back, but first there's something I have to do," Liv said. "Thanks for being understanding, Laurel. I really appreciate it."

"A year ago, I might not have been," Laurel said. "There are a lot of things that are out of my control that I'm upset for. I hope that this new you hold."

"Yeah, I do too."

There was something about putting on the hood and going out to fight those who would harm people which felt right for Liv. She picked up the hood and slipped it back on, along with the bow and arrow.

"Tell Rose and Gwen, I'll be no more than another half of an hour," Liv said. "And tell Waller she can discuss things with Harry if she has any problems with me going off the script."

"Oh, I'll tell her alright," Mia said.

Liv made her way down the steps and slipped out the back way. It left Laurel and Harry standing there alone. Laurel moved over to look out the window.

"I don't really know where we are going," Laurel said. "I didn't think she would be attracted to a guy though. But, I suppose I can't fault her for having good taste."

"Maybe, you shouldn't," Harry said.
"No, I really don't," Laurel said. "So, tell me honestly, did you bring her here so we can settle our differences like Sara and I did? Or did you just want us to talk?"

"Only I could get the two of you together," Harry said. "Whatever happened from there, that was entirely down to you. I would have liked for you two to kiss and make up, but that's not to be, at least not now."

"At least we're talking about," Laurel said. "I think I would have done something drastic if she would have come back about a year ago."

"None of us are the same people we were."

Laurel smiled and she wrapped her arms around Harry. The two of them met in the middle with a very passionate kiss. Laurel deepened her grip and pushed her tongue deeper into Harry's mouth. Harry returned and pushed Laurel back against the wall. Her legs wrapped around Harry, with Harry feeling them up through her pants.

"I think these pants get a bit hot sometimes," Laurel said

"Have you ever thought about fishnets?"

"Fishnets, well that is something," Laurel said. "The original Black Canary outfit...the one that the original Black Canary used...it made her look like she was a Playboy Bunny."

"I wouldn't be naturally opposed to seeing you wear it," Harry said. He leaned in and kissed Laurel on the side of her neck. "Let's get you out of those pants."

"Yes, let's," Laurel said. "Hopefully, I can control my urge to scream, because I don't want to replace all of the windows in the apartment."

Harry waved his hands and the walls and windows had been reinforced, so even if Laurel had gone all Canary Cry on the walls.

"That happened when you touched the Canary Medallion, didn't it?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Laurel said. "I thought I felt something, maybe a spark when I touched it. At least, I didn't turn into a giant canary or something, because that would be embarrassing."

"It would put a damper on your social life."

Harry worked Laurel's pants, and she wore nothing other than a pair of sheer panties, which fit around her ass when coming down. The panties looked ready to be taken off. Harry scooped up Laurel in his arms and moved her over to the bed, preparing to have his fun.

The beautiful form of the oldest of the two Lance sisters laid out of the bed, prepared for Harry's consumption. His fingers traced over Laurel's body and encouraged shudders. Harry brought Laurel out of her clothes, and grabbed her wrists, pinning the beautiful woman back on the bed.

"I have you."

"Yes," Laurel said. "Please, take me."

Harry intended to take Laurel after a little bit of teasing. He ran his hands down Laurel's back and teased every single inch of gorgeous flesh. Those nipples stuck up, intended to be played with. The arousal increased with Harry rolling his fingertips off of the nipples. Laurel breathed in and
breathed out.

"You want me to suck them, don't you?" Harry asked. "They look like they want to be sucked."

"Please!" Laurel moaned.

Harry cupped the underside of Laurel's firm breast and slowly leaned in. He kissed the tip of Laurel's nipple and rolled his tongue over the edge of it. She panted with Harry running a finger down to meet the stomach of the stunning vigilante heroine. Harry pulled away from Laurel and kept kissing away at her.

That very able mouth came close to the insides of Laurel's thighs. He slowly parted them and made Laurel whimper underneath Harry's touch. She pushed up to meet Harry's fingers which stroked tender flesh located between Laurel's thighs. Laurel worked up and dropped down, breathing heavily. Every single touch Harry gave her felt beyond great. Laurel could not even describe the feelings this gave her. Harry pumped deep between Laurel's thighs and caused her to moan.

"Cum for me," Harry informed her.

Laurel didn't argue, she came for Harry. Harry pumped deep inside of her pussy, one finger at first. A second finger pushed deep inside of Laurel and stretched her womanhood out. Laurel closed her eyes and hummed, and the third finger went inside of her.

"You're wet."

"Of course," Laurel panted.

Harry edged Laurel closer to an orgasm. He pulled back from the blonde temptress underneath and gave Laurel some time to catch up with the frustration she felt. Harry pushed deep inside of Laurel's waiting quim and teased her just a little bit more. His fingers pushed deep into Laurel.

The sensations of those fingers working their magic bucked Laurel's hips and down, with the moans increasing the deeper Harry buried himself fingers first into her body. Laurel clenched Harry and released them.

"Taste yourself."

Those fingers slipped into Laurel's mouth and she had no choice, other than to suck them. Not that that was a problem. Laurel got all hot and bothered by the taste of her own juices slipping between her lips. Harry pushed further and made Laurel suck her juices off.

"You're a horny slut. But you know what, I like that about you. And there's something else, I think you want to taste."

Laurel opened her mouth wide and received a mouth full of throbbing cock. Harry grabbed the back of Laurel's locks and pushed into her mouth. Laurel looked up, to get Harry's cock, up and down into her mouth. She held onto Harry's hips to push him deep inside of her.

The feeling of those balls slapping against her chip only inspired Laurel to suck Harry's cock even harder. She put her hands on Harry's lower back, the further he buried this cock deeper into her mouth. Harry held onto the back of Laurel's head and jammed his cock deeper in there.

"Oh, your mouth feels so good," Harry said. "I can feel those vibrations…your new powers make your throat feel so fucking good, I can fuck it all day."
The forceful face fuck caused Laurel to push herself forward, and inhale as much as Harry's cock as humanly possible. Both of Harry's fingers dug into the back of Laurel's head. She swallowed Harry's cock as deep and fast as possible. Her body tingled, and Laurel wanted even more.

"I bet you want this cock shoved in her tight pussy," Harry said. "You want me to fuck you until I test the durability of these reinforcement charms."

Harry could sense Sara observed this from the bond link and had to return to the privacy of her quarters so she could properly watch Harry screw Laurel's brains out.

"Yes, please," Laurel begged him.

Harry motioned for Laurel to get in position. The sexy woman did not deny what Harry wanted. Her pussy was spread, lips dripped wet and ready for intrusion. Harry positioned himself at Laurel's entrance and pushed against her slit, which caused her pussy to want to suck him in.

"I'm going to make you beg for this," Harry said. "Beg for me, much do you really want my cock?"

"Please," Laurel begged. "Please give me your cock. I'd die without it being shoved in my body. I'd die without having my brains fucked out by your big throbbing cock. I want it more than life itself."

Laurel wiggled her ass in Harry's face. Harry reached in and spanked Laurel on her tight ass. A red mark appeared on her rear end and Harry spanked it several more times. It caused Laurel to moan with thinly restrained desire. She wanted Harry, in the worst possible way.

"I'm sure you want this cock," Harry said. "And I'm going to give it to."

Laurel's moaning continued to heighten. Harry teased her dripping slit with the first couple of inches of cock. The entire body beneath him had been touched, and felt up, with Harry grinding his cock against Laurel's slit. The woman's pussy lips spread apart and received as much cock as humanly possible. Harry wrapped around Laurel and sawed away slowly at first at her pussy, and picked up a steady amount of momentum.

The warmth and the tightness around Harry were even more prominent this time around. He reached underneath Laurel and made sure to remind her of who had dominion over most of her body. Her ass, her tits, legs, everything, they belonged to Harry. Those locks wrapped around Harry's fingers when he pushed deeper into Laurel. He pounded against her ass.

"Mmm, yes, Harry," Laurel begged him. "Right there, that's the best spot…the perfect spot."

Harry kept constantly hammering away at that perfect spot. He grabbed Laurel's ass and slapped it while pushing into her. Those balls slapped against Laurel's center and made her cum as hard as possible. Harry almost pulled all the way out of her and pushed into her.

"Getting closer to cumming," Harry said. "Why don't you just let it all go?"

Laurel let it all go. The dam of pleasure building up inside of her loins just burst the second Harry shoved his agonizing rod deep between her thighs. Harry's balls kept slapping, building up an orgasm to match Laurel's. Harry grabbed her and pushed her down face first onto the bed.

An attempt to stifle her screams by biting onto her pillow, only caused the pillow to explode into a downpour of feathers. Harry pushed himself as far into Laurel and then pulled all the way out of her.
"I want to see your face when I finish you off."

Harry flipped Laurel over onto the bed and pushed his cock against the edge of her lips. He ground his manhood into her dripping center and made her feel really good before shoving himself back inside of her. Laurel clamped down onto Harry, holding onto his lower back when feeling Harry shoved inside of her.

Laurel pumped Harry's thick length all the way inside of her. Her hips rolled up off of the bed. Harry's fingers skimmed over Laurel's body, touching her nipples, one of which having slipped into Harry's mouth. He gripped Laurel's breast in his mouth and pumped his thick, aching rod against her.

The feeling of Laurel's legs wrapped around his thighs when Harry pumped into her, only made Harry push deeper inside her. He pounded Laurel's pussy, edging her to one of the best orgasms possible. Laurel's fingers touched Harry's back, and she moaned, louder, louder, until Harry shoved the point of his cock inside of her body, burying himself inside of her, as quickly as possible.

"Fuck me," Laurel begged Harry.

Laurel came again, and Harry's large balls slapped against Laurel's tender thighs. He was going to finish her off in style. Laurel could not believe how far and how deep Harry buried his length inside of her. Every thrust made Laurel feel beyond amazing though. She made sure her body touched his when Harry buried inside of her.

The feeling of Laurel's slick, tight walls encouraged Harry to bury himself deeper into the stunning blonde. Laurel pushed up further, taking more of Harry inside of her. Those tight walls closed down on Harry, and released him, milking him.

"After you."

Harry hit the right buttons and made Laurel cum. The intense feelings coming through her body made Laurel feel beyond amazing. Harry held onto her hips and pounded her. She knew the feelings of pleasure spreading through her body matched the joy over her face. Harry did not stop pounding, not for once second. Laurel held onto Harry's body when his face pressed against her sweaty chest.

The continued assault on Laurel's pussy made Laurel's body tense up. She knew the end was going to come sooner or later, and she could not wait to feel the final product. Harry's balls still slapped up against Laurel's thighs, the deeper she pumped him inside. Laurel held onto the back of Harry's neck and molded against him, moaning in pleasure. Her hips thrashed up, meeting Harry.

"Harder, baby, harder," Laurel begged Harry.

Harry obliged Laurel with multiple thrusts, burying himself inside of her. His balls sized up and were more than ready to release their bounty inside of Laurel's waiting pussy. Laurel stretched her walls around him and pumped Harry. She milked Harry nice and hard.

Bursts of cum fired into Laurel's wet center. Harry grabbed onto her hips and slammed into Laurel, filling her pussy up with an amazing amount of juices. The contents flowing from Harry's balls started to fill Laurel up, with Harry hanging on and shoving more of his hard length inside of her.

She shuddered onto the bed, Harry firing the last drop of cum inside. Laurel lost track of how many orgasms she received tonight, but she knew all of them were good, and all of them were worth it.
Harry pulled out and rolled over. Laurel draped herself over Harry's chest, pushing her head on his shoulder. Then, while Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, Laurel fell asleep.

Thea Queen leaned against the couch. Mother was gone, Thea had homework to do, but chose not to do it. Hell, there were some days where she chose not to do school. The short trip of Mr. Toad's Wild Ride left her with a buzz, but one of her friends must have run off with the rest of the stash, or something. It disappeared by the time Thea looked for another hit.

She had been too fatigued in tearing the Mansion apart. The high was high, and the lower sent her crashing down. She did open the window, to allow some fresh air to come in.

An arrow shot through the window and connected to the target. Thea jolted from her position in surprise, and walked over, to see what she could find the piece of paper hanging from the target. She frowned and saw a picture of her sister, Liv on the other side.

Something had been scrawled on the back.

"See you real soon," Thea muttered.

It looked like Liv's handwriting, and Thea almost dropped the picture on the ground. Was she still coming off of her high and imagining things? Or was this proof that her sister might not have been so dead? After almost two years of crying her eyes out over an empty grave was this true, or just her mind being fucked.

Or did someone play a practical joke?

'I'm going to have to see about this,' Thea thought.

Something on the arrow caught Thea's eye, it was a company logo. ARGUS, what the hell did that mean?

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To Be Continued on July 16th, 2017.
Chapter Forty-Two: Haunted.

Shado's research brought her to the quiet little farm town which deceived many people by being quiet. She sensed something in the air, and the past three years, there had been numerous incidents of strange things. Shado planned to discuss the matter with Harry more in depth when he returned, and when the two of them met up, something did not quite seem right.

The woman failed to pinpoint what could be right through. Something stirred the woman up though, and she felt a similar vibe back on Lian Yu. Shado worked through what could be causing it, and there were any number of potential ideas which could be causing trouble. Regardless of the fact, there could be trouble, Shado tried, carefully, to focus on the matter of the hand.

Four medallions claimed, three more out in the wild, their rightful wielders not exactly found just yet. The Merfolk, the Tengu, and the Phoenix, all three of these medallions were very powerful. Shado thought the Spider, the Serpent, the White Canary, and of course the Dragon, being in the right hands, took a burden off of her shoulders, and the shoulders of those who feared what would happen if any of that great power fell into the wrong hands.

Disaster would not even begin to describe it. Shado tried not to let the doomsday scenarios worry about her. The Merfolk amulet lingered, and Shado decided to talk to someone she could trust. This person had gone off the map for a few years, and just recently resurfaced in Smallville, even though she kept a rather low profile.

Shado knew this person could help and walked up the front way to meet them. The house looked very unassuming, almost quaint. The exact house someone stayed in when they wanted to lay low. Shado understood this more than most and understood the reasons why this woman laid low.

'You don't know if she will help you until you meet with her. Providing my research is not fault, and she isn't around.'

Only one way to find out and Shado seized the opportunity to knock on the door. A long couple of minutes passed, and Shado raised a hand and knocked on the door one more time.

Still, no answer and Shado wondered if she could have been wasting some time. A third time to try and Shado planned to regroup.

The door swung open, and a very beautiful redhead woman, dressed in a purple blouse, and a pair of black pants stepped to the front door. Shado noticed the baseball bat slightly visible behind the door, and she would have to guess the woman armed herself in other ways, as well. The two locked eyes for each other.

"Shado?" Tess asked.

"Tess, how are you doing?" Shado asked. "It's been a long time."

"I heard you left home, and you didn't return," Tess said. "Well, I've been gone on a trip of my own for a very long time, as well...Russia, not a very good place to be in. Especially when they think you're a spy. He helped though, liberate those people, and bring them back home."

Shado smiled knowingly. She did not partake in the bond link traffic about as much as many other
people did, but she did know Harry had a trip to Russia. And she knew he must have liberated some prisoners there. Tess had been one of them.

"We finally are in the same place after a long time," Shado said. "And I need your help for something."

"After the last time, after you helped me, I couldn't deny you any help," Tess responded. "So, why don't you come in? I was just making a cup of coffee if you want one."

"No thank you," Shado said. "I think you'll agree when I tell you about this, time is of the essence, and we're going to have to locate this item. You recall the seven medallions."

"Seven medallions, belong to the Dragon and several of his top generals," Tess said. "I saw the Dragon found his, have any of the others been located?"

"Yes," Shado informed Tess. "Three of the other medallions have been found. The medallion of the serpent, the medallion of spider, and the White Canary Medallion. Harry's found the rightful owners as well."

Tess took a drink from the cup of coffee on the table and looked very thoughtful. Over half of the medallions located was a good sign. She feared there would be some dangerous people after the medallions. Hell, the remaining three medallions being up for grabs meant there were some very dangerous people who still could be after them. The type of people who Tess was certain had her thrown into some demented Russian prisoner safe house, to rot.

She could not prove it, but Tess had this knack of putting two and two together.

"One of them might be in Smallville," Shado said. "Do you know about the Atlantean outpost in Smallville?"

Tess forced herself to stop drinking the coffee.

"Atlantis had an outpost here in Smallville, I heard the rumors about it," Tess said. "Actually, on one my expeditions with my team, before my unintentional sabbatical, I've heard rumors of the outpost. I've gone to the general area, but it's been built over the top of. And you'll never guess who built over the top of it."

Rhetorical question, Shado figured, which mean there was no real need for her to answer. Especially given Tess would answer it anyway. The smile crossing over the face of this woman obviously pointed out this fact.

"LuthorCorp," Tess said. "One of their many facilities."

"You work for them, though, don't you?" Shado asked.

"I haven't informed them I'm not completely dead," Tess said. "Lex is running things here in Smallville because I think his father exiled him here."

"From what I've heard, Lionel Luthor is in prison," Shado informed Tess.

Tess took a long drink from the coffee now. She took a deep breath and just shook her head. "I can't say I'm surprised. Well, not surprised he committed any crimes which sent him to prison. I'm more surprised he was sloppy enough to get caught. There's just some kind of end game there."

Shado nodded.
"I can give you the few bits of information I've turned up," Tess said. "Although, I'm not sure if there's anything of value there. If the people of Atlantis were upset about the outpost, and someone building over the top of it, they would have come here a long time ago and caused havoc."

Shado agreed with Tess's assessment. She needed to do her duty for the Dragon and hunt down the medallion before it fell into the wrong hands. And there were many wrong hands for it to fall in. HIVE still was out there, and others caused problems.

Laurel enjoyed the night which happened before, both the crime fighting and the aftermath. She learned to be at peace with a lot of what happened, and now she buried the hatchet with both Sara and Olivia, without burying something else into her head. She thought about how much difference a year made, and the training Lady Shiva did. Laurel received a few bumps, a few bruises, and many broken bones, before properly learning discipline, and training herself to be the very best possible.

Harry returned back and gave her the means to contact him, just in case. Laurel did not want to abuse this power, even though it was tempted to call Harry to scratch all of those itches when she had it. Laurel reclined back on the couch and thought about what would happen today. Today was her day off, and fortunately for that because Laurel did not think she could walk straight in this place.

'Sara and Liv will come home soon, and boy, the shit is going to stir with that one,' Laurel thought. 'Moira, Thea, my father, even Merlyn...all of them will be surprised....and coming back to life after being dead, I can only imagine the paperwork.'

Laurel allowed a smile to crop over her face. Over the years, the smiles had been unfortunately few and far between, which was why Laurel enjoyed these moments of happiness when she could. She stretched out and thought today would be the day where she would just sit around in her underwear.

A light knock on the door caused Laurel to jump up. She moved over to scoop up a robe and put it on over her underwear and make her way to the door.

"Just one second," Laurel said. "Thea?"

The door opened and Thea Queen stood on the other end. Laurel and Thea had their share of ups and downs over the years. Thea had some of the anger issues which Laurel still worked out, and they were worse on the account of Thea being a moody teenager.

"We haven't talked in a long time," Thea said. "But, I really could use your help on something, if you don't mind....."

"Thea, I told you, if you ever wanted someone to talk to, I'm here," Laurel said.

"Yeah, well, I wouldn't blame you if you didn't want to talk to me again," Thea said. "I mean, I pretty much blamed you for driving my sister onto that ship, and killing her."

Laurel took a second to compose herself. She wanted to tell Thea more than anything else about Laurel being alive. One big problem and Laurel hated to be the one to admit this, it was not her job to tell Thea anything, it was not her place to tell Thea Liv was alive. Laurel drew in a deep breath.

"You were angry," Laurel said. "I was angry. I blamed my sister, I blamed my mother, I blamed your mother....I blamed a lot of people, and yes, I blamed your sister."

"You, angry?" Thea asked. "You, perfect Laurel, get angry at someone?"
Laurel just looked at Thea, and Thea shifted with pure guilt racking on her face.

"Yeah, sorry about that, no offense made about the Perfect Laurel crack," Thea said.

"Hey, if being called perfect is the worst thing you can call me, then I don't really take much offense," Laurel said. "It's better than some of the names I've been called."

"Yeah, by me, and I'm really sorry about those two," Thea said. "It's just...it's been really hard....I'm messed up...but last night....last night, I was lower than I ever thought I was. I thought about ending it all, you know, so I can see Liv again...and my father."

"You have a mother who would be devastated if something happens to you," Laurel responded sternly.

"Yeah, she's hardly around, and she's meeting with Malcolm Merlyn a lot," Thea said. "That was going on before Dad died, and now it's gotten even more. Why would they be meeting this often, if they weren't screwing each other?"

"Well, maybe there are other reasons," Laurel said.

Laurel once again thought back to the meeting with Liv, and how Liv told her that Thea was not Robert Queen's daughter, rather she was Malcolm Merlyn's. Again, not Laurel's place to tell Thea, this time, she knew for sure she had no place to tell Thea.

"Still, the point is, after last night, I felt really miserable," Thea said. "Suddenly, this flew through the window."

Thea reached into her bag and pulled out an arrow to show to Laurel. Laurel tried not to react.

"An arrow?" Laurel asked.

"A green arrow," Thea said. "Then I clicked on the news tonight, and there are rumors about a mysterious vigilante dressed in green, who shoots arrows at people. They stopped a bunch of big time drug dealers, Toad and Pyg, I think their names were. The point is, they got stopped, by this Green Arrow, as this Lazio Valentin guy, Pyg, was rambling on about."

Thea heard the news as well, about Rochelle, who had been killed when Pyg experimented on her. Thea thought about how it could have been her, on that operating table as well, being kidnapped. The last few minutes of her life would have been in absolute fear.

"The point is, there was a note, and it said I'll see you soon," Thea said. "It was handwriting, Liv's handwriting."

"Are you sure?" Laurel asked.

"Laurel, I know my sister's handwriting anywhere," Thea said. "I noticed a logo on the arrow as well, it reads ARGUS."

"ARGUS?" Laurel asked.

"I figured you might ask Barbara to look into it," Thea said. "Because, if there's anyone who can track down what ARGUS is, it's her."

"Yes," Laurel said. "Thea, I'm really worried about you."

"Don't be, your Dad could use your help though," Thea said. "I saw him the other day, he's a
"Well, he lost his daughter," Laurel said. "But, he's an adult, I can't make him do anything. And I really can't make you do anything as well. You can be much more, Thea, you don't have to throw your entire life away….just here me out, please."

Thea decided to listen for once. What happened to Rochelle the other night shocked Thea a little bit, and made her consider some of the choices I made.

"I was angry, but I learned some things, to get over my anger," Laurel said. "I can take you to my teacher, and she can offer you the same training. It won't be easy, but it you'll be a much better person for it."

Thea took a moment to consider what Laurel said. Did she want to be a better person? The answer had been a resounding yes, she really wanted to be a better person. A shattered home life, a dead father, a mother who stopped caring, and a sister who might not be as dead, it confused Thea. One of her best friends dying through some sick experiment as well made Thea really question.

"You don't have to say yes, now," Laurel said. "Just think about it."

Thea moved over and wrapped her arms around Laurel, hugging her. The poor girl shook in response, when holding her arms around Laurel, and just barely holding herself up.

"Thank you for being supportive," Thea said. "You...you only...thank you, Laurel."

Thea didn't need to say much more because Laurel understood. She woke up today and realized there was a really big problem. Laurel hoped to help Thea get her life back on track. The hope of her sister being alive did spark something in Thea, and Laurel hoped both Liv and Sara could come home soon for their sakes.

For all of their sakes.

Talia smiled when the door opened up.

"It's been a long time," Talia said.

"Yes, it has," Harry said. He crossed the room and moved towards Talia and smiled. "Sara and Nyssa are enjoying France, although they will return very soon."

Talia smiled and leaned in to respond with a kiss. The kiss resulted in sparks flying between the two of them. Harry rested a hand on Talia's back and pulled her closer in. The two of them matched each other with an intense kiss, the two of them burying their tongues against each other.

"And I'm so glad you've come by for a visit," Talia said. "Our greatest asset is coming over with a report. I'm sure she'll be excited to see her."

Ruve Darhk walked through the opened door a few seconds later. She dropped to a knee before Talia a moment later.

"Mistress, I'm glad to be of service as always," Ruve said.

Talia just smiled and motioned for Ruve to rise to a standing position. Ruve nodded and held the documents in her hands, before dropping them on the desk.

"We have a visitor," Talia said.
"Great Dragon, the honor is all mine," Ruve said.

Ruve obediently dropped to her knees before Harry, and Harry had a feeling if he ordered her to do so, Ruve gladly would do so much more from this particular position. Harry smiled and looked down at her. Talia trained the woman properly, but she had Ruve under her tender loving care for several months. The wife of Damien Darhk showed obedience to the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul.

"Please rise, and face us both," Harry said.

Ruve did a second later. She stood while Talia and Harry remained seated. They sat on a chair, with Talia sitting down upon Harry's lap, to remind Ruve of the position as one of the chosen acolytes of the Dragon. Not quite a general, but still a pretty good position to be in.

Harry wrapped an arm around Talia's waist and steadied the woman, as she remained firmly perched in this particular position.

"HIVE continues their movements towards former Atlantean outposts," Ruve said. "They believe the Merfolk Medallion is somewhere in the Midwestern United States."

"They aren't the only ones," Harry thought to Talia. 'Shado arrived a few days ago, and told me, she thought the medallion might be somewhere in Smallville. Or at least a clue to where it is.'

'Excellent,' Talia thought. 'We will have to locate it as soon as possible.'

Talia took a deep breath and smiled when moving against Harry's lap. Harry held Talia firmly on his lap, making sure she positioned herself.

"There have also been rumors about my husband being sighted by some HIVE agents, although they have been unverified," Ruve said. "I swear, I will do everything in my power to ensure I know whether or not he lives."

Damien Darhk had not been seen in a long time. ARGUS finally verified Darhk had not been among the debris hardened, although how he escaped remained a mystery to Harry.

"Speaking of family members, have you seen your daughter?" Talia asked.

"Yes, and she says her father has not been there to visit her," Ruve said.

"How is she doing?" Harry asked.

"Quite, well, she's the top of the class at her school," Ruve said. "The moment she's old enough, she'll learn of your greatness, as well."

Harry smiled and motioned for Talia to get off of his lap. Talia did and slipped onto the floor. Harry rose up and looked Ruve dead on in the eye. She could tell Harry stared into her very soul, which would detect deception, even among those who trained their bodies and their minds to not betray their actions.

"The moment your husband comes around, you are to inform me, should he make contact with you, or your daughter," Harry said. "Is that understood, Ruve?"

"Yes, great one, I understand you, perfectly," she said.

"You've done well, with HIVEs resources being cut in half, and telling us all of the trusted people to take in, once the organization has taken over," Talia said. "I believe you have earned a reward. A
taste, to encourage you to perform better behavior. You've never got kissed by a real man, only your husband?"

Ruve nodded like an obedient servant. Talia answered with a smile and pointed towards Ruve. Harry stepped towards Ruve and wrapped an arm around her.

The kiss occurred in less than a minute, and Harry pulled away. Each one of those seconds, Ruve craved, and it made her want even more. Harry pushed deep into the depths of Ruve's mouth and mapped out a path inside which sent electricity coursing through every inch.

Harry dragged her to the point of near climax, before pulling away from her. Ruve had been left at the edge and then denied the full power. Harry didn't need to penetrate her body to cause her near sexual thrill, to tease Ruve, to the point of where she screamed, choked for him.

"Please," Ruve said.

"Continue your work, and the rewards will be more advanced," Harry said.

"I agree," Talia said. "Beloved, if you will please join me in my quarters, where we will discuss certain matters. And pet, assume the position."

Ruve dropped to the ground and Talia tied her hands behind the back of her head.

"Don't move until I give the signal," Talia said.

Talia and Harry stepped into the next room to leave Ruve peering through the window where she could see everything which would go on to the other side of the room. Another constant reminder of what would happen if Ruve remained loyal. She would be continued to be rewarded.

Any lack of faith resulted in punishment, and Ruve knew what punishment from the Daughter of the Demon and her Elite Guard ended up like. Excitement and fear spread through the eyes of the woman, as she watched clothes start flying when Harry pleasured Talia's body.

Her eyes remained fixated on the actions inside when watching Harry push his way into Talia, and her screams for more. Ruve settled herself in for a long watch, unable to move, leg cramps and all. No relief at all, given she could not move her tied hands.

The submissive pet watched her mistress and her master reminded her why her loyalties should lie firmly in the camp of the Dragon.

Sara laid out on a massage table, and Nyssa laid out on another massage table. Gabrielle kneeled down and worked out the kinks in the back of Sara's neck and moved down to caress the back of the woman's legs as well. Gabrielle's lithe fingers worked their magic, in more ways than one. Sara could feel them teasing the inside of her thighs, and bringing her up close.

Fleur worked Nyssa as well and caused moans to come.

"Make us feel good, and we'll put a good word in with the Dragon," Nyssa said.

Nyssa might have thought they took advantage of the devotion both women held towards the dragon. The erotic sensations spreading through Nyssa's body made it really good. Fleur's allure poured into the massage.

"That's cheating," Gabrielle said.
"You're just jealous that my allure is stronger than your allure," Fleur said.

"Only because you're older, sister," Gabrielle said. "I bet I can get the Dragon before you do."

"I bet you can't," Fleur said. "He already has marked me and left me in a puddle of my own juices."

"Well, he would have fucked me, had he been there," Gabrielle argued.

Gabrielle poured some of the most intense feelings, trying to one up her sister, by making Sara cum through the sheerest touches.

'So, who wins this battle?' Sara asked, her body coming down.

'We do, beloved,' Nyssa thought, feeling the tingles spread through her body. Fleur's able fingers skinned Nyssa's thighs and made her feel beyond great.

Sara could think Nyssa hit the nail right on the head. The hands of the barely legal Gabrielle working Sara to pleasure caused warm feelings to spread through Sara's thighs. The feeling of those hands, working her over, made Sara want so much more.

"I bet you anything that I can get with him first," Gabrielle said.

"Anything?" Fleur asked. "Loser becomes the winner's slave for a month?"

"You're on," Gabrielle said. "I'm going to get his cock first."

"Yeah, right, you wouldn't even know what to do with it, if you had it," Fleur said.

Sara smiled in amusement but figured she should really get involved before the fireballs started flowing. "Ladies, please, I'm sure you both have a chance. Maybe one of you has slightly better of a chance."

"See, the White Canary likes me more and thinks I have more of a chance," Gabrielle said.

"In your wet dreams," Fleur said.

"No, those are when I win this bet, dressing you up as a slutty French Maid, and pounding your ass until you can't sit down."

The massage ended, and both Nyssa and Sara stepped up. Gabrielle and Fleur moved over to get the clothes of the White Canary and one of her consorts. They handed them over, and Nyssa and Sara both got dressed.

"We're going to be returning home soon," Sara said. "It's been great, but I need to meet with my parents, to let them know I'm still alive, and……"

"I can come with you, watch you over, be your bodyguard," Fleur said, bubbling over with excitement. "I've always wanted to see America, just once."

"Hey, you're not going to leave me here," Gabrielle said. "I'm coming with you."

"Both of you can come," Sara said. "And both of you will come."

Sara winked and both of the Delacour sisters just responded with a smile, and they tried to move their way into greater prominence.
'So, are you enjoying this as much as I am?' Sara asked.

'Yes, I'm sure we'll have plenty of fun with them,' Harry responded. 'Do you see any problems with bringing them back?'

'No, they're skilled fighters, they've proven themselves to be pretty good at handling themselves,' Sara thought. 'Helps they can throw fireballs at people, but there's more than that, they are pretty good at what they do. And the fact they are a pair of very hot French blondes doesn't help.'

'I do enjoy Gabrielle's French Maid outfit idea,' Harry responded.

'Trust me, you're not the only one,' Nyssa agreed.

'All three of us enjoyed that idea,' Sara thought. 'You know something, two kinky little French maids are better than one.'

'Mia informed me, in case something goes wrong, Liv will be returning home soon,' Harry thought. 'No more than a few days.'

Sara could not help and think of some kind of feeling of incoming dread. She could not put her finger on it, but it was most certainly there. She hoped everything could go well.

Lana Lang found herself pulled towards the Kawatchee Caves. She always exhibited some amount of curiosity towards them, but not as obsessive about them as Hailey, Claire, or even Chloe was, but she still found herself very curious about the caves and what was in there.

She woke up with a feeling of something, else. It almost as if some mysterious force drove Lana. She needed to take a closer look at the caves.

Lana made her way up to the caves very early in the morning. The sun had not come up just yet. Lana stepped to the top and found nothing. She held a flashlight in hand and shined it into the cave. A few seconds passed, and the flashlight went out. The battery was weakened.

"Damn it," Lana swore.

A glow came from Lana's hands and illuminated the entire cave so brightly, Lana stepped back in very obvious astonishment. She did not know this would happen, and now she found a deeper curiosity from the cave around her. Lana looked to one side and looked to the other side.

Something fired from her hand and lit up the entire cave. Lana felt different after the trip to France, and now she exhibited something.

'Am I a meteor mutant, or am I something else?' Lana thought.

Lana's eyes shifted over, and she stepped towards the cave. She slipped into the back of her mind as something else, or rather someone else took the driver's seat. Lana essentially fell asleep and allowed the mysterious force sharing her body to look around the cave.

"It has to be around here somewhere," she whispered. "He had to have hidden it in here….this is the perfect place for it. I need to bait it, for a trap."

Lana's fingers ran over the walls of the cave and sent a spark of energy from the other side. She pulled back in surprise. Lana reached into a bag and pulled out the dusty tome.

"It's been a long time," Lana said. "It's like visiting an old friend."
She flipped through the book, trying to find the right locating spells. It was hell trying to find this thing, but thankfully, a wonderful modern invention known as the Internet put the power and the book back into the witch's hands.

"Reveal yourself."

Lana held her hand out and focused on the spell. She channeled all of the energy of nature, and a strange set of numbers appeared. Lana looked at the numbers, frowning deeply. They all flashed upon the cave and lit them up.

"Runic properties have been manipulated by advanced mundane means," Lana said. "This is very fascinating."

Someone came from the cave, and Lana turned around. Someone walked into the cave and stopped. The entity combed through Lana's memories and recognized who the party was immediate.

"Hailey?" Lana asked.

"Lana?" Hailey asked. "What are you doing here?"

"I just needed a place to think," Lana said. "Chloe's cousin is coming into town, and you know how she is. I figured I would take a closer look at everything here."

Hailey blinked and noticed the numbers flashing in the air. She looked down and noticed a dusty looking tome which flashed on the ground. Hailey looked from Lana to the tome.

"You're not Lana," Hailey said.

"Clever, clever, little witch."

The witch who possessed Lana bombarded Hailey with a bolt of energy. Hailey just barely put up a shield spell to block the constant barrage of attack. Hailey dropped to her knees, weakened from the attack.

"I'm looking for the stones," Lana said. "I need them to get my revenge on her."

Hailey pushed out of the attack and almost staggered back a few feet. She collapsed down onto the ground and looked at Lana. Her body slowly had been assimilating to this new power for a number of weeks.

"The fact this vessel resembles my former body will make it easier to adapt," Lana said. "And you should kneel before me."

Hailey whipped her hand back and sent a bolt of energy towards Lana. Lana fired back and the two bolts of energy crossed in mid-air with each other. Both Lana and Hailey flew back into the air and landed down onto the ground.

She rolled over a few seconds later and tried to rise up. Lana caused a dagger to drag across Hailey's throat.

"You know more about these caves than anyone else, according to Lana," Lana said. "Tell me about them, tell me about them now."

Hailey struggled, the magical dagger proved to be inches away from cutting her throat if she was
not careful.

"Okay, don't hurt Lana, and I'll help you."

To Be Continued on July 20th, 2017.
Chapter Forty-Three: Revenge From Beyond.

Harry popped into Smallville before anyone knew he left. The business in Starling City wrapped up, Harry sat down Liv and Laurel to talk, he caught up with Talia and did a couple of other minor things. He returned to Smallville, and instantly, Harry felt something off, something strange in the air.

At first, Harry discounted it as some weird quirk of Smallville. Certain towns leaned to some very strange and very peculiar magical auras, and why would Smallville be any exception to this rule. The more Harry thought about it though, the more he realized something had been very wrong. Harry took a couple of steps into the town and appeared outside of the Potter House, and walked all the way to the Kent Farm, and nothing had been out of the ordinary, at least at first. Harry leaned back and took the magic in.

'Where could it be?'

Harry blinked a few seconds later in response and drew in a very prominent breath. He leaned in and looked towards the Kawatchee Caves which blinked in the air. Some kind of strange magic energy flowed from the cave. Harry stepped closer towards the caves and ascended up the caves. Numbers, some of which did not make any sense to Harry, flashed about the area of the cave. The numbers flashed in the cave and sent some kind of message which Harry figured, would have to be decoded.

Magical binary, Harry could not have thought of a better way to describe it. Harry stepped and heard a sound of a struggle inside of the cave. Harry stepped inside of the cave and noticed something which gave him a moment of pause.

Lana pressed a magical knife to Hailey's throat. Hailey did not give her much satisfaction of staying still for too soon, and yet, at the same time, she stood still just enough to make sure Lana did not lash out and start slashing away at Hailey's throat.

"You're going to tell me where they are," Lana said. "You're going to tell me where it is, or I'm going to spill your magical blood all over the cave."

"You're going to have to tell me exactly what you're looking for because I'm not a mind reader," Hailey gasped.

Harry positioned himself through the shadows. He noticed a spell around the cave which told the caster of anyone who stepped into the cave. Harry negated the spell and stepped deeper inside of the caves, waiting to pull Lana away. The closer Harry stepped towards Lana, the more Harry figured something had been off from her.

The aura seemed very familiar, and Harry realized the aura matched the feeling he had when in the crypt in France when he met Lana. Something possessed Lana. Not quite a Horcrux, not quite a ghost, Harry didn't know how to describe it.

"The stones of power, I need them," Lana breathed in Hailey's ear. "I know they're here, and you're going to give them to me. She has one of them, you know."

Lana pressed the knife to Hailey's neck to show the younger brunette how much business the
"Okay, don't hurt anyone...don't hurt her," Hailey said. "What do the stones look like?"

"You'll know them when you've seen them," Lana said a few seconds later.

Hailey's knees knocked together in response. Harry looked from Hailey to Lana and suddenly reacted. He blasted Lana and caused the knife to turn into a harmless feather. Lana looked up in surprise. Hailey grabbed Lana around the arm and flipped her down.

Harry noticed the difference between the two sisters in an instant. Hermione, by her own admission, pretty much was not a good practical fighter, and field work had not been her thing. Hailey, on the other hand, proved to be very adept at the time hand to hand, and spell to spell things. Harry saw a lot of raw potential in the girl, and a scary amount of power which had not been untapped.

The two of them bombarded each other with spells which clashed together in mid-air. Lana flew back and knocked Hailey back. Hailey blocked and the shield sliced to ribbons when her face had not.

"I don't know how anyone entered the cave without me knowing it."

Lana threw knives at Hailey. Hailey deflected some of them back and blasted some of them into smithereens without a moment's notice. Hailey reared back as hard as she could and sent an intense blast with the wand, destroying some of the knives in a blink of an eye.

Suddenly, Lana flashed in front of Hailey and nailed her in the back of the leg. The attack forced Hailey to drop down to a knee. Lana wrapped an arm around Hailey's neck.

A flash of light erupted, and Lana just barely was able to block the spell attack coming from Harry. Her wrist shattered from the impact of holding her hand up to block it.

"Let, Lana, go," Harry warned her.

"You...I didn't want you to be involved," Lana said. "You don't understand."

The entity using Lana's body flashed away and left Harry to scramble over to the downed Hailey. He reached over and held a hand for Hailey to take and be pulled up to a standing position. Hailey wrapped her arms around Harry's waist, to prevent from falling over.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Hailey said. "I would have been a lot worse if you hadn't shown up. Guess, I owe you big time, and...we'll worry about that later when we protect Lana from whatever is possessing her. What's possessing her, anyway?"

"That's a pretty good question," Harry said. "I think our answers have to go with a crypt in France, and Lana must have absorbed something, dormant magic, or something along those lines."

"So, an imprint of a long-dead ancestor of hers, in other words?" Hailey asked. "Lana mentioned this vessel resembled her last body, so it was easy to put two and two together. Or do you think there might be some kind of resurrection at play?"

Harry figured resurrection would be a pretty good call, to be perfectly honest. He did not know where to go next, only he knew resurrection would have been a pretty good call. Harry would have
to figure out what the hell went wrong.

The throbbing through Lana's head increased and every single nerve ending of her body lit on fire. Lana screamed when fire spread through her very being and she struggled to hold herself up to a standing position. Lana wondered what the hell happened, how the hell did she get here? Several answers, Lana suspected, and not that many questions.

The last thing Lana remembered, she had been going to head off to sleep. She took some aspirin for a killer headache, and then suddenly, boom, Lana found herself laying out in the middle of nowhere, without the slightest clue of how she got here.

Lana's mind flashed, and she recalled, for a brief moment, she had been in a cave. Then something attacked her, something from the darkness lashed out. Lana knew Hailey was there as well, or maybe Lana's troubled mind tried to piece together the most logical explanation. Lana could not even begin to figure out what the hell had gone on.

'What happened to me?'

Smallville had been known as the capital of the strange and the weird, and for a good reason. Ever since the meteor shower, many problems defying explanation hit. Lana found herself in the middle of those problems, at least once a week, and built up a tolerance for the weird.

Lana found herself face down in the middle of a field and struggled to get up. The stabbing pain shooting through Lana's wrist made it very difficult to get up from a standing position. Lana collapsed almost down to the ground and took a deep breath.

'Someone attacked me. But why, why would they....ooh this hurts like hell?'

Lana's body went through the ringer. Her head throbbed even harder the moment she held up. Lana looked at the bruise all over her right arm, and the swelling.

Something from the distance jolted Lana up, and she looked up just in time to see Claire drop down onto the ground. For some reason, Lana preferred Claire be the one to pick her up, and no one else.

"Claire, be careful!" Lana yelled. "There's someone attacking people out here in Smallville."

"Lana, it's fine, I'm here," Claire said.

Claire sensed the obvious distress coming from Lana and wanted to do anything possible to try and alleviate the distress. Claire leaned down and pulled Lana up to a standing position. Lana wrapped her arms around Claire and looked barely able to stand.

"I was in bed, and then I woke up here," Lana said. "I don't know what happened, between now and then."

Lana thought about mentioning the weird flashes about the cave and decided not to. There were more to this than meets the eye.

Claire's concern grew and rightfully so. Someone attacked Lana, and she could not remember who. Clothes ripped and left in a field, which rose some alarm bells in Claire's mind. The girl took a deep breath and scooped Lana up in her arms. Lana hung up and almost flopped down onto the ground.

"Just hang onto me, everything is going to be fine," Claire told Lana.
Lana hoped everything was going to be fine. The thoughts going through her head pointed to the fact of everything going less than fine.

"Maybe I should take you to a hospital," Claire said.

"No, please, don't, I only feel safe with you!" Lana yelled.

It had been a long time since Claire saw Lana have an episode like this. Something must have really spooked her tonight. One look in Lana's terrified eyes made Claire wonder what the hell Lana felt and why she did not tell her. Claire leaned in and wrapped Lana into a hug. Lana rested her head on Claire's upper chest, almost buried into the cleavage of her nightdress.

"I'll take you back to the farmhouse," Claire said. "Good thing, Ma, taught me about first aide, I think I can patch you up. That wrist looks pretty nasty."

Lana pulled away from Claire enough to get a look at the bruised wrist. The bone looked almost like it stuck out from the wrist. Lana tried to remember how the wrist got like that. The only thing Lana remembered was a blast of light.

"Just lean on me, and everything will be okay," Claire responded.

"Yes, everything will be fine, now that I'm with you."

The voice in the middle of Lana's psyche could not have been more thrilled. Lana may have woken up and reestablished dominance, but still, Isabel manipulated Lana deep in her mind. The Traveler would lead her to the stones.

"Just hold on, we shouldn't be there in more than a few minutes," Claire said.

"Just, get me there, and lock the door behind you," Lana said. "I don't want anything to happen."

Harry brought Hailey back to the Potter House. Hailey had a few bumps and bruises, and Harry looked her over.

"So, are you going to strip me down to my underwear and give me a thorough examination?" Hailey asked with a very cheeky grin, only to receive one of those looks from Harry. The grin faded from Hailey's face. "Yeah, I know, it's not the time or the place to ask for something like that, but you can't blame a girl for trying, can you?"

Hailey leaned back on the couch. To be perfectly honest, Hailey did not feel that hurt, just fatigued. Something laid a beating on Hailey.

"I'm more worried about Lana," Hailey said. "She wasn't herself…..have you ever dealt with someone who has been possessed before?"

"Once," Harry said. "A long time ago, it feels like another lifetime."

Hailey answered with a nod, understanding one hundred percent what Harry meant. The Dragon had many lifetimes, and Hailey suspected he lived some very interesting ones over the years. Harry finished the scan and left Hailey.

"Sit down, rest, and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll be fine."

Harry gave a glass of water to Hailey, and Hailey took it, drinking it. She waited for something to happen.
"She'll be coming for this, I think," Harry said.

He dropped the dusty tome Lana brought to the cave on the bed. The first glance told Harry everything he needed to know, some kind of old-time spell book. Dating back several centuries, not that many of the spellbooks from his world were much more in date, as Harry knew any revisions of spells had been taken them away, and not adding any new ones. The spells the Ministry of Magic deemed problematic and thus dark, were taken out of rotation in the spell book.

They wondered why no one even bothered to advance over the last few years, and why each passing generation of magic users became less able to achieve what the previous generation had, in the past. Harry found that fact neither here, nor there to be perfectly honest.

"That?" Hailey asked.

Hailey watched Harry lift the spellbook up without touching it. The smartest thing anyone could do, due to the fact the book could have many automated defenses, which could come back and bite Harry in the worst possible way. Hailey watched the energy fly off of the pages of the book.

"Yes, the spell book, some of these spells have been lost for a time," Harry said. "Lost magic, old magic, magic which she could use to achieve her goals, whatever her end game is."

"She said she wanted these stones of power," Hailey said.

"Yes, I'm not sure if she wants them for her own use, but to bait a trap for someone else," Harry said.

The medallions, the stones, likely several other problems out there, and Harry needed to figure out how to tackle them one at a time. Harry had one of those vibes, a feeling of a calm before the storm. He could not shake it off, no matter how much Harry wanted to.

"Who do you think it might be?" Hailey asked.

Harry took a moment to consider it. Good question from Hailey and Harry really wished he had some good answers to. Unfortunately, those answers did not come as often as Harry would have liked. Harry looked towards the book and flipped through the pages. Some of the text in the book vanished the second Harry came across it.

"Was it just me, or did the words on the paper disappear?" Hailey asked.

"No, it wasn't just you," Harry answered, deeply frowning when looking over the pieces of paper.

This stuck out as a red flag something was very wrong with this particular book. Harry heard something thump on the outside of the door. A knock on the door resulted in Harry making haste towards the door. A peering through the window caused Harry to relax when seeing who had been on the other side of the window.

"Hey, I'm here," Kara said.

"I'm glad you are," Harry said. "I really could use your help about now…or more than likely, to keep an eye on Hailey."

Kara looked over at Hailey who sat on the couch. The look of annoyance crossing over the young girl's face could be matched with some of the looks of annoyance Kara felt constantly over the years. Her frowning deepened and she turned to Harry.
"What happened?" Kara asked.

"I was heading up to the cave, to check something out," Hailey said. "Claire did tell you about the cave?"

"Yes, and….she did," Kara said.

Harry noticed something flickering through Kara's eyes. Something she held back, and something Harry would have to talk to her about.

"I was attacked by Lana, only it really wasn't Lana," Hailey continued. "Someone possessed her body….."

"Maybe there had been a tear in the fabric and something escaped the Phantom Zone?" Kara asked. Hailey and Harry both looked at Kara for a long moment. Kara realized they might not have been in the know and took a labored breath to try and explain everything. "The Phantom Zone is a prison dimension, where there are some of the worst criminals in the universe. Some of them have been stripped of their bodies, and they roam the Phantom Zone, to rip apart the prisons who have been sent there. They bring despair to anyone who had the misfortune of being sent there."

Harry found himself strongly reminded by Dementors. Something told Harry it was not that. Kara took a step forward and looked at the spellbook.

"Some of the symbols on here are Kryptonian," Kara said.

"Yes, I can see it," Harry said. "So, whoever created this spellbook knew different alien languages, didn't they?"

Kara eagerly responded with a nod and popped her lips apart. She looked directly at the book which flashed underneath her line of sight. Something about the book made Kara on edge, and very anxious. Just a wild hunch Kara had, she might have been wrong, to be honest. Kara did not really know.

"Don't touch it, whatever you do," Harry said.

"Right, there's some kind of defense the book," Kara said. "Do you think you can disable it?"

"Disable it, yes," Harry said. "There's not a lot of time though, we need to find Lana. She might not be aware of the danger she's in."

"If Lana's even part of this anymore," Hailey said. "If something possessed her, there's a chance that they took over Lana's body, and is now using her basically as a puppet. There's really no way out of it now."

Harry appreciated Hailey's sentiment, but he had some ideas where to go from here. He put a hand on Hailey's hand and offered it a brief squeeze, before smiling.

"I know Lana's still inside," Harry said.

'I'm just coming through, to tell you I'm here,' Sara thought. 'Well, we're here, Gabrielle, Fleur, and I. Nyssa needs to take care of a couple of things, but she'll be with us, as soon as she can.'

'Good, I'm glad you're here,' Harry thought. 'I could really use your help, something has come up. I'm not sure what's going to happen, but something has come up.'
'Hey, you know, I'm happy to help,' Sara thought. 'Vacation was getting a little boring anyway. I'm ready to stretch my legs and get ready for some action.'

The cell phone at the house rang, and Harry reached over to answer it.

"Hello?" Harry asked.

"Harry?" Claire asked.

"Yeah, it's me," Harry said. "Listen, there's something, you need to know. It's....."

"I know about it already," Claire said. "There's someone out there, something dangerous. I don't know what they did to Lana, but she was pretty beaten up. Her wrist had been broken, and she is in agony. I patched her up the best she could."

The possession likely weakened Lana, as her body had not gotten quiet used to the magic. The broken wrist part, well Harry hated to admit it was all on his own.

"Some didn't attack Lana physically," Harry said. "I'll be over there as soon as possible, to explain it to you. Just don't let Lana out of your sight, whatever you do."

"Okay, trust me, I won't let her out of my sight," Claire said.

"Hailey, stay here, make sure she doesn't come back here for the book," Harry said. "Kara, stay with her, to make sure Hailey doesn't get hurt."

"I can handle myself," Hailey protested.

"Normally, yes, with your fatigue, I'm not sure," Harry said. "She held back last time because she underestimated you....."

"If Claire's in danger....just make sure she's fine, okay?" Kara asked.

"I don't think Lana will do anything to Claire, but just in case....."

Harry summoned the Sword of Godric Gryffindor into his hand. It had been the last resort should something have gone very wrong. Harry hoped nothing would go wrong, but hopes and reality often did not align up. He wanted to see how well the sword worked for possession.

'Only one way to find out, I believe,' Harry thought.

The moment Sara and her two bodyguards dropped down, Fleur tensed up. She resembled someone who had been spooked by something.

"She can feel it in the air," Gabrielle said. "I can as well, although it's not as strong."

"I'm fine," Fleur said. "Just give me a couple of minutes to breath, that's it, just let me breathe, in and out, as much as possible."

Fleur drew in a very obvious breath and allowed another breath to come out in response. She took a moment to steady her nerves, keeping as calm as humanly possible, even though the calmness could fade in a blink of an eye. Sara reached in and cupped the top of Fleur's hand. Fleur let out a very prominent breath, allowing her chest to rise and fall.

"There's old magic here," Fleur said. "Someone is searching for something, something very
powerful."

"Harry mentioned there would be trouble," Sara said.

Fleur and Gabrielle both nodded. They found themselves glad to be at service, and also very nervous as well. Their mother threatened to punish them, and not in the fun way if anything happened to Sara. The devotion their mother held to the White Canary would be very immense, and Fleur and Gabrielle both shared it, beyond all reason, well beyond most reason anyway. Both girls allowed deep breaths to come from their bodies.

"If there's trouble, we can handle it," Fleur answered.

"Yeah, that's what we were born to do," Gabrielle said. "That's what we have to do."

Both of the girls understood what had been at stake. Both of them understood, and both would do what had to be done to stand alongside Sara.

Another figure moved in the shadows. Sara shifted the blade out and held it at the chest of the attacker. She only relaxed a little bit, when revealing the person in the shadows to be Shado.

"Reflexes have not dulled since you left for vacation," Shado commented very lightly. "I'm glad to see you still keep yourself as sharp as possible."

"I have to be sharp," Sara replied to Shado. "If I'm not, trouble is going to follow."

Shado responded by nodding in confirmation, she understood one hundred percent and had been glad. She dressed for battle, wearing a green hood, and a bow and arrow, with a full quiver. Not the same green hood her father wore, she passed that on to Sara, who in turn, gave it to Liv as a gesture of friendship. Still, the tribute had been very obvious.

"I was here on important business," Shado said.

"These are my companions, Fleur and Gabrielle," Sara said. "This is....."

"Another one of the Dragon's faithful, we know," Gabrielle said. "And a very skilled warrior by the looks of things, and an archer as well....I've practiced it...Fleur is more of a knife girl, she doesn't have the patience for the subtly of archery."

Fleur's sour look increased, at a reminder of something she failed at, which Gabi succeeded at. Still, Fleur thought her fireball precision beat her sister's.

"It does require discipline," Shado agreed. "And my name is Shado."

Everyone stood and waited for Harry to show up. They only needed to blink, when Harry popped out in front of them.

"How can we be of service?" Fleur asked.

"I need extra eyes and ears around the Farm House, in case something happens," Harry told them. "I want you to make sure things don't get too bad. There's something holding back the person in Lana's head, but I don't know if it's some good."

"She's the one, isn't she?" Sara asked. "The witch who worked alongside the White Canary? It was her tome which Lana was in, wasn't it?"

These questions sounded very rhetorical in nature. Harry turned around to the four girls, all of them
who had been ready. Harry tried to mentally work on a way to fix this problem. He had been very curious about what the witch was.

"Isabel, she won't be happy with me," Sara said. "She thinks I was the one who left her to get burned at the stake, but I had been busy dealing with the White Bumblebee's forces."

So they had been doing this for a very long time, and Shado tensed up very obviously at the mention of his name.

"He still lives," Shado said.

"Or at the very least, has been resurrected like Sara, Kara, Gwen, myself, and the other three medallion holders, whoever they are," Harry said.

Claire had Lana inside, and Harry worried just a little bit about Claire. They would have to play this one very carefully, and by the numbers.

"Hailey and Kara are guarding the book," Harry whispered. "She thinks it's still in the cave."

"Why do I think they're guarding the book, but there are a few surprises in the book," Sara said.

Harry did not confirm nor deny anything. He just looked on at Sara with a very evident smile. She appreciated this smile, somehow, it reassured her, more than most other things could, at least at this point in time.

"Let's head on," Harry said.

"Yes, I agree," Shado replied.

Lana took a moment to try and figure out what was going on. Something caused her mind to slip. Claire made sure she laid on the couch, being patched up.

"Thanks for not taking me to the hospital," Lana said. "I can't explain it, but I think going to the hospital would be a very bad thing right now, a very, very, very bad thing."

Funnily enough, Lana could not explain why heading to the hospital would be a bad thing, only it would be a bad thing. Every single event tonight frustrated Lana. She closed her eyes, trying to remember.

Claire put a hand on Lana's shoulder and leaned in.

"Just take a deep breath, relax, and try to come to terms," Claire said. "It's what my mother tells me to do."

Claire thought her mother would be returning from her trip any day now, and she missed some insanity. Martha Kent taped the number to the fridge which Claire can reach her. Another day, Claire would see her mother again, and boy things had changed.

"Relax."

Claire told Lana these words, a word she could not do herself, considering the fact the three stones were out there. She declined to tell Lana Harry would be coming over soon. No need to stress her out, deal with it when Harry arrived. Claire looked over at the clock.

"I'm going to check something," Claire said. "Call me if you need anything."
Lana relaxed, and her mind slipped into a state of sleep. The entity Margaret Isabel Thoreaux slipped into Lana's mind and took over.

'Finally, that purity act was getting very boring,' she thought. 'Oh, I don't know Claire, I don't know what happened. Some mean monster attacked me.'

The possessed girl slowly rose up from the couch and took a look around. She took in several deep breaths and the energy flowed from the fingertips of Isabel's ancestor. She took in a deep breath and took out another breath, searching for what she needed to find.

"Where is it?" she hissed. "It has to be here. She would have had to keep it here somewhere. Now where, where would she hide my stone? Where would she hide my precious stone?"

Claire showed up and saw Lana standing with her arms spread out. The room glowed around them, and Claire looked towards Lana.

"Lana?" Claire asked. "What's going on?"

"I need the stone, Clara Jor-El," Lana said. "I need it to accomplish my goals, and to gain revenge on those who burned me at the stake."

Claire knew Lana had been possessed and moved over to grab Lana. Lana discharged Claire and caused her to smash into a cabinet. Glass and wood flew everywhere, when Claire slumped against the wall, breathing in and breathing out heavily from hitting the ground.

"I'm not fooling around Clara, where is it?" Lana asked.

"Where's Lana?" Claire demanded.

"She's locked in mind, the weak, pathetic child," Lana said. She responded in a mocking manner. "Oh, my parents are dead, oh woe is my life, oh woe is me….give it up, child, she's just pathetic. And you're pathetic as well…you were the one who allowed your father to die."

Claire popped up and tried to knock Lana back over with super breath. Lana blocked the attack, with her hand and blasted a bolt of energy through the air.

The energy never reached Claire. At the last possible second, Harry manifested in front of Claire in a ball of fire. The spell connected with the fire and knocked Lana back a few seconds.

"The Dragon," Lana said.

"Isabel," Harry commented a few seconds later. "You're still after the same obsessions all these years later."

"She's back, I can feel her," Lana said. "And he still lives. I can use the stones to destroy them."

"And how many lives are you going to destroy in the process?" Harry asked. "I can help you."

Lana lashed out and attacked Harry. Harry effortlessly blocked another attack. Two more blasts of magic came with Harry repelling them instantly. Harry whipped his hand out and connected, sending a violent blast of red light directly at Lana's chest. Lana lifted up off of the ground and came crashing down with a vicious sounding impact.

"What did you do?" Claire asked.

Fleur, Gabrielle, and Sara stepped inside.
"I stunned her," Harry said. "Sara, I need your help for this part."

They were going to find out why Isabel could not be at peace.

To Be Continued on July 23rd, 2017.
Chapter Forty-Four: Stone of Power.

Harry stood over the top of Lana, and Harry needed to make sure he needed to bring her to a conscious state of mind, just enough where this would work. He stood over the top of Lana and stirred up the thoughts, the memories in the head of the woman who laid on the ground beneath him. A very labored sigh came over Lana's body when she shuddered on the ground. "What was she talking about?" Harry asked. "She told you to hand over the stone. What did she refer to?"

Claire took in a deep breath and had pretty much no choice, other than to tell Harry about this. Jor-El warned Claire not to tell anyone of this particular question, because the more people who knew about the stones, the more disastrous consequences there could be. She noticed the look in Harry's eyes. Harry did not press on asking Claire again about the question. Harry's very look prompted Claire to share the information with him. "There are three stones," Claire said. "There had been an incident this summer, where my birth father, he convinced me to collect these stones, saying humanity would suffer if I did not achieve my destiny and join these three stones together."

Fleur gasped in surprise, and Claire looked towards Fleur a moment later. The French woman's look of awe caught Claire completely off of guard. Gabrielle responded with a chuckle and waved a hand in front of Fleur's face. Fleur reached over and swatted her sister's hand away. Gabrielle adopted one of the most innocent, of innocent smiles and turned her attention back to Claire. "While my sister does her best impression of a frog trying to catch flies, rest assure, we know what we're talking about," Gabrielle said.

Gabrielle cheerfully ignored her sister's look of obvious disgust. Fleur spent the next couple of minutes recovering. Sara, who still locked hands with Harry, looked very much torn between bemusement, and also a fair amount of frustration. She wondered what Harry would do. "They were said to be a myth," Fleur said. "I guess though, in this day and age, there are more chances for myths to be true, than ever before."

"Yes, there are," Harry answered. Harry lived, walked, breathed, and was more of a myth than anyone else ever in this world. The young man's smile increased and he could see the look of bemusement just dancing through Fleur's eyes. Harry managed to skim the surface of Lana's head, trying to get inside. "So, what are you trying to do to her?" Claire asked. Sara decided to answer, as it would be very unwise to pull Harry out at this point in time. Danger existed for both Harry and Lana at this present moment.

"He's trying to link up with Lana's mind, well rather Isabel's mind," Sara remarked a moment or so later. "We're going to piece together a time line of information, as to why she's motivated to do what she did. The exact moment where she had been prevented from achieving her goals, and how she had come to that particular moment, having been burned at the stake."

Claire nodded in response. Magic, she did not understand magic, to be perfectly honest. Claire kept her feet firmly on the ground, interesting enough, given she had extraordinary powers which showed how great Claire could be, and potentially should be. She smiled when watching Harry, following the young man's progress to Lana. Lana remained flat on the ground, no hint of life coming from her. It scared Claire, to be perfectly honest, to see Lana in such a very compromised state.

"I'm trying to wake her, but also keep her under at the same time."

Claire figured this made sense to Harry.

Harry thought this only barely made sense to him. The more Harry delved deeper into the recesses of his own mind, the more he realized acquiring the stones were almost important as acquiring the medallions. Several people died for their sins, because of the stones. Harry put the hand not hooked to Sara's on the top of Lana's head.

"No!" Lana screamed.

"Are you hurting her?" Claire asked.

"I'm trying not to," Harry said. "Memories can be very painful to us all."

Claire swallowed a lump in her throat and nodded. A memory flashed into the mind of the young farm girl, about coming across her father on the floor of the barn. His heart started before Claire could react and any attempts to get it restarted failed. Jor-El coldly stated it would serve as an example of why Claire needed to do what she did.

Memories hurt, and Claire understood this more than anyone else.

"Rest assure, he's trying to make it so Lana does not get harmed any more than necessary," Shado said. "The only way to be stronger is to face our demons and conquer them head on."

Claire saw plenty of wisdom in those words, even though she did not necessarily have to like it. Lana's few screams died off and then her body shivered.

"Come on, Lana, help me," Harry murmured. "I know you're fighting this, but I really need to speak to Isabel, so I can help both of you. Trust me, I know what I'm doing here."

The human mind, very delicate, very fragile, and borderline difficult to maneuver, Harry knew all about how one wrong move could shatter a mind. He lived for sixteen years with a restriction on Harry's mind. Had it not been for Lily's charm work, the Horcrux would have shredded Harry's mind. Harry held on tight to Sara, with the two of them moving.

The medallions lit up the room and caused the other members of the room to step back. Both of them slipped into a trance.

"They've entered Isabel's mindscape," Fleur said. "Or maybe Lana's….until the strands get untangled, it's very hard to tell….we need to make sure to be there when they come out. They might….be hostile."

"Define hostile," Claire said.

Gabrielle put a hand on the other girl's shoulder. "Don't worry, Clara, we won't let any harm to come to anyone. I just hope Isabel doesn't wake up first in Lana's mind."
Both sisters had fireballs at their fingertips ready to attack, should anything happen. They crossed their fingers, but the best-laid plans of mice and men often turned around for the worse.

Thea spent the last day or two thinking about what Laurel told her. Laurel had a couple of very valid points, and like any teenager, Thea practiced having a lot of stubbornness. She stepped across the street into Starling City. Normally, Thea would be with her friends, but today, Thea put a lot of distance between herself and the crowd.

A lot of them shed tears about Rochelle and turned around to do the same things which lead to her death. Thea wondered if they even knew it could have been any of them thrown out on the operating table, at the tender mercies of Pyg, or Lazio Valentin as his real name was.

Thea took a deep breath and stepped into the gym. She thought the best way to deal with problems was to find an outlet or at least something punch. She came into the gym and saw a woman dressed in tight black pants and a sports bra. A jacket hung from a chair and the woman pounded away at a bag. Thea appreciated the view of the woman dressed in tight black pants.

The woman turned around and Thea realized she came face to face with Laurel.

"Hey, Laurel, I didn't....."

"Thea, fancy meeting you here," Laurel said. "I come here every morning before work, and an hour after work as well. After filing all of the paperwork I have to file, I think you can agree I would have to come here and punch something."

Laurel didn't tell Thea about the other way she let out aggression. Dressing as the Black Canary, and taking out low-level gangs, the rush felt good. Laurel didn't have too many challenges, unfortunately, no real masters, but it kept her very busy.

"Yeah, I can see why you would want to do that," Thea said.

Thea's lips curled into a very prominent smile when looking across at Laurel. A couple of seconds passed with two of the girls looking at each other. Laurel reached in and grabbed Thea by the hand.

"I see you're here, and I want to know if you're up for a little spar?" Laurel asked. "Liv told me you were taking self-defense classes, on top of your archery lessons."

"Well, I....well I dropped those about a year ago," Thea said. "I thought they were getting in the way of my leisure time."

One shared look between both women showed Thea Laurel knew exactly what leisure time meant for Thea. To Laurel's credit, she did not lecture Thea, and for this point, Thea found herself extremely grateful. The older woman looked at the sixteen-year-old girl in front of her.

"You know, I'm sure you must have learned something that stuck with you," Laurel said. "They say fighting is like riding a bike. You never forget."

Thea did recall some of the lessons. She thought a good old knee where it counted would work a lot when some boy got fresh with her. She didn't have much time for the little boys, she needed a real man, someone who could take her in hand, and give Thea what she needed.

"Maybe, I don't," Thea said. "But, you're amazing, you look like you could really kick my ass. You could own my ass if you wanted to."
The younger Queen sister flushed when she realized the implications. To be honest, she might have had a little crush on Laurel, and Sara as well. Both of the Lance sisters were beautiful, and some of Thea's early masturbation fantasies starred one or both of the sisters teaching her how to be a woman.

"You don't know until we try," Laurel said. "Let's hit the mats, and you can try and get the better of me."

Thea had a feeling she would be dominated and not in a good way. She slipped her jacket off, revealing a sports bra and a pair of pants. She wasn't as toned as Laurel, but not bad all things considered.

"Ready?"

Laurel waited for Thea to attack first. Thea sent a left hook punch which Laurel blocked, grabbing Thea by the arm and flipping her to the ground. Thea landed with a huge thud and kicked herself back off to the ground. She came eye to eye with Laurel, who stood across from her, looking on with a knowing smile.

"Not bad for the first attempt," Laurel said.

"Really?" Thea asked.

"Okay, there's room for improvement."

Thea attacked Laurel one more time. She had been tangled up in a sweeping takedown. Laurel pushed her forearm down onto the back of her head.

"Fun fact," Laurel said. "There are about five different ways you can kill a person from this position, and eight which you can disable them."

"How the hell do you know that?" Thea asked.

"I have a pretty good teacher," Laurel said. "Ready to go again?"

Thea bit down on her lip and nodded. Oh yes, you better believe she was ready to go again. She looked Laurel dead on in the eye and rushed towards her. Laurel blocked Thea's incoming punch and turned it around on her. Thea flipped out of Laurel's grasp.

She did not land as gingerly as thought. Laurel grabbed Thea by the legs and swept her down onto the ground. She straddled Thea's hips when pinning the younger girl on the ground. Thea looked flustered, a little more of this position, and Laurel looked like she would be scissoring Thea. Thea's heart beat even faster with Laurel pushing her up against the ground.

"This is not, what I had in a mind," Thea said.

"But, you're learning a lot."

"Yes, I'm learning how out of shape I am," Thea said. "Which has something to do with my recreational activities, doesn't it?"

"You're not the worst I've seen," Laurel said.

Day after day, Laurel saw many messed up kids, and it affected her. One of the reasons why she adopted the Black Canary persona, to help clean up the street. Seeing Thea as frustrated as she had been, really did strike a cord.
"I can help you," Laurel said. "And maybe, she can help you. She pulled me out of a dark place, but be warned, she's ruthless."

Laurel still winced at the first lesson against the fabled Lady Shiva. Shiva threw her into the deep end straight away, where there were sharks, for Laurel to either sink or swim. She managed to learn even more from Shiva.

"I need someone to teach me," Thea said. "I need something else to focus on."

"I can do help you," Laurel said. "I can get you a job, working as an assistant for me. It doesn't pay much, but….it will keep you out of trouble."

"Yes, of course," Thea said.

Thea suddenly realizes she had been pinned underneath Laurel for this entire conversation. Her nipples also hardened, and she wondered whether or not Laurel knew this. Almost on cue, Laurel reached over and accidentally on purpose slipped a hand on the underside of the teenager's firm breast. Laurel pulled up and allowed Thea to pull herself up, rather shaky.

Laurel moved over to the bench and bent over in front of Thea's line of sight to get a drink of water.

"You just need to replace one addiction with another," Laurel said. "Training can be very liberating and can get you a high like no drug in this city can. And you won't end up dead or worse."

Nodding, Thea looked at Laurel. She could tell that Laurel had some pretty good points, and to be honest, Thea found herself agreeing on a lot with these points. The last few days had been a real wakeup call for Thea, and she hoped to do something.

"Yes, although there are a few aches and pains," Thea said.

"They can inspire you," Laurel responded.

She looked at Thea with a bright smile, considering a few other things. She had a very wicked idea of how to replace one of Thea's addictions, with something else, far more addicting, but far less lethal. It would take some maneuvering to get ready, and she would need to slow work Thea up.

'My sister isn't the only one who can recruit for her master,' Laurel thought, surprising herself on how she referred to Harry.

Must have been some kind of side effect from the medallion, at least that's what Laurel believed to be perfectly honest. She could have been very wrong though.

Harry and Sara took the first anxious steps into Isobel's very troubled memories. The two of them stepped into the midst of her memories. They moved to a church, where the witch walked side by side, with three guards, who looked like they belonged in the employ of HIVE. Sara and Harry locked hands and followed the progress of the witch.

A very severe looking woman with brown hair stepped into the picture and followed the progress of the woman who had been grabbed. She moved closer towards the stake. Bands strapped to the wrist of a woman when they marched her forward.

"You betrayed me," she whispered.

The woman, the Countess, by the looks of things, only responded with a cold look directed towards
the witch. The witch responded with a fiery look, try as she might to set the other woman ablaze with her very thoughts. It had been very difficult to do so.

"You're the one who betrayed us, by committing the sin of witchcraft," the Countess said. "You have caused them to disappear, these stones were sent as a gift, and instead, you corrupted them. Where are they?"

Isobel responded with a very nasty smile directed to someone she trusted, obviously.

"The White Canary will come and save me, she won't let me down," the woman whispered.

"The White Canary does not consider herself with a lowly witch like yourself," the Countess said. "All will be forgiven in the hands of the Lord if you tell us which stone."

"Which lord are you referring to?" the woman asked. "For all of your religious double talk, there is only one lord you follow. You are nothing, but a high profile drone, imprisoned by him. Your mind has been poisoned by the White Bumblebee. I can even see it, within your lying eyes."

The guards moved over and tied Isobel to the stake. She never once moved, instead of keeping the small defiance up.

"Child, you must recant."

Sara and Harry looked over and saw the very familiar face of the same Deacon who resided on the AMAZO. He stood in the distance, looking at them. A smile crossed his face.

"The Dragon has merely been the creation of Lucifer himself," Deacon Blackfire said. "All who follow him and his harlots will be cast into the eternal pits of damnation."

"Oh, one of us will burn," Isobel said. "You, Countess, will burn. The White Bumblebee will burn, and you, Deacon Joseph Blackfire, you will burn."

Joseph Blackfire, how and why, Harry really wanted to know the answer to this question. The more he watched this scene play out, the more unsettling questions Harry had. Sara looked exactly unsettled as all.

"I have been protected by a force far greater than your lowly comprehension," Blackfire said a few seconds later. "The Dragon will not save you in time."

Blackfire cut his hand and dripped the blood on the head of Isobel. She screamed it in agonizing pain, and the Deacon just smiled.

"She is beyond redemption," Blackfire said. "You see how she recoils because of the power of my blood. You can see how it's done, how she burns. And now she will burn."

"This is your last chance."

Isobel started muttering underneath her breath. Sara and Harry watched the woman and Sara looked at Harry, with a raised eyebrow. Harry muttered something underneath his breath, obviously translating the words she had been speaking as quickly as possible.

"She said she would return, and she would not rest until she murdered the Countess, Blackfire, and the White Bumblebee for what they did," Harry said. "She's cursed them with eternal resurrection, living the same life over and over again, until the time where she could finally be at peace."
The fire appeared at the bottom of the stake. A true witch or wizard could escape this brutal fate through the usage of a Flame Freezing charm. The magic suppression cuffs on Isobel prevented her from doing so. Isobel's screaming echoed when the flames rose up and consumed her flesh, burning it.

"YOU ALL WILL SUFFER IF IT TAKES ME A THOUSAND LIFETIMES!" Isobel shrieked before the flames consumed her.

A glow of light appeared and for a few seconds, Blackfire looked over to Sara and Harry, with a knowing smile. It could not be, this was merely a memory, a very vivid one, but a memory. Harry and Sara felt the intense heat going through when Isobel's remains reduced to charred ash.

Sara and Harry landed on the floor, dripping in sweat. Lana's eyes opened up and a very intense discharge of magical energy flowed through her body.

"GET BEHIND SOMETHING!" Harry yelled.

Harry raised his hands and shielded the energy. He prevented Lana from blowing up the Kent House, along with everything inside. The discharge of magical energy hit Harry completely on and burned all of the flesh off of his bones.

Agony beyond all belief spread through Harry's body, when Lana burned a large hole in the carpet and faded into a cloud of dust.

"Harry!" Sara yelled.

Watching Harry burn down to the bone before her very eyes, well it freaked Sara back. Harry had been reduced to essentially a living skeleton, with several ruptured organs.

The magic of the amulet fixed the bones, repaired the organs, and grew the skin back. Harry took a step back, and Fleur and Gabrielle quickly moved over. They used their allure to help super-charge the medallion, and bring Harry back to a standing position.

"Did Lana…just…explode?" Claire asked.

Claire didn't think she could take that much more of this. Harry reached over and cupped Claire's hand, in an attempt to bring levity to the poor girl.

"She's not dead," Harry said. "Trust me, she's not dead."

Harry would have known whether or not Lana was dead.

"Why aren't you dead?" Claire asked.

"I'm on good terms with Death," Harry answered, and without another word, he walked out.

Sara tried to bring herself to argue Harry shouldn't really go out there, to search for Lana, Isobel, whoever, after having all of the flesh burned off of his body, and then having it re-healed. She figured it would have been a losing battle for her, unfortunately.

"Best I can figure," Fleur said. "The memory you forced Isobel to relieve was very extreme and caused her to have a dangerous reaction."

Given how the memory ended with Isobel burning at the stake, Sara guessed Fleur might be on to something. She remembered each instance of the memory, with a painstaking degree. A hideous
part, other than watching the woman burn to death, was Blackfire.

What the hell was that man if he could interact with them in a memory?

Liv took a few seconds to just bask in a job well done. Gwen and Rose sat around the table and waited for Waller to come in and greet them. Mia stepped into the room first.

"So, are you going to meet your sister?" Liv asked.

"Oh, yeah, Harry talked to you about that," Mia said. "Yeah, I better. She's all grown up from the last time I saw her, she kissed Harry."

"Don't you want to?" Liv asked.

"No."

Mia's reaction had been so vehement and firm, Liv knew better than to pick this hill to die on.

"Objectively speaking, he's attractive, but I can't feel any sexual arousal," Mia said. "Maybe there's something wrong with me."

"No," Gwen said. "Just some people...I don't know."

Gwen was about ready to say that maybe some people couldn't feel any love, but that was tactless. She only heard bits and pieces of Mia's live, mostly from Rose, who brought it up, while swearing Gwen to secrecy. The poor girl had been very messed up, for obvious reasons.

"I bet Liv would if she gets a chance, "Gwen teased.

"Maybe, maybe not," Liv said.

Liv really didn't know, she mostly slept with women, to be honest. Harry did seem to be the exception to many rules, for many women. Liv tried not to worry about her sex life, at least not right now. Maybe later, when she got her head on straight, and more importantly reunited with her sister, her mother, and her friends, more properly.

The door opened up, and Rose, Gwen, Liv, and Mia turned to Waller.

"The mission didn't go as perfect as I planned, but we've shut down a very profitable channel of drug distribution which funded terrorists," Waller told the girls a moment or so later. "And, Ms. Queen..."

"Yes," Liv said.

"You're free to go," Waller said.

"Are you serious?" Liv asked. "I can go for real."

"You've paid your debt," Waller said. "I would like to offer you a full job as an agent of ARGUS, with all of the benefits, and not just paying off the debts. But that could wait until later if you wish to go home."

Liv had been on the fence about going on, but Thea snapped Liv back into reality. Some of Thea's habits reminded Liv of the dangerous road she went down as a teenager. Olivia Queen needed to return, be a better person, and be a better influence for her sister.
Sara mentioned she wanted to talk to Liv about something before she returned home, and the two of them could go and face the music together. Liv's first trip would be to Smallville, and it had been a long time since she had been there. Beautiful place, a simpler time, well other than the meteor mutants there and the Luthors, but you couldn't be that perfect.

Then it would be back to Starling City.

"All of you are free to go," Waller said. "I just hope you don't stay in trouble."

When Waller was out of earshot, Gwen leaned towards Mia.

"So, do you think Harry has something on her?" Gwen asked.

"I don't know," Mia said. "But...I guess all of us are going to leave."

Mia had been on a ship for the past twelve years, and in ARGUS for slightly around a year or so. To be honest, freedom terrified Mia, but she had to face the past eventually. And one of the things Mia had to face, was her sister and mother.

Liv moved over to take care of the few belongings which ended up in ARGUS custody. She turned around and saw Holly and Nym make their way around the corner.

"So, I heard the good news," Nym said. "Waller's finally letting you off your chain."

"Yeah, I'm surprised as you are," Liv said. "So, how did your mission go?"

"We defeated the bad guys, kicked some ass," Holly said. "How about we have a drink? You know to celebrate us kicking ass all around, and you get let out. Even though I won't miss babysitting you."

"Hey, I did find out that last mission all without you," Liv responded.

Holly just gave one of those very knowing smiles, as if she humored the poor girl. Liv dropped her hands onto her hips and locked Holly and Nym straight in the eye.

"You've come a long way," Nym said. "I guess this worked out for you in the end. Hell, ARGUS does a pretty good job of smoothing out the edges in a lot of us."

Nym gave Holly one of those obvious side long looks. Holly just responded by folding her arms and gave Nym the very obvious side long look. She turned back to Liv.

"So, what do you say?" Holly asked. "You can't argue about just having one drink."

"Just one drink," Liv said. "And then I have to head back home."

What could go wrong after just one drink? Liv didn't really think of anything very wrong. She just looked forward to returning properly back into Starling City. There had been some problems, with Pyg and Toad off the street, things had gotten a lot better. Thankfully, at least she was certain, there would be a potential power vacuum opening for them. The few seconds passed, and Liv slung her bag over her shoulder.

"I'm buying," Holly said. "And you can pay me back if we ever show up in Starling City."

"Why do I have a feeling I'll live to regret agreeing to that deal?" Liv asked.
Isobel escaped the hideous memories which taunted her throughout all time. The woman took a deep breath and allowed it to come out of her body. She needed to turn things around, make them right because something was wrong. Isobel focused on the connection with the spellbook, to bring it back to life.

'I've found it.'

The witch’s lips curled into a smile and she looked at the house right across the street from the Kent Farm Residence. Oh, and to think, it was right in front of her nose this entire time. Isobel grinned in response and made her way through the entrance.

The lights turned off, and Isobel closed her eyes. The book lit up on the table, and Isobel stepped over towards the book. Her excitement reached a fever pitch the close she approached the book. Anxiety hit the woman, and she bubbled with enjoyment. Soon, rather than later, Isobel would put her fingertips on this book, and have it in her hand. She was so close, Isobel could feel it, she could taste it, and she would have it, right about now.

"Come to me."

Isobel touched the book and the second she put hands on it, a discharge of energy fired the witch back. She crashed down onto the ground, having the wind taken out of her. Isobel rolled over and took a deep breath when looking over at the book.

A flare of light appeared, and almost blinded the witch. Isobel blasted the figure in the shadows. The figure moved around and caught Isobel, clipping her up against the jaw with the spell attack. The assault dropped Isobel down to one knee.

"Remember me?" Hailey asked.

"Yes, unfortunately," Isobel said. "Stay still so I can put you down….

A blur of light came from behind and tackled Isobel from behind. She flipped onto the ground and landed. Two glowing knives appeared in her hand and shot forward. Kara caught the knives before they collected and crushed them into dust.

"You want to try that again?" Kara asked.

A flash of light, and once again Isobel stepped back. She noticed the Dragon approaching her, with a glow coming from the medallion.

"This might sting a little bit."

Harry moved behind Lana, pulling up the shirt, and finding the runic symbol on her back. It looked to be the symbol of possession, with Harry pushing his fingers into the small of her back.

A bright light erupted, and Lana's body divided into two versions. One of them contained Lana, who blacked out. Kara caught her before she hit the ground. The other body contained Isobel.

The medallion stopped glowing, and Harry leaned in, to grab Isobel's shoulders.

"Just relax," Harry said. "I'm here….you need to understand what happened, come to terms with your memories."

Isobel shuddered in response, slowly submerging into these memories. Their minds merged together, and Isobel recalled the moment. The White Canary, the Dragon, and the rest of them did
not abandon her, they had been busy fighting the White Bumblebee and his forces. Anger spread through the witch's mind and body.

"He will die," she breathed.

"In time," Harry said.

"They will all suffer," Isobel said.

She had been given physical form, born in a body magically copied cell by cell from the vessel she had, but it was her own. Isobel's shock increased, as she wondered what would happen next.

"You need some rest."

A sleeping spell hit, and the witch passed out. Claire turned up, and she looked at Lana, who had been placed on the couch.

"I'll explain it to you later," Harry said.

"Fair enough."

\[ To \ Be \ Continued \ on \ July \ 27 \ th, \ 2017. \]
Chapter Forty-Five: Interdimensional Connections.

Harry stood on the outside, leaning against the fence of the Kent Residence. Both Isobel and Lana slept in the room after Harry divided him. He ran scans and both of their bodies had been whole, complete, whatever you want to say. As for Harry, he stood in the tree and enjoyed the warm air coming through Smallville. The smell, the feeling of the air just really made Harry feel really good, beyond good in fact.

He heard someone pop up behind, and he turned around. Claire and Kara made their way out of the Kent Residence.

"I called my mother, and she's on her way home now," Claire said. "She's interested in meeting you, both of you in fact."

"I'll be happy to talk to her," Harry said. "I actually wanted to talk to her about a couple of things."

Claire wondered what Harry wanted to talk to her mother about. She looked over and could hear the very familiar sound of her mother's car motor. She would have been here within the next two or three minutes, or so. Claire turned to Kara.

"She won't be upset if I'm here," Kara said. "I swear, I don't have anything to do with anything Jor-El has been doing. I had been sent here separately, by my mother, to try and keep an eye on things. Unfortunately, we got separated along the way."

Claire saw the despondent look in Kara's voice and the tone of her voice. She leaned in and put a gentle hand on Kara's shoulder. Both girls came eye to eye with each other in height.

"I've turned out okay," Claire said.

"Jor-El won't be very pleased with the fact I'm here though," Kara said. "Your father and mine, they both had their share of disagreements in the past."

"Good," Claire said.

An older, but still very nice looking, car pulled up. The car skidded to the stop and Harry followed the progress of an attractive redhead woman who stepped out of the side door of the car. She carried a bag, which Claire moved over to quickly help the woman hold up the bags.

"Ma, how was your trip?" Claire asked.

"Not as exciting as I would think," Martha said. "So, what happened with you? Everything went okay when you were left alone in Smallville?"

Claire looked her mother in the eye for a long moment. She gave a searching look, which all mothers learned and perfected. "Well, no more trouble than I usually get into."

The frown appearing on Martha's face caused Claire to respond with a very nervous smile. She turned her attention to the taller blonde, who hovered in the background.

"This is Kara, my cousin, she's....well she was detained for a very long time," Claire said.
Kara moved closer towards Martha and moved over to shake the woman's hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Kent, I'm glad you and your husband took Clara in. I only wish I had been able to thank your husband in person."

Seconds passed, and Martha did not know what to do. Dealing with Claire's relatives, they had been an unfortunately mixed bag in the past. This girl, well Martha trusted her instincts, for this time. She looked to be on the level. She looked at the girl and sensed no deception. Martha lived in Smallville long enough to understand when someone was being deceptive and someone was not.

"I just did what any decent person would have done to a poor child who lost their home," Martha said.

"Unfortunately, people like you are hard to come by," Harry said. "But, I'm glad to finally meet you. My name is Harry Potter."

Martha's eyes locked straight onto Harry's and for a second, she thought she experienced deja-vu. The name "Harry" made Martha react for a few seconds, and she recovered quickly. It had to be a coincidence, and Martha just brushed it to the side.

"I'm the one who found Kara, and reunited her with her cousin," Harry responded.

Martha finally snapped out, realizing how impolite she would have seen. "Sorry, it's just that, Potter was the married name of a cousin of mine, Lily Evans, but she hasn't used that name for a long time. Even though her twin daughters still use the name."

"Amanda and Emily Potter," Harry said. "More than a few people told me my eyes are just like there's."

"It's because they are exactly like theirs, and their's as well, Lily's, I mean, my cousin," Martha said. "I would like you to meet her, but, it's hard to get ahold of her when she's out on assignment. I do have the contact information of her twin daughters if you really want to talk to them."

"I would," Harry said.

Martha turned around, and lead Kara, Claire, and Harry into the Kent Farm House. She turned on the lights. Claire looked at Harry, with a slightly grateful smile. Harry repaired the minimal damage Lana caused to the carpet and the walls, well technically Isobel called, but Claire decided not to beat her head around that particular amount of frustration.

"I can make some sandwiches, and get something to drink….."

Martha looked on in surprise, already the sandwiches and juice had been fixed, along with some crackers off to the plate on the side. Harry just smiled.

"Sit down," Harry invited her, patting down on the chair. "You should sit down because you've had a long trip."

He acted just like Lily as well, refusing to allow Martha to do anything, always having the work done. Martha had a few theories regarding Harry, but naturally, she did not want to be the person who would want to spark some unwarranted speculation. Until Martha had all of the facts, and nothing other than those facts, she implored herself to keep a silent tongue.

"Thank you," Martha said. "So, how did you come to Smallville?"
"I've taken a very long journey," Harry said. "Would you believe I'm not from around here?"

"Given some of what I've seen in Smallville, and elsewhere, yes, I believe it," Martha said. "When your daughter….."

"When your daughter falls out of the sky, you're prepared for mostly anything," Harry replied. He looked across the table just in time to see Martha's smile. "Yes, I know about…well, I know about a lot. And what I don't know about, I'll learn about sooner rather than later."

Martha took a drink, come to think of it, she felt good. Things had been very hectic. Claire finally received a stable influence to her heritage, and Martha smiled because of this fact. Perhaps things were turning around for the better of them.

"So, if you want to talk to the twins….."

"If they want to talk to me, I'll spend the time talking to them," Harry said.

'Any problems?' Harry asked Sara through the bond link a couple of moments later.

'Both of them are still asleep,' Sara thought. 'I'll let you know the moment there are any problems.'

Martha copied down the contact information of Amanda and Emily Potter on the paper. Harry had a hunch of how he could get to talk to both of those girls. If he was wrong, well Harry guessed he would be wrong. Harry very much doubted any wrongness in this fact.

"Thanks, I appreciate it," Harry said.

'So, what do you think?' Sara asked Harry.

'I'll talk to them, see if I can find out anything,' Harry thought. 'I found Martha's reaction when she learned my name to be quite curious, to be honest. We'll find out whether or not I'm right or not, soon enough.'

Harry guessed there would be some very interesting meetings coming up soon. His mind processed about a dozen different thoughts at once, at the bare minimum and at rest. Harry needed to do so, the mental processing needed to manage what he did to manage, extreme.

Emily Potter thought she and her twin sister Amanda worked out a pretty good deal. Amanda handled the creative end of the operations at Horizon, and Emily planned the public relations, working with the press and dealing with that particular end. Amanda, by her own admission, did not really mix well with others. Emily helped run the company by dealing with the press and holding their press conferences. Amanda's zeal pointed more towards the creative end of things, not that Emily was any slouch in this particular department. She just allowed Mandy to do what she did.

"So, how is it coming along?"

The key difference between the two twins would be Emily was taller and had shorter hair. Amanda boasted of a slightly larger chest though, not either twin had any embarrassment in that particular department. The two twins exchanged a pair of smiles with each other, nervously.

"It's coming along about as far as you can expect," Amanda replied, smiling in response. "There will be enough energy to power a small town if we can get the solar arrays in line. Unfortunately, we're looking at a few snags, and the less the government knows about this project, the better."
Emily responded with a nod. She leaned towards more of a diplomatic dealing with the government than Amanda. Still, Emily knew good technology could be weaponized for some really bad purposes if they were not careful. The dangers of creating this technology became very obvious to both of the girls and they needed to exercise great responsibility, with the great power they had been given.

"Yes, I agree," Emily said. "I trust you and your team will have a demonstration ready for our investors."

"It's ahead of schedule for once," Amanda said. "We have both a prototype and a simulation to get ready. Hopefully, we can roll out a better model by the next of this year, or the beginning of the next year. At least, that's my plan to do so."

Both twins nodded, they wanted Horizon to be more than a communications corporation. They wanted to fix the problems of the world one at a time. They prepared for the fallout of this project, and how controversial it would be. The clean energy project came down.

"And how about our partnership with the Central City branch of STAR Labs?" Amanda asked.

"I'm very confident we can get something done on that front," Emily replied. "I believe Wells and his Particle Accelerator project will be the wave of the future. I'm confident at the very least. There are some concerns, about safety, but I'm pretty sure we can work together."

"Wells doesn't really go in for partnerships that much though, at least I've heard," Amanda said.

"Well, we're going to make our sale's pitch to him, and hope for the best."

"Ms. Potter, Ms. Potter?"

A woman stepped out of the office. Attractive, dressed in a nice button up blouse, skirt, and stockings, along with high heels, the brunette wore a pair of glasses which came down on the bridge of her nose.

"Yes, Lindsey," Amanda said.

"A Harry Potter is on the phone, and he wants to speak with both of you," Lindsey said. "Should I tell him you're in a meeting?"

Amanda thought about it for a couple of minutes. They must have gotten a prank call every other week, about someone claiming to be one of their relatives.

"Harry?" Emily asked. "Wasn't that....."

"Shh," Amanda whispered. "I'll talk to him......"

"Maybe, I should be the one to talk to him," Emily said. "I'm the one who always fields these calls."

"Yes, but you're also more gullible than I am," Amanda said. "I'm able to smell bullshit from a mile away, and I'll figure out of this guy is the real deal or just another pretender who is blowing smoke out of his ass, because it's the fashionable thing to do."

Amanda knew what the name Harry Potter meant, especially to their mother, and why old wounds should not need to be dug up. The woman took the phone from her assistant.
"Hello, this is Amanda Potter, how many I be of service?" Amanda asked in one of the most professional tones she had ever spoken in.

"My name is Harry Potter," Harry replied.

"Yes, so our personal assistant said," Amanda said in a very calm voice. "So, do you think you're our long lost brother or something, back from the dead?"

"No, I'm actually from an alternate dimension."

That revelation caused Amanda's mouth to snap shut. She had to admit, points for originality, she never heard that one, and it was actually more believable than a lot of the bullshit she heard from people trying to use the Potter name to get in close. Amanda drew in a very deep breath and kept as calm as possible.

"So, you're from an alternate dimension," Amanda said. "Not surprising, to be honest. There are infinite universes out of there, so you could be from an alternate dimension."

"I've met Lana, Claire, and Martha, and they told me my eyes look exactly like your mothers, and yours," Harry said. "I'm sending you an image of myself right now."

Amanda looked behind her and noticed a three-dimensional holographic image of a young man with vivid green eyes, the same vivid green eyes which had been a trademark of the Evans family bloodline. Amanda's mouth hung open, in very obvious shock. She could not bring herself to understand what had been going on now, only just gawking at the young man.

"If you don't mind, the spell is hard to project," Harry said, speaking through the holographic image.

"No fucking way, that's advanced magic," Amanda said. "Emmy, you got to take a look at this."

Emily stepped into the office and came across the young man in the office. She looked across the room, into some kind of twisted mirror. Those green eyes resembled the ones that Emily, Amanda, and Lily all had. Emily's fingers clutched the side of her waist.

"He looks real," Emily breathed.

Amanda held the phone steadily, very careful not to drop it. The young woman's heart beat continued when clutching the phone directly to her shoulder, once again, trying not to drop it on the ground. It became harder, and harder not to let the phone fall to the ground.

"Does the Dragon mean anything to you?"

Amanda and Emily looked at Harry from the other side.

"We're taking the first plane out to...where are you.....?" Emily asked.

"Smallville," Harry said.

"Yes, we'll be out there, soon," Amanda said. She turned to the personal assistant, who stood politely outside the office. "Lindsey, reschedule all of our meetings for next week. We're going to head out to Smallville, and we'll be out there tomorrow."

"And I'm sure our mother would want to meet you," Emily said. "But, she's currently on assignment...don't really know what it is, but she'll be back as soon as possible."
"Good, I'll be happy to meet you."

The holographic image reached out and touched both of the twins on the shoulder. They could feel a very powerful magic jolt, despite being halfway across the country, on the West Coast. It almost was like Harry stood there in the office, talking to him.

Then he was gone.

"Well, our lives have gotten a lot more interesting," Amanda said. "Call me crazy, but I believe he's our dead brother, from another universe."

Lana shook herself awake a few seconds later. She looked over and saw the mirror image of herself sleeping on the couch. Lana realized someone moved her over to a cot when she passed out. Every single moment after the minute she met Harry in France, it all became a very obvious blur.

"I think we need to have a decision."

A blonde woman broke Lana out of her thoughts. She frowned, the woman looked very familiar, and Lana tried to figure out where she remembered the woman from. These thoughts crept deep into the back of Lana's mind, penetrating the surface of her mind.

"You were...I saw a picture of you when I was in France."

"My name is…Sara Lance," Sara said.

"Wait, you were the girl who went down on the Queen's Gambit a couple of years ago, along with Olivia Queen?" Lana asked. "I thought they said you were dead."

"Well, I got better," Sara said. "It's a long story, just like this entire mess. Harry separated you from your ancestor and duplicated your body, so he could give her one of her own."

"He cloned me?" Lana asked.

"In essence, yes," Sara said. "It wasn't done through science, it had been done through magic. I know it's a whole lot to take in, so if you needed some time to process it, I wouldn't really blame you. There's a lot which has been happening around here which is strange."

"No," Lana replied. She cleared her throat and looked back towards Sara. The fact she spoke to a dead girl failed to rank even among the top ten strangest things which happened to Lana in her entire life. "No, I'm just...it's just, there's been so much that's happened to me, I can't even begin to figure out what the hell to think. At this point, I'm not surprised by anything."

Sara smiled and nodded. She waited for her former discipline to wake up. Hopefully, it would be a less violent reaction than the last time Isobel woke up from her slumber. The Countess, the Deacon, and the White Bumblebee, three figures who had been very prominent in those memories. Well, she only saw the Countess and the Deacon, the White Bumblebee faded, little more than just a flickering reference.

"What the hell happened?" Isobel asked.

The question proved to be more on the rhetorical end of things when Isobel rose from her slumber. Thoughts of what happened returned. She didn't feel bloodthirsty, but she did feel a sense of unrest. Some very dangerous people would need to suffer.
"I hate them all, and I'm glad you didn't abandon me to them," Isobel responded.

"Your methods have been very extreme at times," Sara said. "I wouldn't abandon you to them, though."

Isobel responded with a very obvious nod. She felt sore all over and not in a good way either.

"I suppose I'm once again in the debt of the Dragon for him saving me," she said. "I would have died when the revenge had been completed, being sent on, and I would have corrupted the life of my ancestor."

"You possessed my body," Lana said.

"Yes, I did, and I can't apologize, because it was due to the nature of a mistake I made about six hundred, seven hundred years ago," Isobel said. "I don't think we would do the same things today if we can go back in time. And much time has passed."

Lana and Sara both nodded. A knock on the door brought their attention back up.

"Must be Chloe," Lana said. "She'll be pissed she missed a chance to put her life recklessly endanger."

Isobel answered with a smile, from what she gathered from Lana's memories regarding Chloe, this particular statement had been a very accurate assessment of Chloe Sullivan. They opened the door and revealed a perky blonde, and also a very attractive brunette woman, dressed in a black tank top and blue jeans.

"This is my cousin, Lois," Chloe said. "Lois, this is one of my friends, Lana."

"It's nice to meet you," Lana said. "Chloe has told me so much about you."

"I should be scared, shouldn't I?" Lois asked. "I mean, what has Chloe been telling you about me?"

"This is Sara, another friend of mine from out of town…well the girlfriend of Lana's cousin, Harry, really," Chloe said. "And this is…"

Chloe stopped and looked from one Lana to the next Lana. The perky blonde looked very dumbstruck at the fact. She had not surprised two Lanas to be here and wondered if there had been some kind of Kryptonite induced madness here. Chloe followed the progress around the room.

"My name is Isobel, I'm Lana's cousin, from France," she said.

"The two of you look like you could be twins," Lois said.

Chloe turned and looked towards Sara.

"Later," Sara mouthed softly.

She had a sinking suspicion there would be some kind of fascinating story regarding this. Chloe already could see some kind of very obvious headache inducing explanation about what the hell just happened to come. She could not prove it, but she was sure it was coming.

Liv found herself having a drink with two of the friends she made. Holly and Nym smiled and leaned back.
"Waller wanted to hire you full time?" Nym asked. "You must have really made an impression on her."

"Yes, I must have," Liv answered, shrugging her shoulders. "And to think, most of the time, the impression I make on people isn't exactly the best of impressions."

"We all have our faults," Holly said.

Holly downed another one of her drinks. Good stuff here, to be perfectly honest. After the mission she had, Holly needed a drink or two or six. Always had been the case with working with ARGUS. Good missions, bad missions, and just plain weird missions, as far as Holly could be concerned. She understood this entire situation, and what to do. She tipped back another drink. Nym directed one of the more obvious side long looks at Holly.

"I really hope I don't have to pull you off of someone later when you attack them."

The drink dropped to the table and Holly looked at Nym. "No, I'm fine. I'll be fine, trust me. But seriously, Liv, I think we had to you figured all wrong. You might not have been the best agent, or even in the top ten of the best agents out there, but you know something, you did alright. Better than alright, you did a fantastic job, and that's something all of us can drink to. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes, I would," Nym replied a half of a second later, barely keeping the obvious smile from crossing her face.

She tipped back in the chair and took a quick swig of the substance inside of the glass. Liv just smiled and turned around. She noticed several rough gentlemen entering the bar. One of them spoke to the other men and he spoke in Russia.

"Trouble," Holly said.

Nym threw her hands up into the air, almost as if to say of course there would be trouble. Liv looked a bit tense, there would be a part of her who wanted to say this entire mess, it wasn't her problem. Another more prominent part of Liv skewed more to the reckless end of things. She looked towards the man across the way, who dropped a base down on the table. Two men, wearing scars about as prominently as their three piece suits responded with a grunt. They spoke very low, in Russia, at least what Liv assumed would be Russia.

"What are they saying?" Liv asked a moment or so later.

Nym shrugged. Russian was not one of the languages she managed to pick up. One look on Holly's face indicated she knew precisely what they were saying. They spoke very low, and Holly mentally translated what these Russians said in her mind.

"So?" Nym asked a few seconds later. "What are they saying?"

"They're looking for her, for the Black Widow," Holly said. "They think she killed their boss."

Holly pondered the statement, while also holding up her side arm. Did the Black Widow kill their boss? Likely, Natasha mentioned she killed a lot of people over the years. She tilted back an inch or two against the chair and allowed the breath to pass through her body.

"We better follow them," Holly said. "Liv, you don't have to, you're off of the clock. You should get home as soon as you can…if you want Nym to take you….."
"And leave you here alone to get in trouble?" Nym asked. "What kind of fool do you take me for?"

Holly did not have any time to argue. She already stepped out of the door, very carefully following the Russians at a very careful distance behind them. Liv and Nym locked eye to eye with each other, neither of them wanting to be the one to bring up the obvious fact.

"One more time," Liv said. "One more time, and I'll head home."

"Are you sure about this?" Nym asked. "You know, you might be catching the bug. You want to be out there on the field more. Waller knew this would happen I think. You really should go home."

"We don't want to leave Holly out there alone, do we?"

The armor piercing question caused Nym's body to slacken and the woman to respond with a nod. The last thing she wanted would be to leave Holly out in the wild without any protection. She would be the type of person who would get in a lot of trouble.

"So, one more round?" Nym asked.

"Yes, one more time," Liv said. "This is it."

Nym wished to have a conversation. She could see Holly moving outside near the truck and getting ready to hop on the back of it when it drove off. Nym held her hand out.

"I can either transport you to Smallville where Sara is, or we can follow Holly on the truck," Nym said. "It's the last chance to make up your mind."

"Let's do this."

Liv's firm grip showed Nym everything she needed to know. She made a very clear choice what to happen.

'Sorry, Thea.'

Harry moved up, preparing for a meeting with Amanda and Emily Potter. Given what Lana and Chloe told him about the twins, Harry pretty much knew there would be a very interesting meeting with the two of them. Harry did not know whether or not it would be interesting in a good way, or a bad way.

He stepped into the room and saw Kara sitting on the couch. She dressed in a pair of tight shorts and a white tank top to match. Kara held the medallion in her hand and looked up towards Harry.

"Hi, I guess it's just you and me, and this big house right now," Kara said.

"Yes," Harry said.

Harry sat down on the couch, and instantly, Kara scooted closer towards him. She leaned in and rested her head on Harry's shoulder. Something about this feeling, the way her shoulder rested on his, and the way his arm wrapped around her waist, it just felt behind right. Kara inched a little bit closer towards Harry, feeling the warmth of Harry's hand cup the flesh on her lower back.

"It's just the two of us now," Harry said to Kara.

"I know," Kara answered, with a slight grin and she moved closer towards Harry. "So, I've been thinking about what Daphne told me when she stopped by for a visit. I want to head to the temple
and see them."

"It's up to you," Harry said.

"I close my eyes sometimes, and I dream about them," Kara said. She folded her arms over and leaned closer towards Harry. "I remember the fun we had to together, and the fun all of us had with you."

Kara slid even further to Harry and looked him straight in the eye.

"But, I'm also afraid, a little bit," Kara said. "I'm afraid slipping this medallion on will make me lose sense of the life I had, with my cousin, back on Krypton. I did have some good memories there."

Maybe not at the end when the planet met its final demise, but Kara had her fair share of good memories back on Krypton. Her heart beat a little bit faster when she sunk into Harry. Harry wrapped an arm around Kara and pulled her over.

"Sara put it on and she got her past memories, but also she didn't lose the sense of her past life," Harry replied. "Trust me, you can have the best of both worlds."

Kara looked Harry straight in those eyes. Those eyes burned with passion and drew Kara in. Kara dangled the chain between her fingers. The power beckoned Kara forward and made her really want it. Kara lightly touched the medallion to the tip of her lip and slowly slipped it around her neck. The chain dropped down onto her shoulders for a second.

A flash of light flashed over Kara's eye. Several of those memories flooded over, the time where she was the Queen of the Serpent Tribe. She still held onto those happy memories of the time on Krypton ever. Her heart fluttered and moved closer towards Harry.

Kara leaned in and pressed her lips over Harry's with a very passionate and very hungry kiss. The two of them indulged in their own passions with each other, with Harry pushing his hand on the small of Kara's back. Kara opened her mouth wide and received the full court assault of Harry's magnificent tongue sticking into the back of her throat.

About time, more than overdue, both of them kissed with so much passion and so much electricity, Kara had been blown away. Harry tipped Kara over onto the couch and kissed the side of her face.

"Mmm," Kara said.

Her legs wrapped around Harry and playfully tried to run him around. Harry stopped Kara.

"Patience," Harry said.

"You know something, I've been patient for about a thousand years," Kara said. "I want you so badly, I can just rip your clothes off now."

Kara tugged at Harry's clothes, and Harry took her hands before putting them behind Kara's head. The two of them kissed even more, with Harry pressing his clothed body against hers. The feeling of Kara's core radiating heat, those nipples sticking out from the underside of her shirt. Those warm breasts pressed against Harry's chest the second Harry drove his tongue down into Kara's mouth.

"Mmm," Kara mewled hungrily.

Harry pulled away from Kara and left a saliva trail between their lips. He kissed her several more
Two round breasts appeared in front of Harry's line of sight. Kara's nipples looked very perky and alert, and Harry slowly made his way down Kara's neck, kissing. He planted each of those kisses down the collarbone, catching one of Kara's nipples in between his lips very a very light touch.

"Mmm," Kara breathed hungrily when feeling Harry kiss all the way down and cup her breasts.

Harry cupped Kara's breasts and sucked on the blonde's juicy nipples while feeling her body all the way down. The Sorcerer moved down, kissing Kara's belly button which caused shudders. Harry worked the shorts off and pulled them down. Kara decided not to wear any panties underneath her shorts. Her hips lifted off the bed and Harry slapped Kara on the ass which caused her to moan in pleasure.

"You knew this was going to happen."

Harry decided to neglect Kara's pussy for a moment, which prompted whines coming from the beautiful blonde. The nibbling of Kara's flesh drove the beautiful woman wild. Slowly, Harry cupped the edge of Kara's trim, firm stomach, licking her belly button, and then moved down. He cupped her thighs and squeezed them, and moved down to nibble on the succulent flesh.

"Harry!" Kara cried.

The oral assaults continued down Kara's smooth leg. Harry brought his lips all the way down her leg, worshipping it like the divine object. Harry finished kissing down her right leg and grabbed Kara's foot. He kissed the bottom of her feet, and sucked on Kara's toes, causing her pleasure.

Normally, kissing someone's feet and sucking their toes could be considered an act of submission, but Harry turned it into an act of domination. Kara's body burned with passion. Harry moved from her right leg to her left.

Lightly, Harry started at the foot and reversed course, kissing all the way up Kara's leg. He made sure the top of his head brushed between Kara's opened thighs when she registered her appreciation. He leaned in and slipped a finger inside of Kara's pussy, lightly jamming it between her.

Kara reached up and tried to grab her nipples. Harry stopped her from grabbing herself, and Kara leaned back in submission, allowing Harry to finger her pussy. A second finger joined the first with bringing Kara to a thrill ride. Her hips bucked up very fast to engulf Harry's fingers.

"You feel so wet, so warm," Harry said. "I want to taste you."

"Please, taste me," Kara begged.

Harry pulled those fingers out of Kara's dripping pussy and brought his lips to her nether lips. A slow and subtle suckling made Harry taste the arousal trickling on the outside. Harry edged himself into her, making sure to slowly work himself into the delicious core on the inside.

Lifting her legs, Kara made sure Harry had full access to her pussy, being eaten out. Kara's mind flooded with so much pleasure. The Kryptonian knew any pleasure would be allowed by Harry's tongue. The fully clothed man brushed his tongue against Kara's dripping center and went down between her legs. Kara pushed herself up to feel the intrusion of Harry's very talented tongue.

The orgasm slowly worked up in Kara. Harry could feel the power coming from the gorgeous
blonde rising her hips up underneath Harry and falling down on the bed. Harry's hands grabbed Kara firmly and buried himself face first into her pussy. Kara bucked up and a powerful orgasm spread through her body.

"Rao," Kara breathed.

The pleasure spiking through Kara's body increased. Harry sped up his motions, the more her orgasm worked through her body. It brought Kara through an amazing thrill ride which she never hoped stop. Given the stamina, Kara boasted of thanks to her abilities, the only thing which would stop this fun is if an emergency came up.

Harry finished eating Kara out and bringing the sensual blonde to one of the most mind shattering orgasms everyone received in their life. Harry leaned over, face coated with Kara's juices and he kissed her.

Kara returned the heated kiss, tasting herself on Harry's mouth. The juices swapped between the two lovers. Harry sent delicious sparks through Kara's body. His hands cupped Kara's flesh and made her squirm underneath him.

"Remove my clothes, slowly," Harry ordered her. "Or you're going to wait a very long time for your next orgasm."

A nod showed Kara's understanding. She slipped Harry's tie off and kissed the handsome young man. The man of her dreams responded by lighting raking Kara's skin with his fingers. She moved through the buttons and pulled them off. Harry's sculpted chest pressed against Kara's amazing breasts.

The soft feeling of these perfect breasts pressed against his chest prompted Harry to cup them in his hands, squeeze them very nicely. Kara moaned and appreciated the attentions brought to her breasts. She reached down and ran her fingers down Harry's shirt. The pants would come off next.

Kara grabbed Harry's crotch through the other side of Harry's pants. She squeezed the bulge and felt it grow into her hand.

"I need that," Kara said.

"Slow, savor the moment."

Kara came down onto her hands and knees when Harry hovered on the crotch. That pulsing erection beckoned Kara, and she could do nothing other than stare at it through the other side of Harry's pants. Kara savored it and smacked her lips together, hunger spreading through her body.

The blonde put her hands down on Harry's boxer shorts and pulled him down, revealing one throbbing hard piece of manhood. Kara's lips moistened the second she laid eyes on the juiciest cock she could ever imagine. She hovered up on the bed and leaned down.

"I can't wait to have that slide inside me," Kara said.

"Maybe you should suck it first, get it nice and wet, so it slides in easier."

Twelve throbbing inches stuck up in the air and Kara leaned closer. Those warm lips wrapped around Harry's throbbing cock and took her tongue down at the base. Kara licked up to reach the tip of Harry's head, swirling her tongue around him. She passed up and down Harry several times.

Then, Kara popped Harry's head between her lips and sucked sensually on the head. Harry grabbed
Kara by the back of her head and guided his manhood deep. Kara's throat opened up and took
Harry's cock without any problems. The feeling of being deep-throated by this hovering goddess
made Harry reinforce his will.

The slurping sounds increased, with Kara drawing more of Harry's manhood deeper into the back
of her throat. She slid down on the pole and took more of Harry into her waiting throat. Kara's hand
clutched Harry's balls and gave them a very firm squeeze, holding them and releasing them.

"Kara," Harry groaned.

Kara looked up, those eyes fixed firmly on Harry when she kept sucking away at him. Harry
pushed more of his rod deep inside of Kara's waiting mouth, feeling really good the further she
went down onto his manhood. Kara sucked him like a pro and made Harry's balls tingle.

"Not yet," Harry ordered.

With great regrets, Kara flew away. Harry reached over and cupped Kara's pussy, feeling the
arousal. She lazily reclined back in the air, her legs spread.

"I need you."

Harry's body pressed against Kara's, straddling her in mid air. His hard cock brushed against the
flat stomach of the tempting blonde. Kara lifted her hips up to the certain point, about ready to
drive Harry inside of her. Kara's nails pushed into the small of Harry's back, trying to tempt him to
go inside of her.

"You're going to have me," Harry informed Kara.

Kara's legs spread for Harry. The Kryptonian wanted Harry and the full experience more than life
itself. The manhood brushed down onto her body. Kara could feel him close to her center. The heat
pumped off of his pussy, making him feel real good.

"Fuck," Kara said.

"Yes, now."

The two joined each other, Harry's cock slipping inside of Kara's wet, moist, welcoming hole. She
could not help, but scream in delight the second Harry brought his hips down into her body.

The two joined together, and Kara experienced the full thrill of Harry entering her. Only half of
Harry's length parted Kara's walls. Harry held onto Kara and pumped into her. The two of them
hovered in mid-air, almost bumping into each other. Harry's hands felt up every inch of Kara's
skin.

The warm feeling made Harry rise almost all the way up, and push deep into Kara's clenching
womanhood. He rose up, touching the tip to Kara's scorching slit and then pushing deep inside of
her. She held onto Harry's bicep and encouraged him by squeezing it. Harry slapped his balls down
onto Kara's thighs and continued his rise and descent deep inside her body.

The feeling of Harry slipping between her thighs gave Kara strength. She pushed her thighs around
Harry and pumped his throbbing hard rod between her thighs. Each time Harry rose up, he teased
her, before sliding back inside Kara. Every pump brought a little bit more of Harry's length deep
inside of Kara's loins, stretching them out.

"Harry," Kara begged him.
"Don't worry, you'll cum soon."

Anticipation spread between Kara's thighs. Harry pushed himself in between her. The warm heat caressed the inner core and made Kara rise up, feeling Harry's hard length pumping deeper inside of her. He leaned in and grabbed Kara's nipples and squeezed them, which caused her to moan.

Kara came hard and wrapped her thighs around Harry. Those warm walls retracting around him through every pump made Harry push himself deeper inside of Kara's body. She rose up higher and went down even faster. Harry plowed Kara's insides, pushing his manhood into her.

The first orgasm followed by a second one, and intensity only increased with Harry's continued motions. He moved up to touch Kara's legs and really get her motor running. Harry leaned in and nibbled down on her neck, and went down to stimulate her breasts.

Every single motion brought Kara into a fit of passion. Harry tempted Kara with more thrusts and more powerful, deep thrusts. Kara's thighs closed around Harry and brought his manhood further in between her thighs. Harry almost pulled out and then plunged back into her. Harry rolled his hips all the way down, bringing himself further down into Kara's center.

"Mmm," Kara breathed hungrily.

Harry's fingers touched the tips of Kara's nipples and then sucked on them some more. Every thrust of Kara's power hips connecting with Harry's only made Harry want to fuck her even deeper, and fast. And Harry did thrust his manhood deep inside of her body, sliding deeper inside of her body. Kara's warm loins connected with Harry's throbbing hard cock, stretching out.

"I think I can make you cum again," Harry said. "The only question is how many times."

The heat pumping from Kara's loins caused Harry to seek her center. He pushed deep inside and sought the dripping, molten center. The juices slickened Kara and made Harry go into her. The two of them connected with each other, with Harry holding Kara's hips and descending her down to the ground.

"FUCK!" Kara screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, indeed," Harry told her.

Kara hit the ground and Harry pulled her up into the air. Their bodies molded together, with Harry holding onto Kara, and pushing deep inside of her. He rode Kara to an orgasm and then slid out of her.

The super powerful woman switched positions, her arms spread out in mid-air like she was flying off. Harry gripped onto Kara's waist and entered her from this position. Harry felt the tension rising, Kara's delicious tightness hugged Harry from behind. The deeper pushes spread Kara's thighs out, the further Harry pushed deeper inside of Kara.

The Kryptonian survivor felt stretched beyond all capacity the further Harry stuck his throbbing hard cock inside of her molten hot center. Harry pulled his way out of her and entered her. Each thrust brought deep inside of Kara, pulling almost all the way out and going back inside of her body. The feeling of these thick balls smacking against Kara made her excited.

"I love how your tight pussy feels," Harry said. "It's been too long."

Kara only could not in agreement. Her body reached a higher state of passion the further Harry buried himself deep inside of her. Kara clutched onto the wall, to feel Harry push into her. The
orgasms counted off in Kara's very being. Harry drove his hard cock into Kara's warm and wet center.

"Yes, too long," Kara breathed. "I need this, badly. I need to cum, badly. Give me your cock, baby."

Harry made Kara cum as hard as possible. Every push inside of her made the great feelings spreading around Harry's cock increase. He buried his thick rod inside of her and slapped Kara's juicy ass. She squealed when Harry shoved his thick pole into Kara's tightening hole.

Again and again, Kara came around Harry. Harry's manhood spike das deep inside of Kara as possible. The young man rocked his way against Kara and pumped deep inside of her.

"Cum one more time," Harry said. "Your body, you don't think anyone can make you feel as good as I can, can you?"

"Yes," Kara whimpered.

Harry touched the underside of Kara's breasts and caused pleasure to explode through her loins. Several rapid fire thrusts caused their skin to connect. Kara heated up and practically melted in lustful reactions. Harry was her weakness, and he hit all of those buttons.

Another orgasm and Harry passed deeper inside of Kara's body. He worked himself up to the end. The deeper Harry shoved his rod into her, the more Kara reacted. Harry hit all of the buttons, working Kara's body like one huge g-spot. He stroked Kara's clit when slamming into her, sending sparks of energy.

Kara rocked in mid-air, the deeper Harry went, the more feelings of pleasure Kara received. He hung on and buried himself constantly, in a repeated tempo inside of Kara's loins. She felt so good and knew Harry felt so good, the speed he shoved into her.

The feeling of Kara's squeezing loins made Harry go even faster inside of her. He pumped as deep into Kara as Harry could muster at this current tempo. His hands roamed freely and drove Kara to another fit of pleasure. Harry rode out her pleasure to his own.

Both lovers saw white when Harry's balls discharged and painted the inside of walls white. Harry shoved as far inside of Kara as possible and continued to spill into her body.

Kara fluttered down onto the couch, with Harry emptying his balls into her with the last couple of thrusts. He rode her to their mutual finish.

Harry pulled out, and Kara rolled on top of Harry, pushing against his chest. Her hand wrapped firmly around the base of Harry's cock and jerked it up to full mast before getting ready for the next round.

They had a house and an afternoon to themselves.

To Be Continued on August 3rd, 2017.
Kara snuggled against the chest of Harry. A smile permanently spread across her face after the night which was. Kara did not think the smile would have left anytime soon. Harry held onto her tight. One hand firmly planted on her lower back. The other pushed against the back of Kara's hair. Kara took in a deep breath and enjoyed the aftermath of their little sexual romp.

She considered getting up. The consideration only faded after a couple of minutes. Kara did not want to get up. No matter what excuse someone gave her she did not want to move from this very comfortable position. Kara wanted this exact moment to last as long as possible. She could not think of anything better to be perfectly honest. She entered a moment of great content.

Harry lightly brushed through her hair. Kara finally shifted after a moment. She could see Harry wake up. Harry smiled at her. Kara returned the smile.

"Morning, beautiful," Harry said.

Kara smiled and turned herself towards Harry. She was not certainly getting up. Kara just wanted to adjust her position. Blue eyes shined as she leaned in.

"Morning," Kara said. "I can't believe we were apart for this long. We're back together. Finally. It just feels right. I don't even know what to say."

"Don't say anything," Harry said. "Just enjoy the moment. Last night was amazing. You shouldn't over think things."

Kara smiled. Words failed to describe what she felt. All of the good things in the world fell flat of the encounter she had with Kara. She had been delirious with enjoyment after last night. She pressed herself against Harry. She turned ever so slightly. Gripping his shoulder, Kara pinned him down onto the bed. Their lips inched very close together.

"I have you where I want you."

"Mmm, maybe," Harry said.

Kara giggled. He seemed pretty confident he could break out of her grip. He very well could have broken free from her grip. Kara wanted to milk every single last moment she had. She leaned closer to Harry and their lips teased going near each other. Kara pulled back.

Until Harry reached up behind the back of her head to gently guide their lips together. Electricity sparked between the two lovers when they kissed each other. The mild distraction on Harry's part resulted in Harry turning her over onto the bed. The Kryptonian underneath Harry shifted herself up.

"Who has who where they want them?"

Harry touched the back of Kara's neck. The two moved closer together. Harry teased Kara with a couple of kisses on the side of her mouth. Kara's body reacted to him. She wanted even more. Harry knew Kara craved even more. He toyed with every emotion like it was his business. Her savior pushed Kara onto the head.
"You're so naughty," Harry said.

Kara snorted. "Yeah, look who's talking?"

"Perversion runs wild in both of us."

The two of them stopped. A figure stepped on the outside of the door. Sara came into the door. She viewed the two of them for a moment. An eyebrow raised when she looked from both Harry to Kara. She noticed the medallion dangling from Kara's neck. It was hard not to see when it glinted in the distance.

"Don't stop on my account," Sara said. "Welcome home, Kara."

Kara pushed her way out from underneath Harry. She moved over to another fellow General. Sara's beauty shined through. It was really good to be home. Home and damn it felt so good.

"I'm glad to be back," Kara said. "I'm glad you made it back. And you're as beautiful as ever."

Harry watched two wives move closer to each other. Sara reached towards Kara and touched the back of her hair. Kara's hair flipped into the grip of Sara. Sara moved a little bit closer. The fact Kara wore not a stitch of clothing on her made this naughty. Sara dressed in a bathrobe.

"Flattery like that is going to get you into trouble," Sara said. "Harry has very good taste. And the women around him have ever better taste."

Kara snorted. The two of them moved even closer together. Their lips lingered close to each other. Kara pulled away from Sara to look outside the window and left her hanging. Sara frowned when looking back at Kara. Kara threw her head down onto the ground and laughed. The laughter ceased when Sara tried to take Kara down with a swift move. At least until Kara turned the tables on her and put her down onto the ground.

"Never try and pull a fast one on a Kryptonian," Kara said.

Harry cleared his throat. "That's enough, ladies."

Both of the women pulled apart from each other. Kara fluttered her eyelashes at Harry and bit down on her lip at an apologetic manner. Sara threw her head back and sighed. She turned and another party stepped through the doorways. Gwen stopped and noticed the looks both Sara and Kara were given each other.

"Dare I ask what's going on here?" Gwen asked.

"Sara's just salty that I'm Har's favorite," Kara said. "Isn't she, Harry?"

"I'm just going to sit back and let this one play out," Harry said.

'A wise and sane man,' Rose said. 'Boy, you are a rarity out there.'

Sara dropped her hands to her hips. "Harry found me first. Therefore, I think I have a fast track to being his favorite."

"Yes, but I was there with Harry through most of the major battles," Kara said. "We bonded together first."

"Only because I was knocked out, and that's a past timeline," Sara said. "I fail to see what's relevant to this one."
Gwen locked eyes with Harry. She almost broke out into a fit of laughter at the two girls staring each other down. It was uncertain whether the two of them were going to fight each other or fuck each other's brains out. Gwen pretty much put even odds on both to be perfectly honest.

"I don't think either of you is going to win this battle," Gwen said. "But, by all means, keep trying to figure out where you stand in the pecking order if it makes you feel better."

"I trust the two of you will be able to hash out your difficulties like mature women," Harry said.

"Of course," Sara said. "I guess we got carried away. Didn't we, Kara."

"Yes," Kara said. "Does it matter who is the favorite? If there is a favorite? As long as we're united under our purpose."

Both bond-mates smiled when they looked back to Harry. Sara decided to guide Kara's attention to her. She really might have jumped to the wrong conclusion. They joined together in a very wet and hungry kiss. Kara demanded entry to Sara's mouth. Sara had been surprised by Kara sweeping her off of her feet.

Gwen and Harry watched when the two moved onto the floor. Kara pinned Sara down and forced her tongue into the mouth of the blonde. Sara grabbed onto Kara's jaw and tried to exert some kind of control over her. The two kissed for several minutes.

"I'm beginning to think I don't understand women," Gwen said.

"Shouldn't you?" Harry asked.

"Because I was born one?" Gwen asked. "Nah. It just conflicts with my mind. Or maybe the medallion is making them rather off. I don't really know. I would like to think magic is still science which there's no sane explanation for."

Harry jumped down that rabbit hole before trying to explain magic in a way which a logically minded person would comprehend. He stepped down that path and had no real desire to go.

"I'm heading off to meet my sisters," Harry said.

"I'll come with," Gwen said.

"We'll stay here," Kara said. "Sara and I have a lot of catching up to do now that we've been both bound with our medallions. And I think our lovely White Canary knows what she still owes me from our past life."

Gwen did not know what the two of them were going on about. Sara shifted herself a half of an inch to the side and placed a hand on the top of Kara's shoulder. Sara brushed a hair off of Kara's bare shoulder and smiled at her. "If you think you can handle me."

"I've done it before," Kara said. "I'll do it again."

Harry moved over to get dressed. No matter how many times Harry wanted to sit around and have sex all day, it was just not possible. He looked to Gwen. Gwen brought out her breath in a sigh when she watched Harry get dressed. She was almost disappointed at the look at her.

"Are you sure about leaving these two alone?" Gwen asked.

"Don't worry," Harry said. "They'll be fine."
Gwen took Harry's word for it. The couple walked to the door to leave Kara and Sara alone to hash out some old business. Two blondes ready to indulge each other being left behind almost made Harry feel disappointment he had to go.

A meeting with his two beautiful twin sisters waited. Business before pleasure proved to be the order of the day. Harry mixed both a bit too much for his own good.

One large Russian gentlemen stepped forward. He smelled of taboo and booze, with a scar down on the side of his neck. The scar made him speak in a raspy voice. His black hair hung down over his forehead. The first few hints of gray popped into the air. He clutched his gloved hand together and breathed. Two more Russians stepped inside. One of them was short, with a crooked nose who looked like he had it broken one too many times. He shaved his hair mostly off except for just a tiny bit.

The second Russian was very tall and lanky looking. He dressed in white with a black goatee and his hair cut in a Mohawk. His face looked beaten from the constant ravishes of aging.

"Where is the Widow?" one of them grunted.

"I don't know," he said. "We better find her soon."

The leader of the Russian gang looked at his two companions. Three more gentlemen lingered in the background. One of them held a gun in his hand. A second favored a knife. The other held a third kind of sharp blade. The leader of the gang viewed his two subordinates.

"You better find her," the leader of the gang whispered. "You better find her, or she will find you. None of you want that to happen, do you?"

"Da," the Russian said in response.

The Russians all looked around very nervous. They heard what happened to Kovar's men after the Black Widow showed up. They heard whispers about another feared individual. The Dragon visited Kovar. No one knew what happened to the man afterward.

"We get this stock and we get it out of here. I don't want any room for error. Do you hear me?"

One of the Russians leaned over and noticed a pretty little butterfly floating in the air. The Russian enjoyed the beauty of the butterfly moving around his line of sight. The butterfly flew high and away from him. The tough thought about capturing the butterfly and adding it to his collection.

The thought left his mind the very second someone smacked him down across the back of the head.

"You better key your eye on the ball," his fellow gang member said in a very raspy voice. "Don't worry about trinket. Worry about business. Understand?"

The man nodded when the specimen disappeared into the distance. It was so beautiful and so fragile much like life itself. The gentlemen made their way into the back of the truck. Everything secured. Everything was ready. They needed to stay one step away from the Black Widow.

Holly and Liv peaked down from over the ledge of the Rooftop. Liv thought she could get the shot. Holly held a hand to stop her.

"We need to see where they're going," Holly said. "They're moving a lot of stock. Kovar's stock.
"Why?"

Liv did not expect to have an answer to the question. The look on Holly's face pointed out she did not expect an answer to happen. Holly kept her eyes on the butterfly who hovered around the truck. She turned around to Liv.

"Do you think you can tag the van without them seeing you?"

The young archer decided to take the shot. She pulled back the bow and fired an arrow. The arrow connected to the back of the van. The men already stepped into either the car or to the front of the armored van. The arrow vibrated and released its contents into the metal of the van.

"Good shot," Holly said. "We've got it."

Holly did not have to necessarily follow the butterfly to get to the van. They hauled something very big.

Amanda Potter flipped through the papers on her desk. She went through an entire fifty page stack of documents for the third time. Her sister watched it. Emily thought about putting a stop to what Amanda did. That kind of behavior could not be healthy.

The fourth time she flipped through the papers, Emily's annoyance with her sister's behavior hit a fever pitch. She smacked the sheet of papers out of Amanda's hand. The papers spiraled to the floor. The result from the impact caused Amanda to jump up in the air.

"You might be nervous," Emily said. "There's no reason to annoy me because of how nervous you are though."

Amanda flipped her arms underneath her chest and scowled at her sister. "I'm not being nervous. Okay fine, I'm a little bit nervous. You really can't blame me though."

Emily did not blame Amanda for being a little bit anxious. The twins looked at each other. Soon they would meet the alternative dimensional counterpart of the brother they never really got to know. Both twins looked at each other.

"So, he's going to be here soon," Amanda said in an attempt to make light conversation.

She put the pieces of paper back into the folder and drew in a deep breath to sigh. They were still mostly organized at the very least. Amanda knew better than to flip the folder of papers around when Emily sat next to her.

"Yes," Emily agreed. "He should be here pretty soon. Actually, if I had to miss my guest he should be arriving right about now."

The door opened to reveal an attractive brunette who made her way into the room. She surveyed both Potter twins with a sunny smile. The twins returned.

"Ms. Potter, Ms. Potter, he's here."

Amanda bounced up almost knocking over the desk. Emily reigned in the desk before it flipped over to the ground. Amanda moved over almost running over their personal assistant when she made her way out of the door. Said personal assistant had the reflexes and the experiences to jump out of the way.
"Thank you, Lindsey," Emily said. "And we're really sorry about that. You know how Mandy can get when she gets overly excited."

Emily moved to join her sister. They encountered their brother for the very first time. He stood next to a beautiful blonde woman. Her face shined in the light, with soft features, a cute little nose, and nice moist looking lips. A black headband snapped to the top of her head. She was clad in a white blouse and a pair of tight black pants which fit against her body very nicely.

"It's nice to see you two in the flesh," Harry said.

"It's really nice to see you as well."

Emily moved in closer to Harry. The two of them clasped hands with each other and shook. The two pulled away from each other. Amanda threw her arms around Harry and pulled him into a hug. Harry looked very amused by the actions of his alternate dimension sister.

With the look on Gwen's face, Harry was not amused. Emily looked at Harry with a very light shrug, a look of grimacing on her face. Amanda pulled away from Harry.

"I'm sorry," Amanda said. "I regret nothing. It's just...well, it's just been a very long time. And I don't even know where to begin."

"Do you have somewhere where we can sit?" Harry asked.

Amanda and Emily both nodded. They lead Harry to one of the bigger conference rooms. A large circular table with many chairs came around the table. The walls had various certifications, awards both the twins had gotten personally and as part of their business. A water cooler hovered in the background. The windows overlooked the entire city. The people down on the ground resembled tiny specks of dust just hovering about the ground.

"What happened to me?"

Amanda stood up straight and took a deep breath.

"We never really knew what kind of man you would be," Amanda said. "I would have liked to think you would have been a great man. Just like our father was. He stood up to him and he paid dearly for it."

A cup of coffee appeared in front of Amanda's line of sight. She would have preferred something a little bit stronger all things considered. She downed the coffee with a couple of gulps and took in a deep breath. Her gaze dropped back onto Harry's eyes.

"I'm taking it that the White Bumblebee was the one that killed James Potter," Harry said.

"Not directly," Emily said. "He never kills directly. He has his devoted followers. He's a very brilliant man and a very awful man. He thinks he's doing the world a favor."

Harry clashed with Dumbledore on a couple of things. Everything he learned about the White Bumblebee showed to Harry that this alternate Dumbledore just increased the benevolence of the prime universe Dumbledore. Harry figured, and perhaps he was wrong, that Dumbledore's most questionable action still was far less than the least Questionable Action of the White Bumblebee.

"He killed me."

"It was to serve as an example," Amanda said. "Mum got us out of the country. She had friends,
contacts which could save us. Our father thought he could withstand the onslaught. He was wrong."

Amanda sighed. Harry reached across the table.

"I appreciate you talking about it," Harry said. "I know how difficult it is to talk about what happened with me. Well, what happened with him."

"Very difficult," Amanda said. "He targeted you and our father for a reason. We've been reading up on the legends. The legend of the Dragon in particular and fate has an interesting way of correcting its past mistakes."

Both twins locked into the medallion which could have been worn by one man.

"You know, we haven't been introduced," Amanda said.

"Sorry," Gwen said. "I didn't want to be rude and break up this family reunion."

"Quite understandable," Emily said. "But, you know, you're one of our brother's companions. You're practically family in that sense."

"Gwen Stacy," Gwen said. "I'm much like Harry, I'm not around this particular alternate universe. And it's a long story. It's a very long story to how I've gotten here."

Amanda decided to fix them all a cup of coffee. They suspected how Gwen and Harry came to be here, they would be here for a long time. The Potter twins thanked themselves for the foresight of clearing their schedule, especially if they were going to be here for the very long haul.

'Good thing we have plenty of coffee,' Amanda thought.

Two hours of constant explanation later and the twins pretty much had been up to speed. Gwen and Harry filled in the blanks of what they knew and what they suspected. They had a sense Harry sensed something else was going on.

Amanda's mind buzzed with the constant amount of explanation going through her head. She had one very clear question she hoped Harry would answer in due time. Her green eyes fell onto Harry's. The Potter heiress took a deep breath and looked Harry over.

"So, I've got this one question," Amanda said.

Harry laughed at the statement. Amanda just frowned at him.

"Sorry. I'm not laughing at you. I'm just laughing at the fact after all of what I've told you, all you have is one simple question. It's just kind of entertaining when you think about it."

Amanda supposed it would be kind of funny. Both Emily and Gwen thought so if the looks on their face were any indication. Their emotions betrayed then. Amanda mastered the reading of other peoples emotions. That skill came in handy a lot of time.

"Okay, fine," Amanda said. She curled her fists up and released them with a very pressing sigh. "There's more than one question. There's actually a couple of them. Still, I want to know something. You trust us? You trust us with this information? How do you know we're not spies?"

"I can tell you're not," Harry said. "And you must trust me if you will come here. Wouldn't that be the trick that the White Bumblebee would pull? Sending someone here to disguised as an alternate
dimension version of your dead brother? Wouldn't you agree that would be a trick straight out of his playbook?"

Amanda drew in her breath and just nodded. She had to believe that would be a trick out of the playbook of The White Bumblebee.

"We would have detected any kind of deception," Emily said. "And even if we couldn't, the White Bumblebee can't duplicate that medallion. There are certain parts of the design which have never been properly replicated on the countless master forgeries."

"Mum taught us how to see it straight out just in case you came," Amanda said.

"You mean your mother expected Harry?" Gwen asked.

Amanda's lips curled up into a frown. Gwen really did back her into a corner. She eased off the frustration and tried to answer the question the best she could.

"Not completely," Amanda said. "It's very complicated, you know. She suspected one day the Dragon would come back. It's what the White Bumblebee has been preparing for a HIVE. The Society is preparing for…"

Emily nudge her sister roughly. Harry zeroed in on Amanda who had the look of someone who had incrimination information slip out.

"So there is a cult of women who are worshipping the Dragon," Harry said. "I knew it."

"It's a bit more complicated than that," Amanda said. "Fine, I guess. It's made of mostly women. Funnily enough, it's hard to get men to join up with a cult which is dedicated to the heterosexual prowess of another man."

"I can see your point," Gwen said.

"We have something to share with you," Amanda said. "You have four of the medallions. There's three more out there. And the rightful holders of those medallions need to be found as well."

"What would you say if we told you we had a lead on them?" Emily asked.

Harry smiled. He would have been very happy to hear the fact they had a lead on the medallions. Amanda made her way in front of the door. The scanner of the door locked onto her retina and flashed in front of her. The sound of loud clicking followed. The door opened up and allowed them inside of a room.

A very impressive looking super computer appeared in front of them. Several lines of data scrolled off of the screen. The walls containing several books circled around them. The material in the books scanned on the computer screen. Amanda reached over and pressed her palm on the keyboard. The computer fired up and revealed a three-dimensional map.

"The city of Atlantis," Gwen said.

"A myth to some, a way of life for others," Amanda said. "And I believe they have an idea where the Merfolk Medallion would be. And someday, their Queen will return. Unfortunately, it's been overrun by this woman."

A woman dressed in a skintight red outfit appeared. She had quite the figure. The warrior's normally attractive face screwed up intensity with those violent eyes shining. She held a sword in
one hand and an axe in the other hand. Both of them geared up for some kind of battle. Her purple hair shoved up.

"This woman and her people," Amanda said. "Her name is Siren. She's the sister of the rightful Queen of Atlantis and the most likely holder of the Merfolk Medallion. It's not exactly a very healthy relationship."

"The king fought bravely and he was the first to fall at the hands of the Siren's associate," Emily continued. "He's not been photographed in light. You say the name Black Manta though, and you inspire nothing other dread among the people of Atlantis."

Harry would have had to check up about this Black Manta. He reckoned Black Manta had his own plans.

"Atlantis sealed itself off from the rest of the world five years ago," Amanda said. "Siren would not want Mera to be executed. She has something far more insidious than that in mind. She wishes to leave Mera as a broken woman."

"Where exactly is Atlantis?" Harry asked.

"Could be anywhere," Amanda said. "We don't have the exact coordinates to track it down. Given that oceans cover seventy percent of the world, it would not be something we could find in an afternoon."

"No," Harry said. "If we had our hands on a real Atlantean Artifact, we could track the location, save the Queen, and save Atlantis."

"And how do you suppose we find one?" Amanda asked.

"I've got my ideas."

Harry decided to ask another question. He figured if the twins knew something, then the search for the other medallions would be a little bit easier.

"There are two medallions," Harry said. "Other than the Merfolk Medallion, one of them is the Tengu Medallion and the other is the Phoenix Medallion. Do you have any idea where it was?"

Amanda and Emily looked at each other for a minute. Emily nodded at Amanda and gave her a nudge to start speaking.

"There are all sorts of rumors about the Tengu Medallion where I don't want to even begin thinking about them. The best I can figure is that there's a very powerful crime syndicate who has their hands on the Tengu Medallion. They won't relinquish it easily."

Harry figured about as much. Waller hinted just about as much a couple of months back.

"They're keeping it close to their chest if they have it," Amanda said. "I'm afraid it's not going to be easy. Then again, what about trying to get mysterious magical medallion is particularly easy?"

"What about the Phoenix?" Gwen asked.

Gwen did not need the sixth sense given by the use of her unbound medallion to know the twins grew anxious for a reason.

"You remember the trouble you might have when trying to locate Atlantis?" Amanda asked. Both
Gwen and Harry nodded. "Well, there's kind of a problem with the Phoenix medallion."

"What kind of problem?" Harry asked.

"It's up there," Emily said. "In space. At least that's what the most reliable experts said. The followers of the Phoenix bolted from Earth with the medallion before the White Bumblebee could get his hands on it. It's gone. It's long gone by now."

"What about the holder of the medallion?" Gwen asked.

"That's another good question," Amanda said. Her voice faltered slightly before she calmed herself down. "She retreated after your fall during your previous lifetime. She became one of the hottest stars or something. I don't really know."

Amanda read tales of so many legends regarding the Phoenix, almost as many as the Dragon. She did not know where to begin.

"I just wish we can be of more help," Amanda said.

"You've been of plenty help. I want to contract you two out for a little project if you don't mind."

The interest of both twins piqued from Harry's words. Amanda flipped the strand of red hair out of her face. Normally, she allowed Emily to take care of this sort of thing. She would have to be colored very intrigued because of what Harry hinted at.

"I'm going to put you in touch with a friend of mine who has a solid lead on the Merfolk Medallion," Harry said. "Maybe the three of you can get a better lead."

"Yeah, it might be worth a shot," Emily said without really thinking about it. She realized Amanda shifted against her. "That is if my business partner agrees with me."

Amanda waved off Emily's words. "I'm not about to argue with you. You have enough sense for the both of us."

A group of Russian mobsters exited the back of the truck. They moved around to the shipping yard. One of the larger mobsters grunted and looked around.

"Make sure no one interferes."

Two more toughs walked over and looked up into the sky. The two men looked up and noticed something in the shadows.

"Keep your eyes off of the butterfly," one of the toughs said.

"There it is again," the tough said. "I'm going to have to get it."

The roughneck gentleman moved to grab onto the butterfly in his fist. His hand clasped around the edge of the butterfly when it flew out of the grasp. The goon grunted when making another grab at the butterfly. The butterfly moved out of the way almost to taunt him.

An arrow fired into the back of the arm of one of the thugs. The figure in the green hood dropped to the ground and planted another arrow into him. She flipped down into the air and came down on the back of the head of the goon. A series of punches caught him.

Holly dropped down behind the goon. She withdrew a blade and slashed the man's sheath to
prevent him from grabbing the gun. The gun dropped to the ground. Holly jumped up and struck her opponent down across the back of the head.

The figure drops down onto the ground. Holly grabbed him by the arm and drilled him face-first into the ground. Two more of the thugs moved around to pull weapons on him.

The butterfly turned into a woman. Two glowing blades slashed down into the chest of the man. The man dropped down to the ground.

The man who chased the butterfly's eyes widened. His arms and legs snapped together in petrification to drop him down to the ground. Nym pulled back and turned around into the leader. An arrow shot through the hand.

"The Black Widow stalks us," the man yelled.

"We've dealt with her already," Nym said.

The man shook his head and suddenly a dart planted into the back of his neck. The poison filled his body and dropped him down to the ground.

The figure moved. She wore a hip hugging black bodysuit and moved like Natasha. The only thing which was different was she had blonde hair and blue eyes.

"There's another Black Widow?"

Liv fired an arrow to try to get to her. The second Black Widow caught it and threw the arrow back towards Liv without any effort. The arrow impacted the concrete with one swift attack.

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To Be Continued on August 6th, 2017.
Mia took a deep breath as she arrived outside of the Smallville city limits. The sign declaring Smallville to be the meteor capital of the world shined out of the corner of her eye. Given some of the stories she heard during her work at ARGUS, that particular name was well earned. The brunette bookworm stopped at the edge of the village. She really wanted to do this. She really wanted to talk to her sister.

"Are you really ready to do this?"

Rose tagged along for the trip. Mostly, she said, it was to keep Mia out of trouble. She appreciated Rose coming along on the trip no matter what the reason. Mia needed someone to be with her in case she had a breakdown. This was the sister she last saw at the tender age of four. She was now a teenager and lived her entire life. Mia took in a deep breath and let it out.

"I'm as ready as I'm going to be."

"Just calm down," Rose told her.

Mia tried to calm herself down. The skies of Smallville showed her a beautiful autumn morning. This type of morning could turn around in a blink of an eye. The breeze tickled her face and the smell of freshly baked treats filled Mia's nose when she moved. Someone was baking and it smelled really good from where she stood. A deep breath followed by the young girl.

"It's just your sister," Rose said. "You explained what happened. You explained what your grandmother did. What Ivo did."

Mia explained it. Hailey sounded like she understood even though there was still some soreness there. She walked with a purpose, taking better and longer strides. Coming to this place and taking a short walk gave her plenty of time to get together her thoughts. It also built a very frustrating amount of anticipation in Mia's mind. She watched as Rose followed her from behind.

"Hey, slow down a little bit," Rose said.

She almost laughed at Rose who tried in vain to keep up with her. She did not mean to make fun of her companion. It was just that Mia was going so fast.

"Sorry. I walk fast when I'm excited. And I'm seeing my sister for the first time in twelve years."

Rose looked over her shoulder. She had a sense things would change. They were right across the Potter House.

"We just missed Harry," Rose said. "Well, I guess it's time to see that your sister is home."

It was very early on a Saturday morning, so Mia could not see why Hailey would not be home. The brunette adjusted her glasses so they pressed against the bridge of her nose. The two walked down the driveway, up the steps, and to the front door.

"Are you going to knock?" Rose asked. "Or do you really want me to do it?"
Mia raised her hand and knocked on the door. She waited for someone to answer. The door swung open and for the first time, Mia encountered her sister in the flesh.

"Mia!" Hailey yelled just before she threw her arms around Mia and grabbed her into a hug. "I'm glad you can make it."

Mia was glad she could make it too. She returned the hug, a little nervously. Her sister pressed up against Mia before they broken apart from each other.

"I almost won't make it if you crushed my ribs like that again," Mia said. "So, do you think I can come in, or do you want to go for a walk?"

"Hey, come in, settle in at home," Hailey said. She stopped and looked at the woman across from Mia. "I'm sorry, I'm afraid we haven't had the pleasure of being introduced."

"Rose Wilson," she said. "I met your sister during her time away. I helped Harry bring her in to get the help she needed."

Mia picked up right where Rose left off in an attempt to lighten the mood. "And if you saw me, you could see I needed some help. I need a lot of help."

The two girls stepped into the room. Rose already had drinks, some orange juice, poured out, and some sandwiches made. Rose took one of the sandwiches at Hailey's silent encouragement. She took a bite from the sandwich. The taste of ham and glazed honey tempted Rose's taste buds and made her smile.


Mia sat down on the bench and took the sandwich and a drink. Hailey balanced herself on the arm chair next to Mia. She smiled and took one of the poured drinks. She sipped the orange juice and looked thoughtful about what she was going to say.

"Mother is coming home on Monday," Hailey said. "And she wants to meet you."

The older sister's body language shifted. She moved around on the couch. The palms of her hand grew very sweaty when she moved back and forth against the edge of the couch. Hailey noticed the anxiety hitting towards her.

"Our mother understands everything that happened," Hailey said.

"It wasn't completely her fault...you know my grandmother," Mia said. "I made a mistake trying to use that charm. I thought if I used it, I could finally live up their reputations. I could be the best, I could be the smartest. And instead, it ended up twisting me. It was really...I don't know what to say."

Hailey consoled Mia by grabbing the underside of her forearm. The two moved closer to each other. Rose slid back, stepped off of the couch, and moved over against the wall.

"When you did it, you were a teenager," Hailey said. "As I'm one now, I can tell you that we're not the most rational of creatures. You learned your lesson, and I'm sure you had plenty of time to go over during the last twelve years."

Mia shifted. It had been a very long time since she had a true anxiety attack. She had them all of the time when she was a teenager. It was another thing her grandmother told her made her weak. The fact she could not stand up underneath pressure.
"I've done a lot of things that I'm not pleased of."

"I know you aren't pleased with everything you've done," Hailey said. "If you think your latest flaw is your lack of perfection, you are going to live a pretty comfortable life."

Mia supposed just as much. She really wished those errors did not get made. They helped her to grow as a person, but they were kind of embarrassing to be perfectly honest. She bit down on her lip and released it with a very obvious sigh.

"You're home now, and that's all that matters."

Kara decided to pay a visit to the clan which worshipped her. She would not be going alone. Harry joined her and Sara tagged along. The two girls had their fun when Harry went off on his business.

"So, how did your meeting go with your sisters?" Kara asked.

Harry walked to the front gates of the temple. The village had been returned to its past pride. Harry noticed the first refreshing change. The moment Bane had been displaced, the mercenaries returned.

"It went pretty well," Harry said. "I think Amanda and Emily really looked forward to meeting me. And they had some information which could help me, a little bit."

"The medallions?" Sara asked.

Harry confirmed with a smile directed at her. "The medallions. The Merfolk Medallion is going to be the next one we find. Unfortunately, I think there are going to be some problems with getting ahold of it."

Tracking down the actual location of Atlantis was very high on Harry's list of things to do. He hoped that the twins and Shado would be able to find an artifact which could lead him to the lost civilization of Atlantis. If they could find the Merfolk Medallion, their life would be a lot easier.

A fact which had not been lost on either Kara or Sara and Kara especially decided it was the proper time to point it out.

"You could use that medallion to find the holder of it just like you did me," Kara said.

"It's a good idea if you can get close enough," Sara said. "The proximity is important with all magical artifacts and tracing something. At least, that's what I think it is. Harry would know a little bit better than I would."

"You're correct, both of you are," Harry said.

Sara and Kara both smiled. They moved to the edge of the gate where Sara came face to face with someone who put her on edge. Copperhead, who worked for Bane the last time she saw them. Anya, Isabelle, and Vanessa said they would tame Copperhead once again.

"My Queen, it's good to see you return," Copperhead said.

Kara looked at the woman who greeted her and gave her a warm smile. Copperhead dropped to one knee and bowed before her Queen. Kara motioned for her to rise back to her feet.

"Your sisters want to see you as well," Copperhead said. "And your many humble followers would also like a glimpse of their Queen if you don't mind."
Kara tried to keep a level head. She could not help and grin at everything. This entire situation was more than what she was used to. The Girl of Steel walked into the entrance of the temple and turned around the corner. A statue which resembled her held a torch to light the path. Several strange markings flickered around the temple. Most of them represented Kryptonian writing.

"It says she will be your treasure," Kara said.

"So, that's what it means," Sara said.

One of the robed women stepped into the way. She dropped her hood to reveal the face of Vega Lestrange. She gasped in shock when coming face to face with Kara.

"My Queen, it's an honor," Vega said.

The woman stepped back, her heart stammering a couple of beats. Lucretia, Vera, Astoria, and Daphne all moved in. The members of the Faithful Five looked to tremble. They saw the Dragon, the Canary, and their Queen all in the same place.

"Ladies, at ease," Harry said.

"Sorry, great one," Daphne said.

Daphne already met Kara after Harry pulled her out of her containment unit. She wanted to bend down to pay her tribute to the woman in question.

"She's actually here," Astoria said. "She's amazing."

"Thank you, Astoria."

Astoria almost blacked out at being addressed directly by her Queen. Vera shook her head, even though she would have done the same thing. Vega and Lucretia almost broke out into laughter until Daphne glared at both of them.

"Remind me which one of us has lain with the dragon."

Their mouths snapped shut. The Faithful Five moved over and allowed Kara to step inside. She thought it was a long overdue meeting with her two sisters. Kara walked inside.

Anya, the beautiful redhead, smiled at her Queen. Vanessa, the stunning olive-skinned brunette, also smiled at her. Isabelle, the sensual blonde, was the one who moved forward to greet her Queen. She extended down to one knee and looked up at Kara.

"Kara, you've come home," Isabelle said. "And I see much has changed since we have last met."

Her eyes dropped onto the White Canary medallion which hung from Sara's death. The blinding beauty of the other blonde had been on the level of their Queen.

"We still have a long way to go," Sara said. "There are still three medallions in play."

"That could be a problem," Anya said. "I know with our Dragon, he will track them down, and reunite the medallions. Then, he would burn."

No telling what he was. Anya moved over to give Harry a greeting until Isabelle held her by the back of the hair and dragged her back to keep her in line. The redhead girl looked on with a rather prominent pout. Her older sisters shook her head.
"I missed you three," Kara said. "I only remembered you existed a few days ago."

She sighed and moved over to greet her sisters with a very warm hug. Anya wrapped her arms around Kara and hugged her very tightly. Vanessa replaced Anya with a nice warm hug of her own.

Isabelle cleared her throat. The oldest of Kara's three sisters moved in to wrap the hug around their Queen. They had a lot of work to do and a lot of catching up to do. The rest of the tribe would be happy with the news their Queen returned. Isabelle pulled away from Kara and followed the progress to Harry with a very soft smile.

"You don't mind if we head off to make up for lost time?" Isabelle asked.

Harry smiled and grabbed the hand of one of the snake sisters. Their hands intertwined with each other and he released her hand.

"Not at all. I invited Kara here to get caught up with you. So, I'll meet you later."

"Right," Isabelle said. "Thank you, Great Dragon. You are too kind."

Isabelle motioned for the girls to go through the gateway. Anya and Vanessa stepped through the doors away from them. They moved passed the statues and the flames hooked to the wall. Isabelle walked in a couple of steps before she stopped and turned around.

"Daphne has a couple of things she would like to share with you. It's nothing too pressing, just some whispers of where the Tengu medallion might be."

Harry was very interested in hearing about the Tengu Medallion. Daphne moved away from the rest of the girls. She tried not to push their nose in the face she had slept with their god before any of them did. Especially, the Black Sisters, even though they deserved to be humbled in the worst possible way.

"Shall we?"

"Lead the way."

Liv moved in pursuit of her mysterious attacker. They were a very long way from home as well. Liv did not want to abandon the rest of her team in a fight. She moved over and looked down the alleyway. Her bow and arrow pointed towards the edge of the alleyway. She searched for this second Black Widow. There was nothing coming from the end of the alleyway.

Just because Liv did not see the Black Widow, she knew the woman would not have disappeared very easily. She took in a deep breath and groaned when looking over her shoulder. Liv tapped her foot on the ground.

Holly came from around the corner on the other end. She bit down on her teeth hard when facing Liv. Liv had no need to ask whether or not Holly accomplished anything. She did not find the second Black Widow as easily as Liv did. And Nym came around the corner.

"We've failed," Nym said.

"No, we haven't failed," Liv said. "We just haven't found her. She just couldn't have disappeared into mid-air."

Holly snorted in response on how naïve Liv was. She lifted her hand in the air and pointed the
weapon she wielded. Every sound, every crunch of a leaf on the bottom of the boot prompted Holly to think the Black Widow as coming her way. The second Black Widow anyway.

"It's nice you believe that."

Holly put herself in front of Nym and Liv. She noticed something moving above and she turned around. A figure dressed completely in black dropped down onto the ground next to them. Holly did not relax her attack. Nym and Liv also did not relax theirs.

"It's me. Waller was concerned you would need back up."

The beautiful redhead form of the first Black Widow stepped out. The attire she wore made Liv become momentarily distracted. The black leather clung to every inch of her very supple frame. Her curves spilled into that outfit in a very nice way.

"We do need back up," Holly said.

Nym turned to Natasha while keeping one eye to the darkened alleyway to the side. She did not like facing all of these blind spots. The wind blowing caused goose bumps to rise on the shoulders of Nym.

"Did you know there was a second Black Widow?" Nym asked. "Because, this one, she caught an arrow from Hoodie Girl over there. Then she tossed the arrow back at and nearly killed us all."

"Stay close," Natasha said.

Nym crinkled her eyebrow. She sensed something happening around them even though it was hard to figure out what was going on. Holly and Liv positioned themselves with their weapons.

A glass bottle hit the ground.

"GET DOWN!"

Natasha grabbed Holly, Nym, and Liv and threw them behind her. The bottle broke open and released a fireball along with a stunning gas. Natasha stepped back from the gas and strained to look through the thick cloud of dust. A figure moved through the shadows and came down onto the back of Natasha's head.

The two Black Widows locked finger to finger with each other. Natasha forced her adversary to her knees. Her adversary kipped back up and flung knives at Natasha with one fluid movement. Natasha deflected the knives and jumped onto a trash can.

Natasha pulled the trash can lid up and flung it at the second Black Widow.

"Who are you?"

Liv fired another arrow at the second Black Widow. The super soldier caught the arrow between her fingers and rushed towards Liv. Nym raised her hand and blocked the attempted impalement with a shield charm. The second Black Widow kept stabbing at the shield.

The original flavored Black Widow grabbed her counterpart around the arm. The two women struggled for position. The second Black Widow flipped the first one down onto the ground. Both women bounced up to their feet and punched each other at the same time. The punches canceled each other Black Widows pulled back and connected with each other. Their punches connected with each other. Natasha moved back and swept the legs of the second Black Widow out from
Black Widow pulled a blade out and pointed it at the throat of the other Black Widow. The blonde Widow struggled underneath the grip of the redhead Black Widow. The two fighters moved against each other with the woman kicking her legs out from underneath her.

"We've got trouble."

Holly turned around as Nym pointed down at the alleyway. Several men dressed in military fatigues came in to face them. They fired at Nym and Holly. The two women backed off.

The two Black Widows disappeared into the darkness. Holly wanted to look to see where they disappeared off to. To be honest, Holly had her own problems. One of those big problems was trying to stay alive with these individuals shooting at her.

"Of course."

Liv unleashed three arrows in rapid fire succession. One of the arrows pierced a man in the shoulder. The other two glanced off of the armor. One of the larger men grabbed Liv around her neck. Liv countered his grip with a shoulder throw. The man's momentum dropped down onto the ground.

She flowed in with a series of rapid fire stomps. Liv turned her attention to one of the men who rushed towards her. She dodged the punch from the man and maneuvered around his large body. Liv rushed up the wall and jumped onto the ledge of the building.

An arrow caught the man on the side of the shoulder. Blood spurted out of the man's shoulder when he fell down to the ground. Liv repelled down to engage them in battle.

"Watch out!"

Holly's warning made Liv very narrowly avoid a rocket launcher blast. Liv loaded her arrow back up and fired. The impact caught the man in the hand and forced him to drop the rocket launcher. Liv charged her adversary and clipped his jaw with a spinning punch to the head. Another goon grabbed her from behind. Liv nailed the HIVE henchmen in the shoulder and then elbowed him in the face.

Liv flowed through with an uppercut punch to drop her adversary down to the ground. Another one of those bottle bombs dropped onto the ground and released the gas into the air.

"Son of a bitch!" Holly groaned.

One of the goons slammed her on the back of the head. The blunt force dropped Holly down to her knees and made her grimace from the attack.

"We have her," the HIVE drone responded.

He lifted Holly up to a standing position and dragged her away. Holly's legs dragged off of the ground underneath her and threw her into the back of the van.

"No!"

Nym tried to reach to her partner. An explosion blocked Nym's progression. Debris and dust choked Nym no matter how much she tried to fight forward. She kept blasting the debris away from her. Nym stepped a couple of feet forward and dropped down to the ground.
"No!" Nym yelled furiously. 

She was gone, Holly was gone. HIVE slipped through her fingers. Nym took a deep breath and the windows shattered around her. Liv put an arm around her and pulled Nym to her feet.

"Natasha and the other one are gone," Liv said.

"I don't care," Nym said.

She did care. Now she didn't care, but she did care. Nym took in more breaths and came very close to having a complete panic attack. Her eyes flooded over in never ending frustration when Liv held her up. She was so close to preventing Holly from getting kidnapped.

Harry walked up a short set of steps. The steps were only about four or five in succession. Daphne lead him up past the rooms. Harry walked over red carpets. Two couches sat in the center of the room. The walls lined with shelves with glass vials.

"Different kinds of snake venom," Daphne explained to him. "And the antidotes for them. Venom is on the shelves to the right of the wall. And the antidotes are on the shelf to the wall. There's a lab beneath us which is completely dedicated to building weapons."

Harry raised his eyebrow. A fire lit in the fireplace onto his own accord. A rug laid down by the fireplace. Harry decided to take a seat on the rug in front of the fireplace. Daphne copied his motions when sitting down next to him. Harry put an arm around Daphne to pull him against her.

"Genius," Harry said.

"We thought so," Daphne said. "Bane has been driven out of the area. Our Queen returning will heal a lot of the fractures."

Harry sensed she was pleased by these particular developments. He also sensed Daphne had some qualifiers to the statement. The crackling in the room filled the void the silence left behind. Harry only allowed the silence to linger for a few minutes until coughing and getting Daphne's attention.

"Sorry. I'm just lost in my own thoughts."

A smile crept onto the face of the wizard. "I understand. There are a lot ahead, and we still have so much to go. Three more medallions are in play. We need to find them all."

"Yes," Daphne agreed. "We have to find them all. There's no choice. I mentioned something to you about the Tengu Medallion."

Daphne knew this news was not going to be good no matter how much she sugar coated it. One stolen glance at Harry showed he did not want it good. The smell of the mystical fire made Daphne relaxed oddly enough. She leaned closer to Harry when lowering her head against him.

"Am I boring you that much?"

The field leader of the Faithful Five smiled and she pushed herself against Harry's arm which wrapped even tighter around her. "Hardly, I'm just... well, maybe I'm growing a little bit too comfortable. I suppose I'm going to have to tell you the bad news."

Harry figured by her tone there was going to be some bad news. Good news and bad news often went hand in hand in his life. He waited for Daphne to regain her bearings enough to tell him.
"The Tengu Medallion is currently in the possession of a splinter faction of the Chinese Triad. The Triad has connections to HIVE."

Daphne tried to gauge Harry’s reaction. The young man's eyebrows just responded with a slight raise. Daphne could see a couple of emotions on his face. None of the emotions going over his face resulted in any kind of surprise whatsoever.

"And you're not surprised."

Harry sighed and rose to his feet. He paced back and looked out of the window which gave him a nice view of a rainforest just off in the distance. One of the few in the area no one cut down yet and allowed for some kind of majestic beauty to be shown. Harry tried not to get distracted by the beauty for too long as difficult as it might have been.

"Everything comes back around to HIVE," Harry said. "It's time to talk to my woman on the inside."

Ruve did not know everything regarding what happened with HIVE. What she did not know, the woman could find a way to find out from someone. She had connections and a few of the higher ranking leaders in HIVE owed her some favors. Harry appreciated the information she gave. Talia made sure Ruve did not do anything to betray what they were doing back.

"I'm going to have to find the woman behind the Triad," Harry said. "Chien Na Wai, or as she's more commonly referred to, China White."

"You know her?" Daphne asked.

Harry decided to correct Daphne's mistaken, although very understandable, assumption. He stared into a flickering fireplace as if it would hand in some kind of divine inspiration. Harry never really expected it to. He just found his focus was much clearer when holding point on one particular location around the room. The fire served him very nicely.

"I don't know," Harry said. "You remember what I said about my time on Lian Yu."

Daphne confirmed she did with her language.

"Fyers tried to bring a plane down which had that woman on it," Harry said. "Waller was after the medallion. I'm rather curious who has the ability to hold the medallion."

"Do you know of the legend?" Daphne asked. "The one who has the blood of a demon….."

"Can hold onto the mystical medallion of the Tengu," Harry recited almost word for word. "Yes. I remember it from passing."

The fire crackled and almost reduced to embers. Daphne waved her hand and the warm fire shot out of the grate. Daphne put her hand on the wall and sighed. She hoped that the other three medallions can be fine.

'We have leads on the other three medallions,' Harry thought. 'The Merfolk Medallion, my sisters are searching. They're going to need it to find Atlantis. The Tengu Medallion is with the Triad.'

Harry's thoughts trailed off at the Phoenix Medallion. Currently in the outer reaches of space, which meant it would be the highest priority for Harry to find. It was said to have been forged in the hottest and whitest star. Harry had no idea what that meant.
"I wish I could give you more help," Daphne said.

"You've given me a lot of help," Harry said. "I now have an idea what to do."

The only person who could tame that medallion had the blood of the demon running through them. Harry wrestled with two theories. One, there was a woman, potentially very powerful, who might be part-demon, who could hold the medallion. Or, the demon just be a metaphor for something. If the demon was a metaphor, Harry narrowed down the potential holders to only two choices.

The doors opened. Astoria made her way in. Daphne turned to Astoria with eyes narrowed and fist clenched.

"You should have knocked," Daphne said. "What if we had been….."

"Having sex?" Astoria asked. "I'm disappointed you weren't."

Daphne looked at her younger sister who just smiled back at her. That little cheeky grin made Daphne sigh.

"The ceremony is going to begin," Astoria said. "It would be our honor if the Dragon were to attend."

Daphne smiled and motioned for Harry to go out the door. Harry walked past the doorway and down the hall following Astoria. The older Greengrass sister followed the younger Greengrass sister to the point where the other members of the Faithful Five waited down the hallway for them.

Tonight was Kara's night, where she returned to preside over the tribe which worshipped her. Harry felt it was his duty as her king to give his support to her.

Holly Granger groaned when she stirred awake. An attempt to move forced her arms to snap back against the walls. Holly realized, perhaps not too soon, that someone secured her in a dungeon. She replayed the moments of the battle in her mind. The second Black Widow, the non-Natasha Black Widow, attacked them. Then HIVE followed, and then Holly, like a rookie field agent, got knocked out.

The lights flickered and the second Black Widow stared at her from the other end of the cell.

"When I get out of this cell I will kick your ass," Holly said. "Do you hear me?"

The blonde swirled her hair around. "I hear you. But, your words are hollow. They won't do you well."

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?"

The Black Widow stepped back and allowed a figure to come into the shadows. The hood dropped down to the reveal the very gaunt face of Damien Darhk from underneath it. His face resembled a jigsaw puzzle with a few of the pieces missing.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Death and the Dragon happened," Darhk said. "The person who brought me from the edge brought me back without holding me together. Can you believe that? Well, actually you can. You can see it."

Holly drew in a deep breath. Darhk survived his encounter with Harry after all of this time. They
finally had proof he lived. Or rather he did perish and someone brought him back from the dead through some twisted necromantic ritual which caused him to drive him insane.

"The Bookworm's cousin, isn't it?" Darhk asked. "It's a shame. Really, it is. Dear Hermione would have been a perfect little drone. She just needs the proper authority to mold her mind. Without anyone to pull her strings, she's just lost, I'm afraid."

Darhk smiled when looking at Holly who stared back with thinly veiled contempt.

"I'm close to getting something very precious to the Dragon," Darhk said. "And you're going to help me. You know where she's hiding, where she's hiding my medallion."

"You can go get fucked," Holly said.

"Not these days, I'm afraid," Darhk said. "You see, the smell of rotting flesh is kind of a turn off for most people. And when someone's genitals rot off during the act, it kills the mood."

Holly wondered what Darhk had in store for her. Judging by the man's past, she could take it to the bank that it would not be everything good. He stripped her of her weapons, equipment, and pretty much everything which Holly could use to make a contact to the outside world.

"I need something to be whole again," Darhk said. "Tell me about the Triad and where their leader is hiding my medallion."

To Be Continued on August 10th, 2017.
Chapter Forty-Eight: The Chase Is On.

Torches lined up against the wall in a temple. Several figures dressed in purple robes surrounded the area. Kara stepped into the room to dress in a blue and red combination robe. The insides were red and the outside was blue along with a red symbol "S" transposed on the edge of the robe. She stepped into the center of the room. For the first time in this lifetime, Kara moved to the center of the room to face her people.

Would she say she had not been nervous? No, Kara was a tiny little bit nervous from the situation in the room around her. They all looked upon her. Kara hoped she could live up to the expectations of the past. She looked up to see Sara, Gwen, and Harry with confident smiles on their face.

Kara looked at two fellow bond-mates and a likely future bond-mate and stood in the center. Isabelle, Anya, and Vanessa stood at the edge of the room. All of the moved in for Kara to step inside. Kara held the medallion in the air.

"We have waited a long time for her to return," Isabelle said. "I know some of you felt despair when she did not return straight away. However, the despair ends tonight."

The three sisters smiled, reached in, and touched their hands to Kara. A flash of light erupted through the temple. The rows and rows of robed followers smiled down upon them. The Faithful Five started to speak something, some kind of chant in loud snake hisses.

'Okay, I'll bite,' Sara thought. 'I don't speak snake, so I have no idea what they're saying. What are…'

Harry leaned in to translate for both of the girls who had not been in the know. "It means she is our treasure, she is our promise, and we will rise stronger than ever, stronger together."

Kara mentioned how "stronger together" was the motto of the House of El, and apparently it was also the motto of the Serpent Tribe all of those years ago. It was something which spilled over into her current life from her past life. Harry suspected there had been some kind of influence to be perfectly honest.

"She has risen once again. She has returned. She will be one with us. She will be a part of us. Forever and always. She will lead us. She will guide us along with the Dragon and the rest his companions and their companions."

Gwen followed the progress of Kara who stepped into the center of the room. The solar energy appeared around her body. Armor manifested around her body made of snake skin. Creatures who sacrificed themselves for their Queen formed a solid shield around Kara's body. She smiled in the distance when shuffling her feet before them.

"Do you feel the power?" Isabelle asked.

"Yes," Kara said. "I'm very pleased with what you've done in my absence. And I will treat my heritage with respect, in both lives. I am Kara Zor-El, formally Kathryn Slytherin in my past life. And I will lead my followers. We will succeed in driving the enemies of the Dragon and his companions away."
"Do you forgive the time it has taken for us to find you?" Vanessa asked.

Kara responded with a nod.

"Do you give us the gift in releasing us from this temple?" Anya asked.

A small smile crossed over Kara's face despite the very serious situation they entered. She dipped her finger into a goblet and anointed her three sisters in the center of the temple.

"Do you promise to serve me as faithfully as before? Do you promise to serve the cause of the Dragon? Do you promise to follow his companions and their companions and allies? Do you promise to assist me?"

ANYA, ISABELLE, AND VANESSA LOWERED TO THEIR KNEES IN FRONT OF KARA.

"WE DO!"

They hissed out these words pretty much. Kara touched the top of Anya's head. Tremors of pleasure flowed down to her spine. She moved over and touched Vanessa on the top of her head next. Vanessa shook underneath the grip of Kara from the touch.

"AND LAST, MY OLDEST SISTER. YOU DESERVE EXTRA THANKS. PLEASE, RISE, AND FACE ME PROPERLY."

Isabelle rose to her feet. Kara wrapped an arm around Isabelle's waist and leaned in. The two blondes joined together with a kiss. The flow of energy caused by such a passionate and powerful kiss filled the temple with an immense amount of energy. Kara tightened her grip around Isabelle and kissed her, kissed her very hungrily several times.

The kiss deepened between the two of them.

"THAT'S SO HOT," GWEN MURMURED.

Sara smiled. She agreed. The again, she saw up close and personal what Kara could do a couple of days ago. The girl had a very talented mouth. She made Sara very weak, as much as she loathed to admit it. Sara hoped to return the favor and reverse those fortunes in more ways than one.

Two sisters finally released from each other. The sisters moved back and said their chant. The Faithful Five chanted next along with the other girls inside of the temple.

"SHE IS OUR TREASURE," KARA SAID. "SHE IS OUR PROMISE. WE STAND TOGETHER. STRONGER TOGETHER."

The bolt of light flashed and Kara made her position on the podium. Four platforms hovered, each of one contained Sara, Gwen, Kara, and Harry. The other three platforms stood empty and unoccupied. The other three holders of the medallions, when they joined with them, would be on the pedestal as well.

"KARA?" HARRY ASKED. "HOW ARE YOU FEELING?"

Kara turned to Harry and kissed him. Her lips tasted of something wonderful, even more, wonderful than the first time he tasted them. He pulled Kara closer to him. Kara turned around and kissed Sara as well. Harry watched with interest when the two beautiful blondes engaged in a delightful looking kiss with each other. Both blondes jockeyed for position and kissed each other.

'HARRY!' NYM SHOUTED. 'CAN YOU HEAR ME?'

Harry rubbed the top of his head and groaned at the sound of Nym's voice.
'Yes,' Harry thought. 'What's going on?'

He sensed Nym's distress through the bond. She tried to hold it together with the best she could, even though it was very hard for Nym to keep calm. Harry was beginning to feel a huge sense of dread.

'Holly has been kidnapped.'

Liv paced around back and forth. Nym took several deep breaths when staring into the distance. They stood outside of a warehouse on the street corner which ARGUS received intelligence to be a HIVE outpost. Only, the HIVE outpost had been stripped clean of everything of value and everything they could use to track down the members of HIVE. Nym kicked a rock through the window.

"That's not going to help us find her."

Nym turned back to Natasha who remained quiet. She returned to join them after the second Black Widow slipped away. The two women stared each other down. Neither even came very close to backing down from the other. Liv saw something was going to break between these two strong tempered women. Maybe not to blows, at least she hoped not.

'I couldn't stop either of them. Might be able to get a lucky shot on Nym if she doesn't raise her hand to block my arrow. Natasha, no, no way. She would kick my ass and put it in a sling.'

Natasha leaned back against the lamppost, the only source of light on this very dimly lit street corner. She moved forward and put a hand on Nym's shoulder in a very desperate attempt to calm her.

"You need to calm down."

Liv groaned at Natasha saying the absolute worst thing possible with Nym in her current state. Nym frowned when looking at her.

"Don't tell me to calm down," Nym said. "I'm surprised you're calm. She got away after all."

"I'm aware," Natasha said. "Here's the problem. Your emotions are the difference between succeeding in the mission and getting killed. No matter how frustrated I am. No matter how afraid I am."

Natasha made sure to zero in dead on Nym's eye. Nym looked back, almost wishing she did not have to. She looked into the eye of a woman who encountered some very dangerous adversaries in her life. She lived long enough to tell the tale.

"No matter how afraid I am, I can't lose my cool. I can't lose my emotions. That's the difference between life and death. Maybe not your life or death, but Holly's life or death. If we don't do this right, she'll be harmed. And you want her to come back in one piece. Don't you?"

Nym drew in her breath and nodded. She wanted Holly to come back in one piece. The two grew closer than sisters and that kind of partnership was hard to replace. They went on several missions as a part of ARGUS and was able to anticipate each other's moves.

"She could have been able to save me if the positions had been reversed," Nym said.

"We don't know," Natasha said. "We have to deal with what's happening now."
The light gust of wind came in behind him. On instinct, Liv quick-released her bow and set it to fire at the party. She stopped when Sara popped up, along with Harry, Gwen, and a fourth blonde which Liv never met yet. She lowered her bow, slowly.

"Your instincts are improving," Sara said.

Liv still kept her hands locked on the weapon in front of Sara. "You can never be too careful. You could have been someone who was going to attack us."

"This is Kara," Sara said. "She's another one of Harry's companions."

The billionaire heiress took a long gaze into Kara. Her beautiful face would captivate anyone who laid eyes on it. That dazzling smile, even if it was one that was less playful than it could be, looked back at Liv. Liv appreciated Harry's taste and shared them more often than not.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Kara said. "All of you."

"I wish the meeting could be under better circumstances," Liv said. "I'm sure you heard Nym's mental scream of anguish."

"What happened?" Gwen asked.

Natasha almost tripped over her own tongue to answer Gwen's question.

"HIVE happened…and she happened."

The first barest hints of emotion popped over Natasha's voice. She took in a breath and it came out. Gwen gave her a smile, but she did not push it.

"There's a second Black Widow," Liv said. "She's working with HIVE."

"She betrays everything she was taught by working for a murderer like him," Black Widow said. "But, she always was envious of me. She always tried to be the best, even though she fell short."

"Who are you….."

Sara spun around and noticed someone moving into the side entrance of the warehouse. He dressed in a dark trench coat with a hood pulled over the top of his head. He had a really creeper vibe.

Harry moved in close to him without a word. The man moved to the door of a stairway and tried to pull the door open. The sound of a door being jammed and a frustrated grimace from the man in question came.

Liv nailed the man in the back of the leg with an arrow. He slid down three steps before leading onto the ground. Harry pulled him up to his feet.

"What were you doing?" Harry asked.

"T-trying to score some drugs?" Trenchcoat asked.

Harry frowned and pushed him up against the wall. He kept the man from closing his mouth. Sara stepped across the way to push some fingers into her mouth to feel around.

"Not too many low life drug users have cyanide dental work," Sara said.

The affected teeth, two cyanide molars, and a third molar with some kind of tracking chip in it
ripped out of the man's mouth. Blood splashed from the mouth of the low life as he dropped down to the ground.

"They don't," Harry said. "And they don't get tagged with tracking chips either. So, I'm going to ask you one more time, where are you here?"

"I was making sure they….I was making sure they hadn't been here," the low life admitted. "He's not going to be happy with you. He's going to put you down again."

"Do you know anything about Holly Granger?" Sara asked.

The lowlife laughed with blood splattering out of his mouth. The man's emergency dental surgery lead him with a few holes and a few infections in his mouth.

"Yeah, if I knew, and I don't like I'd tell you," the lowlife said. "You're going to pay someday. Trust me, you're going to pay, you son of a b….."

Nym nudged Harry to the side and hoisted up the lowlife from the ground. The lowlife dangled up in the air. He kicked and screamed when Nym pulled his limbs out. She could have ripped them apart with the right kind of spells. She managed to hold him in position on the air.

"Where is Holly Granger?" Nym asked.

"I don't know!" the goon yelled. "Please, you've got to believe me, I don't…know nothing about anything!"

Harry picked up some kind of lie coming from the body language of the goon and his thrashing limbs which bounced off of the wall. He rocked back and forth from Nym. Nym lifted him back and dropped him down onto the ground.

"You don't want to go through that again," Sara said. "Trust me, that hurt. I can see your face. If you know anything, you're going to tell us."

"Fine," the goon said. "I'll talk."

Nym acted like she was going to pull him back up and rip him apart. Harry held up his hand to stop her from doing so. He was pretty sure the goon would be singing like a stool pigeon and telling them everything that they needed to know plus a little bit more.

"Of course, you'll talk," Harry said.

"Holly Granger, she's captured by HIVE," the man said. "Darhk is alive. He has her, and he has the other Black Widow."

"Where is she?"

Natasha's tone sounded very crisp and to the point. She was not the type of person to toy around with. Natasha managed to put a rusty knife into her hand. One wrong move would cut the person apart.

Hailey Granger took in a deep breath from the air. She finally reunited with her sister. Sure, things had been a bit awkward to start out. Hailey had not talked to Mia's face to face since she was four and Mia was sixteen. That might as well have been a lifetime ago.

She enjoyed the nice and pleasant day with all of the sounds of nature. A home baked pie from the
Kent Household enticed Hailey. Martha always invited Hailey over, and she was friends with Claire and her friends. She looked towards Mia who currently was copying something out of the book. She had not been obsessed with her studies as before the twelve years away from home.

Hailey took a few steps forward to see if Mia would pull herself away from the book. The contents of the book from what Hailey could see described something about Atlantis. There were so many myths about the lost city of Atlantis Hailey really felt sorry for Mia.

'Better her than me looking through those books. If anyone is good enough to find something, it's Mia. One hundred percent, it's her, and…'

Hailey stopped thinking. She felt a little bit light headed and dropped down on the grass. Her legs collapsing from underneath her drove Mia's attention away from her book.

"Hailey?" Mia asked. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I think so," Hailey said. "I guess I got up a little too fast. I'm sure I'll be fine. I just need to take a deep breath and take it nice and easily…"

Hailey stopped once again. Something washed over her one more time. Her head started to pound. The pounding grew very light like a tap. It grew very heavy like a drum beat. Hailey put her hands on the top for her head to press down on the temples. A long deep breath followed with Hailey letting her breathing in and out as quickly as possible. Mia looked at Hailey with concern in her eyes.

"Hailey?" Mia asked. "Are you….are you with me?"

Hailey's pupils dilated to resemble long tunnels. Mia followed the progress to look straight into Hailey's eyes a half of a second later. She frowned when staring the girl in question down.

"HAILEY!"

Mia did not know what to do. She figured the most obvious thing to do would be to contact Harry, to see what was going on. She decided that barring that Rose would be the next best thing. Mia moved to enter the Potter Residence to get Rose.

One hand shot out and grabbed Mia around the wrist to pin her into place. Mia let out her breath with Hailey holding onto her.

"Be here," Hailey breathed. "Be with me."

"Hailey, you're starting to scare me," Mia said.

Hailey quivered one more time. Her mind flashed to a long dark room where she noticed her sister Holly strung up by her ankles in a chain. She refused to move. A group of men surrounded her. A face of a white-haired man who had a face rotting like a corpse stepped into the room. His lack of amusement filled his eyes when approaching.

"HOLLY!" Hailey screamed at the top of her lungs.

Finally, she jerked out of the scene going through her mind. Mia grabbed Hailey by the shoulders and pulled her to a standing position. Hailey threw her arms around Mia and gave her a hug which Mia stiffened in for a minute. The hug had been returned with Hailey squeezing her sister so tight that she would not let go.
"So awful," Hailey breathed. "I saw something bad."

Rose ran outside to check on the two girls. She fully expected them to be attacked due to the volume of the screams. A very shaken looking Hailey showed Rose she was dealing something else.

"What do you mean you saw something bad?" Rose asked.

Mia had one clear idea ringing out in the back of her mind. That particular idea did not sound too great if she could be perfectly honest. She tried to justify her sister not having that particular gift. Mia went from believing anyone who claimed they had the gift of foresight as a fraud to believing the person had been cursed with a higher perception rate.

Hailey's fingers twitched while grabbing both Mia and Rose by the shoulders. A flash of light brought them, at least mentally speaking, to a room. Mia's mouth hung open when Holly hung upside down from the ceiling. Her cousin refused to break. There was a small part of Mia who felt very terrified for her cousin in this particular position. Holly's nerve of steel almost shattered in this position.

The harder Mia concentrated, the deeper she entered Hailey's own subconscious to grab onto a very obvious aroma. She could smell some kind of motor oil, and also she could hear running water. She felt her nose bleeding when trying to enter the mind.

Rose, Hailey, and Mia appeared back in Smallville. Blood dripped down the noses of both Rose and Mia.

"We need to contact Harry now," Rose said.

"No, by the time we get in touch with him, Holly could already be dead," Mia said.

She had a lot of questions of how long Hailey had this particular gift. They could wait until after Holly had been grabbed her containment.

"I don't know where she is exactly," Hailey said.

Mia took a moment to close her eyes and reflect back on what she saw again. Her head thumped repeatedly when she focused on what was going on what she saw.

"I do. And we don't have time to waste."

Rose threw her hands up in the international sign of defeat and dropped them back down to her waist. "I'm pretty sure there's nothing I can tell you which would distract you from going there."

"You can come along with me, and watch my back," Mia said.

Mia knew the place where Holly was being kept during her time while working for Ivo. None of them had a second to waste. Time ground down for both for their cousin. HIVE had her, and HIVE was still alive. She grabbed both Hailey and Rose.

"Hold on tight, and don't let go of me," Mia said. "The last thing you want to do is lose your grip mid-teleport."

Both girls noted her words and the three vanished from Smallville in a blast of light.
only relaxed slightly when they paid her no mind. They could see from the very visible blades and two bodyguards with tattoos trailing her that she was not one to mess with.

The woman known to many as China White, due to the fact her name tripped up so many Westerners, crossed the room with a narrowed gaze over the top of her glasses. A figure stood in the shadows dressed in red robes. A Kabuki mask over her face. The woman held out an envelope. China White nodded and the two women crossed through the room.

"I'm honored you've traveled all this way," China White said to her benefactor.

The benefactor motioned for China White to sit down on the other side of the table. The woman's eyes came from the other side of the mask.

"Everyone is after this item," China White said. "This medallion we uncovered. I don't know what powers it holds."

"It curses the unworthy," the woman in the mask said.

China White felt a shiver and doubted very much it was from the draft which came through the bar. This very dangerous woman viewed her very casually. One wrong move could start a war China White was not all too willing to finish.

"It curses them," China White said. "It has brought more misfortune on my triad than it has brought good look. I'm going to sell it for you if the money is right."

"I'm willing to give you more than a favorable deal to take it off of your hands."

China White really was curious to see what made this medallion tick. The box opened up and the woman in the mask looked over the medallion with a frown. The symbol of the Tengu flashed on the amulet. She was careful to only touch it with a gloved hand. Any direct contact with her flesh would have been very bad.

"It's authentic," the masked woman said. "I'm very pleased you did not become foolish enough to have your cake and eat it too."

China White's lips curled into a smile.

"Please, don't insult me. I'm a businesswoman first and foremost. We operate under transparency. If wasn't transparent, if I was dishonest, then not many people would work for me."

The woman in the mask looked over the item in her hand. Everything was so close to being joined and an old enemy of them all would be destroyed. HIVE's maneuverings grew more ambition and more annoying. The woman in the mask made a deal with the Triad to liberate one of their possessions.

"I agree."

"And no matter how cursed an item would be, I don't concede that either."

Money and an item exchanged hands. China White slipped back almost as if the weight of the world just slid off of her shoulders. The masked woman looked on with a smile, a soft smile flickering from underneath her mask.

"It's a pleasure doing business with you," China White said. "Until we meet again."
The two women shook hands. The woman and her companions followed out of the door. China White took a deep sigh in response and turned to her bodyguards. She motioned for them to check the door. No one followed her from what she could see. Why take any chances though?

The cool air in the pub heated up and the sound of screaming patrons could be heard. China White stood up and looked around. She shielded her face as a reflex action. One of the bodyguards dropped to the ground. The other bodyguard staggered back until he received a dagger to the chest. The dagger ripped out of his chest and dropped him down to the ground.

China White's eyes widened, pulling out a blade ready to fight the goons. She recognized them as HIVE who finally caught up to her after months of playing a game of cat and mouse with both HIVE and ARGUS. The goons surrounded China White. The woman took to arms with those blades in hand. They would not intimidate her, not in the slightest.

"You're making a huge mistake. You attack me. You start a war that HIVE cannot finish with the Triad."

One of the goons looked very much beyond all comprehension of what he was doing. He charged China White from one side. The woman blocked the hand of the goon and caught him with a rapid fire series of punches to the side of the head.

She turned around to stab another goon in the chest. A third one moved towards her. China White propelled herself onto the table and caused the table to splinter with the goon connecting with it. She ripped two of the splintered pieces of wood out and stabbed the goon in the stomach to double him over.

The HIVE goons closed ranks on her. The deadly fighter doubted very much they would listen to reason. The medallion they sought left the bar just a couple of minutes before they arrived. She picked up a broken piece of the bar and lobbed it at the hand of one of the goons doubling him over.

The woman's dark wig came undone to reveal her trademark white hair. It flipped out all over her face. The Triad leader stepped back to lift a gun off of the ground. The gun pointed towards the HIVE members and two shots fired before someone grabbed her around the neck.

The goon grabbing her pushed his hand into the shoulder of China White. The deadly nerve pinch brought her down to her knees. The woman drew in a very painful breath. It could have been her very last breath.

The doors blasted open. China White collapsed to the ground with hands pressed down and blood dripping from her mouth. She looked up to see a figure who resembled a white hot blur bouncing all about the room. All of the HIVE goons dropped to the ground at the figure bouncing back and forth on the ground.

Another figure dropped down on top of the bar. She opened her mouth to unleash a super sonic cry. China White noticed a flicker of an amulet with a glowing white canary on the top of it. A strong hand grabbed her on the back of the head.

"Come with me if you don't want to die."

"There will be more," she said. "I don't have what they want."

Harry understood, but she did have answers. He would get them one way or another. Kara and Sara joined him on either side and the group teleported out of the way to leave the carnage behind them.
Stabbing pains of agony spread through Holly Granger's right leg. She felt the hot metal digging into her knee before. Whatever they wanted from her, Holly would not concede to this assault. She swung back and tried to jar her leg loose. The attempts to free herself only caused more pain.

The hood wrapped around her head came off. The second Black Widow peered into her eyes with the type of soulless stare which unnerved Holly something fierce.

"If you're going to say something, say it!" Holly snapped. "Just don't stare at me."

"You should have broken a long time ago."

Holly decided not to make a comment about how she was sorry about not living up to this person's expectations. Nym would have been leading a rescue team by now. Providing Nym could find her. It was here Holly had more than a few doubts. Her confidence shook as she swayed back and forth.

The sounds of footsteps coming down the steps put Holly on full alert.

"You should just give in," Darhk said. "It would be a lot easier for both of them."

"Your master is not pleased with you?" Holly asked. "The Wh....."

Darhk clapped his hand over Holly's mouth to prevent her from speaking that name. The smell of rotting flesh almost resulted in Holly passing out.

"I ask you not to speak of him," Darhk said.

If Darhk assisted the Deacon, then the White Bumblebee would no longer be a concern. He stepped away from the government agent.

"I can give you truth serum," Darhk said. "The human mind is a fascinating thing. Perception is as amazing as well. Truth serum is not precise because I can believe I see something and it is not necessarily true."

A dagger flashed out from underneath his hand and slid underneath Holly's chin. It would have been so easy to slice her through where she hung, but no, Darhk did not want to slice her throat. It would be a lot better to keep her alive.

"There are certain toxins which can make you spill your secrets," Darhk said. "Those aren't perfect either. Under duress, I've noticed that people scream out what they think the captive wants to hear. We would be back to square one."

An alarm caught Darhk's interest. He turned around to put on the screen. A very familiar figure stepped in and Darhk smiled.

"Well, your cousin has come to save you," Darhk said. "Ivo spoke much highly of the Bookworm. I'm sure she wouldn't mind donating her mind for science."

"You touch her and I swear I will...."

"I'm sorry, but you're not in the position to do anything," Darhk said. "Boys, we have intruders at Sector Two. Make sure they don't reach the stairs."

Darhk smiled and grabbed Holly's chin roughly. He squeezed it to make sure she looked at him. Holly responded by spitting in his face.

"That's rude and very unhygienic as well," Darhk said. "I'm going to ask you about the item again.
You're going to help me even if I have to slowly peel the layers of your mind back and rework your entire brain."

Holly feared not for what might happen to her. She feared that since Mia somehow got wind of her predicament, she was going to do something reckless that would get her killed. The ARGUS agent wished she could be happier that someone caught up to her.

A burning of a hot poker pushed in her lower back brought her out of her thoughts and caused Holly to bite down on her lip. Darhk would not get the satisfaction hearing Holly scream.

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To Be Continued on August 13th, 2017.
Chapter Forty-Nine: Escape.

A feeling of familiarity and also of dread spread through Hailey's body. She almost feared another premonition which would cause her to be worse off. Every step caused familiar smells to enter her nostrils. Hailey's hand shook when trying to keep her breath very steady, as hard as it would be.

A soft hand touched the top of her shoulder. Hailey turned around to realize it was only Mia who touched her on the top of her head.

"You don't have to do this."

"I do have to do this," Hailey corrected her sister. "I'm the best chance of finding Holly, before… before something happens…"

Mia tried to reassure her sister that nothing could happen. She could not find it within to lie, however. Every step caused Mia to flash back to those early, uncertain days where she had been brought on the AMAZO. Being stuffed in that cell where she had very little food and even less water, where the prisoners threatened her. It was only through a couple of bursts of accident magic which kept them at bay.

The paint on the walls, once a shade of black, chipped to reveal the surfaces underneath. Mia lifted a hand and scanned the area. She knew she had to be getting close. The thoughts of being back on the AMAZO made Mia feel like her lungs were sizing up. She thought about being lead in chains.

It was not until Ivo figured out that there would be a use for her that he allowed her more movement. Twelve long years lead to many days feeling like they should have been her last. Mia anticipated the warm embrace of death when it came. Then, she received a second chance which she scarcely felt was deserving of the likes of her.

The dripping of a faucet sounded familiar. She recalled it from Hailey's vision. They were very close to reaching Holly. Uncertainty on what they would find grow. A knot rose in Mia's chest tensed her up. She moved around the corner up a set of steps. Some of the steps looked rotted due to weather damage. Mia noticed a few dead termites on the ground, having been fumigated by someone.

"They're up the steps," Hailey said.

Rose finally reacted to her surroundings. She had been listening for something to give her a clear idea where she was going. She looked up the steps and saw several obvious blind spots. That much she did not like. Rose took the first step which gently cracked underneath her foot. Rose lifted herself to the steps. A dagger slipped into her hand.

"Keep at the bottom of the steps until I give the signal."

She would not be letting the two of them go up the steps without her. Rose thought they should have waited until Harry returned to get him involved in this, but that was too late now. They were
already in the HIVE base. Rose looked up and noticed a glowing eye on the wall. The eye snapped shut.

Rose pulled back with a grimace covering over her lips.

'Shit, they know we're here.'

A sound of footsteps coming from around the corner caused Hailey and Mia to tense up. Rose stood at the landing of the steps and motioned for the other two girls to ascend all the way up the steps. They passed through the door with Mia slamming the door shut and barricading it.

The sounds of several large fists slamming against the edge of the door echoed through the area. They knew that door could not have been held forever. Rose, Mia, and Hailey stood at the top of the steps. Rose reached into her bag and pulled out a grenade.

The grenade blew up the steps and caused to collapse just after the doors burst open. The dust surrounded the room with Rose, Hailey, and Mia standing out of reach. They kept moving to the second set of stairs. Rose stabbed in the shadows when she kept moving to make sure no one had been in the blind spots up the stairs.

"We don't have a way down," Hailey said.

"I realize that!"

Rose did not mean to snap, it was just this trip up the stairs caused her nerves to get pounded. They made their way into a corridor. Several HIVE soldiers stood at the end of the hallway and pointed guns at them. The three girls backed all the way up.

A deep breath came from Rose before she turned to the other two girls.

"GO!"

Rose left no room for argument in her voice. The moment Hailey and Mia rushed to the other side, Rose hurled a dagger at the wall. The switch on the wall caused the floor to release and resulted in the HIVE representatives falling all the way to the ground with an insidious thud.

A sound of a scream which belonged to Hailey brought Rose further up the steps. Rose crouched down to dodge a grenade which came inches away from blowing her up. She threw herself down onto the ground, covering her head. Four figures climbed down the steps. Two of them held Mia in his hands. The other one held Hailey. Both girls kicked and screamed when being brought down the steps.

"Let me go!" Hailey yelled at the top of her lungs.

Mia slipped the stun gun out of the sleeve of one of the mercenaries and nailed him in the side of the neck with a shocking blast. He fell to the ground and allowed Mia to drop down. The breath knocked out of her lungs when one of the mercenaries moved to stab her with a knife.

An arrow came down the hallway and knocked the knife out of the hand of the mercenary. Another arrow shot in the hand of the mercenary to force him to drop the knife down on the ground. The green hooded woman approached the man who withdrew his knife.

The two of them rushed each other. Olivia grabbed the arm and flipped him down to the ground. She flipped down onto the ground and fired two arrows to knock the man back. The battle continued between HIVE with more explosions occurring.
China White had no idea what happened. The last few minutes resulted in her mind turning fuzzy. She came close to being killed by Agents of HIVE of all people. The woman stood up to her feet and got a good look at her surroundings.

She was in a nice looking office area with clean walls, a nice desk, and a couple of plush couches in the background. A small window overlooked the outside area. The Triad Leader noticed a couple of trees coming out of the ground off in the distance. It was getting very close to the morning where they were.

Three figures stepped in dressed in robes. One of them dressed in a green robe with a hood pulled over the top of his head. The Dragon medallion hooked around his neck in great prominence. A second figure dressed in elegant red robes with a slight blue trim with an "S" superimposed in the middle of a yellow shield in red. The third figure dressed completely in white with an amazing looking bird. The White Canary stood up to him.

"Great ones," China White said. "I'm honored with your presence. Had I known you lived once more, I would have taken steps to return the Tengu medallion to you."

"HIVE has targeted the medallions," the Dragon said. "I need to know where the Tengu Medallion is."

'I don't have it anymore," China White said. "You can look in my eyes and choose to believe me, or you can't choose to believe me. I know you can tell whether or not I'm lying." The Dragon's piercing eyes scanned China White. He would have noticed signs of deception whether or not China White looked him in the eye or not. The Dragon turned to his two companions who looked less accommodating to her.

"I believe you had no knowledge of the medallion until the very end," the Dragon said. "The misfortune that it brought you forced you to sell the medallion as quickly as possible."

"It was a short sighted move," China White said. "But, the Triad is losing ground to its competitors. Even more, ground will be lost before we prepare to war for HIVE."

There would be a war alright after tonight's attacks. China White did not have the reputation she feared. She knew many of the things that she had been cruel. There had always been a reason behind the cruelty, something that many of her business rivals could not boast of.

"Short sighted is correct," The White Canary said. "Do you know who you gave the medallion to?"

China White answered as quickly as possible without pausing.

"I'm afraid I don't know the source of the benefactor, or who she works for. Providing, of course, she isn't just an independent agent working for herself."

The only thing China White felt some small amount of relief from was the fact the medallion had slipped out of the hands of her Triad. The benefactor received the misfortune, the curse of the Tengu medallion. If she knew know what she did then, China White would not have bothered to get the medallion into her possession.

She doubted very much that would get ARGUS off of her back. The woman did not know whether or not she wanted ARGUS completely off of her back. The challenge of them was very enjoyable.

"I can tell you one thing for certain," China White said. "The person who took the medallion was
not a member of HIVE. They would not have staged an attack otherwise."

The Dragon once again looked at her. China White found herself underneath the one undeniable method of truth detection on the planet. Her heart slowly pumped more blood as she looked him down.

"I believe you," the Dragon said. "Thank you for your assistance."

"The pleasure is all mine," China White said. "And you can rest easy knowing that the Triad will wipe HIVE off of this corner of the planet."

A small silver object, no bigger than a thimble, pushed out of the Dragon's hand and pushed into the palm of China White. The woman took in a deep breath when feeling the thimble connect to her hand.

"It will take you back to your headquarters."

China White looked on with a wide mouth look of surprise. She could not believe what the Dragon told her. She thought about it and realized arguing it would not be a good idea. Regardless, China White figured something had to be said.

"You're just letting me go?" she asked.

"There's no reason to hold you here," the Dragon said. "Have a safe trip."

A light flashed and brought China White out of here. The Dragon and his two companions stood in the middle of the room after she long since disappeared from the room. The green-eyed sorcerer under the hood turned his attention towards the girls.

"Let's go."

A HIVE Agent dropped down to the ground from Nym's attack. They had gotten the girls out of the line of fire. That was only one small problem out of the way. The bigger problem was Holly being held by HIVE. They had not killed her at least just yet.

Nym smacked one of the HIVE agents down to the ground. She stepped over his body and came face to face with a very familiar blonde. The sadistic blue eyes of the second Black Widow looked out from across the room. Two daggers slid out of her sleeves.

"You want to see your friend?" the Black Widow asked. "I'm afraid my bosses left clear instructions you're not going to be let to pass."

Nym fired a purple light towards the blonde Black Widow in an attempt to take her out. The Black Widow dodged and nailed Nym with a vicious knife throw to the wrist. She doubled over and the second Black Widow rushed over to grab her around the head. Nym crashed down to the ground with the Black Widow holding her down to the ground.

"I'm afraid you don't get to dictate the terms of this."

The Black Widow could have flattened this little girl into the ground. Her eyes turned to the second figure, the redhead, the bane of her existence.

"Let her go."

The two fighters turned towards each other looking eye to eye with each other. The blonde Black
Widow decided to step back from the little girl on the ground. A very deadly smile spread over the face over the more sinister version of the Black Widow.

"Gladly. You are much more of a challenge to fight than some simpering little girl."

Both fighters circled each other before they charged in. Knives wielded when the two of them jump into the air towards each other. Nothing happened when both of them clung steel to steel together. The original Black Widow dropped down onto the ground and faked crouching down. The moment her adversary came into position, Natasha pounced to grab her evil counterpart around the arm.

Both women wrestled to the ground with the sinister blonde making her attempt to take down the other Black Widow. A knife edged to the side of her throat. Natasha put up a hand to block it. Sweat rolled down the face of Natasha. She breathed heavily when her counterpart tried to force down the knife deep inside of her. Both sides moved back and forth with each other.

A battle of wills started between both of them. The smile on the very dangerous mercenary above her caused Natasha to only redouble her effort. She would have to fight to the very last breath. The knife cut slightly into her wrist before the more skilled of the two Black Widows pushed her back.

"You were chosen!"

"Because you were broken," Natasha said.

"No, I wasn't broken."

A swipe of the knife only stopped an inch from catching Natasha in the side of the neck. She blocked the punch and returned fire with a rapid fire attack to the back of the head. Both of the attackers hooked knuckles with each other. The second Black Widow swiped her knife at Natasha. The attack blocked with keen reflexes, with Natasha managing to catch a pressure point on the back of the leg.

"You look broken. You can't beat me. Unless you have someone whispering orders into your ear like a dog, telling you what to do."

The scream coming from HIVE's Black Widow followed. Natasha caught her arm and hooked it behind her head. The two kept struggling against each other with an intense battle. Natasha flipped her opponent down to the ground and pulled the arm back.

Nym rose up to her knees just in time to return to her path towards Holly. She rushed in only to get grabbed by a figure from behind. A blade tucked underneath her throat.

"This is about as far as you go, Agent Tonks."

Nym took a concealed knife to stab her attacker in the wrist. She only jumped back a few inches to avoid a blade catching her in the ribs. The figure who attacked her moved with very careful precision. The hooded man rushed towards her one more time.

"You're not going to stop us. I have to win…"

An arrow flew through the window and caught the man in the robes in the shoulder. The hood came down to reveal the gaunt face of Damien Darhk. Darhk groaned when another arrow came close to hitting him in the shoulder the second time. He flung the arrow back with one gesture of his hand while also ripping one of his fingers almost off in the process.
The Green Arrow dropped down to avoid the arrow plunging into her stomach. Darhk stepped closer towards her with a gaunt smile on his face. He raised his hand which left him open for an attack from the ARGUS agent from behind him. Darhk dropped down to the ground.

An arrow connected to his side while he just narrowly avoided getting a knife to the back of the leg. Darhk dropped down to the ground in agony.

"How did you survive?" Nym asked.

The sound of windows shattering prevented them from getting any answers to this questions. Both Widows rolled around on the ground. The HIVE version of the Widow took control of a large piece of glass. She stabbed it down into the ground in an honest attempt to butcher her adversary. The second Widow fight underneath the frantic stabbing of the first Widow, with both of them struggling for position in pretty much any way they could manage.

A punch to the ribs from the first Widow stunned the second Widow. Natasha gained adversary by sending a small blast of electricity into the chest of the second Black Widow. She flipped her down onto the ground.

The second Black Widow pulled herself to her feet and charged at the redhead version. Pure rage burned through those eyes. Natasha maneuvered around the attacks with all of the grace of a dancer. She grabbed the hair of the counterpart and flipped her down onto the ground.

Two more attacks stunned the blonde Widow. The Black Widow, the original model, took her counterpart down onto the ground with an attack.

Darhk made his way up the steps as fast as his legs could carry him. He did not know where this plan went south. The sounds of battle from upstairs continued. Darhk slid an amulet out of his overcoat and pressed down onto it.

A bright light engulfed Damien Darhk just seconds before Harry Potter showed up to engage him. Harry fell down onto the ground just barely missing Darhk after he vanished into the night. Sara and Kara followed a couple of steps behind him, just barely missing their enemy.

Downstairs, the blonde Black Widow struggled against the bindings. She made an attempt to pull out. Natasha viewed her attempts with very thinly veiled amusement until the point where she wound up and kicked her enemy directly in the face to knock her down.

The second Black Widow had been knocked out. Natasha hoped that they would be able to figure out what she knew about HIVE's plans.

Nym broke open the door and came face to face with Holly swinging back and forth. The obvious signs of several stab wounds lingered all over Holly's body. Nym gently lowered Holly down to the ground. The ropes holding her up had been removed from her.

"Thank…thank…"

Holly could not even speak. She fell forward to collapse into the waiting arms of Nym. Nym held her up and wrapped her arm around her.

"I know how much you don't like to teleport, but we're going to do have to do this," Nym said. She tightened the grip around Holly's waist before the two disappeared.

It left Natasha and Olivia alone in the room at least until Harry, Sara, and Kara made their way down.
"The girls have been sent back," Sara said to them. "And Darhk, he's gotten away."

"We should get her back to a secure area."

Natasha leaned her head down to the downed form of the HIVE version of the Black Widow. She laid unconscious now, but just because she had been knocked out did not mean that the danger had passed.

"Good idea," Harry said. "Kara, make sure you help them get them back. Sara and I will poke around to see if we can find anything else."

Everyone knew what they wanted to do now. Harry opened a doorway for them to get back to ARGUS. Liv and Natasha made their way through the gateway. HIVE's Black Widow dragged behind the two. Kara nodded before passing through the portal.

A sound of an explosion from up above jolted Harry's attention back up. He lifted his hand to block the debris. Their attempts to search this base would have to wait for right now. Harry blocked the debris falling from the base with one outstretched hand.

"We better go too."

HIVE ensured this base would not be left standing. Smoke started to fill the second flames shot down the hallway elsewhere into the building. Harry clutched Sara's arm and the two of them vanished elsewhere to regroup from this near miss.

Seconds after they passed, the magic sprung back and destroyed the entire base. Smoke rose up from the ground along with the smell of decay. Several buzzards hovered above the ground. One of them opened up its eyes with a sinister caw.

HIVE's Black Widow woke up from her containment and looked at the wall of the cell. The only thing she could see all around her were barren walls from all four sides. No one was going to break her out. The woman rattled the chain until it snapped back into the cell.

"I will escape," she said to no one in particular.

Bravado only got so far when the Black Widow realized the rough spot she entered now. HIVE would have lost the use for her, and now the people who captured her would show no mercy. The rogue Russian rattled her hand against the chain in an attempt to break free.

The door opened up to reveal the second Black Widow.

"What happened to the others?"

The blonde woman gave the other woman a very cross look when approaching the edge of the cell wall. The red-haired Black Widow brandished a knife when interrogating her double. The prisoner watched the progress of the knife with a look on her face which might have shown some thinly veiled boredom.

"Is that supposed to scare me?"

Natasha put the knife away so she could sit down in the cell across from her fellow Black Widow. An invisible barrier separated the two parties in case the prisoner wanted to try something. Natasha, in particular, figured the barrier worked well enough to prevent her from doing something that might have been regretted in the past. The super-spy waited for the other person to say
"If you want to talk with me, I'm afraid I don't have anything to say."

There had been many ways which Natasha could have gotten the information from the person.

"The moment you lost your usefulness to HIVE, they let you go," Natasha said a second later.

"I'm fully aware of that. And you will still die, much like all of the others. One by one, I hunted them down and killed them. Some of them had not lost their way as much as you do. This is what our masters intended. One ultimate soldier, who could be the strongest and who would be able to serve the true masters of the world."

Natasha did not bat an eyelash at the words coming from this woman, who was essentially a deluded child beyond all of her bravado. Natasha did not intentionally sugar coat it. It was what it was without any question.

"There can only be one Black Widow," she said. "And time will pass and I will get out of this cell."

"Darhk has done a number on your mind," Natasha said. "And if you are to serve the true master of the world, I'm afraid you must be mistaken. It's not HIVE."

The contempt from the prisoner only rose.

"What is your name?" Natasha asked.

"If you truly did not lose your way, you would know that our past identities are meaningless. We only are meant to serve the true masters of the world. Once all of the others have fallen, once the weakness has been purged, we are who we are. We are always the Black Widow, for now, and for ever."

Natasha reigned herself in with a deep breath. The woman in front of her smiled at Natasha's visible frown. The smile turned into a brief look of discomfort. Something in her confidence had faltered for a few seconds. The look of discomfort on her face faded.

"I will get out of here."

Natasha rose to her feet and stepped back from the cell. She knew this woman had been messed up before HIVE had gotten to her. It was a good thing Harry, Gwen, and the others reached her. Gwen still had not put on the medallion just yet, although she strongly considered doing so.

"You may," Natasha agreed. "Or you may just be in this cell until the time you decide to cooperate. If you don't cooperate, there isn't much I can do for you."

The government spy stepped back from this mysterious, unnamed woman. None of them really remembered the names they were born with. Some of them were snatched and brought to the orphanage at a very young age to be reprogrammed into dutiful little child soldiers. Natasha sighed. Things were going to get a lot harder.

"She's a tough one to crack."

Natasha relaxed a little bit when she came face to face with Harry Potter.

"So, any luck at the base?" Natasha asked.

"No, because it blew up," Harry said. "All of the girls are safe, and we got a prisoner if she's
willing to talk. I think over time, she figure out what the best option is."

Natasha looked around to see a couple of government agents.

"Liv is heading back home," Harry said. "She went and visited Holly and Nym to see how they were holding up."

"I'm pretty sure the White Canary insisted she would escort Liv back personally to make sure there were no delays," Natasha said. "How will they explain getting rescued?"

"A ship found them washed up on a deserted island, and brought them back home, dropping them off outside of Starling City General," Harry said. "They've made a few adjustments to really look the part."

"I'm sure," Natasha said. "I have to help file a report, given that I'm the only one able to. Waller wants details."

"You're not uncomfortable with this role, are you?" Harry asked.

Natasha gave him a smile. She waited to speak until another government agent passed her at the wall. The stunning redhead leaned closer towards Harry, a smile crossing over her face.

"No," Natasha said. "I'm pretty glad I had been rescued. Working for ARGUS is not as bad as working for HIVE."

Harry might have wanted to talk to the Black Widow. He had ways of making people like that talk. For now, Harry just left her alone. Leaving the Assassin stew in her cell might have made her more compliant and more willing to share certain details.

Holly walked around the room which she had been confined to. All she waited for the results of the physical assessment, and she would be good to go. Unfortunately, Dawn mother-henning her meant she was being kept in this private room a lot longer than she needed to be.

'Darhk, that son of a bitch,' Holly thought.

A knock on the door caught Holly's attention. She moved to the door and opened it up. For the first time, Holly had been disappointed in seeing Harry Potter at the other end of the door and not one of the ARGUS medical staff.

"Hey," Holly said. "Why don't you come in? Nym left to deal with a couple of things, but she should be back in about an hour."

Holly dressed in nothing other than a very long night-shirt and panties. She had a bandage on her right arm, but things could have been much worse. The passive magic she had, while not as useful as the active magic Holly and Mia could perform, had some uses in keeping healed up.

"The way your sister was talking, I thought you would be down for a long time," Harry said.

A smile popped over Holly's face. She leaned closer towards Harry and put a hand on his. She eased a bit closer towards him.

"You know how Dawn gets when she's worried," Holly said. "I'll be fine. I'll be better than fine, in fact. You can trust me on that one."

Holly leaned a little bit closer to Harry. She did want to thank Harry for a whole lot. She embraced
him and decided to take the plunge. She kissed Harry, enjoying the sensation of his mouth against
his. Every time Holly kissed Harry on the side of her mouth, it brought forbidden desire into her
body.

Harry wrapped his arm around Holly's waist to steady her. The two kissed each other, constantly.
A light nibble on Holly's soft, kissable lips caused her to whimper. She threaded through Harry's
hair to encourage him to give her a deeper and more passionate kiss, which Harry did. Holly took
him completely down, working her tongue into Harry's waiting mouth with the kiss to end all
kisses.

Finally, the two of them broke apart from their kiss with each other. Holly smiled when looking
Harry directly in the eye.

"Are you going to keep me entertained while I'm here?" Holly asked Harry.

"Are you sure you're up for this?" Harry asked.

Holly stroked his abs and moved down to cup another part of his body. The softness of Holly's
palm ground on his crotch.

"Harry, I'm sure, I can handle this," Holly said. "There's a part of me that feels really frustrated,
actually, not just a part, all of me feels frustrated."

These words stopped with Holly undoing the clasp of Harry's pants.

"I'll let you know if there's going to be a problem."

Holly threw off her shirt to reveal a dark bra which matched her panties. She smiled, started to
unbutton Harry's shirt, and kissed him. Holly started at his lips and lavished every inch of his body
with affection. Each kiss brought Holly closer down to the promise land, the tool of lust many
women shared which hung between the thighs of Harry Potter.

It took a moment for her to get those buttons open, but when she did, Holly was extremely happy
that she did.

Harry's long pole stuck out in front of Holly's face. She smiled and slowly licked him. The licks
grew even more frantic, with Holly working her nice warm tongue around his hard cock. Harry
grabbed her auburn hair. Holly's mouth opened and sucked on Harry's swollen head.

Seductive heat spread around Harry's spear. He grabbed Holly and guided her completely down on
the cock. Harry pushed a little bit more. She sucked his meat down into her mouth, bobbing up and
down with the lust burning through her eyes.

"Shows that mouth can be put to a good use," Harry groaned.

Holly showed how skilled she was by taking his cock deep into her throat. The frustration Holly
felt had been build up into this skillful action. Harry tightened his grip on Holly's hair and pushed
his length into her waiting mouth. Her lips ensnared and released Harry with a few sucks.

She redoubled her efforts on him, hand moving down to find her pussy. Holly shifted the fabric of
the panties to one side and guided her fingers inside. She pumped inside in time with Harry's hard
cock pushing in between her lips. Holly worked her mouth all the way down Harry's rigid pole.
Every time he passed through her lips, Holly grew hungrier with lust. Her hands reached to cup
those large balls.
The door opened and Nym stepped inside. She noticed Harry and her eyes followed down to see Holly on her knees, servicing the Dragon. His large cock stretched out her best friend's mouth.

"Shut the door behind you."

Without any argument, Nym shut the door. The government agent unzipped her bodysuit, the heat of her body being completely unbearable. The medallion dangling from Harry's neck glowed. Pleasure centered through Nym's points and caused her to strip her panties off as well as her bra.

Two very round breasts came into the picture along with a pussy shaven smooth and dripping with arousal. Nym could not move her hands to touch her body. Harry just locked eyes on her briefly with a smile, guiding his mouth into Holly's tight throat hole.

'I need him.'

Invisible hands rolled up Nym's body as she watched the spectacle of Holly down on her knees sucking Harry's large cock up. The feeling of the air from the vents hitting her pussy was enough to drive her completely insane. But was it the air? Or was it something else? Something brushed against her nipples.

The arousal rolling off of the shape-shifters body inspired Harry to bury his cock further into Holly's warm throat. He held onto the back of her head and shoved his length as far inside as humanly possible. Holly choked on Harry's cock the deeper it went into her mouth.

"Harry!"

The words from Nym made Harry smile.

"Don't worry, it will be your time soon enough."

Holly released his cock from her mouth and then licked down the shaft. She shoved it into her mouth, feeling Harry's hard balls. The very sex-crazed girl wanted Harry to cum inside of her mouth. Harry grabbed the back of Holly's head to guide the sucking down Harry's clenching pole. His loins were getting close to unloading inside of Holly's mouth. Harry grimaced when throwing his cock into the beautiful woman's mouth.

The first warm bursts of cum shot into Holly's mouth. Holly tightened her lips around him and sucked Harry like there was no tomorrow. She pressed down on the base and released Harry's huge cock. Holly continued to go to town on him to make sure every single drop of cum spilled onto her tongue.

Holly rose up and swallowed most of it. She looked towards her naked friend and partner, with a smile on her face.

"So nice for you to join us, Nymphadora."

Holly closed in on Nym like a shark smelling blood in the water. Nym did not move a second. She only accepted the tongue of Holly shoving into her mouth. The taste of cum worked its way into Nym's mouth. Their stiff nipples ground against each other, with Holly pushing her tongue inside, and Nym pushing back. Domination had been won by Holly, backing her against the bed.

The clicking of metal startled Nym, and she realized Holly handcuffed her to the bed. The auburn haired government agent put her hand between Nym's thighs to give her a firm little squeeze. Nym's hips jumped up to meet those gushing loins underneath her.
"Not yet," Holly said.

Holly crawled back on the bed, on her hands and knees. Her tight holes were opened for cock. Harry climbed in behind her and started to feel up her body.

"Are you ready for this?" Harry asked.

"The only medicine I need is a good hard cock inside me," Holly said. "So, get to work."

Those words ensured Harry would spend the next couple of minutes teasing Holly. Those fingers kept rolling over every inch of Holly's body. Those stiff nipples stuck against Harry's fingers when he squeezed them and released them with a couple of fluid actions.

"A nice hard cock," Harry breathed in Holly's ear. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"FUCK YES!"

Harry tormented Holly with his length grinding against her pussy. Holly tried to push back to suck him in, but this little tactic did not work on the account of Harry being a little bit out of reach. The powerful sorcerer slid his fingers down and cupped the underside of Holly's breasts. The sensitive mounds reacted.

Bursts of pleasure shot through Nym, as something rolled over her breasts. She realized, something happened which caused her to feel everything that Holly could feel, and likely the other way around as well. Harry's cock ground circles into Holly's hole.

"Fuck her," Nym begged.

Holly taking Harry's cock was going to get Nym off. Nym could feel every second of Holly's frustration when Harry teased her. The point of the cock slowly tempted Holly, just about as much as it tempted Nym. Harry almost slipped inside of her.

Finally, Harry took the plunge. Holly Granger missed this cock so much, it was almost unbearable to live life without it. Harry rested his hands on her back and then moved about her body. He started with those slow, agonizing thrusts, building up speed for a big one. A big one which would put his huge cock inside of Holly's warm depths.

Nym threw her hips up off of the bed. She imagined Harry having her on the bed from behind. Closing her eyes got the ball rolling for a very vivid image. Nym's insides felt like they were being massaged by someone. He slowly worked inside of her, building up momentum and building up anticipation.

Harry filled Holly up with his long, throbbing cock. Holly rotated her hips up bringing them up off of the bed. Harry position himself and slammed deep inside of Holly's warm body. Holly grabbed around Harry's cock and dragged his cock inside of her. He only went faster into her, the more she craved him.

The pressure that hard cock exerted on her loins made Holly slowly crawl to a spectacular climax, but Harry did not give it to her right away. He made sure to give Holly as much leeway as possible and made her anticipate every single last minute.

"HARRY!"

The enhanced magic spreading through Nym forced her hips up and down as well. She kept thrashing on the bed, the image of Harry plowing his hard cock into her very accommodating
center burning through her mind. Nym pushed her hands over her body.

The next thing Holly knew, Harry pulled out of her. She did not have too much time to protest before Harry had on her hands and knees. Harry worked his throbbing prick into Holly doggy style. He kept slapping against her thighs and feeling up her body. Holly rose up and dropped down on the bed. Harry's fingers touched Holly's nice body and touched every part of accommodating body.

"Fuck," Holly groaned. "Cumming, so badly."

"Savor it," Harry whispered in Holly's ear.

He plunged as far into Holly as possible and then slowly pulled out her. The moment the sense of loss gripped Holly, Harry slammed into her as firmly as possible. The skilled man stretched her center while putting enough pressure on her body to keep her gushing. Holly fell down onto the bed with Harry almost pulling out of her all the way.

"Please, don't leave me."

Harry slid between Holly's walls. She touched the edge of Harry's cock and squeezed him. The searing heat pumping from her loins only enticed Harry to bang her even harder. Flesh smacking on flesh and the sound of two women moaning encouraged Harry to get even faster.

Another orgasm passed through Holly. Harry leaned into her, grabbing her hair to make sure Holly was within earshot to what he said next.

"I believe you're in perfect health."

Holly would have to concur after taking this big cock into her. Harry slowed down just enough for the orgasm inside of her to sink in. Harry sped his thrusts the very second Holly regained her bearings. Every thrust inside of her body stretched out Holly's smoldering loins. Harry almost pulled out of her and then shoved his hard cock inside of her with a series of fluid thrusts.

"Good to know," Holly breathed.

The next orgasm would be the one where Holly would receive her reward. As such, Harry milked it for all of it was worth. His fingers kept dancing all over Holly's very fit and enticing body. Holly's nipples stuck into Harry's fingers when he twisted them and gave them a very firm squeeze.

Harry let himself go and fired a huge load inside of Holly's body. Holly grabbed onto the bed with her walls opening and closing to drain Harry's balls. It took a long time and another long rolling orgasm on Holly's part before Harry finished off.

The Sorcerer finished his load spilling inside of Holly. The young man pulled completely out of Holly and allowed her to drop down onto the bed. Holly rolled over with a satisfied smile.

Finally, Harry freed Nym of her torment. Nym dove on top of Holly and shifted into an exact duplicate of her best friend. Holly looked up to see her twin dive inside of her pussy and eat the gift Harry left behind out of it.

One version of Holly eating out another version of Holly was very nice. Harry moved in to press against Nym. It took only a minute for his cock to get back into position. He tested the silkiness of Nym. Her walls shifted velvety smooth and extremely tight. Harry guided his finger past Nym's gates and rubbed circles around her. She gasped the further Harry pumped his finger inside of her.

"Harry," Nym whimpered in response.
"Keep eating her and I'll be with you in a minute."

Holly leaned up with a smile on her face. "Yes, you heard the man."

Nym's warm lips moved down to start worshipping Holly all the way to the inside. She tasted the outer lips and then moved deep into the core. The nature of her gifts stretched Nym's tongue.

It was not the first time Nym drove herself this far into Holly with her tongue. Holly watched the identical face press down into her thighs.

Harry climbed up from behind Nym and guided his throbbing member against her entrance. Nym enticed Harry to slip inside. Her wet lips took Harry without any hesitation or without any pause whatsoever. Harry planted his rod inside, feeling the snug tightness clamping down onto him.

The powerful man grabbed onto Nym's hips and slammed into the shape-shifting agent underneath him. His cock moved back and forth in a steady fashion.

Every inch of her body was explored by the powerful gentleman. Harry touched certain points of Nym's body and got her heated up. His fingers brushed against the underside of her perfect nipples and gave them a very tender squeeze. Harry pushed his cock inside as far as possible and slid all the way back before shoving even more of it inside of the woman underneath it.

Holly rose up to allow her partner to get a better taste of the juices oozing from her insides. Nym reached further than anyone should. The soft moans coming from the identical form eating her out only made Holly feel even more better.

The tight and slick walls clamped down onto Harry's rod. Every single inch caressed his manhood when he could feel another build up. He soaked in the pleasure coming from Nym. His hands touched every inch of her body. They ended on those breasts which expanded in Harry's hands.

"Fuck," Nym breathed.

She could not vocalize much more on the account of Holly lowering her face inside. Harry did make her entire body feel good. Her walls expanded just enough to allow him in, but make things just tight enough for Harry to feel the pleasure of Nym's walls when they milked his invading tool as deep inside her as far and as possible.

"Cum for me again," Harry said.

She did cum and boy did she ever cum. Harry plowed down into her depths and pumped his thick rod into Nym's gushing slit. The woman grabbed and released his tool multiple times through multiple thrusts. Harry put his hands on her hips and sank his rod inside of her with rapid fire thrusts.

Harry slowed down, just enough for Nym to regain her bearings. The moment Nym regained her wind, Harry slid as far into her as possible. The caressing and the pleasurable tugging of his manhood between her walls continued. Harry pushed himself inside of her a little bit harder. The feeling of her loins pressing against his made Harry get closer to the edge.

Time ground down on the clock when Nym almost lost all sense of herself. Holly kept her in place, quite literally, by pushing Nym face down onto her cunt and making the shape-shifting agent eat out the trickles of cum flowing down her legs.

"So, close."
Harry sped up his thrusts, as his balls throbbed. He prepared to unleash a very thick load inside of Nym from behind. Her tight walls gripped Harry from behind and released his throbbing tool. He looked at her beautiful body. The soft moaning could only be slightly audible.

His will gave the next orgasm with Harry slamming inside of Nym's warm hole. The feeling of his cum splattering inside of her walls was a great moment. Harry slid almost all the way back and planted his rod inside of her. More thrusts followed with Harry spilling his seed into her tight hole.

Harry emptied his load inside of Nym who shifted back into a more familiar form. He emptied so much seed inside of Nym's smoldering hot cunt.

All three came down from their highs. Harry stuck around for a couple of minutes with Holly pressed against his front and Nym pressed against his back. Both girls smiled while catching their collective breath.

To Be Continued on August 17th, 2017.
Chapter Fifty: Homecoming.

Starling City General Hospital crowded with numerous people who were trying to get a close look at a very familiar face who was coming back to town. Three members of the press tried to make their way through the front doors of the hospital. Two burly looking guards, backed up by a couple of Starling City Police Department officers, stepped in front of them.

"My name is…"

"This is a hospital," one of the guards said in a very gruff tone of voice. "This is not one of your media circuses. I suggest you clear out of here before we have to evict you from the premises. This is your only warning. I suggest you heed it instantly."

The reporter opened his mouth to protest, but he realized that it had fallen mostly on deaf ears. This particular guard decided not to budge from his position.

The moment a girl who resembled Olivia Queen had been found outside of Starling City General Hospital, the entire town lost leave of their senses. The girl disappeared three years ago along with her father, and friend of hers, Sara Lance. Everyone wondered what became of her.

Dozens of sightings came through the news over the past couple of years. Everyone became hysterical over all of these sightings. They wondered if this could be the moment where the prodigal daughter, so to speak, had returned. They had been proven wrong before despite the rumors of the Queen girl being sighted over the years.

One person who arrived at the hospital and who had been allowed in was Quentin Lance. The last three years had been hell on him. One daughter missing, the other had become withdrawn, and his wife divorced him, before heading to Starling City. He coped by drinking but sobered up just enough for him to see what was going on.

The fact he heard from one of his friends in the SSPD that the girl Queen was found with was a dead ringer for Sara made him have hope for the first time in a very long time that something was finally ready to go well in his life. The Detective stepped in and almost bumped into his oldest daughter.

"So, you heard?"

Laurel responded with a nod. She most certainly heard. It took long enough for Sara and Liv to return back to Starling City. There had been some snags along way, or so Laurel heard. She noticed Thea making her way down the hallway as well. She looked hopeful, but not too much where she would have gotten her hopes and dreams completely dashed.

"Do you think it's them?" Thea asked.

Quentin was the one that answered the question for both of them. "Well, we don't know until we find out, do we?"

The nurse came down the hallway and flashed them a smile in response. She could tell they all had been anxious.
"Both of them are in Room 552."

The moment of truth reached them. Quentin decided to take the first step forward to see whether or not this would happen. Whether or not it was too good to be true, he opened the door and came across the bed. His body filled with relief.

"Sara," Quentin said.

Sara looked up at him with a smile. She looked a bit tired, someone who went through a lot over the past several years. Three years were gone, it could have been worse, five years, ten years, maybe never. Quentin made his way over to hug his daughter with a smile on his face.

The party on the other end of the room looked up as well. Thea looked across the room and could not believe it. She always dreamed for the past three years that this would happen. Even after Liv had been declared legally dead a few months ago, Thea still held out hope.

"Liv, is that really you?"

Liv sat up on the bed and stretched her arms out to wrap around Thea's waist.

"Yes, Speedy, it's me," Liv said. "You're all grown up from the last time I've seen you too."

"Well," Thea said. "I'm older anyway. I'm not sure how much I have grown up. It's just the common curse of being related to you."

The two of them smiled at each other. It was very nice for Thea to see Liv was back and in good spirits. Three years gone had could change her. Thea looked into those eyes and saw something different in them, but not too different. She changed as well.

'Thankfully, I didn't step further down the path that I was going,' Thea thought. 'I'm just glad that she'll never know.'

Liv might have done some questionable things during her wild party girl days. Thea did not care, that seemed to be in the past and behind her. The two sisters enjoyed their reunion for a moment until Thea looked over and noticed Laurel looking at Liv from across the room.

"Olivia," Laurel said.

They might have met before, a few weeks ago, and they buried the hatchet. Still, they had to keep up the pretext of them meeting for the very first time in three teams.

"Laurel," Liv said. "How are you doing?"

She smiled at Liv which broke the ice. "I'm better now that my best friend and my sister are back home. And I'm sure you can agree it's good to see you back into Starling City."

"Well," Liv said. "I have to admit that it was pretty rough. Sara and I had to take care of each other out there, but...we almost didn't make it."

"I thank you for keeping an eye on my daughter," Quentin said. "Even though I can see the argument already building up she is more than capable of taking care of herself."

Liv smiled and was pretty glad that Quentin did not seem to blame her for what happened. It was really no one's fault to be perfectly honest what happened.

'Dad's just happy that I'm alive,' Sara thought. 'I guess that's the main thing. There's a part of me
who thinks it's a good thing that Oliver was sent to that other universe.'

'Do you think he was saved from your father's wrath?' Rose asked.

'Hard to tell,' Sara thought. 'It might have been a lot worse if I didn't come back. But I'm glad that I got this off of my shoulders.'

The door opened up and another party came open. Liv looked up to see her mother standing there. Moira looked like someone who had been very surprised, and at the same time very pleased that her daughter was present.

"Olivia," Moira said.

For a long second, Liv locked eyes with her mother. Something about Moira's demeanor caught Liv completely off guard at first. The look of surprise had been replaced by a smile. Moira moved over and bent down to hug her daughter.

"It's good to see you again, Mom," Liv said. "Dad…Dad didn't make it."

There had been a moment where Moira stiffened in the grip of her daughter. She drew in a breath and sighed.

"Unfortunately, I thought it was….I didn't think….well he would have been with you if he could have been with you….he would not have left you or any of the members of the crew alone if he would not have survived."

For a moment, Liv thought that Moira had just been caught up in the moment. Something bothered her. Something Liv could not put her finger on. She had been acting a bit strange.

"I'm just glad to have you home," Moira said.

Harry returned from the ARGUS headquarters. He stopped back into Smallville and no sooner did he stop there, he received a call on the phone he carried at all times.

"Hey, Mia," Harry said. "Yes, I know you're nervous that your mother is coming today. You shouldn't be though."

"Twelve years," Mia said. "Twelve years, it's been twelve long years since I've seen her. Hailey told me that there was no ill-will, but I don't know. What would I do? What would I say? What if I say the wrong thing?"

Harry decided to let Mia go with what she was going to say. He thought about giving her the advice about being herself but decided against it. Knowing this version of Hermione, she would have hated that advice. She was ashamed of the lot of things she did. And for good reason, Harry figured, but the past was the past. Harry learned a lesson a long time ago to stop dealing with what happened in the past.

'Perhaps not soon enough.'

Harry stopped just outside of the caves leading up to the mountains. He let Mia ramble on for a couple more minutes, but he decided to stop her before she wound herself up too tight.

"All you can do is go there and face her," Harry said. "Just get back in touch with her. I'll be there as well."
"Right, I have to calm down," Mia said. "And I'm going to have to come clean with everything I've done. And none of it I'm proud of either."

Harry had been over this so many times he could have recited what Mia had been going through from memory. The truth was, she did get wound pretty tight at the worst possible times.

"You're not proud," Harry said. "We both understand that. If you were not proud, you would not be a decent person. But the past is the past, and you can't do anything to fix what happened. You only need to stop from making the same mistakes in the not so distant future."

"Right," Mia said. "You're right, you're right way too much of the time. Does it help that I hate you for being right so often?"

Harry just smiled. Oh, how the tide had turned in their relationship dynamic in this universe. He said that to Hermione once or twice, and she seemed a bit too happy that her correctness inspired that much hate within her.

"I'll see you in a little bit," Harry replied. "In about a half of an hour. I won't be late. Trust me on that one."

The two of them parted ways, and Harry drew in a deep breath. He turned his attention to a figure who made her way outside. Kara showed up, wearing a casual white tank top and a pair of jean shorts which showed off her bare legs. She walked around in bare feet on the grass or rather hovered half of an inch off of the ground.

"Sounds like you reunited two families today," Kara said. "And you're going to reunite a couple more."

Harry smiled and Kara properly joined her beloved with an arm wrapped around his waist. They enjoyed the fresh air coming down into their faces, breathing it in with smiles on their face.

"Holly's going to be okay," Harry said. "But, not everything has gone to plan. Darhk is still out there."

Kara nodded, that could, unfortunately, be a problem.

"He's not what he used to be, at least that's what Sara told me. There's something about him, he's lingering in between life and death. He's tip-toeing over. I don't really know how to explain it. But, there's someone who is pulling his strings."

Darhk had come across as someone who had made a deal with the devil to get where he was. Harry only caught a brief glimpse of the man. The energy coming off of him, something about it was all wrong. Actually, it was more than wrong, it was completely off.

"And the other Black Widow?" Kara asked. Harry nodded in confirmation to acknowledge what she was saying. "Has she said a word?"

"Nothing yet," Harry said.

Kara tightened a grip around Harry's hand. She smiled at him knowingly. The breeze blew all around them as the cooler autumn air came in around them.

"I'm pretty sure you have your ways to get her to talk," Kara said. "If you know what I mean."

Harry knew exactly what she meant. He leaned towards Kara and gave her a very light kiss on the
lips. She enjoyed the contact about as much as he did. The two parted away from each other with Kara dropping her head down on Harry's shoulder.

"Yes, in time I might," Harry said. "Natasha seems to think she has a way to get her to talk. And I wouldn't want to get in the way of that woman and her work."

Kara would have to agree, she would not want to either. Her body pushed against Harry with his arm tightening around her waist. Another figure came out of the Potter House to join Harry.

"Hey, Shado."

Kara caught one look at Shado's face and noticed that she walked with a purpose. She decided to get away from Harry and step back to the path.

"I'm going to see how Claire's doing," Kara said. "Let me know if you need anything."

One more stolen kiss from Kara and she were off on her way. Shado motioned for Harry to walk with her.

"We're close to finding a lead on the Atlantean medallion," Shado said. "I know what you're thinking, and I agree with you. We were supposed to have this lead a few days ago, but something hit. Tess is working together with Amanda and Emily Potter, and between the three of them, they found someone who has seen the medallion in living memory."

Harry just allowed that to all sink in.

"I don't deny it,' Harry thought. 'It's too bad we were seconds away from grabbing the Tengu Medallion as well.'

'Ruve has not been unable to come across anything,' Talia thought. 'But we will keep searching. Because that's what we have to do. Keep searching until we find it.'

Harry figured that was the case. He had a feeling one of the two medallions still on Earth, hopefully, both, were just in reach.

"Keep me updated," Harry said to Shado. "And I'll let you know if we find anything...has your sister had any better luck?"

Shado had been surprised by that particular line of questioning. She recovered quickly and sighed. Her shoulders slumped to show the woman had been very agitated and for a very good reason.

"No, but we're going to keep looking," Shado said. "It's not over yet. We will find something."

Harry gave her an encouraging smile which she returned. The two of them parted ways and Harry confirmed it was about time to have a very important meeting.

The time Hailey, Mia, and Harry had been waiting for was at hand. They waited at the edge of the road between the Kent Farm House and the Potter Residence. They did not know whether or not it was possible to start wearing a hole into a dirt road. Mia had done a pretty good attempt at doing so.

Harry followed the progression of the look on Hailey's face as she watched her sister. The look
went from amused, then slowly progressed to annoyed. Then she just grabbed Mia by the shoulder roughly and stopped her from running around in circles.

"Calm down," Hailey said. "I told you, everything is going to be okay. I talked to our mother, and she's glad you're alive. She might ask you some questions about where you've been, but none of this is your fault. That's our grandmother's fault."

The mouth of the older girl remained open for some time. There were a couple of seconds which passed when she tried to protest it. She looked at Harry, who kept his eyes focused on the pathway.

"Your sister is right," Harry said after a moment's thought.

Mia threw her arms down and leaned back against the tree. It looked like finally, she had managed to accept what was going on. Hailey put a hand on the back of her head and flashed her sister a smile.

It had been a long time since Hailey had seen her mother, a few weeks in fact. Long enough for Hailey to wonder exactly what her mother had been up to that was so important. She had her questions, which Charlotte may or may not answer.

'Guess I'm going to have to find out when they're here,' Hailey thought a few seconds later.

A very fancy looking car pulled up across the way. Harry noticed one woman driving and the other sitting in the passenger seat of the car. He knew those green eyes from everywhere. His mother was just as beautiful as the photos he saw in his native universe. She dressed to impress in a white blouse, which had been buttoned up, with her hair tied back in a ponytail.

The door opened up, and Charlotte, who was driving, stepped out first. Her hair tied back into a ponytail, the dark hair hanging off of the back. She dressed in a female business assemble, conservative looking, but not too conservative. One could see her curvy, mature frame from underneath the outfit.

For the first time in twelve long years, mother and daughter locked eyes with each other. Mia looked to be so glad she did not have to make the first move. It was Charlotte who crossed the pathway and engulfed her daughter in a hug. Truly, twelve years was much too long for them to spend apart.

"It's nice to see you again," Charlotte said. "I admit, for a long time it seemed hopeless. And I'm just glad you came out of there healthy and whole."

One could really debate on how whole or healthy she really was. Regardless, Mia stepped back from her mother and flashed a very anxious looking smile. A breath came out of her body.

"It's good to see you again," Mia said. "I admit, during the rougher times…well, the only thing that kept me going was a thought that I would meet you and Hailey again."

That was the one thing that kept Mia going through some really rough times. The hope that she would meet her sister and her mother, after everything that happened, she still hoped beyond all hope. Twelve long years passed.

Charlotte turned towards Harry for a moment. She looked him in the eyes and had been taken aback. The brunette woman looked completely shocked at glimpsing those green eyes.

"It's….I would never have believed it if I would not have seen it myself," Charlotte said. "You're him, you're really him."
"I would have to agree with my friend."

Harry had momentarily been distracted by Charlotte's arrival. Still, the reason why he was here, other than to offer Mia some moral support came around the corner. A woman who looked like she could pass to her early to mid-twenties stepped in. Her green eyes simmered with so much life as she studied Harry. Her eyes fell to the medallion hooked to his neck.

"Harry," Lily said. "I'm pleased to meet you. My name is Lily Evans."

It was the height of amusement that Harry had been introduced to the alternate dimension version of his mother. Lily extended a hand and Harry took it. He swooped down to kiss Lily on the hand. For a moment, she reacted, and then she just gave him a knowing smile.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you," Harry said. "Your daughters are brilliant women, and their greatness must reflect upon you."

Lily just smiled. She had been proud of the type of women Amanda and Emily became over the years. Every accomplishment they made, Lily had been proud of it. They accomplished what they did all because of their genius. Lily just imparted the right motivation on her daughters to accomplish something great.

"Thank you," Lily said. "They are a joy. And I'm sure your mother is a credit to you as well...from where she would be."

"I didn't have the pleasure of knowing her," Harry said.

The two of them took a moment to realize perhaps it had been destiny which brought them together. Or perhaps, there had been some kind of great reason.

"Would you like to come with me to Metropolis for lunch?" Lily asked. "I want to discuss a couple of things with you, alone, one on one."

"That would be great," Harry said.

It would also let Mia, Hailey, and Charlotte to spend some time together, which had been long overdue for them all. He wanted to get to know Lily, even if it wasn't technically his mother. Still, there had to be some similarities.

"Great, it's a date," Lily said with a smile.

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A part of Liv thought that returning to her old room would bring back some warm fuzzy memories. However, it just brought back nothing other than some regrets, regrets as she thought about what might have been. The Queen Mansion looked to be as extravagant as ever before.

"Home sweet home."

Thea's tone sounded a tiny bit unsure from what Liv could here. The younger Queen sister stopped at the door and looked at her older sister.

"If you want to be alone, I understand," Thea said. "Of course, you stay in this house during the day for long enough and you'll be alone plenty. Mom...she's been busy."

"Yes," Liv said. "Yes, she is."

Liv decided to avoid her mother for the moment. Unfortunately, if there was one thing Liv knew,
that was going to be a conversation they were going to have to face. She moved over to look at her bed. It still stood in the same place it always was.

"Things have changed since you've been gone," Thea said. "A whole lot has changed, this isn't the Starling City you left three years ago."

A second passed with Liv looking at a picture on her dresser. It contained her parents, her, and Thea in some much happier times. Liv took a second to look over it. It must have been taken about six months before the Queen's Gambit went down.

Liv straightened up the picture and pulled up another picture which had set down on the desk. It was her and Laurel, during some much complicated times. Liv stared at the picture and came to the conclusion she might as well have been staring into the life of a stranger.

"Are you okay?"

Those words had hit Liv as hard as possible. They had been pretty loaded.

"I'm….I've been better," Liv said a second later. "I'm just glad to be home."

'It must have been awful."

Liv looked around her room for the next few minutes. She tried to bring her mind back to the way things used to be. She could not help to think that pretty much everything changed. She straightened up some items on her shelves. They seemed pretty barren. A couple of trophies stood on the shelf. They looked like they did not get dusted for a very long time.

"So, Sara mentioned you got rescued by this guy?"

A soft smile passed over Liv's face, but she did not turn to face her sister. She just looked at a trophy which once showed a promise, a promise and hope to her. She fell off of the rails. The party girl mentality was very enticing and Liv fell hard and fast for it.

"Yes, Sara mentioned that to you, didn't she?" Liv asked. "He's…well he's most certainly something."

A part of Liv would forever be grateful to Harry. Not only did he save her, more times than she could count, but he saved Sara. He also helped smooth things over between herself and Laurel.

"Well, do you know where he is?" Thea asked. "Because, I'd like to thank him for bringing my sister home….is he cute?"

Liv sighed, and Thea just responded to her sister's glare with a nice little smile. She leaned in and planted a very tender kiss on Liv's cheek before pulling back from here.

"Just an honest question, sis," Thea said. "Besides, it's not like you're going to be interested in him, whoever he is."

This conversation had been stopped by Moira coming into the room to see both of her daughters getting on.

"Mother," Liv said. "What has been going on? Is Queen Consolidated still running?"

"It's had some snags, but I've managed to smooth it out," Moira said. "I never scene you have that much interest in the business end of our family."
The two women looked at each other for a moment. Neither of them really knew what to say in this situation, as awkward as things had gotten between the two of them.

"We're going to have a dinner, invite over a few friends to celebrate your return," Moira said.

Liv shifted a little bit uncomfortable at Moira's words coming from her. "You didn't have to make a big deal out of it."

"When you have children, you'll understand how important this is," Moira said. "You'll understand how this is a big deal for us to have you back. And it's really good to have you back."

Moira's demeanor shifted into a bright smile. She put a hand gently on her daughter's shoulder and leaned in to kiss her on the cheek before pulling back from her.

"Well, that's the most interest I've seen Mom take in the life of one of her daughters," Thea said.

She noticed Sara coming down the hallway. Sara smiled at Thea which caused shivers to come down the girl's smile when the older blonde woman looked her over like a particularly juicy piece of meat.

"Thea, you've grown up over the past three years," Sara said. "You're very beautiful."

Thea smiled, the last time Sara saw her, she was an awkward teenager. Thankfully that changed, and Thea could be more relaxed around a beautiful woman like Sara Lance. Somehow, she did not knock the lamp over.

"So, if the two of you want to talk, I'll be in my room," Thea said. "So, was the guy that rescued you two hot?"

"You want a scale of one to ten?" Sara asked.

"Yeah," Thea said.

"An eleven," Sara said.

She smiled at Thea, and Thea moved off to leave the two older girls alone in the bedroom. Sara reached over to shut the door and put a device on the edge of the wall which would prevent eavesdropping. Nyssa showed her how to use it.

"I swear I think you're hitting on my younger sister," Liv said. "And are you trying to recruit her to Harry's collective?"

"She's of the age of consent now," Sara said without missing a beat. "But, you know, there's always room for more."

Liv just sighed and looked at her friend. Something about being home seemed off. Sara held a notebook in her hand and slipped a pair of glasses into Liv's hand.

"Put these on and take a look at this."

The book opened up in front for Liv's consumption. Each name on the list caused her to blink. Several of them more than once, being prominent figures in Starling City society.

"Your father handed this to me before I landed on Lian Yu, and he would want you to have it," Sara said.
"These people have done horrible things," Liv said. "They're the reason why this city is the way it is."

"And it's only going to get worse from here."

Liv did not know how much worse things could get in this city. Her entire life had been turned upside down by a couple names in particular on this list.

Lily brought Harry to the back room of one of the most exclusive restaurants in all of Metropolis. There had not been much between either of them to say, at least not right now. They ordered some pasta and sat in the back booth. The drive up here resulted in the two of them making some light talk. It had been nothing extremely world shattering. Just two people trying to figure out who talked to him.

"You blame yourself."

The most frustrating thing Lily had to deal with, the loss of her son, a loss of the man who could have grown up to aspire to greatness, reared its ugly head. All of these years later, and Lily still did not forget about that. She allowed her to guard to be kept down just enough to cost her big time.

"Not as much as I did," Lily said. "And maybe not as much as I should have. One would think the wounds would have passed."

James received a choice to work with HIVE or go against them. The White Bumblebee allowed James to leave, only to slowly destroy the man's life. Then, she took Harry away from them. Lily managed to escape, with the twins, just barely.

The first few years, Lily spent a lot of time being upset with what happened. No one could have really faulted her. She pulled herself out of those doldrums and became something else.

"They never do," Harry said. "I've never known Lily, my mother…"

Lily smiled despite the somberness of a situation. Talking about alternate dimension counterparts could make things very awkward.

"Everyone told me how great of a person she was," Harry said. "And I would have liked to think she was a very good person."

They would have liked to think that with everyone. Lily heard a few whispers about Harry being sighted in some exotic parts of the world. She knew there was a funny thing about rumors. Some of them were insane. And yet, the truth was often more insane.

"My son, when he grew up, I hoped he would be as amazing as you are," Lily said. "But, we can only dare to dream about what has been and settle with the cards that life has dealt us."

Lily relaxed and leaned across the table. She went to touch the top of Harry's hand but thought better of it. There were still a few more questions to be asked before Lily figured out how to proceed.

"So, I don't think the question is if you can go back," Lily said. "Because I know with that medallion you can transport over dimensional barriers as easily was walking from one room to the next."

Harry blinked at Lily's words. He realized, with this revelation, there were a few qualities of the
medallion which he did not know about. He would have to keep figuring them out.

"News to you," Lily said. "Well, as your past memories return, you'll learn of the things that you're capable of."

He was learning more and more about the medallion. It was only a shame that the medallion could not be used to search for the other medallions.

"About the only thing it couldn't do is locate the remaining medallions," Lily said. "I know…it's obvious what you were thinking."

Harry agreed it was obvious the most obvious thing to the world.

"I know you have your misgivings," Lily said. "I understand. And therefore, I would like to present you a token so we can work together."

A box came out in front of Harry's hand. Harry took it and opened it up.

"Where did you get that?"

"I have friends who knew how to get ahold of it," Lily said.

The Tengu Medallion, one of the two medallions that Harry had been searching for over the past couple of days, had been handed to him by Lily just like that. The mystery of who got the medallion of China White had been solved. And now all Harry had to do was find the person who was worthy to hold the medallion.

To Be Continued on August 20th, 2017.
Joining Together

Vote for the Chapter of the Week. Click on the Page of Important Links and Scroll Down to the Chapter of the Week Voting.

Chapter Fifty-One: Joining Together.

A knock on the door to Queen Mansion announced another potential guest for the dinner party. There had been a few familiar faces who show up to give their well-wishes to Olivia's return. The sound of conversation and laughter could be heard by anyone within an earshot, which did not stop when someone else arrived to join the party.

Moira turned and she was busy entertaining. She turned to her youngest daughter who made her way over to the door.

"Don't worry, Mom, I got it," Thea said.

The door opened up and she came face to face with a very handsome looking man on the other end of the door. He had a certain amount of poise to him, which caused Thea's heart to skip a couple of beats. She recovered quickly to find her manners.

"Hello," Thea said. "I'm....I'm sorry if we haven't been introduced....or if I met you, and I forgot. But, I really don't know who you are...."

"Harry," Harry said. "I was the one who found Liv and Sara, and brought them back to Starling City."

"Oh, Harry, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

A real pleasure, Thea mentally noted while just sharpening her gaze on the face of this very handsome young man. Her mouth came open and then shut a few seconds later.

'Stop gawking at him,' Thea thought to herself.

"And you must be Thea," Harry said. "Liv has told me all about you."

Thea frowned and stuck out her hand for Harry to take. He shook her hand. The moment their fingers touched, Thea shivered at the feeling of the warmth caressing her finger tips. Harry leaned in and kissed her on the top of the hand which left her very pleased.

"Oh, my sister has told you about me, has she?" Thea asked. "And what pray tell is Olivia saying about me?"

A smile crossed over Harry's face when he looked at the girl, who gazed into his eyes while holding onto his hands. She gave Harry an imploring look up and down, with a shadow of a smile coming in between her lips.

"The good things," Harry said. "Mainly because she was worried about how you would cope without her being there to help you."

Thea just relaxed and was glad it was not anything bad. She could hear some footsteps coming
from the other side. Thea turned to see her mother.

"Thea, who is that?"

"This is Harry," Thea said. "He was the guy who rescued Sara and Liv from Lian Yu after they washed up."

Moira Queen stepped into the room and looked at the young man. Something about him seemed very familiar. She chalked it up to a strange sense of Deja-Vu.

"I'm grateful for you saving my daughter," Moira said. "And I apologize for my other daughter who seems to have held a death grip on her hand and prevented you from properly coming in to have dinner."

A shifty little grin appeared on Thea's face, and she did not seem too apologetic. Still, at the look given from her mother, Thea released the grip she held around Harry's hand. She allowed him to step back for a little bit to address Moira.

"It's fine," Harry said. "Your daughter was able to flourish for a long time before I caught up to her."

"Yes, and she would not have been brought home if it was not for her," Moira said. "How long can you stick around?"

"I was hoping to check in on both of the girls and then there are a couple of points of business that I have to deal with," Harry said. "Is Sara here?"

"Yes, she came here to check on Oliva," Moira said. "And it's a pity you can't stick around."

"I would have to agree with Moira. But, I'm sure a man of your stature would have to be very busy, wouldn't you, Mr. Potter?"

Harry turned around and saw a dark-haired man dressed in a business suit approach him. He pretty much cast a shadow wherever he went. The type of man who would leave an impression on pretty much everyone no matter where he ended up going.

"Malcolm Merlyn, I'm a friend of the family," he said. "And it's an honor to meet you Mr. Potter… would you be any relation to the infamous Amanda and Emily Potter, of Horizon Industries by any chance?"

"Very distantly," Harry said. "I take it they have made an impression on you."

Malcolm smiled and for a second Harry thought he looked straight at the medallion which was hidden underneath Harry's coat. However, the man kept his gaze firmly, looking straight in the eye. Harry saw a man with no fear, and yet, some deep dark secrets across from him. He just could not divine what they were due to the fact that Malcolm's mind kept moving around.

"Yes," Malcolm said. "About as much as business rivals could. But it's all in the spirit of competition. I wouldn't trade it for the world. I wouldn't trade it for anything."

"I'm certain," Harry said.

Malcolm checked his watch and then turned his attention back to Harry. "It was nice meeting you, and we cannot thank you enough for returning Olivia and Sara home. We feared the worst."
The man turned around and walked off into the opposite direction. Harry stood there as Moira went to talk to another guest in the party. He could hear a very obvious sigh coming over the connection.

'So, Malcolm Merlyn?' Harry asked.

'Yes, and keep your eye on him,' Nyssa thought. 'He was a part of the League of Assassins.'

'Don't people normally stay in the League until they are killed,' Rose thought. 'He looks still alive to me.'

'He's tricky,' Nyssa said. 'Very slimy as well, so I would keep an eye on him.'

Sara smiled and moved over towards Harry. There were several eyes on them. Harry and Sara made their way up the stairs to a balcony area. The moment they arrived, Harry put up a field around it.

'Anyone who tries to come up here will have a sudden desire to use the toilet,' Harry thought. 'Which will pass by the time that they get there.'

'Magic can be amazing,' Sara said. 'So, how did the meeting with Lily go?'

'Pretty good, especially since she brought me this.'

Sara could not believe it unless she saw it with her own eyes. The Tengu Medallion flashed in front of her eyes in the box. They had four of the other six, not counting the Dragon of course. Only the Phoenix and the Merfolk medallion remained.

'So, how's the reunion gone for you?' Harry asked.

'Decent enough,' Sara responded. 'I had to convince my bodyguards to stick to the shadows. They can be devoted, almost too devoted.'

Having a small army of blindingly beautiful and competent women had their perks. Not when trying to keep off the grid, however.

X-X-X

Tess continued her research for the Medallion. Shado stepped up from behind her. The look on Shado's face indicated she was pretty happy for some reason. Tess stopped short of the door and leaned back to get a full look at Shado's face. Sure enough, she looked pretty happy for some reason.

"Harry found one of the medallions," Shado said. "Not the Merfolk Medallion, unfortunately, but it's the Tengu Medallion."

Every moment they passed which no one found the Merfolk medallion put the entire world in some kind of grave peril. Tess did not want to be the one to bring up this dark point, but there could be some trouble if it was not found.

"That's some good news," Tess said. "I just wish that all of the medallions were out of circulation and into their proper hands. The seven should stand strong as one."

Shado nodded and smiled. The two of them hoped to get one step closer to finding another one of the missing medallions. The second most hidden medallion after the Phoenix medallion which the legends stated ended up in the vacuum of space. The medallion had to have been heavily guarded...
'The Phoenix would have had to have the strongest, most powerful guardians to hold onto her medallion,' Shado thought.

She only could guess what powers it had. Reality altering was a common one as it could reshape the entire fabric of life itself.

"So, is your friend going to help us?" Shado asked.

"If she's willing to talk, she might," Tess said. "I can be very persuasive if I want to be."

Shado had no doubt about Tess's abilities to get what she wanted out of any situation. She moved back a couple of steps and allowed Tess to open up the library doors. Those doors were their way to trying to figure out what needed to be done.

"Is anyone here?"

No one answered the question at all. Shado turned to Tess. Tess moved up to the front desk. Several books covered the shelves. Some of the tombs looked very old in a language which Tess could not decipher. Those words in them, one of them, could bring them one step closer to uniting the medallions with their owners.

"We want your help," Shado said. "It could save a lot of innocent lives."

The world behind the desk took a very shy and extremely awkward step. Her heart beat extremely fast. She looked very much like a librarian with some very unsubtle awkwardness when she moved into position. The woman took a step closer towards them, the pinnacle of an awkward smile approaching her face.

"Lori, isn't it?" Shado asked.

"Yes," Lori said. "Are you…you're here for a reason! No one comes to this library without a reason."

"No one comes to any place without a reason," Shado interjected in. "But, yes, we're here for a reason. We are hoping you might have known anything about this lost medallion."

The medallion flashed on the piece of paper. The visible reaction of discomfort from Lori's face came. She took a deep breath when looking at him.

"The Merfolk Medallion of one of the chosen generals of the Dragon," Tess said. "Surely you must have heard of the legend. Would I be wrong to say you did?"

Lori shook her head and had to sit back in the chair. She reached over and pulled out a cup of coffee to pour it with some very shaky hands. It took every bit of her self-control not to lose all sense of her bearings as hard as might have been.

"I thought that I was going to be able to finally leave that life ago," Lori said. "I escaped."

Shado knew she was a refugee by the nervousness she exhibited and the fear of going back to Atlantis. She put a soft hand on Lori's to try to calm the girl down.

"It's okay, just take a deep breath," Shado said. "You don't have to tell us right now, you just…tell us when you're ready?"
Lori felt she already said too much. What if they had been agents working for her? Trying to get their hands on the Merlock Medallion which was the rightful property of their queen? There were so many questions going through the mind of the Atlantean refugee that she really could hardly keep her head above the water.

'Stop it,' she reprimanded herself. 'You're being paranoid.'

Just because she was paranoid, did not necessarily mean she was wrong. Was she wrong? No, she was not really wrong. Lori drew in a deep breath and let out the breath one more time.

"You can trust us," one of the women said.

Despite those words of reassurance, Lori wasn't really one hundred percent on board with thrusting them. She moved underneath her desk and took a silver crystal out. The crystal did not react in their presence. Lori relaxed a little bit and turned around to go to a bookshelf.

"You can never be too careful."

Given all of what she had been through, Tess understood. Whatever the crystal did, verified that the two could be trusted at enough for Lori to get to work on the shelf and locate the information she needed. She dusted off the bookshelf and pulled out a large tomb.

"Atlantis had the medallion a long time ago, but they hid it at one of their outposts to prevent it from falling into the wrong hands," Lori said. "There are many on dry land as you might have guessed."

They did, in fact, guess that fact. Lori flipped through the pages of the library book and drew in her breath.

"Unfortunately, problems between Atlantis and the Surface World have caused those posts to be abandoned," Lori said. "And therefore, we departed them. A few people have used them as a means to store things. And the medallion is one of them."

"Is there a way to locate the medallion?" Tess asked.

"There's a ritual," Lori said. "But it requires the blood of the Dragon and at least three of his companions to divine the location of the medallion."

Shado thought that did not seem so bad.

"And those three will have to have already been bonded to their medallions," Lori continued.

A bit more of a problem, as only Kara and Sara had been bonded to their medallions. Gwen decided not to take the plunge, not having worked up the nerve for it. It was one of the cosmic ironies that the girl could be deemed worthy of the Spider Medallion was arachnophobic, slightly at least.

The Tengu Medallion still as in play, and Shado hoped that her love would find a way to get the medallion into the right hands.

"We have two of the three companions and the Dragon," Shado said.

"You'll need three, I'm afraid," Lori said. "If you want to divine a location...and it must be done underneath the full moon as well."

Nothing was ever simple, unfortunately, with a ritual. Still, hopefully, they would have the third
girl they needed. Lori brought a book out with shaky hands.

"If you…if you find her….please make the people who imprisoned her pay," Lori replied in a very shaky voice.

Three members of Talia's Elite Guard surrounded the Daughter of the Demon. She pulled a blindfold over her eyes and pulled a sword from the sheath. Her hand turned about while motioning for them to come after her.

"Attack me."

The three members of the Elite Guard jumped in for an attack. On instinct, Talia turned around to block the first attack. The second attack came inches away from slicing into the side of her head. Talia flipped herself up into the air and stuck a very precise landing down behind one of her adversaries.

Talia's attacker let out a deep breath which clued in the woman to her position. The Daughter of the Demon turned her hand a fraction of an inch to the side and caught her enemy with a sidelong glance. The attacker doubled over with Talia coming back with another attack to drop her enemy down to the ground.

One of the attackers came inches away to try and drive in with a very predictable attack. Talia moved around and blocked the attacker from coming in one more time. She took the attacker to the ground, disarmed her of the weapon, and used both swords to back off her adversaries.

"I thought I was going to get a challenge," Talia said. "This is not what I trained you for. I want a real fight against you!"

The assassins backed off and one of them flung a dagger at Talia. Talia dodged out of the way. She enjoyed being kept on her toes. The Daughter of the Demon whipped the sword in her hand and obliterated the blade of her attacker to knock him back down onto the ground.

The sound of steel clanging together lasted several more minutes. Talia handicapped herself by only using her left arm which gave her more of a challenge. She needed to be the very best for when the Dragon was going take the reins and take control of the world.

"Again!"

The three members of the Elite Guard rushed towards Talia one more time. Talia blocked the blade from driving into the side of her head. The members of the Elite Guard switched up their attacks. Talia responded by switching up her defenses. She cracked one of the members of the Elite Guard down on the back of the head and toppled him to the ground.

"And it's time."

The members of the Elite Guard backed off. Were they shown mercy? Hardly. Talia just grew bored of their attacks. She removed the blindfold.

"Keep practicing," Talia told them. "Next time I want a challenge."

The three women dropped down to their knees and bowed before their leader. They remained on their knees for several minutes until Talia motioned for them to get up. The three women departed from the room and had been replaced by Ruve.
"You've found something?" Talia asked.

"It can wait," Ruve said. "Harry Potter is here to see you."

Talia decided that anything other than meeting Harry could wait. She waited for her servant to part the way and Talia came up to greet Harry.

"Beloved, it is good to see you're here," Talia said. "But, unfortunately, I don't think this is a social call."

Harry took her hand and kissed the top of them. The two made their way up the stairs where Talia had the perfect location where they would not be disturbed. They stopped and Talia waited to make sure no one was around. She looked down the hallway and to her right before turning back to Harry.

"My apologies," Talia said. "You can never be too careful."

Harry just waved it off and sat on the chair Talia offered him. He reached into his robe and pulled out a box. The Tengu Medallion flashed in front of her face. Talia had been taken aback.

"You managed to liberate that from the Triad?" Talia asked. "I'm sorry, if I doubted your abilities, but…"

The Daughter of the Demon trailed off. Every time she thought that the Dragon impressed her beyond all belief, he pulled it out.

"I had some help," Harry said. "It was quite fortunate that this fell into the hands of the person that I got it from, and not HIVE."

Agitation flickered briefly on the face of Talia. She tried to hold her breath in and keep her temper calm.

"Thankfully," Talia said. "They remained like cockroaches, unfortunately."

Out of all of the disagreements Talia and Nyssa had, and there were many, one thing they could not disagree from was the fact HIVE was cancer to the world. Every time they thought HIVE reached an end, they managed to find a different way to return.

"Darhk's back."

Another piece of news dropped on her which Talia did not want to hear in her life. She reached into a cabinet which had several bottles of wine. The skilled warrior considered it for a second before shutting the cabinet. Her green eyes fell back onto Harry's own eyes.

"Some people don't stay on the ground when they should," Talia said.

The way Talia framed her statement caused Harry to give her a smile. "And if I was completely honest, Darhk looked like someone who crawled out of the ground."

"I'm not really surprised," Talia said. "He's been brought back by…that force Nyssa talked to me about."

The Daughter of the Demon and several warriors could feel something lingering around on the margins. They were taunted, stalked, harassed in every way possible. Talia did not know what to make of this. She just had to play it one step at a time.
"Either you or Nyssa could be the potential holder of the Tengu Medallion."

Talia raised an eyebrow. She would have been honored if the medallion would have chosen her. A part of her thought it might not be wise to get her hopes up. Regardless, the intoxicating power coming off of the medallion drew Talia's attention directly onto it.

"And you want me to try and see if the medallion reacts to me, don't you?" Talia asked.

"You're not taking it with ill-intention in mind," Harry said. "If it doesn't react to you in any way, then you will be fine."

Talia nodded and stretched her hand out. Now, came the moment of truth. Either ultimate power, or ultimate disappointed, but either way, she would know. Talia touched her fingertips of the medallion and waited for it to happen.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, and Talia could not help, but feel the disappointment go through her body. So close to achieving the power, and yet dragged so far away from holding it.

"It's either Nyssa, or neither of us," Talia said. "I figured as much."

"You seem relieved?" Harry asked.

"Not prepared to take that kind of power," Talia said. "And perhaps it's a good sign that I haven't taken that kind of power."

She could sense Ruve waiting out of the office door. Talia walked over and opened it to see her new subordinate waiting for her.

"Now that our business is concluded, you can tell us what you wanted to," Talia said.

"There's a HIVE outpost that I've uncovered through one of my contacts," Ruve said. "It's in Smallville. I'm not certain where."

Harry could make some guesses. He could only imagine what HIVE had been planning to do in Smallville.

A dark haired woman in her mid-fifties flipped through a diary on her lap. It detailed some of the past exploits of a member of her family. An intrigued eyebrow had been raised the further this particular woman turned through the diary on her lap.

The Teague line had been looking for three artifacts of immense power. The Stones of Power, depending on what legend you believe, either had the ability to make gods or control them. Genevieve Teague, in particular, looked towards the stones with an unquenchable lust for power.

Each generation, that lust of power grew even more. Genevieve received some strong hints that the Stones of Power were close by. The descendant of the woman who refused to give her ancestor the stones lived and breathed. Genevieve tapped her fingers against the book and read the account of the woman being burned at the stake. No matter how many times she read this, hope came for another hint.

There had been no hints, and she returned to square one.

"And yet, you look at the past. Unaware that the answers are here in the present, closer than you think."
The voice sounded both familiar, but the middle-aged woman could not place it. She looked at her and saw nothing. The door was still shut from where she was. A steady breath coming from Genevieve Teague occurred when she tried to reconcile the fact that there was nothing out of the ordinary out there. She was just being paranoid, there was nothing that will harm her.

'It must be all of those sleepless nights,' she reasoned.

"Life after life, generation after generation, you continue to chase the own obsessions. Obsessions which always lead to your damnation and the damnation of the ones who you hold dear."

Steadily looking up from the book, Genevieve came face to face with the demented face of a man with an unruly beard and greasy hair. He dressed like a southern preacher, which the shirt ripped open to reveal a steady amount of rotting flesh underneath. The woman let out her breath in a very pained manner when looking at him.

"Just who are you?"

"Recall who I am, and you know why I'm here," the man said in his mysterious tone.

The reflection in the mirror showed this man was behind her. Genevieve reached in the drawer and turned her to the man. The man extended his arms out, almost as if trying to draw her in to do something. The gun held in her hand was a warning to him.

"Are you going to greet an old ally like this?" he asked. "Or have your obsession with the stones twisted you to a level that has corrupted your mind?"

Genevieve answered his question with a bullet. The bullet flew directly through his head almost like it was like a puff of smoke. She fired a couple more times at the monster standing and looking at her. Those bullets passed through him and connected through the wall.

"What are you?" she asked.

"Search in your soul, and you'll know the answers," the figure said. "Your bullets cannot harm what is already dead. Nothing other than the darkest magic possible."

The bullet shells laying on the ground at the feet of the man answered the question and raised several more unsettling thoughts in the woman's mind.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The Deacon responded with an insidious round of laughter. The laughter made the skin crawl to the point where Genevieve had to double check to ensure that maggots did not run across her skin. The moment she stopped making the check, her attention turns towards the Deacon.

"It's not what I want. I'm the guiding light those who have been corrupted by the sin of greed. And the sin of pride, which is your greatest virtue and you're most damning failing, Countess."

This particular name coughed the woman off guard. Something familiar flickered in her mind. The hideous man smiled back at her.

"I see you recall it, even if you do not admit," he said. "The promise you made to me and my master, where you would be able to walk time after time until you got your hands on the Stones of Power."

"And I can help you."
Another figure came in the room with a gaunt looking face. Genevieve had no idea how these people kept entering her locked and very secure house. The gun proved to be as much use as it did the first time.

"Darhk?" the woman asked in surprise. "Damien Darhk."

"Yes," he said. "I'm pretty pleased to meet one of my former business associates again. And while you've chased men for the stars and trappings of power from alien stones, I've kept my aims a bit firmer to the ground. But, perhaps we can help each other."

"The Stones?" Genevieve asked. "You know where the stones are?"

The tone of her voice was very amusing to be perfectly honest. Darhk chuckled.

"I can locate them, in exchange for your knowledge on where the Merfolk Medallion is," Darhk said. "One of the fabled treasures of Atlantis can be used as a bargaining chip to defeat a more pressing nuisance. I know you know where the outpost is. And I don't want to tear up this sleepy little town to find it."

Even though this sleepy little tower was a lot less common and mundane than Darhk would really want to give it credit for. His face shifted into a very crisp looking smile. The look of greed in the woman's eyes told Darhk she was hooked.

Harry always presented a convincing argument for her to come and see him. The theory he had regarding the medallion and who it could be for, was an extremely interesting one. It was hard to say whether or not it was true until they figured it out.

'Do you think it's you?' Sara asked.

'Well, what do you think?' Nyssa thought. 'You have your memories back after you joined up with the White Canary Medallion.'

Nyssa stopped at the edge of the path and took in the air in Smallville. Sure the town had its fair share of weirdness, but it was a very nice place to visit. Leaves blew on the path in front of her as Nyssa crossed the gates to make the trip over to the caves.

Things were very nice, and Nyssa hoped that they would remain nice. She had a feeling of something happening. The wind continued to blow across the back of her hair when approaching the cave. The Daughter of the Demon approached the caves.

'Sara?' Nyssa asked.

'That's a pretty good question, actually,' Sara thought a moment later. 'And to be honest, I don't really know. The Tengu holder has her face covered in most of the memories'

'And in most of the books,' Shado chimed in.

'So, wait,' Kara said. 'Do you think it's because of the magic...actually, never mind. You knew that Sara was the White Canary before she even got ahold of the medallion.'

'At least we know that the Merfolk and Phoenix medallion holders have red hair,' Rose chimed in.

They really would have to thank themselves for that small favors. Regardless, Nyssa stepped into the cave and got a really good look. The depictions of the paintings on the cave made Nyssa very
impressed. They came to life and struck Nyssa completely speechless. Her mouth hung open for a second.

Harry rose to his feet from where he was. The two of them met with Harry putting his hands on either side of Nyssa's face. He pushed in with a kiss. The kiss caused a stronger pull than normal thanks to the intense feelings coming from the magic swimming around the cave.

Nyssa dropped down to the ground and allowed the breath to leave her body. There were times where you just had to step back and smile in excitement.

"I've been taking a look at this cave," Harry said. "And there are more secrets than I realized at first in these walls."

The skilled warrior could only begin to speculate what those secrets would be. Naturally, it would be hard to say without any certainty what those secrets were. Otherwise, the secrets of the cave would not have been secrets at all, at least what Nyssa figured in her mind.

"I'm certain," Nyssa said in a very breathless voice. "What have you determined?"

Harry was only too happy to elaborate on her question. The bright light coming from the cave walls only stunned Nyssa for a few seconds, before she returned the focus to Harry.

"My mother told me when I met her I had the power to walk through dimensional barriers when I fully tapped into the medallion," Harry said. "And doing a few little experiments verified this. I believe at certain points, when the planets are completely aligned, I should be able to step through the walls of the cave and be anywhere in the multiverse."

"Have you tested that theory yet?" Nyssa asked.

Unfortunately, Harry did not test that particular theory yet. He would have to be honest, stepping through dimensional barriers without any sense of where he was going was pretty risky even for him.

"And Talia might have mentioned why you're here," Harry said.

Nyssa snapped out of her thoughts about the possibilities of interdimensional travel.

"Yes. She came up negative on the medallion. Now, it's my turn to see if it will work."

"Are you ready?"

Nyssa answered with a nod. She was ready as ever for the medallion. Harry opened up the box and held out the medallion. The medallion touched Nyssa's bare hand and for a few seconds, they waited, to see what would happen next.

A flash of light erupted from Nyssa and bathed her in bright light. The medallion caused her to see power beyond all comprehension. Darkness which both chilled her and excited her at the same time brought a new feeling inside of Nyssa's body.

"You're the one," Harry said.

The energy passing through Nyssa increased. She felt a swelling of increased life through her. She approached Harry and ensnared him in a very tight embrace. Their lips connected with each other, with one of the most powerful and passionate kisses imaginable. Nyssa's warm lips pressed over Harry's with the powerful wizard returning fire. His hands grabbed Nyssa and pulled her into the
very steady, very passionate embrace. The kiss increased between both of the lovers.

"Yes," Nyssa moaned.

The kiss took them to an entirely new level. Nyssa needed Harry and practically tore at his clothes. A flash of light followed and both of them were in a bedroom.

"I figured this would happen," Harry commented.

Nyssa did not say anything. Her hands slowly shifted down and undid the buckle of Harry's pants. She dropped them down to the ground and waited for Harry's manhood to be dragged out for her consumption.

Her body burned up and Harry helped her alleviate some of the fire by stripping off her clothes. The stunning assassin took her breathing back a little bit.

Now they landed on the bed, with Harry crawling on top of her. Their nude bodies pressing together, ready to join at any second.

S-S-S

The sensations brought on by Harry kissing Nyssa, touching her, biting down on her lip, it caused Nyssa to lose all sense of herself. Harry drove his tongue between Nyssa's warm lips and sent his tongue further into her mouth with each stroke.

He touched her. Nyssa did not want to wait. She wanted him right now. The energy pulsed through her body the further Harry worked her over. Her nipples stuck up and Harry responded by their call for attention by pinching them. Nyssa shivered underneith Harry's touch when he rolled his fingers over the top of her standing nipples. Harry kissed her deeply and caused her to gasp in pleasure the more he worked himself over her.

"Beloved," Nyssa breathed.

Her thighs parted and Harry spent time servicing every nook and cranny of the beautiful body underneath him. The dark-haired temptress reacted every time Harry touched her. Nyssa reacted to his touch. Her heated loins rose up to meet him.

Harry started to take the plunge and left her hanging for a second. The thick cock worked circles around Nyssa's welcoming slit. She spread her thighs about as far as she could to invite Harry inside of her. His balls rose up and settled against her. Harry pulled almost halfway back and plunged his rod inside of her scorching slit.

Nyssa closed eyes when feeling Harry's swollen rod entering her body. Harry lifted up and drove his massive cock inside of her body. Her warm walls clutched around his prick with a few pushes. Nyssa worked her thighs shut and squeezed his manhood.

"You're already gushing," Harry said. "The bonding process must have done a number on you."

Those beautiful hands caressed Harry's back and brought pleasure to him as well. The feeling of his balls being tickled and tempted spurred Harry on as well. He kissed Nyssa's lips, which tasted like a fine drink. The taste of ambrosia filled Harry's mouth when thrusting down into the woman underneath him.

Nyssa did not say anything. She just felt and she just did. The warmth rose up in her body. So much pleasure, with her body being able to take a very solid pounding with Harry's hard rod slamming
into her body. She stretched out with Harry rising almost all the way out of her.

"Time for you to release it, don't hold anything back," Harry said.

Nyssa did not intend to hold anything back. Some magical force dragged her beloved's hard cock inside of her warm pussy. Harry drove his hard cock inside of Nyssa's very warm and very inviting pussy. He touched her breasts and pinched two juicy nipples which stood up to be sucked on. Harry treated them like the fine peaks that they were. He licked Nyssa's nipple and lowered his rod inside of her warm, gripping pussy. Harry rose up almost out of her and then slid all the way down to her to feel her cum.

The feeling of a pent-up explosion rocked Nyssa's body. She squeezed and took Harry into her depths. He continued to plunge inside of her womanhood with a hard spike.

"Mmm, yes!" Nyssa said.

Her orgasm faded and opened the door for another one. And open was what Nyssa did, to feel Harry's mighty cock spear down into her. His cock head touched her womb, brushing up against him. Those balls expanded past capacity. He pushed inside of Nyssa with a series of hard thrusts into the body.

Nyssa tightened her walls around him and Harry kept slamming into her body. The slickness and the nice and tight feeling of her loins caused Harry's orgasm to build inside of her. The young man thrust his hard cock into the body underneath of her.

The clenching of Harry's balls grew even tenser yet. He touched Nyssa's chest. The very responsive nipples stuck into Harry's fingers. He pushed deep inside of Nyssa and stretched her womanhood. He pushed into her.

"Let it go," Harry said.

The feeling of her womanhood releasing its juices made Harry just drive himself harder. Her slick juices made Harry's balls ache and clench as hard as possible. He planted inside of her with a few hard thrusts, pushing inside of Nyssa's tightening loins.

Harry pulled almost all the way out of her loins and slid his hard inside of her body. He pumped her full of cum, driving it into her body.

Nyssa drew Harry's cum inside of her. The orgasm never ended, and she craved as much as possible. Her entire body felt a rush of adrenaline when feeding off of the power. Harry touched Nyssa's nipples and got her really going. She took him inside of her. Their bodies pressed as hard together as possible.

She was able to take his cock into her with the right kind of ease and tightness. Nyssa milked Harry's balls with more thrusts. He finally pulled out of her.

"More."

Harry rolled over onto his back and Nyssa climbed onto the top of him. She was ready to go even more and she was he. Nyssa eased down pussy first onto his throbbing hard cock. Harry touched Nyssa and dropped her down onto his mighty hard cock.

The two connected with each other. Nyssa rose up and dropped her hips down onto Harry. The young man stretched Nyssa's warm pussy. She stretched around him and released him with a few steady drops.
She timed the drops just right to make both herself and her lover feeling really good. Harry teased her breasts and squeezed them. Nyssa sank down onto Harry with a repeated series of drops. Her walls pumped around onto him.

"This feels good," Harry said. "Go ahead, let it all out. Just draw on the power and cum harder than you have cum ever before."

Nyssa planted her pussy down onto Harry. Their loins connected together with each other. Every twitch of his balls made Nyssa grow more intense.

"My beloved, I'm cumming," Nyssa said.

"Don't hold back, cum for me," Harry told her.

Their bodies pressed together with Nyssa coming down onto Harry. Her slickening walls grabbed Harry and pulled him inside of her. Harry drove his hard cock inside of her body with a few swift pumps. His balls tightened and were about ready to be released inside of Nyssa.

He held back just as much despite the warmth of Nyssa's body dropping up and down on his cock. Nyssa dropped down onto Harry's might rod to work him over the edge.

The energy surrounding their bodies caused their nerve endings to explode in lust. Nyssa could feel her body dropping down onto Harry's rod and stretching herself out onto him. Her gushing continued with a long and hard drop onto him.

"Yes, I am," Nyssa breathed under her breath. "Damn…all of this…"

She knew Harry was talented. Now her body reacted to his mind and his hands now more than ever. And she manipulated him just as well. Nyssa slid down to the base of his cock and milked him. Her dampening walls lowered down onto him.

"Don't think, just feel."

Nyssa felt like nothing else. Harry pinched the nipples of Nyssa to make her come undone like she never had cum before. Nyssa lowered herself down onto Harry and milked his rod with a few more pumps. Her loins kept taking Harry inside of her.

Their loins connected with Harry releasing himself inside of Nyssa. His balls slapped against her and injected cum inside of Nyssa. Nyssa took herself down onto him, moaning hungrily.

"Give me everything."

Nyssa dropped her hands onto Harry's torso and drilled herself down onto him. Her loins milked the cum from his balls. He kept injecting inside of her.

They came together, and while they were not done, they hit a huge peak as Nyssa's body became assimilated to the gifts of the medallion.

S-S-S

To Be Continued on August 24th, 2017.
Chapter Fifty-Two: Stealing Moments.

The bonding process put a smile on Nyssa's face. The first rays of sunlight came into the room and caused Nyssa to snap back out of a process where she slumbered. To be perfectly honest, Nyssa could not remember how she got into this bed from the one she was in with Harry last night.

The skilled assassin and now the holder of the Tengu Medallion kicked up out of bed. Nyssa grabbed Harry's shoulder and smiled when pushing herself up and out of bed. The Daughter of the Demon spent the next couple of minutes adjusting to the sunlight which poured into the room. She had new abilities. A part felt a bit stronger and a far bit better to take the world.

"Slept well?"

Time passed with Nyssa snapping out of her thoughts to come across her beloved's smiling face. The Daughter of the Demon slid forward and turned around to come face to face with Harry. Nyssa put a hand deep on Harry's waist and smiled at him.

"Always."

Nyssa would have wanted to do more other than sleep. She leaned in closer and touched Harry's lips to hers. The kiss lingered for a long moment. Despite wanting it to last forever, despite Nyssa wanting to do more, she swung her legs out of bed. Nyssa stepped over to move towards the dresser and scoop up some clothes.

"Sara and Kara should be on their way soon," Harry said.

The skilled warrior turned around with a flicker of a smile spreading across her face. "Then, I won't be too long to do so."

Harry moved to the bathroom on the opposite side to get cleaned up. Normally, he would share a shower with Nyssa. Today, business came before pleasure. No matter how much Harry wanted to indulge himself in Nyssa after the passionate exchange they had last night, Harry needed to be reasonable. Three girls held the medallions and one, well she was going to decide to take hold of her medallion soon.

'Three down, four counting Gwen,' 'Harry thought. 'Two more to go."

The powerful wizard slipped on a casual shirt and a pair of pants. He made his way past the staircase into the sitting room. Kara already popped up, dressed in a red tank top and a pair of blue jeans. Her blue jean jacket sat across the table. The medallion rested on her neck to draw attention to the girl.

Kara jumped up to great Harry with a warm hug. She stepped back to allow Harry to take his place on the couch.

"Sara's on her way," Kara said.

'Yes,' Sara confirmed. 'Laurel's covering for me thankfully. It's good to have her in the know. There are already a lot of people asking questions about where I've been. And there was a creepy guy outside of my father's house.'
'Did you get a good look at his face?' Harry asked.

Frustration mounted if Sara's prominent sigh was any indication. The girl on the other end of the bond link answered in negative.

'No, Dad ran him off.' Sara thought. 'He didn't recognize the man. Never got a good look at the man's face, but I'm pretty sure whoever he answers to isn't exactly the most savory of people.'

Kara stood up to meet Nyssa. The two fellow medallion holders embraced the moment they met each other in the center of the room.

"Welcome back," Kara said.

"I'm glad to be back."

The two parted ways and awaited their third medallion hold, out of the ones who claimed the medallion, any way to show up. The doors opened and Nyssa stood up to greet Sara at the moment.

Sara was not the one who walked through the door. The person who walked through the door lingered in the doorway with a smile on her face.

"Shado, welcome," Harry said. "Sorry, we were just waiting for Sara."

"No apologies great one," Shado said. "And I'm glad to see a third medallion has been claimed."

Shado gave Nyssa her congratulations in a hug. Nyssa took much more from the other woman by planting a very hungry kiss on her lips. Shado allowed her to do it, knowing that until her body got used to the medallion, Nyssa would be on a trigger which would need satisfaction constantly.

"I, with the help of Miss Mercer, have uncovered a way to locate the Merfolk medallion within the next few days," Shado said. "The ritual will have to be done on the full moon to ensure it is pulled off to a high level of accuracy."

Harry found himself not completely surprised. Most rituals would need to be pulled off upon the full moon to be completely accurate. The doors opened to stop Shado's speech. Sara made her way in and smiled. Nyssa moved over to allow Sara to take her spot between herself and Harry. Kara sat on Harry's right side, while Sara sat on his left side. Shado stood in the back of the room.

"Did I miss anything? "Sara asked.

"I was informing them of the ritual to locate the Merfolk Medallion," Shado told them. "It can be found on the full moon. And it requires the blood of three of the holders of the medallions."

Harry's surprise became less at this bit of news. Many rituals pointed to some usage of blood. So, naturally, this ritual would be no different at all.

"So, it will need the blood of Kara, Sara, and Nyssa," Harry said, making sure he knew this was right.

"Will my blood cause complications due it being different?" Kara asked.

"It shouldn't," Nyssa said. "You are the holder of the medallion. And I think we've figured out that our blood is more unique than the blood of most other people."

Shado picked up where Nyssa had left off. "It will need Harry's blood as well to seal it."
Five days, it could be five days. Five days crept up before they located the woman who had the second to last medallion. Then, they could go from there.

Hailey sat out on a bench in a nice park. She could see the country side in Smallville from there. The nice open fields stretched out in every direction. The sounds of children at play brought a smile to Hailey's face. The leaves falling from the trees and the scent of freshly baked apple pie continued to deepen that smile. Hailey reached down and caught one of the fallen leaves.

It might have been at the end of its life cycle but it looked completely beautiful. Hailey thought autumn was an appropriate season. Times have changed and Hailey could hardly wait to see how much everything changed around them.

Her mother and sister finally reunited with each other. Hailey met one of her cousin's for the first time, one of the two which she bothered to remember. A specter might have loomed over the family. Hailey refused to live in fear at that specter.

"He's going not going to get the better of me," Hailey thought.

Haunting dreams came into Hailey's mind about what could happen if the Dragon failed to acquire all seven medallions and unite his generals together. She tried in despair not to focus on the bad things. Despite that being there, there were some really real fears.

'Harry won't fall,' Hailey reminded herself. 'He's better than good. He's simply amazing. Nothing will allow him to fall. Nothing at all.'

Speak of the devil, and he shall arrive. Harry stepped a few inches next to Hailey and sat down on the bench next to her. Hailey could feel Harry's presence near her. He did not even need to touch Hailey to allow the younger of two sisters to feel the presence.

That was true power no question about it. Hailey gave him an acknowledgment of knowing the powerful sorcerer's presence.

"Nice day out, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Hailey said. "It's the perfect day to just get your thoughts together. And unfortunately, I have a lot of them to get together right now."

"The visions?" Harry asked.

To be perfectly honest, the visions were something which came in handy when it was something Hailey could understand. Hailey felt the visions could be a problem when they bombarded her mind with a random stream of consciousness until she was pretty sure her ears started to bleed.

"They came in handy once, I guess," Hailey said. "I don't think that we would have located Holly without them…okay, you might have, I know. Guess, I could have jumped the gun."

"Maybe," Harry told her. "Maybe not. You went with your instincts. Most people don't realize is your instincts are actually not the worst thing to go with. It's just when you start questioning your instincts is when the problems start arising."

Hailey answered with a very evident nod and swallowed a lump in her throat.

"I'm just glad they worked out for the better," Hailey said. "And Mia…she didn't ask too many questions to complicate the issue. And that issue is complicated enough, wouldn't you say?"
Harry would have to agree. He put a hand firmly on Hailey's shoulder. Hailey dropped her head off to one side to rest in on Harry's shoulder. It took Haley approximately a minute of having her head on Harry's shoulder to realize what happened. She pulled away from Harry and looked on with an embarrassing smile.

"Sorry."

"Don't apologize," Harry said. "You're just confused and frustrated."

Hailey decided not to do what she really wanted to do to Harry right here and right now. She envisioned a perfect world surrounded around him.

"Yes, that's for sure," Hailey said. "My older sister's back and she's more broken than the visions will end up making me if I don't find a way to get them in line."

Harry wrapped an arm around Hailey's waist. Hailey pushed herself against Harry and smiled at the warmth coming from him.

"How is she doing by the way?" Harry asked. "I haven't heard from her in a couple of days?"

"Fine. She's fine. She went off with mother and they had a lot of catching up to do. And I had the chance to leave but I wanted to stay in Smallville to figure out a couple of things."

Harry understood why Mia decided to leave with Charlotte to help and why Hailey stuck around with Harry. Those two things were very obvious. What was less obvious was exactly how these visions were affecting Hailey?

"Back to these visions?"

Intense breathing caused Hailey to come around. Harry was holding her in tight and made the teenager feel a little bit more relaxed.

"You're just going to have to come to terms of your abilities," Harry said. "And first, we need to understand what triggers these visions."

Hailey nodded. She had been struggling to figure that out.

"I have some meditation exercises we can go through. But first, relax, and take a deep breath. Focus on something very pleasant."

The younger girl lapsed in a dazed state when Harry helped her relax and become one with herself and her mind. Finally, Hailey would come to terms with these abilities.

Talia moved back and practiced the sword motions against the practice dummy. It was more of an exercise to keep herself occupied during those slow moments than an exercise to do anything practical. The dummies just sat there, did not fight back. Talia whipped her hand back a couple of inches and then came across the dummy one more time. Talia envisioned the enemies coming around her. Talia made some motions and more dummies flickered into the room. The rune stones carved on the wall allowed the dummies a small level of defensive capabilities.

’They haven't returned yet?’ Nyssa asked.

‘Unfortunately,’ Talia thought. 'This is a fact-finding mission. If they haven't run into HIVE, they should be back a little bit later.'
Talia knew better than to say that things had gone according to plan. Those words were the ones often last spoken by fools. She closed her eyes.

'The training area is decent,' Talia commented. 'And Harry did an adequate job in putting everything together. It's just that....well....'

The Daughter of the Demon bounced into the air and slammed the sword into the shoulder of one of the practice dummies. The dummy healed through magic, showing only a gash where Talia's sword had driven through it. Talia moved back and turned around.

'Nothing can beat the rush of fighting a human adversary?' Nyssa asked.

'Precisely' Talia thought.

She did want to discount anything Harry did. Just that, actual human enemies, and skilled ones could be better than practice dummies. One of the dummies blocked the shot and knocked Talia back a couple of inches. Talia readjusted her footing and came back at the attacker.

The swipe of the sword came through the chest of the practice dummy. Talia moved back and went in for another attack. The Daughter of the Demon kicked back a notch and jumped up before bringing another attack into the chest plate of her adversary.

"Cease!" Talia yelled.

The practice dummies snapped into place. Talia took a deep breath. They were going to need a little bit of fine tuning.

'I'll try and program them with some better fighting skills next time,' Harry offered. 'Of course, there's only so much that you can do when they're objects and not actual people.'

Talia inclined her head in affirmation. The sound of several figures arriving outside of the door caught Talia's attention. She reached towards the sheath to pull out a sword. Three women dressed in black approached the other side of the door.

Three knocks, in succession, and in an equal planned rhythm followed by each of the women saying a passcode in Arabic in succession. You could never be too careful. Once everything had been done to her liking, Talia reached in and pulled the door open.

Enough space allowed the three women to step into the training room. They descended to their knees before their mistress. Talia extended a hand towards them and motioned for them to rise to a standing position.

"Report."

"We have checked out the reported facility," one elite guard member said. "By the time we had a chance to be there, they were all gone. They cleared it out."

Cleared it out, or moved everything to a nearby facility, Talia figured about as much. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul spent some time looking at the women.

'Darhk is, unfortunately, one step ahead,' Talia thought. 'We won't be able to rest until he is in the ground where he belongs.'

No matter how much Talia hated it, it was hard to deny the fact Darhk slipped away. He might not have been the main authority of HIVE. Obviously, though, he had a lot of power and there was no
"We managed to acquire a book from one of the other facilities," an assassin offered.

Talia took the book in hand and flipped through it. More information regarding some of the same things they knew. Still, it confirmed a couple of things, one of which was the amount of information HIVE acquired on the Merfolk and Phoenix medallions. Also, information on the Tengu Medallion, which they were a step too late.

A figure came up the steps in front of her. Talia inclined her head and viewed her sister standing at the landing. Their eyes met for ten seconds before Talia turned her attention completely to the assassins waiting.

"Leave us."

They left Talia and left enough room for Nyssa to climb up the steps. Both women might have been on better terms lately, but there was still a sense of competitive spirit between them. Talia had been pretty pleased though Nyssa had the medallion on.

"I see you are enjoying the effects of the medallion."

Two skilled warriors moved to the center of the room. The dummies shifted down into the ground just enough to give them a center ring to hone their skills in. Both of them circled around each other. Neither backed down from each other. They refused to take their eyes off of one and other.

"I admit I was disappointed at first," Talia said. "But, I can't help and think this is something you wanted. I know that you think yourself to not be our father's favorite child."

"No," Nyssa said.

Nyssa really did wish to convey to her sister the darker side of Ra's al Ghul in due time. Until this moment came, she would have been facing off with her sister. Both women moved to the center of the ring. Nyssa held the blade out to block her sister's attack. Both of them pushed back with Nyssa coming back and landing behind her sister. Talia immediately moved in.

"Much more challenging than fighting a practice dummy."

Two attempted attacks had been blocked. Nyssa pushed Talia onto her back and then stepped back to allow Talia plenty of room to maneuver. Talia sprung back to the attack and the two of them engaged in a sword fight with each other.

"I should hope I'm better," Nyssa said. "And you need to keep your eye on the ball of this happens."

Talia found herself bombarded with some pheromones which caused her to drop the sword. Nyssa stood with her arms to her side. Her sister frowned and reached down to pick up the sword. It had been very hard to ignore the buzz in her body.

"You've learned some new tricks. Very impressive, but it doesn't matter. You're still going down."

Gwen swung back and forth against the pull-up bars in the gym. She drew in a very deep breath. Gwen dropped down onto the ground and moved over towards the bench to take a seat. The blonde would take a deep breath after a long workout. She rustled through the bag and pulled out a bottle of water.
The medallion stuck out of the top of the bag and practically taunted Gwen. It called to her and dragged Gwen's mind completely in. She knew all about being destined to hold the medallion. Gwen just could not bring herself to pick up and hold it. She dug through the bag with a frown and held it up.

'So tempting,' Gwen thought.

It was hers and that scared Gwen, to be honest. Spiders never were something Gwen felt very comfortable around. The thought of just controlling them made Gwen a little nervous. It was nothing big, to be honest. Gwen thought maybe putting the medallion on them would cause her fears to fade. Or just make them just that much worse.

'We have a fifty-fifty shot here,' Gwen thought. 'You should take the plunge. What's the worst that could happen really? Do you turn into a Spider-Girl with four arms and many eyes? What are the chances of that happening?'

Gwen kept her eyes locked firmly on the medallion. Many questions went through the mind of the young girl. Very few answers came along with those questions. Gwen only briefly paid attention to the sound of someone punching away at a bag off to the side.

The someone stopped punching away at the bag. Gwen did not fully react to the person who joined her until Rose sat down on the side of the bench. She only gave Rose the briefest second of acknowledgment. Rose put a hand on her shoulder.

"You're still going back and forth on that thing, aren't you?"

"Yes," Gwen said. "We all know that the spider medallion is meant for me. We can't argue about that. Still, there's just something about it that's keeping me from putting it on."

Rose squeezed Gwen's hand to get her attention.

"You're not being decisive about what you want. You should either take the medallion or don't take the medallion."

"I don't think that there's a choice about taking the medallion or not taking the medallion. Every time I come close to this thing, it keeps calling to me. It's weird when you really think about it."

It was a very rough spot to be in. Gwen figured there was some kind of expression about how great power and great responsibility come together.

"I'm actually trying to figure out what I should do," Gwen said.

"Are you going to ask what I would do? "Rose asked. "Or are you going to ask what I think you should do?"

Both of those questions sounded a bit loaded. Gwen had been saved the ability to answer by Rose jumping in.

"I would be even more suspicious than you are about a medallion trying to compel me to slip it on. I know it's safe. You know with Harry, Kara, Sara, and Nyssa all having the medallions without any consequences, it's safe. But, still, I'll be afraid that my mind is not strong enough. I don't have the will-power enough."

"I don't think my mind isn't strong enough," Gwen said.
"I didn't say you did," Rose said. "I'm just saying what I would think. It's a good thing I'm not up for one of those medallions."

Rose always stood very close to the edge about ready to slip off. The abyss stared at her. The bond with Harry stabilized her to some extent. Still, the serum in Rose's blood stream caused a very primal part of her to rise and threatened to claw its way out.

"You're not me," Rose said. "Therefore, only you can decide whether or not you can handle the medallion and its power. Are you afraid of spiders? They aren't going to hurt you. Well, other than the really poisonous ones."

Gwen gave Rose a sidelong gaze as if to say she was not helping. Rose just responded a little smile.

"Okay, I'm not the best person to give you smiles and hugs, and tell you everything is going to be alright," Rose said. "You know something, I really not. Especially when I can be one really paranoid bitch."

She touched a hand on Gwen's and gave her a smile in response.

"But, I'm sure those scary spiders are going to be nothing to worry about if you put that medallion," Rose said. "I wouldn't do it. I don't think that I can handle the power. However, you can handle the power. At least, it looks like you can handle the power."

Gwen wondered if it was time to stop being motivated out of fear and start doing things. The medallion clasped gently against her hand with several deep breaths coming from the girl. Yes, she could do this. Yes, she could do this. Gwen kept repeating that in her head like a mantra.

'Yes, I can do this. Just put it on.'

Yet, Gwen could not do this just yet. She heard someone appear next to her. Gwen stood up straight to come face to face with Harry.

"You're still struggling with your fears?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Gwen said. "How can you tell?"

"I see the look in your eye of someone who isn't really being that decisive," Harry said. "The medallion is not going to leave you alone until you put it on."

Gwen sighed, she came to that conclusion a fair amount of time ago. Her heart stammered a little bit. Why would she just not put the medallion on?

"Don't put it on just yet," Harry said.

The brainy blonde jumped in surprise. Her full attention had been turned on Harry with Rose sliding off of the bench to give a significant amount of space for them.

"Why not? I thought you said it wouldn't leave me alone if I didn't put it on."

"Yes, I did," Harry said. "First you need to face your fears."

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Prisoners very seldom had any sense of when time passed. The seconds, the moments, the hours, the days, the weeks, the months, the years, each instrument of time just ground by very far. A redhead woman dressed in rags pressed her face against the cell.
The cells were barren other than a few paintings. One of them depicted the conquering of Atlantis by the new rulers. Every time the prisoner woke up, the image of that painting taunted the woman. Every single time, every single second, out of every single day it taunted the woman.

Not as much as the woman's jailer taunted her. Every few days, without fail, the jailer would come and mock the once proud woman. The taunts kept digging into her mind. How it was her betrayal which caused Atlantis to fall. The last image of the former king was a sense of anguish. The former King fell when defending his people to the very last breath. Right before those warriors put the king down to the ground.

Somewhere in the place, whispers pointed to the fact that the former king of Atlantis had been kept. Hardly a surprise if it was the case. The redhead closed her eyes in sad remembrance. Not like she would be able to get out to verify the rumors anytime soon.

Click, click, click occurred followed by several steps. Mera stretched her neck back when a door opened. Two guards came into the room. One of them wielded a huge spear in his hand. The other did not wield anything other than the hook that he had a hand. "Stand tall," one of them said. "Your queen is here to see you now."

Mera's face contorted for a moment. Saying that her treacherous sister was now the Queen of Atlantis churned every nerve ending in Mera's stomach. What she would have done to have five minutes.

A woman who resembled Mera, the only difference being purple hair, stepped into the picture. She dressed in the same elegant robes with Mera formally wore. The rest of the royal family of Atlantis emblazoned across her robe. She wielded a magical spear which had been passed down from ruler to ruler.

"Mera, aren't you glad to see your darling sister?" the woman asked.

Nothing other than a burning gaze shot from Mera's eyes at the woman who stared her down from the other side of the cell. Mera would have liked nothing better than to right all of those wrongs.

"Any past between us is no more after you put me inside of this cell," Mera said. "You are delusional if you think you are the rightful Queen of Atlantis after you bullied them all into submission. You disgust me, Hila."

Hila only just smiled and pressed the staff against the bars of the cage. It was completely out of reach for Mera. Otherwise, she would have taken the staff and humbled her sister with it. The two guards on either side of Hila growled until their new queen just smiled.

"Dear sister, you forgot who you were," Hila said. "You forgot the what happens when you forget who you are. You can be fixed. I may have to break you first. You will be fixed though."

Hila moved away from her sister. Now, the tides had turned and she had been the one unwilling to look in Mera's eyes in thinly veiled disgust. Breaths rippled through Hila's body when not turning her attention to the woman on the other end of the cell.

"But, yes, there is something else happening. I can feel it. I know there's a part of who feels it deep down. There's something happening. There's someone coming. And it cannot be stopped, no matter how much I would have liked it to cease."

Times like this, Mera questioned her sister's mental stability. She pushed against the walls of the cell and dropped down onto the cot. The inside of her mouth tasted like cotton from the cell's air.
"Tell me, do you feel him?"

"Who are you talking about?" Mera asked.

The cell bars rattled when Hila struck them. The purple-haired woman glared at her sister who stared back with no fear. If Hila was going to kill Mera, than the imprisoned Queen of Atlantis wished she would have gotten on with it.

"You know full well who you are talking about, my sweet sister."

Mera could only guess what insanity spewed out of Hila's mouth right now. The Queen of Atlantis dropped her gaze to meet the woman who was across from her. The anger flooding from Hila's eyes showed intensity.

"He's coming. He's alive. The Dragon has been sighted all over the world."

The disposed Queen of Atlantis heard the legends of the dragon constantly over the years. There was a huge part of her who did wonder about the truth of them. Her sister's discomfort raised Mera's morale.

Perhaps, a long stint in this prison caused Mera's mind to slowly break. Hila's burning gaze of hatred kept going into her. The staff clutched firmly in Hila's hand. Thoughts of blasting Mera most certainly spread through the mind of the very sadistic woman.

"I'll fix this."

Mera certainly figured that Hila intended to fix this. Fix something she thought was utterly broken beyond all repair.

"You've heard the stories of the Dragon, "Mera said. "He's all powerful."

"No one man is that strong," Hila said. "No one man can stop the surface world from being overrun and half of it being sunk into the sea."

Mera could hardly believe what Hila said. Did the woman's obsession with power run this deep and this maliciously? Mera had no idea and it terrified her to think this was her flesh and blood. The familial relationship the two of them once had faded and crumpled into dust.

"You can't…."

"I rule now," Hila said. "I can. The days of you telling me what to do are over. The days of you telling anyone what to do are now over."

Hila's hands grabbed the edge of the cell. Her eyes bulged out when she drew ever so closer to Mera.

"Your beloved king had a soft spot for the surface world before I killed him. Well, guess what?"

The eyes of two sisters matched in burning hatred.

"Your beloved surface world dies!"

To Be Continued on August 27th, 2017.
Head to the latest chapter of the week voting through the Page of Important Links on Blog.

Chapter Fifty-Three: Spectacular.

Gwen did a series of deep breathing exercises when walking to the other side of the cave. Harry told her this little exercise would cause her to get to the root of her insecurities and make certain Gwen would not be afraid ever again. Gwen took Harry's word for it whenever he said something would happen. He was the man who in another lifetime caused this to happen.

Those deep-rooted insecurities from a past life took hold. Regardless though, Gwen thought she waited far too long to put the medallion on. Everyone watching had been very patient with her. Still, if Gwen had been a person on the outside looking in, perhaps she had been more annoyed with herself. And Gwen's annoyance bubbled to the service at her inability to just step up and take control of her own destiny.

"So, I'm really going to do this," Gwen said. "I'm going to really have to do this."

Harry reached into the cave and put a hand on Gwen's shoulder. She had been surprised, but not displeased at the gesture. Gwen felt a pull towards Harry which only increased her resolve to slip the medallion on. Had it not been for that one last stumbling block affecting her life, Gwen would have put it on right now.

"Let me make one thing clear," Harry said. "Choose what you want to do. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

"No, I don't," Gwen said. "And you're right. I don't have to do this. No matter how much I really want to, I don't have to do this."

Harry gave Gwen a smile of deep encouragement which she appreciated. As with many things, what she was about to say was not precise.

"But, I'm not going to be able to rest until I do this," Gwen said. "You told me that this would cause me to get over my insecurities."

Harry confirmed her statement with a nod. Gwen put her hands on Harry's hands firmly. The two clasped hands. Gwen reached up and took the medallion out of the bag. She wondered one more time whether or not it would have been prudent to slip it on or not.

One more time, Gwen stopped despite the fact that slipping the medallion on would be the most obvious thing in the world.

"You're going to go in there," Harry said. "But, I have to warn you before you do this. You won't be able to go out until you properly face and conquer your fears."

"I understand," Gwen said to him. "And I know the risks of going in there. Trust me, it's going to be fine."

Harry would have argued against it. Gwen knew what she wanted though, she needed to prove how worthy she was in grabbing hold of the medallion.
'You are worthy,' Gwen said. 'But if you want to take the shadow of a doubt out of your mind, now's the time.'

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Gwen said. "Let's get this over with."

That did not come out nearly as confident Gwen would hope. Harry put his hand on the cave wall and a bright light started to glow from the edge of the cave.

"Good luck and good fortune," Harry told Gwen.

Gwen somehow thought she would need both to be able to step out of this cave alive. She took a step through the gateway of the cave. The light bathed her for a second. Only a second before pure darkness submerged around Gwen's body.

"Unworthy."

The whispers came around from all sides at Gwen. She could have sworn those whispers sounded like her own voice. They sounded like the thoughts that went through her head.

"Unworthy!"

Another harsh whisper with Gwen not allowing herself to be dragged into self-doubt. Gwen stepped further into the cave and the torches on the wall came up only illuminating the way she needed to walk. Gwen's eyes closed shut and then opened it up.

Was that something dropping on her arm? Gwen really hoped not for her sake. Gwen turned around and a large spider casually lounged on her shoulder. Gwen's shaking hand picked the spider up and threw it onto the ground.

The moment the spider hit the ground, it started to shift. Gwen was going to take a guess that whatever happened was not good.

'No fear. No fear.'

Hailey allowed the wind to sweep over her face when leaning back against the fence of the Kent farm house. She enjoyed this place. It always gave her a fair amount of comfort. Actually, she enjoyed all of Smallville. When Hailey had been given a choice between going on a trip with her mother and staying in Smallville, Hailey picked Smallville one hundred percent every time.

The dark-haired girl's thoughts returned to the visions. Hailey had not received a vision or even a flicker after the one with Holly. Harry warned her not to try and force the visions to come through. Hailey could not help herself from trying to focus on the visions. It was a forbidden fruit trying to push through her thoughts.

All Hailey achieved was throbbing temples and immense frustration. She stopped and took a couple of cleansing breaths. Someone coming around the corner resulted in Hailey to rise up in a hyper sensitive. First, she thought Lana walked down the path between the Potter House and the Kent Farm. One other look at the girl showed a case of mistaken identity.

'Oh right, her.'

The witch who inhabited Lana's body and Hailey did not get off on the right foot. Hailey took a
second to keep steady. Nothing to worry about, Harry took care of the witch. Hailey faced the woman without any intimidation in any way whatsoever. Her brown eyes locked onto the blueish-green eyes of Isobel.

"Hailey, isn't it?"

The teenager looked straight into Isobel's eyes and nodded. Those eyes did not have as much malice as Hailey previously thought they had. Still, Hailey found herself completely on her guard just in case she had been mistaken about something regarding Isobel.

'I never had a chance to thank you," Isobel said.

"Thank me?" Hailey asked.

Isobel nodded and for once, Hailey did not sense any sign of deception. She just kept her attention piqued against the eyes of the witch who looked across the way at her.

"Yes, thank you," Isobel said a couple of seconds later. "You might not have realized it at the time but you helped me. When you helped me, you and the great Dragon, you made sure I was on the path of achieving the balance. He might have been the one to give me new life. But you were there, and I thank you."

"Hey, no problem," Hailey said. "Is there something that I could do for you?"

The first test of whether or not she had turned over a new leaf approached now. Hailey did not see anything other than a casual and very indifferent look passing against the lips of Isobel.

"Well, it's not so much what you can do for me. On the contrary, it's what I can do for you."

Color her intrigued. Hailey studied the face of the woman. She looked like Lana, yet had a sense of devious maturity to her. Harry and Sara kept her on a tight leash which was all well and good. This woman tested the boundaries of how much room they had given her. 'Just keep on your guard, kid,' Hailey thought. 'She can't do anything to hurt you. But, I'll be honest if I didn't think she was going to try and talk you into something that might not exactly be in your best interests.'

Her eyes came across the smiling woman a few steps away from her. Isobel parked down on the grass by the tree and just smiled.

"It's beautiful," Isobel said. "Smallville is one of the places which really does harken back to a much simpler time. It's quaint. It must be why you like it so much."

"What do you think you can do for me?"

Isobel looked up towards the girl with a raised eyebrow. Her mouth curled into a knowing expression before dropping her gaze. Isobel held a hand and touched it to the weed. The weed turned into a beautiful flower. She pushed the week into Hailey's hand with a swift motion. Hailey looked on with a half-smile.

"So, that's your point?" Hailey asked. "You're going to give me a flower?"

Isobel gave Hailey one of those smiles she did not like. No one could really fault Hailey for being the slightest amount skeptical. She came face to face with a woman who had countless years of magical experience on her. Those years of magical experience could pose a problem if Hailey
made the wrong move. And at this point, she did not know if there was a right move when dealing with someone like Isobel.

"Not the wrong move. Knowledge. Knowledge considering your gift."

"What do you know about my gift?"

Isobel gave Hailey a soft smile. She touched her fingertips to the hand of the younger girl and rose up once again. Lana Lang's duplicate came eye to eye with Hailey for a few seconds.

"What do you know about it?"

Hailey stopped saying anything. She had not been born yesterday, therefore the girl would not fall into these word traps and even worse these word games someone like Isobel favored. She put her hand on Isobel just to tighten it and make Isobel look up.

"I believe I've asked you first."

"So you have," Isobel said a second later. "Those gifts allowed you find the right location of where your cousin was. You felt a strong premonition. And it led you there."

Hailey gave a noncommittal shrug in response. Isobel's hand brushed against Hailey's shoulder. She looked up into the eyes of the witch.

"I wonder if you can hone your gift to search for anyone if you have an object which belonged to them. Even if it was in a past lifetime."

"What do you have in mind?" Hailey asked.

Isobel smiled and brushed the dark hair away from Hailey's face. The older woman, by several centuries, smiled at Hailey. Hailey had a stirring feeling of suspicion in her body.

"Just idle curiosity, my dear," Isobel said. "Do you think it's possible?"

"Well, anything's possible, I guess," Hailey said.

"And you wouldn't know if you didn't try it. Right?"

Hailey had a sneaking suspicion this woman was about ready to talk her into something which was far from her best interests.

Kara took a deep breath and enjoyed the aftermath of a workout. She made her way out into the middle of the field dressed in a pair of tight blue shorts and a red tank top which stretched against every supple inch of her flesh. Nyssa and Sara wrapped up the last few minutes of their sparring session.

Nyssa smiled having noticed a marked improvement in Sara's reflex times.

"And stop," Nyssa said.

Sara waited for Nyssa to back completely away. The newest holder of the medallion did. They joined Kara who had opened a cooler and drank a nice bottle of orange juice. For some reason, having a steady amount of orange juice flowing through her body replenished her powers quickly.

"So, when are you heading back to Starling city?" Nyssa asked.
"Well, they think I'm in my bedroom sleeping right now," Sara said. "Everyone's given me a lot of space after what happened. Not as much as they're giving Liv. Did you know that Moira wants her to give a press conference talking about how she is going to take her role at Queen Industries pretty soon?"

"No, you didn't mention that yet," Nyssa said. "I'm intrigued as the next person though about what she might do. Is she going to…"

Sara shrugged. Liv didn't really say much about the list. Exactly how she would react to the fact several of the people on that list attended her own returning dinner party remained to be seen.

"I guess we're going to have to figure out what's going to happen when it happens," Sara said. "I really can't wait until the full moon gets here."

Kara and Nyssa nodded in agreement. Neither of them could wait for the full moon to arrive. The blood of the three of them, potentially four if Gwen actually survived her trial, would be able to open the gates to find the Merfolk Medallion.

"Well, we find the medallion, we find the holder," Nyssa said. "Unfortunately, finding both of them is going to be the easy part."

Sara and Kara both wondered about the possibility of the holder of the medallion being no longer among the living. The possibility caused a feeling of frustration in the pit of their stomachs.

'No,' Sara reasoned with herself. 'No, she's alive. I know she's alive.'

They had to hold the faith something was going to happen. They needed to be all together. The Merfolk medallion would be a challenge.

"So, do we have any idea how we're going to get our hands on the Phoenix Medallion or find its holder?" Nyssa asked.

Sara and Nyssa both turned to Kara. She sighed. Given that she was the only one out of the three with experience in traveling through the universe at least during this time period, she figured it would have been prudent for her to the way in.

"Don't know, but it could be anywhere," Kara said. "My ship was built as a one-way ticket to Earth. The components are very fragile."

This response made a whole lot of sense to two people who did not know a whole lot about interstellar travel. Kara tipped back her head for a few seconds and went into a very deep thought.

"It could be anywhere in the universe," Kara said. "I don't think the same method to find the Merfolk Medallion is going to work to locate the Phoenix Medallion, is it?"

A second passed with Nyssa shaking her head in response.

"I'm afraid not," Nyssa said. "The ritual was specific about it being able to locate the medallion if it was on Earth. If it's not on Earth, well it's not going to pick up anything."

Kara agreed with her assessment. The most reliable accounts pointed to the Merfolk medallion being on Earth. The most reliable accounts also showed the Phoenix Medallion to be hidden out in the vacuum of space. Whispers came through where many believe that the Phoenix medallion slipped into one of the darkest, hottest stars.
'There's a chance it could be here still,' Sara said.

"Maybe," Nyssa said. "I don't feel a strong feeling about it."

A car pulled up at the edge of the road. Kara's sharp hearing picked up the footsteps of a pair of familiar sounding boots scraping against the gravel. Kara bounced up with a bright grin on her face.

"Clara!"

Claire Kent made her way across the hand. Kara and her two friends were sitting around, talking about something. The three of them shared drinks with each other. It reminded Claire she had just come back from spending some time out with Chloe, Lana, and Lois, just the four of them.

And she really hoped that leaving those three unsupervised in Metropolis was not going to come back and bite her in the end.

"Kara," Claire said with a smile. "It's good to see you again."

Claire noticed the mats set up outside. She turned to Kara's other two friends who greeted her with smiles.

"Kara is brushing up on her hand to hand," Nyssa said. "Because powers aren't everything."

Boy, Claire could attest to that. She had many times where a situation should have been completely doable with her powers. Until the Kryptonite slapped her down, afterward, Claire became as weak as a kitten. It was very frustrating, to say the least.

"So, you're training?" Claire asked.

"Yes," Kara said. "Given what's to come, it wouldn't hurt to have a few skills beyond our Kryptonian abilities."

Kara was not going to be the one to push the issue. Claire might be stubborn about training if she was anything like her birth father. Kara did not know though. She just threw the bait out there and saw whether or not Claire would grab onto it.

"Do you mind if I join you?"

The readiness she had to join in on the training had been something which Sara, Nyssa, and Kara all had been surprised about. Nyssa raised an eyebrow in particular.

"You want to train with us?"

Nyssa would have been lying if she said she was surprised about how the ultimate Girl Scout wanted to be trained by the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul. Then again, how much Claire knew how she really was, well it depended. Hell, the League of Assassins was very distant to Smallville.

'You're surprised?' Sara asked.

To put it mildly,' Nyssa offered.

The resolved and strong look on Claire's face caused Nyssa to be taken aback.

"Once, I was trapped with Chloe and Lana," Claire said. "No powers. No way it. It was the scariest moment of my life. For the first time ever, I felt mortal. If I had the proper training beyond my
powers, I might have gotten out of there without any problems."

"Maybe," Nyssa confirmed to her a second later. "You can never tell until you're actually in this situation."

Claire's resolve grew stronger in the face of sudden indifference.

"Tell me! Teach me! I want to learn. I've watched you, Sara, and Kara and you seem good. If anyone can teach me, it's going to be you."

Nyssa almost had been impressed by Claire's words. She showed a lot of fire beyond what most would show in circumstances like this.

"No fear," Nyssa said. "And I'm going to show you no mercy."

"I don't want any mercy," Claire said.

A beeping came from Sara's medallion which caught Claire off guard. Kara and Nyssa did not react to it which showed Claire how much they knew about the significance of the beeping.

"And that's my cue to leave," Sara said. "Catch you all later."

Sara kissed Nyssa for about a minute. She kissed Kara for a little bit less time which caused the blonde to pout at getting less attention. Then, as an afterthought, Sara quickly caught Claire with a surprise kiss before disappearing into a flash of light.

Holly returned back to work, only to wish she did not return back to work. A huge stack of paperwork visited her from the mission. HIVE still might have been at large, but it did not excuse this entire mountain of paperwork which towered of the desk.

"You didn't miss this part of your job?"

Nymphadora Tonks leaned against the door frame and watched as Holly looked at the paper. Reports of HIVE outposts grabbed, HIVE outposts which were empty, HIVE agents which were captured, and HIVE operatives who had gone missing. One thing blew Holly's mind how vast this organization was and how well organized.

The latest outpost in Smallville fell into their lap. Smallville would be something they would all have to deal with sooner or later.

"Fuck no."

Such a vehement response that Nym almost had to break out into a fit of laughter. Holly really knew what she wanted and what she hated. Each bit of paperwork looked even more imposing than the last one. Holly took the paperwork in her hand and read over it.

"Fucking Darhk," Holly said. "Why doesn't that bastard just learn how to stay on the ground?"

"Some people might wonder the same thing about you," Nym said.

Holly turned away to hide the fraction of a smile over her face. All things considered, Nym did have a pretty good point. She remembered the days under the captivity of Darhk. A part of her ached and wanted to return to the HIVE base for two reasons. The first reason would be to get away from the immense amount of paperwork.
"What can I do for you, Dawn?"

Dawn Granger stepped inside of the doorway after Nym vacated it.

"Just checking to see how you're doing," Dawn said. "You've been through a dreadful ordeal."

"I'm fine," Holly said. "You were the one who released me."

One sister did not buy the false bravado from the other sister for a second. Dawn Granger crossed the room and calmly placed a hand onto the table. Holly Granger snapped up with a frown on her face. Half of a frown, half of a scowl, and one hundred percent agitation spread over her face.

"I know I'm the one that released you," Dawn said. "I know that look. And I know you're going to be looking for Darhk. Please swear to me that you won't go looking for him."

Holly did not answer. She started to fill out the never-ending stack of paperwork. A few HIVE agents being in custody and some of their resources nabbed were just a drop in a half.

"Remember when you wanted me to stop lying to you?"

Dawn sighed when she heard that statement from Holly. She recalled when that request was made some time ago. Holly swore up and down she was going to leave a dangerous mission alone. Then, when Dawn had her back turned, Holly ran off and went on the mission.

"Yes," Dawn said. "I'm asking you to please leave this one to the people who can handle Darhk."

The sound of the scratching of the pen stopped. Holly, until this point, did not really put her attention on Dawn. Now, the full attention was on Dawn. Nym stepped back with a wince something which was mutual on the part of Dawn.

'Wrong move,' Dawn thought.

"There's a reason why one of us is a medic and one of us is out on the field," Holly said. "I can handle myself perfectly fine. HIVE and that second Black Widow just got the drop on me. And now Black Widow Number Two is locked up and HIVE is on the run."

Holly stretched her arms out and allowed them to drop against her. She felt fine, just a little bit of pain which would pass in a moment.

"I'm not going anywhere today," Holly said. "Other to head to the gym for a workout. I've been on my ass for two weeks. That's starting to piss me off."

Dawn let Holly go and just locked eyes with Nym. The moment the two of them parted, Holly came face to face with Natasha who stepped back and allowed Holly room to move.

"Any luck?"

Holly's question had been very crisp. Natasha's answer was going to be about as crisp in response.

"No more than yesterday."

The two warriors sized up each other. Holly half expected Natasha to take her down just for the challenge of it, but when it happened, it always kept flooring Holly.

"The two of us should go out for a drink sometime," Holly said.
Natasha smiled and almost laughed. "You and I go out for drinks? You don't know what you're getting yourself into, little girl."

Holly's arms folded underneath her chest and she pursed her lips when looking at Natasha. In an instant, Nym turned up and looked from both of them. Only one thought entered the head of the ARGUS agent.

'This is only going to end in tragedy,' Nym thought.

A buzzing alarm came off and a very frantic ARGUS agent stumbled down the hallway. He dropped down to the ground in front of Nym and breathed heavily.

"What?" Nym asked him.

"It's…it's…it's horrible!" he yelled. "Attack, from the seas….attack!"

Nym could not make heads or tails of what the man was saying. The doors opened and as always, Amanda Waller stepped in to shed some additional light on the subject.

"A team of ARGUS agents has disappeared off the coast."

Just one day, Nymphadora Tonks would like to live her life without dealing with some end of the world crisis. She just wanted a break just for one day.

Guess she should have known better after signing up for the super-secret government agency job.

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One who spent their lives living in fear did not get to achieve the most of their life. Gwen Stacy drew in her breath and then came out with another breath. She moved to the end of the temple. She moved in and faced her fears. They clung to the wall all around her.

"I smell your fear. I taste your fear. But you're not afraid of us. No, Gwendolyn, you are not afraid of us. You are afraid of what you might do if you become one with us."

Gwen did not blink suddenly. A spider landed on her shoulder lightly. It did not move from this particular position. Gwen flinched a brief second later as the spider shifted on her arm.

"No, I don't fear you," Gwen said. "I saw what happened to Krum. I saw the lengths men and women had gone to grab this power. I'll be honest. That's what I'm terrified of."

"You shouldn't be," the guardian said at the temple. "If you think that you are not worthy of the power, then forfeit it to one who is more worthy."

A figure swooped down dressed in black and white. The pattern of the costume stretched over the body of the mysterious party and resembled spider webs on every inch of the figure's body. The figure gave a thunderous laugh when moving towards Gwen.

"Pretty little girl can't handle responsibility. Pretty little girl must bend at her knees."

The creature grabbed Gwen completely in its clutches. Gwen struggled out with a gasp coming from her body. No matter how hard this contracted against her, Gwen would not bend or break.

"I'll take your soul. And I will be the spider guardian."

"No!" Gwen shouted.
Gwen's stinger retracted from her wrist. She reached in and stabbed the guardian in the chest. The sound of the guardian screaming out loud proved to be music to Gwen's ears. She retracted her arm one more time and stabbed it into the chest.

"You can't stop me!"

Three black lines of webbing shot out and they broke open to shower Gwen in spiders. Gwen held up the medallion and created a shield around her. The spiders did not disappear, they only grew bigger. They blasted Gwen's entire body with a cocoon of webbing.

Gwen pounded her way out of the webbing and escaped. The trio of large spiders circled Gwen on either side. One of them dove towards Gwen. Gwen blocked the attack and took the spider down. She grabbed the webbing of the spider and launched it around the chest of the guardian.

The Guardian exploded into a shower of a thousand spiders. Being constantly bombarded with spiders made them less horrifying so what Harry was doing, it started to work. Gwen hitched in a deep breath and held her hands apart before looking towards the creature going at her one more time.

The spider guardian rose high above the ground and crashed down onto the earth. The blood came into some sadistic spider like monster which looked like the inside of a scab. Large axes rose up into the air and pointed at Gwen. Gwen closed her eyes.

'I guess someone has an ax to grind.'

Gwen almost could have slapped herself for such a lame joke. It was pretty awful. Not to mention the fact that someone swung those axes down onto the ground at him. The girl dodged the attacks from the ax with a death-defying acrobatic maneuver. The axes slammed into the side of the wall with an insane thud.

The girl moved behind the attacker. Crazed intentions flashed through the eyes of the attacker. He left plenty of carnage wherever he went.

"Mine!" he yelled. "I'll have your pretty little head for this, pretty!"

The cackling madman rushed Gwen. She evaded the attacks from the ax. The sharp blades came close to parting Gwen's hair. Gwen jumped up high into the air and then dropped behind the creature. The ax to grind came an inch away from connecting to the back of her head.

"Okay, you want to dance?" Gwen asked. "Let's go!"

"Dance pretty! DANCE!"

Gwen noticed the other guardian coming from the other side. She debated on what to do next and decided to allow them to have the meeting of the minds. The two guardians rushed at each other from either side. Gwen waited for the moment of truth.

A blink of an eye and she flipped out of the way. The two guards crashed into each other. Gwen stepped back and hoped that she would have room enough to breathe.

No, she could not be that lucky. The two hideous guardians formed into one super guardian. The creature had a head and a half with six arms and multiple sharp implements jutting from its appendages. The creature laughed in chaos. The blood red skin flashed in front of her.

'Time to do this,' Gwen thought.
The mouth opened and a legion of spiders came out of the mouth of the creature. Gwen reached over and took the medallion. She slipped it around her neck with one fluid snap. Gwen's eyes glowed and the power coursed through her body.

The creature gave a howl in response to Gwen's actions. Gwen just smiled and blades retracted from an armor which came around her body. Gwen rose her hands and pointed them at the creature.

She embraced the power like it was the most natural thing in the world. Gwen conquered her insecurities the second everything came to her more clearly.

'Do you see?' the voice asked. *The only demons are the ones that are buried in your own mind.*

Gwen saw it and she submerged an arm through the chest of the creature. The creature howled and spiders exploded in every which direction. The caves shifted and Gwen entered a vortex of light.

The next thing Gwen knew she dropped in front of Harry. Spiders crawled off of her body to reveal that Gwen wore not a stitch of clothing underneath other than the medallion. Gwen sauntered over towards Harry. Her lip bitten down with each step, Gwen just smiled at him.

"So, is this part of the test?" Gwen asked in a sultry voice.

"What do you think?" Harry asked.

Gwen wrapped her arms around Harry and kissed him senseless. Harry could feel Gwen's skin burning with desire. The other medallions did the same thing that the first medallion did and increased her sexual drive to be bonded with her Alpha. Harry gave Gwen a long-overdue kiss and pulled her in closer. The two disappeared into a flash of light.

The nude body of Gwen Stacy dropped on the bed for Harry's gaze to drink in. Gorgeous blonde hair, stunning blue eyes, and juicy lips, along with soft cheek bones and an angelic face, Harry looked her over with a wide smile on her face. Gwen leaned up and bit down on the bottom of her lip.

Harry drank in more of Gwen's alluring body, her round breasts which stood high and perky. They would always be so thanks to the gifts Harry gave her through the bonding process. Gwen's flat stomach showed not an ounce of flat. Her blonde pubic hair settled into a spider web shape and her pussy shined out.

"I need you," Gwen said.

Harry stopped Gwen from jumping off of the bed and taking him in one fell attack. Gwen whined the second Harry leaned in towards her and kissed her firmly on the lips. Gwen opened her mouth to accept Harry's tongue. His hands shifted from the back of her neck all the way to the back. Those soft touches made Gwen's entire body light up with energy. Her toes curled with him slipping his fingers down squeeze her backside and deepen the kiss.

A throbbing cock strained to escape the confines of Harry's pants. Gwen stepped back an inch, drool coming down from her lip. She needed to have Harry's cock both out of those pants and inside her. Gwen took hold of Harry and ripped at his pants. Harry stopped her, pinned Gwen's arms to the side and kissed her.

"Someone's a bit too eager for her own good," Harry whispered.

"I've missed this," Gwen breathed in his ear.
Harry smiled and positioned Gwen to get on the bed. She dropped back on the bed. A strand of blonde hair rose and dropped off of her face. Gwen's juicy lips curled into a smile, and Harry climbed on top of her.

He explored Gwen's body while kissing her. Gwen, now tempered by the gentle warning, explored Harry's body in return. She spent time lingering on his bulge. Gwen cupped it through his pants. Said pants were about ready to strain.

Harry ran his finger down Gwen's inner thigh and through the inner side of her right leg as well. The kissing increased with Gwen trying to work her tongue into Harry's mouth and make sweet love to his tonsils. Her right hand gripped Harry's shoulder as hard as he would allow her. Gwen's loins heated up with desire.

"Good girl, you're going to get what you wanted."

The pants stretched and disappeared in a blink of an eye. Harry's manhood freed itself from its confinements and dragged against Gwen's scorching warm slit. Harry slowly worked her womanhood until his cock was ready to go inside of her.

So wet, Gwen was so wet, and she only needed the relief Harry's engorged manhood could bring. It came inches away from piercing her insides. Gwen's eyes locked onto Harry when he dragged his swollen cock head against her very willing entrance.

"Oh, Harry," Gwen said.

Harry cupped Gwen's tits and went to town on the very ample flesh. He sucked Gwen's rock hard nipple into his mouth. Harry rose almost all the way up and touched Gwen's outer lips. Her pussy ached and Harry rose up to drive his cock inside Gwen.

"YES!" Gwen screamed at the top of her lungs.

Only half of Harry's length slid inside Gwen, but it was more than enough to light a fire inside of her loins. Harry pulled almost completely out of Gwen, measured her, and drove back down into her. Repeated thrusts brought Harry up and down into Gwen.

Her pussy molded to Harry. The intense heat pumping out of Gwen and the energy flowing the girl bonded to her power. Gwen tightened her grip around Harry's cock and started to milk him.

In the moment, Gwen realized she had access to about four more arms. It was very odd, to be honest, but not entirely unpleasant. Gwen just could grab more of Harry's firm flesh this way.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of Gwen's multiple hands rolling over his flesh. He directed attention to her nipples to return the favor. Gwen's warmth closed around Harry and released him. Harry pushed his rod into Gwen's hot loins and pulled almost all the way out. He drove his cock inside of her one final time.

Gwen could feel an orgasm far greater than anything. Pleasure had been redefined.

"Just let it go," Harry said. "There's no one here but us two. No holding back!"

Gwen screamed in Harry's ear and took his cock inside with a flurry of thrusts. She grabbed Harry's mighty cock and pumped him as hard as possible.

"Harry!" Gwen breathed. "Harder."
All sixty of Gwen's nails raked Harry's back. Harry gave her a reprimanding smile and Gwen dropped her extra arms onto the bed. She gave him a little smirk, and Harry rose up almost all the way out of her. He aimed his cock towards Gwen's opening and pushed into her.

Her insides responded to Harry and the arms went away. Gwen was half disappointed, and half relieved because there were a couple of times where Gwen accidentally punched herself in the face during the heat of the moment. It was going to hard to explain the bruises after sex. Other than the ones which one could not see them thanks to Harry's aching balls slapping against her thighs.

"Again," Gwen breathed.

Harry took her sensitive breasts in hand and squeezed them. Gwen's entire body exploded in a flood of thinly restrained lust. Her warm walls closed around Harry and pumped him.

"Now it's time for you to let it all out, Ms. Stacy," Harry said. "Let out that pent up aggression. Allow yourself to cum."

Gwen came like she never came before. Every single one of her nerve endings registered the pleasure her body felt. From the tips of her toes to the top of her head, Gwen's entire body became one concentrated wave of pleasure. Harry sank his hard cock into her and rode out the orgasm.

The feeling of Harry's hard cock inside of her tapered off. Harry rolled his hips down slightly to meet Gwen's warm thighs. The movements increased with Harry rising and dropping and falling into her. He stretched out Gwen when pushing inside of her.


Harry gave Gwen a rush through her body. His hard cock slipped inside of Gwen's aching loins. He rose up and dropped down inside Gwen. Each time his balls slapped Gwen, she rose up. Moisture started to trickle from her loins.

A rising tension came through Gwen's loins the deeper Harry filled her up. His aching balls kept slapping against Gwen with repeated thrusts inside of her. Gwen grabbed onto Harry's back and dragged her nails, now with two hands thankfully, across his back.

"Again."

Harry confirmed her want with these words. Gwen's hips jerked up to allow Harry's throbbing meat to slide into her. Harry repeatedly dialed back his emotions just enough to allow Gwen to want it. Then, when she was taken to the edge of her rope, Harry sped up and enhanced what she felt.

Gwen almost lost her mind. The inside of the girl's body burned with a scorching lust. Another orgasm came through and exploded through Gwen's hot and moist pussy. Harry buried his rod into her and then pulled out before doing it one more time.

Thick balls made some indents on Gwen's fleshy thighs. Harry grabbed her ass when turning her to the side. It was a marvel and Harry could not help, but be balls deep inside the glorious wonder of Gwen Stacy's perfectly slick pussy. Harry groaned when she tensed up around him. Harry pulled almost all the way out and plunged into her.

Minute by minute, the orgasms rolled over Gwen's body. Harry gave her a second to recover and also poured the energy he absorbed from Gwen back into her. She could take a more steady pounding as time passed out. Harry planted his hard cock inside of her body.

The end would come for at least this bonding process. Gwen knew this would be the first time of
many time. The threads connected Gwen to Harry, and the other three generals, to Sara, to Nyssa, and to Kara. Gwen finally joined the family by slipping her warm walls against his hardening cock.

"Closer."

The word put Gwen on the edge. She opened up to prepare to accept the cock deep inside of her body. Harry plunged into her and brought her to one more orgasm.

The trigger followed with Gwen's warm pussy grabbing onto Harry's engorged cock. He pushed inside and then out of her to fill Gwen up with several splatters of cum. Long ropes filled into her pussy and made Gwen rise up to take him into her depths.

Gwen squirted her juices all over Harry's cock to make sure it slid into her body. The threads strengthened between the two of them. The final stage increased with Harry ramming his hardening cock inside of Gwen's warm body. He finished up inside of her.

Harry rolled over onto the bed. Gwen smiled and moved towards Harry's cock. She sucked it to taste the combined juices. It brought Harry's cock to hardness thanks to his superhuman stamina.

To Be Continued on August 31st, 2017.
Chapter Fifty-Four: Family Affairs.

Thea smiled when Laurel held a punching bag. The younger of the two Queen sisters took a deep breath. The moment Olivia came back to town, things started to change. Thea rose her hand back and smacked it into the back. She found herself glad that some kind of outlet had been found.

Sara sat at the edge of the room to observe as Laurel helped train Thea. The brunette girl had some potential.

"I'm glad you made it out of that place alive," Thea said. "You and Liv both. There are times where I thought…and your funeral was beautiful."

"Well, it's a pity that it was all for nothing," Sara said.

All of the paperwork she had to go through to be declared no longer dead was a nightmare and a half. Sara tried to keep her head above the water. Thankfully, things were pretty much settled, even though they had to pay back the insurance company a fair amount of money. Sara swore to her father they would take care of it, and sure enough, it was taken care of about a day later.

She sensed the hand of Olivia Queen in that one, although Sara could not prove it. Currently, Liv was out during god knows what.

"Well, rather have a funeral for someone who is alive, then…actually, I think I'm just glad for you to be alive," Thea said. "I have no idea where I was going with that one."

"You're going to want to angle your punches a little bit to the left," Laurel said. "You'll either wear yourself out or strain your wrist if you don't."

"Right," Thea said.

She corrected the stance just as Laurel directed and punched away on the bag. Laurel made her way over to talk to Sara who was sitting on the bench.

'It's hard to come back to all of this, isn't it?'' Laurel asked.

'Yes,' Sara thought. 'It's going to be a bit tricky to head out and do what I need to do. If I disappear again, it will because I'm helping Harry retrieve a medallion from the depths of space.'

Laurel never thought her life would be this strange, and Sara's would take such a strange turn. The fact they were knowingly and willing sleeping with the same man.

"Keep it up," Laurel said. "You're doing really well. Pretend the bag's your mother after she cut off your credit cards."

Thea could have laughed at the absurdity of Laurel's suggestion. She measured her punches a little bit better at the bag when punching away at the bag. The bag swung from Thea pushing her fist into it. She kept pumping, fist, fist, fist, into the bag.

'Moira's asking a lot of questions to Liv,' Laurel said. 'Just a heads up, she might want to talk to you as well.'
Sara just took this matter in stride. She turned to the door and a very familiar figure came through the door. Harry Potter walked through the door, with Gwen Stacy following a few inches behind him. Sara smiled after noticing the new addition to Gwen's person. It had taken long enough, but Sara was happy to have Gwen included.

"Harry!" Thea called. "I hoped to run into you."

Harry chuckled and moved back so the brunette girl who threw her arms around Harry. She had gotten a bit comfortable around him, and Harry smiled. His arm tightened around the girl. Thea pulled away.

"Sorry, I just can't thank you enough for bringing Liv home. And Sara too….sometime you're going to have to tell me the full story of what happened."

Harry offered half of a smile. He was playing a bit coy with what he was going to tell Thea.

"Well, it's not really a story," Harry said. "I found them, made sure they were okay, and then dropped them off home."

Thea offered him a knowing smile. There was a part of her who thought that there was far more to that than met the eye with Harry. She looked over to the beautiful blond woman next to Harry as if noticing her for the very first time.

"This is Gwen," Harry said.

"Did you find her and rescue her too?" Thea asked.

"Well, in a matter of speaking," Gwen said. "I had been…well, I was doing something stupid that I really should not have and Harry managed to pull my ass out of the fire."

"Well, stick around long enough, and I'm sure I'll be added to the list," Thea said. "Oh, and she has a medallion too. That's really…that's really nice. Just like and just like Sara."

Sara winced very so slightly. Thea was sharp enough to pick up on something going on here. Sara knew the girl was capable enough to take care of herself. Maybe a bit too much given the kind of trouble that Thea got herself in on an almost constant basis.

"I liked the one Harry had, and I decided to pick up one of my own," Sara said as she recovered quickly. "It gives me a nice little souvenir of our time together."

"Oh, that's nice," Thea said. "Surprised Liv didn't get one…and speak of the devil and she shall arrive."

Liv stepped into the room and Thea greeted her with a hug.

"Hey, Speedy," Liv said. "How are you doing?"

"Well, Laurel's teaching me how to defend myself," Thea said. "But, the city's a bit safer after she showed up. You know who I'm talking about. The Hood."

The Hood?" Liv asked.

"Too many late nights?" Thea asked. "She's only all over the news. The hood, the girl in the green hood. She jumps down and shoots arrows into the bad guys. Bunch of low-life scum and these are supposed to be noble pillars of Starling City society."
"The name Green Arrow is a lot better than the Hood," Sara said. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"I'm not sure if she would like anyone giving her a name," Liv said. "Given that she's supposed to be keeping under the radar."

Thea shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe. But, she sounds pretty cool. Maybe not as cool as the Black Canary or Batgirl, but you know. Top three material!"

Liv and Laurel exchanged a knowing smile before they got on with Thea's training. They did not want her to get too relaxed or start asking too many questions either.

Amanda loved the promise of a very powerful magical ritual. The fact they could uncover the secrets of Atlantis, which had slipped under the radar a lot in recent years, made Amanda even more excited. She looked over the book which Shado brought, and also had numerous binders full of notes out based off of the lost magic of Atlantis.

Shado flipped through the books with a slight smile popping over her face. She figured things would be detailed, given what she knew about the twins. She had no idea. They almost put together a lot of notes about of the country of Atlantis, and there were a few notes.

"The only thing we couldn't figure out, no matter how often we looked, was the location of the Merfolk Medallion," Amanda said. "And more importantly where the holder of the medallion is being located."

"According to Harry, she's alive," Shado said.

Flipping through the book, Amanda could only respond with a very evident nod. She took Harry's word for the fact that the holder of the Merfolk medallion still breathed. She really hoped so.

"It's hard to believe that we're so close to uniting all of the medallion holders," Emily said. "And yet, we still got a fair amount to go."

Unfortunately, Amanda had to agree with her sister. They needed to not only to find the Merfolk Medallion, and rescue the Queen, which would be a problem in itself, but they also had the seventh and final medallion. The most powerful and the most dangerous medallion of them, other than the potential Dragon medallion, they still needed to find the Phoenix Medallion.

"Full moon can't come soon enough," Amanda said.

"Patience, Mandy," Emily said. "It's only three days."

Patience did not seem to be in Amanda's playbook. Amanda was the creative end, and Emily reigned her in line before she went completely off of the rails.

"I hate to agree," Shado said. "But, the full moon can't come soon enough."

One shell-shocked businesswoman looked at the skilled warrior in front of her. Wait, someone agreed with her impatience? Amanda could hardly even wrap her hand around it. Even Emily looked quite dubious at what Shado said.

"We can't rush it," Shado said. "And to try and do the ritual on any other night, but the full moon could lead to unintended consequences."

Emily shivered at Shado's words. They all knew about unintended consequences after their little
gambit to try and get their hands on the Tengu Medallion. To think, after all of those years of seeking out that particular item, their mother managed to just acquire it like it was nothing.

"So, you think it can't come soon enough," Amanda said. "There has to be a reason why you think that the full moon can't come soon enough. Isn't there?"

Amanda looked back at Shado with imploring eyes. The nervousness flickering through the eyes of the woman could only scarcely be matched.

"There have been rumors," Shado said. "I must warn you. These are only rumors. I have not been able to validate them."

Both twins felt the same amount of frustration. Even whispers of the kind which they thought Shado might be eluding to, was a cause for concern. Slowly, Emily's eyes shifted over. She came to one very clear conclusion, or at least a conclusion as clear as it could be under these circumstances.

"It has something to do with Atlantis."

It went completely without saying it had something to do with Atlantis. Both twins waited for Shado to respond to their inquiry.

"Of course it does," Shado said. "There have been a series of very peculiar events. I'm not sure what to make of them. There might not be any smoke to this fire, but they're more active that there was before."

"If you're asking whether or not Atlantis would align with HIVE, the answer is no."

Amanda's very blunt answer caused Shado to nearly raise her eyebrow up.

"I've done my homework," Amanda said. "And I know all about the woman who is rumored to be their new Queen. She hates humans. Most Atlanteans are uneasy around humans. But, they only strike when they have been riled up."

She looked at several of the notes which had been made between the three of them, and also with Tess. Lori helped out where she could, or rather when she was willing to open up. The poor girl refused to explain exactly what happened and exactly why the new queen took over.

"She's still alive," Amanda said. "The old queen and liberating her is our best bet of taking control. But if HIVE thinks they can overrun Atlantis to get their hands on their treasure...."

Amanda responded with a very pained whistle. One could almost see the frustration flickering through the eyes of the girl before she returned back to life.

"It's not happening," Amanda said. "They're not going to make a deal with HIVE. They won't work with HIVE. But...they might be preparing for war with HIVE."

"So, what do you think we should do?" Emily asked.

"Cross your fingers and hope it doesn't happen before the Dragon gets his hands on the Merfolk medallion," Amanda said. "Based on my knowledge, this ritual will work to bring it home."

Amanda knew enough about Atlantis based upon her research. There were still some other things she could not quite pick up. She wanted to sooner rather than later.

A courtyard out in the middle of nowhere had been dripping with water. Despite the fact, no rain
came in this area in months and had been in the middle of a very intense drought. Already, Holly Granger found herself not liking where this was going.

'Keep calm, Granger,' she thought to herself.

Holly looked over her shoulder just in time to notice Nymphadora Tonks walking a few feet away from her. Both of them held weapons at the ready. The guns might not be enough to deal with any members of the Atlantean army.

"Why do you think we're walking into a trap?"

Holly did not say anything. She just kept moving forward and walked for anyone. The water on the ground was ankle deep and also salt water. She moved towards the edge of a building. Someone broke open the building for something. The closer Holly walked, she came to a conclusion what she was dealing with.

'Scientific research facility. Of course.'

Another top-secret project from some country would have been stolen by someone. Holly never once got a clear answer regarding why people thought some of these inventions were a good idea. She could think of no practical applications other than to take over the world and all of that good stuff.

Holly tapped on the edge of the building. She could hear something moving on the other end of the wall. Nym approached a fraction of a step behind Holly.

"You have five seconds to come out of there," Holly said. "If you don't come out of there, I swear I'm going to blast that fucking door open and make you come out."

Nym hated to admit it, but Holly's bluntness amused her to no end. Holly pointed the weapon at the edge of the door. The door opened up and a silver haired man with coke-bottle glasses dressed in ripped and damp clothes struggled around. He spoke in a frantic tone.

"You have any idea what he's saying?"

A couple of minutes had been spent with Nym spending plenty of time getting down the man's vocal patterns and also the language he had spoken. She closed eyes, and slowly morphed her ears to be able to process the language. It was a painful process to use her powers like that. Nym started to shake. Her vocal cords came next so she could speak the language that he did.

"Tell me who attacked you," Nym said in a hoarse voice.

The man's eyes widened. He had been very shell-shocked still. No matter how many times he opened his mouth, nothing came out of his mouth. This resulted in Holly stepping forward. She pulled out a gun and shot it against the wall behind him.

"Fish people!" he yelled. "Giant spears! No chance!"

Nym changed her ears and vocal cords back and went to address Holly. The man passed completely out after given that declaration.

"Was that completely necessary?" Nym asked. "I could have gotten a little bit more out of him if you hadn't done what you did."

"Maybe," Holly said. "Did you get anything out of him? I knew he yelled something before he
"Passed out."

"He screamed something about the fish people," Nym said. "They had giant spears. Or so he said."

The rumors of an attack by Atlantis were becoming more evident with each passing moment. Unfortunately, they had very little to no proof that something like this was going on. It was not the only problem which Nym foresaw though.

"This is very much out of our jurisdiction," Nym said.

"What?" Holly asked.

Nym knew Holly did not really follow a lot of the guidelines for Argus, even underneath the best of times. She took a deep breath, rubbing her throat from where her vocal cords had been rendered raw. After this had been done, Nym made her best attempt to explain all of this.

"Atlantis always has been a tricky spot for ARGUS," Nym said. "Even before it stopped communicating five years ago. The former King...well he distrusted us, and for good reason."

"You mean he didn't trust Waller at face value," Holly said. "Because that makes a lot of sense."

Their conversation stopped for the moment as a whimpering man dragged across the ground. The man looked very shaken up with bruises on his face. He looked about ready to pass out from some kind of pain. Standing over the top of him was Natasha. She looked to have squeezed something out of the man.

"You didn't rough him up too badly?" Nym asked.

"Only enough," Natasha said.

Those words oddly did not fill Natasha with anything other than primal and mortal dread.

"They stole a high-tech jammer," Natasha said. "Something which a rogue scientist who lives out on the docks has developed. He wants to use it to disrupt communication. It can also shut down planes and cars and caused them to spontaneously crash."

This news filled Nym and Holly with an increased amount of mortal dread.

"Oh, that's great," Holly said. "What actual use does something like that have other than taking over the world? Don't they have enough dangerous technology without something like that?"

Natasha figured about as much.

"And to think, it's out of our jurisdiction," Nym said. "If we go over Waller's head on something like this, she really will have our heads."

Lily arrived in the backroom of the high-end establishment in Metropolis where she agreed to meet her twin daughters, and also the Dragon himself. Technically, Harry was an alternate version counterpart of her son, which always floored Lily. A long time passed since that very moment where this universe's version of Harry died.

"Mom, it's good to see you."

It had been jarring for a few years to hear the twins refer to her as Mom as opposed to Mum, but that was what you had given they spent most of their lives in the United States and most of their
friends and people they hung around with. Lily looked at her twin daughters with a smile.

"Amanda, Emily, I'm sorry it took so long for us to meet."

Emily decided to move in and put her hand on Lily's own.

"Mother, we understand what you have to do," Emily said. "It's all worth it if we live in a world where we don't have to loom with the specter of HIVE around every corner."

Lily did hope that the world would be coming around soon. She wanted to live in a world where future generations were happy, healthy and growing up to enjoy the most out of their lives. She hated to have to hear the alternative to this very good future.

"The same here," Amanda said. "You know, we've been working on a couple of important projects."

'I never wanted them to be dragged into my vendetta,' Lily thought. 'But, they're not necessarily involved. They just ended up jumping in head first.'

"Maybe the three of us can get together," Lily said.

"Well, we had no idea that you were the one who got your hands on the Tengu Medallion," Amanda said. "We spent three years hunting down leads. We came close to nabbing it from the Triad, but it kept slipping away from us. HIVE kept getting involved, and the next thing we know, you just casually walk in and hand it to H…to the Dragon."

Noticing her daughter's near slip of the tongue and the correction, Lily reached over and nudged her daughter. Amanda tried to act like there was nothing out of the ordinary until Lily's eyes locked onto hers.

"Call him Harry," Lily told her daughter. "It's who he is. His name is Harry Potter, at least he was in his world. And he will be as well."

"You don't…."

"I don't mind," Lily said.

Everything happened for a reason no matter how tragic it was. Harry stepped into the room. The minute Harry walked around the corner, Lily greeted Harry with a hug which lingered a few seconds longer.

Harry took in the floral scent of Lily's hair and the swell of her breasts when it pushed against him. His arm slipped to catch her as she almost bumped into the table. Lily smiled back at him.

"Hope you're well M…Lily," Harry said a few seconds later.

Lily hid her disappointment when turning around to pick up a notebook which had been sent down the table.

"I'm pleased Gwendolyn has finally overcome her phobia which prevented her from holding her amulet," Lily said. "You don't have any loose ends to tie up when you head to get the final two medallions?"

"No," Harry said. "Sara, Kara, and Nyssa all know what they're going to do, and they're going to help me perform the ritual."
"Just a warning…"

"Advanced magical rituals can have unforeseen circumstances when performed those who are bound together," Amanda and Emily chanted in unison.

This received them one of those looks which only came from years of practice of being a mother. Amanda's hands flung to her side and a little smile spread across her face when looking across the room back towards her mother.

"You managed to bury that in our head," Amanda said. "We learned the hard way, didn't we, Emmy?"

Emily looked rather flushed at the consequences of their encounter. She did remember the tentacles and resolved never to go into magic which she and Amanda did not fully understand, at least most of the time. There were times where her own curiosity got the better of her way too many times.

"I thought we agreed we were not going to bring that one up," Emily said.

The bright smile flashing over Amanda's face made her sister just shake her head. She struggled not to have the desire to face palm because of Amanda's actions. It took a lot of self-control not to do so.

"No. You agreed. I just went along with it because you were embarrassed because of your miscalculation."

"I have a feeling I don't want to know," Harry said.

"It really depends on your tastes," Amanda said. "I suppose we can…." 

Lily cleared her throat a second later. That caused Amanda to stand up. The one force in the entire world which could keep her in line, if only for a few minutes happened to be Lily. Harry heard she was a pretty formidable woman, at least back home.

Of course, Harry tried not to judge people on the things they heard.

"But, perhaps it's not something which should be discussed in polite company," Amanda said. "Still, the warning is sound. There can be some strange backfires if the rituals are not precise."

"Of even if they are precise," Harry said. "A slight change in the atmosphere could bring about unforeseen consequences."

Amanda nodded in response. Harry knew what he was getting into. For the first time, hope, hope that the world would be a better place reached Amanda's mind. She and her sister could only do so much. And they did a whole lot.

"There's been some unsettling news coming out of Europe," Lily said.

Harry took a moment to open his mouth. Lily lifted a hand and caused Harry to grow surprisingly silent. He leaned back to listen to exactly what Lily had to say.

"I know, you're never going to be able to rest until HIVE is out of the picture," Lily said. "And I'm warning you about this not to alarm you. I just want you to be ready for anything that comes."

"Focus on Merfolk Medallion," Harry said.

The green-eyed witch responded with a nod, and Harry swallowed the lump growing in his throat.
He could only imagine what was going on.

"They're after it too," Lily said. "We would have known if they would have had it. They would be able to command most of the world, and all aquatic life within it."

Harry hated to admit this, but things could have been a lot worse.

"The full moon can't come soon enough," Harry said.

"Hey," Amanda said. "See, Harry agrees with me! I'm not the only one who thinks that the full moon can't come soon enough."

Emily gave half a shrug and also patted Amanda on the end in the most condescending manner possible. Lily let this one slide. She smiled, the light-hearted moments always got her through the day. They had to enjoy them while it lasted with darkness in the world.

"HIVE will fall," Lily said. "But know that many more setbacks and his eyes will be on you."

"I'm ready," Harry said.

"You won't be completely ready until you secure the power of the medallions," Lily said. "But, I have faith it will happen."

Faith, Harry had faith it would happen as well. Sara, Nyssa, and Kara knew what they had to do to help him through the ritual. They would all be ready to do it, as the full moon passed in three days.

"So, how about a night on the town?" Amanda asked. "Where we don't have to talk business or all of this doom and gloom for a change?"

Harry's interest had been grabbed. Emily smiled, wondering what her sister had in mind.

"Bring some friends," Amanda said. "We'll have a good time."

"Yes," Lily said. "Let me worry about following up on those rumors in Europe. If it's anything that drastically affects you, I'll tell you."

"You're going to love the night life in Metropolis," Amanda said. "Granted, it's no Gotham City, but few things are, aren't they?"

It was hard to say no to a request like that. Harry smiled and touched the top of his alternate universe sister's head.

"It's a date."

Harry kissed Amanda, which caused both Lily and Emily both amusement, and a bit of envy they had been left out. It was almost worth it to see Amanda sitting there, speechless at what just happened.

Claire dressed in a pair of tight black pants and a sports bra. She stood under the red solar lamps for the last power and did the stretches that Nyssa ordered her to do. She could feel the burning of having her body strained to go through her skin.

"Are you feeling the workout?"

Claire answered with a nod. Nyssa fired back with a smile in response.
"Good, it means it's working," Nyssa said. "We can begin. I want to see how your hand to hand is. I'm going to hold back."

Something in the back of Claire's mind wondered what holding back meant for a skilled fighter liked Nyssa. Claire could feel the burn of her muscles. She was very much used to being pushed to her very limits underneath the heavenly embrace of the yellow sun. Now, this had been ripped away from her, Claire really did not know what to think about. The only thing she could do was walk into the center of the room.

"In three."

The mental countdown in her head started. The minute Claire back tracked to three, Nyssa's hand flung out with a back handed attack. Claire blocked the attack for a second. Nyssa grabbed Claire and lightly took her down to the ground.

Madly scrambling to a standing position brought Claire back up for round two of a fight. She swung another attack at Nyssa. Nyssa performed a couple of light attacks. She grabbed Claire's arm and pushed her back down onto the ground. Claire turned the arm around and pushed it back down onto the ground. Nyssa slipped out of the position and forced her weight down onto the shoulder of Claire.

Claire closed her eyes. She could feel the burn and also the pain of muscles she only just barely used being stretched.

'And to think, she's just taking it easy on me. I wonder how this would feel if she had been beating the ever living hell out of me.'

Claire moved to attack Nyssa. The two of them clashed hand to hand with each other. Nyssa caught Claire's arm and pushed her back down onto the ground. A second passed with Nyssa having Claire's arm folded behind her back. Claire winced at the pressure being put on her shoulder. She struggled to get up to a standing position but found herself unable to move.

"It takes a lot of determination to break free when I have you like this," Nyssa said. "Doesn't it?"

She would have to agree. Claire looked out of the corner of her eye. Kara, Sara, and Harry all watched from the background. She tried to remember the counter Kara used to get the better of Nyssa, if only for a couple of seconds in their previous sparring session.

"Perhaps you have had enough for one day."

A less determined person would have given up a long time ago. One thing you could not accuse Claire Kent of being was a less determined person.

"Come after me."

Nyssa waited for Claire to make her first move. She blocked two of Claire's punches and tied her up one more time to the ground. The skilled assassin bent down. She would have normally pulled a knife on her adversary here. She slipped back and allowed Claire to drop.

"You are the aggressor," Nyssa said. "You allowed me to turn your aggression into a defense. It's a rudimentary error. One which you will constantly fail at if you keep performing it."

Gwen stepped inside and sat with the others.

"I think she might be improving," Gwen said.
"Not as much as she should," Kara said. "But give her time. I think she's realizing how helpless she is without her powers."

Nyssa stepped back and grabbed Claire enough room to breathe. Claire looked at Nyssa, preparing to make her next move.

"Let's go, again," Claire said.

"No," Nyssa told Claire. "I know you want to be at your very best, but that's more than enough for today. Just think about the lessons I taught you today. And we'll return to it in a few days."

Repeatedly knocking someone down without a chance to have their mistakes sink in did nothing. Nyssa found herself left with wounds, both physical and emotional, after training. Only upon reflection did Nyssa realize what her instructions intended to impart on you.

"So, Chloe, Lana, Lois, and I were heading out to Metropolis tomorrow night," Claire said. "I was wondering if you would want to join us."

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to pass," Nyssa said. "And no, it isn't as if I don't want to spend time for you. I have to deal with some important business."

"Sure, I'll go," Sara said. "Laurel might want to tag along and Liv as well if you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all," Claire said. "The more the merrier."

"I'm in," Kara said. "How about you two?"

Kara addressed both Gwen and Harry. Gwen jumped in first over Harry, perhaps not intentionally, but she just had to do so.

"Sure," Gwen said. "It'll feel good to have a chance to stretch my legs."

It had been a long time since Gwen had a chance to be out on the scene and just let her hair down. Between being in stasis, and recovering from being in stasis, not too many opportunities for downtime.

"It just so happens that the twins and I were intending to head there ourselves," Harry said. "I'm sure they won't mind joining your group."

Claire smiled, she had hoped Harry would come, and the others. She actually needed to ask them for help on something, but she needed to get to know them better before feeling comfortable enough to do it.

'We'll see what happens.'
Chapter Fifty-Five: By Moonlight.

Amanda stepped out of a high-class sports car. She dressed in a nice sequined red dress which hugged her frame. A pair of stylish sunglasses and very elegant heels topped up the outfit. Amanda stepped further into the picture and moved around where Emily made her way out of the limo as well. She stepped out of the side door of the limo dressed in a black dress.

"Right on time."

Amanda and Emily turned and their eyes locked onto Harry. He stood and it was very easy to see why women went insane over him. He wore a nice suit which fit him like a glove. Amanda looked at Harry for a long minute. Her mouth opened and shut for a second.

To be fair, Emily was gawking at the Dragon as well. She recovered very quickly. Emily lightly pushed down on Amanda's shoulder and prompted her to jump up in response.

"You look great," Harry said. "Both of you look beautiful."

Harry leaned down and gave Emily a kiss first. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of electricity coming through her body. It might sound tacky to describe Harry's kiss as pure magic, but it was the absolute truth.

Amanda folded her arms and Emily milked the kiss for all it was worth. After yesterday, turnabout had been fair play with Emily getting her moment to kiss Harry. She pulled away and Amanda moved in to attempt to show how it was done.

Unfortunately for her, she misjudged her step and tripped. Harry reached out and caught Amanda in his arms. The redhead gasped when feeling Harry's warm arms around her.

"Smooth, Mandy," Emily said. "Really, really smooth."

Amanda rolled her eyes which caused Emily to snicker. In response, Amanda stuck her tongue out at her sister. This only caused Emily to break out in a fit of intense laughter at the look on her sister's face. Seconds passed before Amanda finally hushed up enough.

"That's really not becoming of a lady," Emily said.

The fiercer of the two twins fired back. "Well, it just so happens no one can ever accuse me of being a lady. I think I slept through any etiquette classes you put me through. Just never held my interest, funnily enough."

Not really that much of a surprise to Harry to be perfectly honest. He held his arm around Amanda and wrapped his arm around Emily. The trio made their way into the club. Claire had been waiting for them at the front entrance of the room.

"I'm glad the three of you could make it," Claire said.
One of the twins popped off with a smile. "Well, you know what they say, the more the merrier….Amanda by the way, and my sister you must be Claire, Lana's told us a lot about you and the trouble you've pulled her out of."

Claire broke out into a smile. They made their way into the club, where Sara and Lana were having a conversation in the corner for something or other. Sara looked up just as Liv and Laurel stepped into the club. Laurel dressed in a tight black dress which fit around every curve of her magnificent body. Liv decided to dress in a more casual pair of tight pants and a nice button up green blouse which suited her very nicely.

"Hey, Harry," Laurel said. "I thought I saw you coming into the club with a twin on each arm."

She gave Harry a smile with Harry detaching himself from Amanda and Emily who made their way deeper into the club.

"I didn't see you coming," Harry said.

"Oh, that's a shame," Laurel said. "You're numerally more on the ball. It's good to see you again by the way."

Laurel leaned in and kissed Harry on the lips. No regrets on her mind after pulling away from Harry after a brief second. He turned to Liv who just smiled at him.

"Well, the two of you are getting on pretty well," Liv said. "You better take care of her. I…well I can't do anything against you because you would squash me like a bug."

Claire broke out into laughter at this attempt for Liv to try and act menacing to someone who had an insane amount of power. She could see where Liv was coming from. Laurel had a lot of interest in Harry by the looks of things, and Claire could not blame you.

"You must be Claire Kent," Liv said. "My name is Olivia Queen."

"You're looking pretty good for a girl who everyone thinks is dead," Claire said.

The girl in the green blouse responded with an animated round of laughter. "You won't believe how many times people have told me that…..it's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Kent."

"Yes, it's a pleasure to meet you as well," Claire said. "I've heard a lot about you from Lex….."

Liv almost dropped her hands down to her side. A few seconds passed before she had to make sure that she heard Claire correctly.

"You know Lex….as in Lex Luthor?" Liv asked. "The two of you are friends."

Actually, Liv could not believe she used that word. Luthors did not have friends, only assets. Moira sat her down one time and told her just about as much. And her father said that while he supported anyone his daughter chose to become friends with, he warned her to steer clear of Lex Luthor.

"Were friends," Claire responded. "We….well I saved him from drowning a few years ago. And we struck up a friendship, but I had to break it up. Things got a little too complicated. Mostly because of his father."

"Aw," Liv said.

Lionel Luthor complicated a lot of things by just merely existing, at least that's what Liv thought.
She took a moment to calm herself down in a deep breath. She came across with Kara making her way after having a drink at the club. The moment she laid eyes on Harry, Kara threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"Glad you can make it," Harry said.

Gwen followed Kara into the side entrance of the club and shook her head at their antics. Of course, the moment Kara left Kara for even a second, Gwen was going to jump right in and get herself a piece of Harry.

"Glad to see you're here," Gwen said. "No offense, but I thought for a couple of minutes you weren't showing up. You know how hectic your life gets."

"Well, if he has the fabled Evans luck, then something was bound to come up," Amanda chimed in. "It's just this is the one night out of several where it decided to leave him alone."

"Hey, Lana," Claire said with a smile. "Do you have any idea where Chloe or Lois are?"

The doors opened, and Chloe made her way into the bar. She shook her head and Lois stepped into the club right behind her.

"Sorry, I've had a rough day," Lois said. "We would have gotten here sooner if someone didn't try and wake me up using a cold bucket of water to the head."

Chloe's lips popped into a very mischievous grin at Lois's statement. Harry just smiled and greeted her with a wave. Lois turned her attention towards him. For a few seconds, Lois had been stricken speechless by him. He most certainly was a step above the usual people who frequented this club.

"Lois Lane, speechless?" Claire asked. "And me without my camera?"

"Shove it, Smallville," Lois said. "So, you're Lana's...cousin, right? Harry?"

"Yes," Harry said. "We met briefly, although you weren't really paying attention."

"Well, shame on me for that," Lois answered. "I'd have to do better in the future."

She turned her attention to one of the redhead twins who had been fixing herself a drink at the edge of the bar. Lois just scoffed at the other girl's choice of drink.

"You got a problem?" Amanda asked.

Emily resisted the urge to lift her hand and smack herself in the face with an epic facepalm. There was a huge part of her who figured this one was not going to end well.

"Well, that drink's fine, if you're a virgin at drinking," Lois said. "Otherwise, it's practically tap water."

"Oh, and what would you recommend?" Amanda said. "Because I think I can handle anything you think is strong."

Every single person who knew Lois knew this was a bad idea. And Emily was half torn between burying her head in her hands and breaking out into laughter.

"Well, I can match you shot for shot," Lois said.

"Oh, Lois," Chloe groaned.
It was a pretty good thing that Chloe was doing the driving tonight. Because there was no way that she would be able to let Lois drive home at all. Not under any good conscience.

"You're on."

Lily Evans looked very impressed with the copious amounts of notes her daughters got together. There were still a lot of problems regarding what they did not know about the city of Atlantis. Lily found herself fairly confident though she could tackle this problem.

'All we have to do is find the medallion. Then we will go from there.'

All of the potential side effects wrote down on a piece of paper showed all of the occupants of the ritual what they were getting into. Lily figured the results of it would be minimal if it was competently done.

As always, when someone walked up behind her, Lily turned her attention towards the person. One of the women, Shado, looked at Lily with a slightly raised eyebrow.

"Have you slept recently?"

"Only as much as I need to," Lily said. "Everything is ready. I don't think that there's anything else we can do. The rune stones are carved, and I've double checked the charm barriers we're going to need to put up. Everything is going to go as smoothly as possible."

"You're confident?" Tess asked.

Lori stepped inside and had been very impressed with the amount of research they did on the people of Atlantis. Those who lived in the city, well some of those who lived in the city, would be very horrified to learn that surface dwellers learned a fair amount about them.

She had not been one of those people. It always confused Lori of why they remained such an enigma. Her Queen said, in no uncertain terms, that was because of the way it always was. A part of Lori accepted those words, even though she did not have to like them.

An even larger part of her did not accept those words at face value. It had been a long time since she had home. Things had gotten worse and the whispers of aggression against the surface world increased how nervous she felt. One way or another, everything would have to turn out for the better.

"I'm confident," Lily said. "What do you think Lori?"

The eyes of the mermaid snapped over. She adjusted the necklace which allowed her to walk on land and survive in a dry climate.

"Do you think everything is accurate?"

Lori took a quick look at the information. Her awe spread over for a few seconds. The older redhead smiled when looking at the younger girl.

"Yes, to the best of my knowledge," Lori said. "There are a few things in here that I'm not sure of. Queen Mera would know better than anyone else when you come to talk to her."

Lily placed a hand on Lori's shoulder. Something about the warm hand on Lori's shoulder caused her to relax a little bit. She briefly entertained the fact that Lily would have some kind of magic
hands which would relax her. The very thought did amuse Lori.

'Got to focus,' Lori thought.

"And she'll return. Don't worry. She'll be fine."

A few seconds passed with Lily trying to give the young woman reassurance. The fact the woman was alive meant that they did not find the medallion. Wherever Mera stored the medallion, it was somewhere safe and nowhere completely and totally obvious. Too good in fact. Lily failed to find the medallion after years of constant and painstaking research.

Shado leaned closer to Lily who turned around to address the younger woman. The dark haired warrior went through with what she wanted to say in the bluntest matter possible.

"Your daughter mentioned that....."

"HIVE and Hila's forces will go to war over the medallion."

Everyone in the room agreed this was not an ideal situation, but for very different reasons. Lily brushed a strand of hair out of her face and sighed.

"Yes. It's a very real possibility it's going to happen."

Lily really wished she had more information about where both sides were heading. Unless something happened in the next day, Harry getting the medallion was a very strong possibility. She prepared for the worst though because misfortune reared its ugly head many times.

'We'll just see what happens when it happens. I'm not going to lie. Things could get pretty ugly in a hurry if we move in too soon.'

"I'm impressed," Tess said. "I hope you don't mind me intruding on your operation."

One shake of the head came from the redheaded witch when she smiled at Tess. "Not at all. In fact, I always welcome true believers to the organization. The more the merrier, and we're going to use all the help we can get."

The Merfolk Medallion was in their sights. The real fun began after the liberated Atlantis, liberated the queen, and reunited the sixth medallion holder with her most prized possession.

'And then it's on to the most important one of them all,' Lily thought. 'It's on with his obsession.'

"You look lost."

Lily could not help but smile at Tess’s words. To be honest, she had been lost for some time. With the revival of the Dragon and the collection of the medallions, they were far closer than they ever were.

"No, not particularly lost. I'm more confident than ever before that we're going to win this battle."

Thousands of years, two sides raged back and forth in different forms. History showed about as much, even though a lot of the history had been rewritten. Those who could correct the record had long since been dead or had been silenced to avoid being an inconvenience to whatever narrative was being peddled out.

"Just can't wait for the full moon to pass."
Shado could have broken out into laughter. "Your daughter said the same thing."

"I completely agree with Amanda," Lily said.

Nothing would make Shado asked how Lily knew it was Amanda who made this particular declaration. In situations like this, mother knew best after all. They prepared for the upcoming full moon and the ritual.

It had been dragging on for a long time, at least in Shado's mind. It would finally pay off.

Amanda shook her head for a second to clear it. She was feeling a bit of a buzz. The redhead woman looked over towards the brunette across from her. Lois gave her a rather wide smile in response.

"Are you going to give up?" Lois asked her.

"Not yet," Amanda said. "Bring around another shot."

Liv took a few seconds to watch the battle between the two of them and wondered if she was ever like this. Laurel's lips tugged into a smile when she lightly nudged her friend.

"Yes, you were like that a lot in the past," Laurel said. "Remember when we were dating? How many times I had to come down to the police station to drive you home? Especially after my father booked you."

Liv remembered that it felt like a long time ago. A few years away from Starling City, both marooned out in the middle of nowhere and with ARGUS, it shaped Liv. There were some days where she thought she was an entirely different person.

"Yes, I remember," Liv said. "It just feels like a lifetime ago though."

"Yeah," Sara said.

Amanda knocked back another drink. She tried to close her eyes. It had been a long time since she had this much to drink. She looked at Lois for a few seconds. Perhaps it was not very responsible to let Lois keep going on for that long. After all, Lois did not have the magical resistance Amanda did.

"Perhaps we should stop," Amanda said. "You've proved your point."

"Ah, what's the matter," Lois slurred. "You think you're not good enough to beat me. I thought that I would drink you under the table."

Chloe and Emily exchanged one of those frustrated glimpses. They could already see trouble brewing. It was just a matter whether or not it would reach a fever pitch in time.

"Lois just doesn't know when to quit, does she?" Emily asked.

A long and very prolonged sigh came from Chloe. In this situation, the best case scenario would be that Lois would get them riled up and have them thrown out of the club.

"You're acting like neither of you are surprised it escalated this far."

Lois slid off of the bar stool. Amanda stopped her from hitting the ground just in time. Things could have gone a lot worse had her reflects not have been there.
Claire moved around the corner just in time to see Lois down on the floor. She turned to Chloe. Chloe responded with a shrug in response.

"I think I won," Lois murmured.

"Yes, Lois, you won," Chloe said. "And now, I'm going to take to your victory party."

Lois just barely held herself together. Chloe bent down onto the ground and managed to lift Lois up. There was no way Lois was going to walk her home to her own accord. Claire looked at Chloe for a few seconds when she passed.

"Are you sure you can handle her on your own?"

Chloe responded with a scoff at Claire's words. On the one hand, Claire only intended to make sure everything had gone alright. On the other hand, Chloe always hated how Claire did not give her enough credit.

"Yeah, this isn't the first time I had to drag Lois out of a place like this," Chloe said. "Don't worry, Claire, I'll be fine….and I'm sure Lana's going to come along with me to make sure anyway."

"Yeah," Lana said. "It's been fun tonight…been nice hanging out with you."

Claire watched the spectacle two of her friends dragging off her cousin. She did wonder why Chloe did not allow her to help. These questions entered Claire's mind when Liv stepped up towards her. She made a drink which she was drinking. Claire looked towards her.

"It's the non-alcohol variety of drink," Liv said. "It's practically water in fact. Has a nice little kick, but…really nothing that will get me in trouble."

She had her fair share of run ins with the law. Liv hoped to avoid those. The music in the club relaxed her. Amanda was sitting back on the edge of the bench and took a deep breath. She obviously was feeling the buzz. Laurel and Sara hung out in the corner.

'It's nice to see their relationship didn't get destroyed because of me.'

A small smile cropped over the face of Liv.

"That Lois girl is someone I would have hung out with a lot during my wild party-girl days," Liv said. "I might have taken her back to the bedroom as well."

"So, you're only into girls, or are you…." Claire said. She trailed off when she realized how personal the question was getting. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude, it's just that…"

Liv cracked up into a smile at the poor girl's attempt to dig herself out of a hole. Claire wasn't as bad as getting tongue-tied as that cute blonde at Queen Consolidated who Liv enjoyed making flustered. She really had a habit of sticking her foot in her mouth.

"Most of the time I've had," Liv said. "And let's face it, my most serious relationship has been with a woman."

The eyes of the Queen heiress looked towards Laurel. Laurel might have bounced back very nicely, but Liv could not help feeling the slightest amount of regret about how much she screwed that one up. She sighed and tried to move on for the future.

"It's just that….I'm not sure what the future holds for me," Liv said. "The important thing is for me
to get my head back on right. It's been knocked around and pretty crooked, to begin with."

The Queen's Gambit and it sinking had been the lowest point in her life.

"I thought my life was bad when my father died," Claire said. "I couldn't do anything to save him. It was just a heart attack. One moment he was here and the next minute, he was….well he wasn't."

Those words had been choked out. Liv never had one to be a shoulder to cry on. She always stuck her foot firmly in the mouth by saying the worst thing at the worst possible time. Liv decided that it was now the time to choose her words and choose them carefully. Liv put an arm on Claire's shoulder.

"I felt the same way," Liv said. "I didn't have to watch my father die, thank god. But, when I saw Sara slip out of the ship and underneath the water, I felt….well, I felt terrified."

She just did not have too much time to be terrified because she drowned herself. Claire reached over and moved to take a drink of the club soda that had been made. The spike of energy coming through her resulted in a smile cropping over her face.

"You were terrified," Claire said. "I guess you really can't plan for anything like that. No matter how good you get, you can't plan for the death of a loved one. Or at least them being put in danger."

Liv could tell Claire still had nightmares about the death of her father. She managed to get out of Sara of the fact that her father shot himself, so Sara would have a chance to get out of there.

Then there was the list, the piece of paper which would haunt Liv for the rest of her days. She moved up to her feet and noticed a dartboard at the edge of the club. It might not have been anything like arrows.

"Do you play?" Liv asked.

"A little bit with my father," Claire admitted. "He used to have a dart board in the basement. We had to stop after a….well I don't know my own strength sometimes."

Liv smiled. She wondered where Harry, Kara, and Gwen vanished off to a little bit ago. Actually, she had a pretty good idea. It made her feel a bit envious, but still, she did not want to intrude on things just yet.

"You game enough to give it a whirl?" Liv asked. "I could give you some pointers. My aim is pretty good."

Claire just smiled. She had gotten a lot better in tempering her own strength since the incident with the basement wall. What did she really have to lose?

Midnight approached on the night of the full moon. It was do or die for all of the parties involved.

Sara turned up, flanked by Fleur and Gabrielle. They made sure everything was in order for they were born to serve the best interest of their mistress. Gabrielle looked at the runic stones which had been carved in the circle. Seven pedestals in all, all of them containing the symbols representing the medallion holders had been created. All it would take would be simple drops of blood to activate them all.

Gabrielle whistled on how well it was put together. She considered herself no expert on how these
matters were put together. Far from it, as a matter of fact, that was Fleur.

"So, is it ready?" Gabrielle asked.

Fleur closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The energy in the air felt right and it would be heightened after this evening.

"Yes," Fleur said. "Everything is ready. I'm happy that it is."

Sara stepped into the picture and moved towards two of her disciples. Fleur gave her a smile and Sara leaned in to kiss Fleur on the lips. She turned and noticed the younger blonde who folded her arms. Gabrielle had the most adorable pout on her lips. Sara just wanted to pinch her cheeks.

"Thanks," Sara said. "To both of you."

One swoop down and one kiss brought Gabrielle in a daze as well. Both of them moved in. Sara slipped off of clothing, dropping it to the ground. She dressed in nothing other sheer underwear which showed off her ample ass. She turned and saw Nyssa walking in the center. Talia kept on the outside of the barrier surrounded with her elite guard.

"Did everything get taken care of?" Sara asked.

Nyssa confirmed her words with a smile and stripped off her clothes. What Shado told them, it was likely a good idea to save as much of their clothing as possible. Nyssa decided to take one step further and strip off her undergarments completely. She looked at Sara with a smile.

Sara shrugged and took that one extra step. She took off her bra and panties as well and stood about as naked as Nyssa was. She looked up to the moon which looked equal parts eerie and beautiful.

"The perfect night for a magical ritual."

Kara stepped into the picture next. She dressed in a red cape surrounding her body. Vanessa, Anya, and Isabelle joined her on this night. They had enjoyed their new found freedom of being completely out of the temple and no longer bound.

"It's time," Isabelle said.

Isabelle and Kara exchanged a brief kiss. Vanessa and Anya gave their Queen the same tribute. Kara dropped the cape she wore. Her skin shined in the moonlight. Sara saw Kara naked several times before. Obviously, every time, Kara's beauty made Sara feel warm and tingly inside. Nyssa's eyes shamelessly traced across the body of the girl who approached her.

"It would be wrong if I did not have an opportunity to greet my fellow queens," Kara said.

Kara leaned in and kissed Sara as hard on the lips as possible. Sara took her hands on the back of Kara and ran down it. She deepened the kiss in an instant. Their tongues danced together against each other. Kara's fingers grabbed the back of Sara's head and constantly deepened the kiss between both of them.

"Don't forget to share the wealth."

Nyssa's gentle reminder caused Kara to break free from Sara. Kara stepped in and swept up Nyssa in a kiss. The Daughter of the Demon did not easily submit. Her fingers clutched against Kara's back. The two of them enjoyed the kiss the other shared.
Harry showed up, flanked by Amanda and Emily. The Dragon dressed in robes of the finest silk when approaching. Two of his devoted disciples made their way forward. Gwen stepped into the picture, followed by Lily as well.

"The time nearly approaches," Harry said. "If you two ladies would like to do the honors?"

"Gladly."

One word from Amanda and they slipped the robes off of Harry. They took advantage of the opportunity by groping Harry. One of them squeezed his ass and the other twin squeezed his manhood. The material dropped to the ground leaving Harry completely naked. His body practically glowed in its natural state. Harry walked closer to the edge to join his queens.

"Knife," Harry said.

The knife flashed out in front of them. Harry looked to the three of his queens.

"I'll go first," Sara offered.

Harry would need to go last to seal the power of the ritual. Sara stepped over with the knife slipped into her hand. No fear entered the eyes of the blonde. She dragged the knife over her forearm while standing next to the stone tablet created from the ritual.

"I'm next," Nyssa said.

The knife passed off to Nyssa, as the magic in the blade cleaned Sara's blood off leaving a fresh cut. The Daughter of the Demon stepped over towards the Tengu stone and flicked the blade over her forearm. Warm blood splashed onto the stone and lit up everything around them.

Two flares of light rose up into the air. The White Canary and the Tengu shot light up in the air with intersected with each other. They watched as Sara and Nyssa turned their attention towards Kara.

"I'm next."

Kara took the blade into her hand and moved up to face off against one of the pedestals. The blade raked against the edge of her skin. Blood splattered against the Serpent symbol on the platform. Kara waited and stepped back. She could feel a rush going through her body. Her spine felt a series of warm tingles going down it.

She floated up to the air briefly with Sara and Nyssa following suit. They dropped down to a standing position into the grass. The ties bound around each other with three of the four necessary tributes of blood needed.

"And the Dragon will tie them all together," Lily said.

Harry stepped towards the platform which showcased the markings around his medallion. Kara passed off the knife to him which magically became clean. Harry took the knife and swiped it against his wrist. The blood splattered against the platform.

The seal smoked after Harry's blood splattered on it. For one wild and nerve-racking second, some of them believed the ritual after all of this preparation failed.

A golden dome flashed into the air. It blocked the four occupants inside the dome from the rest of the outside world. Energy flared in them.
Kara, Sara, Nyssa, and Harry looked up at the dome. An image came to life on the edge of the glowing dome. The image of a light house flickered in their minds. Buried deep underneath the foundation of the light house showed a medallion. It blended in with the stone and the rubble.

The four occupants experienced a blinding flare which dropped them all onto the ground. Nyssa opened her eyes and sat up right next to Harry. The intensity flashing through the dome caused Nyssa to throw her head back and lightly give off a brief whimper in response.

"The side effects," Sara murmured.

Nyssa did not say anything. Her body burned and needed any kind of contact possible. She threw herself at Harry and wrapped her arms around him. The two kissed each other with blistering passion. Harry's tongue worked its way inside of Nyssa's mouth.

"Mmm, you're so sexy with that glow."

Sara turned around just a second to get Kara's tongue jammed into her mouth. The taller blonde grabbed Sara around the back of her head and the two of them kissed each other. Sara and Kara's fingers groped each other's bodies. Things were starting to get more intense than any of them ever felt before.

Powerful magic guided them towards a sinful display where many releases would be needed. Those trapped outside of the barrier could only observe what transpired.

Kara pushed her fingers down Sara's body. Her hands felt up the body of the gloriously hot blonde. Sara straddled Kara and deepened the kiss the two of them shared. Kara enjoyed Sara's attempts, as failed as they were, to work a tongue into her mouth.

Sara wanted to do nothing more than to move in between Kara's thighs and never once pull herself away. Unfortunately for her, Kara was not going to let her take her tongue in there so easily. Kara's hands became a blur and only slowed down just as much to bring Sara to a daze.

The nibble of her lip almost broke Kara's resolve. She pushed Sara back and shoved her down to the ground. The soft grass pressed against Sara's back as Kara kissed her hotly. Their mouths sucked each other with Kara's warm tongue touching the inside of Sara's lips and then moving away from her.

"Kara," Sara murmured.

The blonde's musical cry of her name made Kara think she deserved a reward. Kara drove her tongue inside Sara's wet pussy. She slowly dragged her tongue all around Sara and munched on her snatch.

On the other end, Nyssa wrapped her legs around Harry's body. His fingers ran all over Nyssa's body. Her nipples grew even harder with Harry sucking on them hard. She closed her eyes the second Harry worked over her body. Every movement brought Nyssa closer to rising up.

Nyssa dropped down on Harry's mighty spear. His hard rod passed through her warm lips with one steady rise and an even steadier drop. Nyssa threw her head back with Harry's strong hands cupping all over her breasts. Her nipples stuck out to be touched and squeezed.

"Beloved!"

Harry drove his hard cock inside of the warm sheath of Nyssa. She continued to bounce on him.
Each rise brought Nyssa up to the point where she practically floated on air. Harry grabbed Nyssa's breasts and gave them a heavy squeeze.

"Just let it go."

Nyssa threw her head back and gave a passionate moan. His hard cock drove deep inside of her. Nyssa's warm walls grabbed Harry's cock and pumped him. The further he pushed inside of her, the more pleasure Nyssa felt. Harry's large balls slapped against Nyssa's warm thighs.

On the ground, Sara's thighs spread. She grabbed onto Kara's perfect blonde hair. Kara scrapped her tongue against Sara's moist entrance and ate her out. Sara threw her hips up and down off of the ground towards Kara's waiting and willing tongue. Her tongue slipped deep into Sara's depths and pulled almost all the way out of her.

"Kara!"

The vibrating tongue made Sara throw her hips up directly at Kara's face. Kara's super powerful hands made Sara cum extremely hard.

Nyssa rode Harry's long cock when rising and dropping onto it. His manhood pushed into her body. The body of the Daughter of the Demon tensed up around him. His cock stuck deep inside of her womanhood. Harry's balls slapped up against Nyssa.

The energy dome vibrated around them the further Harry pushed into her. His wet pussy clamped down onto Harry's hard prick. Her pussy slid almost all the way down on his hard cock and then dropped down onto the base. Harry touched Nyssa's warm nipples. He swirled a tongue against Nyssa's warm nipple and tasted it.

Juices trickled from Nyssa. She rested her hands on the back of Harry's head when driving herself up and down on her. Nyssa's wet vice grabbed onto him.

"I'm getting so close," Nyssa breathed in his ear. "Let's cum together."

Nyssa pushed down onto Harry's hard cock. She touched his body, raking her nails against every bit it could touch. Their forms melded together. Harry pushed deep inside of her and almost pulled out of her. Harry slammed deep inside of her body.

"Gladly."

A roaring feeling rose from his balls. Harry drove himself firmly into Nyssa. Their skin slapped together the harder Harry pushed inside of her. A grunt came from his body with Harry's balls tightening and releasing their seed inside of Nyssa's body. His cock did not soften at all despite the discharge. The magic swarming in the air just made Harry remain harder.

Sara and Kara entered a sixty-nine position with each other. Kara appreciated Sara matching her motions. Both medallion holders ate the other out. Their tongues continuously flashed inside of each other's pussy. The hunger increased on both sides.

A gasp came from the mouth of the younger Lance sister. Kara's strong hands squeezed her asshole and her thighs. Kara drove deep inside of Sara tongue-first, making sure to eat her out. Sara's tongue continuously swiped back and forth in response.

'Damn, she's good,' Sara managed.

Sara came one more time. The taste of juices flowing in her mouth showed that Kara came. The
sweet taste of Kara's pussy, which tasted like warm sunshine, invigorated Sara.

"She's ready."

Sara rolled off of Kara. She noticed Nyssa descending down to the ground. Her eyes flashed over.

"Oh, and you've brought me a nice hard cock."

The blonde slunk on her knees over towards Harry. His hard cock glistened in the air in front of Sara's face. It had been coated from Nyssa's juices after she rode his cock. A small trickle of cum came out of his slit. Sara reached over and took his cock before guiding it into her mouth.

"Suck my cock," Harry said. "Oh, your mouth feels so fucking good Sara!"

The loud sound of the sultry blonde slurping on Harry's hard prick made him feel so good. He could not have enough of Sara's warm mouth. His hands reached around to caress the point of her blonde hair. Sara's hands rested on his thighs.

Sara closed her eyes and took as much of Harry's cock in her mouth as possible. She was going to edge that big cock all the way down her throat. Sara closed her eyes and caressed Harry's throbbing hard balls. She wanted a full load of seed in her mouth.

The lewd sounds of sucking on Harry's cock brought Nyssa back to life. Kara climbed on top of Nyssa. Their pussies stuck together the second Kara moved on top of Nyssa. Kara leaned down to kiss Nyssa on the lips. Nyssa returned the kiss with as much fire as one would expect from the two of them. Nyssa and Kara lingered against each other, going lip to lip for a couple of seconds.

Kara kissed down Nyssa's body. Each kiss brought Nyssa up further. Kara's warm mouth edged just a little bit closer towards Nyssa's pussy. Nyssa's walls opened up with desire flooding down her thighs. Kara pushed her fingers against the edge of Nyssa's entrance.

"So wet," Kara said. "I really like that. Don't you?"

Kara pulled the strands of cum out of Nyssa's pussy. She slid them into her mouth and sucked them. A sultry smile edged over her face the more she sucked those digits. Cum splattered over her digits the further they pushed into Kara's warm mouth. She hungered for so much cum she could really taste her lover.

"Fuck, yes," Nyssa said. "I love it."

Kara dropped down and sucked on Nyssa's warm pussy. Her nether lips reddened with Kara's warm tongue going back and forth against her. Kara's strong hands formed a very firm grip around her.

The Daughter of the Demon spoke softly every time Kara drove her tongue deep inside of Nyssa's waiting snatch. The feeling of her tongue pressing inside made Nyssa slowly lose all sense of herself. Kara knew how to hit all of the points hit every point which made her feel really good.

"Mmm," Kara said. "That's so good."

Harry's cock slid from Sara's mouth. The blonde moved herself out and climbed onto Harry's lap. Her ass stuck in Harry's face when she moved in position. Harry grabbed Sara's ample posterior and gave it a nice squeeze. He slapped Sara on the ass.

"You like that?" Harry asked. "I'm going to put my cock in your most sacred hole."
"Yes, please."

Sara closed her eyes and descended down onto Harry's mighty rod. It pushed inside of her delicious asshole. Every time Sara shifted, more of it pushed into her. Her asshole tightened around Harry and released him. His hands rested on her chest for a minute before going down on her body.

Harry drove his hard cock firm into Sara's waiting asshole. Every time he jammed himself into her, he could feel Sara's warm cheeks clamped around him. Her perfect ass really fit nicely around him.

"Sara, oh, you're so perfect," Harry said. "I'm going to fuck your ass until you feel nothing, but my cock inside of it."

The sounds of pleasure Sara made indicated she would have loved nothing better than for that to happen. Harry gained momentum with his fingers moving down her body. Sara's moist canal trickled an intense amount of juices out of her. Harry pushed deeper inside of her and drove her to a fit of passion.

"HARRY!"

"KARA!"

Kara drove her tongue rapidly inside of Nyssa. The juices Harry left inside of her were very good. She could not wait to make Nyssa black out from an intense orgasm one more time. Kara's hands clutched on Nyssa and sped up her intense pussy eating. The light flashed from the dome.

Nyssa did not even say much other than a few deep moans. Kara had her on the edge. All it would take was one more swipe of the tongue to bring Nyssa back out. Nyssa threw her hips up constantly.

Sara's fingers pushed inside Kara's pussy. The beautiful blond finger-fucked Kara's slick slit in time with driving her warm asshole up and down Harry's huge cock. Nyssa's moans based off of Kara's feverish pussy licking only made her feel better.

"Fuck!" Kara breathed.

"Get back to work," Nyssa commanded of her.

Kara drove her tongue inside of Nyssa with a constant barrage of hot pussy licking. She wanted to make sure Nyssa was feeling really good. She drove in deep to get as much of Harry's cum as she could get out of that wet pussy. Kara slurped and licked on Nyssa's warm slit, continuing to get as much as she could out of her.

Harry groaned the second Sara clenched around him. He rubbed her pussy and allowed the juices to pull up. Harry moved his fingers up to lick them clean. Sara moved in to suck on Harry's fingers. That only caused his cock to twitch.

The anal muscles of the sexy blonde grabbed and released Harry with a constant flurry. Harry's hands found as much as Sara as possible. He sent a jolt of energy through her body.

Sara received the sensation like she had been penetrated by two cocks at the same time. The double sensation caused her body to flare up the deeper Harry drove his hard cock inside of her. Her tightening ass grabbed onto him and released him. Harry pumped his way inside of Sara's body.

"SARA!"
Another flare of energy and Harry's hard cock burst inside of the warm asshole of the woman who trapped his cock inside of it. Harry pumped his balls inside of Sara's warm asshole, taking her as much as possible. His balls kept pushing into her, to the point where they were about to give way.

The minute Harry slipped out, Kara slipped in. Her tongue found Sara's asshole. She sucked Harry's cum out of Sara's back passage like it was her life blood.

Harry watched Kara move in. Kara lifted her foot up and then rubbed Harry's cock. Her soft toes rubbed against Harry's cock. He groaned and endlessly touched her legs.

"Kara," Harry groaned.

"There…Sara."

Nyssa's eyes glazed over the very second Sara was tongue deep inside of her pussy. Kara ate Sara's asshole while rubbing Harry's cock with her feet. Sara in tune ate Nyssa out. It was a chain reaction of pleasure which none of them could beat.

Kara pumped her soft soles on either side of Harry's cock. She smiled when feeling his cock grow and throb at the mercy of her soft soles. Kara continued to pump him until she was satisfied where she was going.

She finished eating Sara's asshole and floated into the air. Her legs spread. Harry shot into the air and grabbed her. Kara's warm breasts squashed in Harry's face. The two of them joined each other in mid-air. The energy in the dome glowed brighter as Harry's hands grabbed onto Kara.

"Take me," Kara encouraged him.

Harry lined up his cock for Kara. Her warm entrance coaxed his hard cock inside. The manhood slipped its way past Sara's lips and came inside of her body. The two of them joined together in mid-air with a spark of electricity between the two of them.

The two flipped over in mid-air. Harry held onto Kara and pumped inside of her. His cock pushed inside of her pussy. It squeezed him in the most pleasurable way possible. The feeling of her slick box opening and contracting around him made Harry feel beyond good.

Kara closed her eyes. The man of her dreams filled her up so good that Kara was going to sing. Her back arched in mid-air with Harry's continued hammering of her. Kara's nails grabbed onto Harry's back to encourage him to take a deep plunge inside of her.

"Rao damn it!" Kara moaned. "Your…cock…is…so….GOOD!"

That last word shrieked out from Kara. Harry plowed Kara in mid-air. His balls kept smacking against her. The never ending barrage of cum filled up in them. Kara could not wait to have his seed planted in her.

Her warmth pushed against Harry as they backed back and forth in mid air. Harry touched all of the areas on Kara's body he knew would drive her completely nuts. And his balls slapped against Kara's warm thighs. The constant pulling back and plunging into her created a severe amount of friction.

Nyssa and Sara climbed on top of each other and felt up each other's bodies. Nyssa closed her eyes and lowered her eyes in a nice moan. Sara received more of the same. Nyssa's fingers grabbed a spot on the small of Nyssa's back and slowly rubbed in circles around it.

Not to deny her lover her pleasure, Nyssa dragged her nails all over her body. Sara's juices intermingled with Nyssa's with the grinding of their pussies against each other. Their hands touched firm thighs and caressed each other.

Kara swung back and forth upside down in the air. Harry's hard cock came inside of her body. She saw stars after Harry pushed inside of her and struck Kara in the right place. Her legs tightened the already iron grip on Harry the further he pushed into her.

Harry's balls boiled with the desire to release his juices inside of Kara. Kara kept him submerged inside of her warm box. Her juices trickled down to the base of his cock. The further Harry pumped inside of her, the deeper things got. Kara held onto the back of Harry's neck.

"Yes," Kara murmured underneath her breath.

Her legs tightened around him and kept pumping Harry's mighty rod inside of her. Both lovers reached a fever pitch. Harry drew himself back and plunged inside of Kara.

Her pussy stretched out and came back around his hard cock. The warmth spreading around Harry's hard cock felt really good. Kara's pussy tightened around him and released him.


Kara threw herself back and let her moans be heard by all outside of the dome. She knew all of them had been driven nuts. The dome would only drop when things were safe though. Kara planted Harry's hard rod inside of her. A flare of light came through her body the deeper Harry pushed inside her.

The two lovers saw white when Harry pushed into Kara. Her pussy milked every last drop of cum into Kara's willing womb. Harry and Kara met each other and dropped down onto the ground. The energy flared against the edge of the dome when Harry drove himself down into Kara and the ground. His balls launched their juices into Kara's warm womb.

Harry pulled out of her. The energy of the dome did not fade. Kara turned over and snuggled her head into Harry's shoulder. Sara and Nyssa crawled over to go after Harry's cock which was so sensitive it hardened at their mere breath.

They would finish up soon, leaving many frustrated women on the other side who could not partake in the show.

To Be Continued on September 7th, 2017.
The ritual both opened up the gate to show them where the medallion was and also energized them. Harry lead his generals, the four who acquired the medallions so far, into position. Kara and Sara stood directly behind him. Nyssa moved behind them, and Gwen moved behind them as well. They were far more confident they could locate what they needed to locate.

"We're going to find it," Gwen said. "I can feel it. I can feel it. It's close."

Gwen wished she had been a more direct participation in the ritual. Still, she felt enough through the bond she shared with Harry and her fellow Alpha Wives that it brought her a new sense of purpose. The five of them stood up on the beach.

"This way."

Harry's declaration was short, sweet, and to the point. He moved closer towards his quest. The wizard swept through the sand on the ground when maneuvering directly towards the location which he searched for. He knew it was right on the beach.

"I can't believe it," Sara said. "It should have been obvious."

Nyssa smiled and put her hand on Sara's shoulder from behind. She gave the younger blonde a solid squeeze of her shoulder. "There are some times where the obvious answer is not so obvious after all."

One statement resounded with all of them in different ways. Harry stepped onto the beach. Initial appearances told Harry everything was pretty natural on this beach. Harry learned a long time ago not to trust initial appearances when heading into a location.

'Especially one which contains a highly powerful magical artifact. Something that I'm sure the person who hid it wants hidden."

No doubt entered Harry's mind despite this situation being a potentially frustrating one. He held his hand down onto the sand. The sand rippled underneath Harry's fingers the second he pulled back from it. Harry lingered back a fraction of a step and drew in his breath.

"We're getting close."

None of the girls questioned Harry's declaration. They knew that Harry knew where he was heading. They crept up the beach to a certain point. Their destination closed in the closer the three girls and Harry moved. The lighthouse stood at the end of the beach.

The layout of the beach was not entirely unfamiliar to Harry. He saw this to be a good sign. Harry, Kara, Gwen, Sara, and Nyssa all moved closer to the lighthouse. The door bolted with a single latch. Harry noted this to be a particularly surprising security measure for a medallion so powerful.

"I feel something," Nyssa said. "Do you all feel it?"

They did not only just feel it. Their medallions flashed with light and indicated they were getting closer to the edge. Harry put his hand on the door and something vibrated through his hand. Kara
and Sara both jumped back, having been closest to Harry. Their lack of proximity did not stop
Nyssa and Gwen from feeling the similar feelings shooting back through the air.

"Traps," Kara said. "Of course there would have to be traps."

Harry studied the area around him for a couple of seconds. He already was formulating a plan to
get around these traps the best he could. Harry leaned back and touched the top of his head. "Okay,
Kara, get here. Gwen, get here. Nyssa get over here. And Sara, you're over here. On my signal, I
want you to turn your medallions in about a tenth of an inch to your right."

All of them followed Harry's words. His instincts more often than not showed to be pretty key on.
All four girls waited for Harry to give the signal. His hand raised up and rapped gently on the door.
The door rocked underneath Harry's fingers. He rapped on the door a second time to rock it.

The medallions lit up in a flare of light. The door rattled and opened up. Harry moved into the light
house with the four of them following. Their collective breath held in when moving further into the
light house. The rickety stairs lead up to where Harry assumed the medallion would be held.

"Those aren't very sturdy," Gwen said. "Maybe I can swing up there and snatch the medallion?"

Harry appreciated the offer. He figured though there would be safeguards to prevent anyone, even
with Gwen's spider-themed abilities, from simply cheating the stairs. Harry moved to the side of
the stairs and studied the runes. His mind calculated a response.

"Access."

The stairs flashed and grew solid without the rickety nature they held before. Harry climbed up the
first step. Durable and he climbed up about six more steps. Harry figured there were no tricks to be
held. He took a few more steps before giving the signal.

Sara stepped onto the stairs. The stairs held both of them. Gwen followed, with Kara moving in,
and Nyssa moving in behind her. Harry and his girls moved up the steps and made their way to the
top of the steps. They ran into a solid wall.

"You've got be kidding me!" Gwen yelled.

Kara held u a single finger and shook her head. She looked through the other side of the wall with
her X-Ray vision. It was hard for her to look for very long. The Girl of Steel stepped back a couple
of inches from the wall and drew in a deep breath.

"It's there….we have to put the medallions in the slots to open it."

Kara, Gwen, and Sara all removed their medallions and placed them in the key slots. It was a good
thing they only needed three of the medallions and not all six of them. The wall shook around and
parted ways to allow them to enter inside.

They took their medallions off of the shelf and reclaimed them. Harry moved forward to come face
to face with the fabled Merfolk Medallion. A golden cage surrounded the medallion. Harry stepped
through and passed through the light which tickled him.

'It would burn anyone who is not worthy to hold this particular item.'

Harry continued to move closer to the edge. His fingertips slipped around the medallion and pulled
it out of position. The light flashed the second Harry grabbed the medallion in his hand.
'Success.'

This particular achievement brought a smile to Harry's face. The easy part was over. They had the medallion. The hard part was about ready to begin.

Mera's imprisonment continued. Most would have been long since broken by now. Mera feared she was edging towards that way sooner rather than later. Her head throbbed. Every day Hila came down to inform her of all the rebels she had executed for treason.

Whether or not there was any validity to her sister's words, Mera could not one hundred percent be for certain. The fear those words might be valid kept Mera completely locked in the prison. Her head rolled back and the Queen deeply breathed in.

Mera closed her eyes and hoped to drift up to sleep. Something appeared in her mind's eye which made Mera sit up straight. She stood almost bolt upright at the instance this vision slipped into her mind.

A green-eyed young man who Mera swore she met before appeared at the edge of a lighthouse. Three beautiful women with blonde hair stepped next to him, along with a dark-haired woman. They circled around him and entered the Lighthouse. They were tested all of the way.

"The medallion?"

One stirring of hope entered Mera's body. She felt a bit more alive than ever before. Mera held herself up proudly and moved to the edge of the cell. She had been looking for structural weaknesses for a long time. Unfortunately, this prison was built too well to hold the prisoners.

"Little did we know it would come back to bite us later on."

Mera sensed the approaching holder of the medallion. She would finally have her hold on it. Mera could hardly wait for it to come to her. Her excitement reached a fever pitch. She tried to reach out with her mind.

Unfortunately, the dampeners on this cell prevented it. Mera took a deep breath and then noticed a guard approaching. Mera coughed. The coughing grew louder which drew the guards attention. She breathed in heavily as the guard peered at her.

"What?"

"Water!" Mera yelled. "I need water!"

The guard hesitated for a second. Mera looked like she was choking to death. Hila gave the guards instructions that Mera was to be kept preserved no matter what. The guard stepped back a couple of feet and rushed to get his hands on the water in question.

The moment the glass of water was in the cell, Mera manipulated the water into the circuits of the cell doors. The door fried and the guard jumped back to avoid getting struck. Mera had a three-second opportunity to get out of the cell. She dove out and caught the guard in the chest with a punch to drop him down on the ground.

The guard tried to reach for something to communicate the prisoner was lost. Mera put the guard down for the count by wrapping her arm around the man's neck and smashing him face first down to the ground.
"I know you're doing your job. But I need to do mine."

Mera held the guard's energy staff when moving down the hallway. It was not the most elegant weapon in the world. One could argue this particular weapon was crude and very rudimentary. Still, it was the best chance Mera had of escaping and she had to take it.

'Closer.'

More guards appeared at the end of the hallway. Mera waved the energy weapon in her hand. The first of the guards rushed Mera. Mera dodged the attack from the guard and slammed the weapon into the back of the guard's leg. The guard dropped down to the ground from the attack.

"The prisoner has escaped!"

Mera did not hesitate in taking the guard down with an energy baton to the chest. The waves of energy caught him around the head. Another guard physically tried to restrain Mera. Mera broke free of the guard's grip by slamming her elbow into the side of the man's face.

The Queen of Atlantis almost had been in the clear. She moved down the hallway. The guard nearest to the door tried to restrain her. Mera held him back and smashed him against the wall. Repeated elbows impacted the side of the guard's face to knock him down to the ground.

Three guards appeared and all shocked Mera to drop her to her knees. Mera took one of the guards down. The other two guards grabbed Mera and forced the imprisoned Queen to her feet to go and face Hila who ascended the stairs. She clutched the energy staff tight with a wicked smile on her face.

"You're still weak. And I'm strong. As it always should be"

A bombardment of power from the energy staff dropped Mera down to the ground. Hila stared down at her sister with an expression of sheer contempt burning through her eyes. Mera tried to struggle back to her feet. Hila held her down to the ground with the energy staff.

"I could kill you right now."

Hila put the energy staff at the edge of Mera's throat. It would have been easy as anything else to slice her throat and spill Mera's blood all over the floor. Mera's burning gaze popped up towards Hila.

"Do it, if you think it will do any good."

The devious woman responded with laughter while pulling the staff away from Mera's throat. It would have been easy and that was the point. She wanted Mera to understand that death could come at any point. The only reason she lived was because of Hila's mercy.

"I could kill you, but I would prefer to do it in a public venue where the citizens who think you're something special can watch you suffer and stew."

A huge part of Mera thought Hila made one of the biggest mistakes of her life. The guards grabbed Mera and slapped her in chains before leading her down the hallway back to the holding cell.

Hila took a few seconds to realize why Mera would have broken free now. The answer struck the schemer as plain as day.

"Someone has the medallion."
She searched high and low for the one element which would bring her superiority over land and sea. It would be the ultimate humiliation over Mera if Hila had acquired that particular medallion.

'Someone has it. And I must now.'

Tess knew Harry was a person that when he set his mind to do something, there was pretty much no stopping him from accomplishing his goals. Harry stepped into her penthouse with the medallion in his hand. The smiling woman took a few seconds to marvel at the fact Harry acquired the treasure many searched for some time for.

"It's very tempting to get down on my knees and start worshiping you right now."

Harry smiled at the woman.

"Business before pleasure."

Tess figured about as much. She was just so excited that particular item was now in Harry's hands. Tess heard the stories of the fabled medallions. It had been an obsession with many people. Tess would not say she was obsessed with getting her hands on the medallions. She did see the medallions as a very interesting curiosity and nothing really more to be honest.

"Yes," Tess said. "Yes. I figured about as much."

The two of them made their way into a study area. Tess already had several books out on the table on the subject. She had prepared for Harry to acquire the medallion.

"You've been busy."

Tess grinned and patted on the couch for Harry to sit down. He sat down. Several newspaper clippings regarding Atlantis were within the books. Harry whistled while soaking in the information and there was a lot of information. A lot of the information raised a few more questions than they did answers which made Harry more than intrigued to be perfectly honest.

"Always have to keep busy," Tess said. "But, you'd know all about keeping busy, don't you?"

Harry moved over to look at the article which detailed a rumored submarine disappearance. It was from about six months ago and the writer branded Atlantis as a rogue state.

"There are a lot of people who are reluctant to…"

A knock on the door caused Tess's statement to stop completely in mid-sentence. She shook her head before rising to her feet.

"Come in!"

Shado made her way into the room. She held a leather bound book in her head. Harry rose to her feet to greet her. Shado stole a quick kiss from Harry before pulling away and getting down to business.

"Someone found this washed up on the shore. It's a log…dating back to at least six months ago. I believe it was written by one of the rebels in Atlantis."

The log painted a very grim story about how Mera's sister, Hila, and her followers, took control over Atlantis. They killed the king of Atlantis. The story of the very grisly execution of the former ruler came off on the piece of paper in very vivid and slightly disturbing details. Harry flipped
through the pages.

"This person saw a lot and….there could be problems getting into Atlantis…they have weapons they intend to use against the surface dwellers."

No matter how dangerous it was, the fact the entire world could be in danger thanks to Hila and her followers showed to Harry how important it was to get into Atlantis.

"The UN sent people to broker peace," Tess said. "Three months ago and well….."

The newspaper article detailing missing diplomats had been brought to Harry's attention. He doubted very much they were missing. They were killed and there was nothing that any nation in the world could do about it. Especially if the evidence in this log was right, and there were many indications.

"The minute we enter Atlantis, they're going to know we're coming," Harry said.

"All we need is something to bypass security," Shado said.

"Magic…is a no go," Harry said.

Harry pointed out the passage of the log which detailed there were very strong defenses ordered by Hila which would detect any attempts of magical intrusion or use of magic as a force. Harry was confident that he could get around the barriers given enough time.

It would take weeks or months for Harry to do so.

"Magic isn't the answer to everything," Harry said. "And this case, it could expose us quicker. I could find a back door in time, but the problem is….."

Tess finished off Harry's statement. "We don't have any time. I know. And I understand."

She moved over to the phone and thought about something. Time was running out for them all. Tess needed to do something and she had an idea.

"Time for me to call in a favor."

Tess picked up the phone and dialed. Harry and Shado wondered what kind of favor Tess intended in calling in. Harry got to know the woman a bit and understood how she got things done.

"Remember when you said you owed me for helping you on that paper?" Tess asked. "Well, I'm cashing in on that favor now. I'm going to need to borrow the scrambler for your boss….and yes, the fate of the entire world rests on it. I'll have it returned when we're done with it. He's at a conference? Good?"

The phone hung up with Tess turning her attention to Harry and Shado. Both of them wondered what plan Tess had. Tess just smiled.

"We have a way to get around the barriers for you to perform your magic," Tess said. "It might not drop the barriers for more than five minutes though. Is that long enough?"

"It is," Harry confirmed.

It was almost like Tess had been planning for a way to breach security in Atlantis for a very long time. She moved over to collect her things.
"Are the two of you up for a trip to Central City?"

Nymphadora Tonks knew all about the touchy situation with Atlantis. She knew they had weapons which that trigger happy bitch who took control of the kingdom would use. Diplomats disappeared when trying to broker peace, submarines disappeared on the water, and entire cruise ships had been taken out as well. No one seemed willing to act.

"And when no one is willing to act, that's when ARGUS has to act."

Holly just took a second to compose her thoughts. She hoped to hell this was one of those situations where Waller would be inclined to act.

"It's a politically messy situation," Holly said. "But, I've never given a fuck about politics."

The bluntness of her partner had been appreciated. Holly marched to Amanda Waller's office with a purpose. She knocked on the door.

"Waller, I know you're in there. This is urgent. You're going to open up."

Nym shook her head. There was a chance that Waller was not in there. Not a big chance, as no sooner did this thought cross Nym's mind the door opened up and Amanda Waller stepped out. She looked from Nym to Holly and motioned both of the women inside.

"The hot sight has been breached."

Holly got straight to the point. Waller motioned for them to sit down without another word.

"It was Atlantis," Holly said. "They are attacking ARGUS based now. Are we really going to sit back and let them bully us because some tyrant threatened to use weapons on us?"

"I'm aware of the ARGUS base being breached," Waller said. "I've just been speaking to the United Nations. They are as useful as they always are in a crisis."

Holly could only imagine. She did not agree with Waller for many years. Dealing with the nations of the world who refused to work together for a common cause was one of them. Waller's had been more handcuffed than Holly thought she was before.

'I can't say I respect her one hundred percent of the time. She does have a lot more on her plate than I realize. Still...I have to wonder what...'

Nym jumped into the conversation with her usual level of tact. "What are we doing about Atlantis? There's something we have to do it. We can't just stand back and do nothing."

"I'm exploring my options," Waller said. "We couldn't even put a dent in their defenses if we wanted to."

Both of the government agents whistled in response. Nym was about ready to open her mouth to suggest what might have been one of the more obvious solutions in the world.

"I know you're going to suggest magic. Unfortunately, it's not plausible. I know enough to tell you that Hila has automated defenses set up which prevent any kind of magical intrusion. You're going to need a miracle...and I owe him already enough favors."

Nym's mouth hung open as Waller just shut down two suggestions of hers without ever saying it. She wondered how the hell Waller just seemed to pluck that thought seemingly out of thin air.
"He might already be on his way there knowing him."

Waller only acknowledged Holly's statement. She eyed the cabinet in her office. Holly just smiled when she realized what Waller might have been looking at.

"Don't worry," she said in a reassuring voice. "All of us go for one every now and then. Especially after a mission briefing of some kind."

"I'm considering it. But I think it's best if....."

The entire ground underneath them rattled. Nym jumped out of her chair at the huge attack. Holly grabbed onto the edge of the desk to prevent it from toppling over. Another loud crack echoed when some mysterious force came out of the distance.

"What now?" Waller demanded.

The Director of ARGUS made her way to a standing position. She moved her way out. The red lights shined and the sounds of sirens blared in the middle. Several of the government agents rushed around like chickens with their heads cut off. The leader of the government agents skidded to a stop.

"Director Waller we need to see this!"

A swift motion gave the man the opening to walk Waller through the hallway. She made her way through the war room which flashed an image on the screen. Something blinked and that something was a location which Waller hoped was not the sight she thought it was.

Waller moved swiftly and sure enough it was close enough to the sight she thought it was. The loud rumbling underneath the ground made Waller wonder what the hell was going on.

"Was this an attack?" one of the agents wondered.

"No," Waller said. "Merely a warning. Hila's getting ready to go to war."

"We should bring a team down there and stop her from launching whatever attack she wants to launch."

A hand pressed on the back of the chair and forced the gentleman to look up at Waller. Her steely gaze indicated Waller did not think this was a good idea at all.

"You're going to end up getting us....."

Another rattling attack made Waller cling onto the edge of the wall. A hissing sound echoed from underneath the building. The cameras came on to reveal a giant hole in one of the underground sub-basements of the facility.

"Get the cameras on!" Waller barked. "See if you can get a look at the person who did this. Do you understand me?"

The man shook his hand in response. He steadied the cameras to try and get a very clear fix on the scene in front of him. The ARGUS agent spent a moment situation the camera into the perfect position. His deep breathing escalated for a mere moment.

"There's nothing down there. It was a hit and run, or maybe someone planted something down there."
Waller put a hand on the side of her face and nodded. She would have to comb the base from top to bottom in an attempt to figure it out. The vibrations finally stopped and the warning shots ceased.

Many times during her life Amanda Waller had been trapped between a rock and a hard place. She knew Hila and her forces would roll over them whether or not they defended themselves. When given the choice between fight or flight, Amanda Waller always voted fight one hundred and ten percent of the time.

"Tonks, Granger, get in here!"

The commanding voice of Amanda Waller brought the two agents in there.

"Someone has breached the facility. It wasn't an invasion. It was just a warning shot. We can't allow them to get into position for a second shot. Go down and prepare the guards down at Level Nine."

Level Nine held some of their most dangerous prisoners, among those were part of Amanda's aptly named Suicide Squad project. Officially on the books, ARGUS called it Task Force X. Any agent who had the clearance high enough to know what it was.

Amanda Waller prepared to deploy some of her worst weapons in kind of Hila and her followers. Causalities would be high on both sides no matter what she did. She preferred to strike than sit and take it even though there were some in the United States who talked appeasement.

A black van pulled out in the side alley behind Star Labs. Harry exited the van with Shado following a half of a step behind him. Tess departed from the van next. The three prepared to arrive in the lab. Only a half of a dozen steps of the van showed them that they were not the only ones who showed up today.

A white van pulled up with two redhead twin women walking out. Amanda stopped a few seconds across and locked her eyes on Shado, Tess, and then to Harry. Emily just smiled.

"It looks like great minds think a like."

"You've come to the same conclusion we have about dealing with the magic problem?" Harry asked. "I figured as much. I guess intelligence runs in the family."

Amanda's smug smile only lasted a few seconds before Emily pushed her elbow into the side of Amanda's stomach. Amanda bolted up with a frown etched on her face. She was about ready to enter a full pout mode which brought a never-ending wave of amusement to Emily's face.

"You better not let her get a big ego. Her head won't fit through the ground."

Amanda stuck out her tongue. "Oh, and you're not….."

"You're in your twenties, one would think that you would be a bit mature now," Tess interrupted. She tried to sound stern even though amusement danced through her eyes.

"One would think that," Amanda offered.

The three became five when they walked towards the side entrance. Tess stopped short of the door to address Amanda and Emily.

"Doctor Snow is waiting for us with the device. It's a lucky break Doctor Wells is not here because
this will be a lot easier. I'm not sure if he's willing to part with it."

"Well, we intended to ask Caitlin real nice to let us copy it," Amanda said. "We have…well…we have a nifty little invention which is kind of illegal which comes in handy in a crisis."

Tess shook her head and knocked on the door. Three knocks later and the door opened. A very attractive brunette dressed in a white lab coat, a skirt, and a pair of knee high stockings entered the room.

"Tess, and….Mandy and Emmy, this is a surprise," Caitlin said. "And…what are you two up to now?"

"You trust us so little?" Amanda asked in a voice of mock sorrow. "You think we're up to something….."

Caitlin shook her head. Tess decided that an introduction to the two people Caitlin did not know would be a perfect thing to do right about now.

"This is Shado and this is Harry Potter," Tess announced.

The brainy brunette's eyes looked at Harry. She looked into the same green eyes which stared back at her so many times over the years with mischief dancing in them.

"Any relationship to the twin terrors over there?" Caitlin asked.

"Well…it's complicated," Harry said.

"You didn't clone yourself a brother?" Caitlin asked.

Emily shook her head and grinned. "Hey, if we could take credit for Harry, we would. He just dropped out of the sky one day."

"He is made pretty well, wouldn't you agree?" Amanda chimed in. She could see Caitlin alternating between checking Harry out and trying to act like she was not checking Harry out.

"Doctor Snow," Harry said. "We understand Star Labs has a descrambler that we can use. It should be able to disable any sensors."

Caitlin bit down on her lip and looked very nervous. The twins and Tess instantly knew by the look on her face.

"Well, I looked into it a little bit before you got here. Turns out it doesn't work as well as Doctor Wells would have liked. It doesn't even work so….I'm not sure what you need it before, but it just turns on, hums, and then eventually start smoking."

"Could be a problem," Harry said.

"No, not really."

Amanda stepped into the lab where the device had been set on the table. She clung onto the device and performed one quick swipe over it. The remote scanned the device.

"We can build a copy of the device back at Horizon and find a way to get it to work," Amanda said. "Tess, do you think you can help us?"

"I'll give it a shot," Tess said. "That's the completely illegal invention you talked about which
copies a detailed blueprint of any scientific device."

Amanda confirmed Tess's statement and then shrugged. "To be fair, it would only be illegal if we intended to replicate the device at a profit. Which would not be the smartest idea to be perfectly honest."

Curiosity hit Caitlin very suddenly. "What do you need it for?"

"To invade Atlantis," Harry said without missing a beat.

Out of all of the things, Caitlin expected to hear this was pretty low on the list. Her guest saw themselves out of the lab as quickly as they appeared to leave Caitlin in shock. Harry stopped and smiled at her.

"It's a pleasure meeting you."

"Yes," Caitlin said only scarcely aware Harry kissed her hand "Thank you."

She needed to sit down who would be insane enough to invade Atlantis. Caitlin didn't really follow politics that much but she knew enough to know no one was breaching that country.

'The twins had to have put him up to it.'

To Be Continued on September 10th, 2017.
Avenging Atlantis

Vote for the Latest Chapter of the Week Voting on my blog. Head to the page of important links and go to the top to vote on the poll.

Chapter Fifty-Seven: Avenging Atlantis.

So many things could have gone wrong with this plan, Harry was not going to lie. The twins duplicated the de-scrambler invention to the best of their abilities. Amanda and Emily settled into the vessel which was a lot bigger on the inside than on the outside. It also resembled a standard grade submarine, nothing too extraordinary on the outside. It's functionality and ability to cloak itself made it extraordinary.

Tess and Shado joined them as well. And naturally, Kara, Gwen, Sara, and Nyssa all joined them. The Atlantis Medallion settled in a box right to the side of Harry. He flipped his attention over his shoulders to all of the girls. They were waiting for him to say something.

"I'm not going to sugarcoat it. As much as can go right today, there is also so much that we can do wrong. With any luck, we can get inside Atlantis and break the Queen. We can assist the rebel army and displace Hila."

"With any luck," Amanda said. "I know you have to know this, but those are always some pretty famous last words."

Emily elbowed her twin in the side to cause Amanda to behave or at least maintain the illusion of behaving. Harry gazed across the way at his twin sisters who locked on with a smile. They approached the point where they would have to turn the descrambler on, at least long enough for Harry to breach the gates.

"It should work for about two minutes, maybe three tops. Do you think you can work that fast?"

Harry only answered with a nod. He would have to be perfectly honest. There were tighter conditions where Harry worked in. A couple more surprises were created by the twins which might also assist them. They were going to have to go through the gates which would be the easy part.

Everything from here would be hard as hell. Harry convinced himself along with the others that everything is going to go right.

"She'll return home," Sara said. "I'm surprised she hasn't tried to break out just yet."

Gwen laughed at Sara's statement. "Are you surprised? Do you really think she hasn't even tried to break out? I know she's tried to break out. There's not a question in my mind she hasn't tried."

The fact she had not broken out showed Mera's unfortunate lack of success. Gwen, Kara, Nyssa, and Sara could sense her on the other side of the dome. The dome covered the city of Atlantis with castles which could have stretched high into the sky. It had been hidden for many years from the human eye and thought that it was lost to civilization.

"If the circumstances weren't so dire, this would be amazing," Tess remarked.

Tess tried not to get too excited or ahead of themselves. The gates would open and there were two
guards. Nyssa gave Harry a smile at his raised eyebrows.

"Leave the guards to Sara and myself."

Harry knew his wife had a plan. They always did have plans. Harry raised his hand to give the signal to Amanda. She did the honors of engaging the de-scrambler. The detectors for magic had been blocked. Harry raised his hand and waved it.

The gates clicked open and allowed the sub to move through the gates. They would have only a few minutes before the guards realized something was wrong.

One of them looked up, and Sara launched a grenade out of the vessel. The grenade broke open and released a gas which caused the guards to scream. The guards raised their arms into the air and thrashed around. One of them ripped into his face and started to scratch at him.

"Help. Someone help me!"

Nyssa dropped down in a wet suit with the glass bubble covering the top of her head. The older of the Tengu medallion grabbed the Atlantis guard by the back of the head. The guard struggled to catch his breath just in time for Nyssa rendered him unconscious the rest of the way.

Sara dropped down and caught the second guard around the back of the head. A kick rendered him unconscious. Sara pulled the crystal key off of the guard's belt.

Several more guards moved on the way, to engage their adversaries in battle. Another grenade released caused them to stagger forward.

"Quick, we need water!"

They were completely underneath water yet they felt like they were stranded on dry land which they were completely drying out. Nyssa and Sara made quick work of them with Gwen and Kara joining in the battle.

"We better move quickly."

Kara zipped from guard to guard and pulled their clothes off to leave them wearing nothing other than their undergarments. Kara broke out into a smile when moving the guards into a station so they could not be discovered straight away.

"Step one down," Harry said.

It went without saying there were several more steps to go before they were able to get to Mera. Harry held the Merfolk medallion in his hand and the energy glow pressed tightly against his skin. Harry searched very carefully to see how close they were getting and they were getting close.

Hila swept down in the hallway in a very towering rage. She could not believe someone managed to get through the gates. The sensors disappeared for a few seconds from the area. A few seconds was all they needed. The Queen did not hold her composure. She looked more of a snarling beast than a regal ruler. Her snarling continued with fingers digging into the side of her head.

The guards around her on all ends gave her enough room. Hila was not going to throw herself against the wall just yet.

"All of you, go and investigate what's happening. If there's someone who has breached my palace, I
need to know now what's going on!"

They all responded with nods before moving off. Hila turned away from the guards and moved to the prison cell where she put Mera back in after her escape some days ago.

"You know what's going on, don't you?"

Mera made eye contact with her sister. That brief moment of a smile crossing her face made Hila want nothing better than to slap it off of Mera. Her anger bubbled and was getting closer to reaching a certain fever pitch.

"He approaches," Mera commented. "You can feel it, can't you?"

Hila felt something enter her body. She clutched the magical staff tightly. A whisper told her to finish off Mera. A stronger and more powerful though told her making the Queen suffer was something she wanted to do. Killing Mera now would feel so good and also be way too easy.

"You think you're clever, don't you? You think your savior will come. You think they will tear Atlantis away from my hands."

No answer came from Mera other than a smile. The smallest gesture caused Hila immense rage. She turned around and pointed the staff at a point on the wall. The energy blitzed through the staff and exploded the wall to send dust flying in every single direction.

"ANSWER ME!"

Hila wished to drop the cell wall just long enough to strangle Mera. No, no, this was what she wanted. Mera wanted her to lose control. Mera wanted Hila to prove she was the unbalanced dangerous woman everyone thought she was. She took in a couple of breaths.

'You're losing control.'

This voice almost sounded like Hila's mother, mocking her. Her mother was cold and never really appreciated Hila for who she was. Even when Mera betrayed the family by disregarding her mission to kill the King of Atlantis, and marrying the bastard instead, they still thought Mera was the golden child.

"I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do," Hila said.

"I'm here to listen to you. What are you going to do?"

The fact Mera spoke so calmly infuriated Hila. The small smile tugging at the corners of her lips showed how Mera was well aware of what Hila was doing. Anger and rage flashed through the eyes of the Queen of Atlantis.

"You think you're clever, don't you?" Hila asked.

"No, I understand the road you're going down."

Hila raised the staff one more time. Mera sat in the cage and stared down the staff without blinking in the slightest. Her breathing increased a few seconds later.

"I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to take the Dragon and his pets, and I'm going to rip their heads off and mount their trophies as pikes in the throne room. That's what I'm going to do."
Another smile flashed over Mera's face. One more time Hila almost flew off of the handle. She caught herself before attacking Mera.

"You should show, not tell."

Hila drew her breathing into herself. One of the guards moved down the hallway. Hila pointed the staff towards the guard who dropped to his knees and threw his hands over the top of his head. He screamed out in anger. Hila's lack of patient finally reached its boiling point when she slapped the man and forced him to look her in the eye.

"Report."

"The rebels are storming the palace," the guard said.

Hila would have thought it to be impossible. No man who showed this much fear due to the consequences of the matter would dare lie to her. Her staff aimed towards the throat of the man who whimpered. The coward absolutely refused to look her in the eye.

"Our forces are strong. They should not have….."

"Half of them are screaming because they think they are on dry land," the guard said. "Please, my Queen, don't…I'm just…I had to get away before the madness would hit me. I think it's him. I think he's here, and I think that he's going to destroy him."

"I have no use for the thoughts of a worthless individual."

Purple energy erupted from the staff and shot through the guard's body. He howled in pain as if his body had been turned from inside out. He dropped down onto the ground from the impact of one swift shot.

"I'll show you."

Hila refused to allow them to take everything she worked so hard to obtain.

Harry Potter held one of the guards up in the air. The medallion of the dragon flickered into the face of the guard. He normally was a brave man full of a great deal of bravado. Even the bravest man could always fold underneath the gaze of such a powerful man.

"I'm going to ask you this once and one time only. If you don't answer me, there are going to be consequences."

"I'm just…they threatened my family," the guard sputtered. "Hila and her followers…my wife, and children…they…."

Harry believed he was telling the truth. He would have known if the guard had been lying. He heard his wives and allies helping take control of the palace. Harry relaxed his grip on the guard and made him face him.

Had the guard been deceiving him, he would have attacked him at the first opportunity? The guard stepped back for a few seconds.

"You can find Mera in the Dungeons. They are directly underneath the throne room in the North Palace."

The guard pointed his finger at the palace. Harry took some seconds to vet the guard's information
and shift through his mind to find out the guard was not lying. This gave Harry a very evident piece of mind when he returned to the conversation at hand.

'Kara?' Harry asked.

'Alright there, love,' Kara said.

The guard received a blast from an orange energy bolt which burned his arm completely off. He screamed in agony just in time for Harry to turn around and face a very angry purple haired woman dressed in thick green battle armor which strange symbols which represented water carved into it. One of them looked like a shark circling its prey from the water.

"Hila," Harry said.

"You're the Dragon," Hila said. "I will prove I'm stronger than my sister."

The mystical staff fired a bolt of energy towards Harry. Harry lifted his hand and blocked the attack which resulted in Hila to step back and consult the staff.

"Impossible," Hila said. "I'll have to do this the hard way."

She dropped the staff and replaced it with two mystical blades. Hila dove into the air with a solid war cry going out of her. She plunged the blades down onto the ground. The woman turned her attention back around and realized that Harry flashed out of the way.

"Stand up and face me!" Hila yelled.

The woman rushed Harry one more time with the blades fully extended at him. Harry vanished into a blast of light to cause Hila to drop down onto the ground.

Hila maneuvered herself and then faked out attacking Harry. She turned around and stabbed him when he dropped down to the ground. The blade doubled Harry over for a second. Hila whipped a huge attack at Harry with her water which drove him back.

"You're good."

Harry caught Hila's arm. The wound on his abdomen healed just seconds later thanks to his abilities. It still burned slightly and took a lot longer for the pain to fade thanks to the mystical powers of the medallion. Harry learned to block such thoughts out of his mind. He held Hila's arm behind her back and forced her to a kneeling position. Hila grimaced while Harry held her arm.

She broke free with a thunderous attack. Hila's flaring knives came inches away from slicing into Harry's body. Harry avoided the attacks from coming up against her. The wizard picked up the pace with rapid fire attacks which made Hila catching Harry across the back of the head.

"It ends tonight, Dragon!"

She stabs a sword through Harry's body. Harry disappeared into a cloud of dust. The real one dropped down behind Hila and disarmed her. The woman flew back from the sheer impact of Harry's attack. Hila put her hands on the back of the ground.

Anger spread through Hila's eyes as she made her way back up. "NO!"

Hila brought herself up to her feet and tried to engage her enemy again. Three of the attacks had been blocked and she had been dropped down onto the ground. Hila tried to pull herself up only to
be put back down.

Mera dropped down onto the ground before Hila before she could attack the Dragon again. The true Queen of Atlantis stared down at the woman who acquired the Kingdom by sheer force. Hila reclaimed her glowing daggers and Mera had hers as well. Both sisters circled each other, both ready to see how the better war was.

"Let's see how you fare in a fair fight."

"I'll kill you as he watches!"

Hila and Mera jumped into the air. The flash of light signaled their daggers connecting flashed through the kingdom.

The rebels all moved in. All fighting ceased the second Mera and Hila moved in. The few of Hila's loyalists even watched their Queen move in towards Mera. A whip of water caught Hila across the face and knocked her back a couple of steps.

"I should have killed you a long time ago!" Hila howled.

Her sister always had gotten hung up on what she should have down. Hila found herself sprung down to the ground. The rush of warm water splattered her in the face. Hila rolled over on the attack and moved to reclaim the energy staff.

Mera did not allow Hila to reclaim the same weapon she used to kill one guard and wound another. Both women struggled on the ground, with Mera pulling Hila up. Hila aimed a dagger at Mera's chest. Mera blocked the dagger and wrestled it away from her sister.

"Mother will be proud of me when I finally butcher you!" Hila yelled.

"You keep talking," Mera said. "And I'm done listening."

Mera flipped Hila down and drove her down into the dirt. Large blasts of bubbles kicked up with Mera repeatedly stomping her sister down onto the ground. Hila tried to rise up off of the ground. Each attempt of a rise just dropped Hila down to the ground. Mera rolled over Hila and threw her down onto the ground at the feet of the Dragon.

Hila's knees sunk down onto the ground with a deep breath coming from her. Mera held her dagger at the neck of Hila.

"You've lost."

The rebels cheered Mera's return to power. She snapped some cuffs on Hila and turned to some of the rebels. One of them had been one of her most trusted aides, Tula.

"I believe my former cell will be to her liking until I can figure out what to do with her."

Hila screeched in anger until Mera put a bubble over the top of her head. The woman's screams just rebounded across the bubble with no sense of whether or not they would be heard. Mera turned her attention to Harry, who had been joined by the other medallion holders.

"Thank you. I knew you'd come."

Mera studied the damage to her once beautiful Kingdom. She would be lying if she was pleased. Hila created a lot of bloodshed. Those guards who stood alongside Hila looked nervously at Mera.
when she passed. None of them knew what to say. None of them knew if anything they could have said would be considered appropriate by any measures. They all stood up to face Mera. The Queen studied their expressions on their faces with a calmness which they would not have expected.

"We've not shown the best side of Atlantis during this entire war, have we?"

They had come close to destroying the surface world and destroying themselves. Hila wanted to prove herself to a mother who was long dead. A mother which she had thought Mera had gotten the approval of. But had Mera got her approval? Not truthfully, not as much as Hila believed, and perhaps not at all.

"Please, we….."

"You will all get your chance to state why you've done what you've done," Mera said. "Many have fled after today. You have stayed. That proves you should and will get your chance."

All of them looked on in relief. The demise of King Arthur brought many of them into a state of discontent. There were those who hated the late King of Atlantis. He ruled them and did not put up their attitudes against the surface world. Oh, he could be tough against the people on land when he wanted to and there were times where he, in fact, did hold strong on them.

Still, the King of Atlantis was gone and they put everything behind Hila to rule them into a new age. She almost ruled the into their destruction.

"You stayed without fleeing. I will find out your intentions why in due time. Some of you, you've had friends and family, loved ones which my sister threatened to do something dire with, should you not put your toe firmly in line. And that much, I understand."

All of them bowed before the gratitude of the Queen. Mera held something up which they all gasped of. The lost medallion held in the palm of her hand.

"This proves above all else why I have the strength to rule. And rule I will. But, everything will be done fairly. All will have their chance to defend themselves. And we will make many new allies as we go into a new age of Atlantis."

Harry stepped into the picture off to Mera's side. He did not say anything to the people around him. Sara, Gwen, Nyssa, and Kara all showed up in place. Shado, Tess, and the twins moved a step back to observe. They were part of something grand.

"I hope for Atlantis to rebuild. I hope you can all understand what we need to do going forward. And I even hope for redemption for my sister. Her cruelty cannot be forgotten, but in time, she can be forgiven."

Mera understood how skeptical they were. She heard the mutterings from the crowd assembled around her. Tula stepped into the picture and smiled at them. She put her hand on the Queen's shoulder.

"We can always rebuild," Tula said. "We can rebuild Atlantis!"

Buildings might have been broken, precious landmarks were destroyed, the streets were littered with debris. None of that mattered as long as the people who propped up a civilization stood tall.

"We will begin the first day of the rest of our lives, today."

Those words encouraged the citizens of Atlantis to stand up straight and to prepared to go forward.
Mera broke out into a smile.

"Representatives from the surface world are here to meet you, my Queen."

Mera would have been a liar if she was not pleased to have to hear those words once again. Something about them brought music to her ears and a small spring to her step.

A small team of ARGUS agents turned on and among them were Nymphadora Tonks and Holly Granger. Harry, Kara, and Sara moved out to meet them. Nym looked off to the side and broke out into a fit of laughter.

"I can't believe it. We're pretty late to the party."

"That's not a news flash with you."

Harry's words just caused Nym to give him a mock glare. Harry responded with a smile directed towards the shape-shifting government agent. Her arms folded over even deeper as the two stared each other down. Holly cleared her throat.

"I can't believe I have to be the mature one," she stated.

"Yeah, no kidding," Harry said. "The Queen has her medallion."

"Oh, you found it?" Holly asked. "That's five down, six counting you, and one more to go."

Harry confirmed it was. He also knew in the back of his mind there were going to be problems acquiring the Phoenix Medallion from the reaches of space. They were going to have to get started on finding that before the representative of HIVE got to work on it.

"I'm glad you're keeping score," Harry teased her.

Mera moved out from the room. Sara and Kara greeted her with smiles.

"So, everything good with your sister?" Kara asked.

One pressing sigh came from one very frustrated Queen of Atlantis. "Everything is as ideal for her as it is going to be right now. I'm not going to lie, it's going to be a long road for her."

Mera would not dare ask a favor of Harry to try and get Hila under control. She was still in a fractured state after the battle.

"So, we're all good here?" Holly asked. "I'm not sure how much we could have helped, but….Hila was beginning to target our bases, so we had to act."

"I understand," Mera said.

She would have been lying if she was perfectly happy with what her sister was doing. The Queen would have to deal with the aftermath. Going to the United Nations when things settled down was a priority for Mera. She would have to apologize for their diplomats being captured and by all accounts tortured until Hila realized they had no information about them.

"Tula will address any questions you have," Mera said. The two government agents nodded. Mera turned her attention to Harry. "A moment, if you please."

Harry had more than a moment for any of the beautiful women. Mera grabbed him by the hand and
The two made their way up the stairs. Sara and Kara took it as their cue to help the former rebels check to see if the defenses were completely back up.

The two moved their way into a lush bedroom with several curtains surrounding the room. Mera put her hand on her hip and turned to Harry with a very calm smile on her face.

"I cannot thank you enough for helping save me," Mera said. "And I mean that."

Mera edged a little bit closer towards Harry. Her hands touched the back of his head. She moved over to slip the medallion on.

"Time for me to return to you."

The medallion slipped around Mera's neck. The energy cascaded around her body as she returned back to a state where she could stand up straight and face Harry. The energy coursed through her body with a huge smile on her face.

"Finally."

Mera grabbed Harry's top and ripped it off. She held Harry's face and kissed him hard. Her lips molded against the chest of her leader. Her arms wrapped tightly around him. Harry moved his hands against her body and pulled back from her.

"You're overdressed."

She undid the front of her attire and dropped it down onto the ground. Mera stood there in all of her glory.

"And now, you're the one who is overdressed."

Mera helped Harry with that one by pulling his pants down and then his shorts underneath. She proceeded to move into to inspect the merchandise.

Each inch of Harry's body was sculpted to perfection. Mera teased his body by running her hands over his and dragging her nails against him. Harry took in a deep breath from Mera's sensual kisses invading the edge of his mouth. Harry tilted back an inch or two to accept Mera's tongue going into the back of his throat and pressing herself crotch first against him.

The hardness rubbed against Mera's warm thigh. Harry guided her down to the bed and released her lips from his. Mera looked absolutely stunning. Her vibrant red hair slung against her face, obscuring some of it which added to her natural beauty. Green eyes flashed out for Harry with vibrant lips swollen from Harry's kiss. Her slender neck moved down to her tits which were both large and extremely perky. Harry took control of her chest and squeezed them before running down to explore her flat stomach and narrow waist.

The next stop appeared to her wide hips. Mera had a nice beautiful ass which was made to squeeze and fuck. Harry grabbed onto him and caused her to look at him.

"I trust you'll find something else to your liking."

Mera spread her legs for Harry. Her smooth pussy came out from in front of Harry. Her lips parted and were ready to be penetrated. Harry dragged his finger down her body from between her cleavage, past her navel, and then against her clit before shifting focus to her hole.
"Maybe I do. Maybe it's this!"

The Sorcerer pushed a finger deep inside of Mera's wet pussy and made her raise her hips up. Harry added more fingers and roughly finger-fucked the Queen. She shifted herself up and down off of the bed to meet Harry's fingers buried deep inside of her.

He switched between his fingers and his tongue. The honey-lemon taste oozing from Mera's pussy brought Harry to greater heights. She radiated power which only encouraged Harry to lap up the juices.

Mera rolled her hips back as Harry drove his tongue down into deeper parts of her. Her hands rested on the back of Harry's head to encourage further exploration of her warm pussy.

The redhead shifted underneath Harry's able tongue. He caressed the inside of her warm pussy. Mera shifted her legs up and around the side of Harry's head to bring him inside of her. Harry kissed her warm slit and then sucked on it before licking her around the center.

"I've waited a long time! I don't want to wait much longer."

Harry pulled out Mera who sat up and gave Harry a hungry kiss. She moved him over onto the bed and pinned him down. She straddled Harry's hips while putting her hands over his torso. She felt up Harry's strong body and moved in very closely to him. Her lips caught Harry's with a very tender kiss. They moved together to each other. Harry parted Mera's lips and sucked on her lower lip. She closed her eyes and increased her motions. Her tongue drove deeper inside Harry's mouth.

As much as she enjoyed the kissing, there was only one thing Mera desired above all else. Her hand grabbed around the base of Harry's cock and guided it to her entrance. The first few inches slipped against Mera's warm box and then into her body.

"It's like being reunited with an old friend, isn't it?"

Mera could not agree more. She picked up her pace when rising and dropping upon Harry's hips. His hands reached over and cupped Mera's breasts when they moved back and forth. They bounced a little bit when touching Harry's hands. The breath came through her body.

The redhead rose herself up and drove down onto Harry's aching cock. She pushed her wet pussy against Harry's hard tool when lifting up and dropping onto him. She repeatedly speared herself onto Harry and took more of his member deep inside of her.

She reached her peak and gave a delightful moan of frustration. Harry grabbed her hips and pushed Mera down onto him. He stretched her slick center and filled her up with an immense amount of cock.

"Faster," she said.

Mera's eyes flooded with lust. Harry was not about to let her down. He moved into her faster and the two met together. Mera's ass bounced against him. Harry put a hand on her lower back and caressed her plump backside. Mera shifted back as Harry rose up.

"It's time."

Harry knew what she was asking for instantly. The Sorcerer pushed his hands against Mera's ample chest and fondled them. She reacted to his actions in a very favorable manner. One nipple stuck out ready to be sucked. Harry cupped her right breast before moving a hand from her ass. He aimed Mera's left breast into his mouth and sucked on it.
Mera's eyes shifted with Harry's tongue working its magic. She missed this so very much. The two lovers indulged into each other. Mera's fingers encouraged Harry to work around him. Soft legs caressed Harry's strong waist when she kept riding and bucking down onto him.

"It's time," Harry said.

Harry buried himself face first into Mera's chest which got her motor completely running. The sultry redhead speared herself down onto him. The first signs of an orgasm passed through her. Shivers moved down her spine as she moved down to take Harry in by his cock.

Mera released her own inhibitions and moaned. Harry turned up to face her and look her in the face. Her entire body rocked back and forth to drive as much of Harry inside of her as possible. Harry clutched her lower back as the ride continued to move on.

"It's time," Harry informed her.

Those two words made Mera nod in response. She pulled away from Harry and turned around. Her legs dripped and Harry now climbed behind her. Harry teased her with gentle caresses to torment her warm body.

"You really know how to draw this out, don't you?"

Her tone sounded not angry but sounded like it anticipated what was going to happen next. Harry teased and teased and teased her body to slowly bring Mera over to the edge. His fingers touched her body. Harry pulled back from entering her a couple of times.

Mera shook several times at the long feeling of denial. Harry would give her what she wanted in due time. The anticipation made Mera choke for his cock.

'Hundreds of years, subconsciously waiting,' Mera thought. 'A few more moments will be like a blink complained to them.'

That logic in her mind only died out thanks to Harry. His balls were rubbing against her. Mera could feel the treat which was in them. Her body burned up and Mera realized something. She needed sex more than life itself.

"Don't you want this?"

Mera pushed her finger inside of her pussy from behind and played with herself. She made herself fully aware of the progress Harry's eyes were making. Harry's massive cock touched her finger. She pulled out of her and braced herself for the impact.

Finally, Harry entered Mera. His hands rested against Mera's back when pushing into her. He gained some momentum. The heat and the friction coming from her body made Harry drive deeper inside of her body. Those nice throbbing balls caught Mera against her pussy the deeper Harry planted himself into her.

"I want this. And I need all of this."

Harry took a full feel of Mera's insides. Her silken walls rubbed up against his bare cock. The tension of Harry's balls just grew the deeper he planted himself inside of Mera. He touched her deepest insides with the tip of her head.

Mera allowed her body to accept his mighty intruder. Harry put a full force thrust into her body. The repeated thrusts grew even harder and even faster.
"I'm not going to hold out much longer."

Harry understood that fact. He slid back out of Mera and aimed his cock head against her entrance. It danced against Mera's slit and prepared to invade her from behind.

"You won't, but you will at the same time. Succumb to it, Mera. Don't hold back!"

He pushed into Mera and she gave into her lustful thoughts. Her walls grabbed Harry and milked him. Every time he entered her, Mera grabbed him even tighter. Harry explored her body and each touch brought Mera great pleasure. Pleasure which had been backed up out of her, but it was coming back down.

Harry sped up his fucking of Mera from behind. He slapped Mera's perfect ass and caused her to clench him. He would explore it soon enough. Now he needed to join with Mera.

"Welcome home."

Another orgasm triggered in Mera tugged on Harry's cock even harder. Harry knew his balls would only hold tight for so long. He pushed into Mera hard from behind.

The time ticked by with Mera getting another orgasm. It was when Harry struck and drove his hard cock into her. His balls shot their thick and sticky load inside of Mera's overflowing pussy. He pulled out of her and drove into Mera again repeatedly.

The blasts of white hot seed invading her body caused the medallion, the only article of clothing, to flair. The links between Harry and her fellow queens returned. Harry slammed himself deep inside of Mera before pulling completely out of her.

"Welcome home."

Harry wrapped an arm around Mera and rested against her. Their body heat shared meant that another joining was inevitable for the end of this evening.

"We have plenty of time to make up for what has been lost," Mera said.

"Indeed, we shall," Harry agreed.

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To Be Continued on 9/14/2017.
Wrong Kind of Vibe

Chapter 58: A Wrong Kind of Vibe.

Mera could not really smile enough at the thought of what happened. It really and truthfully was the best to be back home. She grinned from ear to ear when moving her way out of the bedroom with Harry. It had been a long reunion for the man she had lost so much time with. And it had been worth every moment.

Her fellow queens lined up against the wall. Four medallions between them, with Mera holding the fifth medallion, and Harry naturally holding the medallion. Sara just flashed a smile towards Mera the second she walked over towards her.

"We know that smile all too well, don't we, ladies?"

All of the girls broke out in wide grins at Sara's statement. Kara moved over towards Mera and wrapped her arms around her fellow medallion holder. Mera paused for a second and exchanged a long hug with an even longer kiss with Kara. She moved down the line to kiss all of the Queens one by one, not to be outdone. She saved the last kiss for Harry.

Harry enjoyed the feeling of the Merfolk Medallion holder pressed against him. The Rightful Queen of Atlantis parted ways from Harry with a very soft smile on her face. She brushed a strand of hair out of his face before taking in all of the atmospheres around her.

Two of the guards walked over with the mystical staff Hila used to try and conquer them all. They moved over to hand the staff to Mera. Mera declined the offer much to their surprise.

"No," Mera said. "He should take it. I would feel better if the staff was in his hands."

Harry took the staff graciously. He examined it. Most mystical artifacts had a mind of its own and this was no exception. The staff had several bumps all over the edge where the rune stones were carved. Nyssa, Sara, and Gwen all looked curiously at it.

"It has great power," Harry said.

Gwen picked up where Harry left off. "And as we all know, with great power there must also come great responsibility."

Harry had to agree to be honest. Those who did not understand how to properly wield an object of great power often times were obliterated by the artifact. Harry conjured a case to put the staff in. He would have to study it at every angle at any time.

The staff and the strange markings remind Harry of the fact he had one final medallion to collect. And that final medallion was a pretty big deal to be perfectly honest. Harry's eyes flashed onto his own medallion as it flashed into the palm of his hand.

"And this is it," Kara said. "It's the big one."

The term "big one" never had been more appropriate of a descriptor because of the Phoenix Medallion which Harry intended to put his hands on in due time. His fingers brushed over his own medallion.
Closing his eyes could make him almost feel the most potent medallion of them all. It danced out of Harry's reached. It not only danced out of Harry's reach it taunted him.

"I'm glad to see you survived," Harry said after a moment's thought. "As I thought you would have."

Mera looked out in the damaged kingdom. Pride led to them to fall and fall big time. She would have liked to lie and say everything was going to be perfectly fine. Mera never once wanted to delude herself to the truth of the matter.

"We have a long way to go before everything is fine," Mera concluded.

She would have liked to do everything to rebuild her kingdom. Atlantis had become a home to her even though Mera first arrived under some less than ideal circumstances. She put her hand on the front door of the palace. Things remained quiet right now. Hila's followers either left or remained on their best behavior.

Her sister lingered in the cell down below. Perhaps in time, Mera would have an opportunity to talk to her. Mera had to learn to stomach her.

Harry wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulder and pulled the redhead in very tight to him. "Stay with Atlantis. Rebuild…and if we need your help, we will call on you."

Mera appreciated his words more than anyone else could ever realize. She leaned in towards him and tried to put so many words into a long kiss. Mera hated to have to back away from this. She hoped that the kingdom of Atlantis would be righted pretty soon. She hated to have all of these loose ends which needed to be tied up.

"Thank you," Mera said.

"No," Harry said. "There's no need to thank me. Just keep ruling with strength and courage."

Mera moved to the hallway where Lori waited for her. Lori looked at her queen with a very nervous look. Mera placed a hand on Lori's shoulder and smiled at her.

"I should thank you for your help," Mera said. "I don't think they would have been put on the right path without your help."

"I've done what anyone would have done if they had the opportunity to do so," Lori said.

Be that as it may, Mera appreciated any help which could be given. She really hoped that Atlantis would return to the shining paradise it had been previously. There had been a few thoughts in Mera's head which pointed out to the fact that it was not over.

Hopefully, even time, her sister would have redemption. Hila's rage pained Mera and caused a hole to tear into her heart. She thought that Hila should be capable of so much more. She thought Hila would have been capable of so much more. Disappointment hit Mera completely regarding Hila.

"Good luck. And if you need me, you know you can call."

Harry turned to the others and smiled.

"We only have one more left to go," Nyssa said. "And this one is not going to be easy."

The big one, the Phoenix Medallion, the one which could be anywhere in space, taunted all of
them. The holders of the medallion flashed away to prepare their next move.

So much could have gone wrong if Isobel did not get her hands on this particular item. She returned to her own body and did not have to possess one of a descendant. A descendant who looked a bit nervous every single time Isobel was around. Isobel could hardly blame Lana for her anxiety issues. She might have had the same problem had the situation had been reversed.

Isobel clutched the item in a box, careful not to put her imprint directly on the item. It might have corrupted the findings. She would need the budding Oracle to see where the item was.

Hailey was not the only one who was in the meeting place. One of the Dragon's companions lingered outside. Her blonde hair pinned back behind her head and one blue eye shifted with pure agitation when directing her attention towards the approaching Isobel.

'What's her name?' Isobel thought to herself. 'Oh, Rose, that's right. Her name is Rose Wilson and...yeah, she could be trouble.'

Isobel took a couple of steps in front of Rose. Rose crossed her arms and faced Isobel.

"What are you doing here?" Rose asked.

Rose knew enough to be automatically suspicious of anything Isobel did. The woman pulled a sneaky attack before. While Sara and Harry had her mostly behaving, Rose still had the sense she could pull something when her two masters were distracted.

"I'm taking a walk," Isobel informed her.

Rose very much doubted she was just taking a walk.

"I know you don't trust me," Isobel said as if this was the most obvious thing in the world. "And I understand what you've been through. It must be frustrating not getting payback on your father after everything he put through. Well, just imagine if you felt that same frustration for many more years. How it might eat up at you on the inside. Do you think you could like with that?"

Seconds passed before Rose just walked away.

"You better not do something you're going to regret."

Isobel had a few regrets regarding what she did in the past. The stunt she was going to pull was not among these regrets. She waited for Rose to move. The very second Rose walked out to the end of the driveway.

'She's going to say something to Harry. Well, let her.'

The doors pushed open from Isobel and she moved inside. Hailey sat on the ground dressed in a fuzzy pair of pajamas with her legs crossed over. She looked up at Isobel with the trepidation one would expect. A solo hand placed on her shoulder did not bring Hailey any enjoyment. It just made her even more nervous.

"Do you have it?" Hailey asked.

"It took me a while to track it down," Isobel said. "You don't want to know what I went through in order to get my hands on this little item."

Hailey would have to agree. She did not want to know what Isobel had to go through to get her
hands on the island. The box placed down on the table in front of her.

"So, do that thing you do?"

Two every calm breaths came out before Hailey got straight to work. She opened the box. A nice diamond necklace shined brightly. Upon closer inspection, the diamond might not have been as authentic as Hailey examined it. She took the necklace in hand and waited for the bombshell to hit her.

Nothing, which actually surprised Hailey. Did it disappoint her? No, not really. She felt kind of relieved that those strange vibes did not wash over her when feeling up the necklace.

Isobel was less than pleased by the fact she did not see something right away. Nails dug into a pillow from Isobel's grip. She took in a deep breath and tried not to allow an explosion of magic to wreck the house.

Hailey's head snapped back just as her grip of the necklace had been replaced. She saw something flashing through eyes. A premonition the likes of which she had never seen before.

"Yes, what is it?" Isobel asked.

A long minute passed before Hailey started to wondered if she overwhelmed the poor girl with the hard vibrations passing through her.

"She's here. She's in Smallville."

"Where?" Isobel asked.

"She's in a Manor House," Hailey added. "It's fortified by guards, and it's by a river…there's also trees behind it. There's a sign on it….I see the letters R, A, and L on it."

Isobel dipped through Lana's memories at the geography of Smallville. She suddenly realized where the Countess had been hiding. She grew even more excited at the thought of being closer than ever before to finally gaining her revenge. It was way too good to be true.

"I have her!" she yelled.

"There's someone else there," Hailey said. "It's some weird minister guy…it's almost like he's looking at me through the vision."


Harry ascended the steps until he reached the landing. The address was where he wanted it to be. Harry knocked on the door and waited for someone on the other side of it to answer it.

Amanda Potter opened her door with a wide grin on her face. She threw her arms around Harry and greeted him with a strong hug before backing off and allowing Harry some room to get into the Penthouse. Emily sat at the table and waved at Harry.

"I say we had a pretty good day, yesterday," Amanda said. "And I'm glad we saved Atlantis!"

"Well, we helped just a little bit," Emily said. "It was Harry and his Queens who did the vast majority of the work, wasn't it?"

Amanda glared at her sister. Emily responded with one of those grins and extended her tongue a
little bit to Amanda. Amanda shifted back with a sigh. She turned back from her sister, who was supposed to be the mature one.

"You don't mind if we worship you, do you?"

Harry just cracked a smile. The two girls, who would be his twin sisters in another life time, looked at him with heated gazes in their eyes. The heat of the room was getting more intense the more Amanda and Emily looked at him. Amanda acted like she was going to drop to her knees for a second before someone cleared her thought.

Lily appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, with a bottle in her hand. She walked over to the room and threw herself at Harry with a tight hug. She smashed her lips against Harry's with a kiss. Harry grabbed onto Lily to properly to feel her supple body pushed against his. His hand rested on her backside.

A knowing grin passed over Lily's face when she walked over. Amanda and Emily looked rather put out. Their mother still could get the better of them out after all of those years. Something about Lily just schooling her twin daughters on a regular basis seemed rather off-putting for them. Yet, it only inspired them to be better.

"Yes," Lily responded. "That's how you greet some properly. And I believe we have some business to get down to before we pat ourselves on the back."

Four chairs came out with Harry sitting down. Lily poured them all a drink from the bottle. Amanda and Emily had been surprised Lily had brought alcohol.

"Under the circumstances, it's appreciated," Lily said. "I trust the two of you can behave yourselves after a couple of drinks?"

"We always behave ourselves," Amanda piped up.

Lily gave her one of those mother looks which brought Amanda back into line. The twins took their drinks and tipped back one. Everything came up pretty good in their opinion even though there was still a lot of work to do.

"Do you have the weapon that you took from Hila?" Lily asked.

Harry placed the weapon on the table. The weapon had been held in a clear casing. It was thin enough where Lily could still analyze it, but thick enough where someone would not accidentally set it off.

"Perfect."

Someone's foot brushed against Harry's leg from underneath the table. He could not tell which someone touched him from underneath the table. Only a someone had brushed at him underneath the table.

"We're….might have a weapon to take down the White Bumblebee," Lily said. "Maybe, it depends on a couple of factors. There have been rumors that he's at his weakest now."

"One would think it would be the perfect time to strike, wouldn't it?" Harry asked.

Lily sighed in frustration. She had been waiting for a chance to get the better of that man since he killed several of her family members and friends. The only problem was getting to him. Lily had to take a long drink to survey the situation and get her thoughts in order.
"In theory, we should be able to get to him," Lily said. "Unfortunately, though, it's easier said than done when our target is behind fortified wards."

It could be a problem. Harry watched as Lily pulled out a journal and put it on the table.

"Everything that I know about the castle," Lily said.

Harry took one look at the map and did a double take.

"Back in my former world, this castle is a school to learn magic," Harry said.

The twins looked fascinated and had millions of questions. They looked a bit more excited about the prospect of learning magic in a castle of magic. Harry barely avoiding smiling at the looks on the faces of Amanda and Emily. He did see the entire process of learning magic to be just something he was used to.

"There are ways in," Harry continued. "But, I'm not certain if they would work."

Lily poured them all another drink. "It would be worth exploring. Tell me everything you know about this castle."

Deep down Lily felt Harry knew a lot of this castle back home in his world. The Fortress of the White Bumblebee had been something that Lily and her allies had wanted to get into. Hell, even the top leaders of HIVE, or the most senior members, did not know of a way in. They all feared meeting him as much as their enemies did.

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Genevieve Teague felt fame and fortune getting closer to her. For generations, her family made their attempts to grab onto the Stones of Power. They slipped out of their grasp with generation after generation and famously eluded them. The obsession reached her and frustrated her even more.

She consulted the family library to see whether or not something could be found. Hours of very extensive searching brought a large thick tome in her hand. The large tome waffled across the table. The people in her room looked towards her. Damien Darhk leaned back in the chair and sipped some tea. Darhk calmly popped his jaw back to his place.

"When I get my full power back, I won't miss that," Darhk said. "Do you have something we can use?"

"Yes and no."

Darhk hated word games. Women played them more often, although men were not immune to these little games which kept Darhk guessing. He detested getting the go around more than anything else.

"Perhaps you should explain it to me," Darhk said. "We don't necessarily need you alive to get the Stones."

The HIVE leaders lingered around the table which made Genevieve feel on edge. It was not rare she was the only person in the room with very powerful men. These men had an attitude of coldness which chilled this woman to the bone. She shifted herself back an inch while flipping through the pages on the table.

"You might not need me alive," Genevieve told her. "But, it is necessary for me to guide you."
"Arrogance, I like it," Darhk said. "Or maybe it's confidence…tell me what you need to tell us."

"The stones unlock the secrets of the universe," Genevieve said. "The secrets to the life, the universe, and everything."

"Forty-two," Darhk said. The other members of HIVE looked at their leader. Darhk shifted in thinly veiled agitation. "Nevermind."

One needed to keep themselves highly motivated and in good spirits especially when their body was going to decay. Dark held no delusions about the fact that once his usefulness ended to Deacon Blackfire, he would be sent back to the ground. Darhk racked his mind about what Voodoo spell Blackfire used in bring him back to the life. He put his hand on the top of his head.

Once he had the stones, then things would change. Darhk could not figure out why the entity wanted the stones to begin with. Joseph Blackfire talked about bringing about the end of days and then bringing about the salvation of those who survived.

'And this is why I don't like priests. They always don't make any sense in the real world.'

"The power will be mine…ours," Genevieve said.

Darhk caught the slip. He appreciated the fact the high-class woman was going to betray than at the first chance she got. Darhk understood how the game was played more than anything else.

The stone rattled next to the table. Genevieve picked up the stone.

"Does that have anything to do with the quest we're undertaking?" Darhk asked.

The woman shook her head. They saw several emotions through her face. Sometimes there was contempt, other times disgust, and many other times, agitation. Fear had been a very new one. Darhk thought one had to have a soul to be capable of fear.

"She approaches. She's been stalking me for countless lifetimes."

Darhk would have rolled his eyes if he did not fear them falling out onto the ground.

"Who is after you?"

Genevieve ignored Darhk's words and rose up. She peered out of the window into the distance. No one was there just yet. Genevieve reached into her drawer and pulled out a long silver dagger. The dagger flickered in the light.

"If she comes, I'll be ready."

"Don't waste your time," the haunting voice of the Deacon came through her ear. "Be strong, my child."

"I'm having nightmares of a past life!" Genevieve snapped. "And you tell me to be strong."

Only two people in the room could see the entity who bobbed back and forth. The rest of the room had been very ignorant of the presence of Deacon Blackfire and they should be very glad for that fact.

"It's not a past life you are having nightmares of. You may be fearing what's to happen. That's why you need to help us get the Stones and soon. It is not for your sake. It's for our sakes."
The preacher's rattling breath came against Genevieve's ear. She took in a very deep breath the second that breath hit her.

"For all our sakes."

Darhk watched the encounter with his mouth halfway open. He said nothing. He just wanted to let this one play out and see how it went.

Harry thought he had a couple of productive meetings. He had to return to Smallville to check on some people. Sara joined him the second she arrived.

"How's Laurel?" Harry asked.

"Pretty good, although she mentioned about wanting you to stop by sometime to see her," Sara said. "Although, she understands that you're busy and it might be hard. Especially when I told her what we were up to."

Laurel received her abilities through contact with Sara's medallion so she had a sense that they were on a very important question. She asked Sara what she could do to help. Sara told Laurel it would be best if she kept an eye on anything suspicious around Starling City. There had been rumors HIVE had been working out of there.

"I'm going to have to make time to see her," Harry said.

The Black Canary had been kicking ass and taking names from what Harry could gather from the papers.

His first stop on this little trip to Smallville would be the Potter House. Harry stopped at the edge of the driveway and came face to face with Rose who had been waiting for him.

'I don't like the look on her face,' Kara thought.

'Yeah, I know that look,' Sara said.

"Isobel is up to something."

Rose moved up to both of them. This question put another complication on them. Sara thought she had this settled, but apparently not.

"I'm going to have to keep a closer eye on her," Sara said. "Or have someone else tag her…Fleur and Gabrielle had to return back to France at the worst possible time."

"Why did they have to go?" Rose asked.

"Business, there's...a dispute with a rival tribe," Sara said.

'Sorry about that,' Fleur chimed in. 'It actually was a very simple solution. Everyone's good and we should be coming back in a day. I'm sorry if you had any problems.'

'Don't worry about it,' Sara said. 'I can handle anything myself.'

"I've been going through Isobel's room when she wasn't around," Rose said. Harry's gaze caught Rose full on. She did not blink. "Yeah, I know, that's kind of reckless."

"Actually, it's very reckless," Harry said. "She could have put all kinds of protections up which
could have hurt you."

Rose shrugged it off. "I didn't have a problem getting in her room or rifling around her desk. I found some of her notes even. She has been jotting out a couple of plans…and I found this book."

Sara and Harry took a good look at the book.

"And I think she roped the Bookworm's sister into whatever she's doing," Rose said. "Because she has those powers….I really hope Isobel hasn't been forcing her to use them."

"I just have one question?" Harry asked. "What's Veritas?"

"It's The Goddess of truth in Roman Mythology," Rose said with a shrug. "Exactly what this has to do with what Isobel or Hailey's after…I don't know….Hailey left to visit her mother, or so she claims."

Harry had another problem on his hands. They were no closer to finding the Phoenix Medallion or breaking down the barriers of the White Bumblebee's fortress. Harry decided to tackle this one because it seemed more urgent.

"So, let me see her notes."

Rose handed them over and Harry looked them over in meticulous detail.

To Be Continued on September 17th, 2017.
Chapter Fifty-Nine: Ancient Secrets.

The presence of her ancient enemy drew nearer. Isobel sensed her both within the tip of her finger and also depressingly far and out of reach. She reached as much as possible to grab onto her enemy. Isobel felt something, an invisible wall of some sort bounce her back. The jarring attack might have caused many to waiver. Isobel was not many. She did not waver underneath certain frustration. She just kept moving forward for better or for worse.

The location Hailey located came underneath Isobel's nose. A strong hand caught her on the shoulder and Isobel turned around. A hand gagged her mouth instantly. The witch's instincts to fight kicked up in an instant. She feared the Countess had found her.

Instead, both the White Canary and the Dragon stood in front of her Isobel did not like the look in her Mistress's eyes. Those blue eyes terrified the witch to no extent given how much they burned a hole into her face. Sara's mouth hung open and she only had one thing to say.

"What were you thinking?"

Isobel refused to bend down even after feeling the submissive pull of the power of her mistress. No, she must stand strong. She must stand durable. The witch must stand up and face anyone no matter what the consequences. Something felt as if it had been caught in the back of her throat.

The White Canary lacked the patience right now. Sara's hands shifted to her hips when leaning just a tiny bit closer to Isobel. "Well?"

"Tonight's the night I settle an old debt," Isobel said.

"You're going after her, aren't you?"

The words of the Dragon pierced her resolve greater than any fang. Isobel wished they would have been maybe a couple of minutes later. This might have already been done. She would have already succeeded and gotten out of there without any problems. The argument forming in Isobel's mouth was about to pop out because she knew what the White Canary was going to say.

A loud rumbling echoed from the other end. The hairs on the back of Isobel's neck stood up. Sara and Harry grabbed her and shifted her back into the shadows. The cool air brushed over her. Something was about to happen, someway and somehow.

Damien Darhk stepped into their line of sight. They could see him. All indications showed that Darhk could not see them. Something about his aura unsettled both of the holders of the medallion.

Harry closed his eyes while maintaining the tight grip around Isobel's arm. The power swimming through the air pushed Harry closer towards the edge to ever before. What kind of strange power was going through the air? It was very intense and immense as well.

"Make sure to get it done tonight."
Those words made Harry very curious. He tried to see if there could be a better look. A half a dozen well-armed men stepped out of the room. They were HIVE drones. And there was something very funny about them which Harry could not quite put his finger on at the moment.

"Let me at them."

Isobel's tone came out in a very harsh whisper. Darhk and his men spoke in very low voices. Whether or not Isobel's target was even lingering around, they had no idea. There were enchantments which could fool even the most sophisticated of trackers.

'Should we get him,' Sara said. 'We might not have another opportunity like this.'

Said opportunity passed in a puff of smoke just as fast as Damien Darhk did. Harry blinked. He stood there for one minute and then the next minute Darhk vanished in a blink of an eye. The insanity of the situation just caught Harry off guard.

The HIVE goons were still around and something was very much wrong. A stirring feeling popped into the bottom of Harry's stomach. He went from completely fine and then ten seconds later, Harry had been struck with what appeared to be some kind of magical illness.

Isobel's eyes glazed over suddenly. Sara, unaffected, had been confused. She noticed one of the HIVE drones turning around ever so slightly. His eyes bugged out and lips pursed when approaching them.

'Shit.'

That word resounded with Harry and he would been hard pressed to disagree. The thumping in the back of his head made Harry stand up as straight as possible and take one burning breath. The medallion had not been disabled in any way whatsoever. Harry would have been hard-pressed to figure out what the hell was going on.

"Feed!"

The loud growl from the meteor mutant could be heard. Sara knew whatever he was after, it wasn't going to be anything good. She took a device from her hand and threw it down onto the ground. A loud sonic boom erupted from the device.

Harry snapped out of it. The mutant's frustration had been disrupted. Harry blasted a bolt of light at the creature and knocked him down on the ground. Sara grabbed him by the hand and grabbed Isobel by the other hand.

Under normal circumstances, Harry would have fought against feeling. Under these circumstances, they would have to make an exception to the rule. They disappeared in a blink of an eye and dropped down out of sight.

Harry had no idea what weakened him so severely, and it was very important he would find this out sooner rather than later.

Tess Mercer always had been fascinated by the mysteries of life ever since she was a little girl. Some of history's greatest mysteries were just a second away from being solved with the right research.

She got her hands on the journal which discovered a lot of interesting events leading up to the meteor shower in Smallville and after the meteor shower. The author wrote about a couple of
strange legends inside of the journal. Tess slowly pushed her tongue over her lips and smiled when looking over. A couple of the names mentioned in the journal piqued Tess's interest something fierce. She might have been onto something big if her guess was right and under these circumstances, Tess also felt it had to be right.

She would find out in a matter of moments as a knock on her door brought another key to solving this mystery to Tess's doorstep.

"The door's open."

Said door opened and one of the children of Starling City's most prominent family, the Queens stepped in. And the Queens kept popping up in Tess's research. Olivia Queen locked eyes with the redhead who closed the journal and stood up.

"You wanted to see me?"

The question sounded very casual to the point where Tess just had to offer a grin. She patted the chair across from her desk. The oldest Queen daughter made a couple of strides across the room. She did not sit down just yet. Her eyes just merely locked onto Tess's from all the way across the room.

"Yes," Tess said. "Yes, I wanted to see you if you don't mind asking a couple of questions. I know this might come to a shock to you but your parents might not have been everything you thought they were."

"No, not particularly."

The blunt statement caused Tess's interest to be piqued when she was pretty sure it would be spun the other way around. Their brief meeting in Russia defied all kinds of expectations Tess already had built up in her mind about Olivia. She now found herself very curious about a couple of things.

"Did you know that your parents were members of a secret society of the elite?"

That question was one where Tess hoped to fish for some important information. Liv's lips just responded by pursuing out lightly.

"It depends on which one you mean," Liv said. "My parents were connected to a couple of things, organizations the likes of which you would not believe."

Once again, all expectations Tess had been going into this meeting with had been shattered and turned around on her. The Queen Heiress, she was full of many surprises. Surprises Tess could not even begin to comprehend the longer they talked together.

"Fascinating," Tess said. "But, I'm referring to an organization known as Veritas. Where they were seeking out information about a traveler from a distant planet who all reliable legends state to be either the Earth's savior or its conqueror."

It was Liv's turn to break out into a smile. "Because those are the only two options an alien traveler to the planet Earth could have. I suppose they couldn't just set up a vegetable stand?"

Tess offered a sheepish smile and nodded in response. No, it really wasn't the only option an alien traveler would have. It was the most logical option for many alien travelers to have though. Especially the one they were referring to.

"Have you heard of this group before today?"
A glass of wine had been already poured. Liv took a light sip of the wine. It had been a very long time since she enjoyed a nice refreshing glass of line and it did refresh her. She took another drink for a second and considered the statement.

"It's actually the first I heard of it. Before today, there hasn't been even the slightest hint to this group."

There had been secrets, way too many secrets, especially when they regarded her parents. Liv did not even know where to begin. There was a huge part of her who really did not want to know much more.

"I'm busy trying to deal with the mess my father wanted me to clean up before he died," Liv said.

Tess answered with a nod while taking a long sip of the wine in front of her. The sins of the father, that was always a pretty awful cross to bear. Tess never knew her father and was very much glad for it most of the time. She drained the glass of wine and took in a deep breath when peering over the glass towards Liv.

"The end of the world might be a more important thing than the plight of one single city," Tess said. "You know of the medallions and the quest of the dragon, am I right?"

Liv answered with the briefest of nods and pulled back a half of an inch. She did know about that and she knew about everything else regarding it. She did wonder where it might have been going.

"I'll see if I can find anything."

Tess nodded and poured herself a glass of wine. "That's all anyone can ask at this point."

X-X-X

Claire woke straight up out of bed and flew up towards the cave. The loud siren squealed in the back of Claire's ear and sent her straight to cave. It was a message her biological father brought to her.

"Clara."

That one word caught her and it had been coupled with a lot of disappointment. Claire really did not care that much about her father. She only cared about achieving success. Still, he rarely called her, not for a good reason anyway. Claire stretched out her neck and listened to the words.

"What do you want?" Claire asked.

Jor-El had only been happy to speak.

"I would like to have thought despite everything that happened, you had not forgotten about the mission. Your mission in acquiring the Stones of Power. I did impart upon you how dangerous they were in the wrong hands. And I did inform you how essential they were to get before they fell into the wrong hands."

Jor-El spoke in a calm manner. Claire was well aware of the man's warnings.

"I'll find them," Claire said. "But….""

"There are no excuses, Clara," Jor-El said. "Time grows short. You are not a grown woman. I thought that you would understand the value of your hesitation after your human adoptive father
perished because of your hesitation."

Clara's eyes flashed with anger at the words coming from this ghost AI.

"You leave him out of this conversation."

The anger flashed into Claire's voice. She could not believe Jor-El and could not believe he would stoop so low to bring her father into this particular conversation. A man who had been there and raised her.

"Jonathan Kent was more of a man than you ever could hope to be," Claire said.

"That's an irrelevant point, my child," Jor-El said. "And you know it."

"Clara?"

Kara popped into the cave behind them. She could have sworn Clara talked to someone in the cave. She talked to some disconnected voice from the other side of the console. Kara stepped a little bit closer, tension ramping up when she did. Goosebumps popped up over her arm.

"Hello, Kara."

Kara realized instantly who Clara was talking to. A few seconds passed before Kara looked in the generation direction of the cave. He had stored his artificial intelligence here, to ensure that whatever hopes he had for Clara would come to pass.

"Jor-El," Kara said.

"I believe you should understand that this is a private conversation between father and daughter," Jor-El said. "Therefore, it would benefit you if you would depart right now."

Kara stood rooted firmly on the ground. She wished to look Jor-El right in the eye and give him a piece of her mind. Unfortunately, with Jor-El being a cracked voice, disembodied and unable to do anything, that was beyond impossible right about now.

"I can help Claire with whatever she can do."

"I would highly advice in accepting any help she does," Jor-El said. "Her father did what he thought was essential to helping Krypton and as a consequence of his actions, there is no more Krypton."

Kara knew as well. She knew everything about the mistakes her father made. How, he, along with Zod and Brainiac, helped facilitate the end of the planet. Kara tried to justify the actions of Zor-El of being a pawn and maybe in some way, he was. In other ways though, Kara believed, unfortunately, that he knew exactly what he was doing. Her stomach turned in huge tension knots.

"This is a conversation you should not be a part of, Kara Zor-El."

"I disagree," Clark said. "She has just as much of a right to be here as anyone else does."

Kara crossed her arms together and nodded in response. She followed Claire her to protect. Kara intended to help her cousin along in any way possible. She did not care the means which were needed to help her along, not by a longshot. Kara grabbed Claire's shoulder and stood firmly behind her.

"You're not getting rid of me and you're not scaring me off," Kara said. "And if you have my help,
you'll also have his help. You know, the 'Dragon.'

A long and very terrified pause followed.

"Do hasten your search on the stones, Clara," Jor-El said. "Time is running out. And there will be severe consequences if those stones are further tainted by human greed."

Harry returned home. He supposed insisting he was fine would not work. Isobel sat on the chair next to them. Fleur popped in at Sara's request. She had training as a healer and was used to exotic magical ailments. She would be the best person to take a look at Harry and see what was up.

Several long minutes passed with Fleur performing a series of tests on both Harry and Isobel. The longer these tests went, the more Fleur frowned. Harry knew Fleur and knew the girl liked a challenge more than anything. The flummoxed expression on the woman's face showed that she was getting frustrated and could not figure out what the hell was going on here.

"Well, I don't really know what to make of this, to be honest with you," Fleur said. "Physically, you seem like you're fine. And there are no tell tale signs of magical fatigue or anything."

"It only happened to me and Isobel," Harry said. "We know this individual, he affects people with magic. And the stronger the magic, the more he affects them."

The thing is, Harry was not certain whether or not Darhk knew of the weapon he had developed. And perhaps, the weapon had been developed entirely by accident. Harry actually thought about as much. He wondered about a couple of variables regarding this man.

"Perhaps in time your magic will adapt to his powers," Fleur said. "It has in the past. According to legend, at least."

Isobel enjoyed the optimism of the White Canary's servant. She hated to be the barrier of bad news, but something told her that it was not going to be that easy. Things like this rarely were that particularly easy. Isobel stretched out her legs with a very light sigh coming from her.

"I was so close," Isobel said.

"There will be other opportunities," Harry informed her.

Isobel knew that the Countess would be on high alert now and would avoid any encounter with her. A few seconds passed with Isobel stroking her hair back.

"I understand your feeling," Fleur said. "Some of us...we act that way towards the White Bumblebee. We hope the rumors of his demise are true, even though we fear he's just planning a fresh assault."

Fleur did think it was very peculiar how the Dragon's resurrection did not stir up the White Bumblebee and bring him out of hiding. She clicked her tongue into her mouth and spent the next couple of minutes considering what to do next.

"Let's hope that we can find a way around this," Sara said.

"Well, if we can take him out before he becomes a problem, that will be great," Harry said. "The biggest problem I can see is if Darhk creates an army of meteor mutants just like him."

Sara, yeah, Sara could see where that would be a problem. A light knock on the door brought them
out of the conversation.

"Is this important?" Sara asked.

"Very."

The door opened and Liv stepped in. Tess followed in a couple of steps behind her. Harry noticed a journal hanging from her hand and there had been a couple of questions in his mind. He suspected those questions would be answered in due time and maybe even bring more unsettling questions as time had gone on.

"We believe that HIVE might be after the stones of power, now that they've aligned with Genevieve Teague," Tess said without preamble. "Her family has obsessed with the stones and Darhk…well, Darhk believes the stones have a way of finding the location of the Phoenix medallion."

Harry did not doubt it for a second the stones would have a way of acquiring the final and most powerful medallion of them all. There were still a couple of questions.

"The traveler, that's a hard one," Liv said. "I would like to think that the person who had been sent to Earth, would be a savior. But, power can corrupt even the most gentle of us."

Liv, for instance, held her parents on a pedestal. She would have been foolish to state that they were not corrupt in some ways. Her father hinted enough through some correspondence left behind that there were a lot of problems.

"Those stones they have been something which many have hunted down," Liv said. "Although that was my father's obsession more than my mother's, I think. She just regarded his hobby with the slightest bit of interest."

"Seems like you know more than you were letting on, don't you?" Tess asked.

Liv just answered this question with a half-shrug. "I know my parents enough to come to some logical conclusions. That's pretty much it. I wish I had more of an idea how to uncover the secrets of the universe. And I wish I could speak to the Traveler."

"Well, I'm certain she's just about as confused as to the location of the stones of power as you are."

The heiress turned around to meet eye to eye with the Kansas farm girl standing behind her. They only met in passing a handful of times. Liv admitted that when she thought of a powerful individual, Claire Kent was one of the last people Liv would have ever thought could hold the power to save them all or to damn them all. Regardless, she locked eye to eye with the woman and smiled despite herself.

"I should have figured out it was you," Liv said.

"Well, it's obvious," Tess said. "She was adopted by the Kents around the same time as the meteor shower. Veritas was angry they could not find her and prepare her…but I guess in the end, it was for the best."

Claire's childhood would have been ripped apart at the start if she had been taken in.

"My father is putting pressure on me to find the stones," Claire said. "He's hinted there could be consequences if they are not acquired in due time."
"That, don't doubt," Tess said.

"I agree."

Harry had just stood back and listened to the conversation. The Phoenix Medallion rested in the annals of space and he would have liked nothing better than to acquire the medallion right now, at this very moment. The Stones of Power, they presented a unique opportunity.

"I'll help you find the stones," Harry said.

Claire could tell he had some kind of motive to finding the stones. Kara explained that they might be useful in his quest. The Stones and the final medallion falling into the wrong hands would not be ideal for any of them.

"Well, believe me," Claire said. "I'm going to need all the help I can get."

"We have no doubt about that."

Kara gave her cousin a playful smile. Still, with their resources pooled together, they could potentially locate the stones.

There was one problem, which started to bubble to the surface and kept rearing its ugly head. The potential for HIVE having weapons they could use against Harry. Harry always hated weakness and this was a very big one. The Dragon Medallion could not shield him.

Harry did manage to push through against one and fight him off. He was not completely crippled. Now, he felt sore and tired which was not a good combination.

'We'll get to the bottom of it,' Sara assured him.

The determination etched in Sara's voice made Harry confident they could get to the bottom of it in due time.

X-X-X

Damien Darhk stood atop of the world in a stance which many hated to see him in. There would be enemies and also some allies who would knock him off. His next goal was to find a way to return back from this cursed, half-existence he currently had been in. Darhk knew that as long as he breathed, Blackfire had his fingers wrapped about the edge of his neck.

"Overall, we are very pleased on the trials," one of the HIVE leaders said.

Darhk was not looking for a pat on the back. It did feel very nice to be appreciated for a successful run every now and then though.

"Our leader is going to need an army to be able to stand up to the Dragon once the Elite has prepared him."

The HIVE Elite and the White Bumblebee, two entities Darhk did not get a chance to meet just yet. He hoped soon that HIVE's faith in the White Bumblebee would be justified.

"And he will have an army," Darhk said. "He will have power. And the Phoenix Medallion and its great power will be ours to turn to the Dragon and the rest of his companions."

"Failure is not an option, for any of us."
The screens went black and left Darhk standing in the background. Deacon Blackfire crept out of the shadows.

"We have found a way to temporarily negate the Dragon's abilities," Blackfire said. "Alas, it puts a strain on the test subjects."

"It's just a means to keep him off of our backs," Darhk said. "Those meteor freaks, they're expendable."

Once they acquired the stones, Darhk would have the leverage he needed. The power was so close he could taste it.

"Pride, and greed, two deadly sins you have in abundance, my friend."

Those warnings only fell upon deaf ears as Darhk's obsession for power grew stronger yet. The HIVE leader planned to avenge his death at the hands of the Dragon.

To Be Continued on September 21st, 2017.
A loud scream came out of Claire Kent. The desire to punch something and punch it hard visited her. The Last Daughter of Krypton made her way out into the Kent Farm. It had been a place where she did a lot of thinking. The past four years turned her life upside down. The last year really turned Claire's life all topsy-turvy in ways she could only imagine. She needed to calm down and more importantly, she really needed to think. She needed to think before she lost all sense of herself.

Okay, it was easier said than done to think when she was in this particular situation. Claire took a couple of deep breaths. She spent some time in this same barn many times trying to gain control. And now the control was losing it.

She spun around to see a figure standing in the shadows. The figure wore a green hooded top and a pair of workout pants. Claire's eyes flared with heat vision. She retracted the attack a second later.

"Whoa, hold it up," Liv said. "I come in peace…maybe I should have told you I was going to swing on by before I did. Because I was just this close to leaving in pieces."

Liv pushed her thumb and fore finger together as if to symbolize how close she was to being ripped apart. Claire put her hands next to her body and took a sigh.

"I didn't mean to be hostile with you," Claire said. "It's just that…well, I've had a lot of pressure put on me."

A second passed with Liv taking a deep breath. She put an arm around the other girl. Both of them walked through the dimly lit barn and parked themselves down onto the hay. It was not the most comfortable bench in the world, but it worked out well.

"I understand," Liv said. "I've got a lot thrown on my shoulders after my father died. It's a lot to sink in even after you learn they are part of a secret society which worshipped some traveler from the stars. Half of them wanted to use him or her or whatever as a weapon and the other half wanted to help them. And there are a lot of people blinded by greed. And I honestly….I really don't know what to make of it."

Claire sighed and took in a deep breath. She leaned back against the wall. The traveler was here and boy was that something to mentally deal with, to be honest. She did not know what to make of a lot of it either.

"Are you sure I can live up to whatever expectations they had for me?" Claire asked. "I talked to Doctor Swann who said that I had the potential for great things. But I had no idea."

Claire really wished she would have asked more questions while Swann was alive. She watched Liv stand up and pull out an arrow before lining it up with a bow. She shot the paint can off of the shelf. The cans dropped to the ground. Liv turned back around to face Claire.

"Sorry, it just helps me concentrate," Liv said. "And we always have great expectations thrown on us. There are a lot of people who don't understand that just because you have a big trust fund, you don't have your problems. And you don't have your issues."
Liv reloaded the arrow and shot another paint can off of the shelf.

"And when your father offs himself out of guilt, you really have to consider what you've done in your life," Liv said.

"You ever wonder if you could have saved him?" Claire asked.

"Are you talking about me or you?"

The words caused Claire's grin to turn extremely sheepish. Liv fired another arrow at the paint can and knocked it to the ground with a clatter. The green-hooded girl moved over and picked up the paint cans before putting them on the shelves.

"Want to give it a try?" Liv asked.

Claire was apprehensive about the very thought. Liv put the bow into her hand.

"What's the worst you could do?"

This question could have been answered in so many ways. Liv put her hand on Claire's shoulder and adjusted the stance.

"It comes naturally to some people more than others so don't be discouraged if you don't do it on the first try."

Claire held her hand on the bow with Liv guiding when possible. A deep breath came from her as she motioned the bow and arrow into position for the can on the shelf. Claire fired the arrow at the underside of the shelf and knocked the shelf off of the bolts. This caused Liv to break out into a slight smile.

"Okay, not bad for the first time."

The shelf on the ground indicated very differently. Claire narrowed her eyes. Liv just threw her hands up in the universal sign of "busted."

"Okay, fine, it kind of sucked. We can work from there though. And you'll be a little bit better every time we try. Trust me on that one."

Tess contacted Harry with the intention of leading him to take a look at something. Harry was not the only one there. Shado tagged along, with Sara.

"If you one into one of those meteor mutants, you're going to need some backup," Sara said. "And I know, you can handle yourself. But, if you had some backup, you could handle yourself a little bit better."

Harry did not necessarily disagree with them at all. Sara and Shado stuck shoulder to shoulder with Harry as they made their way to the meeting point. Tess waited for them. The businesswoman dressed in an overcoat and a pair of sunglasses to disguise herself. He could tell something was up, by her demeanor and the fact she held a key card belonging to someone who was not Tess Mercer.

"You won't even want to know what kind of strings I had to pull to get us into this place," Tess said.

"Is this the kind of place which is off limits for visitors?" Harry asked her.
A long moment passed where Tess offered both a sigh and a nod. This was a location which was most certainly off of the map. She escorted Harry, Sara, and Shadow into the base. She put the keycard.

"There were a lot of meteor rocks which had to be collected after the meteor shower. I'm sure you realize that even after that kind of fallout, there was going to be some which were going to slip through the cracks and cause problems."

"And that problem is HIVE," Sara said.

Tess escorted the trio past the security check point. So far, so good, and so far, no one who would cause them trouble walked around. Tess thought that was the main thing to worry about. One wrong move could mean the difference between achieving success and failure.

"We've got past the easy part. The vault awaits."

Harry only imagined what awaited in the vault. Shado and Sara looked behind their shoulders and then looked forward to a second. Nothing came around them. They were good to go.

Tess opened up the vault. She stepped inside and punched in an access code. A contact lens came out of Tess's pocket and she pushed into a retinal scanner.

"You can get past any sophisticated technology," Tess said. "You just have to have the right equipment to get through the cracks."

Harry found it very impressive, to be honest. They stepped past the vault. Several multicolored glows filled the vault and obscured their vision. Harry, Sara, Tess, and Shado adjusted their vision and moved towards several rows of green rocks, red rocks, and some other assortments of rocks. The red and green rocks amounted about eighty percent of the contents of this vault.

He stepped up towards the green rock and placed it into the palm of the hand without any pause. The trace amounts of radiation could be felt.

"I wouldn't recommend being in this vault for any more than two or three hours," Harry said. "Constant exposure to the radiation is going to cause some issues as well. I don't think it's the green rocks unless there's some other variable there as well."

The closer Harry stepped to the red rocks, he could feel the drive to take any and all of these women in this vault become stronger. Sara, Shado, and Tess, they all demanded to be taken. The flare of the red rock hit Sara. She stepped closer towards him and started to undo Harry's pants before Tess grabbed Sara.

"Okay, these ramp up a person's sex drive," Sara said. "Or at least they ramp up a person's sex drive when they are in proximity to Harry."

Shado could not necessarily blame Sara for feeling the lust when being near Harry. It took every single fiber of her being not to jump him as well. Tess turned herself away from Harry and looked at the ground. Harry took a couple of deep breaths. The medallion clutched into his chest and the shield around him caused all of them to get their heads together.

"Green ones have high levels of radiation and no effect," Tess said. "The red ones cause Harry's pheromones to go high and everyone to get as horny as fuck. The gold piece isn't really causing any problems, is it?"

Harry scooped up the gold piece in the palm of his hand and studied it for a second. A few test
spells performed on the edge of the stone gave Harry a good idea of the chemical composition of the stone.

"This can cause energy from someone of the same origin," Harry said. "Or even the potentially permanent loss of a person's power."

It went without saying that they needed to get this gold piece of space rock out of the facility. Harry put it in his pocket and replaced it with a harmless yellow rock to ensure that it would not be missed.

"I have an idea," Tess said. "It might be a shot in the dark, but maybe they combined the green and red rocks to create a synthetic rock?"

Harry took a moment to consider Tess's words. The idea was very promising, to be honest. Could some form of synthetic rock have been created?

"I think it's time for us to take a trip to Star Labs."

They all could agree to do that. Sara's cell phone came off. Harry leaned in towards her and raised an eyebrow.

"See you in a bit," Sara said. "I'm sure it's nothing….but Laurel insists that I swing by. I'll let you know after I'm done…go on without me."

The two kissed each other. They still felt some heat from the Red Kryptonite flowing in between their bodies before parting away from each other. Harry grabbed Shado and Tess around the hands after Sara departed. The three of them left the inside of the vault.

Tess figured they should have teleported into the vault at the first place, but she supposed there could be some concerns. Plus, it added another layer of excitement to sneak into the vault.

Caitlin Snow read the latest news about Atlantis being taken back. She had been very pleased Star Labs played no small role in helping take back the country. Now, she had to focus on a lot more work, even though Caitlin still thought about that part of the adventure. A certain green-eyed young man kept flashing into Caitlin's mind. She daydreamed just a minute before pulling back into reality.

'No, stop it,' Caitlin thought. 'You shouldn't be distracted. That's gotten you into trouble way too many times.'

The brunette scientist looked up to see a figure stepping around the corner. A bright smile passed over her face. Caitlin's cure for tedious boredom had arrived. She moved around the corner.

"Harry," Caitlin said.

"Hello, Caitlin," Harry said.

"And Tess and Shado," Caitlin said, after all, it would be rude not to acknowledge the other members of the party as well. "It's nice to see you all."

"Nice to see you again, Doctor Snow," Tess said. "You've been working hard, haven't you?"

Caitlin broke out into one of the more amused smiles possible. There had been a part of her which looked very pained. Tess, Shado, and Harry moved with her into the lab. A cup of coffee had been
poured between both them. Caitlin would not have said no to something stronger right now. Unfortunately, though, the something stronger would have been bad given how she was trying to be professional and at work.

"The Particle Accelerator is about ready to launch in the next year, year and a half," Caitlin said. "Wells is working us around the clock. He's actually out of town now talking to investors and trying to make sure they don't end up pulling the funding through being too impatient."

Caitlin had some high hopes for that particular experiment as did all of the people in Star Labs.

"I actually have to ask your opinion on something, "Tess said. "Just a scientific curiosity."

A frown passed over Caitlin's face. She could really tell there was something world-changing going on between these three, and all of Harry's other companions. She kept her full attention on the three before her. Caitlin took another drink from the cup of coffee and frowned when looking at them.

"What do you want to ask me about?" Caitlin asked.

Harry pulled out a piece of paper with a few numbers written on it. He tapped the paper a few times and a flash of green light popped into the picture. Caitlin's eyes widened when she looked at the pieces of paper.

"How much do you know about the meteor shower in Smallville?" Harry asked.

"A little bit here and here," Caitlin admitted with a shrug of her shoulders. "There are a lot of rumors that those meteors infected a lot of people, killed much more, and gave a select few of them powers."

"And some of those powers have the way to manipulate powers," Harry said. "I want to see if this combination of these two rocks can swipe the powers from someone."

Caitlin spent some time intently studying the chemical composition possible. Tess lifted up a wooden case and put it on the desk. The rocks inside of the case rattled against them. A few red rocks and a few green rocks could be seen in the case.

"You want me to mix two space rocks together to try and see what they make?" Caitlin asked.

"I'm sure you're up for the challenge," Tess said. "And I know that Star Labs has the facilities to make it work."

Caitlin did not necessarily argue with these points. To be perfectly honest, she was very curious to see how this experiment would go. She thought it could blow up in their faces. Harry put a hand on Caitlin's shoulder and steered her back.

"I don't know much about science, but I know you're good enough to pull it off."

Having confidence from Harry Potter made Caitlin more intent to see what could be done.

"Okay, let's do this."

Damien Darhk stepped down the hallway. He came very close to achieving something great. One of the HIVE soldiers stepped behind him and told him a very interesting thing.

"Did you know that the Dragon fell to one of our soldiers?" the soldier asked Darhk.
Darhk would have been lying if he was anything other than very interested. He took a long drink 
from the bottle of water left on the table.

"Do you know what we've done?"

The answer just had come in the form of a very obvious shrug. Darhk could not be surprised. He 
talked to a soldier and not a scientist. Darhk took another long drink from the water bottle.

"We're keeping him secured just in case we need protection."

Darhk gave approximately half of his attention. A loud scream came from beneath the dungeon. 
The screams grew in volume the next two times and dropped in volume the next time. Darhk broke 
out into a smile.

"I think our guest is getting accommodated."

The screams escalated one more time until it finished. The man down in the basement beneath 
them blacked out. Darhk finally got his hands on this college professor who had information of the 
location of the second stone and potentially the third stone. The only problem screwing up the 
plans boiled down to the Professor not wanting to say a single word. Darhk swept down the 
hallway.

"Nothing?"

The two HIVE thugs came up from the basement. They stopped directly in front of Darhk and 
responded by shaking their heads. Darhk drew in his breath and ascended the steps to see the man 
on the floor. Scratches scarred the man's face. Blood stained the side of his face. They failed to cut 
deep enough. Darhk walked in and held the man around the chin.

"He's a strong one to break. But, I'm sure you can break him."

Deacon Blackfire hovered behind Darhk's shoulder. The other men in the room did not react to 
Darhk's presence. Their lack of relaxation proved one crystal clear point to him. Darhk turned 
around face the image.

"You're not here."

"Oh, I'm always here," Blackfire said with a dry chuckle coming from his throat. "It's just if I need 
to be seen. And you need both salvation and guidance by brother."

The HIVE representative stepped towards him. A deep breath coursed through his body. Lungs 
burned from the pressure of walking into the picture. Darhk reached in and touched the side of the 
wall.

"Look at me."

The eyes of the professor stared at him. No sound came out of his mouth. Darhk retracted a blade 
out of his sleeve and pointed it at the neck of the horrified young man. A gurgling sound came out 
of his mouth.

Darhk reached into his belt and pulled out a bottle of water. He dropped three drops of the green 
water to jolt the poor college professor back to life. The college professor squirmed underneath the 
water after it had been splashed in his face. Horror spread over his face when he stared at the 
demonic individual before him.
"Please," the college professor whispered. "No more. No more, anything...no more."

"I'm afraid I can't let up on you," Darhk said. "Look at me. Just look me in the eye. Tell me everything that I want to know, and I'll let you go free."

Skepticism came over the eyes of the college professor.

"The stones, I want to know where they are," Darhk said. "I'll allow you a quick death. Trust me."

The college professor did not trust the hideous glare of the man next to him. He opened his mouth one more time to try and scream out in pain. The scream fell back into his throat. Burning began to describe the feeling of this man hooked against the wall.

"I can't...I won't," he said.

"You will and you can," Darhk said. "Just tell me. Because it will be very painful for you to be alive."

A white hot knife stabbed into the college professor's thigh.

"Luthor!" he screamed out loud.

The word screamed from the man resulted in Darhk pulling away from his knife from the man. He slumped against the wall breathing heavily from the impact.

"Luthor?" Darhk asked.

The man answered with a nod, with more blood pouring down the wounds which had been created. Darhk treated him just enough to keep the man alive. He allowed the pain to continue to flow through his body.

"Yes, Lionel Luthor...he's the one who you want talk to...he's got people on the outside...he's making plans to acquire the other two stones. I don't know which one he has."

"And you've been talking to a convict."

Darhk's accusing voice was very mocking when he spoke to the young man leaning against the wall. Blood smeared the wall with Darhk's hand wrapped around his neck and pushing him against the wall.

"You're going to tell me everything. Time is running out. Tell me everything or else."

Terror paralyzed the man. The thought of what more this sadistic human being could do to him was a very terrifying and very somber experience. Darhk's eyes gazed into the man's and the first hints of rotting flesh filled the air. It was a very disgusting smell which tormented the man pushed against the wall.

"You're going to be a very helpful young man if you don't do anything foolish."

Caitlin's attempts to combine the two very similar series of rocks had been unprecedented. She turned towards Harry for a half of a second and frowned.

"For the record, I think you're completely insane."

"You won't be the first person to tell me that," Harry said.
"The radiation could kill you if it's configured wrong," Caitlin said.

"It won't. I have complete faith in you."

Boy, nothing like having pressure put on her. Caitlin pushed the button to open the doors. Harry stepped in despite her better judgment. Caitlin took pretty much every failsafe possible to ensure that there were no problems. The glowing light blinded everyone in the room.

"Get out of there if you start feeling bad," Caitlin said. "How are you feeling?"

"Actually, I feel like I'm getting a burst of energy."

Tess blinked in surprise. Harry having a burst of energy was the exact obvious of what she thought was going to happen. She turned towards Shado and towards Caitlin.

"Maybe there's something else we're forgetting," Caitlin said. "Are you sure you wrote these notes down right?"

"Yes, I double checked them," Harry said.

Caitlin looked towards the notes to make sure they were all in order. She became of the opinion there was pretty much no way it could have been wrong. Harry stood there strong and tall as ever before.

"You should step out of the room now."

"He'll be fine," Tess said. "He is a god. Have you ever worshipped a god, Doctor Snow?"

This statement caught Caitlin completely and utterly off guard as did Tess's hand cupped her cheek. Alarm bells started to ring in Caitlin's head. The synthetic Kryptonite had some effect on Tess. And Caitlin as well gave her cheeks burned.

"There's something wrong."

Caitlin closed her eyes and tried to get her thoughts in order. The thoughts of dropping down to her knees and worshipping Harry brought Caitlin into a stupor. She shook her head on a constant basis. Her dry mouth could not really get out any words.

Tess kissed Caitlin on the lips. This did not help Caitlin focus. No, it did the exact opposite. Her tongue pressed against Tess's. Their hands grabbed each other.

The door opened with Harry coming out to the sight of one lovely redhead and one beautiful brunette kissing on each other. He could feel the pull to come join them as well.

Shado stripped off her clothes already and walked over towards Harry. She put a hand on his forehead and pulled it back with a mock surprised gasp.

"We should get you out of those clothes before you get overheated. Maybe it affected you all."

Tess and Caitlin joined Shado in ripping off Harry's clothes.

"The combined Kryptonite enhanced my pheromones, only it's much stronger than what affected Sara and me with the Red Kryptonite in the vault," Harry said.

Both girls kissed Harry very hungrily while Shado made quick work of Harry's pants. Caitlin and Tess broke away from Harry just enough to be in a position to tear each other's clothes.
"I'm still burning up," Caitlin said.

"Oh, you're hot alright," Tess said.

The redhead had plenty of experience in kissing women. She gave Caitlin a passionate lip lock. Caitlin returned the kiss with just as much fever as possible. Her nails dug into the back of Tess's neck with their lips smacking together.

Shado decided to spend some time alone with Harry. She dropped down in perfect position and went in for the kill.

Those warm lips surrounded Harry's hard cock head. Shado worshipped every single inch of Harry's cock head. Her warm tongue caressed Harry's hard cock and then swirled around him. Shado pulled back and then licked from the base of his cock. Shado reached between his legs and stroked his balls.

"You should come over here and help."

Tess did not need to be asked twice. She pulled away from the kiss from Caitlin which caused the scientist to whine. Shado moved over, still planting kisses on Harry's inner thigh. Tess dropped down to her knee and grabbed Harry's hard cock. She stroked him before pushing his hard cock into her mouth. Tess took a very warm suck of his cock into her mouth.

"Fucking hell!" Harry groaned.

A loud smack of her lips showed how much Tess craved Harry's cock. She worshipped every single inch of his thick prick with her mouth while also fondling his balls.

Caitlin's look of lust was something which could not be beaten. She moved over and pressed her chest against Harry's muscular chest and kissed him. Harry felt up Caitlin's body in all of its warmth.

Tess pulled away from Harry's hard prick. She crawled onto her knees and grabbed Shado before kissing her. Both lovers intertwined together with a very passionate and warm kiss. Shado nibbled on Tess's lips and tried to make her way inside.

"Your turn," Harry whispered in Caitlin's ear.

Excitement reached Caitlin as she dropped down to her knees. She took Harry's cock into her mouth and sucked on it while also cradling his big balls. Caitlin drew her warm lips around the base of Harry's cock and then pulled out to pay attention to the head. She stroked the base with her lips smacking and releasing his cock. Caitlin's hunger could not have been defeated by any means whatsoever.

"Caitlin," Harry groaned. "Oh, that feels really good."

Caitlin did not even back down for a second. Shado and Tess moved over and fondled Harry's balls. The combination assault of the three of them made Harry feel amazing. Caitlin sucked Harry's cock, Tess took his right ball, and Shado took his left ball. All three of them combined made him feel good. Then to top it all off, they all met in the middle and made sweet love to Harry's cock head with their mouth. They kissed and licked hi.

The first few blasts of cum fired into Caitlin's mouth. Caitlin took a full load without any complaints. Harry held onto the back of the head to fire into her mouth as the three vixens kept
sucking on him, kept worshiping every inch of his throbbing manhood.

Caitlin smiled and turned around to meet Shado with a kiss. She shared the wealth. Harry's cock hardened instantly at the sight. Tess sprang up and wrapped her legs around Harry. Her heated slit ground up and down on Harry's very hard cock. Her warm lips took as much of Harry's hard cock into her as possible.

"YES!"

Tess impaled herself down onto Harry's hard rod without any shame whatsoever. The lust dancing through her eyes flowed through her body when rising and dropping down on his throbbing hard cock. Her perfect legs wrapped around Harry when she rode Harry pretty much as he stood. He grabbed Tess's juicy ass to steady her.

Every inch of Tess's body pushed up against him. Harry moved to the table which thankfully had been mostly cleared off. He cupped Tess's chest and squeezed those two perfect breasts. Harry dug his mouth around her right nipple and sucked it. Tess threw her head back.

Caitlin and Shado kissed each other some more and felt up each other's warm bodies. Shado now prepared herself to have some fun. She swept Caitlin up against the edge of a filing cabinet and spread her legs.

"You like what I'm doing to your body," Shado said. "It's only getting prepared for your new master."

Shado's warm fingers caressed Caitlin's sex. She craved every single touch Shado could give her. Shado worked herself deep into Caitlin's body and her cunt squeezed around her.

Suddenly, Shado pulled out and spun Caitlin around. Their hard nipples rubbed together the second they kissed each other. Fire spread between both sides with their hair being grabbed. Shado and Caitlin worked against each other.

Tess arched back and took more of Harry's engorged prick into her slick center. She smacked her thighs down onto Harry. She enveloped Harry deep inside and squeezed him.

"Oh, you feel so good," Harry said.

She wanted to make him feel really good, as good as he was feeling her. Tess wrapped her legs around his body and worked over his cock with her slick, warm vaginal muscles. Every rise and every drop took more of Harry's big throbbing cock inside of her.

Loud sounds of lust behind them only made Tess ride Harry even more. Shado shoved her fingers deep into Caitlin's cunt and masturbated her into submission. Tess worked her warm legs against Harry. His mouth sucked her breasts and made the redhead explode into lust.

Every last inch of Tess's perfect body worked Harry completely over. She drove down onto his big cock and stretched her cunt around it. Warm drops of cum coated Harry's prick. She pushed up from him and drove down hard onto Harry's massive cock.

"I want more," Tess breathed hotly in his ear. "Give me more."

Harry drove his big cock into Tess's tugging quim. His balls ached and were ready for release. He felt Tess working over his cock. Her nails dug into his shoulder when bouncing up and down.

Something really soon had to give. Caitlin and Shado moved their lustful romp over next to them.
Harry channeled his sexual energy through their pussies and caused them to have one of the most powerful orgasms ever known to man. Harry grabbed Tess and drove her down onto him.

Tess tightened her warm womanhood around his prick. The Sorcerer touched all of the places which made Tess just burn up with the lust she felt for him. Harry drove his big cock inside of her all of the ways. She pulled almost all the way up and then out.

His balls gave way for Tess received one of the most mind-shattering orgasms ever. Harry cupped Tess's perfect ass and rammed his cock into her. The two lovers met together with Harry tensing up and sending a very warm discharge into her.

Harry painted Tess's walls white with his milky discharge. It was more prominent and thicker than ever before. Tess dropped down to the base of Harry's cock and stretched her warm walls down around him. She ground up and down on Harry to pull more around him.

"Fuck," Tess said. "Fuck."

She finished riding him. Harry's big cock pulled out of her and Tess had to drop onto the chair at the latest sexual aftermath.

"She's ready."

Shado finished kissing Caitlin's pussy one last time. The brilliant brunette had her thighs spread and ready to go. Harry warmed over and pressed his warm body all over Caitlin's.

"Oh, your cock is hard already," Caitlin said. "You fucking stud, I just might keep you."

"Most might," Harry said teasing Caitlin with several warm caresses and grinding his big cock against her entrance.

Caitlin spread her legs out and breathed heavily. She had been more than ready to receive Harry's thick iron pole into her tight pussy. She grabbed onto his back with her legs spreading.

"Please, fuck me!" Caitlin yelled.

Harry aimed his cock towards his latest lover. Harry drove his big cock inside of Caitlin's warm pussy. Her tightness enveloped Harry on all ends. His big cock entered her wet pussy with Harry almost pulling out of her and then driving deep inside of her body.

Caitlin thought she had died and gone to some kind of good place which she was given the pleasure she demanded. Harry drove deep into her body and spread out. She only just could look up to see Shado's perfectly tight and wet pussy hovering inches above her face. The stars Caitlin saw from Harry bringing his hard cock into her negated her feeling from that. His throbbing balls smacked against her thighs the deeper Harry went inside.

Shado lowered herself down onto Caitlin's face. The warm juices trickled into the mouth of the very eager and talented brunette scientist. Shado licked Caitlin's perfect pussy, taking more juices into her mouth. The hunger Shado felt could not be stopped by any means.

Twelve inches of big throbbing cock compliments of Harry drove into Caitlin's quim. He pulled her up off of the table and then set her back down. Her warm juices caressed his cock and only made Harry want to drive further inside of her perfect body.

Everywhere, Harry's hands went. Caitlin thought she would pass out from an overdose of pleasure the deeper Harry drove himself into her.
"She's talented with her mouth," Shado said. "I'm sure you'll enjoy the fruits of her labor even more before this is all said and done."

Harry knew this would not be a one-time event. He kept burying himself into Caitlin's warm depths and then pulled out of her. The throbbing length touched Caitlin all over her inside. He stretched her out without leaving any room whatsoever left in her. He rose up and drove down with a very hard thrust.

Shado rose up from Caitlin's mouth to allow her screams to come out.

"YES!" Caitlin screamed.

He buried as much cock as possible inside of her tight body. Shado bounced up and down on Caitlin's face. Harry watched as Shado's perfect hair lovingly caressed her own face. Those two dark eyes, burning with lust came into position in front of Harry.

Harry worked Caitlin to multiple orgasms. Each of them more impressive than the last. His balls ached with need, but he needed to drive into her even more. He needed to take as much of Caitlin's juicy pussy as possible. He really needed to feel her warm caressing against his big throbbing cock.

Caitlin took everything Harry could give her like a champ. Twelve inches buried their way into her tight body. Harry pulled almost all the way out and drove deep inside of her. She came repeatedly and often. The heat in her body slowly faded as Harry indulged her.

"She's backed up even before being exposed," Harry said.

"Well, she won't want to get this up again," Shado said.

"I don't think she would."

Tess masturbated on the chair. Her pussy ached from Harry hammering it earlier, yet she could not get enough of watching it drive into Caitlin's snug pussy. It was like a drug she could not quit.

A grunt coming from Harry meant the end had been near. He fired his load deep inside of Caitlin's warm pussy. He pushed in and smacked into Caitlin as hard as humanly possible. Caitlin clamped down onto him and milked every single inch.

Release the likes of which Caitlin never felt came into her body. Harry spilled his seed deep inside of her body. She felt very pleased with the results of what happened.

Shado crawled across Caitlin's body the second she pulled out. Harry positioned himself elsewhere on the desk. Shado rubbed her ass and groin against Harry. Harry cupped Shado's warm sex and then moved down to caress her ass. His flesh rod stood at attention against Shado's warm and very inviting hole. His massive throbbing cock came very close to her warm hole.

"Fuck."

Those breath came from Shado. Harry positioned himself at her back entrance and slid himself cock first into her tight ass. Shado grabbed Harry, biting down on her lip when she did so. Harry was now all the way inside of her ass.

The firm tightness of Shado's ass around Harry caused a groan. He could feel the inside of her well-toned ass. Harry pushed his cock deep into the woman's perfectly warm back hole. He pulled out completely and drove deep inside of her.
"Take my ass!" Shado begged him. "Fuck it hard!"

The two of them moved together. A second cock appeared in thin-air thanks to the medallion, the only thing Harry wore on his nude, sweaty, muscular body. The second hard light construct of a cock entered Shado's pussy. Harry felt both holes as he fucked them without any hesitation whatsoever.

"Yes," Harry groaned.

He needed to take her ass and pussy with vigor. The wizard felt a built up. Shado was already cumming from the double-penetration and the overall stimulation of her body. It only made Harry drive deeper inside of Shado on both sides.

Sweating it out for all of them seemed to be the best. Harry only felt his normal libido, which to be fair, was very strong, to be honest. Harry thick rod pushed deep inside of her warm asshole. Every inch of it caressed Harry the further he pushed inside.

Shado's body shook with every last action. Harry worked her over at both holes. His cum building up for the fourth time tonight, just ready to see Shado. After the fun she had with both other women, Shado was more than ready to get her fair share tonight.

She had been with Harry longer than both of them and had not gotten as many chances at him as he would have liked. Harry pushed his massive cock deep inside of Shado, both of them.

Something had to give and Harry was going to give Shado a huge load of cum inside of both of her perfectly tight holes. He groaned and started to jerk up. His balls released their bounty into Shado's tight ass and warm pussy.

Shado threw herself down onto Harry and took as much cock as possible in both of her holes. She felt so good at of having Harry drive into her as hard as possible.

The combination just made Shado fell beyond good. Harry pulled out of her warm ass and pussy. His construct disappeared and he made a mess on his cock.

A mess Tess and Caitlin eagerly helped clean up with Caitlin taking his balls and Tess preparing to lavish more worship on his cock.

The lust the four shared was not completely gone.

'And now I'm pissed I didn't make the trip to Central City,' Sara thought.

'I'll make it up to you later,' Harry said.

'Good.'

Also good was the cock sucking and implied fucking. It was a good thing Star Labs was a skeleton crew today and Wells was out of town.

Not that any of their libidos cared.

To Be Continued on September 24th, 2017.
Mastermind

So after this chapter is over, I have some news regarding my future in writing Harry Potter based stories, which you might want to stick around for.

Chapter 61: Mastermind.

Caitlin Snow broke into a wide ear to ear grin despite herself. She could not help, but feel pretty pleased after today's events. She never felt this good in a very long time. Caitlin's entire body sang from the pleasure of her encounter with Harry and it would be a very long time before she would have been able to feel anything this good.

Despite the fact Caitlin felt beyond good, there were a couple of things which stirred up in her mind. She shifted against Harry's shoulder. The powerful man wrapped an arm around Caitlin and held her in close to him which made Caitlin feel a bit more content than she might have been otherwise. She could not feel too content, not with her mind going about a million miles a minute with different various possibilities. Caitlin's lips curled against each other with the frown being more prominent.

"You know, that was nice."

Harry raised an eyebrow at Caitlin's very blasé declaration. The scientist answered with a very evident sigh and turned to Harry with a very warm smile.

"Okay, that was more than nice," Caitlin said. "No matter how nice you made me feel, it still did not answer the underlying question of what went wrong and what caused you so weak."

Tess pulled herself off of the ground. She sobered herself up with a couple of sighs and pushed her hair out of her face. "I would have to agree. There's something missing in the experiment. I don't know what it might be, but there's something missing."

Caitlin did not dare get close to those rocks. She still felt some tingles and entered a state where she might as well have been on a hair trigger. She crossed the room while laying a hand down on the table with a couple of deep breaths coming from her.

"There has to be something we're missing," Caitlin said. "Because, no matter how pleasant that encounter was, it was also not the thing we relooking for, was it?"

"Unfortunately, not," Harry said to her. "He compromised my ability to perform and I think you could agree, that did not compromise anything with my ability to perform."

Caitlin cracked into a brief smile. She could not argue. Harry stood up and had been completely dressed. The feeling of lust dancing in his eyes had been eliminated or at least tempered enough. Caitlin tried to figure out what to do with the intense concoction of red and green Kryptonite she created in the next room. She might have had to dispose of it, if push did in fact come to shove.

"There's something missing," Caitlin repeated.

Harry leaned closer towards the scientist with a teasing smile dancing in his face. "I thought we already established there was something missing."
The one single variable they could not isolate would haunt Caitlin Snow from right now until the moment she could figure it out. She drew out the papers and took a couple of long looks at the calculations. Her scientific mind drew the conclusion everything should have worked because everything made way too much sense. She could not argue with the results on that piece of people in front of her.

"I'm missing something," Caitlin commented. "I'm missing something big."

"Yes, you are," Harry said. "Maybe the person needed to have the right…what did you call it earlier?"


Shado pulled herself up to standing position and craned back. Today had been very nice and to be honest, something she felt to be long overdue. The dark-haired woman brushed strands of hair away from her face while she leaned up against the wall.

"Some kind of meta-human ability to drain away mystic energy is being used," Shado said. "And we're going to have to find out what it is."

Caitlin bit down on her lip. If there was one thing she hated, was having loose ends. She needed to find out what the hell was going on and soon.

"They're going to know that this is causing me problems," Harry said. "They're not ignorant. He's not ignorant at the very least."

He also should have been dead, but that was way beside the point. Harry did not want to worry about the potential death of Damien Darhk right about now. He wanted to focus on what he was going to do next as a living human being. He looked towards Caitlin who stared down at the notes one more time.

"I'm going to need something," Caitlin said. "I'm going to need a replication of the same situation… the meteor is just one part. He must have been experimented on by something."

Harry closed his eyes. Caitlin wondered what he was doing. Tess opened her mouth and was about ready to say something. Shado grabbed both of their shoulders and pulled both of them backward. She leaned into their ears and spoke in a soft tone of voice.

"Don't. It's better off that you just let him run his course. Trust me when I say it's going to be better when he just does what he needs to do."

The trio of women nodded with each other. Caitlin's burning scientific curiosity reached a fever pitch. Harry's eyes snapped open. He motioned for the pen and paper on the desk. Caitlin handed it to him. Harry scrawled several scientific calculations down. Formulas which Caitlin had trouble understanding, even though someone of her intelligence should have no trouble in doing so.

"That's the best we have to work with," Harry said. "Let's see what you can make of this."

Harry put the document down on the table in front of Caitlin. She had something to work with and it was a start, at least for right now. It was something they could build on.

Isobel grew progressively annoyed the more Rose stared at her from across the room. The witch decided to let the younger girl have it after a constant amount of time had passed with this staring.
"It's almost like you don't trust me."

Rose lifted a single hand up against Isobel's face. "I don't trust you. You lost Sara's trust as well after the stunt that you pulled. And Harry wants me to keep an eye on you. You could have been killed."

The unspoken statement that Isobel would have also gotten Harry potentially killed rear its ugly head. She looked across the table with a very evident frown. It was not her intention to cause too much trouble to be perfectly honest. It was just the fact trouble was bound to happen. Her single minded-obsession almost cost them big time.

"You really don't trust me," Isobel said.

The question had been repeated once more. Rose just took a moment to smile and finger the knife sticking up against the table. Her gaze locked onto Isobel's from about halfway across the table.

"No, it's more that I don't trust you," Rose said. "I simply don't like you at all. And I think you're nothing other than a spoiled entitled brat who is upset she didn't get her way. And you were foolish to trust that woman all those years ago."

"Just like you were foolish to let your guard down from your father."

It was a good idea Harry told Rose not to attack Isobel, because she would have gutted the smug bitch in a blink of an eye had she been able to get away with it. Rose closed her eyes and mentally summoned pretty much all of the strength possible to deal with this particular woman.

"I'm glad I've come back to this."

Harry appeared in the doorway with a smile. He moved over from Rose to Isobel and then to Hailey, who had been sitting across from them. She held a necklaces belonging to the wicked woman in question they intended to hunt down. She leaned up with a very obvious smile etched upon her face

"I'm sorry, I haven't had any luck yet," she said with a deep sigh.

"It's fine," Harry said.

"No, it's really not."

Harry's gaze of power came onto Isobel. She clamped her mouth shut the second Harry stared her down. No one held a gaze this powerful which could cause many women to fall completely into line. Harry showed Isobel who was in control.

"You are allowed to be here," Harry said. "As is Rose and as is Hailey, and I want the three of you let me know the minute you get a flicker of Genevieve. I need to know so I can get to her and I'll deal with her."

Isobel crossed her legs and stared up at Harry with the tiniest of smiles etched upon her face. She tried not to press her luck too much because she knew it could get her into trouble. Still, she felt like in the interest of fairness, her master deserved at the very least a warning.

"The Deacon is the one who is pulling the strings," Isobel said. "You understand that, right? He's pulling all of the strings with Darhk and with everyone else. He's manipulating everyone."

"I'm clear and I understand," Harry said.
"I told you he understands a lot," Rose said. "And he understands how you think as well."

"I don't suppose either of you have gotten a hint of her," Isobel said.

Rose responded with a shake of her head. She looked very flustered, and hoped to contribute more. Rose failed to consciously tap into her sensitivity to her psychic vibrations. They came suddenly and left even sooner. Rose bit down on her lip and drew in a very obvious breath.

"We haven't had a hint of her, yet," Hailey confirmed. "And would it help to say I don't like this? I don't like just sitting in the dark waiting for something to happen."

Harry fired a sympathetic smile at the younger girl. "I know. I know. I know how your sister was, and how she hated when things were out of her control."

"That's not technically my sister," Hailey said. "But, thank you for trying to make me feeling better."

Harry smiled, sometimes it escaped him he was currently standing in an alternate universe. He knew there were a couple of pieces in the puzzle which they needed to fit into place. He enjoyed the thought of having to solve a mystery. Still, he would have thought something would have broken just a bit sooner.

"You don't want to get too frustrated," Nyssa said. "Frustration opens up opportunities for your opponent to exploit."

Case in point, Claire threw too much energy behind her punch. Nyssa blocked the punch and turned Claire around. The exploit made Claire's knees sink forward with Nyssa pushing her down to the ground. Claire drew her breath and Nyssa allowed her to break free.

"Attack, again!"

Claire jumped into the air and Nyssa dodged her attacks with precision. Nyssa caught Claire's arm and Claire broke free before doing a forward roll. Nyssa feigned a palm strike which caused Claire to duck her head. The Daughter of the Demon grabbed Claire in a front headlock.

"No matter how strong or how skilled an enemy is, they aren't anything when they don't have oxygen to bring into their lungs."

Claire was feeling that fact as Nyssa applied more pressure onto the side of her neck. She almost faded from this position, struggling to take breaths. Nyssa held her arm and neck out before breaking the maneuver. Claire staggered about an inch and dropped down on the ground.

"Do you understand the point I'm trying to make?" Nyssa asked her.

"Yes," Claire managed, rubbing the side of her neck.

"Good, and one more time for good measure."

Claire flipped up behind Nyssa and landed with a thud. She took Nyssa's ankles from underneath her and flipped her down onto the ground. The Daughter of the Demon scooted back just in time to
see the Last Daughter of Krypton grab her and pin her to the ground. Claire used a leverage move which Nyssa found a way to counter.

"You're improving."

Liv stepped into the barn. Nyssa almost hurled a knife at her but stopped.

"You should announce yourself before you come by," Nyssa said.

"Yeah, I figured as much," Liv said. "But… just stopping by to see if you're okay."

"I repaired the window if that's what you meant."

Liv cracked a smile. That was not exactly what she meant. Still, she was glad Claire seemed to be in pretty good spirits. Nyssa decided to excuse herself.

"So, anything else on your crusade?" Claire asked.

Liv opened her mouth and stopped when she noticed a very familiar face stepping down the pathway. She would recognize that bald head pretty much anywhere. Liv took in a deep breath and tried to calm herself down.

"Well, Olivia Queen. Interesting to see you at the Kent Farm House, and I'm surprised. It is refreshing to see the rumors of your demise were greatly exaggerated."

Lex Luthor, and boy Liv's skin crawled at his very presence. She took in a few moments to draw in a deep breath.

"Lex Luthor," Liv said. "Surprising to see you here… didn't think you would come down from your ivory tower enough, and it's unfortunate to say the rumors your demise never even started and if they did, they never had been completely accurate."

Far from being rattled, Lex answered with a very evident chuckle. He looked from Claire to Liv.

"It appears three years away has not changed you, Olivia," Lex said. "And I wouldn't talk about standing in someone's ivory tower given the smug attitude you've had. And at least I didn't have my mother buy my way out of trouble when she tried to have one of her Freshmen classmates almost locked out in the cold."

"You still believe that old rumor?" Liv asked.

"You and your faithful sidekick, Merlyn," Lex said. "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Then again, Malcolm and Lionel, they would get along if they weren't trying to cut each other's throats to better their business."

"Did I come at a bad time?"

Lex turned around and had been surprised to the gentlemen who appeared. The medallion around his neck surprised Lex even more and raised numerous questions.

"I'm afraid we haven't had the privilege to me…"

"Harry Potter."

"Ah, are you any relation to those twins who run Horizon Incorporated?" Lex asked.
"Perhaps," Harry said. "I have a big family tree…so what brings you to Smallville, Mr. Luthor?"

Lex did not even blink at the fact Harry knew his name. On the contrary, he stood before a man who did his homework. Lex had to appreciate it.

"I've come here to visit an old friend," Lex said. "I had no idea I would come across two of them on today's trip."

Liv's arms crossed over her face and the scowl pretty much indicated her relationship with Lex was the complete opposite of being friends. Her dangerous eyes locked onto those of Lex's.

Harry put a hand on her shoulder. If he knew Liv's body language right, she would have put an arrow through Lex at the first possible opportunity. He wanted to avoid that strife as much as possible.

"My father, despite being imprisoned, is up to something," Lex said.

"Well, I would be checking for a pulse if your father wasn't up to something," Liv said.

"Cute, you haven't changed," Lex said. "Well, just keep your eyes open. And it was an honor meeting you."

Lex offered a handshake and Harry took it. He attempted to overwhelm Harry with the firmness of his handshake, but Harry turned the tables. The two broke away from each other. Lex regained his composure and disappeared off into the night.

"You better get that washed," Liv said to him. "And…do you think I can talk to you about something?"

Harry just nodded. Claire took it as her cue to leave.

"I think Ma just finished lunch," Claire said.

Lionel Luthor held himself down on the ground and did some pushups. One could argue it would not be the best idea in the world to strain himself given his rapidly declining condition. Lionel could not help himself. He had to push himself up and down off of the ground. His breath came deeply and hit his lungs. His eyes shut deep with a couple of more breaths coming from him. Lionel rose completely up off of the ground and then came down with another solid move.

"Mr. Luthor."

The guard walking over the cell made Lionel's concentration at his workout loss. He finished with three more sets of pushups before rising to his feet.

"Are the results of my latest medical test back?" Lionel asked.

He took in a deep breath and wiped the sweat off of his face. The guard shook his head.

"Actually, you have a visitor."

This caused Lionel to frown. The only person who stopped by briefly was Lex, and that was to look Lionel in the eye mockingly. Lionel had been close to be proud of his son a couple of times. He just needed that extra nudge to do something great and to be something more than worthy of the Luthor name.
A figure dressed in a black suit with a very worn looking face and white hair. It took Lionel a mere couple of minutes to recognize the figure as he stepped closer to the cell. Lionel understood who he faced off against.

"You, you are one of the last people I expected to see. I'd offer you a seat, but I'm afraid they won't let me have any visitors inside."

Things had been lonely after his cell mate had been stabbed in a scuffle. Lionel hoped he would get well soon because the cell mate had been integral in his plan going forward. Despite his attempts to strengthen his body, it grew in weakness. There would not be too much more time before Lionel collapsed.

"So, you know who I am?" Darhk asked.

"Yes, your name is Damien Darhk," Lionel said. "I've done business with several of your associates, although I have not had the pleasure of meeting you directly."

"Do you know what this is, Mr. Luthor?"

Darhk held up a vial of green water. Lionel locked eye to eye with the vial. Dare he think what he hoped it was? He heard many strange legends over the years and many whispers about an element which could heal the sick and bring the dead back alive. A group of pits with mystical waters with amazing healing properties, but they had been guarded by the legendary and quite feared Ra's al Ghul and his League of Assassins.

There had been many things which Lionel was willing to do in his pursuit of knowledge. Messing with the League of Assassins ranked so low down upon the list it was practically off the page.

"You're going to confirm whether or not I'm right," Lionel said.

Darhk smiled, he held Lionel's interest. The fat juicy worm on the hook reeled Lionel in. Now, he had to make his sale's pitch and dive in for the kill.

"This is an extract from a Lazarus Pit," Darhk said. "It is more than enough to heal you of your ailment."

Lionel raised his eyebrow. He had a lot of questions popping into his mind. The biggest of which was, what did Darhk want?

"A brilliant mind like yours should not rot in prison."

The man pressed against the cell bars. The heat flickering down his body made it look like he was about ready to collapse down from exhaustion. Darhk smiled when looking across the cell at Lionel.

"You don't look so well," Darhk remarked with a smile on his face. "Let me help you."

He did not trust a single word coming out of Damien Darhk's mouth and for good reason.

"Why would you help me?" Lionel asked. "Why would you waste a precious resource which you could use yourself? There must be something you can do with it. Otherwise, you wouldn't have even bothered."

"You're very intelligent," Darhk said. "We can make a deal. You have something HIVE has been searching for. Something you've smuggled in your cell. Your plan is interesting, but it's just
temporary. You can be stronger together with the might of HIVE behind you."

Lionel had no idea whether or not the Lazarus chemical in his hand was legitimate.

"Ponder upon how valuable your life is. And I'll be back if you wish to trade the stone for the cure to your ailment."

Lionel leaned back and dropped down on the cot. A sharp pain rose through his body. Lionel placed his hands on the back of his head.

'Be strong,' Lionel thought. 'You don't need his help.'

"I don't like the fact he's around her. His father was obsessed with controlling the traveler from what I could find out. And Lex…the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. He doesn't…he's an awful person. There was a woman who was found murdered at a night club, the year before I left. All evidence pointed to Lex, but he got off."

"What about what he said about you?" Harry asked.

The two walked around the back of the Kent Farm, where they hoped they would not have been heard. Liv put her hand on her head and sighed.

"That…that was a stupid prank," Liv said. "I regret doing a lot of things in the past. Every time I open my eyes, I think about how my life would have been a better person who didn't have any baggage. It upsets me to think about what might have been."

"Yes," Harry told her. "The past can be upsetting. I know that more than anyone."

"You ever think about what you would have done differently?"

This question made Harry just give Liv one of those once-over looks. Liv took a couple of seconds to stare at him and was about ready to apologize.

"All of the time."

She relaxed, even more so when Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and walked her around the barn. Liv grew more comfortable with Harry, and also a little bit confused. She always had a preference towards girls and it wasn't for any lack of trying due to the men around her trying to find a way into her panties. Even at her most intoxicated and impaired, Liv always cut off those advances. She didn't really find any number of beautiful women to invite their way into their beds.

"And now, I'm worried about my mother," Liv said. "I don't want to think she's involved with all of the shit that's going on in Starling City. It's looking like it though."

"Do you think she's….."

"I think she's working with the wrong people," Liv said. "And I think she might have succumbed to the same greed the Luthors have involving the traveler. She's…well…she's…..I don't know how to explain it."

She took a couple of seconds to consider what was going on.

"Moira's colder," Liv said. "I suppose it has something to do with my mother losing a daughter for three years, and her husband…but their marriage wasn't the fairy tale. I think…..well I think she was sleeping around with Malcolm Merlyn, and I know he was cheating on her…guess your
parents aren't always the most noble of people."

"You learn that your parents are only human," Harry said.

Liv smiled and turned towards Harry. This seemed to be the perfect time to perform a very drastic action. She moved a bit closer to Harry.

"Harry?"

Sara stepped from behind the bar and Liv moved away from Harry.

"I might have found something. Or rather one of Ruve's contacts did."

Liv checked her watch. It had been getting late and the Hood had to check out a couple of warehouses. She might be joined by the Black Canary tonight, but if not, she would go it alone.

"Well, good luck," Liv said. "I better get back to Starling City."

The Queen Heiress stepped back, with Sara greeting her with a smile and a hug which lingered to the point where Liv almost thought Sara was trying to feel her up. She allowed Liv to get on her way.

"Oh, someone's been bitten hard," Sara said.

Truth be told, Harry was going to wait to Liv to come to her terms. Her mind was a mess. Obviously she and Lex did not get along at all and seeing him triggered the heiress greatly. There was a problem with her mother and the crusade on Starling city was taking place as well.

"We'll worry about her later," Harry said. "Tell me what you've found."

To Be Continued on September 28th, 2017.

After mulling it over, within the past couple of months, I've made a decision to scale back my involvement with Harry Potter related fanfiction for a time after this set of stories that are being posted. So, yeah, that set being Ascension, Emerald Flight 2k17, and Stranded being the three stories in general I'm talking about. Calendar Girls and Breeding Ground will still be around in some form or fashion. Calendar Girls obviously being every month, and Breeding Ground being about twice a week, at least until June of 2018.

There's still a fair bit to go. Ascension Book Two is wrapping up on November 4th, 2017, and that universe enters a state of hibernation. I may return to that after a time or I might not. Stranded wraps up, going ninety-seven chapters and finishing up about March. EF2k17 finishes up in April.

I want to say that it's simply because I don't really get as much enjoyment out of Harry Potter as I used to. I don't hate it, but I'm growing rather tired of it and it just doesn't light that creative spark that it used to. And as some people might know if they've been on my blog, Emerald Flight was supposed to be the only time that I was supposed to dip my toe into the Harry Potter fandom. The original one, but I decided to write a couple more projects and a couple more became many more and I just really overstayed my welcome in a fandom that's an extremely charitable third out of the three main ones I'm writing.

That being said, if I get through these Stranded chapters and these EFk17 chapters, I should be wrapping things up on my end before the end of the year. On your end, you'll be seeing chapters at
least until the end of April on both of those ends. Calendar Girls for 2018 is written and ready to go. Breeding Ground for the first half of 2018 should also be written and ready to go. And I'm in the position not be writing anything for Harry Potter anyway, break or not, for a couple of months anyway. Which might help. I don't think it will hurt.

But even if I do ease back into the fandom, there will be dead spots here and there. And I'm really not trying to seem down on things. I never really intended to be known as a Harry Potter writer. I don't really think too much about Harry Potter when I'm not writing the stories he's involved in. Regardless, Calendar Girls is locked in for 2018, because those chapters are already written. Breeding Ground will be in and around, although there might be some small changes, potentially returning to either a once a week or whenever I feel like it schedule, which it really was supposed to. It got hot, so I made an effort to update it twice a week.

So, yeah, things are winding down on the Potter end of things, and at the same time there's still a fair amount of content to be pushed out.
Harry stepped into the meeting room, unsure of what to expect. There should be no worries, yet Harry held them. Ruve had been truly and utterly converted to their side. Harry lacked the probable cause to question her loyalty. The loyalty of others, however, Harry had more of a probable cause to it. He stepped across the room with Ruve dragging out a case.

"It's shielded," Ruve said. "And I don't think you should be directly exposed to it. Even if you become immune to their powers, I wouldn't want to risk it."

Harry looked at the edge of the crystal clear case in astonishment and surprise. He tapped his fingers on the top of it. The Kryptonite parts stuck out from it. Harry noticed other elements, darker than the shining green. They poked up and shimmered with an obscene amount of light. This type of light drove Harry ever so closely to them.

Sara never saw anything like this before. She cast one look back and towards Harry. The surprised glimpse in Harry's eyes made Sara more astonished then anything. He did not see anything like these crystals ever before in his life either, at least if Sara read his expression properly.

"These are very interesting," Harry remarked.

"The story of them goes deeper than that," Ruve said. "The crystals were not meant for you. They were meant as an advanced failsafe in case the White Bumblebee saw my estranged husband and his followers as expendable and he needed them to be extinguished for the greater good."

Harry's eye twitched at hearing those three words. It had been used by Dumbledore's critics mockingly when he did something which seemed to defy all explanation. Harry agreed on Dumbledore on very few things. However, attributing this phrase to him was a bit unfair, given it was Gridelwald who was the one who said it.

'Then again, maybe in this universe, Dumbledore's the bad one and Gridelwald is the hero,' Harry thought. 'I would not be surprised to be honest.'

"They weren't meant for you," Sara said. "Well, it would be just right if they created something dangerous by accident."

Some of the most dangerous things had been either created by accident or had been created with a more mundane purpose. Many crafted together some very potent and powerful magical artifacts. Sometimes it was done by accident in mind.

"Do you have any the crystals which have not been combined with the Kryptonite?" Harry asked.

Ruve took a few seconds and nodded. She moved into the vault off to the side and opened it up. A case, shielded, of several different crystal pieces popped out. It had been blocked from affecting Harry. Harry took it into the palm of his hand and considered opening it.

"Shut if it makes me pass out," Harry told Sara.

He put it in the palm of Sara's hand. Hot fire, more or less, pressed into the palm of the woman's hand. The box opened up and the crystals shined out. Harry stepped back and a flushed feeling
went over him. He could feel his energy slowly turning against him. A few miniature knives, invisible, stabbed against his body. The sorcerer pushed back.

"Close it."

The box snapped shut. Harry stroked his hair back and took a couple of deep breaths to calm himself. He took a second to readjust himself. Harry ran the medallion over himself. A three dimensional image of his vital signs floated in the air. Harry checked them and nodded in response.

"Everything is okay," Harry said. "It didn't affect as fast."

"The meteor rocks being included amplifies the strength of the crystals," Ruve said. "And before you ask, I don't know where they've come from."

Harry figured about as much. He really did not know where they would come from himself. These were powerful elements the likes of which Harry had never seen. He slipped deep into the bond link.

'So, any of you see anything like this?'

The people in the bond all muttered against it. Harry figured about as much. He saw the flickers of power flashing against it. Harry's fingers touched against the edge of the box and brushed closer towards it. The sorcerer frowned and studied the crystal with deep intently.

'No,' Kara thought. 'It's pretty bad thought all things considered. If you can combine the crystal with the Kryptonite, it's very dangerous. And who knows what this could do to normal humans in the long run. We'd have to study them more closely.'

Harry would have to agree. The advanced soldiers were not made for him. They might have not been created until being exposed to the advanced cocktail. Two questions came to Harry's mind.

The first was exactly how did Darhk get his hands on crystals which threatened any magic. Harry wanted to find the source and shut it down at possible. The other question did not really pertain to something which affected Harry directly. He locked eyes with Ruve.

"Would these work on the White Bumblebee?"

Ruve shrugged her shoulders in response. No one could know whether or not they would work against him. No one ever slipped very close to the White Bumblebee in recent times. Ruve thought it could, but they don't know.

"No one has been close to him in decades."

Harry figured about as much. He took both of the raw crystals and the sample combined with Kryptonite. Behind the shields, Harry felt some kind of energy pumping against him. A sensitive blast of energy came close to rising deep from the other side of them.

'So, what's your next move?' Nyssa asked.

'Hopefully we figure out something at Star Labs,' Harry thought. 'We've found the one missing component.'

Seconds later after the meeting included, Harry made his way down into the parking lot at Star Labs. Amanda and Emily appeared a few inches away from him. The twins blinked in
astonishment.

"So, are you here to see Caitlin?" Amanda asked with a suggestive smile and wink which only ended with Emily jamming Amanda in the ribs to shut her up. "Oh, you…that hurt!"

Harry chuckled at the twins just glaring at each other. Emily shook her head in response. She had been curious to see Harry showing up at Star Labs right now to be perfectly honest. One twin had slightly more tact that the other twin.

"I'm here to see her," Harry said. "And not in the way that you think…that was earlier."

"And we missed it?" Amanda asked. A mischievous smile popped against her face. Emily looked across the shoulder and warned her sister. "What? What did I say?"

Emily tapped her finger against Amanda's chin. "You know what you've said."

Amanda shook her head. Harry cleared his throat and the twins turned to him. They moved closer towards Harry. They curiously looked at the case in his hands with a frown etched on her face.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked.

"Well, we're trying to get Wells to sell," Amanda said. "We heard the rumors that some of the investors are losing confident in him. He's interested in getting the Particle Accelerator up and running."

Interested, some might want to say he was a little bit obsessed with getting the Accelerator up and running. He claimed anywhere between eighteen months at the most conservative estimates, to three years providing anything that was wrong. Amanda would not be surprised for this project to go on for a decade and for it to work properly, it almost had to go on that long.

'Stock holders have no patience.'

It was a very unfortunate truth, but one that was very obvious. Amanda did hope Star Labs would be strengthened through their relationship with Horizon. Wells had been very secretive of a lot of what he's up to.

"So, what were you working on with Caitlin?" Amanda asked. "And if you don't mind me for asking….."

"These?" Harry asked.

Harry held out the case with the crystal. The black crystals shined out and drew the attention of the twins into it. They almost expected some loud crash of lightning to come on in. Amanda's lips pressed against her in surprise and Emily moved over to open the case. Harry drew it away.

"They are crystals which drastically effect magical users," Harry said. "The people who found them combined it with the green space rocks and it made me weak."

"Wait?" Amanda asked. "No way! No way! You're being very serious? This is something that can cause magic to be suppressed? You're not kidding, are you?"

"He's not kidding."

Emily's mundane statement regarding this made Harry just shake his head with a smile on his face. The twins hovered over the case with the crystal. Their eyes dropped from one crystal to the larger
case. The huge chunk of combined black crystal and green kryptonite shimmered from the other end of the case.

"It's some kind of alien element," Amanda said. "It has to be."

Amanda wondered to crack it open and see what made it work. It was risky to touch something like this especially when it caused the damage on Harry. And it should not have caused damage to Harry.

"I don't want either of you to get your hands on this," Harry said. "It's something that HIVE uncovered."

"Oh, that's bad," Emily said. "It seems like they're finding a way to bring you down."

Harry decided to drop the other part of the bombshell down on them. "Actually, they're not created to take me down. They're created to take the White Bumblebee down."

Both twins brought their mouths open. Confusion pretty much summed up their expressions. Harry could have smiled at the shocked looks. Harry stepped around them, with both of the cases, the smaller elements. He could tell the twins had many questions. Harry had more than a few questions which he would have loved to answer.

"Harry," Caitlin said.

"I found it," Harry said. "The missing element…it might be beyond the reach of Star Labs though."

Caitlin took a second to eye the element from the other side of the crate. She decided to give her best crack at it. What would there be to lose?

"That is intriguing."

They all turned around to see Harrison Wells. Wells turned over and acknowledge both twins with a smile before stepping over towards the box.

"Be careful," Harry said.

"Yes," Wells said. "It's a pleasure to meet you Mr. Potter, and you're welcome by the way. I thought that device might come in handy, although it was you who got it working. And you've put me on the right track for something else, whether or not you realize it or not."

Wells studied the crystals on the other side of the crate. Harry could see those wheels turning. Wells looked intrigued, with a true mystery of life out from under him.

"You've uncovered a rare element," Wells said. "But, the reason is why would you bring it here?"

"The element could tap into certain super human abilities," Harry said. "Or cause people with them to suffer."

"Element Seven," Wells murmured. Harry, Caitlin, and the twins looked at them. "That's…what me and my old partner called something which had not been classified by any scientific means. Some call it mystical, but I just call it science which cannot be properly explained just yet."

"I think would agree that it's dangerous as well," Harry said.

"Yes," Wells said. "And I believe we should find a way to negate this crystal, in case more of it falls in the wrong hands. I think I have some resources which might help."
Harry had been pretty surprised Wells offered to lend a hand. There were a couple of questions, but still, any help Harry could get, he appreciated it one hundred percent.

A couple of pained steps dragged Olivia past the driveway into the Queen Mansion. She moved over around the blindspots and past the security cameras. Liv noticed the window half open and it would be her way to get back in. She hated to sneak out of this mansion constantly.

'I'm going to have to get my own place,' Liv said. 'No matter how much it flies in the face of the entire rich spoiled child who can't figure out what to do with her life, narrative.'

Liv took off her hood and had been bruised just slightly. The armor prevented the bullet from piercing her side and she appreciated it that much. Liv pulled out the list on the table. Another marked off the list, and the information given to the Starling City Police Department would damage the man's reputation.

Some people on this list would not go down easily. So far, Liv had terrified many into making a confession. The urban legend of the Hood putting arrows through the throats of the criminals in Starling City went a long way to solidify her stance.

Liv brushed her bruised arm and groaned once more. Maybe she should have waited for Laurel to back her up. Unfortunately, Liv hated waiting.

A couple of footsteps came down the hallway. Liv stepped and looked around. She noticed Thea coming from the bathroom. She walked around in a half-asleep state. Liv made sure Thea was back into her room before going down the hallway. Liv needed to head to the bathroom and wash up.

'Yeah, there's no question about it. If I don't get a place of my own soon, there's going to be problems.'

"Olivia?"

Liv turned around on sheer instinct and braced for an attack. Thea leaned against the door frame. Brown eyes stood widened at the state of Liv.

"You've been acting weird since you've been home," Thea said. "I mean it, you've been weird. I thought at first it was because you were getting used to being back home from the island."

She knew Thea would say something. "I am."

"Damn it, Liv, we both know it's not it," Thea said. "You know it. I know it. Both of us know it. So why don't you just cut the bullshit and tell me what the hell is going on?"

Liv could see Thea's imploring eyes at her. She hated lying to her sister.

"Listen, Speedy…"

"Don't listen Speedy me," Thea said firmly. "I thought at first you were sneaking out to see someone. Might have been Laurel, might have been Sara again, might have been that one blonde who works at the IT office at Queen Consolidated. Or it might have been someone else."

"Who else?" Liv asked.

Thea shook her head. Boy her sister could be dense sometimes. Regardless, Thea did not want this conversation to be distracted from the point of it.
"That's not the point," Thea said. "I thought it was you seeing someone, but I think you're doing something. You come back and walk funny, and not in the good way either."

"I've been out at night," Liv said. "I think it's time for you to know. But you're not going to like it."

"Why wouldn't I like it?" Thea asked.

Liv motioned for Thea to follow her down the hallway. Any number of possibilities entered Thea's mind. Liv was into prostitution, Liv was doing drugs, she was robbing people to get a high. She entered some kind of illegal fight club deep underneath Starling City. Thea knew nothing about such a thing existing. She figured it might have existed. So many possibilities entered her mind.

The one which did not enter her mind even though it should have was her sister running around the city dressed in a green hood and shooting arrows through douchebag one percenters.

"My god," Thea said. "This is…you're her…you are….aren't you?"

"Yes," Liv said. "And I'm not too happy what I have to do. Our father, he wasn't a perfect man. He made this list and handed it to Sara who passed it off to me. It was the people who cause most of the problems in this city. And…I'm not sure if he's the one who made it, but he….there's a lot of pretty wealthy people on it."

The drawer opened and Liv pulled out the notebook. Thea's eyebrows raised when seeing the name.

"He gives money to orphanages every year," Thea said. "And he sponsors the children hospital, these are champions of good causes, and you're saying these are bad people."

The list and Liv's grim smile caused Thea to come to the articulate conclusion of "oh, fuck, fuck, fuck" which danced in her head like some demonic sounding mantra. Thea lost it, lost it all mentally and physically.

"Our father was involved with these people," Thea said. "What about Mom? She's acting funny lately. She's just…I don't know, she's acting funny."

"What do you think?" Liv asked.

"I…don't know," Thea said. "This is too much."

Thea Queen's mind ran about a million miles a minute. She thought that if this was some mess her parents caused, she really wanted in to do something worthwhile. Yet, was it her responsibility to do so? Was it Liv's? Was it anyone? Could Starling City even be saved or was it doomed to decay? These were the questions moving over Thea's head.

"I need to think about it."

Liv understood and returned. She was confident Thea would not tell anyone, especially their mother, about the list. What else she might do in her terror and in her confusion, Liv had no idea.

'She had to know'

Lex Luthor spent the last few days in Smallville and had been very curious about some of the events going on. Olivia Queen rolling back into their lives after being assumed dead for a few years put Lex on his guard. Queen and her extremely narcissistic behavior rubbed Lex the wrong
way. Lex did not really feel the closeness with Claire either, but he really felt it was a public surface to warn Claire that Queen was up to know good.

Claire Kent, Lex recalled the ups and downs of their friendship, and despite rumors to the contrary, they were nothing more other than friends. Lex did not even hold his heart on anything more. The level of secrets between them caused a fraction. Lex tried to be the better person. It appeared through despite him being the better person, she was keeping secrets form him once again. Lex did not particularly like that.

'Who is Harry Potter?'

Any time there was a mystery, it caused Lex much frustration. He hated mysteries because it made him feel out of control. He felt more frustrated than ever before with Harry Potter's arrival. The symbol he wore also opened the door for another mystery which Lex felt could not be answered.

'Smallville,' Lex thought. 'A sleepy little town which is always capable of much mystery.'

The phone Lex clipped this side started to ring. Lex grabbed it and then answered it.

"Yes," Lex said.

"Alexander," the steely voice on the other end of the phone said. "This is Mr. Eastman. Lionel's attorney."

Yes, Lex knew exactly who that particular bottom feeder was. He was hovering about the edges like a parasite just waiting to settle the Luthor estate in his own way. Lex ran his finger against the end of the phone before waiting for some kind of answer.

"What can I do for you?" Lex asked.

The slimy voice of Mr. Eastman came on the other end of the phone. "Lionel has taken another turn for the worst. He may be dead by the end of the weekend if they don't find exactly what was wrong with him."

Lex held some skepticism regarding his father's ailment if he had been perfectly honest. At least at first, because he would not put it past Lionel to fake an interest. Lex turned and peered from his hiding spot out towards the Kent Farm. He could see Claire walking outside with the girl who claimed to be her cousin, Kara. Lex had gone digging and had not found anything to contradict it, although he had not found a chance to look deep. His fascinating with every single personal aspect of his former friend's life just grew.

Some cynics would accuse Lex of stalking Claire. He disagreed with statements like this. He was just looking out for Claire's best interests.

"So, are you certain that Lionel is about done?" Lex asked.

He sounded none too eager, at least no more than Mr. Eastman did when speaking of Lionel's potential demise. "If you want to say goodbye, I would advise doing it within the next couple of days."

Lex noticed Kara and Claire walking into the kitchen. Non-existent hairs pricked up on the back of Lex's neck. It was a weird feeling and almost made him feel like someone watched him.

"I'll be there."
Sara crouched down in front of a punching back. She dressed in a very tight pair of black pants and a sports bra to match. Sara wound up and connected her bare foot against the punching back. She kept herself very fit for the upcoming people. Sara leaned back and punched the bag again.

Her phone rang from the other side of the room. Sara moved over, took a drink of water and answered the phone.

"Sara," Liv said. "I did something that I kind of regret."

'Oh boy,' Sara thought. 'What could she regret?'

"I told Thea about the list," Liv said. "I'm not sure if it is the right thing though. She's not acting very well about it, especially given what our parents are involved with."

Liv took in a deep breath. Sara just listened to Liv. Would she have given showed Thea the list had Sara stood in Liv's shoes? She did not really know to be perfectly honest. Sara had a lot of thoughts going through her mind.

"Okay," Sara said. "Okay. Just keep calm. Everything's going to be fine. Thea...you don't think Thea's going to tell everyone, is she?"

"No," Liv said. "But, I think it might have pushed her back into a dark place. I'm going to keep a close eye on her. And I just hope she doesn't fall back into her old habits."

"Give your sister credit," Sara said. "She's made some bad choices. We both made our share of bad choices."

Sara found herself on the wrong side of law enforcement many times when she was Thea's age. Her father was not too happy with what Sara did, although she did catch him wondering where he went wrong. Sara's mother on the other hand, she really let Sara have it from what she did.

"Harry and I will be in Starling tomorrow," Sara said. "I'll talk with her...we all will talk to her."

Liv, bless her, did not have the best tact in the world. Sara hung up the phone with a small smile popping over her face just in time to see Harry standing there.

"So?" Sara asked him.

"Horizon and Star Labs are working together on a cure," Harry said. "They should be able to find out a way to block the crystals, if anyone can. They have enough resources between the two of them...and even the fabled Harrison Wells is involved in this."

"Do you trust him?"

"I trust Mandy and Emmy," Harry said. "They're going to be there. I can't put my finger on something though. It almost looked like Wells ran into that element before."

"You think?" Sara asked him.

"I didn't tell him much more than I had to," Harry said. "But, I'll give him credit. He didn't really asked."

Sara frowned. She trusted Harry's judgment most of the time. This particular play had been one out of desperation. Darhk would not sit on this information for long.

"So, did you finish your workout?" Harry asked.
"Actually," Sara said with a smirk. "It's just beginning."

The two came next to each other with a kiss. Sara backed Harry against the wall with both of them tugging against each other's clothes. Harry reversed the position and deepened the kiss for Sara.

'And now, time to get my real cardio,' Sara thought.

Harry bent Sara over the workout bench much to her approval. His strong hands rolled over Sara's perfectly firm backside and squeezed it. She registered her approval with a couple of soft moans. Harry worked his hands over her sexy back and leaned in to kiss her across the chest. The sweet taste of the sweat against her beautiful skin form her workout just drove Harry to lust when kissing and sucking on the back of the neck of the vixen.

Sara closed her eyes tight and allowed a sultry moan to escape from the back of her throat. The fingers pushed deep against Sara from all ends. He reached down to her pants and tugged them down. Her thong clad ass came out into the picture with Harry pushing against it.

"Beautiful," Harry said.

He explored the back of Sara's strong legs and pushed up against her. She gave him a few soft moans the deeper Harry worked against her. Harry pulled her thong back and the juices trickling from this vixen only incited Harry. His fingers parted her soft wet lips and ground up against them. Sara tensed around him. The feeling of Harry's fingers probing back and forth made her moans increase.

"Don't stop."

Her pleading tone made Harry smile and work his fingers deep inside of Sara's tightening quim. Her wet tightness enveloped Harry and tensed around his fingers. He pulled her thong back and leaned in. Her perfectly pink asshole opened up. Harry danced his tongue against her hole before moving in. His face smashed between Sara's perfectly formed ass cheeks and kept eating her ass.

Sara enjoyed it, enjoyed Harry's tongue grinding against her ass when he fingered out. The perfect hunk of feminine flesh received plenty of touching on Harry's part. He slipped down the back of Sara's legs and worked her over to an orgasm. She came at a constant and rapid rate all over Harry's face.

He pulled away from her. Sara grabbed Harry's hair and kissed his lips. She tasted her juices and ass all over Harry's mouth. The two sucked at each other's mouth and lips. Harry grabbed Sara firmly by her bare ass and dropped down onto one of the workout benches.

Sara did a beautiful backbend to show her physically fit and flexible body. She smiled. It was nice to have a form desirable for the most powerful man on Earth. He reached on the underside of her top and pulled it off. Sara's full supple breasts stood perfectly. Harry grabbed them and squeezed the milky orbs. Sara thrashed back.

"Did anyone tell you you're just perfect?" Harry asked her.

"You did," Sara said. "But, the reinforcement is nice."

Speaking of perfection, Sara unraveled it in the form of Harry's engorged cock. Sara clasped a hand around Harry and guided his cock over towards her entrance. The sensual siren mounted the tip of Harry's cock and allowed it to pass through her warm lips.
Sara ensnared Harry by her legs and guided his huge prick inside of her. She put a hand on Harry’s shoulder when rising up high and dropping down on him. Flesh smacked on flesh when Sara bounced upon him. Her beautiful body bended and contorted from each push down upon Harry.

"Take me," Sara said. "I need you so badly."

Harry grabbed Sara's hips and drove up inside of her. Her wet pussy grabbed Harry hard and milked him. Sara rose up and dropped down onto him. The vixen dropped down onto Harry. His fingers brushed against Sara’s nipples and tugged on them. Sara breathed and bounced on his massive cock.

"So badly," Sara breathed. "Oh, fuck!"

Sara came hard and pressed her body against Harry. The two felt up each other's bodies and soaked in the power. Harry brushed his fingertips against Sara. Her perfect flesh shined in the light when bouncing onto them. She bent back to allow Harry access to everything. Warm lips collapsed on top of each other. Sara grabbed Harry's bicep and curled her fingers around it before squeezing it.

And speaking of squeezing, she squeezed his cock with her powerful inner muscles. Harry drove up into Sara. Her warm thighs crashed down upon his hard upon Harry's thighs. Harry grabbed her and guided Sara up and down. The moisture pooled down onto Harry.

Sara rose up, got off Harry, and turned against the wall. She grabbed onto the handle grips and gave Harry a perfect view of her pleasantly shaped booty. Harry walked over to Sara and grabbed her firmly. Her perfectly toned ass taunted Harry. Harry reared back and slammed himself into Sara from behind.

The women gave a very impassionate scream at the feeling of Harry's cock burying inside of her tight pussy from behind. Harry pulled almost all of the way back from her and drove into her pussy. Sara grabbed onto the wall every time Harry rose back and drove into her.

The wetness of her center hugged Harry. He pressed her against the wall while rocking up against her. Sara opened up for Harry and closed in at him. He pressed his groin against Sara and felt up the body of the warrior women when driving into her against the wall.

"You're getting the workout you need now, aren't you?"

Sara screamed out with a passionate yell. She got more than a good workout. Harry's thick cock speared its way into her. She felt herself stretch around him and snap back.

"Fuck! Yes! I'm feeling it now!"

Harry made her feel it. The warmth spreading over her body only encouraged Harry to drive his cock into the stunning beauty. He further stuck himself in and went deeper inside of Sara. Sara held on. Harry pushed her against the wall and fucked her very deeply.

The shared lust brought both further into this passionate dance. Harry clenched Sara's firm butt cheeks and smacked them hard. She screamed so loud the paint peeled off of the wall. Harry pushed up and out into her.

Sara's build up to the end and towards a great climax made her really excited. She had been lit up by Harry's cock driving into her.

"You're a gift," Sara breathed. "Oh, I don't know how I've lived without you."
Harry smiled and gave one of his queens an extreme amount of pleasure. His big cock pushed deep inside of Sara the further he drove into her. His hands groped her all of the way.

"Let out all of that pent up lust."

Boy did Sara ever! She made marks on the wall when hanging on. Harry held her up and lavished her body with attention. He worked back and forth against her. The rough thrusting only made Sara crave him even more. Her body craved Harry's and would take him.

Harry buried his cock deeper into Sara. She stretched around Harry and then released him. Intense cock-milking made Harry only drive himself into her. The scent of Sara's beautiful body inflamed Harry.

The two turned around, with Harry facing front against Sara. He drilled the beautiful woman into the wall. Sara's nails grabbed around Harry's bicep and squeezed it. She moaned hungrily and licked his ear lobe. Harry rewarded her lust with many thrusts. Their thighs slapped together the further they encountered each other.

Harry elevated Sara's legs up above his shoulders and slammed into the sultry vixen. Sara slumped against the wall, only held up by her own legs upon Harry's shoulders. Those fat balls pushed against her with Harry lavishing his attentions all over her. Face, breasts, hips, ass, clit, all of them received a full stroking from Harry.

Sara's damp sex brought Harry deeper inside. He breathed in the beautiful aroma from his lover the further and fast he stuck Sara with his cock. Sara ground her nail against Harry's arm and moaned in his ear. Passion brought them all down to a new level.

"Cum for me please," Sara said with a thinly suppressed moan.

Harry toyed with Sara's body and got her all heated. The pleasure shared between both of these lovers increased the further and faster Harry stuck his huge cock into Sara's moist pussy.

"Get ready," Harry said. "Get ready to cum for me."

"Yes!" Sara let out with a shriek of pleasure.

Her loins clamped down onto Harry's prick and pulled it inside of her. Harry pushed in and out of Sara at a very rapid fire rate. She grabbed onto his cock and squeezed it with her tightening walls. Harry picked up the pace to bring himself deeper inside of Sara. Her gaze burned with lust and showed how much she wanted this.

They came together next. Their workout came to an end with Harry burying himself into Sara and pushing his big cock into her. His balls tightened and discharged at a rapid rate to fill Sara up with his essence.

The two finished working together with Harry pulling from Sara and leaving her to collapse against the wall. Harry pulled Sara up by her hair and gave her a powerful kiss before scooping up Sara and walking her from the gym into the shower area. The two would have to get clean before getting dirty again.

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To Be Continued on October 3rd, 2017.
Chapter Sixty-Three: Transference.

Now or never, do or die, Lex Luthor knew all of the sayings by now. And he knew that expecting his father to actually die when he should was not exactly something that he could take to the bank. Lex's eyes shifted over and he noticed Claire walking off to the side of him.

"Thank you for coming," Lex said. "I know we haven't gotten along the best as of late. And there are a lot of things we need to talk about. I don't know why you won't open up half of the time."

Claire frowned, hearing those words coming from Lex. Half of the time, she swore Lex found a way to blame his problems on someone else. She wanted to do what she could to help Lex. She was just that type of person to be perfectly honest.

Olivia Queen watched from the gate, dressed in a green hood. Lex tried anything, she shot him down. The voice in her ear piece gasped as Liv adjusted her head piece.

"You didn't tell me I was going to help you stalk Lex Luthor," the voice in ear piece said. "Because, seriously, I've heard about the Luthors. They make people disappear. And they have the money to make sure they're never found. Don't you...I hope he doesn't find out."

"Don't worry, Felicity," Liv said. "You're fine. I need to see if Lionel really is on his death bed as well. He's on my list."

"Yeah, but if he's dying, wouldn't it be overkill just to put an arrow through him?" Felicity asked. "Because...I get that there are a lot of scumbags that need to...well you need to take down, but going after a dying man. Isn't that a bit much?"

A few seconds passed as Liv watched Claire and Lex make their way closer to the cell. Claire was a trusting girl, a bit too much to be honest. Even at her most intoxicated, Liv did not think she was all that trusting.

"Unless this is about Lex Luthor?" Felicity asked. "I know this isn't any of my business, and asking a question like this about one of my bosses is out of line, but were you two...you know...involved?"

"No, never," Liv bluntly stated.

Felicity could tell this part of the conversation had been over since the minute it started. She did not want to offend Liv to be honest. Liv took her out of the dark IT office, where to be fair, and gave her something more constructive to do with her time. And she did not want the additional perks to end.

"Those guards are looking pretty shifty," Liv said.

"Well, maybe they saw you," Felicity said. "Are maybe they aren't guards at all or something? I don't really know."

Felicity might have said the statement out of jest, but Liv was going to have to agree with something. These guards might not look like guards at all. One of the guards moved over in front of Lex. A gun held in the hand.
"I've called ahead," Lex said. "I've obtained permission to go and visit my father."

The guard did not seem to be taking the bait. Liv put her hood down and was ready to fight in case her early hunch on the guards had been right. One of the moved into Lex who stepped back a couple of inches and was about ready to say something. The tranquilizer dart stuck in the back of Lex's neck.

Claire moved over and grabbed one of the guards. She felt the grip of one of the guards around her wrist and then felt very fatigued. The source of the sudden fatigue came in front of her with the green rock fastened to the man's belt. Claire tried to hold back her own attack. The gentleman grabbed around her wrist and forced Claire to a kneeling position. A loud grunt came over her body.

The attacker relinquished his grip around Claire from the arrow fired at his back. The piercing scream came through as the attacker spun around. The mysterious Hooded Avenger of Starling City dropped down. One of the attackers lifted his hand. Purple fire emitted from the finger tips.

Claire used a sweeping move she learned from Nyssa to bring the attacker down. A third one's forward momentum stopped with a single arrow to the knee!

A figure dressed in black swooped behind. Claire grabbed the figure and rolled around with him on the ground. The attacker dug a razor sharp blade into Claire's wrist and then something else stabbed into her hand. A flash emitted between both of them.

Liv spun in a circle and fired arrows off against the meteor mutants. The explosions sent them flying up. She nailed the figure dressed in black with an arrow to the back of the leg. The figure let go of Claire and gurgled in surprise.

"Darhk?" Liv asked. "Damien Darhk!"

Darhk tried to struggle away from Liv's grip. Liv punched Darhk in the ribs to double over and nailed him across the back of the head. He slumped to the ground unable to move.

"We should rip the bastard's head off!" Claire yelled. "Look what he tried to do to me."

"Slow down," Liv said. "I know you're angry at him. I understand it, but you need to calm down. You don't need to attack him."

Claire crossed her arms and stared down at Darhk. Her eyes just flashed with rage, but she nodded. She roughly pulled Darhk up off of the ground and slumped him over her shoulder.

The guards were already out, the real ones, in time to see Lex laid out on the ground. The Kryptonian Survivor took Liv's hand and roughly took her off of the ground.

Thea Queen spent the next couple of days in a very evident daze. She learned about what Liv did overnight. It caused her life to turn upside down. Thea lifted up the cell phone and read the message. It stated to meet Sara there.

Sara, how much she did know about all this, Thea wondered? Thea could not even begin to figure out what was going on here. All she could do was keep walking and keep moving. She had the sense at first someone followed her.

Then, there was nothing. Thea wondered if she had been very paranoid. She stepped into the room where Sara waited for her at the table. Thea felt like she was an extra in some kind of spy movie
with the discreet movements and the cloak and dagger nature of the meeting. She found things extremely exciting and entirely frustrated wrapped in one package.

'As long as I don't get knifed in the back.'

Thea moved over across the room. She sat down with a smile to greet Sara.

"Liv told you about her crusade," Sara said.

"Hi, Sara, nice to see you too," Thea said. The stern look from the older blonde just made Thea shake her head. "Yeah, Liv told me. I kind of forced her into telling me. When she came in her beating up. When your sister comes in there, half beaten and half bruised, you start asking questions."

Sara offered Thea a drink. The latte actually caused Thea's nerves. She would have argued against having anything a little bit stronger. No matter how much she had been trying to get sort of such things.

"You would have done the same thing if it had been Laurel," Thea said.

"Not arguing."

Sara would not argue with Thea for a second about something like that. She looked up and smiled the second Harry walked inside. Thea almost jumped up straight in surprise.

"There was a couple of men who followed you on your way here," Harry said.

She knew it somehow. Just because you were a bit paranoid did not mean that someone was not out to get her. Thea pulled out the chair instinctually so Harry could sit down next to her. He did.

"I knew there was someone going after me," Thea said. "I just knew it. They didn't give you any trouble, did they?"

"No," Harry said. "I took care of them."

Thea honestly did not want to know what he meant by taking care of them. Perhaps it was not for the best she did not know. There were a lot of things which just spun Thea's life upside down in the past couple of months.

"You learned about Liv's activities," Harry told her. "And do you want to help her make things right?"

The loaded question just floored Thea. She had been very grateful that Harry was not going to beat around the bush. Still, she would have thought he would have asked her something a bit less blunt. Thea drank down about half of a latte and eyed her.

"I…I don't know," Thea said. "I mean, think about it. I've thought about it. I've really thought about it and I really don't know."

Harry put a hand on Thea's bare leg. Thea's eyes closed together with a few seconds and felt very relaxed by Harry's touch brushing against her leg.

"What happened is my responsibility to take care of as much as Liv's. Our parents….I don't want to think the worst of them."

It was easy to understand where Thea was coming from. She came to the crossroads many people
did. Despite the fact that someone wanted to hold their parents up to a high standard, they still were only human and they still made some mistakes. That was just how things went.

"I understand what you mean," Harry said to her. "We can help you."

"Laurel's already working with me," Thea said. "I took some defense lessons when I was younger before I had problems. Will it be enough?"

"We can help you," Sara said. "But, only you can make that decision, Thea."

Thea almost one hundred percent made up her mind. There was one shred of lingering doubt which made her frustrated. The waitress came over and they ordered before leaving.

"I'll let you think of it," Sara said. "Let Laurel know if I'm not around and she knows how to get in touch with us."

The younger Queen heiress nodded in understand. Did she want to jump down that rabbit hole? Her body shifted at the sound of the phone ringing. Harry took the phone.

"We have a problem," Liv's voice said over the phone.

The semi-conscious form of Damien Darhk's eyes flickered open. The Daughters of Ra's al Ghul stood on either side of him. Nyssa would not have believed it unless she saw it with her own eyes. And hell, there was a huge part of her which did not believe it.

"So, what do you think?" Talia asked. "Should we bring him to our father? Providing of course he's exactly who he says he is and not some kind of double."

Nyssa would have to be fair, even though Darhk barely warranted it. He had pulled deception before. They could only tell when he had been woken up. The medallion around her neck reacted very weirdly around Darhk's body. She had no idea what it meant.

'I'm going to have to ask someone when it's done,' Nyssa thought. 'Olivia must have hit him harder than I thought.'

Every few seconds, they noticed Claire hovering around the outside of the barn which they kept Darhk. Darhk stabbed her with something and wounded her. They had been unable to find the blade unfortunately.

"He's awakening," Talia said.

Darhk gargled when trying to get to his feet. The man did not look too well. A few black lines came around his jaw when he was barely held together. His eyes opened and a blurred vision came towards him. Nyssa placed her blade against Darhk's throat to prevent his movement.

The groggy individual tried to break the ropes holding him. The ropes only burned around his wrists. It was very hard to breath in this particular position.

"Where am I?" Darhk asked. "This isn't right….nothing feels right….listen!"

Nyssa jammed her finger against the edge of Darhk's neck. Darhk jerked up from his position and a very hideous breath came out of him. He tried to get away from the wall once again.

"Does nothing feel right because you did not expect to be grabbed?" Nyssa asked. "Failure normally does not feel right. You will pay for your crimes."
"You don't understand."

Darhk's words faded off into nothing as Talia jabbed him in the side of the neck. The first few blasts of a knockout drug rendered him completely unconscious. The delirious Darhk ranted out a few more words before he faded completely to black.

"He will pay once I get the go ahead."

"Maybe we should kill him?"

Nyssa turned around to see Claire standing in the doorway. Her eyes narrowed when locked completely onto Nyssa. Nyssa had been honestly surprised to see the rage in Claire's eyes.

"Kill him. Make him fry. He deserves to suffer like he's made so many other people suffer."

"Slow down," Nyssa said. "He must get sent to the League of Assassins for judgment to be passed."

"And what if he escapes?" Claire asked.

"Child, you have no clue of our competence," Talia said. "You kill him and you answer to us. Is that clear?"

A large chunk of green space rock slipped out of Talia's sleeve. Claire's eyes narrowed and the energy around the rock caused her to stagger back. Talia only showed it for a few seconds before retracting it back into the lead lined sleeve. Nyssa grabbed Claire's shoulder.

"Let's go."

The two stepped back a few feet from the barn. Nyssa stood in a battle stance when locking eyes onto Claire. Claire and Nyssa surrounded each other.

"You want to burn off some of this energy?" Nyssa asked. "Let's go."

The two walked over towards the barn. Claire grounded her fists together. Nyssa spent a few seconds studying the girl. She wondered if there had been some place where she had been infected by Red Kryptonite. Chloe mentioned that Red Kryptonite altered Claire's personality. And if Darhk threatened her in any way, it might have caused those changes come out.

'There are other options,' Nyssa admitted to herself. 'I'm going to have to be sure, and be ready to fight her. '

"Should have killed him why you had the chance," Claire said.

Nyssa rushed in and nailed Claire with a back hand punch. Claire popped up and blocked Nyssa's arm before pushing her back. A couple of bones cracked and Nyssa staggered down to the ground. She winced at the force Claire applied for the attack.

"Alright there?" Claire asked.

"You caught me off guard," Nyssa said. "Good job."

The Daughter of the Demon adjusted her stance to deal with a more skilled opponent. Claire rushed on in to attack her adversary. Both of them moved knuckle to knuckle with each other. Nyssa flipped in the air and used Claire's momentum to keep her down. She dropped down onto the ground and then took her down with a sweeping motion.
Claire adjusted her position and wrapped her arms around Nyssa's neck. She put a squeeze on the neck of the daughter of the Demon. Nyssa closed her eyes and groaned.

"I could break your neck here."

A struggle between the two ended with Nyssa pulling the pin on her wrist band and releasing a flare of red light out. Claire backed off from the attack and then Nyssa swept her down onto the ground. The Daughter of the Demon put a blade down against the suddenly weakened Claire.

"Yes, you could have," Nyssa said. "It's a good thing that I am not about to kill you, is it, Ms. Kent?"

"Yes!" she yelled.

The heat vision only flickered a small amount before Claire collapsed on the ground. She started to breath the second Nyssa pulled away from her.

"I have to go back," Claire said. "See what happened with Lex."

Nyssa watched her leave with a very thoughtful expression on her face. She nodded and waited for her to disappear around the corner and out of sight.

The moment Claire disappeared, Nyssa picked up the medallion and studied it with a frown on her face. It stopped glowing the second she cupped it in her hand.

Olivia Queen stepped through the gates at one of the Queen townhouse properties in Smallville. It had been a while since anyone had been here. Robert Queen spent a lot of time here, when he had been working with Virgil Swann and he conducted his business with the rest of Veritas.

She took in the scent of the fresh country air. Lex would be okay, and Liv supposed that she did not want him to be killed by HIVE. Claire, she lost it, and she lost it big time. Liv always saw her as about as mild-mannered as your average reporter.

Liv stepped over the fence towards the archery range. She had vague memories of herself and Thea coming out here when they were much younger. It almost felt like it was yesterday. She studied the arrows.

'Still in good shape,' Liv thought. 'Dad always bought the very best. Some of his decisions might not have been the best. But he bought the best.'

Liv tested the strength of the arrows and let in a very evident sigh. She plucked the arrow and then had enough give. She pulled out the bow which still had been strong as the day she had been last here. The arrow fired towards the central target.

"There are times where I really think you're showing off."

The hooded archer spun around on a reflex to point the bow at the two parties who showed up. Two of the medallion holders, the White Canary and the Dragon, stepped in. Liv dropped the bow and invited them to sit down on a bench.

"Any luck with Thea?"

Sara smiled and patted her friend on the knee. "I think we're coming to an understanding. She's a bit weirded out, but…she's not had as much time to come to terms with this as you did. And she
"I think there's something wrong with Claire,' Nyssa thought.

Harry figured it was best to ask Liv. "Is Claire alright? I heard from Nyssa she was attacked."

Liv sat bolt upright for a second. It was almost like something just came to her.

"I don't think….well she wanted to kill Darhk after he stabbed her," Liv said. "You don't think there's something weird going on here, do you?"

'Nyssa?' Harry asked.

'Yes?' Nyssa asked. 'Do you think it's possible that Clara has been injected by Red Kryptonite or is there something else? I de-powered her with the watch, but….there's just something else.'

'There is something else,' Harry said. 'Talia has not left to inform your father you have Darhk, has she?'

Harry crossed his fingers to hope that there had not been anything of the sort. Nyssa popped back through the bond link and shook her head. 'I'm guessing you want to hold off on it until you figure out what happened. Do you think he knows?'

'I want you to talk to him when he wakes up,' Harry thought. 'And Kara?'

'Yes?' Kara asked. 'I'm at the Kent Farm. What do you need?'

'I need you to keep an eye out for Claire in case she comes back and causes trouble,' Harry thought. 'I have a feeling she's not herself.'

It was more than a feeling. Harry wanted to investigate the scene of where Darhk stabbed Claire. He smelled a rat and another feeling of darkness rippling against the back of his head.

From the shadows of the Kent Farm stalked Claire Kent. She ensured everyone disappeared before moving into the backdoor. Obsession burned through her bright blue eyes. And obsession at acquiring a certain item continued to burn through the mind buried deep into Claire's skull.

Claire made her way to the kitchen and ripped open the cabinets. She cursed the Daughter of the Demon for using that watch to eliminate her strength. It slowly trickled back, but what had been reserved had been lost. The light burns on her skin prevented the absorption of yellow solar radiation.

"Where is it?" she demanded. "Where is it?"

She almost tipped the table over before heading up the stairs. A few flickers of energy came. Claire stood in the middle of the hallway and focused intently.
'X-Ray vision. Useful.'

The scan of the room allowed her to search the area even more. A whoosh caused Claire to cease
the searching. A three hundred and sixty-degree turn of the head caused her to stand face to face
with an occupant standing firm on the other side of the hallway.

"You're not Clara," Kara said. "What the hell did you do with her?"

"Well, one of you figured it out," Claire said. Her fist gripped. Most the burns heeled on her body
and caused the yellow solar radiation to empower her further. "It's a pity it's going to be too late for
you to do anything about it."

Kara looked into her cousin's eyes and saw not only a complete stranger, but an utter monster
wearing her cousin's flesh. The holder of the separate medallion swept Claire's legs out from
underneath her and held the woman down.

The two women struggled against each other. The strength of Kara overwhelmed Claire.

"You want to know where your cousin's mind is, don't you?" Claire asked.

"I want to know who in the name of…"

Claire nailed Kara with a forceful blow. The magic shield absorbed most of the uppercut thrust and
dropped Kara down to her knees. Kara sucked in her breath and fell flat onto the ground. Her
cousin threw a very violent punch.

'Not Clara,' Kara reminded herself.

The two ladies locked knuckles with Kara and Claire going back and forth until they flew out of the
window and landed down onto the hard rocks. Claire hoisted the rocks into the air and started to
punch them one at a time. The clouds of debris impaired Kara's vicious. Clair dodged around her
and grabbed her around the throat. Kara broke free from the attack and used a dagger to slice
Claire's cheek.

'I'm really sorry.'

Claire just grinned. "You could have disabled me, but you're afraid of truly hurting your cousin.
But, don't worry, she'll wither and die within Damien Darhk's body."

Heat vision beams met each other. The duel ended with Claire blasting Kara backwards into the
fence with a vicious smash. Kara slumped against the fence with a struggle to pull herself up. She
slid down on the fence and climbed up just in time to find Claire's throat on her hand.

"I admit, a female body isn't my ideal destination. But it's not my final destination."

Kara busted free from the grip. Damien Darhk found a way to swap bodies with Claire. A heat
vision beam nailed Kara in the abdomen and burned her flesh. Kara staggered up to her feet.

Darhk, inside Claire's body, hoisted up the Kent family tractor over his head with a mighty grunt
and chucked it directly at Kara. Kara evaded the attack and watched the tractor hurl onto the road
and smash into bits.

'Yeah, it's Darhk,' Kara thought in a haze.

And unlike Claire, Darhk had no hang ups on using these abilities to the most dangerous extent.
To Be Continued on October 5th, 2017.
Chapter Sixty-Four: Capture

The sounds of battle echoed from the Kent Farmhouse. Harry stepped into the picture just in time to see Claire hovering above Kara. Kara gave a good enough fight to Claire. And she might have won this battle had it been Claire in the driver's seat.

Damien Darhk stepped into Claire's body just as they figured. The two sent blasts of heat vision to each other. Darhk pushed back in Claire's body and then drove Kara down to her knees. Several pieces of glass flew into the air and then been turned into burning embers by the heat vision attacks.

No matter what one said about Darhk, would could not discount his ability to string together some attacks. Harry viewed Darhk high above the sky.

"At last, the Dragon approaches."

No need to linger lurk in the shadows given that the man in question knew Harry was here. He shifted a bit closer towards the floating woman above him. Darhk dropped down onto the ground.

"It's not what I wanted, but I'll take it," Darhk said. "Who knew that being in the body of a teenage girl could feel so good?"

Harry wisely did not say anything to this comment rather he focused on Darhk. The burns created by the red sun watch which Nyssa bombarded Claire with healed and allowed Darhk to access his powers. A large gust of wind almost as forceful as a tornado came down. Harry pushed through the gust of wind and flashed behind Claire's body.

One peak into the back of her mind showed that Darhk's mind was there and there was no link back to his body or to Claire's mind. Darhk turned around and viciously snapped off a punch towards her. The hand of the woman had been blocked. Claire's arm pulled away from her.

"It's time for me to crush you!" Darhk yelled.

Kara rose up to her feet to defend Harry. She flew as fast into her cousin as humanly possible and flipped Claire over onto the ground. Claire dropped down onto the ground. The insidious gaze burning deep inside of those eyes brought Kara's up to full alert. Both fighters snapped up into the air and circled each other. Their fists connected with each other. Kara's knuckles locked against Claire's when pushing back.

"Every single second I'm in this body, she's in mind. And without my magic holding it together, well it's only a matter of time before my body dies along with her mind along with it!"

Kara thought Darhk was right which was why she needed to outlast this monster as much as possible. She blasted back down to the ground. Kara slammed down onto the ground and dodged the heat vision. She needed to capture Claire's body to get it back.

A beam of energy shot at Claire. The manipulator piloting Claire's body dodged the attack. Darhk's vicious hands struck down onto the ground and forced Kara to move back a little bit. The Girl of Steel turned around and dodged out of the way. The beam of light cut through the air and nailed Claire as hard as possible.
It was not hard enough to switch their bodies. Claire sunk her fingers into the ground. The moment the Dragon and one of his generals came in, energy swirled around her hand.

"I'm glad I could keep this. It would come in handy."

Two energy bubbles popped out of Darhk's fingers and ensnared both Harry and Kara in them. Harry busted free of the energy bubble in about two seconds. Darhk stepped back with a slightly impressed look on his face when viewing the man approach him.

"I'd clap. If I didn't want to kill you so badly."

Harry freed Kara from the bubble. This time, Harry's energy blast cut through the air and caught Claire in the chest. Claire lifted up and the burns which had been put on her body manifested. She rose her hands up and channeled energy through her palms. The two bolts of light shot across the air. They connected in mid-air in some kind of intercrossing attack.

Harry pushed himself forward and knocked Claire back. Claire lifted herself up off of the ground. She pursed her lips and with all of the strength rocked the world. The screams of several people around the area could be heard from the creation of a super tornado with the combination of super breath and magic.

"Get the people out of here!" Harry yelled.

Darhk vanished, still inside of Claire, but they had far bigger problems to deal with. The hellacious tornado whipped about. Harry put his hands in the air and slowed down the funnel. Stopping a natural disaster with magic required a very skilled hand.

Harry summoned the power of the medallion to absorb everything he could from it. Kara returned after getting the civilians away from the eye of the storm. Harry's hand shook to manipulate the tornado back and forth over the ground. The sorcerer's eyes flashed for a second.

"She's gone," Harry said. "We have to find her."

He hoped Liv and Sara had better luck finding the stone than they did finding Claire. Harry managed to put a tracker on her which as a good news. The bad news also reared its ugly head. Claire flew in a very erratic manner in an attempt to shake Harry off.

Liv hoped against all potential hope someone did not pick the stone off of the ground. Sara stepped closer behind her. The two searched the grounds outside of the prison.

"I really hope none of the guards picked it up," Liv said. "It could be dangerous to mess with while the bodies are swapped."

Sara would have to agree. She thought about utilizing Isobel to hunt down the stone. The problem was, Sara did not want to temp that woman any more than necessary. She trusted Isobel to a certain degree. Unfortunately, trust was shaky when the stones are gone.

"Someone is coming," Sara said.

Liv noticed the person arriving as well. One of the prison guards stepped up and looked around. He said something to another guard. Sara grabbed Liv's hand tightly when they were talking.

"It shields us from detention," Sara said. "The medallion."
Okay, it made a lot of sense the medallion would do such a thing. Liv and Sara waited very anxiously to the guards past.

'We're running out of time,' Kara thought urgently. 'And we still got to grab Darhk or Claire or....'

Sara sympathized with Kara's confusion and also at her feeling of how urgent this situation would be. She would try to appease her with words. Unfortunately, those words never came as Sara looked across the way just in time to lock eyes with the stone laying on the ground.

They found it. Sara and Liv moved in only to see a flash of light in front of them. Three HIVE goons, teleporters by the looks of things, flashed in front of them. Sara and Liv locked eyes with each other with an unspoken agreement that no matter what they had to keep them away from the stone.

'It's the only way to switch them back.'

The goon reached for the stone. Sara unleashed a huge Canary cry at the goon to knock him down to one knee. He was pretty durable. Sara kicked him in the face. She bounced up and grabbed the man's neck before pushing him down onto the ground.

Sara hammered repeatedly against the back of the thug's neck and knocked the wind out of him. She stepped back an inch. Punch ducked and uppercut returned by Sara. She shifted herself back behind the enemy and plunged him down into the ground with an elbow smash.

Flaming embers smoldered in the air and launched at Liv. Liv repelled the attack the attack and shot the underside of the man's knee to double him over. She propelled up and crashed down. The molten ground underneath her forced Liv avoid as this Pyro-Maniac moved towards her. Flaming blasts fired from her hands. Liv threw to the right and shot upwards.

The arrow broke pen and released liquid nitrogen. The ice enveloped around the HIVE goon's body dropping him down. He thrashed his arms against the sheet of ice to break out. Liv jumped up high into the air and kicked her adversary directly across the face to knock him down onto the ground.

One of the hooded men charged Sara. Sara avoided the attack. The hooded man flashed over behind Sara in a blink of an eye. Sara dropped down behind the man to punch him again. The hooded figure disappeared again and again. She studied the attacker's patterns.

The hooded goon dropped behind Sara and tried to stab her. Sara caught him and hung on as tight as possible. The goon disappeared and reappeared at a frantic pace trying to shake Sara off. Sara held onto the attacker's arm as tightly as possible the more he appeared and disappeared.

Sara flipped down to the ground just in time for Liv to put an arrow down across the attacker's back. He tried to teleport only for the arrow to release a discharge of energy to prevent him from doing so. Pain filled the man's face in a very agonizing way.

"Lights out."

Sara smashed her hand repeatedly into the side of her adversary's head. She backed off to allow said adversary to slump down onto the ground.

"That's the stone?" Sara asked.

"That's what I saw Darhk stab Claire with."

Sara scooped up the stone in her hand and felt triumph go through her. They were one step closer to
resolving this and she could not be happier at all.

'We're on our way.'

Damien Darhk gritted the teeth of the person who he took the body of. A body which was now his, but now his former body decayed on the ground, held by the League of Assassins.

'I've got to finish it off so they can't switch us.'

The body decayed in front of her. An exploding arrow knocked her down onto the ground. Claire crashed down onto the ground. She came up to her feet and watched as Talia al Ghul stood up against her.

"I don't have to pretend anymore."

The normally calm and collected voice grew very violent and very wicked. Claire's eyes flashed open to launch a beam of heat vision. Talia grabbed an orb and threw it into the air. Claire batted it against the ground and caused a flare of red sunlight to be released harmlessly next to her.

"Not going to work. You see, I've seen that trick before shot like I've seen this one before!"

She grabbed Nyssa's arm and ripped the watch off of it. Nyssa slammed into the ground. She summoned strength from the medallion to barely break free. The feeling of her arm bones being crunched agonized Nyssa. She trained herself a long time ago to block out the pain. One dagger came out with the hand of her blocking.

"You won't get away with this!"

"I'll break you both," Darhk said.

An arrow flew through the air and one hand caught the arrow. The archer in green who haunted Starling City stood on the ground. Darhk curled his vessel's lips up into a spic.

"Let's see how much you burn," he said just seconds before a trigger released in the arrow and sent a sonic boom crashing the combined entity down to the ground.

"You first."

Liv shot multiple arrows at the other one. She was mindful this was a person's body who she did not want to hurt all that much.

Claire, in Damien Darhk's body, stepped out. She took the sheath which came off of Talia's arm to lift the Kryptonite dagger out from it. She watched her body size up from the Kryptonite. She rose back and tried to stab herself, but her hand blocked itself.

"That's amusing," Claire heard her voice say. "That's really cute to think my withering old body has the strength to kill this young fresh body. Even I would not be that ignorant."

Nyssa slashed Claire's arm with the Kryptonite blade. The green rock fragments implanted into her body.

"For the record, I'm sorry," Nyssa said looking in Darhk's eyes as she said this.

Claire felt the pain racking through her body when edging closer to Darhk. She grabbed her hand as Sara held the stone and passed it into Darhk's hand.
"Let it work."

She stabbed the stone into the side of her neck. The magic erupted from the stone and transferred their bodies together.

Claire's body collapsed down to the ground. Damien Darhk's body sized up in the shock of being mind swapped once again. He could barely keep out a breath. One word constantly rattled as he struggled to breath. A repeated chorus of a raspy yell of "no" grew in prominence.

Harry jumped down beside Claire and ensured her body was her own again. The right mind entered the right body and Harry kneeled before Claire healing the Kryptoniate radiation from her. Harry absorbed it into his body and felt the burning which would pass in an instant. He drew in a deep breath and ran over Claire's to make sure all particles had been removed from her blood stream.

"She'll be okay?" Kara asked. "You'll be okay?"

It wasn't pleasant drawing out insane amounts of radiation from a person. Harry's own healing properties purged the damage within a minute and allowed him to come back to state of being mostly recovered.

Darhk rose up to attack only for Nyssa to plunge a blade through his shoulders. She pulled it out and hacked the back of Darhk's neck to make sure. Maggots showered from Darhk's decapitated head and a puff of black smoke flowed from his mouth.

"It's done," Nyssa said.

It might have took her long and they had a couple of near misses but Damien Darhk finally expired at her feet. Nyssa could not be happier at all. Talia put her hand on Nyssa's shoulder.

"We should get him back to Nanda Parbat," Nyssa said. "It shouldn't be as long of a trip without the medallion and there will be less of a chance that HIVE will try and collect him."

They feared HIVE had their hands on a Lazarus Pit although it was not as strong as the one located at Nanda Parbat. The oldest and purest and most vital Lazarus Pit allowed their father to live on past the point of expiration.

"Thanks," Harry told Liv and Sara. "I should get back to the Farm and see if Kara and Claire is settled in."

"Rest," Sara said with a firm pat on his shoulder. "Liv and I can handle any HIVE goons which may be sneaking around the stone and speaking of which…"

The stone pressed into Harry's hand. It lit up the medallion and made Harry curious what potential connection there could be if they were. Harry supposed alien artifact would be a pretty good indicator of what the stone was.

The torches lit the pathway leading up to Nanda Parbat. Nyssa levitated the corpse of one of the enemies beside her. The two warriors teleported just in front of the cliffs. Talia pointed to the edge of the cliff and they climbed up on top of the jagged rocks. Both women made their way up closer and closer to the top of the cliff.

Nyssa held the dead weight above the top of her head. The sounds of battle echoed high above at the temple of Nanda Parbat. Three figures dressed in black rushed a woman dressed in green with dark hair. The woman in green blocked the attacks and snapped her attack up. She smacked the
Some of them stopped at the look of the medallion Nyssa wore. Some of them, mostly women, fell into line dropping down to their knees to bow. Nyssa held the Tengu Medallion and smiled at all of the women before motioning for them to get to their feet.

A loud grunt came from the side. Nyssa turned off to the side and came face to face with a large man dressed in black with broad shoulders. His bald head shined out brightly. All the hair shaved off of his face and head, including his eyebrows. It made him look very intent and extremely focused.

"The master will see you now."

"Good, because we brought him a present," Nyssa said. "You will stand aside and next time, Ubu....."

Nyssa grabbed Ubu by the arm and forced him down to the ground. She allowed Darhk's body to smash down onto the dirt. Nyssa's hand wrapped around the sword and pushed it into Ubu's neck.

"You will never refer to me as if I'm one of my father's minions. You will treat me with respect. Is that completely clear?"

Nyssa kicked Ubu down to the ground and stepped away from him. She reclaimed Darhk's body and stepped inside. Talia followed them.

Ra's rose up from his seat. He motioned for those followers to step from the side. The body of Damien Darhk came before him. Ra's frowned when looking across the way at Darhk.

"I would have preferred him alive."

Nyssa's frown increased when staring across the way at her father. There were so many words she could have said right now. She decided to go for the most honest and blunt approach.

"I worked hard to get him," Nyssa said. "And you should be thankful you got him at all. Given your lack of success in obtaining him in the first place."

Talia wondered if her sister gone one step too far in stating Ra's failures. The Demon looked at his daughter who stared back. The battle of wills pushed them back and forth. Ra's nodded with a smile indicated pride of some sort. Perhaps Nyssa would not be reprimanded for his words.

"He just perished," Ra's said. "At the hand of the Dragon I assumed."

"The Dragon was present," Nyssa said. "He attempted to steal someone else's body to prolong his life."

Ra's stepped into the picture above his old enemy. He considered Darhk to be little more than a cockroach who clung onto life desperately. He flipped the eyes of the man open and forced him to look up to face Ra's. The Demon stepped back and studied the man at his feet. The limp corpse laid at his feet.

"Is it him?" the priestess standing at the top of the stairs responded.

"If you think the Dragon can be fooled, then by all means check," Nyssa said.

Ra's spent the next minute in silence before responding to them all. "It is inconceivable both the
Dragon and myself can be fooled. He lies before me."

The Demon turned to all of his followers. He looked much older than normal. Age should not have been and would not be a barrier for how formidable he ended up being.

"He has been stopped by his own hubris and most importantly his arrogance. This should serve as a ruin for all of you. His hubris was dangerous enough to get him killed. It took centuries for it to catch up to him, but all will fall before the League of Assassins."

Ra's held Darhk's head which only just had been fastened to his shoulders to keep his body together. He moved three hundred and sixty degrees to let everyone take a look at the head of the former member of the League and the man who wished to be where Ra's was.

"Nyssa, a word if you please."

The Demon's Head's eyes flashed while motioning for his daughter to go forward. Nyssa wondered what was going on. She never saw her father look so old and so warn down. It almost concerned her to be perfectly honest. Nyssa's fingers twisted around the dagger clung to her side.

"Yes, father," Nyssa said to him.

"Get this information to the Dragon as soon as you are able to," Ra's said. "Time runs short and... some understand it."

Ra's did not want everything he worked through. The Pit was no longer buying him as much time as it used to during his time.

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Claire rolled over onto the bed. Her sleep was a little bit troubled and her body had been fatigued. Solar energy glowed from the ceiling and filtered solar energy back into her body. Kara looked from the door and watched as her cousin slept on.

She would say Darhk would pay for what happened. To be fair, Darhk was long dead and his afterlife would not be pleasant. Harry mentioned the afterlife rarely was on those who repeatedly found more extreme ways to cheat death. Kara listened to her cousin's heartbeat.

'Good, I'm glad she's still alive,' Kara thought. 'It could have been bad.'

Kara hated the fact she came within a few seconds away from failing her cousin. She moved down elsewhere down the hallways of the Potter House. Harry just returned.

"You should be resting," Kara said. "I don't mean to nag but you absorbed Kryptonite and...."

Harry put a hand on Kara's hand. He pulled Kara off into the next bedroom. The two of them sat down on the bed.

"Okay, I'm sitting down," Harry said. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes," Kara said. "A little bit at least, and I'm glad you saved my cousin. And I'm more glad that she's on our side normally. Imagine if she wasn't."

Claire with no-hangs up with using her power was very terrifying again. Finding a balance between holding back too much and then going too extreme was something that was a high priority for Claire. Or really anyone with any abilities. Claire held back and it stunted her control.

"We're going to figure out how to work with her," Harry said. "Once the three stones are found, we
could help her out more."

"Yes," Kara said.

Their final medallion also taunted them. The location of the Phoenix medallion could be locked in
the collective knowledge of the twenty-eight galaxies. The sooner they got that medallion, the
better they would all feel. Kara locked her eyes onto Harry.

"So?" Kara asked.

"How are you feeling?" Harry asked.

Kara shook her head for a second. "Sore, to be perfectly honest. I think we've figured out how
much of a punch Claire packs when she doesn't hold back. Even if it technically isn't her."

A second spent checking Claire's heart beat down the hallway distracted Kara from the
conversation. She sounded very much untroubled. She turned towards Harry and unbuttoned his
shirt without really thinking about it. The Girl of Steel pressed her finger against his neck.

"I should be giving you a check-up to make sure nothing is damaged," Harry said.

"Maybe you should."

Kara slipped her shirt off revealing her breasts clasped in a red bra and her firm flat stomach. Her
red skirt rose up a bit with Harry putting his hands on her lower back and rubbing against her.
Kara's smiled and leaned back to enjoy Harry's hands brushing against every inch of her body.

"A few small injuries," Harry said. "Maybe I should heal them."

Harry leaned in and kissed Kara's stomach. The power of his lips healed her body and made her
feel more energized. The soreness filling Kara's body tapered away the more Harry lavished his
lips on her.

Each kiss allowed Harry to channel bursts of magic through her. He reached down and kissed her
sides and then allowed Kara to turn where he kissed her back. More kisses made Kara moan as she
lifted her legs for Harry to access. His fingers brushed against her.

"I think I might need some more deep healing," Kara said. "Right between my thighs."

A grin passed through Kara's face. Harry shifted her panties back and kissed between her thighs
before getting closer and closer.

A swift push of his tongue between her thighs jolted Kara up completely off of the bed. Harry's
fingers brushed against her smoldering hot thighs and made her come out with a sharp breath.
Harry worked his tongue against Kara a few swipes and got her wet in no time.

"Let me…look at you as well."

Harry's clothes faded off of his body. He climbed up onto the bed. Kara's bare body stood very
enticingly towards him. Harry reached up and cupped her breasts to prod a moan of lust out of her.
Harry leaned in and kissed Kara on the lips. One of her legs wrapped around his hip. Harry trailed
his finger up her leg.

Each kiss brought Kara closer to just losing herself in the moment. Harry pulled back and kissed
her repeatedly on the side of the neck. She encouraged him to keep going on.
"I need you," Kara said. "I need you right now."

Harry pulled Kara closer towards him and rubbed between her thighs. Her pussy moistened underneath Harry's probing fingers.

"I know you do," Harry said.

A brief second passed where Harry made Kara taste her own arousal. Kara sucked and slurped at Harry's finger. Her fingers trailed up her arm and squeezed Harry's bicep. Her nails pushed against Harry's arm. Kara leaned in and moved up. Harry's cock came firmly into her hand. Kara gave Harry a hearty squeeze and pushed down to the base of his cock.

Kara made sure Harry's cock was nice and thigh between her thighs. The two eternal lovers joined together with each other. They met loin to loin scorching in pleasure with the heat between the two of them.

Soft legs wrapped around Harry's waist. Kara rose up high and dropped down onto Harry. Her wet vice clamped down onto Harry and released his swollen prick between her legs. Kara bit down on her lip the higher and further she fell onto him. Her wet pussy clamped down onto him and released him.

"Go for it."

Harry's fingers brushed against Kara's back. He leaned her neck back and kissed her. The sweet scent of Kara's hair came into full picture. He squeezed her breasts making Kara sink down onto him. Her arousal stained the base of his cock.

Several minutes cranked by with Kara getting closer to the edge. She rode Harry's cock until she could not take any more. And thanks to her stamina, Kara could go for a long time. She pushed down onto him. Loin to loin the two lovers connected with each other.

Switching the play, Kara wrapped tighter around Harry's waist and pulled him off of the bed. The Girl of Steel plunged down onto Harry's hard cock when they pushed into their ear.

"Cumming, darling?" Harry asked to her.

A frantic nod confirmed Harry's suspicions with the feeling trickling down her cunt and onto his cock. The wizard pushed deep inside of her. Kara tightened the squeeze around him. The tightening grip of her legs hoisted both lovers off of the ground. Kara slammed down onto him with her trickling pussy bringing juices down onto his cock.

Kara came hard and saw stars. She continued the ride until it was obvious it was time to cum again. Harry tightened his grip around Kara's waist and made her cum once again. Trickles of cum juiced over the engorged cock pushing into the alien vixen's quim. She came all over the cock of her fellow immortal lover.

"Get off and float on your front in mid-air."

Obediently, Kara complied with his words. She floated in midair, thighs spread, and ass stuck completely out. Harry ran his strong hands down Kara's back and worked deeper inside of her thighs. Immense heat pumped from Kara's thighs beckoning for his hard cock. Harry knew what he had to do.

Harry wrapped around Kara and climbed behind her. His thick rod brushed against Kara's entrance and slipped a few inches inside of her.
"Hard," Kara said.

One simple word told Harry exactly what his queen wanted. Deep and rough penetration made Kara scream. She elevated up to position Harry head first into the ceiling.

Harry tightened his grip around Kara's waist and plunged inside of her. He worked up a furious pace and drove his big cock into her from behind on a repeated basis. The sorcerer's grip around Kara's waist allowed him to pull almost out and push back into her. His thick balls slapped against her smoldering hot thighs the further he pulled out. Harry almost slipped out and went deeper inside of her.

"How do you like this?" Harry asked her. "Feeling good?"

"Yes!" Kara yelped in pleasure. "YES!"

Harry plunged his hard cock inside of her body. He filled her up and emptied Kara before slamming back inside of her. Those juicy walls hugged Harry's big cock. Eyes screwed shut allowed Harry to get in the smell of Kara's hair and the sounds of her moans. The feeling of her wet thighs lubricating his balls when Harry put his cock into her.

He only drove into her harder at the thought that someone peeping inside of this window would get a hell of an eyeful of a cock being plunged into Kara's wet pussy while she floated in mid-air. Harry brushed her nipples. These touches gave more gasps of fulfillment from his partner.

Every itch Kara wanted to have scratched Harry moved in to scratch it. Her nipples received a light brushing. The brushing turned into some rough tugging before Harry moved down her body. Massaging hands heightened Kara's arousal to unprecedented heights. Her pussy juiced while feeling Harry's cock inside of her.

"You can't help it," Harry said. "I'm pushing all of your buttons."

To demonstrate that fact, Harry touched her all over. Kara's eyes glazed over the deeper Harry shoved in.

"And you're getting off on it."

Kara's denial did not come because she could not deny it with a straight face. The Daughter of the Serpent Tribe almost crashed down into the bed. Harry's fingers brushed against Kara and tugged at her nipples. She breathed in with hunger dancing in those eyes. The Girl of Steel pushed down onto the bed before Harry pulled her hair and commanded her to flow back up.

Harry held tight on those thighs moving all the way down her. Kara kneeled in mid-air. Harry tilted down and slammed into her pussy with repeated thrusts. Energy sparked between their loins with Harry pushing his cock into her. Harry reached over to squeeze Kara's breasts.

Her body opened to a fresh wave of sexual pleasures. Harry pulled out of Kara and left her hanging just a minute. He rotated her in the air before slamming his huge cock into her. The two of them moved face to face almost hitting the ceiling of the bedroom.

Harry planted his cock into Kara and guided her down on the bed. Her legs spread for Harry and stretched with desirable flexibility. He brought the hardness of his prick into Kara's tight box and allowed her to release him.

She turned around after Harry pulled out.
"More."

Kara ground her soft and firm thighs against Harry's tool. His cock came between her thighs a couple of times. Harry grabbed her legs and rubbed down them. The sorcerer pushed his huge rod into Kara when she floated up in the air. Her ass rose in higher prominence with Harry's cock before dropping down onto him.

Burning lust came through Kara's body when driving herself on Harry. The reverse-cowgirl ride of his cock continued with Kara brushing her hair against the ceiling numerous times. The firm clenching of Kara's tight ass and the finger sliding up said body part only made her bounce even more. The jiggling of firm female flesh stretched against Harry's hard fuck rod the deeper he pushed inside.

"MORE!" Kara yelled at the top of her lungs. "Oh, Rao….MORE!"

Harry alternated between fingering her ass and spanking it all the while fucking her. Kara's heat vision almost did some remodeling on the ceiling of Lana's house. Thankfully, Kara just barely kept herself in line.

"Cum for me harder than you have ever done before."

No words were needed. Kara showed feverish devotion to the leader of the collective. Her moist thighs provided evidence of how much she had been aroused. The repeated rises and drops against Harry's thick tool allowed Kara's pussy to flow swiftly and drip down against his cock.

They had been brought up to a high peak and went through a few angles. Harry rammed into Kara and decided to bring it home.

"It's going to be my turn soon."

Kara threw her head back and allowed Harry to suck hard. Kara's eyes shifted back. Kara's intense actions took Harry deep inside and squeezed him. He was getting closer to the final rush. His balls ached and worked back against Kara's slit.

The two came together. Flashes of white emitted against Kara's eyes before spurts of white coated her insides. Kara grabbed onto Harry and pumped his cock until all of the cum pushed into her.

The perfect angel descending down upon Harry's cock made him swell.

"You're amazing," Harry said. "Simply amazing….just look at you!"

The beaming pride in Kara just made her take Harry in deeper until she finished milking his cock dry of all seed. She collapsed back with a pleasurable cry of content.

Harry pulled out and wrapped his arms around his queen. Kara took the opportunity to snuggle against Harry as the two drifted off for some well-deserved rest.

To Be Continued on October 8th, 2017.
One Step Closer

Chapter Sixty-Five: One Step Closer.

The fresh country air did do Thea Queen a world of good. She took the trip out in the private jet belonging to the Queen Family out to Smallville. She had been too young to remember the old Queen Family town house. Liv talked about how she was out there a lot.

"Okay, okay, I believe you," Thea said. "It's not a place I would really want to live, but hey, at least it's something, isn't it?"

Liv stretched down and picked up the quiver full of arrows. She picked up a pretty elegantly made bow. Thea's eyes widened and she could not help but be impressed by the workmanship of this particular item. Thea took the bow in her hand and admired the craftsmanship of it. Granted, she had not really picked up a bow in a long time. Ever since Liv was assumed dead, and then was not dead anymore, Thea lost the nerve to really pick up a bow and fire it at a target.

"Dad made it."

Thea raised an eyebrow in surprise, although she should have not been too entirely surprised by the statement coming from Liv.

"Why am I not surprised?" Thea asked Liv. "I guess he had a lot of secrets and crafting these bows were a pretty good one."

Thea put the arrow against the bow and chewed on the edge of her tongue. She could make the target, with a little effort. She was certain of it and even more confident. It had been a couple of years since she fired the arrow. Liv placed her hand on Thea's waist to steady her grip around the bow. Liv drew in a deep breath and fired the arrow at the edge of the target. The arrow connected with the target on the center.

"Not bad," Liv said.

Thea glared at her sister. "Why don't you try it then, Ms. Not Bad?"

Liv rose to the challenge. The older Queen Sister put the arrow at the edge of the target and drew back the bow. She drew in a deep breath just as much as she drew in the bow and fired at the edge of the target. The arrow came closer to the center than Thea did.

"Well, to be fair, you've had more practice," Thea said. "And it is much harder to hit a moving target than it is a stationary one. Especially if you're not trying to kill them."

Thea hesitated for a minute. There were some deaths of the Hood's victims. It could have been that they were trying to get away from her though. One of them for instance fell through a three story window and landed on pavement. The investigation pointed to the fact he could have just jumped out of that window in a desperate attempt to get away.

The thought exited Thea's head as she faced the target. She might have been out of practice. Liv put her hands on Thea's waist to adjust her.

"Normally, I'm the one giving you tips," Thea said. "Of course, most of the time when you used to fire this bow you were under something….."
"Times have changed," Liv said. "Nearly dying makes you appreciate life a little bit more."

Thea answered with a nod, boy did it ever. She situated the bow at the target one more time. Liv's perfectly centered arrow placed against the target. She pulled the bow back and fired the arrow right into the target. The arrow connected with the target a little bit more to the center. Thea just smiled.

"Okay, I think I'm working off some of the archer's rust?"

A raised eyebrow signified amusement from the older Queen sibling. "Is Archer rust really a thing?"

"It is now," Thea said. "And I'm working it off. I'd say I'm making a comeback, but I've been here the entire time."

Those words followed through with another arrow connecting to the target. Thea brushed her hair back with a very slight grin popping over her face. It was all in the wrist. She snapped off another arrow which struck the edge of the target. Thea broke out into another smile and fired an arrow.

"Before I forget."

Liv looked over her shoulder and noticed Sara lurking around the shadows. She had not made her presence known yet.

"I'm going to have a lunch date with Harry," Thea said. "As in, Harry Potter."

"Yes, I figured as much," Liv said watching Thea sink another arrow into the target this time much closer to the center. "How did that come about?"

Thea flashed a little smile towards her sister before pulling back the bow and sinking it into the target once again. She stepped over and pulled slipped the arrows away from the target. She left only the central target for her to put the arrow inside.

"Well, Harry asked me on a date, I said yes, and we're going on one," Thea said. "Or rather, I hinted around that I wanted to thank the guy who helped rescue my sister from hell."

"Oh, I'm sure you did more than hint," Liv said.

"Are you just jealous I beat you to the punch?"

Thea came closer to connecting with the edge of the target. She leaned back with a smile on her face once again. She watched as Sara stepped out of the gate.

"Thea, do you mind if I borrow Liv for a second?" Sara asked.

"As long as you don't end up taking her on a yacht which ends up getting sunk," Thea said cringing only second after she said that. "Yeah, I know too soon."

Sara just smiled and gave Thea an encouraging kiss on the lips before pulling back. The kiss caused Thea to get a bit more confidence, rear back the arrow and sink it into the target right where Liv's arrow still laid. She hoped this was a omen for things to come.

Claire's eyes flickered open when sitting up out of bed. It had been like waking up from a very bad and long nightmare. The back of Claire's head ached a little bit when rising up out of bed. Claire climbed up out and walked a little bit around to take in a deep breath.
The light had been on in the kitchen. Harry, Nyssa, and Kara sat around the table. The two women looked like they got straight out of the shower with the moisture in their hair. Claire stepped over and sat down on the table next to them drawing their attention.

Kara slid a bowl of cereal and some orange juice in front of Claire took it. She sat down at the table with a few deep breaths coming from her.

"How are you feeling?" Kara asked.

The girl responded with a shrug of her shoulders. "I'm feeling a little bit better. My head still feels like someone is beating a war drum on it but things could be worse."

It could have been much worse as Claire feared. She had been trapped in someone's body and almost killed. She looked at Nyssa who gave her a smile and checked her arm. The Kryptonite stab wounds on her had been completely removed.

"You did what you had to do," Claire said.

"So, you remember getting stabbed with a Kryptonite dagger?"

"Mmm, yeah, unfortunately," Claire said. "It was for a good cause and Darhk won't bother us much more. So, that's a good thing, isn't it?"

He was already dead when Claire entered his body. The thought of having someone else commandeering her body was terrifying. The thought of being in the body which was literally held together by nothing other than magic knotted Claire's stomach to the point where she wanted to vomit. It was very hard on her to be perfectly honest. Her hair whipped back and sighed.

"Kara look....."

"I'm not blaming you for anything that happened," Kara said with her. "As long as you're feeling good, then I'm feeling good."

Claire just smiled and was glad about it. She shifted her thoughts to another matter other than the weird possession. She did wonder how HIVE knew she would be at the prison. And wondered what ended up happening to Lex.

"If you must know, Luthor is fine," Harry said.

"Well, that's something," Claire said. "What about his father?"

"From what I heard, he doesn't have much time left," Harry said.

The feeling of the approaching death lingered around Lionel Luthor. It would take some pretty divine intervention to pull him out of his inevitable fate. Harry doubted very much it was going to happen any time soon.

"Two stones, and one more to go," Claire said. "Maybe we can get this done without any problems. Maybe we can."

"It's not over yet."

Isobel stepped into the room with a flash. Claire tensed up a little bit. While she knew the witch had been kept on a very tight leash by Harry and Sara, it was still a bit unsettling how she took Lana's body. And she looked just like Lana as well which caused another amount of unease from
Claire's mind and body.

"I know it's not over," Harry informed her and invited Isobel to sit at the table.

She took a seat between Harry and Kara. Isobel looked across the table with a smile locked onto Claire. Those fingers just brushed against the table.

"You better have your wits about yourself," Isobel said. "You have two stones, but until they merge into their final form, you have nothing. There are still people who are hunting for the stone. And it includes her."

Claire nodded with her jaw set. "Thanks for the tip."

Thea Queen leaned against the edge of the wall and waited for her date to show up. She bit down on her lip. A nice slender black dress clung to every curve of her young and supple body. Thea made sure she looked as presentable as possible. She grew very impatient and walked down the sidewalk.

'He said he would meet me here.'

"Hello, Thea."

Thea came around with a bit smile. Harry Potter showed up in the flesh and he was good enough to eat. She threw her arms around him with hug before pulling back. Thea's hands brushed against Harry's arms while pulling back from her.

"Nice to see you can make it," Thea said. "Have you been working out?"

Thea's fingers brushed against Harry's bicep for another few seconds. Harry just smiled as the young brunette eyed him. She seized Harry by the hand and moved him over to the side table. They moved closer towards a padded booth which had a nice amount of heat.

"I'm paying for everything," Thea said. "It's the least I can do from bring Liv home."

"I feel like I'm taking advantage of you…""

"Hey, given some of the things that I've blown my money on in the past, this really isn't that bad," Thea said wincing at her past bad behavior. The incident with Pyg opened up her eyes a lot.

"How are you finding Smallville?" Harry asked.

Thea broke out into a smile. Her shoes kicked off underneath the table. Thea daringly edged her stocking clad foot closer to Harry's leg while underneath the table. Harry placed his hand on her leg which sent shivers going down Thea's body. Harry massaged the back of her stocking clad leg under the table.

"I'm finding it very fun," Thea said. "It's actually a nice change of pace to be out here and not out in Starling City. Some of the sights are quite something to see."

Her feet stroked down the edge of Harry's leg and moved up to him. Harry looked into Thea's beautiful brown eyes. Her lips moved out as her foot kept sliding down Harry's leg. One of them rested on top of Harry's crotch. Harry returned fire by rubbing her ankle. Thea's eyes shifted over.

"I'm sure you're not getting yourself into too much trouble."
Thea just gave him a smirk as if she was trying to play innocent and coil. Harry's hand rolled up her leg. He would have been underneath her dress and on top of her panties a moment later. He pulled away and placed both hands on the table for a second.

"What can I do for you, hon?" the waitress asked.

"Get us some of the house special and also a cup of coffee," Harry said. "Is coffee find with you?"

"Yes," Thea said. "Coffee would be great, and cream please. I like to have a lot of cream."

The suggestive gaze she fired in Harry's direction coupled with her stocking clad leg grinding against his thigh on the table made Harry rise up with a groan. Harry brushed against her toes very briefly.

"And I don't get in trouble that much," Thea said. "Okay, a little bit, but I'm going to need a strong man to keep me back into line."

Harry just smiled at her and moved closer to the apex of Thea's thighs. Her thighs were already spreading underneath the table. He brushed against Thea underneath the table and pulled back. He could feel what she was wearing underneath her dress or rather what she was wearing underneath.

'Oh, she's angling for some cock,' Sara thought. 'The question is, are you going to give it to her right away?'

The second time, Harry pulled away from Thea and stroked her thigh. A breath came from Thea as she tried to keep herself calm. Harry's finger brushed up and down the woman's thigh. Thea's eyes closed together for a minute before she turned back to the conversation.

"I'm sure you have plenty of experience with that sort of thing," Thea said. "And it's funny, I never thought Liv would...go for a man. But the way she talks about you, there's a part of me that wonders."

"How about you?"

Harry came close to slipping a finger inside of Thea and pulled back. Thea smiled and brought her finger down her own leg to feel the arousal. She slipped it onto the table and placed it on Harry's face right close to his lips. The arousal came just scant movements away from Harry's nose and mouth.

"Oh, I think you're something else," Thea said. "I would want to know you a little bit better. And I'm sure you really want to know me very well."

Thea's stocking clad foot now brushed against Harry's hardening prick on the other side of his pants. It was very hard to deny her at this moment. Yet, Harry resolved that if he held Thea back from getting what she wanted right away. He could tell that being a child born into privilege, she was accustomed to getting what she wanted. And by denying the heiress, she wanted it even more.

'Sara call me in about two minutes.'

Harry pushed his finger up underneath the table and touched Thea. Thea's eyes widened as Harry played with her in front of the table.

"I'm sure we can get acquainted, Ms. Queen," Harry told her. "I'm sure we can get acquainted very nicely."
Thea never thought this would escalate this far. Sex in a public place was a fantasy of hers and Harry was going to make it come completely true. A second finger teased joining the first. Thea entered a state of concentrated bliss. Her foot shakily tried to unzip Harry from his pants so they could take this even further.

Heavy breathing came from Thea the more Harry pushed into her. Harry smiled and saw her nipples stick out from the other side of the costume. The phone rang and Harry pulled away from her and answered it.

"Sara," Harry said. "Oh, you found something. I'm sure she won't mind me leaving."

Thea did mind just a little bit, but she was not going to make a scene about it out in public. Her pussy had been released from Harry's grip from underneath the table. He stood up and smiled at Thea.

"Another time?" Harry asked her.

"I'll hold you to it."

Thea decided to do a brave and daring thing. She leaned across the table and kissed Harry on the lips. She did not want to let go. The two pulled away from each other with Harry moving down and patting her on the ass before the two of them left.

"If you want to stop by the Queen Townhouse, I'll be there until Monday," Thea said. "It gets a bit lonely there. Liv comes and goes as she pleases."

She was pretty sure Liv looked into a few of the people on the list who had ties into Smallville. Harry walked Thea out to her car and made sure she got in okay before giving her another kiss and leaving on his own way.

'Damn you, Sara Lance,,'

That prominent thought came through Thea's mind. She would get some sort of payback eventually, someway, somehow. It might not be today, it might not be tomorrow, but some day she would get Sara alone.

A wicked fantasy made it very hard for Thea to drive without crashing. Thankfully the Smallville country roads had less potential distractions than the streets of Starling City. Thea thanked herself for this.

Hailey rolled over and put away her laptop. She just got off talking to Mia. What was she doing? Mia currently conducted research on something that her mother and the rest of the group was looking into. Exactly what Hailey did not know and Mia did not really say to be honest. She did smile, knowing that her mother and sister were in pretty good spirits.

"So, how are you?"

The laptop had been put around. Hailey almost flung a book at the person who sunk up on her. Rose Wilson leaned against the door and smiled.

"Kid, you're going to have to hurl a dagger at me if you want to threaten me. Or something sharp. You seem to have the coordination to hurl a shuriken."

"You know it's rude to sneak up on people?" Hailey asked.
Rose put a hand on the bed and sank down next to Hailey. She flashed a little grin at her. "And it's lazy not to be prepared for anyone to attack you."

The paranoia coming from Rose brought a smile to Hailey's face and a shake of her head. Rose sat on the bed next to her and took a drink.

"So, how are you feeling?" Rose asked.

"I was just talking to my sister," Hailey said. "She's doing fine if you want to know."

"Well, that's nice she's keeping out of trouble," Rose said. "I'm sure you can't tell me what she's up to because it's top secret."

"Yep, pretty much," Hailey answered with a swipe of her finger. She took a deep breath and settled at the edge of the laptop. "If I had to guess, they might be going with something with the White Bumblebee."

HIVE was in a state of shambles since Darhk's death. Rose would have liked to see that the problems with HIVE were over, but something about it made her doubt a lot. Rose shifted her legs against the bed and took a deep breath. There had been nothing else from them.

"They have only one more to grab," Hailey said. "Harry told me and Isobel...she's getting very anxious."

"I'm sure she is."

Rose kept her eyes on Isobel and tried not to let her get away from them. Another thought center Rose's mind. She leaned close and put a hand on Hailey's arm.

"You haven't had any more visions, have you?" Rose asked.

Hailey hoped she would not have any more visions. No one forced her to have any and none of them had come to her naturally. Her finger brushed against Hailey's scalp and caused a deep breath in response.

"No, nothing yet," Hailey said. "I don't know if I can deal with anything like that ever again."

The next thing Hailey knew, something triggered something. She stood in the middle of an underground tunnel. Hailey stood amongst members of HIVE who were making their way down the tunnel. She tried to open her mouth to scream for help. No screams came out. Hailey whipped her head back repeatedly to try and get any sound to come out.

Rose sat across the bed unable to say anything at first. She went from talking normally to complete psychotic mode and that much distracted Rose. She shook herself out of the jarring thoughts.

"HAILEY!"

The lights popped on with no one being home. Rose grabbed Hailey's shoulder and gave her a little shake. Her eyes widened and then shut completely.

'HARRY, WE HAVE....'

Harry dropped down on the ground in front of Rose and Hailey no sooner than those first three words came out of her thoughts. Harry grabbed Rose's hand and pulled her way. He climbed up and gripped Hailey gently around the side of the face.
"Hailey?" Harry asked her.

Hailey's eyes snapped open. She moaned out in frustration at what just happened.

"They're after the third one," Hailey said. "HIVE is. They're on their way to Shanghai and...."

Hailey slumped back onto the bed. Rose rushed out and returned seconds later with a glass of water. She grabbed Hailey's head and poured the water into her.

"Drink."

Hailey drank and got her wits about herself. Her breathing grew deeper. Terrified and shaken really did not describe it. She was so far into the vision she could almost smell the disgusting smells coming down the tunnel. And she could very nearly reach out and touch the HIVE agents.

She did not dare and to do it, however.

"There's so much power in there," Hailey said. "Tell Claire to be careful if she goes...there's Kryptonite rocks...and I think Isobel might already have figured out their next play."

Harry took Hailey at her word. He pushed his hand against hers and gave it an encouraging squeeze to tell her whether or not everything was going to be okay.

"I'll take care of it."

Shado stepped out of the shadows with a hood pulled over the top of her head. She loaded up the crossbow and was ready to fire against it. Mei joined her off to the side. She was less of a fighter than Shado, but held a sword strapped to her back. She was not going to let this HIVE bully them into submission.

"One more medallion," Mei said. "I can't believe it. They could be together for the first time in over twelve centuries!"

Shado put up a hand to silence her sister. While she shared Mei's passion for finding the final stone and eventually the medallion, they needed to be calm with this. One wrong step could sent months of researching back. Shado leaned in to get the word from Harry.

'**Hive is in the tunnels in this village,**' Harry thought. '**I don't know who is ordering them around. We'll be around as soon as we can.**'

'**Actually, I'm here right now.**' 

Shado was glad about the person popping into help. Unfortunately, they could not wait, not when they had to move now. Shado joined with Mei as they moved to the front of the temple. A dark-haired woman stepped in front of them and viewed them.

"We come under the authority of the Dragon."

"And I can vouch for them."

Mera stepped into the picture. The woman started to speak very excitedly in her native tongue while pointing at the medallion. Mera reached in and put a hand to the woman's face to stop her speaking.

"Thank you, but we must move."
They had pretty much no time to waste. HIVE was here.

"It's downstairs, in the temple," she whispered. "But, you must pass the trials first."

Mera was determined to prove her worth as a Queen should. The doors opened and she sensed the rest of the collective heads moved closer by.

To Be Continued on October 10th, 2017.
Lex Luthor adjusted his tie and took a long gaze to the temple. His father had been researching something very interesting. Lionel still clung onto life. They assured Lex, or perhaps told him to prepare it being any day now. Lionel was still hanging on in there.

He was able to locate what Lionel had worked on and was trying to find a way to figure out what was so important that Lionel Luthor would risk his professional reputation. Lex, on a leap of faith, called the person in Lionel's contact book and he had agreed to meet him in Shanghai. Lex had closed in on a mystery which potentially vexed him for quite some time.

The figure stood outside, arms crossed. The serious Asian gentleman obviously was not one to trifle with and Lex knew he was all business.

"My father, he said that he was after a stone," Lex said.

"Mr. Luthor was after many things," the gentleman said. "And those many things may have gotten him into trouble. But yes, there are many wonders of the world which Lionel Luthor appreciated. And there were many wonders of the world which our curiosity could get us into much trouble."

Lex understood right away what the man referred to. A certain wonder in Smallville which Lex intently studied got him into trouble. The man motioned for Lex to follow him out back behind a temple. If he wanted any answers, and Lex most certainly did, there was no choice to obey.

"Is this stone of power valuable?"

"You can't put a price tag on such divine work," the older man warned. "Lionel Luthor wanted knowledge which no one could possess. There is a legend of someone coming from the stars. The stones would give them power. But if someone could unite the stones into one unified crystal, than they could have control over this traveler. This traveler could create wars or end them, depending on what kind of values they have."

Someone who had seen Lionel Luthor's thirst for control up close understood what this man could do with such great and such awful power. Lex began to stick the pieces together in his mind. Lionel had intended to grab onto this traveler from the very beginning. Whoever he was, Lex did not know. Lex recalled vague memories of a boy staying at Luthor Mansion when he was younger. Which was funny, because years ago, Lex did not remember being in Luthor Mansion as a child.

He left and the only time Lionel mentioned the boy's leaving was to say it was not him. Lex never got an explanation and over time, he had forgotten about it. Lionel's obsession must have only gone worse. The strange events surrounding Smallville only increased as did Lionel's focus on the city.

"Your father is very sick," the older man said.

"He's dying," he responded.

"Obsession tortures the soul."

Lex allowed these words to slip out of the back of his mind. He could see a couple of figures coming around. Lex reached over to the side arm which he now carried at all times. He could
never be too careful in situations like this.

"They are strange tourists," the older man said.

Lex would have to disagree. They were more than tourists. They were something else entirely. Lex drew in his breath and looked towards each of them. One by one, Lex watched as the goons moved to the back. One of them had a radio.

"No sign of him yet."

'You want to know what they are involved with, don't you?' Lex thought to himself. 'And you want the same thing which your father had been denied.'

Those words came in very strong in Lex's mind almost to the point where his obsession had been pretty much fueled. A small smile popped over the face of Lex Luthor when he thought of obtaining something.

"I can hear what you're thinking," the old man said. "The same devil which possessed Lionel Luthor is working its way into your mind."

'He just wants the power for himself,' the voice concluded in Lex's mind. 'You know what you have to do. You know the power you have. And the potential you have.'

The voice grew even greater in prominence. Lex wondered what these thoughts going into the back of his mind were all about. He watched the mercenaries.

"The stone is said to be inside that temple," the old man said. "But, there is a terrible force which overwhelms those who do not have the strongest mind."

"I have strength," Lex argued after a couple of seconds.

The man answered with a hand on Lex's shoulder and grabbed him forcefully. Lex resisted the temptation to turn around and shoot this man in cold blood.

"You believe what you wish to believe at this time," the old man said. "You believe your strength is better than you thought it was. But it's just nothing, Mr. Luthor. Nothing other than a lie."

Lex did not buy it for a second. He followed the progress of the figures walking into the prison and thought about making his move.

Shado stepped into the front entrance of the temple. She searched around to see whether or not the coast was clear.

"We have to move," Shado responded. "We can't...."

Harry popped up behind them. Mei just broke out into a swift smile. Mera gave an accommodating smile to her king. The four of them stepped into the temple further. The HIVE guards they saw disappeared around the hallway.

Harry clasped his hands against the edge of the medallion and allowed the power to flow into him. A subtle vibration came over the edge of the medallion. Harry knew that there was something coming. And it was beyond the usual HIVE drones which caused them problems.

"You feel it as well?" Mera asked him.
"Yes," Harry said. "And I know why."

He felt this feeling on the AMAZO another lifetime ago. Those eyes shifted over with Harry thinking about the hideous image of the preacher, Deacon Blackfire. His sadistic ways, his diabolical laughter, and the fact he worked his mind into them.

"He's after the stone," Harry said. "The Deacon."

Shado understood the danger and soon Mei and Mera would understand it as well. The quartet moved around the edge of the temple and into the shadows. No sign of them just yet. Harry moved closer and opened the doorway. He could almost feel the Deacon's presence on top of them.

'It must be frustrating how you can't manipulate my mind like you can them,' Harry thought.

Harry caught sight of Lex moving into the side entrance of the temple. He wielded a gun in hand. Lex turned to the left and to the right. He moved to the same area of the temple which Harry felt the mysterious source of power.

'This complicate things, doesn't it?' Sara asked.

Sara's words prove true. Lex being here did complicate things. The attack on him by HIVE outside of the prison where Claire ended up getting her mind swapped with Damien Darhk's did not cause Lex's interest to waver. On the contrary, it only caused his interest to grow greater. Harry hated to admit it, but he could see where Lex was coming from.

'We should be able to take him out,' Shado thought.

Something else happened through. Several HIVE drones made their way up the steps. Lex turned around to face them.

"I remember you."

A casual blast from the gun blew the drone away. He dropped to the ground with a loud thump.

"Perhaps we should work together, Mr. Luthor," a voice said from the shadows.

Shado drew back her bow to try and get a clear shot at Lex. Mera's fist curled up in frustration. Mei put her hand on the sword blade. Someone else had entered the room behind them. Harry had no idea what to expect from this next person coming around the corner, other than it might not be anything too good.

Genevieve Teague, the reincarnation of the Countess, who had Isobel burned alive, stepped inside. Lex turned his attention towards her.

"Mrs. Teague," Lex said. "You're a long away from one of your high society events, aren't you? Now, I'm curious about something. What is a woman like you doing at a temple like this?"

Genevieve's lips curled into a smile. "Just merely seeing one of the most exotic locations in the world. And preparing to bring home a souvenir from my collection."

"You were with my father's group as well," Lex said.

"Clever, Lex," Genevieve said. "You are a smart boy, although you get it from your mother's side of the family less so than Lionel's. He was arrogant enough to try and cut me out a deal."

Was Lex surprised Lionel tried to double deal someone? To be honest, no he was not surprised at
all. There was a point he expected it. It was almost the Luthor way to do something. He was fully aware two of them disappeared from the landing and Lex held onto the gun. He pointed it at not Genevieve, but the bodyguard behind her.

"Lex, you're not bold enough to fight all of them," Genevieve said sounding very condensing in the process. "Why don't you put the gun down sweetheart, and I'll let you walk out of here. Trust me, it's a lot better for you."

An echo popped into the back of Lex's head. A repeated chant of "shoot her" came forth in Lex's mind. Lex closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He steadied the gun and pointed it at Genevieve. One of them nailed Lex in the shoulder and caused him to drop the gun.

"You had your chance," Genevieve said. You should have taken it when you had the opportunity."

The HIVE drones working for her stood over Lex's broken body. Shado watched and Harry nodded. She drew back her bow and fired.

Genevieve stepped down the steps into the temple. Her excitement reached a higher level the closer she got. For years, for centuries, her family hunted for the stones. One of them was an inch away from her. Genevieve could feel the power coursing through her. The stunning siren song echoed throughout the area the further Genevieve stepped towards the edge. She came across the front of the gate. Her heart stammered a couple of beats when closing in on the edge of the temple. Genevieve's lips curled into a very devious smile when approaching the stone.

'Finally."

"Touch it and you drop."

Genevieve turned around. The mysterious force guiding her down here did not warn her of the figure stepping out of the shadows. Genevieve's eyes narrowed when facing this figure. The dark hair and the haunting eyes, they seemed familiar. Genevieve recalled watching as Deacon Blackfire stood next to her and burned the figure at the stake.

"I told you I would haunt you across a thousand lifetimes," Isobel said. "Now, take the stone and drop it."

"Or what?" Genevieve asked. "What are you going to do? You could kill me, couldn't you?"

Genevieve withdrew a dagger out and stabbed Isobel in the shoulders. Blood spilled from her arm just as much as it burned. The enchanted dagger ripped from Isobel's arm as it had been pulled out with a solid hiss. Genevieve smiled and stabbed the dagger at her enemy one more time.

Isobel flashed out of the way. The wound on her shoulder caused her blood to burn. Isobel's eyes followed the progress of Genevieve Teague who rushed towards her. Isobel blocked the flowing shot with the dagger and returned fire with a couple more shots of her own.

Another stab caught Isobel in the leg. The dagger weakened her.

"HIVE created this to deal with magic entities," Genevieve said. "It's quite useful, isn't it?"

A flash of fire came in front of Genevieve. The dagger launched out of her hand and The Dragon swept her down onto the ground. Genevieve's breath had been taken out of her body.

"You," she said. "No, it can't be you."
She dove at the dagger which had been knocked out of her grasp. Isobel slumped hard against the wall breathing. The wound burned against the side of her leg. Every moment she struggled to breath was a moment she was not killing Isobel.

Harry grabbed her and then healed the wounds. That dagger packed a punch and made every single one of Harry's nerve endings sear with agony. Harry's eyes glazed over.

"I'm in your debt."

Genevieve crawled up the steps to the exit. She had been rieled back in. Her attempt to withdraw and fire it resulted in the weapon jamming.

"You are truly the worst," she breathed heavily.

The mystical energy inside of the temple ratted to life. Harry peered over his shoulder. A giant Kappa guardian of the temple came to life. Harry's eyes fell on the creature who extended two daggers made completely out of scorching hot fire.

'Of course,' Harry thought. 'Of course.'

The Guardian of the temple rushed towards Harry. The sorcerer flashed out of the way. The burning daggers plunged against the wall. The figure dropped down and repeatedly nails him with a series of punches to the side of the head. The Dragon flashed out of the way. The dagger slashed against the wall and left burnmarks. Harry appeared and vanished.

Mera and one of the larger HIVE goons crashed through the wall on the other end. The Queen held the HIVE goon in a choke hold and slowly put him down. More came up from the underground tunnel. Mera engaged them into battle.

The Kappa Guardian did not hold any discrimination towards who it attacked. It just rushed forward as fast as possible with the daggers extended. The blades caught a HIVE Drone flush across the chest. The burning embers stabbed through his chest.

Harry took a moment to study the guardian and how it moved. And by knowing how it moved, he would know how to take it down. Mera's attacks proved to be fruitless. The HIVE goons attacks also proved to be about as fruitless.

The Guardian crashed one of the goons through the wall. Dust and grime shot up in the air. Harry took a few seconds to readjust himself. A blade made completely of ice manifested from Harry's hand. Harry jumped up and drilled the ice blade through the chest of the creature. The creature staggered back a couple of feet and gave a hideous growl. It rushed towards Harry once more.

"The further it gets away from the stone!" Isobel yelled. "The weaker it gets!"

"You want me?" Harry asked. "You want my power?"

The guardian chased Harry through the opening in the wall and down the steps. The HIVE drones decided to depart from the situation. Genevieve, deciding that her own self-preservation was more important than the stone for the moment, also vanished into the shadows.

"Come at me!"

The Guardian sensed the most dangerous being in the temple and followed Harry in very hot pursuit. Hot being literal as fireballs rained down on Harry Potter. Harry avoided the attack from this brutal guardian who came closer yet to ripping him apart.
Harry stepped back with a smile flashing over his face. The Guardian charged at Harry and came very close to wiping him out. Harry avoided the Guardian blasting him down to the ground. Harry flipped completely over and stuck the landing behind the Guardian. The Guardian turned back around and sent a hot mass of fire directly at Harry's chest.

The light cleared and Harry popped right back up. He noticed a weak spot on the Guardian's back. A glow emitted from it which drew in the power. Harry summoned a bolt of light to jam into the guardian.

Isobel took the guardian's legs out from underneath him. The guardian of the temple crumpled and left the protection of the stone unguarded and unfiltered.

Lex Luthor took a couple of steps forward towards the pedestal with the stone. He could hear chanting in his mind. A figure dressed in a robe stepped behind him. A hand pressed on Lex's hand and steered him closer towards the stone.

"You're almost there," the figure said with excitement. "Don't you want what your father could never hold in his hand no matter how much he desired it?"

Lex stopped with a slight amount of hesitation coming through him. He had no choice, but to not in agreement. He did want the one thing his father could never hold pressed in the palm of his hand. The stone laid out on a pedestal just ready for Lex to grab and to make his. He moved ever so closer to obtaining power beyond all life itself. Lex touched the stone.

"Yes."

Deacon Blackfire appeared before Lex. The preacher's demonic eyes looked upon Lex. One hand extended out and placed upon Lex's shoulders. Blackfire held Lex in his grip and under his power. It was almost like nothing else mattered to Lex.

"Are you ready to change the world, Brother Alexander?" Blackfire asked.

"Yes, Deacon Blackfire."

Black smoke surrounded them all and caused them to vanish into the night. The doors burst open just seconds before they did. Shado, Mei, Isobel, and Harry all came down. Isobel rushed forward to the pedestal where the stone laid only to realize it had vanished into the night.

"No!"

Isobel busted the pedestal into pieces from an outburst of magical energy. Her hands shook violently as it was beyond impossible for her to keep things together. Isobel drew in a couple more breaths. Harry put a hand on her shoulder.

"Someone beat us to the punch."

The Guardian activating when it did was not to protect the stone. Well, it was to protect the stone from Harry grabbing it and giving it to Claire so she could achieve her goal. No, what happened was someone, and Harry knew who, prevented the stone from getting into his hands.

"At least it's not a total loss."

Mera marched Genevieve Teague into the room. The normally arrogant woman looked very subdued and terrified. It had to do with the fact that her hands tied together and there was no
obvious way to defend against any attack. And more importantly, there was no way to defend against any retribution.

Isobel's face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. Her hand started to glow when approaching the woman who had her burned alive. Burning embers came from her fingertips.

"Wrap her around the stake," Isobel said. "I want to see her beg for her life before I burn her to death. I want her to see how it feels."

"I have….I have information!" she yelled.

Isobel scoffed. It was very dubious that this woman did in fact have information. Oh, she might as well have been trying to save her own skin to be perfectly honest. She put a hand on Genevieve's forehead. The dagger came closer to her throat.

"You fear what would happen if I caught you," Isobel said. "Stabbing me with that dagger was your last chance to take me down."

She broke out into a smile when facing the trembling woman on the ground. Isobel was glad Genevieve had been terrified to death. It served the woman right.

"They used you," Isobel crowed in triumph. "They used you to get what they wanted. HIVE no longer needs you. Blackfire no longer needs you. You are worthless."

"Yes," Genevieve said. "Is that…is that what you want to hear? Is that what you want to hear? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR YOU PSYCHOTIC WITCH?"

Isobel came this close to burning the woman at the stake on principle. The Dragon did not relinquish the grip on her hand. It was a warning for her to stay calm. Isobel played her calm just for now. She knew sooner or later though, vengeance would be hers.

"You said you had information," Harry said. "You will get a humane execution if I feel your information is useful."

"And if not?" Genevieve asked him.

"I will make you beg for your life before I slowly take it," Isobel said. "Don't fuck with me, Countess. You don't want to know what I can do."

'I'm glad we have her mostly under control,' Sara chimed in.

'Yeah, you don't say?' Gwen asked. 'She really is a good asset. Glad she's on her side. It can be a bit scary when she gets revenge happy though.'

The devoted sect of followers clamored around outside of a crypt which resembled a Black Phoenix. Inside of the crypt, glowing orange fluids were pumped into the temple. One of the true believers, a dark haired man with greasy hair, put his hand on the temple. He turned to the others, who all bowed their heads.

"The latest battle broke our leader," the greasy man said. "What those who foolishly oppose him do not realize is that he will rise again. Stronger than ever. Our Order will guide over the White Bumblebee. Each and every day he gets stronger. He is the only one to bring order to the world."

"For the greater good!" a crazed man yelled.
"For the greater good!"

The greasy-haired man just smiled and adjusted the stasis tunes flowing into the temple. The next thing he knew, a knife impaled through his stomach and dropped him down to the ground.

A figure moved in the light and took out the vast majority of the cultists surrounding the crypt. They did not have an opportunity to defend themselves. This figure in the hood was so swift in his attacks that he had already started killing the next victim before the last one hit the ground.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" a large redhead woman who resembled an overgrown harpy shrieked. "You dare discrete the great White Bumblebee and….."

The figure decapitated the woman before she finished her voice. Her head dropped to the ground, mouth still open in mid-yell. The figure stepped back and pulled the hood back to reveal the haunted and ravaged face of one Ra's al Ghul.

Glowing orange fluids pushed into the stasis tube. Ra's sliced the lifeline leading into the tube. The front of the tube opened up to reveal the withered and ancient body of a once dangerous man.

"Age has not treated you kindly, my old pupil," Ra's said. "It's a trainwreck I've weathered many times before. Riddle left his mark on you, didn't he?"

Ra's decided it would be for the best to put his old student out of his misery. It would also settle a debt held with the Dragon from a long time ago to eliminate his most persistent enemy. Ra's wished to go into the grave all of his debts paid.

His children should not have to suffer for his sins.

"Hold up, Brother Ra's."

A haunting figure of a man dressed in a scraggly beard and a wizard robe stood in front of him. Ra's stalled just enough to step back and face the figure off in the distance. The figure's lips curled into a smile.

"I wish to offer you a deal, my brother," Blackfire said. "I know you cling onto life, selfishly and foolishly. Each trip you take through the pit of Reincarnation weathers you a little bit more. Strips away a bit more of your being, and a bit more of your soul."

Ra's heard his words and wondered how relevant they might be to his plight.

"I offer you a way to heal and to live without the Pit," Blackfire said. "I also offer you riches and power beyond your wildest imagination."

Ra's turned away from the White Bumblebee. The crypt sealed itself back up and the tubes hacked away now pumped even more into him.

"What do you say?"

"Speak, and if I don't believe, you will die," Ra's said. "And he will follow."

Ra's intended to hear this man out at the very least. Something about his voice compelled him to do that much.

To Be Continued on October 12th, 2017.
Chapter Sixty-Seven: Tracking Down.

The term "slipped out of his fingers" described what Harry thought right now. They had been inches away from grabbing the last stone. The last stone had been snatched out from underneath their hands. Lex swooped in, under the direction of the malicious force of the Deacon and grabbed onto the stone.

Isobel's hands clutched together. She only wanted the stones to serve her master. The fact it had been so close and yet so far made her even angrier. She looked around and the frustration started to bubble over.

'You just had to get your revenge,' A harsh voice reminded her. 'If you didn't have to get your revenge, this would not have happened. You just had to be arrogant enough to think that it was all about you. You had to deny your master. And now it cost us all. It cost us all big time.'

The witch hung her head. The White Canary and the Dragon did not speak to her after they returned from Shanghai empty handed. Isobel gave the long stare at the barn wall. She got the woman who had burned her so long ago. And yet, despite having gotten that particular woman, Isobel found herself visiting by an empty feeling. She refused to squash it down inside of her.

"You wanted it bad."

Isobel could not even turn around to face the owner of the warm hand upon her shoulder. The Dragon stood a few inches behind Isobel. His face reflected across an old tin on the side of the wall. Isobel hung her head down on the floor.

"Obsession really gets us all at the worst time," Harry said. "Don't think I haven't been down that road where I've been blinded from everything that goes on around me."

"Yes," Isobel said. "Even one crystal being in the hand of someone that dangerous though….I don't even want to know what….

"It could mean a disaster."

Claire stepped into the barn having been about as blunt with her words as one would have expected in a situation like this. She stepped inside of the barn and sat down on the hay that always was a makeshift bench. One could see the shimmering levels of frustration grow within Claire as her shoulders rolled up and down with the poor girl getting more progressively jumpy as time ticked on.

"Has he talked to you yet?"

"No," Claire said. "He's not one for conversation either unless he summons me. I just got to get by and do what I have to do."

The mantra Harry unfortunately knew a lot about. Get by life and only do what you can do. Harry understood where Claire was coming from perfectly.

"I can't believe Lex just stole it," Claire said. "I should have been there. Maybe I could have stopped him."
Harry sensed a person who was already starting to blame themselves. He cleared his throat which made Claire turn around.

"For the record, I don't really blame you," she said. "There's just something more I could have done to be there and to get the stone. I don't know….I've not taken it seriously, and now...."

"We all have our share of blame to hold," Isobel said. "You might have been used against us as a distraction. Remember your flaw, you're as weak to magic as any no-mage."

Claire hated to be reminded of this, but she still had a problem with magic. It was not as frustrating as the other problem visiting her. They had to, no question about it, they had to get their hands on the final stone. They had two stones, but the crystal which would hold the knowledge of the universe would be useless without the two of them.

'Every time a stone falls into the hands of one which is not worthy, bad things happen,' the voice of Jor-El echoed through Claire's head.

She could not tell whether or not it had been a flicker of the past or a fresh message. Many times, Claire could not honestly tell. Jor-El often prattled on about her destiny and what was to come. It was beginning to turn into an extremely frustrating ordeal for her.

"I hate to say that I told you so about Lex. But I did warn you."

Olivia Queen stepped into the room. Claire sighed. She was not sure to count Lex as betraying just yet.

"To be fair to him, it wasn't all Lex's fault," Harry said. "Blackfire enhanced on his greed and lust for power. And also his desire to get one over on his father."

Liv would have to concede to this particular point being true. Lex's obsession got the better of him numerous times and this time was pretty much no exception. She hoped that some people did not get hurt because of it, because unfortunately that was what it was looking like.

"I'm here if you need my help," Liv told Claire.

Claire responded with a grateful smile and nodded. They would need all the help they can get at this point.

Talia and Nyssa stepped back into Nanda Parbat and wondered why they had been summoned back so soon. They had been put on their guard just in case something had gone down. If it had been the death of their father, who had not been looking too good the last time they met, then the two would have to plan accordingly.

'Do you think he's going finally?' Sara asked.

'He's pretty much mentioned the fact the Lazarus Pit has not sustained him as much as the past as it had before,' Nyssa thought. 'I really don't have any clue if he finally bought it.'

The usual trip up of the mountains and all the way to Nanda Partbat lead them up to Ubu. His tribe had served the cause of the Demon for years. The latest Ubu stood in front of them with his arms folded together.

'I take it there's some contempt there,' Gwen thought.
'Yeah, pretty much,' Talia thought. 'He's our father's lap dog. Loyal to a fault, and would throw himself in front of any threat to our father's life. And there are more where he came from.'

'Clones?' Gwen asked, shuddering at the very thought of it.

'No,' Talia confirmed barely holding back her smile. 'He comes from a big family.'

With that statement out of the way, the two daughters of Ra's al Ghul waited for permission they did not need. Ubu just nodded and motioned for them to go through. No one was saying anything. Several elite soldiers in the League of Assassins lined the hallway. Talia and Nyssa looked up to see their father sit upon the throne of the League. He looked a little bit better than last time.

The medallion flickered a brief second and then stopped. Nyssa frowned.

'Something is not right.'

She had this feeling from the minute she stepped into the temple to right about now that something was completely off about her father, more so than normally. Nyssa could not tell what it was, it was just something was off about this entire situation. And she took a couple of steps to look at him.

"My daughters, come forward and join us. I have news to share with the entire League."

Nyssa stepped forward to lead the example. She was very anxious after walking forward after the flicker in the temple. Talia joined next to her. Both daughters of Ra's al Ghul stood side by side to wait to see what would happen next in this conversation.

Ubu stepped into the room and moved past all of the others. He moved to receive his own gratification from the leader of the League of Assassins. Ra's just cast a very crisp smile towards Ubu and motioned for him to step back a couple of feet to join the rest of them.

'I begin to see where the dog comparisons are coming in,' Sara thought. 'What do you think you're there for.'

'I wish I knew,' Nyssa thought. 'I don't like it.'

A loud drum beat echoed from elsewhere in the temple. Nyssa and Talia both remained sharp as they stood back a couple of feet. They viewed their father standing up straight from the pedestal and peering down at them. Something about him was different today. Nyssa kept a hand firmly to withdraw the blade hooked to her elbow just in case.

"You can never be too careful," Nyssa thought. 'Especially with my father.'

"All stand and face front!" the high priestess of the temple declared. "The great Ra's al Ghul wishes to bestow news which will hold the future of the League going forward."

'Oh, this sounds bad,' Gwen thought. 'Sorry, but it's just a feeling that I have where….never mind.'

Nyssa hated to admit it, but Gwen was not alone with her bad feeling. Ra's al Ghul stepped closer to the edge of the temple and looked upon them with one of those smiles on his face. The smile brought even further uneasy feelings to Nyssa. The members of the League, Ubu in particular, focused on Ra's.

"The death of Damien Darhk ended a war which the League had been fighting for some time," Ra's said. "Darhk's ashes sink at the bottom of a volcano. His legacy, his demented and twisted legacy,
continues on to this day. And we have decided to have a truce with the organization which Mr. Darhk has run."

"A truce with HIVE?" Nyssa asked.

Immediately, Nyssa felt something was on. The knots in her stomach only grew. Her father's full attention turned towards her. Ra's descended down the steps and towards Talia and Nyssa. The other members of the League anxiously waited for the Demon's head to cross the room.

Nyssa stood firm and tall when looking across the room at her father. Many would wilt underneath the expression of Ra's at this point. Nyssa refused to back down from him, not even for one possible second. She drew in a deep breath and waited for him to cross the room to face off with her.

"My daughter," Ra's remarked in a casual voice.

"Father," Nyssa repeated in a tone which was equally as casual. She looked him dead on in the eye.

"Yes, to answer your question, I've decided to form a truce with HIVE," Ra's said. "We've had our differences in the past. And our differences have caused both of our organizations to fall short in our goals."

'Would it help to say that I really didn't like this?' Sara asked.

She was in some pretty good company about not liking what was going on right about now. Something else was in her father's eyes. And the people in the bond, Nyssa included, did not like it at all.

'Keep a close eye on him,' Harry thought. 'Ruve just found out about the truce and she also found out about something else.'

'Hmm, that's interesting,' Talia thought. 'Hopefully she didn't keep it from me.'

One could see what Talia intended to do to those who betrayed her. Nyssa found herself very pleased that she was on the side of her sister. Had it been anything different, well, there would have been trouble. The League all turned around. Ra's walked, with all of the power of a younger man.

A younger man, who Nyssa unfortunately decided, made a deal he would end up regretting at the very end. Despite his claims he was ready to move on, Ra's still clung onto life and refused to relinquish that security. Nyssa hated to admit it.

'Something has to be done.'

Harry stepped on, with Isobel walking up to his side. It was best given her current state to keep her close at hand. Sara joined them as some added insurance. Liv also walked next to them. Claire and Kara moved behind them. Claire slumped down a little bit. Kara noticed her cousin's body language and put a hand on her shoulder.

"It's not your fault the stone of power has been lost," Kara said. "We'll get it back. We'll get it back."

"No, it's not your fault, it's mine," Isobel said.
"It's no one's fault," Harry said. "Other than the man who stole it and….."

Sara stepped into the edge of the gateway. This particular HIVE facility made Sara tense up like nothing else before. She had a sinking suspicion something was about to go down although she could really not guess what. Sara spent the next couple of minutes thinking over what she needed to do.

"We better meet her," Liv said.

Liv thought she should be tracking Lex down, but was able to reign herself in. It was an obsession which allowed Lex to grab onto the stone in the first place. It was an obsession which put them in this predicament as frustrating as it would be.

Harry made his way inside. Ruve stood waiting for him. She had several folders in her hand and also a couple of handwritten reports. More notes laid forgotten off to the side, crumpled up on the floor. Harry suspected it was because she discounted pretty much any theory within those notes.

"HIVE has made contact with the League, and the leaders agreed to a truce," Ruve said. "And most surprisingly, Ra's agreed."

"I'll say what I said earlier," Sara said. "I don't like this."

Ruve responded with a very calm nod. She escorted them all inside to a conference room. A message appeared on the laptop.

"There's something off about Ra's," Ruve said. "My contact within the League informed me that he went to Scotland, with every intention of finishing off the White Bumblebee once and for all."

That little fact seemed very interesting to Harry to be perfectly honest. He rolled his shoulders back and offered a brief smile.

"I have my own contacts, in case Talia and Nyssa miss something," Ruve said. "They are well informed, but I was still well connected. HIVE had to be if they wanted to stay one step ahead. My husband made the mistake of going one step too far."

He was dead and a small part of Ruve was relieved. HIVE could be a valuable resource to use once most of the problem areas had been purged from it.

"I've tracked the final component of the crystal to Scotland," Ruve said.

Harry took his hand and lifted it up to his forehead. He had a pretty good idea where the crystal was now and he had a very good idea none of them were going to like what they had to do to get their hands on the crystal.

"Lex brought it and presented it to the White Bumblebee," Harry said.

Ruve grimly nodded. The obvious might have been stated, but she appreciated all of the cards coming out on the table where they could see.

"We need to move then," Kara said. "Do we have any idea what we're dealing with?"

Joseph Blackfire swept over the area with a few calm steps. He understood much of what had to be done in the not so distant future. The White Bumblebee was an asset which he needed to move with to free his master. Blackfire stepped into the room where the White Bumblebee had been extracted
"Brother, you have fallen a great amount from your heights. You have hunted the Dragon and in one instance, you defeated him. You have suffered great losses. One who you called your protégé, and your friend, he betrayed you. Tom Marvolo Riddle, the deceitful man he is, left you in this state during your final confrontation. Only the Phoenix tears in your veins, will have kept you alive for as long as you have been."

Blackfire steps over him and puts a hand on the chest of the White Bumblebee.

"I feel it, my brother! I feel your heart struggling to get out another beat. It hammers and struggles to draw further blood through you. Your blood, it yearns to flow freely again. It yearns to make a comeback. You yearn to strike once again. You yearn to have power once again!"

Deacon Blackfire held up his hands in the crucifix motion. His greasy black hair snapped back with a wicked grin upon his face.

"Soon, we will free you again from the prison of your body!" Blackfire yelled. "Even after Riddle has long since departed from this Earth, you lay weak. I must exorcise the demons from your body, so I can bring the White Bumblebee back to his great prominence. Albus Dumbledore, you will awaken."

Blackfire clasped his hands on Dumbledore's stomach and the White Bumblebee started to twitch. Blackfire dropped to his knees with hands clasped. The demonic minister spoke in tongues. A lot of what he said made very little sense to anyone other than him.

"Rise!" he yelled. "RISE!"

A loud bang resounded through the church around them. Blackfire's head twisted to the side. A crooked grin came over his face. The nasty smile, the feeling of never ending power rose through his body.

"RISE FOR THE REVOLUTION!" Blackfire yelled. "RISE FOR ME DUMBLEDORE!"

Albus Dumbledore sat up barely risen from the grave. Blackfire's head whipped back and his body did a spastic thrust.

"Praise the good lord!" Blackfire bellowed. "We have a mirror. All be praised!"

Dumbledore hacked to the point where it appeared he was almost about ready to cough up a lung. His body kept thrusting and moving. Dumbledore coughed and his eyes burst open. Blood shot terror spread through Dumbledore's eyes. He kept shaking in a mad way.

"What…what happened?"

Blackfire looked at a confused old man. He was not the pillar of strength many feared before. The battle with his former protégé left him battered and broken. Blackfire placed a hand on his cheek and forced the White Bumblebee to look at him.

"Face front to your savior," Blackfire said. "I am here to be your salvation, Albus Dumbledore! I am here to bring you back to your prime, Bumblebee."

Blackfire reached into the pocket of his robe and produced a vial. The liquid in the vial glowed orange and almost sang. Blackfire brushed a finger off against the vial and smiled.
"Open your mouth and drink this. Down to the last drop."

Dumbledore obeyed the words of his savior. The feeling of life returned to the man. His memories came back. Dumbledore's eyes shifted back and forth. The cold dead gaze turned into one which showed a very obvious lust for power. His grey hair held more life into than ever before.

"You've returned," Blackfire said. "But, so has he. And we don't have much time. They are going to be after the crystal of power. And with it, the final medallion."

"The last one?" Dumbledore choked out.

Blackfire slapped his palm across the table. The alertness of Dumbledore returned a matter of moments later. His neck rolled back with an evident smile coming over his face.

"If they get their hands on the Phoenix Medallion, it's over. Do you understand? The Dragon will return to his full power. You got the drop on him last time. I'm afraid it won't happen again."

"No," Dumbledore said.

"Fortunately, I have the perfect means to lure the Dragon into a trap," Blackfire said slipping a stone out of his sleeve. "He won't be able to go forward without this."

Dumbledore broke out into a smile. He felt younger already by looking at the stone of power. It had been a slight interest of his. It held many secrets of the universe, especially when combined. And once he got his hand on the stone, he was invincible.

The White Bumblebee stood up and looked out of the window onto the ground. Several of his guards moved around.

"Still loyal to me after all of these years," Dumbledore said. "They will not be forgotten."

"Many died for their loyalty," Blackfire said in a solemn voice. "Molly Weasley and Severus Snape among others were slain by Ra's al Ghul."

"My old mentor in this lifetime," Dumbledore said with a sad smile. "They will be honored for their years of distinguished service."

Dumbledore held in his hands power beyond all imagining. He recognized what could happen if this item remained in his hands. Dumbledore had the perfect weapon.

'Soon, Dragon, we will meet one more time. For the last time.'

Lily Evans stepped out of the shadows dressed in a skin tight black bodysuit. Months, Charlotte and Mia researched, and they pinned down the one weak spot in the White Bumblebee's defenses. Lily needed to go in and strike while the iron was hot.

All rumors indicated that Dumbledore laid in stasis guarded by his elite guard. He suffered a loss to Riddle. The wounds of the battle also damaged Riddle from what Lily heard.

'The fight's legend grows more by each passing year,' Lily thought. 'Okay, Evans, you have to stay focused. Just keep calm...strike while the iron is hot.'

Lily slipped past the gate. The figures dressed in red patrolling the ground did not notice her. Lily hoped it would be kept like this. She saw it as a straight up shot up the side of the castle through the window at the North Tower. And then it would be smooth sailing for her now.
'Most reckless thing you've ever done,' Lily thought. 'But let's build a world where no one has to live in fear from the likes of him.'

The White Bumblebee laid somewhere to the East of here, providing he had not been moved. Would have been risky, Lily thought.

Lily stepped into position. She shattered the legs of one of the goons with a well-placed bond breaking spell to knock him down to the ground.

'So far, so good,' Lily thought. 'Got to keep it up. Don't stop.'

Lily stepped over and noticed the wall leading up to the North Tower Entrance. It had been guarded by two men. One of them short and broad shouldered. The other was tall and lanky. Lily mentally made a list of what needed to be done to get in past the wall and past these goons. She drew in a very deep breath and then shot the legs of one of the enemy's out from underneath him.

"Come out and fight!" the broad shouldered enemy yelled at the top of his lungs.

Lily disappeared and reappeared behind the man. She found a hole to allow herself to teleport through. Despite Mia swore up and down until she was blue in the face how impossible it was. Lily swooped in and took her enemy out with a violent attack dropping him down onto the ground.

Several more figures came in across from Lily. They all dressed in red robes with the familiar black phoenix symbol on it. They were all followers of the White Bumblebee.

Lily could either cut her losses or stand and fight them all.

'I came this far.'

The ground ruptured from underneath two of the goons. Vines tore through them. The thorns poked them in the side and dragged them back off to the side.

A silver dagger came close to Lily's ear. Lily stepped back and whipped her wand. Strands of fire fired out of the wand and rocked them back off to the ground. Lily took a couple of steps back and watched as more of the figures moved in to engage her.

"The White Bumblebee would want us to destroy this traitor!"

Lily shook her head. She never supported the White Bumblebee. Her late husband did, and then tried to spy on him for the other side at a great cost to his life. Regardless, Lily came on the business end of about six wands at once.

One of them dropped down to the ground. An arrow stuck in his back. Lily caught a glimpse of a green hooded figure off to the side.

'My back up has arrived,' Lily thought.

There had to be more coming. Did Mia tell Harry of the plan or was Harry and his friends here for another reason? Lily did not know. She was just glad to have the help.

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**To Be Continued on October 17th, 2017.**
The feared White Bumblebee rose from the depths. Many true believers claimed Albus Dumbledore would return. Others foolishly thought he would perish when clinging onto to life by the skin of his fingers. Every single one of them wondered what would happen. What would happen to his legacy if he perished? While others wondered, very anxiously, what would happen should Dumbledore return from the depths.

The time for people wondering finally ended. Dumbledore swept into the room to survey his legions of followers. They all stood nervously and wondered what wisdom their great leader would impose on them. Dumbledore turned his head back to them. They all bowed down to the ground before the White Bumblebee.

"You may all rise."

All of the followers rose before the White Bumblebee. Dumbledore smiled at them. He regained a much lighter step of a much younger man and also regained his bearings. It was important to show his power in the face of much adversity.

"It's good to see you back, master," one of the followers said.

"I'm glad to see you're pleased," Dumbledore said. "And I'm sure many of you are scared. The uncertainty is scary. The traitor, Tom Riddle…"

Every single person in the room let off an angry hiss at Riddle's name. Dumbledore smiled at the type of reaction Tom's name still gave them. It really did sadden Dumbledore about Riddle how after everything Dumbledore did for him, he flew completely off of the rails. That particularly mad dog was put down.

"He has not found a way back has he?" Dumbledore asked.

"No, great one," one of the followers spoke up. "When you…were impaired, Riddle perished. We took his body and burned it. The ashes are in your throne room just as you would have wanted."

Dumbledore swept his eyes over the man who had spoken. His lips curled into a warn smile. He was glad to have such devoted followers who would put their lives on the line.

"I thank you for your help."

The White Bumblebee meant each word he said from the bottom of his heart. The moment the elixir touched his lips, brand new life came from him. He had been recharged most of all by the thought of such devoted followers being there to wait for him. They all made this life more worth living.

"I'm glad you're back, Master," one of them murmured in a very low voice.

"And I'm glad all of my followers have returned," Dumbledore said. "Well, all who are able to stand. There are many among your numbers who will not be joining us tonight. And I'm sorry to have seen them go. They will all be remembered. Their sacrifices will not be in vein."
All bowed before the thought of those followers. Dumbledore stood off in the background to smile. The door opened and one of the aides ran on in. He stopped short of seeing the White Bumblebee.

"Curtis, what is it?" Dumbledore asked with a grandfatherly smile.

"The Dragon has risen."

Every single person standing behind Dumbledore all stood up very rigid. All of them feared the Dragon's return. Their most terrified fears were finally coming to pass and they were coming to pass, pretty fast. Each and every one of them turned to Dumbledore who just smiled.

"Don't you see?" Blackfire asked. "He's come back. He's come back to finish the job that Riddle started."

Dumbledore answered with a nod. He came to the conclusion that he was pretty much the only person who could see Blackfire at this current point in time. Dumbledore extended one gnarled finger out to the followers. All of them looked at him.

"I know you fear him. You've heard the stories of what he does to wand wavers."

All of the members in the room gathered around and showed what amounted to never ending fear. The Dragon terrified each and every one of them as they stood on the ground. Dumbledore stepped into a hidden room off of the side. He pressed the knot on the wall. The door sprung open.

"It comes the time for you to be the hero you are meant to be," Blackfire said. "It comes time for you to ready yourself to slay the beast that you've slayed once before."

Dumbledore pulled a large wooden staff out of the room. His followers stored it as intended and did not touch it. The red crystals on the staff fingered very nicely. They showed the potential power Dumbledore could wield and all of his followers looked on with astonishment at the size of the staff he wielded.

"My followers, do not worry," Dumbledore said. "We are so close to achieving what we wanted all this time. He will fall and the power he held will be used for a greater purpose in our world and in our lives. I will bring about peace to this world. There will be no more wars, all will be united and live in harmony."

All bought what Dumbledore said. Meanwhile, Deacon Joseph Blackfire could not be more excited. He had riled them up and there would be much bloodshed which would serve his plans. It would be one step closer to his end game.

'"The Dragon approaches,' Blackfire thought in growing excitement.

Liv passed around the corner. Several of the thugs dropped to the ground. There would be many more to come. Harry walked over to the corner to join them. Claire, Kara, and Sara all followed in the distance. They watched Lily bend down to check on one of them.

"His squib guard," Lily said.

"Non-magical folks born from magical people, right?" Harry asked.

Lily answered with a nod. Some terms really did carry the entire universe over. Liv covered Lily to make sure no one attacked her from behind. Lily pulled the stone out from around the neck of the goon in question. She twisted it around her finger and looked on with a rather obvious groan.
"The stone is active," Lily said. "And that means the White Bumblebee is on the move."

Isobel stepped into the picture and noticed the magic around the castle shifted. She had grown nervous the second she felt it. A brief flicker in her mind at being burned on the orders of Deacon Blackfire blasted through Isobel's mind. She shook off the thought.

"There's not a problem, is there?" Harry asked.

"There are many problems," Lily responded. "One of the biggest problems is the fact their stones are active. Which means the White Bumblebee has been woken up."

"Today of all days?" Sara asked.

Lily answered with a grim nod. Today of all days, and she figure it would be just right to have run into the castle at this particular moment to fight a full White Bumblebee and his forcers. Lily's hopes for an easy kill had been completely dashed in a blink of an eye.

"We should stay focused," Harry said. "Isobel, I noticed you flinch. Is there something wrong?"

Isobel dragged herself out of the unfortunate trip down memory lane. The energies of this castle shifted and they had been corrupted like anything else that demonic preacher touched.

"It's Blackfire," Isobel said in a harsh whisper. "He's here. He's here, and he's the one who woke up the White Bumblebee."

Questions came, but they would have to wait. The pitter patter of more goon feet came down the hallway. Sara and Kara moved from either side. Kara used a gust of super breath while Sara let out with a huge canary cry. They created a huge sonic wind when combined which knocked the HIVE goons back.

One of the HIVE goons pushed back up through the ground. Kara came from behind him at the speed of light and rocked him with a huge super powered punch. The punch dropped him to the ground. Kara pulled back from the attack and nailed him down across the back of the head with another punch.

Liv shot three arrows into the air. The arrows stopped in a field of energy. The HIVE operative blocked them with a magical attack and set them on fire before firing them back at Liv. Claire only just dragged her out of the way to avoid being skewed by her own flaming arrows.

"Did I mention that I really hate magic?" Liv groaned. "Because I really…"

A whip of fire almost knocked her across the ground. Liv rolled over to avoid the attack. She viewed Sara coming in and taking the attacker down. Liv finally had enough time ot breath and catch her bearings.

"I really…really hate magic," Liv said.

"I don't think it's too fond of you either," Claire said. "Although, I have to agree."

The siren song of the crystal entered Claire's mind once again. No matter how many times she tried to shake it off, it kept entering her mind and digging its way into the back of her head. Claire spent the next couple of minutes trying to make that one mental adjustment.

"It's a trap," Isobel said. "You know it's a trap."
Claire knew it was a trap, unfortunately. Her heart sped up another beat as one of the figures from the tower hovered something. Claire had to take the chance to grab the crystal.

A flash of light engulfed both Claire and Isobel and took them back off of the castle grounds. They were teleported inside of the castle. The castle with its maze of tunnels and doors, and Claire tried to force her way through one with force. Unfortunately, the castle did not budge.

"This castle was charmed to withstand heavy fire," Isobel said. "The charms have been updated to withstand a nuclear blast. There's no way you're getting through there. I don't care how hard you push."

Her words might as well have gone upon deaf ears. Claire pushed her way against the castle as hard and firmly as possible. Isobel followed the progress of Claire as she pounded and slammed against the castle walls as hard as possible. It was an unfortunate waste of energy.

"You're right," Claire said in a solemn tone.

"I know," Isobel said. "We're going to have to work together to get through this. If we hope to survive another day."

Claire felt some degree of nervousness having to work together with someone who resembled her best friend. Well, technically they were related to each other by many generations. Still felt strange no matter how many ways you sliced in.

Several HIVE agents stood around the corridors. They had been brought here on the order of the White Bumblebee. It would not be the first time someone made that claim.

"Do you think he's legit?" one of them asked.

"I don't know," the other one said. "The commander is going to talk to him. I figure we're going to know soon one way or another what the White Bumblebee's story is."

The commander stepped back into the picture to face the HIVE goons. The look on his face resembled someone who had been caught mostly by surprised by a couple of things.

"So, is it him?" one of the HIVE leaders asked. "Someone better not be pulling our legs again."

The commander's haunted expression showed the wars he had been through. The wars he died through as well. The Commander had been brought back from an inch to death and become one of the loyal servants of HIVE. This particular operative knew all about what he had to do. Time ticked by, second by second, one minute after another.

"It's him," the commander said. "It's mostly him."

"What do you mean it's mostly him?"

The Commander should have known this statement would not go on without any questions. A steely eyed gaze came towards the men off to the back who did not flinch. They just stared back at the commander with everything going through their minds.

"It's mostly him," the Commander repeated calmly. "And he thanks you for your service."

The HIVE operatives did not really know what to say. Several felt a cold twinge through the air. They did not quite understand what was happening until it happened. They barely understood what
they were feeling until it was much too late.

The White Bumblebee came from behind them and absorbed the essence of a dozen HIVE soldiers at once. The life energy strengthened his power and kept him young and vibrant. The Commander clasped his hand to his heart and watched as Dumbledore turned his attention to the Commander.

"You were accurate in your assessment," Dumbledore said. "These gentlemen were the strongest of HIVE."

"I told you, great one," the Commander said. "Anything to serve such a great leader."

Dumbledore saw through the lies and deceptions. He was not loyal like the followers out the castle. Oh no, he was the opposite of loyal. He served the White Bumblebee out of fear of what he could do to him if the proper motivation could be presented.

Fear was good though. Fear made the world go completely around. It made Darhk into one of his agents before his untimely demise. And Darhk gave Dumbledore a lot of information. His life had been owed by Dumbledore after he allowed Darhk to escape certain doom again and again.

'The past is useless,' Dumbledore thought. 'We must move forward into the present.'

'He draws ever so closer," one of his aides said.

Dumbledore tightened the grip around the staff. The drums of war beat in the back of Dumbledore's head. The thrill of the hunt and the lust for blood spun into one tightly wound tapestry. It defined everything Dumbledore had to do and everything he intended to do in the future.

"I see him approach," Dumbledore said. "I'm ready to slay him."

Dumbledore closed his eyes. A map of the castle filled his mind and he noticed two dots. The shine of the mystical medallions of the Separent Queen and the White Canary beckoned Dumbledore forward. Dumbledore tightened his staff and teleported.

Sara swooped down onto the ground and took one of the larger goons down. He was really a piece of cake. Sara stepped back from him and looked to Kara.

"So, heading on up?" Sara asked.

"We have to," Kara said. "The White Bumblebee is up there. We can end this right now."

"Actually the White Bumblebee is right here."

A force of bright light cut through the air. Kara and Sara dodged the attack which blew the entire wall behind them to dust. The White Bumblebee appeared in the distance. He was not the withered old man they expected. Stronger, more durable, and more dangerous than ever before.

"Only two of the queens saw fit to show up," Dumbledore said. "But, it matters not. I will hunt you all down and make you suffer for what you've done."

"Oh, you're the one who kills people," Sara said.

"I merely do what is necessary for a better world," Dumbledore said. "And now, you're going to kneel before him."

The ground ruptured underneath them. Kara grabbed Sara's hand and pulled them up into the air.
She had to work harder from the pull of magic. The sizzling energy through the air almost blasted them down. Kara used her heat vision at Dumbledore to try and rock him. Dumbledore stepped back with a very wicked grin spreading over his face.

"I can see everything clearly," Dumbledore said. "He's below, isn't he? He's buried you before and now he's going to have to bury you again."

Dumbledore's grandfatherly tone turned very harsh almost like an entirely different person took over his mind. Two flaming bolts of energy zipped from his hand. Kara zipped right and Sara zipped left. Sara came behind the White Bumblebee and dropped down with a vicious attack down onto him.

'He's here,' Kara thought.

'I'm coming,' Harry thought.

The door opened on its own accord. Claire stopped a few seconds later and looked on. She was capable of believing a lot of things. She could not believe a door would open willingly and there not being some kind of catch to it.

"The stone's on the other side," Claire said. "But, I don't know what else is on the other side."

"Good girl," Isobel said with a pat on the shoulder. "You're learning."

Claire ignored this gesture and listened around. She could hear a constant flicker which grew a little bit more high pitched. Claire's eyes shifted back a little bit. She remembered hearing this sound in the presence of the other two stones.

The final stone, the one she needed to assemble the Fortress of Knowledge, laid on the other side of the door. Claire stepped in. She looked left and looked right. There were no guards around. Claire's entire body tensed up as she watched the stone.

"Move to the side," Isobel said. "You're not touching that stone."

"You can't stop me," Claire said.

Isobel shook her head and used a spell to immobilize Claire in her tracks. Claire grimaced when she tried to move her hands and legs. She ran nowhere. Isobel trapped her and knew it. Claire felt agitated and quite betrayed.

"You are a child," Isobel said. "You don't touch a magically powerful object which has been handled by a madman without checking for any triggers first."

Claire hung around with Isobel working her way around the edge of the stone. There had been nothing done with it. The power just swam from the stone. No weird charms came from the stone, but that did not necessarily mean anything.

"Can you let me go, please?" Claire asked.

Isobel reached behind her and caused Claire to whip back. She could most certainly let Claire loose with a less brutal tactic. What would the fun in that be? Claire gave her the side long look. Isobel just ignored Claire's discomfort. The stone lifted off of the platform and slipped into Isobel's hand. She closed for the eyes and waited for the other shoe to drop. Seconds ticked by on the clock.
"You have stepped in my trap just like I thought you would."

Isobel withdrew a knife and stabbed the figure in the chest. Deacon Blackfire gave a surprised jump at being stabbed in the ribs. He pulled the knife out of his ribs.

"Child, you can't murder what is already decayed."

Then, without any preamble, Blackfire stabbed Isobel in the chest to double over. He stabbed her in the stomach and then in the stomach again. The knife repeatedly dug into and ripped at her flesh. The crazed preacher's eyes widened as he made further stabbing motions.

"The blood of you burns the ground witch....."

Heat vision nailed Blackfire as hard as possible to get her off of Isobel. The stone skidded out of the grasp of Isobel. Blackfire's body turned completely towards her.

"You can't burn what is.....

Claire fired a heat vision blast to him cutting him off at mid-monologue. Blackfire dropped to his knees in the crucifix pose and waited for the heat vision to pass over him. The horrific smell of burning, rotting flesh filled the castle as Claire lost all sense of herself and just roasted this sick bastard alive.

Isobel squirmed on the ground having received a good half of a dozen stab wounds. She tried to heal herself, but a drop of her blood spilled against the stone. The stone hissed and started to burn on the ground. The loud shrill siren knocked Claire back.

Blackfire's looked up with a wide grin. His inflamed body could barely be held together. The end was coming and Blackfire looked up at the heavens while clasping his hands.

"Oh praise the good lord!" Blackfire bellowed at the top of his lungs. "Praise the good lord... because judgment day is here. And the green fire shall once again rain from the skies and make more disciples."

Claire thought somehow the shrill siren coming from the crystal was a far bit less annoying than Blackfire's preaching. He vanished into a puff of fire and smoke. It left Claire along with the crystal and also with a badly bleeding Isobel on the floor.

"You have to unite them," Isobel said. "Right now!"

Claire fell over onto the round. Something weakened her severely. Her entire body shook madly. Claire dug her nails into the ground and pulled up. Her legs buckled and sent Claire crashing to the ground. Two more attempts to crash down onto the ground broke her.

X-X-X

Albus Dumbledore performed a feat of acrobatics which would put many men half of his age to shame. Dumbledore stuck the landing and dodged the dagger from the White Canary. He snapped her arms and legs together and caused her to drop to the ground. Dumbledore lifted a glowing spike conjured out of mid-air. He drove it down towards the White Canary.

The Queen jumped in and attacked Dumbledore. He hated her most of all. Snakes, the most vile creatures on the planet, deserved to be hunted down and exterminated. Dumbledore saw them as little more than vermin. And this woman represented a tribe of strong snake women.
"He will come to deceased lovers," Dumbledore said. "It could have been different. He could have ruled by my side if he had chosen a different path."

Kara zipped out of the way and Sara had been freed from her predicament. Both girls received a hard going over. Both stood as strong as possible to go up against Dumbledore. The rage dancing in the eyes of the sadistic man could not be stopped by any means.

Dumbledore sent another spike at them. A golden dome appeared around them to stop the spike. The spike came back and ripped through Dumbledore's hand. The blood splashed from his hand. Dumbledore pulled the spike out with great pain.

"Impossible," Dumbledore said twirling the staff in his hand.

"Albus Dumbledore."

The tone of the Dragon could be heard. He appeared. Dumbledore saw the medallion he had buried in Purgatory. Someone, another vessel found it and was strong enough to take the spirit of the Dragon. He noticed the green eyes and somehow he knew.

"Harry Potter," Dumbledore said. "All grown up. And to think, you were sacrifice for…"

Harry nailed Dumbledore full on with an attack which snapped his neck back. He could not even stand the words "The Greater Good" being uttered, especially by Dumbledore. Native universe Dumbledore never said it although one could argue some of his supporters and biggest fans argued that he did things for the greater good.

"That can't be it," Sara said.

Dumbledore rose up to his feet after a moment of pain. The elixir healed the snapped neck instantly. Dumbledore just smiled and claimed his powerful staff. A jolt of energy came from him as Lily came up the steps.

"Miss Evans," Dumbledore said. "You get to see your son die all over again."

"Not today, Dumbledore," Lily said. "Not ever again."

This twisted representation of Harry's old mentor walked closer to them. Harry withdrew the sword he stole from Damien Darhk. Dumbledore and Harry stood off. Neither backed down and more importantly neither blinked. He who blinked had already lost the battle. And they did not intend to lose this battle today.

"You are only at sixth sevenths of your true power," Dumbledore said.

"More than enough to beat you," Harry said.

"Very well, then," Dumbledore said. "Let's match the true master of HIVE, the White Bumblebee, against the powers of the Dreaded Dragon."

Harry almost could have laughed at the odd sense of Deja-vu he received. Dumbledore stood across at him with the staff. Harry held the sword and the two circled each other. Something would have to give as the two of them are going to fight. Harry held the sword in his hand and the two of them rushed each other.

To Be Continued October 19th, 2017.
Caitlin Snow leaned back in a chair and just waited to be needed at Star Labs. They were working through a particularly rough part of the Particle Accelerator Project. It was something they all needed to be on call for. Caitlin casually played with an eraser which really showed how bored she was if anything else. The seconds just ticked by on the clock. One of the scientists at the side of the desk had his head droop down in a very bored manner and responded with a very obvious sigh.

The phone ringing off to the side perked Caitlin up ever so slightly. She jumped off of the chair to answer it.

"Hello?" Caitlin asked.

"Caitlin," Tess said. "There's some strange activity coming on. I was wondering if you could do a check to see if I'm right."

The lights in Star Labs started to flicker and Caitlin wondered what kind of activity would cause such a thing to occur. She stepped around the corner and walked down the hallway. Her heart skipped a couple of beats as a couple of scientists moved forward. Caitlin made sure to hold the phone close to her ear.

"What kind of impacts are we talking about?"

Concern dripped from Caitlin's face. The power swimming through the lab happened to be something which put Caitlin at wit's end. Her heart stammered a couple more beats when moving deeper into the lab. She placed a hand on the wall and noticed the doors opening. The one and only Harrison Wells stepped out and frowned.

"We do have a problem," Wells said. "There is meteor activity going above Earth that most certainly was not there about an hour ago."

"How could meteors get there so fast without being detected, sir?" one of the scientists asked.

Wells pulled up the image of the Star Labs satellite. He shared them with the Metropolis facility, but they had been a godsend in sharing information and causing it to flow from one end of the operation to the other. Wells looked up and figured out what is going to happen.

Several impacts were most certainly on their way to Earth and about ready to crash down at a moment's notice. Wells could not even begin to figure out where they came from.

"It was almost like a worm hole opened up somewhere," one of the scientists said.

"Or they have been there the entire time?" the scientist asked. "It looks like half of a planet is about ready to dump down on Earth?"

The power flickered one more time. Wells thought about it. He looked to the map where the definite zone of impact was and he could not have been more surprised. This was the year of the second meteor shower which hit Kansas and caused a whole lot of problems. Time had changed.

He was certain there could be a lot of changes due to events which had been beyond the control of
"We should keep monitoring the situation," Wells said. "The Meteor Shower is above Scotland."

"Scotland?" one of them asked. "Don't these things normally happen in Kansas?"

Wells did not say anything. He just merely frowned and looked at the edge of the meteor ring above the Earth. They were breaking apart and Wells pushed another button to get a closer look.

"There's something inside of the rings," Wells said. "There's some kind of vessel inside of the rings…it was trapped when….it has been trapped in the meteor shower."

"Wait, are you telling us there are aliens?" one of the scientists asked.

Wells pinched the bridge of his nose. "An entire universe out there, and you're saying that there's no way there can be other intelligent life out there."

Humans could be very arrogant people sometimes. And that did not change the further they got into history. Wells left to return to his office. He had to consider a couple of things.

"There is something there, isn't there?" one of them asked. "I can't believe it, little green men coming to Earth."

"Well, to be fair if they really wanted to blend in they would look just like us," another one of the scientists said. She nervously looked around as if trying to verify whether or not there had been aliens among us. "Those little green men…or little grey men, don't blend easily."

The scientists all grouped around each other and nodded. Caitlin slipped away from the rest of the group and continued her call with Tess.

"There's a meteor shower coming and it's directed to Scotland," Caitlin said. "And you wouldn't happen to know why there's a meteor shower which is about ready to slam into Scotland would you?"

Tess responded with a sigh and answered the question. "Harry's over there, and….he said that things might be messy so keep an eye out for the fallout."

A huge part of Caitlin would have liked to say she was not surprised. The more she knew Harry Potter, the more she knew he was in the center of everything. She also needed to tell Tess one little thing.

"There's a ship in the meteor shower," Caitlin said. "I don't know what, but…"

"Well, the Traveler is not the only one to have hitched a ride," Tess said. "We're going to have to keep an eye on this ship to see what it's made of."

Everyone in Star Labs cast a very nervous eye towards the meteor showers. Despite it hitting Scotland, on the other end of the room, it was still very nerve racking. There would be consequences they were sure.

The loud ringing echoed through Claire's ear. It became a constant fight for her to stand up straight and do something. She had to get up. Claire had to fight. There were HIVE drones who were making their way into the room.

A bloodied and battered Isobel held herself together and held the doors closed for as long as
possible. Blackfire stabbing her had been mostly healed. The wounds did not close as much as she would like. Isobel powered on through and breathed rather heavily.

"You need to do something because the exertion is getting to me," Isobel managed with a steely breath. "I don't care what's happening. You need to snap out of it and you need to fight. There's more at stake than I think you realize."

"Need to snap out of it," Claire murmured. "And I'm going to need to fight."

The door blasted open and one of the larger HIVE drones rushed in. One of them swung a huge club at Claire. The club shattered over her body. Claire blocked the attack with the club and then hoisted the HIVE drone over her head. The ringing did not cease. Claire just got used to it.

One large operative flew down the steps into several other operatives. They all folded up down the stairs the second Claire pulled them in. One of them fired at her. The attacks caused no effect. Claire used her heat vision to create a circle of fire around about six of them to prevent them from moving forward.

'It was just as I told you.'

The taunting voice of Jor-El popped into the back of Claire's mind. She did not really want to hear about this. Claire's eyes shifted back a little bit and she rubbed the side of her ear.

'I warned you what would happen if the stones had been tainted with the blood of another. Now it's coming, and you need to be out of the blast zone when it does. Or you will perish.'

"What do you mean?" Claire asked.

A blast of white fire came inches away from her face. Isobel returned fire with a blast of her own knocking the adversary down the steps. Claire's hair stuck to the side of her face and she drew in a couple more deep breaths when fighting off against the HIVE goon. Two huge punches came very close to clipping Claire across the jaw. Claire dodged the attack and fired back with two more of her own. She used a very swift takedown to bring the man down.

The follow up elbow strike to the back of the head brought the enemy down with a severe force. Claire took a couple of seconds to breathe in and breath out to adjust.

'The stones have signaled a beacon to the rest of Krypton,' Jor-El explained to his daughter. 'The meteor shower is coming and the meteors will destroy everything in its path. You need to get the stones to the cave right about now.'

"Finding that pretty difficult right now," Claire said through gritted teeth.

Claire swept the leg out of her attackers out from underneath him. The two of them wrestled down onto the ground with each other. The attacker put his forearm up underneath Claire's chin and started to crank on her neck. Claire drew in a very frustrated breath while fighting her attacker hard all of the way.

'Damn it,' Claire thought.

Claire broke free from the attack and whipped him back into the wall. More HIVE goons climbed in through the window. One of them received an arrow to the side of the neck which dropped him down to the ground. Another arrow planted into the back of the leg of the enemy.

The Green Arrow came in and fired at the enemies dropping them down to the ground. Isobel
reached up and grabbed the hand of one of them. She drained the remaining life energy from him to heal the wounds. Isobel took a couple of deep breaths.

"Do you think you can hold them off?" Isobel asked. "While I get them Claire and the stone out through the gates."

Olivia fired an arrow and stuck it into the wall. A blinding whirl of energy came on through. Kara popped on through the other end and used her super breath to knock both varieties of soldiers down to the ground.

"Go!" both Kara and Olivia yelled in unison.

Isobel grabbed Claire's hand. Kara looked over her shoulder and closed her eyes. She ensured Claire had been out of there safely. The two women passed the gate which left Kara in perfect position to help Harry deal with the White Bumblebee.

Kara hoped he had been dealt with once and for all.

Harry lost track of his enemy which was not a good thing. Dumbledore moved into the castle. He overestimated that his knowledge was as strong as Harry's. Harry noticed very few changes in what was Hogwarts in his world. All Harry had to do was wait out Dumbledore.

"So, you've found me."

Dumbledore sent a jet of black light through the air. Harry reached up and put up a golden shield to block the attack. Both pushed back and forth against each other. The beams of light connected in the air until Harry found a way to break Dumbledore's concentration.

Harry zipped behind the evil double of his former Headmaster. Dumbledore spun around with a malicious glint in his eyes, far from the twinkle Harry had been used to. A beam of purple and then of light blue energy fired. Dumbledore rose up and golden fire surrounded his body. Two golden spikes flew through the air.

A dome blocked the spikes from impaling deep into Harry's chest. Harry pushed back against Dumbledore and then flipped him down onto the ground.

"You're impressive," Dumbledore said. "If I didn't think it would be a waste of time, I would invite you to join me. Together we could accomplish so much."

A moment passed as Dumbledore faded into the shadows. Black and yellow flames surrounded his body.

"It's a pity it would be a waste of my time."

Harry blasted three spikes from connecting to him out of mid-air. Harry's expression never once break from the calmness. He blasted the ground underneath Dumbledore. Huge plant vines ruptured through the ground and wrapped around him. Dumbledore vanished into the distance.

'Do you need our help?' Sara asked.

'Not yet,' Harry thought. 'I'll let you know.'

Harry slammed his hand into the shadows. Dumbledore flickered into visibility for long enough for Harry to draw the sword back and aim it towards Dumbledore. Dumbledore conjured a blade of his
own made of pure magic.

"Let's see how strong that sword is truly," Dumbledore said. "No doubt one of Damien's foolish schemes to undermine me...a sword forged from the bloodshed of a hundred goblins."

No wonder the goblins had been angry about the Sword of Gryffindor in his world. Given that kind of sacrifice, Harry could only imagine how pissed it would make them. He viewed Dumbledore out of the corner of his eye. He played a very dangerous game.

A large stone lion stampeded from around the corner from Harry. Harry did to flinch at the sudden attack and decapitated the lion. The stone creature dropped to the ground from Harry's attack. He pulled back from it and took in a deep breath.

The curtains came to life in an attempt to strangle him. Harry whipped around and ripped the curtains to pieces. Harry figured Dumbledore would employ some pretty shifty tactics in an attempt to bring him down.

"It's a shame you can't face me properly," Harry said. "But, I guess you're a coward."

Dumbledore appeared out of the light and a lightning bolt shot from the staff. Harry flew through the glass window down to the grounds below. Dumbledore blasted back down from the windows surrounded by a sickening black fire. He reared back and blasted at Harry constantly when flying towards him.

"This ends tonight!" Dumbledore yelled.

"I couldn't agree more," Harry said.

Both almost hit the ground hard. They came only inches away from striking. Harry pulled himself back up. They were out of the castle and now on the grounds. They were in a wide open space where Dumbledore could not hide in the shadows anymore.

"Come out and play," Harry said.

Dumbledore flung more knives at Harry and the attack had been avoided. Harry noticed they were close to both the Forest and the lake.

'What if he leaves?' Kara asked.

'He's not leaving,' Harry thought.

Blasts of fire erupted from the ground. Dumbledore stared down at the Dragon. The man lifted his hands and applauded him.

"You really are foolish enough to think you have the upper hand here," Dumbledore said. "There has been much potential wasted on a very evil person. I need to stop you. I'm the only one who has the ability to stop you."

'Yes,' a voice in the back of Dumbledore's head thought. 'Slay the Dragon.'

The best thing about this was there was no need for any voice to tell Dumbledore anything. He had been preparing for this fight.

Claire really wished the loud siren would have stopped. It would give her more time and more room to think. She passed the gates barely and there had been no HIVE Agents. Isobel stepped out
from the gates and then staggered.

"Are you okay?" Claire asked.

Isobel walked around in a dazed way and tried not to collapse down onto the ground. It was very hard not to feel flushed with the amount of power used to just heal the wounds. Isobel reached against the edge of the rocks leaving up to the cave and took in another deep breath. It felt like she had been walking in the middle of a chaotic tunnel unable to break free.

"Isobel?" Claire asked. "Are you okay?"

"Don't…don't worry about me," Isobel said. "You don't have much time."

Lightning flashed as the skies around Smallville darkened. Isobel knew the meteor shower could not strike here. It would be drawn to wherever the beacon had been sent off. She tried to find a way to misdirect it. Her feet slipped against the rocks while drawing in a deep breath.

"I've got you," Claire said. "Just hang on, we're almost there."

Isobel would have called Claire a fool to bring her about to the cave instead of just letting her perish. A couple of paranoid thoughts entered Isobel's mind. Wondering what would happen to her the moment the stones were linked bag together?

'You must hurry,' Jor-El thought. 'You're almost there.....'

The sounds of lightning echoed in the background. Claire tried to ignore the sounds of lightning around them. Isobel and Claire stepped into the cave.

"This is about as far as you go."

Claire turned around and noticed Lex standing in the cave. His arms had been folded together. One look in Lex's eyes showed that he was not exactly with it. In fact, Blackfire still held his old on Lex's mind.

"Give me the stones," Lex said. "Now."

Isobel groaned, did they really have time for this? If Lex was going to force the issue, she blasted the edge of the wall. The rocks of the wall ruptured outward and one of them knocked Lex Luthor in the back of the head rendering him completely unconscious.

"I had it under control," Claire protested.

"Did you?" Isobel asked. "It didn't look that way from where I was standing."

Claire took the third stone and the bag containing the other two. The stones glinted in the light the closer she edged to the platform. The cave paintings on the wall reacted and flickered to light. It was almost like they knew the stones were there and they knew what to do going forward.

"Hurry!" Jor-El called for her. "You need to do it now."

Claire dropped the stones on the platform. One by one, the stones disappeared into the platform. She could feel something build up inside of the cave. She could not really tell what it was or what was going to happen. Isobel rose up and banished Lex's body from the cave.

"Don't worry, he'll wake up with a headache in Luthor Manor," Isobel said.
Claire would have to take Isobel's word for it. Presently, she watched as the stones did something on that pedestal. The ringing ceased a little bit or maybe Claire just got used to it. Regardless of the case, everything shifted together.

"It's happening," Isobel said. "It's finally happening. After all of these years!"

Isobel's excitement grew and Claire wondered if she would get any straight answers. For a moment, the women, looking so fatigued, looked very excited. She grabbed Claire by the hand and motioned to the stones. The stones fused together in the light and all became one large crystal shaped object. Claire's heart beat a little bit steadier when viewing the crystal come to life.

The crystal rose up from the cave. Claire watched the crystal become fully formed and move over.

'It's time, Clara,' Jor-El thought. 'It's time for you to reach out and grab it. Go ahead and grab it'

The crystal shined against her face. Claire reached up and grabbed the crystal. The crystal formed a tight seal in her hand and made all of the figures vanish out of the cave in a blink of an eye.

Harry sought out the enemy he had been here for. One way or another, this ended tonight. One way or another, Harry would walk away from here, ready to go.

A loud bomb echoed from across the way. Harry could see something zipping over the skies of Scotland. The flash of energy almost caused his concentration on Dumbledore to be broken. Harry whipped around to only partially block the attack. His ribs shattered underneath Dumbledore's attack.

"Do you see my power?"

Harry could see a couple of other things regarding Dumbledore. He could see how he was a matter of minutes from getting beaten. Harry whipped his hand back and nailed Dumbledore as hard as possible to send him flying against the castle water.

'You need to leave now. The rapture is coming. The rocks are falling.'

Dumbledore blocked out the voice. He was not leaving, not until he was this close to slaying the Dragon. Dumbledore realized he lost his staff.

"Looking for this?"

Lily stood off to the side and held Dumbledore's prized staff grabbed tightly.

"Hand it over now," Dumbledore said. "You can't fathom the power you're holding."

"Maybe," Lily thought. "No matter what, you're not getting your hands any thing. Not after what you've done. I've wanted to rip you apart for quite some time."

Three more of Dumbledore's devoted followers dropped down to the ground. The archer came on in and fired at Dumbledore. Dumbledore turned around and blocked the arrow with a raised hand. He lifted the arrow up to the ground until Harry came on in and sliced his leg off with the sword.

Pain beyond everything Albus Dumbledore ever felt in his life ruptured through his body. He fell back onto the ground, blood oozing from his sliced leg. He tried to reach for something, anything. Lily held the staff into his face and made sure that he knew he was defeated.

"You can't win," Dumbledore managed. "I have lived for a long time. And I'm not going to…"
The maggots crawling on the ground made Dumbledore's leg be reattached to his body. Harry closed his eyes and could sense something coming from Earth.

"Meteors!" Harry yelled. "Get everyone out of here now!"

Dumbledore rose up on his raw-red leg. It dragged against the ground. The thunderous crash from above came as Harry ripped the barriers around the castle. Dumbledore's eyes flashed open in thinly suppressed rage.

"You foolish child!" Dumbledore yelled. "You've just doomed us all."

"No, I just doomed you," Harry said. "You're barely held together much like Darhk is. All I have to do is destroy your body and you're not coming back."

Dumbledore charged Harry with black fireballs blasting from his fingers. Each blast of fire came against an ice cold barrier.

Liv fired a couple of arrows at the HIVE operative who was coming close to hitting Harry. Harry looked over his shoulder and she gave him a knowing smile. Dumbledore propelled himself into the air and blasted at Harry. Harry blocked the attack just seconds before it attacked him. A battle of wills took place with Harry pushing and pushing towards Dumbledore. Dumbledore pushed back with neither of them giving up their ground just yet.

"I haven't doomed us," Harry said. "I've doomed you."

"We better get out of here," Harry whispered in Liv's ear.

Liv turned around and looked back and forth to the Harry fighting Dumbledore and the Harry standing behind her. She just threw her hands up.

One of the HIVE goons caught her with a bone-shattering blast to the side of the arm. Liv dropped down to the ground. Harry bounced up and shattered all of the bones in the arm of the HIVE agent. Without another word, Harry reached down, grabbed Liv's arm, teleported her out of there, and sealed the enchantments behind him.

Dumbledore's rage peaked as he realized he had been fighting a duplicate when the real Dragon disappeared and left him trapped on the grounds of his beloved castle. There was no way Dumbledore could reach the gate with his damaged leg.

The skies opened up and started to rain meteor showers. Dumbledore held his hands up to block the meteor showers. The first few concussive radioactive blasts bounced off of the shield. The more coming down meant Dumbledore struggled against them. Something had to give the harder the concussive blasts hit him.

Hogwarts crumbled when several huge chunks of meteor rock slammed into the castle. Dumbledore howled and looked up just in time to see the same figure who had given him life.

"Help!" Dumbledore yelled.

"Brought to your own end by hubris," Deacon Blackfire said. "May God have mercy on your soul!"

Dumbledore screamed as the barriers burned and then his body did from the bombardment of meteor rocks. He was buried just as much as his followers had been.

He pushed the rocks away and staggered. Dumbledore almost made it to the gate when suddenly a
large black object dropped from the sky. Dumbledore could not block it even if he had the ability.
The black ship amongst the meteors crushed Albus Dumbledore underneath its immense weight.

The storm finally settled as magical energy and meteor rocks settled next to each other.

To Be Continued on October 24th, 2017.
Joining

Chapter Seventy: Joining.

Bright crystals shot out from every direction in the Fortress. Isobel stood, mouth wide open as a flow of energy surrounded them. She put her hand up against the wall and took a couple of careful breaths when trying to stand up straight. More energy waves flowed from the Fortress around her. Isobel could not believe what she was seeing and it was a very impressive sight to say the very least.

Claire on the other hand, could not properly see everything. She stepped in to get a closer look, never once letting go of the injured girl. A large Fortress appeared around her with crystals as far as the eye could see. The architecture most certainly would not bring excitement. It was bland, and at the same time practical.

"Come forward, my daughter."

The voice coming into the Fortress threw Claire off guard a little bit. Isobel's arm slipped away from Claire as well. It had not been what she expected. Claire had been very surprised Jor-El had vanished from both her head. Did some other programming take over once the Fortress had been erected?

Claire stepped into the picture and locked eyes on the figure who appeared before her. Stunning was a pretty good descriptor of this lovely woman who stood in the Fortress. Tall, blonde, with a perfect figure, she stood to observe Claire with violet eyes. Claire wondered what was going on here.

The only way she would learn is by asking questions

"Who are you?"

The woman broke out into a smile and reached on in to touch Claire on the shoulder. Despite the slight chill of the rest of the Arctic, everything else around her was very warm. Claire experienced a small outburst of hope and hoped this hope would strengthen the further she moved into the Fortress.

"My name is Lara. I am your mother."

Those words sunk in to Claire. She turned to Isobel, who sunk down onto the ice bench in the Fortress, finally unable to stand after the beating she suffered.

"You're confused," Lara said squeezing Claire's shoulder with a warm hand. "Maybe I should explain."

An explanation would have worked pretty nicely because Claire had been confused. The warm hand released from Claire's shoulder and then Lara turned her full attention to Isobel who winced a little bit.

"I think it would be for the best if I help your friend as well."

Both girls had the protest on the tip of their tongue that Isobel and Claire were not exactly friends. A warm light filled the air and caused Isobel's injuries, caused by that crazed deacon, to heal. She
suddenly felt more like herself again. Not as injured, even though she was a little bit sore.

"Thanks," Isobel said a moment later with complete honest. "I really appreciate that."

Lara just smiled and raised a hand. "It isn't a problem. I'm sure you suffered to help my daughter."

Well, Isobel did not really want to correct the woman who could heal her and potentially had the ability to hurt her as well. It was true she suffered for the stones, but it was out of petty revenge. Now the stones had been fused together, Isobel felt a little less compelled to revenge.

"I know I should be grateful that he's gone, but there's just a part of me who wonders something," Claire said. "Where is Jor-El?"

A moment passed with Lara breaking out into an agitated expression.

"His part in your training is over," Lara said. "I won't say he did a horrible job, because there were some parts of your training which he excelled on. And then there are other parts of your training which…well we'll just fix what had been broken."

Claire could tell Lara struggled to not commentate on how Jor-El's AI made some unfortunate missteps.

"He thought taking emotion out of the equation would make everything more rational," Lara said. "Unfortunately, you can make some pretty irrational decisions when you don't take into consideration other people's emotions."

"He was…he was something," Claire said.

"Your real father had his times where he lived in his lab, but he did want the best for Krypton," Lara said. "And he was disappointed that there was nothing he could do to save it. He obsessed for weeks to try and find a way to save what could not be saved. It didn't help that his own brother conspired with his former friend."

Lara mostly was talking to herself at this particular moment.

"He then wanted to give you the best tools to survive your journey to Earth," Lara said. "It's unfortunate that what he thought was the best tools simply was a faulty Artificial Intelligence based off a flawed preference. The theory was sound from a scientific perspective though, and he should know. But, you can't apply scientific theories to real emotions."

The Council frowned upon emotion, something Lara feverish disagreed about.

"Never mind," Lara said. "Return to your friends, and rest up. I know you've worked hard to get those stones. Come back when you're ready for your training."

"You mean I can comeback at any time?" Claire asked.

Lara flashed her daughter a smile and put a hand on her shoulder. "You should be relaxed and willing. You are in for a hard journey, and I don't want to force the issue. I do hope you return at your leisure though."

Claire had been more inclined to learn. Her mother would be a far better guide than her father, at least from what Claire's perspective was.

Harry ran the risk of injuring himself with that gambit. Kara and Sara stood on either side of him.
Liv walked in the back of the farmhouse. Harry winced as he felt the adrenaline from the battle wear off and very real injuries set in in the aftermath of his dance with the White Bumblebee.

"I'll be fine," Harry said.

"Yeah, we'll be the judge of that," Sara said. "I think a couple of the pieces of the space rock clipped you."

"Well, if it wasn't for Harry's quick thinking, I would go in that grave in Starling for real," Liv said.

Sara would have given Liv a cross look as to tell her not to joke about things like that. It was perhaps a good thing for Liv's sake she had been concerned with Harry. Sara carried the full burden of Harry's weight while Kara knocked on the front door.

Martha Kent answered the door and looked on at Harry in surprise. He looked terrible.

"There's been a meteor shower in Scotland," Kara explained.

Martha knew instantly what Kara meant by meteor shower. Lily called her, saying she was taking a trip to visit an old friend around that area, and Martha hoped that her cousin did not get caught up in the hell that was the meteor shower. Many died.

"Oh, well, come in," Martha said. "You should get some rest….Claire wasn't with you, was she?"

"Claire got out of there long before the meteor shower started," Harry explained.

Martha felt a good amount of relief at the news that her daughter had not been caught up in this mess. It had been a very stressful year for then. Jonathan died, and then Claire's birth father put pressure on her to conclude a task. It was all too much. Martha would have been glad if they had got some peace.

"You look like you got clipped," Martha said.

"I know I did," Harry said.

"Maybe you should see a doctor?" she offered tentatively.

Harry shook his head without any thought. "Doctors aren't going to do me any good, not with my unique genetic makeup. I've already purged most of the radiation from my body….and the venom in my veins burned the rocks to nothing."

Martha Kent had been more than used to her share of the bizarre and the very strange to be perfectly honest. She just let this one go without asking too many questions. Lily had to explain how this was Harry, her deceased son, but from another universe. It was a peculiar statement and one that Martha was not sure if she would believe it.

'IF Lily believes it, I can believe it too,' Martha thought. 'I wonder if Lily is….well he might not have known she was in Scotland. It's best not to worry him now."

"Lily got out of there fine," Harry said. "All of my friends and family that went there did."

Martha relaxed a little bit with a smile. At least something had gone about as planned. She came to Harry with a full smile on her face before leaning closer towards him.

"Is there anything that I can get you?" Martha asked. "I mean, no offense meant, but you still look a bit…."
"Yeah, I've been better," Harry admitted with a smile. "I wouldn't mind a couple of pillows and a glass of water. Other than that, I should be fine."

Martha Kent, ever the gracious host, moved to grab the glass of water and Kara decided to get the pillows. She sat them on the couch, putting one underneath Harry's neck and one underneath his feet.

'Boy, you're a sight for sore eyes,' Kara thought. 'I suppose that I wouldn't be surprised. Only half of an alien planet almost smacked you directly in the face.'

Sara sat on the edge of the chair and guarded the door. Liv sat down next to her as well. The two sat in silence and waited for the next move. A knock on the door brought them out of the conversation.

Martha sprung to the door and answered it. Lily stood on other side. Without another word, Martha wrapped her arms around Lily's waist and pulled her into the room.

"Sorry, if I worried you," Lily said. "There's something I really needed to take care of before it caused a problem."

Lily noticed Harry lying on the couch, surrounded by Kara, Sara, and Olivia. All three of them looked over Harry. Nyssa and Gwen were also coming down the driveway as Lily thought this, just steps behind Lily. Lily took a moment to calm herself.

"Can I speak with Harry for a second?" Lily asked Martha.

"It's fine," Harry said. "Come on in."

Lily stepped inside and Kara quickly moved off to get her something to drink. She took the cup of coffee with a gracious smile. "Thank you."

After the last couple of days she had, Lily really did need something to drink to take the edge off of her nerves. Kara also brought in another chair from the kitchen to hand to Lily and to allow her to sit down. Lily took the gesture with a soft smile on her face.

"The Meteor Shower hit and I trapped Dumbledore at Hogwarts," Harry said. "He's gone. I felt him die as I left."

It had been over, just like that, and there was a huge part of Lily who did not believe it at first. She looked Harry dead in the eye and saw nothing other than conviction. It had been over, the White Bumblebee perished.

"He was reborn before," Harry said. "I think though this time he's done…although he was barely alive when I encountered him."

Much like Darhk had been before him, Dumbledore had been held together by dark magic, by Voodoo which resurrected him for a purpose.

'Blackfire was kept alive just barely too for the same purpose,' Harry thought to himself. 'I don't think this is over. No, I think it's only just beginning.'

Through the mist rose the entity of the demonic preacher. Joseph Blackfire walked as aimlessly as he needed to. Each step showed sophisticated calculation when he moved ever so closer to the edge of the fog. The power erupting in every direction brought a small smile to the face of the devious
Deacon when he approached.

He clutched a blood-red stone in the palm of his hand. Power flickered out of it. So much devious energy surrounded the palm of his hand.

"We were so close," Blackfire said. "Oh, yes, my brother, we were so close.'

The dismembered remains of the White Bumblebee laid on the ground. Blackfire picked up his decapitated head. The head crumbled into dust before his hands.

"We barely knew you, but your sacrifice, it will not be in vain," Blackfire said.

The sounds of a helicopter came from the distance. Someone was coming and Blackfire thought it was prudent for himself to make himself scarce. He stepped back an inch or two to observe. Everything was coming home, all of the chickens returned to roost. The agents of ARGUS turned up into the picture to look around. Blackfire observed everything go down with careful precision.

The ARGUS agents moved with thick suits of armor as they entered the area of debris. Several downed bodies laid on the ground. Nymphadora Tonks stepped onto the field first. The Castle of the White Bumblebee stood proud just hours ago, without any chance of being taken down. And now, in a blink of an eye, everything changed. In a blink of an eye, everything was gone.

"Everyone be careful," one of the agents said. "You remember the fallout in Smallville? We have been authorized to use lethal force if necessary."

"And we don't have any idea what the rocks combined with magic would do," Nym said while nervously biting down on her lip.

One of the agents shuddered ever so briefly. The cannon in his hand did not seem very helpful to protect him right now when thinking about the prospect of having to fight magical Kryptonite zombies, or whatever their enemies were. The man in question clutched the cannon to his side very nervously when he looked around.

"Relax," Holly said. "I'm pretty sure they're not going to eat….

Several bodies laid on the ground which caused Holly's statement to go out. Some of the bodies were in a pretty mangled state. Only a couple of them looked to be intact and most certainly, none of them were alive at all. Holly stepped over to the body and held a radiation scanner over it. The scanner picked up trace amounts of radiation.

"He went through every stage of cancer in about seven seconds," Holly said. "It killed him pretty quickly, but painfully."

"Yikes," one of the ARGUS agents murmured.

No question about it, yikes was a particular good descriptor. They noticed something else in the shadows as well. A large black ship sat in the middle of where the castle of the White Bumblebee was located. They all looked on with a surprised expression dancing in their eyes.

Deacon Blackfire locked eyes on the alien ship with a half surprised look on his face. The presence of this ship was most certainly not human. No emotions could be felt, and for a second, Blackfire had been thrown off.

"What blasphemy do we have here?" Blackfire asked.
The mist flying through the air gave Blackfire the perfect cover from the ARGUS agents. All of 
the moved in to seal the area, not that many people came to this particular part of town.

"Make sure no one gets in," one of the senior agents said. "Our radios should be calibrated for the 
magical interference in the air. Still, stick close together."

The ARGUS agents all responded with nods. They moved in to take a close look at the ship. One 
of them reached over until Nym grabbed his hand.

"Don't touch it," Nym said to him. "Just…trust me."

Isobel decided to go up to the Potter House to rest. Claire made her way to the Kent Farm to check 
on anyone. She noticed Nyssa standing outside and talking to Sara about something. The two girls 
broke conversation with each other. Nyssa turned to the young girl she took underneath her wing 
with a smile.

"You've made it back okay," Nyssa said.

"Yeah, I had to make sure the stones were safe and joined," Claire said. "How's Harry doing?"

"Well, he's done better," Nyssa said. "He had half of your planet nearly dropped on him."

"If it's any consolation, the White Bumblebee is doing a lot worse," Sara said. "He was crushed flat 
by the meteor rocks."

Claire could not say she was took broken up about hearing that particular piece of news. The White 
Bumblebee's death did not sadden her in any way whatsoever. She leaned on in and both of the 
girls stepped back. Chloe turned up and was talking with Kara and Gwen. Her mother sat at the 
table with Lily Evans, and the two of them talked about something over a cup of coffee.

"Hey, Ma, I'm back home."

Martha gave a smile to her daughter. She was not the only one, Lily walked up and moved to greet 
her cousin.

"Claire, you've really gotten tall since the last time I've seen you," Lily said.

"Well, I've had a bit of a growth spurt," Claire said with a smile. Her arms folded underneath her 
chest which did very little to draw attention away from how much she developed in that area. "It's 
good to see you too, Lily. It's been way too long…you've been busy, haven't you?"

"I try to keep busy," Lily said. "So, are you ready for college next year?"

Claire nodded and smiled. "Yeah, Metropolis University seems like a pretty good place for me to 
go. Lois will be there as well once she gets that credit she missed at high school."

"Yeah, hopefully she will be," Chloe said. "The two of us can keep her in line while she's there."

A smile crossed over Claire's face. She turned to Harry on the couch. Harry currently relaxed on 
the couch and was drinking a towering glass of water. He looked a bit gaunt, but a lot better off 
than Claire would have thought after getting dumped on by half of Krypton.

"You okay?" Claire asked him. "I don't meant to offend you but…."

"I look like something that has been chewed up and spit out," Harry said. "I'll be fine….the people
we were fighting aren't that find."

A small part of Harry felt sorry for them. A larger part of Harry knew they knew what they were getting into when signing up to join forces with the one and only White Bumblebee. He drew a little bit of energy from each of his queens to go.

"At least the fallout hit an area where there aren't going to be that many problems," Gwen said.

Chloe broke out into a grimace. "Yeah, no shit. The last thing we need is Scotland to be overflowing with meteor mutants."

An unfriendly reminder of what Claire had to deal with once a week visited her. It was true though, the constant barrage of meteor mutants day after day, week after week, month after month, well Claire had been fighting them since her Freshman year of high school.

"Really, so you were dealing with meteor mutants often?” Gwen asked.

Claire and Chloe exchanged a sigh before they responded practically in unison. "Yes, about once a week."

"And you're going to combine magic with that,” Lily said.

"ARGUS is already on it,” Harry said. "Nym…mentioned it earlier."

Harry took in a deep breath. Seventy percent healed from his injuries he was. Seventy percent of Harry Potter was a lot more than one hundred percent of everyone else.

"So, I need to take a bath and soak for a little bit,” Harry said. "You don't…"

"Upstairs, third door to your right,” Claire said. "I can show you if you want."

"And no, I don't mind,” Martha said. "You're always welcomed here. Family always is."

Harry smiled, that word had been very foreign back home where he lived. It was something which he learned to get used to. Claire helped him up alongside with Kara and the two of the made sure Harry made it up the steps. He could walk under his own accord.

'Best to allow them to do their thing and not argue.'

The hospitality of the Kent Farmhouse had been perfect as far as Olivia Queen had been concerned. She still enjoyed taking walk and moving several targets into position in the barn. They had been lined up with a small hole being drilled into the center of the wood logs.

Liv stepped back and looked at the logs, ready to fire at them. She drew back her bow with a very slight smile on her face. The bow snapped back and impacted the first hole.

Moving back another couple of steps presented a challenge. Liv drew back the bow one more time and fired. The arrow stuck into the hole one more time. Liv's wide smile just got even wider. She stepped back a little bit further and moved closer into position.

'Go ahead and make the shot,' Liv thought to herself.

Shot number three happened and Olivia Queen hit three shots for three shots. She felt pretty good for her chances of success. The final log perched on the window leading outside of the barn. Confidence brimmed from head to toe. Liv bit down on her lip and positioned the arrow.
'The trickiest shot of them all. You better make it count, kid. You won't get another one better than this. Just take a deep breath, draw back that bow, and fire.'

The arrow shot out of the window and missed. A hand caught the arrow before it struck anyone or anything outside. Liv looked up.

Harry came from around the barn and handed her the arrow.

"Oh, nice to see you're up and about," Liv said. "I…well I'm happy to see that you're back to your old self again."

"Take the shot now," Harry told her. "Just take a deep breath. You can make the shot."

Olivia knew she could make the shot. The only thing which prevented her from making the shot before was a sudden burst of confidence which slipped deep into the territory of overconfidence. She lined up with the log on the ledge, with the small hole inside. She watched out of the corner of her eye. Liv closed her eyes and made the shot.

"Bingo."

Harry patted her on the shoulder. Liv just almost jumped up at the gesture. A smile crossed over her face. "I knew you could do it. You always make your shot when it counts."

"Well, most of the time," Liv said. "So, are you and Thea going out on another date?"

Liv framed this question in the most casual way possible. Harry noticed something else in her eye. A twinge of jealousy regarding her sister. Harry felt almost bad for pushing Liv's buttons like she was.

"Thea's a girl who knows what she wants," Harry said. "I think she's upset I left her hanging last time. She's not going to give me a chance this time."

Harry clicked his tongue and approached Liv with a wider smile across his face. Liv blinked with Harry looking her over. "I really think your sister is going to make her move soon."

"Oh, you think so?" Liv asked. "Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I've realized that thinking too much is my problem."

Liv dove in and kissed Harry soundly on the lips before she had a chance to back down from the ledge. She felt confusion, and also relief at him. Harry grabbed her head.

"You didn't want your sister to beat you to the punch?"

The older sister shook her head. No, her ego could not take losing to anything. Liv pulled off Harry's shirt. The sexy blonde heiress ran her hands down Harry's body and kissed the side of his neck and anything else she could reach. Harry also pulled her hooded top off to reveal her in nothing other than a silky black bra from the waist up.

Harry took a nice look at Liv's body. Her perfect breasts, flat stomach, and wide hips were all on display. Her angelic face broke out into a naughty grin. They kissed each other again, with Liv wrapping her legs around Harry. Harry marched her up the steps to the loft as the two of them kissed each other.

Feeling around on Harry's body caused Liv to feel tingles down her body. Harry inspired a fire
inside of her which no other man and few other women had brought to her. Harry decided to relieve her of her pants. Liv dressed in a nice black thong which showed off her toned ass. She had been working out and Harry positioned her on the bed on the loft. The two kissed each other with passion with Liv trying to work her way into Harry's mouth. Harry held the back of her head and kissed her with burning desire.

Harry unclipped her bra and released her perfectly round breasts to the world. No tanlines on her body which made Harry smile. He leaned down and kissed Liv's nipple, taking it into his mouth and giving it a hungry suck. Liv put a hand on the back of Harry's head and squirmed underneath his touch.

"Touch me," Liv told him.

The two kissed each other as Harry felt her breasts up and then moved down to touch her belly. Liv's eyes watered when Harry worked his way down. He rubbed her heated mound and made Liv rise up off of the bed. Harry touched her through her panties.

"You're overdressed," Liv managed.

Harry just smiled and fingered her so hard that Liv thought she was going to lose her mind. Harry's touches brought Liv closer to the edge straight away. Harry had her panties off completely and kissed her before going down on Liv.

Olivia Moira Queen's entire world entered a new level of amazement. She could not believe how good Harry's tongue felt dancing its way down her slick enter. Her hands grabbed the back of the hands of the handsome warrior when ate her out. Liv pushed up and then dropped down onto the bed. She took a deep breath the further Harry ate her out. The licks continued to circle her womanhood.

"Oh, tongue-fuck me," Liv murmured underneath her breath. "Please, tongue fuck me…lick my fucking pussy until I cum all over your face!"

Harry went down on her and made Liv squirm underneath Harry's tongue. He spent the next few minutes really going to town on her wet pussy. Liv's eyes just rocked back the more he ate her out.

The taste of sweet lemons spilled out of the girl's pussy. Harry ran his hands all over her legs and kept touching her. She twisted underneath Harry's touch and it felt so good to have his hands run all over her soft thighs. Her perfect pussy kept gushing underneath Harry when he went down and licked her so hard and fast.

"Harry," Liv murmured with a light breath coming in from underneath her. "Please, keep eating me. Don't stop eating me, please."

Harry had no intention to give up on going down on her. Liv's wet pussy oozed from underneath Harry's tongue. He made her cum constantly, over and over again until she collapsed onto the bed, thighs still spread and ready to receive.

Those pants came off thanks to Liv's quick actions. Liv now moved over and kissed Harry. It turned her on to taste her own juices all over her mouth. The two lovers indulged in each other with Liv grabbing Harry's big cock and stroking it hard.

Liv pulled away from Harry and ground her toned ass onto his big cock. Harry grabbed her ass and pushed Liv closer towards him. Her warm heat caressed Harry's cock the closer she moved towards him. Liv looked over her shoulder with a big grin on her face. Harry grabbed her ass and squeezed
it to make Liv gush in pleasure. Harry had her closer and closer.

Her pussy lined up for Harry's cock. It was going to be a very tight squeeze to get it all inside of her. Liv was most certainly up for the challenge. She lined up and pushed down onto him.

"Fuck," Harry said.

That word was something which Liv would take as a compliment. Harry grabbed her breasts when bouncing down. Pleasure fired through Liv when she worked her pussy down onto him. She grew more and more intent to ride his cock for everything it was worth as time went on. Harry grabbed Liv's breasts and squeezed them hard.

"Yes," Liv muttered underneath her breath. "YES!"

The warmth enveloped Harry's cock and surrounded him with more pleasure than he could ever admit to ever feeling in his life. He grabbed Liv's tight ass and guided her down onto him.

Olivia Queen's only regret was she did not take this cock inside of her a long time ago. Her back arched for Harry to kiss her. He caught a couple of sweet spots on the back of her neck to heighten the girl's arousal. Harry's fingers moved all over her body and touched it.

Harry's cock pushed into the tempting heiress. She was far more into girls than she was boys, but Liv always felt a connection to Harry and took him inside of one of her holes.

"You couldn't let your baby sister win at one little thing?" Harry asked. "Lucky for me, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Liv breathed. "Lucky for you! Very lucky for you!"

And for her as well, Liv hoped that Thea would enjoy this monster inside of her. It made Liv feel so alive to be stuck repeatedly by Harry's engorged pole. It slid into her body and almost all the way out of it as well. Her juices coated Harry when dropping down onto the edge of his big, stiff cock.

Liv threw her head back and Harry kissed her. He pulled from Liv and then she backed off. Liv leaned against the rail leading down to the barn and spread her legs while reclining on the bar. She showed a whole lot of trust that Harry would prevent her from falling.

A brief smile of appreciation for Liv's flexibility followed before Harry walked over towards her and shoved his big cock into her tight canal. Liv's warm walls tightened around him the second Harry drove inside of her. His big balls rested against her groin before Harry pulled out of her.

Liv hung onto the rail with Harry hanging onto her. Harry fucked her in this loft and it made her feel really dirty and naughty. And also as horny as hell, as her pussy tightened around Harry's engorged member the further and deeper he pushed inside of her.

"Fuck me hard!" Liv said. "HARDER!"

She came by Harry's touch. Liv flew over the edge with Harry driving his cock deep inside of her hard and then pulling out. He let her juices just taper off a second later.

Harry then pushed back inside of her and once again worked Liv up to an orgasm, appreciating the feel of her legs around his waist as she squeezed his waist almost as tight as her pussy squeezed his cock.

"You've never had anything this big inside you, have you?"
Liv shook her head, no she had not had anything this big inside of her. His big cock pushed inside of her deep and harder. Liv grabbed onto the back of Harry's head and groaned the deeper he pushed inside of her. Liv's entire body sized up and she came all over him.

All good things reached their boiling point eventually. Harry spent a few more times exploring this body. He would get to know it intimately even more. The look on Liv's face showed that this was not a one-time thing, based off of a sisterly rivalry.

"Oh, why do you have to be so good?" Liv asked.

Harry just smiled and pushed inside of her body again. The self-assured girl was lead to one of her best orgasms yet. She wrapped her legs around Harry and squeezed his hard pull. His balls slapped against Liv's entrance the deeper Harry planted his cock inside of her.

"Fuck me hard," Liv breathed while dragging a nail down his arm.

Harry fucked her all the way to the end. He pushed himself inside and she never started cumming. Liv only came harder and caressed Harry's invading organ. He pushed inside and pulled completely out. The tip of his cock rested on her slit before driving deep inside of her.

He finally let go after she did one more time. Harry's balls sized up and fired inside of her body.

Liv closed her eyes and felt so good to feel the rush of cum inside of her. She murmured some lovely sounds the harder Harry drove inside of her. His balls discharged into Olivia repeatedly and filled her up with so much seed that it was almost obscene.

After pulling out, Harry pulled her in an embrace, kissed her, and moved Liv into the bed on the loft. He climbed into bed next to Liv as she positioned herself against his shoulder.

"I hope you're here when I wake up," Liv said.

She nuzzled against Harry's shoulder, smiling in content.

To Be Continued on November 13th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-One: Fractured.

Business had been taken care of and now Harry Potter appeared outside of a magnificent crystal Fortress in the Arctic. He needed to see what he could do to check on Claire and see how she was going on. She returned to the Fortress after a brief break.

'You would think that after all we've been through, you would relax for a little bit,' Nyssa commented. 'But I suppose that you would not be the person you were if you just sat back and relaxed.'

'No,' Harry thought. 'As long as the medallion is still out there, I can't relax.'

Harry figured despite the White Bumblebee being done and HIVE being crippled, getting the medallion would be his top priority. It was a loose end. Harry detested loose ends being left tangled up. The sorcerer stepped through the doorway and approached Claire who turned around with a smile on her face.

"Harry!"

A bolt came over and almost tackled Harry. She wrapped her arms around him with a hug. Harry returned fire with a hug of her own and then pulled away from her after a couple of seconds.

"So, how are you doing?"

Claire just grinned and moved him over. "I really wish I could offer you something to drink. But the Fortress just isn't set up to deal with something like that."

"I'm just going to have to live with it," Harry said.

Claire and Harry parked their way onto the bench of the Fortress. A flicker of light appeared. Harry came face to face with a very stunning looking woman. She dressed in elegant white robes. Red "S" shields fashioned into the side of her sleeves. Harry just smiled when coming face to face with the lovely woman.

"You must be Harry."

"Yes, I am," Harry said.

"My name is Lara, I am Claire's mother."

She extended a hand and Harry smiled in surprise when feeling how solid her hologram was. The two parted their ways from each other with Lara deciding to clear her throat.

"Claire mentioned you would be here," Lara said.

"I figured that I would owe him help after he helped me uncover the stones," Claire said. "I'm not sure that I would have done it without him."

Harry scooted a bit closer to Claire and put a hand gently upon her shoulder. Claire sat up about as straight as humanly possible with Harry's soft eyes matching hers. It was very hard for her to look away at this point in time.
"You would have. You have the strength. Strength which you don't realize. You would have been fine."

Claire shook her head in negative. There would come a time where she would have to have an argument about this. For now, they would just have to agree to disagree as it regarded to her capabilities.

"I'm here to have a conversation about the holder of the Phoenix Force medallion."

Lara just smiled and her image faded. The image of an attractive red-haired girl appeared. Harry could only see her face and part of a collar with what might have had the starts of a Phoenix symbol. Her vibrant green eyes flashed in front of Harry.

"The Phoenix Medallion was sent to the outer reaches of space after the fall of the Dragon. Lore has stated that the holder is cast out into space so she can guard her most precious treasure, although that has not been completely confirmed as of right now."


"It has been said that there was a statue crafted by disciples of the Phoenix and then split in two before sent off on two different worlds. This statue is the key to locating the Phoenix medallion."

Harry just frowned when taking a good long look. He had no idea what the next play could be.

'So, we have to hunt down two parts of a statue on two different worlds?' Gwen asked. 'That's just great.'

'And then, we have to go out into space to find this statue as well,' Kara thought to them. 'Because of course we do.'

'Well, what did you two expect?' Sara asked. 'All of the reports say that the Phoenix Medallion is the hardest to fine. And you know that due to the great Cosmic power it wields, it's not going to give up its location very easily.'

'Yes, I'm very much aware of that,' Gwen offered with a very tense comment. She took in a deep breath. 'I just hoped it might have been a little bit easier to locate than it is.'

'Unfortunately, we don't have the luxury of ease,' Mera thought. 'Regardless, we're all going to rise to the challenge.'

Claire flickered from the statue to her mother and then to Harry. One particular statement came into her mind instantly.

"Nothing ever is easy for you, is it?"

Harry just grinned. Claire pretty much hit it right on the nose. Nothing ever was easy for him.

'Just another adventure in the life of Harry Potter.'

Liv walked out in behind the Queen Family vacation home in Smallville. She had a bit of a spring in her step. Liv only barely recognized someone approaching behind her. The footsteps grew more prominent and she turned to see Sara stand at the gates. She dressed in a white tank top, a jean jacket, and a pair of tight black pants which Liv could just barely keep her eyes off of the second
that Sara approached the area.

"Hey," Sara said. "You're in a good mood."

"Well, good sex often does put you in a good mood."

Liv picked up a huge wooden staff and held it into her hand. She chuckled at the ironic of firmly gripping a staff in her hand after having a conversation about sex.

"Especially when it's Harry, and you finally stopped being stubborn."

Sara crossed the way and Liv handed her a staff. Sara slipped off her jacket. Liv moved over to the corner and both girls locked eyes with each other. They gave each other a respectful nod before they moved. The sounds of their staffs cracking together resounded for miles around.

"I don't really know what you were talking about. I was just waiting for my moment."

"Yeah, of course you were," Sara said.

Both girls tried to maneuver to the point where they could get the better of each other. Sara noticed the marked improvement in Liv's attacks. She supposed it was not fair considering how much experience Sara had in the field of battle as it compared to Liv.

The wooden staff attack had been dodged and Sara came back around. Liv evaded two attacks. Both stepped back against each other. They moved in for round two and once again, Liv held her own to match Sara's swings. Neither fighter connected with the other. Sara attempted to psyche Liv out of the attack. Liv jumped back a couple of feet and Sara dodged the attack.

Another figure stepped into the distance and watched them with a small smile upon her face. Liv charged Sara. Sara took her down onto the ground with a legsweep. Sara pressed herself against Liv on the ground and then pulled back to let her up.

"Me being on top? Not surprising, is it?"

"Very funny, Sara."

Sara thought it was kind of amusing. She allowed Liv to stand on her own two feet and catch her breath. Both girls surrounded each other. Sara snapped off a kick to Liv. Liv avoided the kick. The two reclaimed their staffs and clacked them together.

Liv refused to let anyone get the better of her. The competitive spirit in her burned bright. The two girls fought each other toe to toe with neither one backing down from the other. Sara pushed herself just a little bit further and in the end, Liv had been backed off.

"Okay, I think it's time to take a breath."

They move over to join Laurel who had already passed out drinks to the both of them. They took the refreshing water when sitting down on the ground. Laurel spent a long moment with a grin on her face. Liv just raised an eyebrow on the look at Laurel's face.

"Welcome to the club! You know, it about time you joined. Guess you were stubborn."

Liv experienced the strangest sense of Deja-Vu from this statement from Laurel. Laurel just smiled and patted her friend on the shoulder.

"It's just like I told Sara," Liv commented. "I wasn't necessarily being stubborn. I was just waiting
for my moment. It's really nothing more and nothing less."

Laurel just commented with a raised eyebrow and a half of a smile. Regardless of the situation and the circumstances, she was very much glad to have Liv aboard on the team. It was a long time coming.

"You sure it just wasn't because your little sister was being proactive about hooking up with Harry?"

"No, it's not because of that."

Liv spent the next couple of seconds deep in a frown when considering her little sister's sex life and that was not something any sister liked to discuss.

"And speaking of Thea, she's doing good," Laurel said. "I took her out on patrol. She did fine. Didn't make too many mistakes out there."

Liv's expression perked up and she flashed a smile at her. "Great, I'm very glad…and speaking of patrol, I've got a lead on that smuggling operation. I really think they're bringing drugs into the city."

"Why don't we go and check it out tonight?" Laurel asked.

"Good to see you two on the same page," Sara said. "I was worried for a minute…and I've got an important meeting with the Council. So, I'll catch you two later."

Sara said goodbye with a long and lingering hug to both of them. She flashed off in a hurry to leave Laurel and Liv to prepare to take it to the streets of Starling City.

Kara parked herself up on a chair outside of the meeting place they had set up. Mera approached them as well. The holder of the Merfolk Medallion drummed her fingers impatiently when she flashed a smile in all of her regal glory. Gwen would have walked the ceiling had Nyssa not put a tight grip on her shoulder.

"The sooner we get ahold of this medallion, the better it is," Gwen said. "I just have a feeling."

Nyssa weighed the pauses and the negatives.

"The White Bumblebee has been defeated. I would have thought it to be too easy, but according to Harry he's dead. He was a shell of his former self and it was lucky."

"Lucky that a bunch of meteor rocks from my dead planet just landed in the middle of Scotland?" Kara asked.

"Well, to be fair that wasn't that lucky," Gwen said.

"Well, it trapped the White Bumblebee and lead to his demise," Nyssa responded. "And HIVE is all but crippled. We have control of their major operations."

Sara flashed to join them. She took a seat on the right side of Nyssa and across from Kara. Gwen sat to Nyssa's right, and Mera sat on Kara's right. The head of the table had been open and to Kara's left there was one more seat which should have contained the holder of the Phoenix Force medallion.

'She's out there,' Sara thought. 'She's out there. We know she's out there.'
The presence of a long dead Deacon who had lingered between both worlds and had been trapped reared his ugly head. And speaking of heads, Harry Potter dropped down from the head of the table. He held a crystal in his hand.

"Lara copied all of the information the Fortress had on a crystal," Harry said.

"Should we be fortunate we had to deal with Lara's AI and not Jor-El's?" Kara asked.

"Well, I don't think Harry could have been able to charm Jor-El's if push came to shove," Gwen commented.

"Given that Jor-El had no emotions, there was no charming," Harry said. "By his logic, he would not help me because it would intervene with his daughter's destiny. Despite the fact that what I'm about to do has everything to do with Clara's destiny."

Harry laid the crystal flat on the table and pressed in on it. The image of the Phoenix appeared in front of them. They could see and appreciate her beauty even flashing in the middle of a grainy image.

"She does look like she could be your distant relative," Sara said. "Of course, it could just be a coincidence."

"Well, you go back far enough with many people; you can find a common ancestor," Nyssa said. "But, that's beside the point."

"I agree. The point is this."

The Phoenix Force statue appeared in front of them. Chills came down the spines of them.

"I've heard of a legend about that statue," Mera said. "It's to hold great power. You find the statue and you are able to tap into a force far greater than anyone could imagine."

"Yes," Harry agreed. "You hold the statue. And you have the Phoenix Force."

All of them looked at the statue. They knew from listening in on Harry how the statue was split into two parts and scattered across the furthest reaches of the multi-verse. It would take some time for them to have the pieces.

"We know they are out there," Gwen said. "What we don't know is where the two pieces are?"

"I don't think it would be common knowledge," Sara said.

Kara nodded intensely. She looked over to the empty chair right next to her. Personally, she had been determined to fill it by any means necessary. She had been lit on fire by this burning obsession.

"I agree. If it was, then there would be someone to have it. And we would know if someone has both halves of the statue and united it."

"What if someone has one half?" Mera asked. "The temptation of power would be very hard for anyone to part with."

"Yes," Harry agreed. "We're just going to have to convince them."

The multiverse could be a very treacherous tapestry to navigate around. Harry knew that about as well as anyone else. They would piece together all of the information they know.
"I want to go to the Fortress," Kara said. "See if there's anything else Lara might have overlooked."

The crystal held what information they held on the Phoenix Force. Kara spent the next couple of mintues trying to rack her mind for a way to locate an Earth which would be important to them.

"Claire would appreciate seeing you," Harry said. "Why don't the two of us go?"

"I'm going to meet with Talia," Nyssa informed him. "I'll see if she has anything that might help, and obviously talking to Ruve would not go amiss. If HIVE was researching the Phoenix Medallion, they might have stumbled upon something."

"They could have," Mera said. "And I'll consult the library of Atlantis. It has been way too long since I read up on the legends."

"And I guess I'll search the Internet," Gwen said. "Because, you never really know."

"We shouldn't leave any stone un-turned," Sara said.

All of the girls had their plans. Harry and Kara interlocked fingers and flashed away to the Fortress of Solitude to see what they could find out. Time ticked down for them all.

'We're going to find it. No matter what the cost.'

ARGUS walked into the area. Nymphadora Tonks felt a sense that something really bad was about ready to happen the further she stepped into the picture. She tried to keep her head above the water. They had been protected from the radiation leaking out of the ship the closer the two of them approached. Nym chewed down on her lower lip when easing just a little bit closer to the ship.

"Stay close," Holly informed them all. "There's something dangerous."

"Our tracking equipment, it just failed," one of the ARGUS agents responded in a very agitated tone of voice.

Holly could have thrown her head back in frustration. She remained calm and collected as could be the further they stepped into the castle. The front wall smashed completely down.

"We're just going to have to do this the old fashion way," Holly said. "The exits are over there and there. If you feel the need to run, do so?"

Nym could hardly believe what she heard. "And since when did you feel the need to run?"

It hit Nymphadora Tonks instantly when she realized the ramifications of what Holly was saying. Goosebumps rose on her neck and the back of her arms. She took a long second to recover from her frustrations.

'The minute Holly is deciding that something is too dangerous, you better believe it's too dangerous.'

They crossed over where the largest chunks of rocks held. Natasha slipped in past it. She held out a gauntlet and moved it over. The gauntlet's tracking feature did not work. The weapon feature on the gauntlet, it still had been put into place. Natasha encircled her arm around and dropped it down to her side right next to her.

"Keep walking," Natasha murmured underneath her breath. "We're almost there."
They came across the large dark ship which had been surrounded by castle debris. The team moved in. One of them held a large drill in his hand. The drill touched the ship. All the man accomplished when drilling through the front of the ship was a busted drill bit. The figure stepped back and took in a couple of deep breaths. Nothing was the same.

"Listen!"

One of them closest to the ship jumped back. The front of the ship smoked and it was beginning to open up. The ARGUS agents locked their weapons upon the ship. They had no idea how well they could have been used. The only thing they could have figured out was something was coming.

Time stood still before the ship opened completely. Two occupants appeared from the ship. An attractive brunette woman with olive skin dressed in a skin tight black uniform came out of the ship. She stepped out into the picture with the ARGUS agents pointing their weapons firmly.

The woman extended one arm and the rays from the yellow sunlight came around her. She pressed in a shield on her suit which flashed. The rocks around her faded with rapidly negating radiation as she walked a little bit further into the picture.

"Activate your shield."

A large black gentleman appeared out of the ship. He rose up in all of his glory with broad shoulders and a very determined expression etched upon his face. They stepped a little bit closer into the picture and then past the ARGUS agents. The yellow sunlight showered the two figures when moving closer.

"Stand back!"

"What primitive little toys," the black gentleman said. "Yes, I can feel the sunlight coursing through. We are on Earth and we are here."

They used their super breath to take back the small group of government agents who had tried to stop them from going. Nothing would stop these two visitors from their directive. One of the figures reached into the ship to produce a navigation crystal.

"Yes," he stated. "It's very near. Soon, Krypton will rise again."

The two figures absorbed enough yellow sunlight to fly out of this damaged castle. The ship sealed up behind them and just lingered dormant. It would soon be active whenever it needed.

"Ugh," Holly said. "Anyone get the number of the truck that just hit us?"

They had a problem, a big one, as the two visitors now were on Earth, and tearing off at a pretty good clip to their destination.

Claire took a couple of deep breaths. She came close to reaching flight. Something else dragged her back down and made her almost scream out in frustration.

"You just need to relax," Lara said. "Let it come naturally to you. You learned how to crawl with ease. You learned hot to walk with ease. For someone like you, flying should come naturally. You just need to keep doing it until you get comfortable with it."

Claire turned over to Harry and Kara who were going over more data from the Fortress. They worked hard in an attempt to locate something even loosely related to the Phoenix Force. All they
did was run around in circles. Claire moved a little bit closer to them and put a hand on their respective shoulders.

"Are you having better luck than I am?" Claire asked.

Kara answered with one of the more evident snorts possible. "Boy, don't I wish. We haven't been able to locate anything of value no matter how hard I've searched. Maybe that's all of the information on the Phoenix Force."

An alarm went off in the Fortress. Lara's face appeared in the midst of the crystals and grew worried.

"There's a problem?" Harry asked.

"It can't be."

Claire raised an eyebrow. "Mother, what is it?"

"The Disciples of Zod, they have arrived on Earth," Lara said. "But, how?"

Harry and Kara locked eyes with each other for a second and then pulled away from each other. Kara seemed to be more put off by this. Claire looked confused and while Lara searched for the intruders, Kara jumped in for an explanation for her cousin.

"The Disciples of Zod are followers of General Zod, one of the greatest generals to ever step foot on the planet Krypton," Kara said. "Unfortunately, tragedy and loss drove Zod mad over time. Krypton's standards for dealing with his kind of mental issues were unfortunately lax."

One could see Kara's evident frustration simmer up to the surface. Harry put a hand on her shoulder and caused her to take a calming breath.

"But, he was sent to the Phantom Zone and most of his followers along with him," Kara said. "If they're here, then they're here for a reason."

Claire drew in a deep breath and walked over for determination. She hovered up above the ground. She moved a bit awkwardly and then dropped down. Claire took a deep breath and then floated to the ground. Harry and Kara went behind her.

"They're heading here from the East."

The trio nodded. If they headed here from the East, then it was where they would be heading next as well. Three blurs shot up in the air and made their way to go after the Disciples of Zod.

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To Be Continued on November 16th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-Two: Ghosts from the Past.

Three blurs popped out from over the skies of Hogwarts. Harry made sure to shield Claire from the exposure of all of the Kryptonite which fell from the sky. All of it littered the grounds of Hogwarts.

"Keep going," Claire breathed. "This shield works like a charm."

Kara could not help, but grin at her cousin's statement. It was pretty accurate to be perfectly honest. The three flew around and moved deeper into the collapsed castle. The once proud Fortress of the White Bumblebee collapsed on the rocks of the Earth. The three of them moved as far as possible until they dropped down onto the ground.

Harry held up a hand. Something about what was in the air forced goosebumps to rise all over his shoulders. Harry extended his hand out into the distance and waved it over the area. He watched the door open. Two ARGUS agents stumbled out. One of them took about three steps before collapsing down to the ground.

The second ARGUS agent had a little more dignity. He stepped across the way before slumping against the wall and breathing out loud.

"Harry?"

His name brought Harry's attention to Nymphadora Tonks. She walked with a slight limp and clutched the side of her back. Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her over. He sent a quick blast of healing magic towards Nym. Her injuries were not as severe as the two ARGUS agents on the ground.

"What happened?"

"A large ship happened."

Kara raised her eyebrow. Lara was right, there was a ship, and the Disciples of Zod were on it. Nym shuffling around interrupted what Kara was about ready to say and she intended to say a little bit. The Girl of Steel's eyes crossed over to the edge of the room and then back in a blink of an eye.

"I lost Natasha and Holly," Nym said taking her first tentative steps. "And come to think of it, I've lost…"

Two solid booms echoed on the air above them. Claire was the first to look up. She followed the progress of two figures, a man and a woman, as they moved through the air. They had a lot of momentum when going up in the sky. Claire followed their progress when moving.

"They're heading to the North Pole," Claire said. "They can't know that the Fortress is there already?"

Kara's eyebrows went up and she took a few seconds to come up. "Maybe…maybe it sent some kind of beacon there…go get to Lara before they do and see what she says. We'll…we need to take a look at that ship."

Claire nodded. She could handle this on her own to be honest. It was just a couple of rogue
Kryptonians, how bad could they be. Claire hit the skies and took a short cut to get around her.

"I wonder if it's the right thing to let her go on her own," Kara said. "It's just…that ship might be a danger."

"If it helps, none of us were able to get that close to it."

Kara seriously looked Nym straight in the eye. "It's a good thing you didn't come close to contacting that ship. It's just bad news all over. Trust me on that."

They moved down the way. Harry did what he could for the downed ARGUS agents before joining Nym and Kara. He knew this castle like the back of his hand although to be fair it was much harder to get a fix on the castle when it had been totaled.

'This way,' Harry thought to the girls.

No time for argument, but something did cause them to stop and pause. A couple of thumps came from the outside of the wall. The thumps grew even louder. Harry raised his hand and the door flung open.

Holly Granger staggered a little bit to the ground. She wiped a few strands of hair away from her face. Relief spread through her body when coming across the trio of Nym, Kara, and Harry.

"There's something wrong with that ship."

"Get the ARGUS agents away from it," Kara said. "It's making them sick, isn't it?"

Holly responded with a nod. She was not feeling as well as she should be. Natasha stepped down the hallway. She smiled when locking eyes onto the Dragon before adopting a more neutral approach for the rest of the part.

"The gang's all here," Natasha responded. "We should keep moving. We don't know where they went."

"To the North Pole," Harry said. "There's something of interest they want up there."

"Is it something that's going to make Waller flip out when she sees it?" Holly asked.

Harry just smirked. "I wouldn't be surprised if she would take great interest to it. But, she's going to have to be disappointed just like the Disciples of Zod are."

"The Disciples of Zod?" Nym asked before breaking out into laughter. "Okay, I know I should take this more seriously being, you know, the world is about to end and everything. But, that sounds like some kind of weird name for an alternative rock band."

"Maybe," Harry said. "Are there any stranglers?"

"Yes, all over the castle," Nym said. "And I guess while we look for them, you can tell us all about Zod and his Disciples."

Kara figured it would be a long story and they needed to look. She hoped Claire would not need their help any time soon. Harry, noticing her discomfort, put his hand on hers.

'If she's in trouble, we'll know, and we can flash there. I put a charm on her.'

Only slightly, ever so slightly, did Kara Zor-El's mind enter a state of ease. She figured that the
ARGUS agents were owed an explanation about everything. Unfortunately, with there being parts that Kara did not know, it was lacking. And while she did not know the ship, it was dangerous.

Nam-Ek had one goal in mind the moment he entered the ship. It was time for them to free the one true Kryptonian from captivity and make sure he reigned supreme on the Earth. Aethyr followed a few inches away from him.

"The longer we stand, the stronger we get," Aethyr said. "We will find her. We will find the Daughter of Jor-El."

"Yes," Nam-Ek said in a deep voice. "We will. He will rise again."

They would need to locate this Fortress and use the portal to make sure their master rose again from the ashes of where he had been sent from. The two of them moved over. Aethyr stopped short and dropped to the ground. Nam-Ek followed her descent.

"Why did you….."

His statement had been cut off by one finger extended out in the general direction of a figure standing outside of the Arctic Wasteland. He had been surrounded by mist and gave the two Disciples of Zod more of a chill than anything they had ever gone up against. They crossed the thresholds of the Arctic and moved just about as close to them.

"Who are you?" Nam-Ek demanded.

"My brother, I am your salvation."

"There is only one person who can bring us salvation," Nam-Ek said. "And that man is General Zod."

The figure off to the side broke out into a thunderous amount of laughter. Nam-Ek reached for him and tried to grab his enemy. Said anyone massed through Nam-Ek's fingers as simply as mist. Nam-Ek pulled his hand back and drew a deep breath. He wondered what was going on in.

"You should open your minds. I am the key to solving it all. And if you help me, I can help you. It's what we call paying it forward here on Earth."

"I wouldn't trust him," Aethyr commented. "He has his own agenda."

"We all have our own agendas!" he howled. "And where are my manners. I have not given you the courtesy of an introduction."

Both Disciples of Zod remained rooted firmly on the ground. They should have moved away and tried to fight this individual before the presented a problem, but they could do not anything. They had been frozen by his magnificent Aura and drew in just as close.

"My name is Deacon Blackfire. And I must beg you to open your minds to the salvation at him. For, it was I who helped ensure your arrival by drawing blood upon the stone. It was I who brought you here so you can embark on this crusade!"

"Well, we will offer our gratitude by allowing you a swift death."

Aethyr tried to grab him. Mist only surrounded her body and Blackfire flickered behind her a few seconds later. The Deacon's sadistic smile broke out even wider.
"Yes, you see this as gratitude? I see it as lies. I see it as sweet little lies. You've deluded yourself my friends with your lies that you tell yourself. You are merely puppets to another master. Zod will betray you. He put you on the ship to wait for the moment."

Blackfire flashed behind them and put a slimy hand on both shoulders.

"Tell me, Brother, Sister, what is on the ship?"

Something about his voice compelled Nam-Ek to speak straight away. He was the more susceptible of the two to suggestion.

"It was the most powerful computer in the universe. It once ran an entire planet until our master modified it to serve its whims. And then it was a huge part of the planet's destruction."

The crazy eyes of the Deacon darted all over the map just long enough to give the two some unfortunate pause. A couple of deep breaths came from them.

"Fascinating. I always considered technology to be little more of a tool of the devil himself, but that's fascinating."

His interest had been piqued. The sin of being reliant on technology was one which grew in time. They became dependent on the technology which visited them. Deacon Blackfire salivated at the very thought of having that much control. He could lead them to the promise land and ensure they had seen the light with the perfect message.

"Look skyward," Blackfire said. "It's not a bird, it's not a plane, it's…"

Nam-Ek helpfully interrupted Blackfire's statement. "It's the Daughter of Jor-El."

Claire arrived at the edge of the Arctic. She was steadfast and determined to get to the Fortress by any means necessary. Claire cut some good time and pushed herself beyond anything she had ever felt. Her heart started to beat faster when moving through the air.

A blast of energy came up with Nam-Ek rising off of the ground. The large Disciple of Zod flew towards Claire with reckless abandon. Claire dodged Nam-Ek's attack and nailed him with a series of punches to the side of the head. He reared back and caught her arm.

"Impressive," Nam-Ek said. "Perhaps I went about this all wrong."

Claire twisted herself out of the attack and used Nam-Ek's own strength against him to slam him down onto the ground. Claire bounced back up to stand over the fallen adversary.

'Now, where's the second Disciple of Zod.'

Aethyr appeared right on cue and dove at Claire. Claire blocked the punch and fired back with a couple more of her own. The deadlier of the two disciples moved on in.

"You're going to take us to the Fortress."

"And then, you are going to be the vessel for Zod's heir!" Nam-Ek yelled at the top of his lungs.

Claire never felt so repulsed in her life. She grabbed Nam-Ek and flung him to the ground when he tried to throw her down onto the ground. The Woman of Steel rose up in time to engage her second enemy.
White hot waves of light blasted through the air with Claire and Aethyr locking knuckles with each other. Neither woman wished to yield to the other. They crashed down onto one of the ice mountains before Claire took Aethyr down to the ground.

"He'll never rise again!"

Nam-Ek came out from behind Claire. Claire blocked Nam-Ek's punch and then caught him with some more punches of her arms.

Aethyr pulled out a glowing green blade and stabbed it into the side of Claire's arm. Claire tensed up and screamed in agony. Nam-Ek punched her in the stomach to double her over. He grabbed her by the hair and flung Claire down onto the ground as hard as humanly possible.

"You're going to comply. Whether you're willing or not."

Those words burned into the back of Claire's mind. She drew herself back and tried to fight through the agony. Nam-Ek's hand tightened against her neck and pushed her down onto the ground.

"No, I won't."

The defiance had been met by absolute amusement the second Nam-Ek dragged Claire off of the ground. He pitched her down to the ground across the way. He stood over the top of her. He took the knife from Aethyr and charged her.

Another blur shot through the distance and cracked Nam-Ek in the jaw with the full force. Nam-Ek fell to the ground. He looked up in anger to watch as an angry looking woman with golden hair dressed in white robes with the crest of the house of El on it moved towards her. He raised his Kryptonite knife to defend himself in the next round of battle.

A blast of energy caused the knife to turn into stone. Nam-Ek dropped down to the ground with a huge punch to the solarplexes.

Aethyr's eyes widened when she saw the figure coming from the shadows. Her mouth hung open for a very visible few seconds.

"It can't be."

She remembered her mission just in time to stop the second party from restraining her. The two tusseled on the ground. Aethyr and the girl rolled on the ground and picked up momentum like a snowball affect. The two broke apart from each other. No sooner did they break apart, the two blasted directly at each other one more time. Their nails dug together when scrambling for the perfect position to fight.

"The Daughter of Zor-El."

Kara broke free of the attack and nailed her adversary with a couple of punches to the top of the head. It staggered her and dropped her to one knee. Aethyr grabbed her leg and swept it out from underneath Kara. Kara blocked the attack, and grabbed at Aethyr's uniform. She ripped it to shreds. Aethyr fought back from the attack.

Down beside Claire, Harry kneeled and once again took the burden of her poison away from her. Claire's eyes flashed over.

"That's twice I owe you."
Claire rose up to her feet next to Harry. She grabbed his hand and held herself up. She was feeling much better now that the golden solar radiation poured into her body.

Kara took Aethyr down to the ground. Harry raised his hand and blasted her with a beam of red light which engulfed the woman's body. It sapped her powers completely.

Nam-Ek rose to his feet and noticed this was not going his way. One word burned into his psyche. 'Attack.'

A large blade extended into Nam-Ek's beefy hand. He charged his adversary with intent to maim. His eyes flashed over with agony when rush towards him. Harry caught his arm and brought him down to the ground as hard as humanly possible. The sound of cracking bones resounded after Harry brought his enemy down onto the ground.

Another sound cracked Nam-Ek's head back. Harry put his hand through the chest of the Disciple of Zod and brought him down to his knees. Blood oozed from his chest when he dropped to the ground.

Aethyr's eyes widened. The Dragon turned to her and she shivered. The hardened woman felt very vulnerable indeed on her knees.

"Please, don't kill me," Aethyr said. "I was only following orders….Nam-Ek was the true believer, I was merely a solider in the army."

She laid on the ground, clothes ripped at Harry's feet. Kara and Claire walked over with a smile on their faces. Harry leaned down and guided Aethyr to her feet. She stood up.

"I'll spare your life, if you swear loyalty to our cause."

"Of course," Aethyr said.

She went over to kiss her new master. Kara stopped her short with a very stern look shimmering in her blue eyes.

"No, not yet. Maybe eventually, but you don't get that right."

Claire wondered if she should even be involved in this little thing. Kara smiled at her cousin.

"I wouldn't want your poor virgin eyes to be burned."

She would have protested she was not exactly a virgin. Claire and Chloe, underneath the allure of Red Kryptonite, got up to some pretty naughty things. And it was hard to be around Lois Lane without getting drawn into some debauchy.

"I leave her in your able hands," Claire said. "Oh, and may I?"

"Of course," Kara said.

Claire stepped over and kissed Harry on the lips in a very thinly veiled token of thanks. She flew back up into the sky and out into the distance.

Kara smiled and she motioned for her pet to move towards her. The body of Nam-Ek laid on the ground. His blood stained the snow and the ice and soon he would be buried underneath it.

"You're going to tell us everything, love," Kara said. "And you're going to be rewarded for it."
"I can't believe it. I thought that signing up for a secret government agency would be more exciting than babysitting some stupid ship."

Six ARGUS Agents stood outside of the courtyard in the castle where the crashed alien vessel stepped. They thought that the alien vessel would have moved by now or do something interesting. Ever since those two invaders showed up, nothing happened. It was a very dull and very practical watch of the ship.

"We don't even know what Waller intends to do with it."

"Heh, good luck at getting any information out of her, kid."

The ARGUS agent rolled his eyes at the dismissive tone given by one of his partners, but he supposed there was a pretty good point there. He moved over towards the ship. Another one pointed a gun at the man's head.

"We're just going to look at it. I swear."

"Waller's orders," the lead agent said. "And you can look at it with touching it. The group that came by earlier got really sick when they started looking at the ship."

"I'm not sure if being in the same room as the stupid thing is a good idea then."

There were shrugs all around. None of them really knew what to do. They could not move the ship, touching it was out of the question. Therefore, they could not open it up and start studying it to see what made the ship tick. The agents circled around like demented buzzards.

The ship blinked to light and started to hum. The ARGUS agents pointed their guns at the ship. It was a reflexive action at this point. They could do nothing to this alien ship. The heat sensors rose and then they vanished in a blink of an eye.

The door opened and Agent Nymphadora Tonks stepped into the room. She looked from the scorch marks on the ground all the way to the shell-shocked agents.

'Bloody hell.'

Aethyr sat in a very lavish bedroom. Candles adorned the room and pumped scents into the air which ensnared her senses just a little bit. The sheets pressed against her body and made her feel really relaxed. The image of beauty which was Kara Zor-El stepped into the room. She wore a sheer see-through nightie which made Aethyr's heart stammer a couple of beats.

Kara walked across the room. Her hips sashshayed a little bit with confidence and a little sass in her walk. She reached over the massage oil table and pulled out a bottle.

"You're going to tell us everything you know."

Oils glistened all over Aethyr's body and shined in the light. Kara smiled when covering her catch with oil. Her silky black hair hung down to her shoulders. Her greenish-blue eyes flashed for a second as if she knew what was going to happen next. Kara made sure to run a finger covered with oil over Aethyr's lips and make her shiver. Her body was perfect and toned for the Kryptonian military. Round breasts stood perkily and Kara squeezed and massaged them to cover them in oil.

She moved down to her pubic region and frowned. Kara's heat vision performed a trail and cut the
large bush of hair which grew during Aethyr's time in stasis. She did not care if the woman squirmed. A small strip of hair, shaped like a lightning bolt, covered Aethyr's cunt. Kara smiled and ran her fingertips down her.

"That oil is derived from a snake venom. It will heighten your nerve sensors and the slightest touch….."

Kara lightly squeezed the shoulder of her prey and it caused her entire body to shiver in response. The former Disciple of Zod broke out into a series of shakes.

"You're ours now."

Harry appeared in the shadows. He dressed in a bathrobe which dropped to the ground. Aethyr ate up the eye candy with lust burning through every inch of her body. His sculpted body, tight muscles, they were what dreams were made of. She came to his equipment and gasped very deeply.

She did not have too long to look at her new master for Kara directed Aethyr's attention to her.

"What's on the ship?"

"Brainiac's on the ship," Aethyr said.

Kara frowned. She never really trusted Brainiac, even though the Council did. And he was part of the reason why Krypton had been destroyed.

"He intends to open up the Phantom Zone and bring General Zod to this Earth," she continued. "And he will possess someone….I'm not sure who, and use Clara Jor-El as his bride to repopulate the Kryptonian race. Brainiac has taken means to prepare to subdue her free will if she will not willingly comply."

"No, that won't happen," Kara said. "My cousin is only for one man."

Aethyr's entire body shook. Kara pressing a palm onto her thigh made it feel like torture spread through every single inch of her body. The girl did not lie when she said her nerve endings were slightly more sensitive.

"Yes," Kara murmured. "And you're his as well."

Kara walked over and descended to her knees before Harry. She wanted to get him nice and ready for their new toy and make sure she was properly indoctrinated to their cause.

The lustful look coming from Kara made Harry's cock harden. She clapped the underside of it and stroked it until it was hard enough. She tasted the head and then eased her way down to the base. Kara pulled back out and dove right in taking as much of Harry's cock into her mouth as humanly possible.

The grunt coming from Harry showed Kara how much she enjoyed this cock entering her mouth. Kara pulled almost all the way from her mouth and then shoved his cock all the way down into her mouth. She did this three more times. Every other suck, Kara reached up and stroked Harry's balls.

"Oh, baby, fucking suck that cock."

Kara's eyes and mouth full of cock was an extremely sexy sight which fueled Harry's desires. And
what he desired even more was to bury his cock into her throat.

The loud lewd sounds fueled Aethyr's sense of imagination. She could see what Kara was doing and it amazed her. Aethyr could not pleasure herself on her own accord. The small gusts of wind blowing from the slightly opened window made her thighs open and start to ooze juices from them.

Harry grabbed the back of Kara's head and plowed his cock into her warm mouth. He could feel Kara's efforts to have her mouth fill with seed intensify. He was not going to give in, she was going to have to work with it.

Kara worked away at his resistance and made sure that cock entered her mouth as deep and fast as possible. The swelling increased. Kara cupped Harry's bloated balls and had been pleased with how much seed had been in. They would be able to seed all of the females on Krypton if he so wanted it.

She threw her head back and took a huge cock into her mouth. Kara's warm lips wrapped around Harry and release him. She sucked on him until the treat spilled out into Kara's mouth.

Kara received her treat and then a little bit extra. Gracefully, she took his cock into her mouth like some kind of define sex goddess. She was careful not to miss a single drop when draining Harry's balls of their delicious fluids. Her mouth popped off of him only when she was done.

Seconds of tasting Harry's cum passed until the second Kara locked eyes with Aetyhr. She stuck out her tongue and made sure the woman received a good look on the cum on Kara's tongue. She swallowed it and smiled in response.

"See those beautiful lips," Kara said. "They're engineered for sucking the cock of her superior."

Kara grabbed Harry's ass in one hand and squeezed his cock. Harry turned around to Kara and that one look caused her to shudder.

"I'll deal with you later," Harry said.

Aethyr did not even need to be asked to open her mouth. She opened it and was ready to receive her treat. The big cock edged to the opening of her mouth. Aethyr's eyes bulged out the second the cock brushed against her warm lips. Harry ground his cock head against her lips for a second and then grabbed her.

Harry buried his cock into her tight and warm mouth. He drove himself into her and his swelling balls slapped into her. The lewd and loud moans from a woman in desperate need to be fucked and fucked hard made Harry only push himself further.

Every single nerve ending of her body entered a state of extremely hyper-sensitivity. Aethyr understood this more than anyone else. She took the huge cock deep into her throat and then pulled it out. A loud pop echoed from around her mouth when he pulled out. Harry's cock touched her lips and made her jump off.

The two engaged in their pleasure.

"You're such a natural," Harry said. "Why don't you feel up by balls? You want to see how they feel in your hand, don't you?"

Aethyr grabbed Harry's balls and squeezed them hard. The mere touch of those balls in her hand set off a fire. Juices pooled all over the bedsheets where Aethyr kneeled. Harry massaging her scalp while slamming into her mouth did not help do anything other than set her off.
Harry was about ready to lose his second load of the night into the mouth of a beautiful woman. Harry drove his cock deeper into her mouth and let it all good.

The warm blasts of cum filled her. Some of the massage oils rubbed off on Harry and it showed. A greater volume of cum than before splashed into Aethyr's mouth.

"Good girl, not wasting a drop," Harry said. "I would be very disappointed in you if you were anything, but good."

"But, you could punish her for being bad," Kara said.

Harry smiled when pushing his hard cock deep inside of his newest conquest's mouth. His balls finished draining and he pulled away.

"Hands and knees."

Aethyr complied and the seconds he was, Harry was all over her. Her mind almost shut down from the insane amount of pleasure he gave her by lightly touching her. Harry's fingers brushed over her body.

A second pair of hands joined the first pair. Kara helped out and she added more massage oils to certain parts of Aethyr's body as well. Aethyr's sweat only increased the intensity she was feeling thanks to the oils. Harry touched her all over and made her nipples stick out.

"It's time."

Aethyr wondered if it would fit. The head touching her lips almost caused her to lose it. Harry's swollen head rubbed against her tender opening and made her open up for business. Harry's fingers caressed her nipples and made her breath out in pleasure.

Then, without any further pause, Harry slid his cock. Her walls clamped onto him hard.

"Someone is eager to be fucked?"

Kara watched as Harry's strong cock worked like a machine. She drooled when watching Aethyr moving in. Kara smeared her body on oils and started to play with herself. She got more heated and more intense with each touch of her body.

Aethyr grabbed onto the bed. Harry was not simply fucking her pussy and driving himself deep where he could seed her womb. Every inch of her body was a vessel for the pleasure. His thick well hung cock made Aethyr feel full.

"A nice little snug pussy, perfect to be fucked," Harry said. "You want this, don't you?"

"No one can make me feel as good!"

It made Harry feel really good when the women admitted it without any coercion on his part. Harry slid his big cock into her tightening core and then pulled almost all the way out of her. His cock slid into her.

Aethyr's entire body entered full scale pleasure the deeper Harry slammed himself into her. Those balls were as heavy as ever despite being sucked off twice. Her sensitive nerves where only enhanced by the lust she felt. Harry drove himself into her hard and made her really work.

"You like it when you get your hair pulled."
She reacted with the most favorable moans the deeper Harry slammed his cock inside of her. His cock pushed deep inside of Aethyr and then pulled completely out of her. He rose up and slammed down into her on a constant basis. Repeated thrusts drove Harry deep inside of her body.

She came harder than ever before. Harry grunted and pumped his cock inside of her. Those slick juices surrounding his cock only made him want to drive into her faster than ever before. Harry touched Aethyr's snug backside and slapped it to cause her to break out into a moan of pleasure.

"Just let go, relax, don't fight your inner nature."

Harry's words made her cum very quick and very hard. He pushed deep inside of her body and then pulled almost all the way out. Then, Harry planted himself into her until his balls sized up and the end was here.

Exactly how many orgasms she had before Harry seeded her had been lost track. Aethyr's muscles tensed up the second Harry drove his cock inside of her. Harry pushed into her hard and then his balls ruptured. The first blast of cum sent Aethyr to the edge. Her pussy gushed and never stopped gushing.

Harry watched as white blasts surrounded his eyes. He picked up the pace and seeded the woman underneath him with everything he had. Harry emptied his balls inside of her. Several more moments passed before Harry completely buried his load inside of the subverted Disciple of Zod.

Just after Harry pulled out Kara dove directly in. She spread the thighs of the dazed woman and sucked as much of the cum away from her thighs. Harry watched Kara's swaying ass as she got to work. Harry's hard cock grew even harder as one of his Alphas got to work.

The woman passed out on the bed. Kara's beautiful body glistened with the massage oils. She turned a little bit to watch her seductive smile come out.

"Just lay back and relax."

Kara hovered a little bit closer to Harry. His hard cock stuck into the air and Kara mounted it. She allowed the familiar tool to enter her pussy. The first few inches slipped into her and Kara worked even more of her. She established the momentum and rode Harry reverse cowgirl style.

The beautiful sight of Kara bouncing up and down on his cock gave Harry a full view of Kara's nice succulent ass. Her perfect ass and legs showcased the reason why a mini-skirt was the perfect outfit for her. Harry reached up and touched her ass.

"Slap it, please!"

Harry teased her ass with a couple of gentle squeezes. He wanted to make sure Kara was driven to the pits of lust before Harry went to town on her ass. He spanked Kara a couple times. His cock drove into Kara and he spanked her again.

She loved it! Kara bucked down wildly on his cock. She sank down onto it. Harry's cock shoved deep inside of her and filled her up some nice. Her man was making her feel really good. Kara had gotten horny after seeing him dominate that other woman on the bed and now it was time to have some fun of her own.

"OOOH!" Kara yelled. "HARRY!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs. Kara's wet walls squeezed around Harry's throbbing hard cock and milked him something fierce. Harry grabbed her ample posterior and squeezed it. She
spilled more juices down from the tip of cock all the way to the base.

"Keep it up," Harry groaned.

Twelve inches of swollen cock pushed into her. A need for release visited Harry. He held back despite the need increasing. Harry grabbed every inch of her body and then flicked Kara's clit when he could just barely reach it. He channeled the power through her.

The oils smeared against both of their bodies made this feel very intense. Kara slid her womanhood down onto Harry's big cock and she pumped him deep inside of her body. Her wet thighs collided with his big balls. Harry enjoyed the sensations brought upon by Kara's warm pussy working him over. He grunted and shoved himself as deep inside of her as possible.

Kara came first with the ride skidding to a stop. She saturated Harry's cock with juices. Kara's body warmed up and she crashed down. She did not care who heard her. Kara wanted the entire universe to know that Harry Potter brought her to one of the best and most pleasurable orgasms possible.

Then, Harry came deep inside of Kara. She milked him to drain his balls of every single last drop of seed. Harry's body sized up and released the built up tension. He repeatedly spilled himself into Kara's body.

Kara intended to drain Harry to the last drop, no matter how long it took. Or until her body finally ended up hitting a solar flare from burning to too much yellow solar radiation at once. It would be fun to try.

To Be Continued on November 20th, 2017.
Kara and Harry finished up making sure their newest pet told them everything she knew and there were a tantalizing few pieces of information. The super powered duo flew out and prepared to make a little trip out to the temple before they were heading out to take a look at the ship.

'Well, if this is true, it could be a problem,' Gwen concluded after Harry and Kara got them up to speed.

'Not necessarily a problem,' Sara thought. 'Okay, fair enough, it could screw us up for a little bit and we might have to work hard to get our hands on the ship wherever it was. But, we could use it to our advantage.'

'I can see your point,' Nyssa agreed. 'The ship's information could point us in a clearer direction of where the Phoenix Medallion is.'

Harry just smiled. Was anything that simple in life? Harry could not say without a shadow of a doubt whether or not life could be that simple. The sorcerer moved off along with his companion and the two of them stopped off outside of the temple. They dropped down onto the ground.

The first thing they saw was a smiling Daphne who waved them inside. Astoria, Vera, Lucretia, and Vega lined up outside of the temple. Daphne, being the leader of the Faithful Five whether a certain pair of sisters liked it or not, stepped in.

"A lot has changed," Daphne commented idly.

"You can say that again," Kara said. "The Bumblee's actions have triggered a meteor shower. And if we're not careful, the ghosts from the past are going to come back and haunt us.

The problem was they were going to be careful no matter what. Unfortunately, you could never be too careful in a situation like this. Kara learned from experience how to deal with these problems as they grew even stronger. Daphne locked eyes with her and the two girls answered with a nod.

"You're searching for the Phoenix Medallion?" Daphne asked.

Harry fired back with a tiny smile over his face. "Yes, we are. It closes in, but yet, it's so far out of reach."

Every single member of the Faithful Five nodded in the most sympathetic way possible. That surely described the Phoenix Medallion in every single way possible. It had been put out through the vacuum of space.

"The trio wish to speak with you."

Astoria's words cut through the tension in the air. Kara cast a smile towards the youngest of the Faithful Five.

"I'll go and see them, then."

The Five parted to allow Harry and Kara entrance into the temple. The duo wondered what the
Trio of Anya, Isabelle, and Vanessa would have to say to them. They suspected they were going to find out in a matter of minutes.

Isabelle took the proper position as leader at the edge of the temple. Her gorgeous blonde hair pushed back from her face. Stunning blue eyes and pouty lips stuck out. She was a pure vision when standing on the edge of the temple. Her redhead sister, Anya, and her brunette sister, Vanessa, all stood perched without a stitch of clothes.

"My Queen, I'm glad to see you have returned."

Kara approached her three sisters with a smile on her face when crossing the temple. There was a huge part of her who wished she had an opportunity to return under much better circumstances. Unfortunately for her, that could not really be possible at the moment. Kara drew in her breath and smiled.

"I'm glad to have returned as well," Kara replied. "And it's not a moment too soon. I can feel it. I can feel the power building."

"We agree," Anya said. "There's only one Medallion remaining. We see a darkness approaching. The White Bumblebee was a threat in his time."

"Unfortunately," Vanessa picked up with a sigh. "Unfortunately, he is only just a minor threat compared to what is out there and what is to come."

Harry raised his eyebrow. The way Dumbledore had been built up, Harry found it very surprising that his former Headmaster's counterpart just went down as simply as that. He expected more of a fight.

"It's unclear however what exactly is to come," Isabelle said. "It's a destructive force which causes issues over multiple universe."

"And the only person who can hope to stop it is the Dragon and his chosen generals," Anya said grimly.

Harry just smiled. It was the story of his life in a nutshell. Some prophecy showed he was the only one who had the capability of stopping some kind of great evil. Harry expected it by this point, to be perfectly honest. There was a small part of him who embraced this fact, if he was perfectly honest.

'It's just another day in the life of Harry Potter,' he mused to himself.

"And the Phoenix medallion misses from our collection," Kara said.

"I'm afraid finding the medallion may be the easiest action," Isabelle grimly said.

Did not seem so easy so far, at least from what Harry could see. He would have to respectfully agree to disagree. Never the less, he could see the three sisters and knew there was much more for them to say. They rose to their feet. The shining light spread over from their forms. Anya leaned across the way and broke out into one of the most sardonic smiles one could ever see on a person.

"Find the alien computer and reprogram him."

A second passed and Kara and Harry looked at each other. They hoped to use the gifts of the temple to find out where Brainiac had disappeared to. Isabelle caught attention of both of her masters and arched a single finger off to the right.
"The answers of which you seek are through that corridor. You may be able to find him. I wish you the best of luck."

Kara and Harry did not think there was a maybe about it. They had to find him.

'Time is running short, if what they are saying is correct,' Kara thought. 'Do you think that there's any validity to what they're saying.'

Harry rolled his shoulders back with a soft sigh. 'I think that there's plenty of validity to what they're saying. We don't have that much time if that's the case.'

There was only one thing for them to do. They were to cross through the archway and see what information they could locate.

Lily sat down. By all indications, the White Bumblebee appeared to be deader than dead. Unfortunately, Lily knew this song and dance before. An enemy was proclaimed to be dead, but he was not quite dead. They had been down that road many times before.

She looked over the stacks and stacks of maps which had been drawn up. Some of the HIVE outposts had been put over with a red "X" which indicated they were already claimed by the League. Or to be more appropriate, Talia's faction of the League. HIVE remained fractured because of the death of the White Bumblebee.

"There's still a few HIVE leaders who could be a problem," Charlotte remarked.

Lily turned her attention around to Charlotte. Her eyebrow raised, and Lily just answered with a nod.

"Yes, I know. Maybe not as much as Dumbledore, or even as much as Darhk. They don't have the teeth, but they could be surprising."

They were cutting through the areas, thanks to the information Mia had dug up through her extensive research. Her time as the Bookworm brought her to many exotic places so it was not completely a bad thing. Granted, how messed up she had become in the end, it lead to some unfortunately problems on that end. Overall, she had been alright in a few ways, they guessed.

"We're getting closer," Charlotte said. "I hope that we can end this soon."

Lily had been hoping they could end this mess with HIVE for a long time. Unfortunately, it had been ever growing monster who did not want to seem to go away under any means whatsoever. Lily hitched in her breath and took a couple more in the process. She drew a circle around the map and took another long and deep breath when looking over the map.

"I don't know what's going to happen next," Lily said. "All I know is Harry's got his sight set on the Phoenix Medallion."

"The final one he needs?" Charlotte asked.

Lily answered with a nod. They all knew the challenges which went along with trying to get their hands on the Phoenix Force Medallion. It taunted them all for so many years and slipped tantalizingly out of their grasp time and time again. Lily drew on the map in the most absent minded manner possible.

"The final one and the hardest one he's going to need to find."
She drew in another deep breath and drew a line over the paper. Lily's attention drifted from one point to the next over the paper. They were so close, Lily could feel it, and yet at the same time, they were so frustratingly far away from their destination.

"We're going to find what we need at this destination."

"Is that where Talia and her Elite Guard are heading?"

Charlotte confirmed Lily's words with a slight nod. Lily just felt a little bit more relaxed. They were right on point, where they needed to go.

'Let's finish this.'

A rune stone from Lily's pocket burned bright. She slipped the rune stone out of her pocket and put it up to her hand to take a deep breath. She maneuvered it over in her hand and then allowed it to flash very bright. Another slight frown came over Lily's face.

"We're taking a side trip to Hogwarts," Lily said.

Hogwarts, the Fortress of the White Bumblebee. Charlotte had many questions to why Lily had been drawn there. Especially considering she had just been there and it had been buried underneath tons of meteor debris.

A large hideous looking drone with a misshapen head rose from the depths and lurched his way through the castle. The broken castle was unlike anything that it had ever seen. It slipped further away from the ship which vanished and reappeared somewhere around the area of the Fortress which it dropped down.

'I must continue to explore this strange hand.'

Sparks of strange energy emitted from the castle the further the entity disappeared into the castle. Brainiac took inventory around the castle and drew in another breath when crossing around the castle.

Several HIVE goons stepped around the hallway. They avoided capture from ARGUS, but some of them had been severely wrecked in the battle.

"He's gone," one of them whispered. "Now what?"

"I don't know," another one said.

They did not have any direction. They were just moving from place to place without any element of efficiency whatsoever. Brainiac's gaze fell upon them when they maneuvered around. He sensed some kind of opportunity which could potentially be exploited.

"Why don't we leave this death trap of a castle?"

"There must be something in here we can use."

"Well, if it was, we would have been able to take down the ARGUS agents a long time ago."

Brainiac drew in the strange energy from the castle. The warmth spreading against his form made it feel very interesting. He could not adequately explain what this energy was doing. It interfaced with his high-tech alien circuits and made him stronger.
The HIVE drones turned and saw this drone standing at the end of the hallway.

"What is that?" one of them grunted.

The others shook their heads. One of them pulled out a gun and pointed it towards the strange creature. He pulled the trigger of the gun back and fired at his adversary. The blast missed the creature just barely and ricocheted across his body.

Cables erupted from the creatures body and ensnared the HIVE drones. An agonizing series of screams came from the HIVE Drones as they had been dragged into the body of this soulless entity. They had become one with them.

One drone struggled harder then all of the others. His frantic attempts to hack away at the entity with a knife proved to not work out as well as he intended. The entity grabbed onto his prey with a crushing attempt to squeeze the utter life out of them. The cables ensnared them even further into his body and wrapped tighter around them. They pushed their way out just barely.

"What are you?"

The nano-bots covered the men who screamed in agony. They were being transformed into something more than human. They had been connected, in a literal HIVE mind.

"I am something far beyond your comprehension," the voice rattled and droned.

The HIVE drones understood from moment one they had been turned into something else. They had been linked from mind to mind becoming one with the collective that this creature had created. Brainiac shifted them all into one place.

"I can see you are still searching for something."

Brainiac's attention turned to the dusty figure down the hallway. The scraggily beard covered in cobwebs with spiders crawling from it, the wide eyes, and the unkempt appearance posed little of an evident threat to Brainiac, at least so the entity assumed. He crossed the hallway to stare down this entity.

Said entity lifted his arms and dropped to his knees. Brainiac's cables shot out and passed through the entity who had disappeared into a cloud of dust.

"Declaration, you are something which is beyond comprehension."

"Oh, yes, you cannot merely begin to comprehend what I am," Deacon Blackfire said. "I am something which has transcended all life far more than what you could imagine. And I am something that has gone far beyond anything you have ever known in your existence."

"What are you? I must inquire."

"I am the light which brings you salvation," Deacon Blackfire said. "You seek to rebuild the world as a better place. And for that, you need the child who comes to the stars. I can bring you to her."

"What do you seek from this arrangement?" Brainiac asked.

The computer calculated that no human, especially one such as this, would ever willingly offer assistance without wanting something out of it. The only thing was what did they precisely want out of it. Brainiac scanned the Deacon in front of him.
"Only to bring good enlightening and tidings of joy to this world, my dear brother. It is sorely lacking as you may have guessed."

The HIVE soldiers had been given a brand new purpose in life.

"I know who I seek. The Disciples may have failed. But their failure has given me knowledge."

Deacon Blackfire grimly nodded. It would remain to be see whether or not this entity had learned from the failures of the past. Many mortal men had failed to learn from their own past errors. He would see if this immortal machine was the same or if he was something different entirely.

"I look forward to your attempts, my dear brother," Blackfire answered in confirmation.

Lily swept over the area. She had a feeling that there was something close. They moved outside of the castle. Green mist rose from the castle. Charlotte, Lily, and the rest of the rag-tag group of rebels they positioned together had their faces covered in helmets. They searched the area. Lily extended her wand out and flashed it over the area.

"The entire world shifts around us," Lily breathed.

There was more than the entire world shifting around them. Something grey lifted out from the ground and moved over the edge of the castle wall. They watched the castle transformed right before their very eyes.

They turned their attention to the ARGUS agents. Nym and Holly stepped out of the castle and both women looked at each other like they had seen something.

"The rest of our team are still in there," Nym said in a completely breathless voice.

"They were in there at least," Holly said. "The castle's transforming. And I don't know...."

Lily raised her hand and performed a very brief scanning spell. The inclusive readings of energy popping over the castle worried her something fierce. Lily pulled a hand back and broke out into a sigh.

"It's changing alright."

She could not make heads or tails of any of the changes going on in the castles. Her vibrant green eyes followed the progress of the castle as it shifted into a very new way. She could see the Hogwarts castle, wrecked as it was, shifted into something. A hollowed out misshapen skull with vibrant blue eyes popped up over the landscape. Lily's attention moved over the skull when it rose out over edge and got even higher. Lily took a couple of steps back and drew in her deep breath.

"I don't like this."

Nym's words proved to be obvious. She could see Natasha backing off. The redhead agent jumped up and caught one of the attackers with a brutalizing punch to take them down.

Those cables shooting out came close to snagging them. Lily lifted her hand up to perform a shield spell. The shield spell blocked the cables from ripping through the area. Lily's heart skipped a couple more beats when the cables rose up and came close to coming through the shield one more time. Lily chewed down on her lip with a constant barrage of attacks coming close to nailing the edge of the shield.
"I don't like…"

Lily flew back and stuck a landing. The castle grew in mass and it was even more massive. There were glowing towers rising out of the wreckage of Hogwarts.

"All will join the collective!"

"Fire everything you have!" Nym shouted at Holly.

Holly held up a massive cannon which did not seem that massive at all now. She cocked it and fired at the castle. The bombardment of attacks bounced off of the castle. The creature did not even see anything.

Nym blasted one of the diving attackers in the stomach. She twisted the arm of the attacker down and planted him down onto the ground. Nym flipped over, landed on her feet, and took the legs from her attacker out from underneath her. She decimated a large hunk of rock to send the debris flying at her enemy one more time.

Holly's attempts to penetrate the castle wall did not work out the way she planned. She drew in a deeper breath than ever before and waited for one of the drones to come and attack her. She took out her frustration on the drone.

Most of the spells resulted in minimal effect in striking them down. Lily knew something was wrong in an instant. She threw her hand back and bombarded one of the drones with a high powered magical attack. The beam of light absorbed into the HIVE Elite drone and fired back to her.

Lily's body almost became ensnared with cables. The cables did a nice job of ripping the tight body suit she wore. The redhead witch backed off and drew in a very obvious deep breath.

'I don't like how this one is going,' Lily thought.

Another rippling came over the area with the wires coming close to grabbing onto Lily. Lily shifted and propelled herself down to the ground. She cut through the creature with everything she had and she had a whole lot to drive him down.

"Get him again!" Nym yelled.

A couple more ARGUS agents joined the fight. Several more HIVE operatives also joined the fight and the numbers were beginning to shift in the favor of HIVE.

Harry and Kara stood in the inner chambers of the temple. The energy bubbled from the surface. They followed the progress of where Brainiac was heading. The jolt of light shot out and rocked Kara back.

'We should have known it,' Kara thought. 'He's back at Hogwarts.'

The headache which bubbled in Harry's mind earlier only rose to a greater prominence than ever before. He brushed a couple of strands of hair out of his hair and took another deep breath.

'That's one of the worst places he could be,' Harry responded.

Kara wondered what Harry meant. The two just walked over the way and disappeared into a blink of an eye. They appeared outside of the gates of Hogwarts.
Instantly, one of the HIVE agents targeted Kara. One glimpse of his eyes showcased how far gone he had been. He had been ensnared by Brainiac and there was no real saving him at this point. Kara blocked the drone's attack from coming down onto her and fired back with a huge punch to the ribs. Another punch to the ribs stunned the Brainiac Drone and dropped him down to the ground.

"There's going to be more."

There were in fact more. Harry noticed one of the drones targeting Lily. Lily held her own more than nicely. She blasted the drone back. Another one retracted a blade from his arm and stabbed at Lily.

Harry flashed into fire and appeared in front of the drone. He blocked the drone's attack and knocked him back down to the ground.

He caught Nym's eye who slumped over the ground. The talented woman pushed her hand onto the ground and a rupture erupted from the ground. The ground rocked underneath the feet of the drone. This allowed Harry to take him down with a vicious blast of golden energy. The energy surrounded him.

An unsettling presence came from around Harry.

'Great, he merged with the castle,' Harry thought. 'As if today wasn't going to be tough enough as it is.'

Harry and Kara stepped over the fallen drones on the ground. Brainiac's head became the north most tower. He assimilated all of the energy in the air. Both walked over and drew in a deep breath the closer they got. They would have to stop him before time ran out.

"I will soon fulfill my mission and release the one true Kryptonian."

'No,' Kara thought.

They had to stop him by any means necessary.

To Be Continued on November 27th, 2017.
System Crash

It's time for the 2017 story of the year voting. Head to the page of important links on my profile page and you'll find the poll at the top of my blog. You can't miss it.

Chapter Seventy-Four: System Crash.

Several mutated HIVE drones close in on the battle. They swarm the area with the members of ARGUS stepping back a few steps. Nym leads them forward for the attack. A blinding blast of orange light fires out of her hand and cuts one of the drones in the face. Another beam of light cut through the air and impacts the drone. The solidified armor bounces off an attack.

"Holly, move around for the other end!"

Holly avoids a cable crashing into the side of her feet. The ARGUS agent flips down onto the ground and slides a little bit back. She releases a smoke grenade onto the ground. Smoke pours out of the grenade and blinds the drone. Holly drops down from behind and disables her attacker at the knee joint. The attacker drops down onto the arm. A very frustrating scream resounds from the creature.

One of the drones charges forward at Kara. Kara dodges it at the very last second. The drone releases a blinding blade at the Girl of Steel. Kara blocks the drone and flips high into the air. She smashes the drone arm first onto the ground. Kara drops down onto the back of the drone to send it crashing down to the ground. The Girl of Steel slips a bit back to avoid the blade from coming at her.

'I'm on my way there,' Sara thought. 'There's more of those things rising. '

'Some of them could be ARGUS. Whatever they are, it's hard to say whether or not they're even alive anymore.'

Kara lowers the boom on the back of the head of one of the creatures. She follows the progress of Harry for a second. One of them grabs Kara around the waist and pulls her in as close as possible. Kara breaks free from the attack and drops him down to the ground.

One huge flying kick to the top of the head sends the drone down to the ground. A laser blast clips Kara against the back. She nips up to a standing position and rams her fist into the chest of her assailter. Kara clamps her hands around the head of the attacker and a flip disables it.

Two more punches dodges before a blast of white energy comes over the area. Kara catches the eye of Lily with a smile. Lily whips her wand and sends the attackers down to the ground.

"Mothership is up there!" Lily yelled. "If he absorbs much more magic, it's going to be a problem."

"It's a diversion!"

Harry dives down on the other side and splits the attackers up into two. A single finger on the ground ripples a blinding blast of granite on the ground to freeze the drones in place. The drones rattle and try to push their way forward. Harry flickers into the light and appears behind his adversary.
"You mean what I think you mean?" Kara inquires.

Harry nods up and down. Despite it being a diversion, allowing these nanobots to move unchecked through the castle amounts to one bad idea. Harry calculates the proper angle to take control of the school and whips a hand over. The ricochet blast connects with the edge of the building.

'Sara, Nyssa are you in position?' Harry inquires to both of the girls.

'I'm here beloved,' Nyssa replies promptly.

'Yes, we're here,' Sara confirms on the other end.

Sara crouches down onto the ground and waits for one of the drones to attack her. She closes her eyes and opens her mouth. Sara's vocal cords vibrate prior to escalating the energy swirling from the medallion. She channels an insane amount of energy to blast the drones down. The drones collapse down to the ground from Sara's attacks.

"Clear the tower!" Harry shouts.

Two hands clasp together as Nyssa inputs her own two cents to the entire battle. The older of the Tengu Medallion traced her fingers in the air and sent the shadowy demonic figures flashing over to the ground. Nyssa guides them into position. The winged creatures descend down and lifted them off of the ground.

The path through the tower parts and Kara and Harry move on in. Gwen shows up to use some strong silk to drag them back. Harry pushes himself off to the front of the tower and pushes through the front entrance of the tower. The tower repels back with a bombardment

'Let me try again.'

Harry forces his way through the tower. The powerful alien technology pushes back with Harry almost getting himself back into the tower. Kara walks in behind him and bombards the nano-bots with a super heated energy attack. The nano-bots collapse to the ground with Kara pulling back from tower.

He touches the edge of tower and channels as much power through him. The sorcerer plants his fingers around the edge of the tower and bombards it with as much energy. Harry vibrates his hands with Kara clutching his shoulder and holding him steady.

'Hang on.'

A blast of energy rocks both Harry and Kara back. Harry holds his arm around Kara's waist to prevent her from falling back onto the ground. The crystal disengaged from the tower.

Drones drops around to the ground. The ARGUS Agents break out of the prison which Hogwarts had become. They all walk off and shake their heads.

'Brainiac's control has been broken,' Harry informs anyone without a spitting distance of his thoughts.

Claire leans against the crystal console and takes in a deep breath when looking over the blip coming on in. The blip turned into about three blips forming a triangular pattern.

"He's on his way here."
Claire nods in response. She knew Brainiac approaches and came even closer. She turns to Lara's holographic image.

"What can we do to stop him?"

"I don't know," Lara said. "I will lock down all of the processes of the Fortress. You're going to have to divert his attention."

Understanding fills Claire's mind. Brainiac sought out the Phantom Zone Projector. If Brainiac grabs onto the Projector, there would be so many problems. Claire steps outside to the edge of the exit. She touches the edge of the Portal.

A hovering disc appears in the Fortress. The hovering object circles around Claire's head. She tenses up just in time to come head on with the bottom of the disc. The Woman of Steel takes another couple of steps to see what was going to happen.

'With someone like that, be prepared for the very worst.'

The disc scans the area and Claire steps to the side to avoid the attack. Suddenly, as if it found something, the disc fires upon Claire. Silver beams of light shoots out of the disc. Claire avoids the attacks. Without knowing what the disc sends out her, Claire moves from the right to the left. The disc hurls a little bit to the side and makes its way to the opening of the Fortress.

'I've sealed it down,' Lara tells Claire.

Claire spends the next twenty seconds looking at the disc. She bends down to pick up a dislodged icicle. Her training sets in and Claire lob the icicle at the back of the disc. The disc sparks and spins around before slamming back down onto the ground.

Spider legs retract out of the back of the disc with a miniature laser cannon. Two beams of light, one green and one red, fires in alternating patterns at Claire. Claire dodges the attacks.

'Manipulate your surroundings to win the battle,' Claire thinks frantically.

The disc bombards the ice and forces Claire to take a step a couple of steps back. The Woman of Steel observes a small cave off to the side. She watches the blinking sensors on the edge of the light.

'As long as there's light, this thing is going to keep going after me.'

The disc flies directly at Claire's head and almost misses her. The Woman of Steel pushes back against the disc when it collapses down to the ground. The disc opens up and shoots beams of energy at her head. Claire reflects the beams of light back at the thing which goes after her. Claire's deep breathing continues to escalate when watching the flying disc zoom through the air at her at the speed of light.

'Just a little bit closer.'

The disc slices the ground to try and grab onto Claire. Claire jumps back into the cave and drew in a breath. The darkness of the cave confuses the disc. The second the disc slips over to one end, Claire catches it in the palm of her hand and applies enough pressure to it.

The disc busts into small sparks and circle boards. Claire steps back from the broken disc and peers out of the cave.
'I'm not out of the woods yet.'

Claire's feeling of dread only increases the longer she steps into the Arctic. The lockdown of the Fortress holds Brainiac off for a moment. She peers up to the sky and sees a flying star in the distance. She double-takes and watches the star go off in the distance.

Brainiac stops short of the edge of the Arctic. His scouter pinpoints the exact location of the Fortress. Brainiac senses the destruction of the item. This time, Brainiac finds himself very apathetic to the plight of the item which lies crushed somewhere in the Arctic.

'It matters little.'

His sensors whirl to light. Brainiac senses someone else in the Arctic. He leans over to stare towards the figure in the shadows. The ragged man steps over. His beard crawls with spiders when approaching. Those eyes are sunken and vacant.

"You're no organic, but you're no machine," Brainiac comments with a very steady gaze upon the stranger. "I have insufficient date on who you are. Would you do me a favor and enlighten me?"

The stranger's laughter rang out through the Arctic.

"Who am I? Who am I? I am someone who serves a force which is far more complex than your program. I wish to see the end of everything and the birth of a world which better serves my purpose. I intend to recreate this world in my own image."

"I'm afraid then we have conflicting ideals."

Brainiac fires a destructive blast towards his attacker. The blast fires through the mist rising up from the Arctic and blows up a huge chunk of ground. Chunks of ice flash in front of the computer. Brainiac's eyes narrow and his processors calculated the probability of his survivor.

"It's impossible."

"They try and burn me, I return from the ashes. They try and hang me, and I breath once again. They try and dump me in the river. But I find a way to swim to shore. Until the end is here, I will be here."

Brainiac scans the air around the demented preacher. The organic representation of what was once the master computer of all of Krypton steps over him.

"And I can sense you have the information I need. Regarding the Phoenix Force medallion."

"No matter what you are, I do not think I will help you."

Blackfire places one hand on Brainiac's body. Brainiac's circuits scramble and his eyes start to flicker. Brainiac recovers from the touch instantly and bombards Blackfire back down to the ground.

"I have no idea what you are. But I will tell you to be gone. Or I will find a way to trap you in a prison."

A crooked tooth smile filled the preacher's face.

"My brother, you will not be the first, and you will not be the last. And once again, I will be the one to ask you one simple question. It's just a curiosity. I know that you hold the secrets. Secrets
which many men, or men-dragon, would overturn entire worlds over. You have acquired more information and have seen more worlds burn."

"I only see them burn because once I have their information, it is irrelevant whether or not they survive. All organic life is obsolete."

"But, you could not have been given life yourself if it was not for organic life!" Blackfire preaches. "Much like I was given purpose by our lord and savior himself, you were given purpose your creator."

"I have become so much more than what my creators have intended. And I find your worship of higher figures to be quite illogical. The scientific evidence just is not there to back it up."

Blackfire staggers back as if Brainiac sticks a dagger into his heart to mortally wound the man. The Preacher's eyes turn to a more slimy black color even behind the Inkish Black.

"Tell me what you know!"

Blackfire fades into mist just as a bright orange blast tears through the Arctic and nails Brainiac as hard as possible. Brainiac staggers back and looks up just in time to come head on with a bright blue blast.

"Fire on him!"

ARGUS returns and arrives at the Arctic. Nymphadora Tonks leads the charge and they fire upon Brainiac. Holly shoulders a cannon over her arm and pulls the trigger. She bombards Brainiac with a vicious concussive blast. Another blast which should tear through buildings only causes smoke to rise from the creatures.

Brainiac observes their intended plan of attack. No question about it, the machine speculates they will try something ultimately foolish. A glowing blue orb rolls out onto the Arctic and releases.

The EMP blast cracks into Brainiac. Brainiac's cables extend beneath the Arctic and rocks the ice to stagger them back. The ARGUS agents keep firing onto them. Several of them stagger back and collapse down to the ground.

"Your plans are ultimately foolish. You will fail. You have always been doomed to failure. It is your purpose."

Beams of highly intense heat shoot from the sky and severs the cables holding the ARGUS Agents into place. A gust of wind knocks Brainiac off of his feet and drives him down to the ground. The computer rises up from the ice with cables causing several constructs made of ice to rise up from the ice.

His sensors indicate who attacks him in an instant.

"The Daughter of Jor-El!"

Claire's heat vision beams sear the ground underneath Brainiac. She moves up to attack the creature. No inhibitions were needed to take down a computer. The Woman of Steel drops down and lowers the boom on her adversary to stagger him back a couple of steps.

"You will bring forward the true Kryptonian and the two of you will ensure the future of the Kryptonian race here on Earth."
"How about, no?" Claire asks.

Two cables whip out and grab Claire around her arms. Claire receives a push of energy. The cables tighten around her arms. Superwoman takes a deep breath when being dragged closer to her attacker. She breaks the attack and sends Brainiac hurling back to the ground.

Brainiac flickers and appears back behind her. A needle manifests out of the hand of the computer. Brainiac sticks the needle into the side of her neck.

Claire's body rises up in agony and fills with a horror beyond anything ever else. Nanites spread through Claire's blood stream and starts to take control of her body.

'Yes, succumb!'

Two large ice monsters of Brainiac's creation rise up over the ice. Harry and Kara fly over the frozen winds. Harry's eyes close shut and a sword manifests from his hand. Searing metal comes down to the top of the head of the creature and slices it down the side.

Somehow, Harry figures easy is not the best descriptive word for this situation. The monster rises out of the ice with a thunderous growl. Now, three instead of two rose up out of the Arctic to rush towards Kara and Harry.

"Duck!"

Two large ice balls blast towards Kara's head. Kara dodges the attacks. She fires a beam of heat vision towards the ice balls melting it into water. She uses her super breath to freeze the ice and also trap the creature in it.

"We're going to have to get those nano-bots out!" Kara yells.

Harry forces one of the ice monsters back with the blades manifesting from his hands. Harry whips his hands back and cracks the monster as hard as possible with two more swings. The monster almost topples down to the ground. Harry blips behind the creature and stabs it in the back of the neck.

'I have an idea.'

One of the grenades rolls underneath the creature. Holly presses a button and causes them to explode. For a second, until all of the little chunks of ice construct back into the creature. Holly staggers back. They all step back for the blast breath.

White out conditions appear in the Arctic from the creature's breath. Kara struggles against the blistering blizzard. It blocks out the sun and forces Kara to take a step back. She persists through the blizzard and rushes towards the creature. She channels the ability of the medallion.

Snake venom coated fingertips touch the creature. The venom spreads through the creature and fries the nano-bots. Kara pulls away and the white out stops.

One of the ARGUS agents hanging onto the edge of cave takes a deep breath. A second passes when they notice Brainiac's hands on Claire's shoulder.

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will," Brainiac tells her exerting his will.
Claire fights it. She uses strength to push herself out of the control of this menacing computer. Brainiac comes close to breaking Claire's mind down and using her as a puppet.

"No, I'm not your puppet!"

"You are going to be the vessel for the new age of your home world."

"Krypton's...over," Claire breathed.

"Not as long as I live..."

Harry channels a magical pulse about as strong as the magic in the air at Hogwarts which flies electronics. This blasts Brainiac back and causes him to rise up.

"You! You will pay!"

Brainiac's circuits scramble from Harry keeping up the constant bombardment. His fingertips burn and he knew he could not keep it down.

The nanites still in Claire dig into her mind. The voices only promise to stop when she releases Zod from the Phantom Zone. She sweeps over the edge of the Fortress just in time for Kara to jump in front of her. Claire pulls her punch before hitting Kara.

"Get out!"

"No."

Kara blocks two of Claire's punches and then hooks her. She touches Claire's neck and sends the snake venom pouring through her skin. Her alien immune system takes care of the venom very quickly, but not quick enough to save the nano-bots.

Claire drops to her knees and hacks. She feels like one of her lungs were about ready to come up through her throat. Her ribs ache before she spits up several medium size silver chunks onto the ice.

"Yuck," Claire groans.

Kara's stance turns from worry to relief. She helps Claire up to a standing position and helps her up.

Brainiac's eyes flash over and he breaks out of the attack just barely. He senses the signal coming from his ship and warps out to make the necessary repairs to regroup.

"He's gotten away to his ship," Claire groans.

Harry offers her a smile. "No he hasn't."

Kara breaks out into a mirthful round of laughter. "He really isn't. I've had a signal sent to the temple, and they've copied his ship's signal. He's going somewhere else."

Kara and Harry both smile and Claire shrugs in response. If they say it is under control, it is under control. Claire almost collapses down onto the snow and ice. The sun starts to pour in and it makes her feel a little bit later.

'We've got him!' Isabelle sang in triumph.
Brainiac arrives in the inner chambers of the temple. He comes face to face with a statue of Kara Zor-El, or at least some distant ancestor. Instantly, he understands there is something wrong.

"We have you now!"

Three figures appear out of the shadows. Brainiac struggles to move. Mist envelopes his body to make it more difficult to move and Brainiac's struggles end up going in vain. He pushes against the edge of the mist when it burns into his body.

"I will be free. I am the Braininteractive Construct and I am...."

A crystal stabs into Brainiac's back in mid-sentence. Brainiac busts into pieces. Kara stands behind him and retracts the crystal out of him. A glowing purple core appears on the crystal. The rest of Brainiac falls down onto the ground. She stabs a second crystal into Brainiac's head to cause it to explode.

"We have the only useful part of him," Kara tells her heralds. "The core component."

Anya means and bounces up and down much to the agitation of her two sisters. Vanessa grips her sister's shoulder tightly and pulls her back in.

"We can get the information off of the core," Vanessa states with a soft smile appearing on her face. "And we can bring the core back to factory standards."

"Let's interface," Isabelle said.

Harry steps into the temple to observe the beginning process of the core. It hisses a little bit. More sparks fly out of it. Isabelle puts it into a miniature hole on the wall. Runes on the wall flash to right.

'We've got about two dozen brain dead HIVE operatives,' Nym chimes in to Harry. 'Looks like HIVE will be on the shelf for a while.'

'Cut off one head and two more grow in its place. Or am I thinking of someone else entirely.?'

Holly's statement brings a smile to Harry's face. He refocuses attention to the core. Isabelle smiles at both him and Kara.

"This could take a while. We'll call you back when it's finished if you like.'

"Yes," Harry replies.

The Phoenix Force medallion came just one breath away from Harry. He and Kara leave to meet with the other medallion holders.

'Sara, Mera, Gwen, Nyssa, we'll all be there in a little bit.'

To Be Continued on 11/30/2017.
Chapter 75

So, if you're reading this story for the plot, this chapter has none of that. This was part of an experiment to write strictly lemon chapters apart from the plot, something that I will be doing in future stories. In this story, I did a couple more chapters the old way, before doing the last couple of lemons of their own chapters. It will make sense as you do it.

So, if you skip over the lemons for the plot, feel free to skip over this chapter. Because there's nothing here for you.

Chapter Seventy-Five:

Harry steps into the room right beside Kara. They move past the doors and enter the room where Gwen, Mera, Sara, and Nyssa all wait on the bed. Gwen dresses in an intricately designed blue bra, slinky blue panties, and stockings which cling to her body. Nyssa wears a skimpy black version of the same item and Sara wears the white version of the same attire. Mera tops off things in green.

Kara shoots the girls all a grin. "It looks like I'm a bit overdressed for this party."

"You are," Sara teases her with a big smile on her face. "I wonder what you're going to do about that?"

Kara appears and disappears wearing a red thong, a skimpy red bra, and stockings which come down to her. Harry backs onto the bed where all of the girls who hold medallions surround him.

"Pleasure before business," Nyssa remarks while brushing a lock of dark hair away from Harry's face. "I don't think any of us can argue it will help us focus much later."

The holder of the Tengu Medallion puts her passions into a big kiss to Harry. Gwen slips behind Harry and kisses the back of his neck. Mera and Sara rub on his legs while Kara perches herself between him. She moves her hands up and Nyssa shifts a little bit to allow Kara to start unbuttoning Harry's shirt.

Harry's body burns up with the pleasure of these lovely hands combing over inch of his body. Kara leans in and kisses him hard and fast. Nyssa pushes her lips against his neck on one side and Gwen pushes her lips against the other side of the neck. The triple kiss from three of the medallion holders burns Harry's loins and stretches his pants.

"I think we should help you out of those as well," Sara remarks. "Mera, if you would do the honors."

"It would be a pleasure."

Mera undoes Harry's pants and pulls them up over his ankles. Only his boxer shorts come out. Harry grabs the back of Sara's head when she lowers her mouth onto the edge of the fabric. Sara leaves a wet ring around the edge of the boxer shorts with her succulent lips.

"Guess I shouldn't have left such a mess."

"You better take care of me," Harry tells her.
A grin fills Sara's face and she tugs Harry's boxer shorts down and pulls them down to reveal Harry's throbbing cock. Sara touches the underside of it and makes it grow in her hand. She pumps Harry up and down to allow his cock to expand high into the air. Sara leans into him and kisses the underside of his cock. Several more kisses only grow the cock underneath Sara's warm mouth.

"Sara," Harry hisses through his teeth.

Sara kisses Harry's head while working his cock with her hands. The warm glow coming from Sara's hands make Harry groan. Mera puts her finger on the tip of his cock and with a small control of the fluids around her cause Harry's balls to swell even further.

"Like that, love?" Mera asks him.

"Fuck yes!" Harry grunts, dragging his knuckles against the back of Sara's head when she blows him very hard.

Kara and Gwen lean over Harry and kiss each other. Nyssa keeps attacking the back of his neck. Five girls stimulate him at various angles. Harry adds to the stimulation by pulling the panties of Gwen and Kara down to reveal their bare, dripping cunt. Harry’s finger charges in his right hand and he slips himself into Gwen. He does the same thing to Kara on the other end.

A stretching feeling comes from her pussy receiving Harry's fingers buried deep inside of her. Gwen's tight walls close around his body and release him. Her pussy jerks up and down to push more of Harry's digits into her body. Her nipples stick out with a passionate moan coming from her. She chews down on her lip and screams out in pleasure the deeper Harry rams deep inside of her.

"Make me cum," Kara breaths.

Nyssa climbs on top of Harry's face when he lies back. He licks her pussy to Nyssa's delight. She turns to one side and kisses Gwen on the face. She turns to the other side and kisses Kara on the face. Both of the sultry blondes exchange kisses with Nyssa.

The warm and wet mouth of Sara Lance catches Harry's big throbbing cock inside of her both. He reaches behind her head and pushes his hard cock into her warm and willing mouth. He grunts and pushes deeper inside of her mouth with a few hard thrusts.

Mera works over his cock and balls to suck them. The throbbing balls stick into her mouth with Mera pushing against the throbbing balls at her mouth. She sucks them into her mouth with a strand of salvia forming from the point of her lips all the way to Harry's lard and throbbing balls. Mera pulls back from him and sucks on Harry's balls just that much more.

No words come and Nyssa feels responsible for that one. The tongue swirls against her pussy. Kara leans in and fingers her ass from behind while having her own pussy fingered. The added exchange of sexual energy lights them completely up the deeper Harry works himself into Nyssa's pussy and makes her cum over his face.

"Stunning," Nyssa remarks in a very breathy voice.

She pulls away from Harry just long enough for Gwen and Kara to pounce and keep licking the juices off of Harry's faces. He encourages the behavior of the girls by running his fingers over their hair. Their soft blonde hair feels amazing underneath his fingers.

Sara finishes sucking Harry's cock and pulls away from him. She turns around and mounts Harry in a reverse cowgirl style. Mera sits up to meet Sara's lips with a very amazing kiss.
Harry turns his attention to watch Sara's ass stick in the air the second she mounts him reverse cowgirl style. The feeling of her warm pussy tightening around him brings Harry up deeper inside of her. He sends jolts of power up her back and into her body.

Kara reclines back on the bed. Gwen seductively crawls between Kara's thighs and catches a scent of her pussy. Sticky fingers clutch Kara's warm pussy and Gwen moves in.

"Good," Kara breathes at the sensation of Gwen's warm mouth wrapping around her nether lips.

Toes curl from the oral attention Gwen gives Kara. Kara brings her hips up off of the bed to allow Gwen to bury herself further tongue first into her. The tongue pets inside of her body and sends juices spilling up in a never ending rush as she overflows.

Gwen goes down on Kara with glee dancing in her eyes. A pair of hands grab onto the back and Nyssa slides herself tongue first into Gwen's warm pussy. Some very familiar territory for Nyssa while drawing Gwen's thighs open for further action down in her.

"Oh, eat her out!" Kara yells at the top of her lungs.

Loud slurps follow with Nyssa intending to go further into Gwen. The actions result in Gwen moaning even harder and sending more vibrations inside of Kara's pussy. The sensation of release blows over Kara's body and makes her hips jolt up to paint Gwen's face in her juices.

The wet pull of Sara caress Harry's manhood. He feels up the back of Sara's thighs and makes her breath at the top of her lungs. Her thighs drop up and down on him to bring him into her. Harry's balls swell the deeper he pushes into Sara's body.

Sara's screams stifle thanks to Mera's warm lips clamping over her body. Her fingers dig into the side of Sara's face. Mera rocks back and kisses Sara even more deeply.

The first churn from Harry's balls shoot the cum into Sara's wet pussy. His hips rise up and splatters her insides with so much cum. He loses the complete contents of his balls into Sara's wet pussy to drive deeper inside of her. His balls keep clenching and releasing him.

Sara pulls away from Harry, her pussy stuffed full of his cum. Her eyes close with Mera's warm fingers caressing out of her. The combination of Harry and Sara's juices rise up into the air thanks to Mera's control over liquids. The cum swirls into a circle and jumps into Mera's mouth. She sucks down the combined cum with her eyes locking straight onto Sara.

"So fucking hot," Sara mewls.

Harry's cock rises up and he grabs Mera and pushes her down onto the bed. One leg raises up with Harry rubbing the side of her leg. His cock slides almost into her body and shoves deep inside of her. Twelve inches of cock parts Mera's wet pussy and pushes inside of her.

The trio of Gwen, Nyssa, and Kara offer each other mutual pleasure. Kara hovers over the side of the bed, her back bent with Gwen sucking her pussy. The blood rushing to Kara's head when hanging over the bed from this point makes her feel good.

Nyssa jams a finger into Gwen and makes her clutch around him. The lewd and loud sounds only turn Nyssa on. She notices Sara over to the corner on the bed. Nyssa crawls over and kisses Sara on the lips.

Sara leans over and kisses Nyssa on the lips. The taste of Gwen in her mouth only inspires Sara to increase the kiss. The two women climb on top of each other. They lay nipple to nipple, lip to lip
with each other. Their fingers brush against their bodies.

A flip brings Nyssa over onto the bed. Sara rubs her inner leg and then kisses down on it. Nyssa's leg extends into the air with one laying flat on the bed. Each kiss brings Sara closer to her pussy until she connects with it and makes her breath out.

Mera pushes up off of the bed with Harry rising off of the bed. Twelve inches of Harry's cock inside of her and makes her rise up off of the bed. Mera rises up and clutches him with her warm pussy. Harry fills her and empties her with each thrust inside of her body.

"Take me!" Mera breathes with her arms wrapping around Harry and pushing Harry close into her.

"Of course," Harry says. "You know you want to cum for me?"

A wet cunt clamps around Harry's iron pole. He pulls out of Mera and pushes himself back into her body. Their loins connect into each other with Harry bringing the point of his cock inside of her body. Mera holds onto Harry and feels him stretching her completely out by the point of his cock.

Kara presses back first in the top of the ceiling. Gwen crawls up the wall and presses herself over Kara. Her hands stick against the wall with her pussy grinding against Kara's when both of them hang onto the ceiling. Gwen's warm pussy pushes against Kara's and leads to some friction.

Some of the pussy juices drip off of the ceiling. Nyssa sticks out of her tongue to catch the pussy drippings while indulging himself in Sara's body.

"Nyssa," Sara groans. "So, hot!"

"Just let it go, beloved," Nyssa breaths in her ear.

Sara lets it go and cums as hard as humanly possible. Her warm thighs clamp down against Nyssa's thighs and clutch against her legs. They scissor each other with their bodies working friction against each other. Sara holds onto Nyssa's round breast and squeezes it to make her cum.

The two connect with each other with Harry pulling almost out of her but drives deep inside of Mera. Mera holds onto Harry and clutches him very tightly. She craves his seed and Harry plans to give it to her. He pushes himself into her with the two driving against each other.

The clamping of her pussy works Harry into her. She milks Harry until the load of cum splatters deep inside of her warm pussy.

Mera folds her legs back against Harry's hips and pushes him deep inside of her. His balls launch their load inside of Mera's body.

Gwen drops down from the ceiling and leaves Kara webbed up to the ceiling. A mock glare comes from the captive girl. Gwen reaches in and grabs Harry's cock without any troubles. She pulls on his cock and molds it into the palm of her hand. The warmth of Gwen's palm squeezes Harry's cock.

"Ready for more?" Gwen asks.

"I'm always ready for more."

She straddles one of Harry's legs with the other leg lying flat on the bed. Harry reaches his hands and grab Gwen's ass before pushing himself against her warm entrance. Harry plants his cock inside of her tight pussy and makes her stretch around the tip of his cock head.
"Oh, fuck," Gwen breaths.

"I know," Harry responds with a big grin on his face when clamping his hands around Gwen's body.

Nyssa and Sara indulge each other on the bed. Their bodies cycle into a sixty nine-position. Loud slurping sounds fill the room with Sara briefly gaining more control over Nyssa. Nyssa holds onto Sara with the two of them kissing and sucking on each other's nether regions. The swollen lips receive a heavy love making session from Sara's able and willing mouth.

Twelve inches of hard and willing cock push inside of Gwen. Gwen stretches herself around Harry's hard pole and pushes as much of him inside of her as possible. Gwen rises up and smacks her thighs down onto him and feels his cock go inside of her.

She turns and allows Harry to sit up. The two go face to face with each other. Gwen's perfectly warm legs wrap around Harry and pull him in. The two join each other the second. Gwen pushes herself down onto Harry's lap and shoves as much of his cock inside of her as humanly possible. She stretches out around Harry and pulls all the way up. Gwen rises and falls down onto Harry.

"I'll take these," Harry groans.

"Please do," Gwen moans with Harry's hands now all over her breasts.

Harry takes them and makes Gwen scream out in pleasure. Her wet pussy slams down onto Harry's hard balls the further she rises up and drops down onto him. The heightened feeling of her body escalating to a brand new level fills Gwen. She bites down on her lip and lets out a scream of thinly veiled pleasure. Harry cups the underside of her breasts and makes her buck down onto him.

"Getting closer," Harry informs her with a hungry whisper in her ear.

She throws herself up and down against Harry. His massive cock spears deep inside of her body the deeper Harry pushes inside of her. And the deeper Harry pushes inside of her, the better Gwen feels from the pushing of his cock.

Nyssa regains her leverage of Sara. Sara's legs spread out for Nyssa to lick Sara's pussy and finger her ass. The combined assault with Nyssa's tongue and fingers drives Sara over the bend. The loud sucking sound increases the deeper things go.

"Nyssa!" Sara howls out the deeper Nyssa puts her tongue inside.

Nyssa keeps working away at Sara. The deeper the tongue goes, the more Sara gushes from the increased pushes inside of her. Sara throws her hips up off of the bed.

The webbing wrapping around Kara grips her to the ceiling. She looks down at Gwen driving herself down onto Harry with a certain amount of hunger burning through her eyes.

'Your time will come.'

Mera rolls over onto the bed and plays with herself. Sara and Nyssa crawl over onto either side and tackle Mera with kisses. She holds onto the back of Sara's head and deepens the kiss.

Nyssa's mouth on the other hand plants even more kisses over the side of Mera's leg. Mera's legs push apart with Nyssa shoving her tongue inside of Mera and licking her.

Sensations blast through the Queen of Atlantis's loins from Nyssa going down on her. The tongue
pushes deep against her body and she rises and drops down. Her juices coat Nyssa's mouth the more she sucks them down.

Sara lowers herself down onto Mera and leaves her ass in perfect position for Nyssa to grab. The duel stimulation of Mera's tongue on her pussy, licking it, along with Nyssa's hands clamping onto her ass drives her completely wild.

"Fuck me!"

Harry watches Gwen rise up to clutch the ceiling. Harry hovers off the bed and drives his big cock inside of Gwen's pussy. Each gripping motion holds onto Harry's cock while Gwen fills up on Harry.

"Baby, I'm going to explode!" Gwen yells.

"So is Kara, I think."

Harry's words draw Gwen's attention to the ceiling. He holds onto Gwen and shoves about as much cock as he could bury inside of her. Gwen holds onto Harry from all sides. His balls rise up and drop down onto the ground.

Kara's eyes burn from her heat vision threatening to pop out thanks to the arousal. She takes a deep breath. The buzzing filling her body and the desire to have her body filled will come. The webbing turns more clingy and digs into Kara's nipples.

'Rao,' Kara breathes.

Harry's cock pushes up into Gwen and threatens to lose his load inside of her. Gwen wraps her walls around him and milks Harry. Harry watches her jiggling breasts dancing. He holds them and makes her moan out in loud. Harry pulls away from her breasts and releases them.

She cums again and Harry follows a couple of seconds later. His balls give way and meet Gwen's orgasm to lose his load inside of her body. The combined orgasm leaves a sexual thrill in each other with Gwen losing her grip and crashing down onto Harry.

Harry receives a mouth full of Gwen's ample breast. He pulls her off from him and pulls away from Gwen. He moves over and notices Nyssa's inviting thighs spread. The shared interactions between Mera, Sara, and Nyssa brings Harry over to join the party.

"Guess it's your turn now."

A verbal protest comes from Kara from up above. She gets a glop of webbing over her mouth from Gwen's twitching arms and the action only makes her more frustrated.

Harry pushes himself deep inside of Nyssa's warm pussy. His hard cock presses against her. Nyssa works herself against the manhood of the young man. Harry pulls out of her and then pushes inside of her body. She clamps down onto him working very hard.

Sara's eyes close shut and she rises up in pleasure to feel some very powerful and firm fingers resting on the area of her backside. Harry touches her and makes her cum a little bit faster. When working in tandem with Mera's tongue, Sara gushes something fierce with a groan coming over her body.

"Fuck me," Sara breaths at the top of her lungs.
Nyssa's body accommodates every single inch. The amazing warmth makes Harry groan and push a little bit deeper inside of Nyssa. Harry's massive girth spears inside of Nyssa's perfectly tight cavern. She stretches against him the deeper and faster Harry pumps inside of her body.

She cums as hard as possible from the sensations caused by Harry driving his big thick cock inside of her body. He works every inch of her body. Nyssa's face buries down onto the bed between Mera's thighs.

Kara shifts against the webbing. It starts to melt on the ceiling even though it is still a little bit tightening on her. Kara takes a couple of deep breaths. Patience fills her. All Kara needs to do is wait out the webbing and then she would be down on the bed ready to join her the rest of her lovers Nyssa sizes up and clamps down hard on Harry's intruding member. He pushes against her, his thick balls dancing against her entrance.

"You're amazing," Harry grunts. "Oh, you just get tighter and warmer with each push. I don't think there's anything you can't do."

There's nothing that Nyssa wants better than for Harry to fill her up. These big balls press against her body and shoves against her. Her entrance opens up to receive a huge cock inside of her.

Each tick of the clock brings Harry further inside of Nyssa. Her wet velvety walls strain his cock and coax him just a little bit closer towards exploding inside of her. He holds onto Nyssa tight and pummels her perfectly tight pussy. He groans and keeps working against her a little bit more. Harry pulls back out of her and keeps it up.

She cums one more time and anticipates what's to cum inside of her.

Sara's body sizes up and she coats Nyssa's face with cum. She slides off just in time for Gwen to crawl over and start feasting off of Nyssa's face. Taking advantage of this situation, Sara moves over and starts to feast on Gwen's pussy.

Harry grunts when pushing into Nyssa's tight pussy. Nyssa squeezes Harry's large cock as he pulls himself almost out of her and then shoves himself deeper inside of her.

"I'm getting closer," Harry warns Nyssa.

Nyssa just smiles and uses her walls to grab onto Harry and start pumping him deeper inside of her body. Those big balls nearly reach their payload. All Nyssa has to do his hold out for the end and the contents of them will all belong to her.

"Fuck!" Harry groans.

Kara's hands come completely free from the ceiling and her legs come free. She hovers in the air and waits for her turn to join the battle.

The tightening vice around Harry makes the end become pleasurable. Nyssa works him over and gets her money's work. Harry holds onto Nyssa's waist and plants himself into her. His thick balls splatter their payload inside of Nyssa's warm body. Her cunt squeezes him the deeper Harry spills his seed inside of her. He almost pulls out of her and then pushes more of himself into her. His cock and balls start draining his fluids inside of Nyssa's perfectly tight core.

"NYSSA!" Harry groans out with never ending pleasure and a few more pumps inside of Nyssa.

Mera's warm juices cum all over Nyssa's face the second Harry plants his seed inside of her warm
body. Harry pulls almost out of her and drives himself into her body. The final few blasts of cum inside of her causes her body to buzz with a great feeling.

Harry pulls out of Nyssa. No sooner does his body turn, Kara already wraps her mouth around his cock and gives him a sloppy blowjob. The suction she creates makes Harry harden in a batter of seconds. Kara's blue-eyes burn with a sultry lust when sucking him off, and Harry clamps the hands to the back of her head to push more of his cock deep inside of her body.

"Fuck," Harry groans.

Several warm mouths sucking on flesh and Nyssa's screams of pleasure paint a nice picture. Kara's actions demand a full attention, so Harry gives it to her. He plants his hard cock inside of her mouth. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and then drives into her mouth.

Kara pulls away from Harry to leave a strand of salvia from the tip of his cock to the edge of her mouth. The Girl of Steel swirls her tongue against her mouth and rubs the base of his cock. Harry swells even more with Kara planting her fingers down to the base and tugging on Harry.

"I want this in me," Kara breaths in excitement.

"Take it then," Harry groans.

The aggressive handjob Kara gives him makes her want it even more. Kara hovers in the air and brushes her toes down onto Harry's cock. He twitches madly. Kara smiles down at him. Golden locks fall into the place with an erotic and very seductive look the second Kara drops down and spears herself down onto his cock. She throws her head back with an erotic squeal when driving down onto Harry.

He enters paradise, Kara's tightening loins stretch around his body. Harry reaches up to explore her amazing body. Kara encourages further exploration by moaning and bumping onto Harry. She rises up and drops down completely on him to stretch herself against his cock.

"Baby, it's amazing," Kara pants when rising up and down as fast as possible.

Kara's walls stick against Harry's big cock. A tension already rises against her body. Harry sits up and she leans forward. Harry attacks her breasts with an amazing hunger. Kara grabs the back of Harry's head.

Gwen and Sara take turns fingering Nyssa's pussy on the bed. Mera now is sitting on Nyssa's face and making her eat her pussy even more. The girl who does not finger Nyssa fingers Mera's ass from behind.

"Oh, fuck," Sara says. "Now my pussy needs…THANKS GWEN!"

Gwen clings to Sara's walls with her finger pushing. She pulls completely out of her and then throws her. One hand slips briefly into Nyssa and the other goes into Sara. The tension of both girls make Gwen feel good. She pulls her hand out and tastes her hands to feast on the juices.

A quick sweep brings Gwen back onto the bed. Sara drives her face into Gwen's chest and sucks on her orbs. Her fingers touch the back of the head.

Kara stretches herself down onto Harry's breeding rod. She pushes all the way up and crashes down onto him. Her warm thighs connect with Harry the further she rises up and drops down onto him.
"Suck them, baby!" Kara encourages him. "Oh, you're making me feel so naughty! I'm going to cum all over you!"

Harry decides to speed up the process and make Kara cum all over him. His fingers tug against Kara's nipples and make them hard.

"Give yourself up to my cock," Harry growls in her ear.

Kara shivers and she lets herself give up to reckless abandon. Her body rises up and shoots with pleasure with every nerve ending registering how good she feels. And how amazing Harry is to her. His hands work her up to a fever ever for. The next orgasm piggybacks off of the last.

Harry connects with Kara and the straining feeling coming from him only increases. He holds out to explore the full pleasures of his beloved. He holds Kara down onto him completely and stretches her down onto him. Her tightness envelopes Harry and releases him with a few more fluid pumps.

All good things reach their boiling point.

"Cum in me," Kara lustfully breaths in his ear.

Her tone makes Harry jump up and his balls tense up. Kara's tightening vice makes it hard to say no to her. She bumps herself up and down on Harry to stretch her pussy around him. She repeatedly thrusts down onto his cock and stretches her out.

Kara screams out when her body receives a harmonic strike all over her nerve endings. Her large tits receive a huge squeeze and makes her cum all over his big cock.

Harry follows suit and paints the inside of Kara with his essence. He pushes his cock deep inside of her body and empties himself into her. The two share their mutual climax with fireworks going off in the room. Harry plants blast after blast of seed deep inside of Kara.

She sighs in pleasure when Harry fills her up completely with his seed. They become one with Harry working his thrusts into her just as fluidly as before until he empties completely up and goes soft, but only for now.

The two part ways. Gwen and Sara dive onto Harry's cock no sooner than Harry leaves Sara. Both vixens suck and slurp on him while Kara gets some attention from Mera elsewhere on the bed.

'Yes, business can wait.'

To Be Continued on January 3rd, 2018.
Chapter Seventy-Six: On the Other Side.

Pleasure finally concludes and leads the way to business. Harry pulls out on armor green in a tone which matches his eyes and has a black symbol of the dragon on it. The medallion dangling from his neck symbolizes the power Harry feels.

Sara and Kara walk on either side of him. Both girls dress and are ready to go as well. Sara favors a skin-tight white bodysuit with fabric hugging every single inch of her sexy body. Kara dresses in a red and blue body suit. Gwen joins them next, dressing in a black and white shirt, with a red "spider" embodying the symbol. She pulls a hood over her head with a smile.

"So, I guess we're ready to go," Gwen offers.

"Yeah," Kara agrees with a smile towards her fellow bond mate. "For better or for worse, we're ready to go."

Harry surveys the trio of girls and smiles at them. "I'm not going to lie to you and say this is going to be easy. The Phoenix Medallion is the most tricky to nail down. We're going to need to travel throughout the multiverse and find the two keys to locating it."

"And then there's the medallion itself," Gwen answers. "Well, I guess we're going to have to get to work."

Nyssa and Mera step into the room. Black leather forms a nice and tight seal over Nyssa's body the closer she approaches. Mera, on the other hand, favors the tight green body suit which fits her body like a second skin. The six medallion holders miss a person in their circle.

Harry senses the thoughts and the frustrations from all of them. "We're going to find it."

"I know," Mera comments with a smile. "You've located this…when all seemed lost…and there's only one more to go."

"And now what?" Nyssa asks.

"Well, our circle will be completely whole again," Sara suggests with a shrug. The other girls nod in response.

To be honest, as much anticipation as each party held for the circle being complete, an equal amount of frustration creeps into their being as well. Sara struggles to figure out what exactly is going to happen as much as the rest of them. They have no idea where their final queen, the holder of the Phoenix Medallion, will be located. This factor of the unknown frustrates the entire party.

Nyssa breaks the self-imposed silence for the groups. "There are still some challenges."

White Bumblebee meeting his final demise and HIVE suffering fractures beyond all belief did not put Harry at the greatest of ease. There's still a feeling of something dark looming. All of the challenges were the harbinger.

"So, you're still staying behind?" Sara asks.
"I believe it would be wise to have a set of eyes on this Earth," Nyssa tells her fellow Alpha. "I'm sure that Mera and I will suffice while the rest of you get there."

Sara nods in agreement. She understands the feeling of dread about as much as anyone else. They all realize what's going on and they all understand the methods which are needed to stop which is going on.

'You've been in this from the beginning. So you know the risks. And you should understand the sacrifices and what you need to do.'

"One way or another, we're going to succeed," Harry tells the girls with complete confidence.

"I can't argue with you when you're that confident," Sara answers. "So, I guess it's time for us to leave."

No use sticking around for this long when the final medallion dangles so close, and yet so far, from their grasp. Harry and his girls all wait around in a circle. Nyssa and Mera part their ways from the rest of the group. Kara, Sara, Gwen, and Harry all join hands.

They appear in the midst of the Fortress. The crystals shine brightly with a smiling Lara waiting for them.

"Welcome," Lara answers. "And I think there's someone who wishes to thank you for freeing her from the control of that virus."

A soft, female voice pops in. "Yes, I'm afraid we haven't been formally introduced. I'm the Indigo Processing System Mark Two, better known as Indigo. I'm forever in your debt, great Dragon and his followers."

"We're only doing what's right," Kara answers. "And I understand you have some information for us."

"Yes," Indigo agrees. "There are two halves of a Phoenix Statue which will serve as a beacon to summon the Phoenix Medallion. A group of true believers split the statue and put it on two Earths."

"Makes sense," Gwen replies. "And yet, it also gives us one huge headache."

Harry puts a hand on Gwen's shoulder while still focusing his attention on Indigo. "Maybe, and at the same time, maybe not...do you....."

"I've pinpointed all of the most likely locations," Indigo informs him. "And with a series of complex mathematical processes, I've deduced where the two statues are likely to be. In this map constructed the multiverse, there are fifty-two different Earths."

A large map pops up in front of them to showcase all of the Earths coming down in a row.

"Earth-Two and Earth Thirty-Eight are the two most likely locations," Indigo states to them. "Creating a portal to Earth-Two shall be no difficulty at all."

Kara smiles widely. "Well, and I'm sorry if I'm jumping the gun, but why don't we fire up the portal and go?"

One encouraging smile from Harry tells Kara she does not jump the gun. An influx of portal energy appears around them. Harry reaches over and takes the crystal sticking out of one of the
Fortress slots and places it into his pocket. He takes the first step through the portal and into the mysterious unknown.

Sara follows him through the portal next, followed by Gwen, with Kara bringing up the rear. Indigo seals the portal behind them, knowing they have their way back through the crystal Harry acquired.

The four land not in some alternate Arctic, but in the middle of Central City. At least, according to the sign, which Sara finds rather surprising. The buildings look like something out of the future, build with chrome exteriors, and Sara looks down the streets to not see one single parked car. The quartet walks their way down the street.

"So, this is Earth-Two," Sara remarks. "Looks like someone's vision of the future, from the Ninety-Fifties."

"Yeah, I'm kind of surprised you guys don't have flying cars yet," Gwen states.

A shudder passes through Sara's body. "Yeah, we have enough accidents with idiots driving on the ground. Imagine if you give them something that could crash."

Harry shakes his head. He had more of his fair share of experiences with a flying car and really has no desire to return to those thoughts. He takes a moment to soak in the futurist surroundings of this alternate Earth. Harry steps a couple of paces to one side of the way and takes another long step to another side.

"So, this is the place?"

"Yes, I can confirm it's the place," Indigo's voice says through the crystal.

Some dark presence in the city gives Harry pause. Kara notices Harry standing in the middle of the street for a second. Her frown deepens to match Harry's own with a hand gripping the side of Harry's arm. Kara turns Harry's attention around to her.

"There's something here you don't like?"

Harry nods in response. "Just...a feeling I really can't shake off....we're going to have to play it close. And be ready for something dangerous."

His sensitive sense of darkness prickles the further Harry walks to this Earth. The uneasiness flittters over to Gwen, Sara, and Kara when they walk.

"And there is no further news of the whereabouts of Jesse Wells, the daughter of the Star Labs over, Harrison Wells. All credible accounts indicate she has been captured by the mysterious speed demon known as Zoom."

Harry wrinkles his eyebrow and decides to make a snap decision.

"We're heading to Star Labs."

No question about it, Harry moves off towards the labs instantly. Sara, Gwen, and Kara follow. The three girls wonder about Harry's thought process.

'I don't mean to...well, I don't mean to discourage you,' Gwen offers. 'It's just that.....'

Sara plucks the right words out of Gwen's mouth and puts them into Harry's head. 'A place of
science is not the first place where you would think to find some kind of mystical totem…or rather half of some kind of mystical totem is it?'

'Normally, it isn't,' Harry answers. 'But, I think that Wells knows something about the…feeling of dread I'm feeling.'

'How?' Kara wonders to him. 'It's...you're thinking, he's the one who is causing it.'

'I'll know when he answers a few questions for me,' Harry tells them a few seconds later.

They move through the city at a brisk pace, not once bumping into any traffic. Harry breathes a little bit more easy with some of the cleanest air ever. Something about it is off-putting for Harry at first, but yet it feels oddly liberating. And yet, something else also strikes Harry as wrong.

'I'll know in a minute.'

The name "Zoom" makes anyone who hears it shudder. They whisper the name, careful not to do anything to raise the ire of the demonic entity. The sadistic speedster likes it this way. A wicked smile falls over his face when thinking about all of the people who shudder in terror at his very name.

"Great power," Zoom muses underneath his breath. "I sense it….someone, who could have a problem."

Four figures, not from this universe, arrive. Zoom recalls the problems in the past, and the future, he has with breechers. They only confirm the ability to pierce the sides between the multiverse and Zoom views this quality with some great interest. The Speedster spends the next few moments deducing what is to come next.

"Your thoughts are troubled."

Attention whips around towards a ragged figure in the shadows. Zoom sizes up this unwashed man. The man's teeth, rotting, curl into a spine.

"Who are you?" Zoom demands.

The figure laughs before a smooth, Southern-accented tone of voice comes over him.

"Who am I? That's the question which is asked on many of occasion. And to answer your question, I am no one, other than a humble messenger on a holy crusade to strike down the most unholy demon. The demonic entity, the dragon who wears the skin of a human. And there are powers that even you do not understand. Powers beyond your own wildest dreams, beyond this goal of super speed which you have been chasing."

Zoom's rattling breath increases. He puts a finger on the chest of this gentlemen but he flickers into dust and then appears behind Zoom again.

"You can be fast on your feet. But your mind is still rooted at a certain point in time. It struggles to catch up. You frustrate yourself. You fail to accomplish much of anything. You sinful ways…your disturbed thoughts. You know what they do, man."

A loud round of laughter comes from Blackfire's being. He turns more animated with each passing second and places a hand on Zoom's shoulder.
"You need to find the Dragon before he finds you and takes you down, speed demon."

"Nothing is more powerful than Zoom!" the demonic speedster hackles.

"You are merely a man wrapped around that power," Blackfire tells him. "But, you can be much more. Oh, yes, my brother, you can be so much more if you just open up your mind and indulge in your imagination. There are powers which you cannot even dream...you need to find them."

Blackfire holds a picture of a burned out segment of a statue which represents the mystical creature known as the Phoenix. A combination of contempt and agitation fills Zoom's cold gaze when staring down at the picture of the Phoenix.

"The whole world will be in your hands."

"Leave," Zoom states.

"I only leave when I am no longer needed. And once I've planted the seed in your head...I'm no longer needed. But be warned, you hesitate to make a grab for true power, and the Dragon will smite you."

Zoom listens to this man and decides not to react. He waits for Blackfire to vanish into a puff of distance. He moves over to follow the progress of the new arrivals. They catch his interest. Zoom flips over the photo this demonic entity handed him and reads the address on the back of it with a slight amount of intrigue building over time.

'This Dragon could be worthy of a look, even if he's not strong enough to defeat me. I will have him crushed and his companions will suffer as well.'

Very rarely, Zoom intervenes and gets his hands dirty. He only takes care of the big threats personally, and as of now, he does not figure this Dragon to be a huge threat. He steps into the hallway and holds his hand out. A small bolt of blue light shoots from his hands.

"You've summoned me?"

Zoom smiles at the party after she arrives.

"Yes," Zoom tells her. "There's someone who has breached the wall between our Earth and another, alternate Earth."

"Breachers? They'll pay for trespassing."

"Indeed. I know that you'll give them a suitable reception. And here's where they're likely to be."

Zoom passes the photo off to his subordinate. She responds with a nod before disappearing back into the shadows of which she came from. Zoom's confident she will give them a proper welcome.

And another key investment on Zoom's part remains down in one of the cells. The Speedster turns his attention fully down to the cell block. He moves past into another area of his fortress. Several cells line, a few of them containing prisoners who decide to have breached the barriers between universe.

His prize prisoner stands at the end of the cell. An attractive brunette woman of eighteen years old lingers against the back of the cell. Her dark hair messily clings to her face and a pair of wide and expressive eyes fire out a look of intense agitation and fear, towards Zoom. Zoom lingers against the back of the cell, the smile only widening the closer he walks to his prey.
"Zoom," she spits with hatred.

"Ms. Wells," Zoom answers in an equally calm cadence. "I will soon unlock your full potential and it will be used to serve my plans."

"I'll never help you," the girl states.

"Your consent is only a bonus. But it's not mandatory."

The most chilling voice underlines Zoom's malice directed towards this girl. She looks up straight in the eyes of pure evil. He leaves a second to leave her to wonder about these plans which only have been eluded to.

Jesse Wells returns to the calculations to try and break herself out of the cell only to find out there's really no way out of this cell, at least not one which is obvious to her. She leans back for a second and almost whacks her head against the back of the cell in supreme frustration.

'There's got to be something,' Jesse muses to herself.

She scratches a few calculations down. If only, if only, that was the question which continues to plague Jesse as all as she remains locked inside of this cell. Each variable discounts itself just as fast as she calculates it.

Harrison Wells performs the pretext of working, even though his mind is elsewhere. He knows exactly where his daughter is, Zoom tells him about this much. Wells searches through an entire multi-verse to find an answer, and with his scientific acumen at his disposal, there's nothing.

The scientist hurls a pen almost halfway across the lab. A hand outstretches to catch the pen. Wells rises to tell off some unexpected intern about invading his personal space, only to come face to face with a gentleman with green eyes, and three ladies. All of them wear medallions around their neck and they are giving off some kind of glow.

"What are you doing in my lab?" Wells asks. "And how did you get past security?"

He moves behind his desk, only to find the door jammed and him unable to extract the gun. The gentleman crosses the path and puts a hand on his desk.

"I don't think you pulling a gun on us is going to be the best way to get answers," he says. "Your daughter is missing and we need you to ask a few questions."

"Zoom sent you!" Wells yells. "Your….."

"We're not who you think we are," Harry comments. "My name is Harry Potter, and this is Kara Kent, Sara Lance, and Gwen Stacy."

At least two of those names, Wells blinked, and his gaze falls on Sara ever so briefly. He turns away and hunches down over his desk. Harry wraps the desk and forces Wells to stand up straighter.

"We need your help," Harry informs them. "And I know you're desperate to find your daughter….we're going to find her anyway…but I think you can help us."

"Maybe," Wells answers. "Maybe I can, maybe I can't…it depend….."

"You can start with this," Kara interjects while holding up the crystal and flashing the image of the
Phoenix Statue and then the Phoenix Statue busted in half.

The eyes of Harrison Wells bug out when locking onto the statue. He hardly believes what he's seeing. Familiarity hits the STAR Labs scientist before he takes a deep breath and nods in confirmation.

"I've seen it before," Wells comments and he turns his head back for a fraction of a second. "It's half of a statue one of the teams found. We thought it was an alternative source of power left beyond by some visitors. We tried everything to get it working."

'Well, he's not wrong about it being left behind by visitors,' Sara states with a slight smile going over her.

"Doctor Wells, it's a beacon," Harry tells him. "It is a beacon which locates a source of power beyond all science."

"How can something be beyond all science?" Wells demands.

Sara decides to break the news to him. "Magic."

The frown of the scientist deepens. Immediately, Harry and the girls all realize that they have just directly contradicted his world views. Wells rises from his chair and turns to the window. He almost reaches towards a cabinet off to the side of the lab and thinks better of it.

"You don't believe in magic?"

Wells directly acknowledges Harry's question. "I believe there's a logical explanation for anything…and to answer your next question, it's no longer in this lab. It's been moved to a research facility halfway across the city."

"Well, I guess that's a good enough place to start," Kara remarks.

"No, I would not advise going there anytime soon. Zoom's there, and he…he doesn't really approve of any unwanted visitors."

"What is Zoom?" Gwen asks, scientific curiosity bubbling over and getting the better of her.

Strong temptation to hit the cabinet over to the side of the room struck Wells one more time. He restrains himself from doing so. He does spend a second massaging the side of his temples.

"A mistake," Wells comments. "He's a huge mistake. I thought creating a Particle Accelerator the likes of which the world has never seen would be a good thing, but….it blew up in all of our faces, and ruined countless lives. Including the man who became Zoom."

"So, he's human, or was human?" Gwen asks.

Wells answers with a nod in response. "Human is what he was a long time ago…and now he has my daughter…and he wants my help for something…he's degenerating…I think…he needs more speed, but as long as he breathes, Jesse will be a victim."

He moves over and puts up a map. Wells feels he has nothing left to lose to show them Zoom's Fortress in all of its glory.

'Yeah, it really does have the supervillain lair type feel, doesn't it?' Gwen asks and the other girls nod in response through the bond link.
"There's no way in and there's most certainly no way out. Even if you get past Zoom's meta-army, you're going to have to deal with him. And I don't envy anyway."

"I'll take a shot at it," Harry replies. "After, I get the Phoenix Statue."

Wells answers with a nod and figures more of a protest should be given. Desperate times call for very desperate measures, and Wells feels beyond desperate. He reaches over and adjusts a few papers on his desk. They appear just as soon as they arrive.

'So, do you think this is going to be easy?' Kara asks.

Harry slips to the back entrance of the research facility. Gwen moves over to do her thing to hack into the building security system. Harry reaches out to stop her from heading in. Gwen pulls back with a surprised yelp, and Harry just gives her a soft smile.

'Let's do this the easy way.'

'Boy, that's a chance,' Sara thinks with a fond smile.

The security system overloads with a touch. The people monitoring it are none the wiser. They could have asked Wells for permission, but Harry needs some challenge. And besides, Zoom's flunkeys were in the area. The quartet makes their way down the hallway.

Harry raises a hand and puts the two guards nearest to the main lab to sleep. The area is cleared and the four make their way into the room.

'Well, that's easy,' Kara answers.

A loud cry causes their ears to rattle and the windows to shatter. Sara, Gwen, Kara, and Harry avoid the broken glass showering down on them and the debris also flying. Harry repels each piece of the debris.

'You just had to piss Murphy off, didn’t you?'

Gwen shakes off her frustration. A figure appears and lets out another cry which sends them all scattering. Their ears are protected from the worst of the attack. The room they are standing in, not so much, as Harry grabs Kara, Sara, and Gwen and teleports them all outside of the building.

Dust continues to spill around them as Harry waits for his attacker to show up. A figure appears clad completely in black leather with her lips painted with black lipstick. She steps over the broken glass.

"Laurel?" Sara asks.

"No, her doppelganger," Gwen says. "Her evil doppelganger...her extremely hot and evil doppelganger."

Sara raises her eyebrow at Gwen's qualifying statement. She comes face to face with Laurel as the black trenchcoat she wears dangles to the ground. Laurel does not recognize her at first and there's no telling what she might do.

The Black Siren's lips curl into a smile. "The punishment for breachers in this city is execution. Why don't I sing you to sleep?"
To Be Continued on January 5th, 2018.
'Fighting an evil doppelganger of my sister? That's really not the thing I wanted to do. But somehow, I'm not surprised.'

The tension rises in Gwen when she stands about ten feet away from Sara. 'Don't look now, but I think she's got friends.'

Three large hulking gentlemen turn up in front of her. One of them has a glowing green hand which never bodes well. The hand blasts towards Kara and Gwen who scatter in both directions. Another one uses his hands on the ground to rock it. The third attacker twists his arms into ropes and shoots them forward to grab Kara around the neck and waist as she floats to the ground.

Kara struggles against the grip for a second until she summons enough super strength.

"Zoom sends his goon squad when I have this handled," The Black Siren comments. "Typical."

The alternate version of Dinah Laurel Lance moves in for the battle and attacks this White Canary. An uppercut punch comes inches away from connecting to the chest of White Canary. She dodges the attack and pops up with a punch of her own. Both move around each other with Black Siren flipping herself into the air and landing behind White Canary. The two ladies move close to each other.

"You're good."

"You have no idea."

The two women attack each other one more time. Black Siren and White Canary fire off shots at each other. They spend much time blocking their attacks as they do striking at each other. The two warriors spring back onto the ground and land with a solid thud. Black Siren prepares to unload her cry.

White Canary never allows her to have a chance to do so. She catches Black Siren with an attack which sends her crashing down to the ground. White Canary jumps down to restrain Black Siren. The two women roll around on the ground while punching at each other. The two trade their attacks until White Canary staggers up to a standing position, doubling over with a couple of deep breaths.

Gwen avoids the vibrating hand of her attacker. It keeps slamming into the ground to the point where Gwen wonders where it is going to land next. She pops her neck back and evades the attack from the vibrating hand.

"Come on, if you think you can get me!" Gwen calls out.

The first meta human hurls down to the ground from Kara. His entangling arms wrap around the man with the vibrating hands. Both of them try and pull their way from each other, being entangled into the other. Gwen and Kara fly into the battle and take down their adversaries with a huge double team punch.

Harry appears behind the third goon. A vicious punch to the spine rattles him down to the ground.
Another tap to the back of the neck puts him down for the count for good, at least for this evening.

Black Siren turns her gaze around three hundred and sixty-five degrees in an attempt to locate this breacher. The other three goons drop to the ground thus leaving her alone.

'Useless,' she grumbles.

White Canary flashes in front of her and sends a cry at her. Black Siren only staggers a couple of seconds back before she sends a sonic assault at White Canary. Both girls push back and forth in an honest attempt to take down the other. Neither back down from their attack.

"Oh, you want to sing?" Black Siren taunts. "Sorry, I've got another idea."

She puts the heeled boot into the side of the head of White Canary. The hood slips down to reveal the girls face and causes Black Siren to pause for a second.

"Sara?"

This word slips through her mouth. Despite the fact Laurel knows her sister to be dead, it's still very hard for her to reconcile this fact. She receives a blast of webbing around her. Being restrained does a pretty adequate job of snapping Laurel out of her mental state.

"No, this can't be right!" Black Siren yells. "NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!"

She unleashes one of the biggest cries over and causes several buildings around her to shatter. Glass and debris fly everywhere and terrifying, blood curdling screams of agony come from the buildings.

Harry throws his head back in frustration when hearing these screams build in a grander proximity. He notices Kara and Sara already on rescuing the civilians. Black Siren releases herself from the bindings and shrieks at them one more time to destroy more buildings and thus cause more chaos and carnage.

A hand brushes to the top of Harry's head. He extends his arms. A shield appears around which stops the progress of the building's destruction and just in time as well. Harry takes a couple of deep breaths.

The Black Siren slips into the night, and now with the civilians out of the way, they would need to safely get out of there. Harry uses his medallion to enact the teleportation functions.

"That could have gone a lot better."

Gwen's nonchalant declaration earns her more than a few cross looks from the other members of the party. She just responds by throwing her arms over each other, sticking out her lip, and glaring at the other members of the party in question. She has only one thing to say to them all.

"Well, it could have," Gwen informs them a couple of seconds later.

"Yeah, I know," Sara states for a second. "She really didn't seem too happy to see me."

"Maybe it's because you've been dead on this world."

The three girls turn their attention to Harry. Harry sits in the center of the room, the energy focusing into him. He tries to hold himself together along with the energy.
"It makes a whole lot of sense," Kara answers for a second. "She was surprised and then angry that you're here as well...I don't think you've ever seen your sister that angry."

Sara turns around and kicks a hanging back across the chain. The bag rocks back and forth before almost connecting with the wall. "Angry enough to almost level an entire city block. That's not the Laurel I know. That's never been the Laurel I know."

"It's because it's not the Laurel you know."

Sara's gaze falls upon Harry's for the briefest of seconds. She thinks that he makes a lot of sense. Harry rises up to his feet and takes a couple of deep breaths.

"She could be the key to all of this," Harry answers. "We're going to have to get her on our side...because now I think the part of the statue we need has been moved. And she's the key to knowing where it is."

"Do you think that it will be that easy?" Sara asks.

"She's confused," Harry tells her. "She's turned out this way because you died, well the alternate version of you died. And I think she's only turned to Zoom because she had nowhere else to go."

Gwen raises an eyebrow and decides to come in with the most obvious statement. "So, what you're trying to say is that if we give her somewhere else to go, then she'll come over to our side?"

"That's the idea," Harry tells them.

The trio of women ponder upon it. They wonder if the plan would be that easy. They know the road to the Phoenix Medallion, the final medallion they need is going to be a very long and difficult one. They have no idea how many wrinkles the plan is going to have.

"I know where you're coming from," Sara answers a couple of moments later. "I think she's still deep down in there and she's still Laurel. We're just going to have to get her out of that state of mind."

"So, it's settled," Kara comments. "We're going to have to find her before she ends up doing something that she's going to regret."

A soft smile appears over Sara's face. "I think there's a pretty good chance she'll seek us out before we find her. Not one hundred percent but...if nothing else, I doubt her employer is going to be too happy that she failed in taking us out."

That was the most unfortunate thing of it all. Harry leans back for a second. He sees something in her eyes, conflict and anger. This version of Laurel went towards working with Zoom as a way to find an outlet to ensure that she does not fall completely apart.

'If we give her a different outlet, then there's a chance something could be done.'

The Black Siren has no idea what the hell just happened. The confidence she normally brings into every battle shakes a little bit. The sureness she always has for herself slips a tiny little bit. The criminal turns her head around for a couple of seconds.

"You've failed me."

The cold and chilling voice of Zoom cuts through the air and cuts through the bones of Black
Siren. She turns to him when he turns out. Black Siren hitches in a deep breath. Now she does not know what to believe.

"Perhaps I was mistaken about the strength you have. You should be one of the top members of my employ. Your power can bring entire armies to their knee. You have brought entire armies to your knee. You should not be weak!"

Zoom zips behind Black Siren and puts a hand onto her shoulder. Black Siren takes a very deep breath. Anymore this arm slips and it could crush her completely. She tries not to show any fear even though fear comes very easily for this woman. It comes in a blink of an eye, before everything changes.

"If it wasn't for me, you'd be a scared little bird. Trapped inside of the cage forever more. You would be hunted down for what you are because to the outside world you're nothing but a freak."

Those words chill Laurel to the bone. Her powers turn her into something. Laurel closes her eyes and reminds herself of one thing.

'You are not valued by what other people think of you.'

Those words ring especially hallow the more they enter her mind. And Laurel wonders if after tonight she's doing the right thing. Zoom steers Laurel down the hallway where several prisoners are kept. They line the wall one by one. The one at the end causes a stir in Laurel.

The terrified woman in the cell at the end, the daughter of Harrison Wells, looks up at her captor. Wondering if this would be the day Zoom rips her into pieces. A small stirring feeling comes to the pit of Laurel's stomach when she lands her gaze on the girl on the other end of the bars.

'She's close to being as old as Sara was when she died,' Laurel thinks to herself with disgust mounting in the pit of her stomach. 'What's going on here? I don't....I don't even know. Zoom's lost it all in his obsessive zeal to be the very best. And there's...there's a new kind of darkness in here. I don't really like it, but it's here, and it's not going away.'

"I see it in your eyes. I see the fear! And you should fear me! YOU SHOULD FEAR ME!"

Laurel tries not to look at Zoom with any fear. The problem is that he makes her feel that fear beyond anything else ever. He disappears into the light in a blink of an eye. There's a couple of moments where Laurel stands there. Another one of the meta-humans appear at her shoulder and looks at Laurel for a second.

"What are you going to do about the breachers?"

A second passes as Laurel struggles to divorce herself with the image of her sister's face behind the hood of the White Canary. Does she really want to hurt them? She remembers all that Zoom's done for her and wonders if a small part of it has been motivated out of fear.

"I'll take care of them. I have to....they should not be here....they made a huge mistake. Zoom wants them finished, so they'll be finished."

"It would be a pity to lose you."

A couple of seconds pass and Laurel thinks it would be a pity to go as well. On the one hand, she might find herself reunited with Sara. On the other hand, and Laurel hates to admit this to herself, given what she's done, she's not going to happy place to be with her sister.
'You can fix this,' Laurel mentally tells herself. 'You can fix this.'

The Black Siren's breath draws out. She struggles not to look at the imprisoned form of Jesse Wells. Zoom's guards stand at the end of the hallway with an ever present stare.

'You have to fix it. Or you won't be looking at her. You will be her. And that's if you're lucky.'

Only the Black Siren does not want to be lucky. She steps a bit down the steps and moves past the steps past a case. Trophies kept of all of Zoom's victims line the case. It gives Black Siren a very unsettling moment when she passes them.

'You have to take them down.'

Storm clouds rise over Central City which is always an omen for something going down. Black Siren steps back to the scene of the crime. The buildings she recalls destroying only scant hours ago are already boarded up.

"I know you'd come back here. I'm sure you must be feeling some regrets."

White Canary and the Dragon pop out of thin air in front of them. It's almost like they knew she's here. Black Siren opens her mouth, the first indication is to attack. Something causes her to stop, and that is the fact Sara's face is once again out in the open. Goosebumps coming across a double of her dead sister.

"You don't know me at all," Black Siren tells her.

The double of her dead sister smiles from across the way. "Oh, honey, I think we know you better than you think. And we know you a little bit better than you know yourself. You're lost out there without a purpose. We're going to do what we can to help you find that purpose. But, only if you let us do it."

"No!"

Black Siren does not attack. Rather she braces herself for some kind of fight against these two. A couple of deep breaths come from her. She looks anywhere other than Sara's face because the alternate makes her come to a very frustrating conclusion.

"Sara's dead, and there's nothing that I can do to change that," Black Siren tells her. "You're nothing but a breacher. You're not the real thing."

She moves forward with an attempted physical assault. The White Canary dodges the sloppy attack and pops behind the Black Siren. The Black Siren pulls out a wooden staff and rushes towards her. She wants to take them down without usage of her power.

White Canary dodges the staff as the Dragon appears to vanish into the distance. She knows Harry's setting her up for an attack. Black Siren swings the wooden staff out. White Canary produces a pair of tonfa out of mid-air which cling to the staff.

"You should not have come here!" Black Siren yells.

"And you shouldn't have joined up with Zoom. There's some good deep down in you, just find it."

The Black Siren pops back a few steps away from her attacker and comes close to flipping her down to the ground. The White Canary pops up high into the air and lands on the ground. She
moves for a closer hand to hand assault. Both of them trade punches and a couple of kicks. Sara
takes the legs out from underneath her and causes her to come down to the ground.

The two sisters, separated by a dimensional barrier, fight each other. Black Siren grabs her by the
wrist and takes her down to the ground. She puts a knife at the back of White Canary’s neck.

"Laurel, you won't do it," she tells her.

"Don’t…speak that name! It's Black Siren now!"

Sara takes advantage of her hesitation by flipping Black Siren down onto the ground and hooking
her around the arm. Both of the fighters tussle onto the ground with each other. Neither give each
other any room to fight back. Black Siren pops back to a standing position and charges the White
Canary.

'No, I have to defeat her…them….no matter what. Zoom will make you wish you were dead if you
weren’t.’

"You don't owe Zoom anything," White Canary tells her while blocking one of the more brutal
punches. "And if you were strong, you would not bow down to the likes of Zoom."

"You don't understand!" Black Siren yells at the top of her lungs. "I have to! I HAVE TO!"

The two continue their fight with a few moments of a back and forth scrap. White Canary flips her
down onto the ground. Both wrestle with each other onto the ground until Black Siren puts her feet
underneath the White Canary's stomach and flips her down to the ground. White Canary does a
forward roll and lands the lading onto her feet. She adjusts the position.

The two rush back into the attack and keep fighting with each other. They are evenly matched
enough. Sara spends a couple of seconds trying to find the chinks in the Siren's armor and finds it
soon enough.

'She hesitates when she should not because seriously her heart's not into it.'

White Canary pops her sister down to the ground. Black Siren's knees crumple out from underneath
her. A few seconds pass with the woman taking a couple of breaths before pulling herself up to a
standing position.

"I have to. I have to! I MUST!"

Black Siren unleashes one shrill cry only to realize she can't even get out the slightest action.
Someone slaps a collar around her neck out of nowhere.

In her fixation with taking down the White Canary, Black Siren forgets the presence of the Dragon.
She turns towards him and makes an honest attempt of taking his head off with a kick. The Dragon
casually ducks out of the way before popping behind the Black Siren. One thumb jabbing into the
back of her neck drops the woman down to the ground.

"Why do you work for Zoom?"

"I work because we're hunted down!" Black Siren yells. "You don't understand."

"I understand," Harry answers. "And you have another choice…you have more options and you
have…."
A cloud of mist comes away. Black Siren realizes that Zoom's sent more meta-humans. The cloud of mist surrounds her and causes her lungs to fill up in agony. Knives piercing her from within makes it very hard for the Black Siren to catch her breath even though it's evident she should.

Harry Potter blasts the deadly cloud away from her. It turns into a fully formed human being, a sadistic looking bald man. He tries to attack Harry instead. Harry conjures a glass orb to trap him and cause him to float all the way out of the way.

Sara bends down to check the downed form of this version of Laurel. She's still breathing, although the attempted poison means her breathing is very shallow.

"We'll get her back," Harry informs Sara.

The two help the barely conscious woman to her feet. She holds onto them, perhaps on instinct before they teleport out of the way.

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Laurel's mouth bubbles as she attempts to get back up out of bed. It feels as if someone's knocked the air out of her lungs with one huge punch. Her entire head rings and her lungs feel like they are on fire. Then those two sensations disappear in a blink of an eye. Her hands clutch the side of the face with a couple more deep breaths.

' Weird.'

The blurry vision snaps into focus in time to come face to face with the Dragon and the White Canary.

"Hello," the Dragon tells her. "How are you feeling?"

"My head's...less fuzzy," Laurel comments. "Just who are you anyway...you must have a name other than the Dragon, don't you?"

"My name is Harry Potter."

Harry's hand slips onto the bed. Black Siren, on sheer instinct, reaches up to grab the hand. The warmth makes her feel better and also makes her mind clear suddenly. All of the things she wishes to do, and all of the frustration she ends up feeling slowly bubbles away from her thoughts.

"I could have killed you....I have killed many...hurt many more all because of Zoom."

"He's manipulated your mind," Harry tells her gently. "He's taken advantage of your grief. You can make right what's wrong by helping us take him down....helping us get what we've come here from...and saving Jesse Wells from her prison."

"I never approved of him capturing her," Black Siren admits in a very tense and tired voice. "I guess that's when my thoughts of Zoom ended up taking a downturn."

Harry answers with a squeeze of her hand. A couple more seconds allow her to relax.

"I'll help you. I mean, it's the right thing to do....wow, I didn't know how messed up this was until I really thought about it. Guess I'm really broken."

"You might be broken. But that doesn't mean that you can't be fixed."

Harry smiles at the effect his healing on her hand. He also may have delved a little bit deeper into her mind and used his pheromones as a strong way to overthrow the control Zoom holds on the
Black Siren. It's a very sketchy and slippery slope as far as ethics are concerned, but Harry is confident its going to work out for the better.

"It's good to see my sister's face again."

Sara smiles and leans down before kisses Laurel on the lips. Laurel takes the hand which is not intertwining in Harry's and puts it on the back of Sara's head. The two keep kissing each other for a long time. Laurel sucks on Sara's double's lips for a couple of seconds.

"I've missed this."

The bed covers pull back a little bit to reveal Laurel's attire of being nothing other than a very short gown. She shifts her attentions from Sara to Harry, putting him onto the bed.

She gets a taste of true power when kissing him. Harry puts his hands on the back of Laurel's head and keeps guiding her into the kiss.

"Relax," Harry tells her. "Focus on nothing other than us."

Laurel's focus shifts to where Sara's hands are going. She brushes the underside of her legs to where Laurel's not wearing any panties. Then again, that was how she was underneath her Black Siren attire.

The kiss between Harry and Laurel escalates with him pushing against her mouth. His tongue opens into her mouth and Laurel sucks on it. She feels up Harry and also moves in to squeeze him. She wants to wrap her lips around something else as well.

And speaking of lips, Sara's drive down between Laurel's warm thighs and start to attack her nether regions with an insane amount of suction. She sucks on the dark counterpart of her sister at her lips and makes her throw said hips up. A small amount of juices already trickle from her.

Laurel pulls away from the kiss from Harry. She's about to address him. Sara's oral attentions make it very hard for her to focus. Sara smiles and pulls the gown off of Laurel to expose her bare breasts. The two large and supple breasts demand attention. Harry cups them and feels them up.

"Just focus on the pleasure. Focus on how it makes you feel."

"It makes me feel good," Laurel breaths when Harry's hand moves deep inside of her heaving chest and starts to suck on her breasts. "IT MAKES ME FEEL REALLY GOOD!"

Harry's nibble of her nipples makes it very hard for Laurel to not lose her mind. She brushes the back of Harry's head and keeps guiding him in to sucking on her chest. Laurel throws her hips up and allows another moan to come out of her body.

"FUCK IT MAKES ME FEEL REALLY GOOD!"

Harry hits all of the hot spots on her breasts and makes Laurel lose herself. Sara attacks the bottom half of her. Fingers and tongue work in grand harmony to make Laurel ooze underneath Sara's eager attentions. Laurel puts her hands on the back of her sister's head and keeps guiding her I between her legs.

Now, Harry leaves the two Lance sisters to play. Sara strips her clothes off and moves over the top of Laurel. An attack on the Siren's lips is something which is necessary for the Canary. The two kiss and suck on each other's mouths. Sara's tongue invades Laurel with as much fever as one
Harry’s reaches between the legs of both women at the same time. He fingers both of them while they continue their steamy make out session. Harry collects their juices while pushing into both of them.

Laurel feels touches like she has not felt in a long time. The pent up aggression in her body is let out. Sara directs her attention to Laurel's breasts. A fire builds up in Laurel to the point where nothing can put it out other than the two lovers with her.

Sara stifles a moan while burying her face in Laurel's ample chest. The delicious breasts smashing in her face bring Sara completely to the edge and makes her moan in pleasure. Not to mention Harry manipulating her core also brings another spark inside of Sara.

The two girls thrash and moan from their orgasm reaching a fever pitch. Harry pulls himself away from both beautiful blondes and rams his fingers back into them one more time. They hit their peak from Harry's attentions one more time. Harry slides his fingers into them and then pulls them out of them. One more time, they go into both girls and rock their bodies.

Harry pulls out of them completely. He tastes the overflow of juices coming from both of these beautiful women. They are prepared nice and ready for him. Harry leans over and Sara shifts herself so her pussy is opened. Harry pushes a finger inside of her pussy and another one inside of her ass. The double penetration of Sara rewards Harry with a very pleasurable moan coming from her.

Laurel feels the loss of Harry's fingers from her body. She can only barely tell what Harry's doing to Sara. The moans coming from the doppelganger of her younger sister spark a building lust in Laurel's body.

"That's…not…fair!" Laurel manages to pipe up with a very intense moan as she wraps a leg around Sara's body on sheer instincts.

A small grin comes from the younger girl. She touches and tempts Laurel's leg and sends shivers before forcing them open.

Harry presses his hands against Sara's backside and then aims his cock towards Laurel's opening. The Black Siren's body remains rigid underneath him. Harry enters the Black Siren from his own angle and pushes himself deep inside of her. A couple of pushes work Harry inside of his lover.

"Fuck," The Black Siren murmurs underneath her breath. "You're so big."

"Focus on me filling you up."

Black Siren's complete focus directing on Harry's large cock pushing into her wet pussy makes things so much better for her. The void in her life fills up just as much as Harry's cock throws into her. Her fingers twitch and grab onto the back of her sister's hair as a base. Sara's face resting in her chest and sucking on it makes it feel good.

Harry leans in and plants some kisses down on Sara's back while she lies on top of her sister's duplicate. Twelve inches push inside of Laurel while Harry's able lips close in to Sara's tasty backside. He kisses the girl.

The attack on her ass sparks Sara's lust even more. She cums all over her sister's stomach when Harry touches her. His tongue darts against her opening and licks her asshole. It gets it nice and wet for the what was to come.
Laurel's eyes close and a silent scream fills her throat. She thrashes back when Sara hits a particularly sensitive spot on her breast. Her toes curl with the passion and the pleasure doubling with each passing moment.

Harry works himself deeper into the lover on the bed. She tightens around Harry and pushes about as much of him inside of her as humanly possible. Harry almost comes all the way out of Laurel and then pushes back into her all the way.

"Cum for me again, my beautiful Siren. You want to feel good. I'll make you feel really good."

Another pump of the Dragon's monster cock into the Black Siren's pussy causes her to jolt up off of the bed and release a torrent of cum all over his hard cock. Harry pushes in and out of her with repeated thrusts, and works her over to a fever.

"Baby, oh fuck," Black Siren groans when feeling Harry fill her up and then drive down inside of her.

"Cum for me and I'll give you the reward you want."

Harry's swollen cock pushes into her body. The Black Siren closes herself onto him and milks Harry's big cock inside of her body. The two join each other with the Dragon hammering the pussy of the meta-human the bed. The double of the Black Siren's dead sister sucks and licks at her breasts thus bringing her to the edge.

A touch to the side of Black Siren's leg makes her scream in pleasure. No sound comes out, but the look on her face betrays the fact pleasure reaches its apex within Black Siren. Dinah Laurel Lance of Earth Two explodes all over Harry's cock with cum and keeps cumming over him the deeper Harry plants himself inside of her. A couple of huge thrusts bring even further until Harry's ready to explode inside of her.

His orgasm reaches a steady peak and he fires his load inside of Laurel's tight pussy. Laurel holds onto Harry the further he pushes indie of her. Each blast of thick white seed flows without any pause inside of Laurel's body. Harry holds onto her all the way.

Harry smiles at the feeling of release being achieved. The fact Laurel drops down onto the bed with a smile of pleasure on her face also makes Harry feel satisfied as well.

Sara crawls back down off of Laurel. Harry shifts out of the way to give Sara some time to play with her sister. And Sara takes advantage of this. First, Sara tastes her own juices off of Laurel.

"Oh, you kinky bitch!" Black Siren manages before Sara's lips work their devilish magic on her nether regions.

The White Canary dives between the thighs of the Black Siren and starts sucking the cum Harry left in there. The combination of the two juices causes Sara to lose herself. Harry fingering her from behind brings her up to another level.

Harry explores how wound up Sara is from eating the combination of juices out of Laurel's pussy. She tightens around Harry's probing finger. Harry holds onto her ass and gives it a couple of spanks which only makes Sara munch even quicker on Laurel's pussy.

"FUCK!" Black Siren moans.

Powers or not, she still screams up a fit from Sara munching on her. And the moans vibrating out of Sara's throat makes Laurel squirt even more. She can't help it. It feels like the best feeling ever.
Sara presses her face into Laurel's pussy to really dig in.

Sara comes up from hair, her face covered in juices. Laurel sits up and Sara grabs Laurel and makes her taste the juices clinging to her face. The Black Siren eagerly attacks the lips and the cheeks, and the neck of her sister. A quick voyage to Sara's breasts returns the favor from earlier. Sara scoots back to recline on Harry's lap.

The feeling of his hard cock touching between her ass cheeks invites Sara even closer. The prospect of a good round of anal with her mate brings Sara closer to the edge. Harry wraps an arm around Sara and hoists her up off of the bed to bring the girl closer to the edge of his cock.

"Fuck my ass," Sara implores him. "Please...fuck it...fuck it really good."

Harry holds onto Sara and keeps guiding her into position. Twelve inches of mighty cock closes in to slide in between Sara's ample cheeks. Harry squeezes them and makes Sara open up to receive his huge cock.

Now it slides inside of Sara. The heat of her ass tightens around Harry. Harry encircles an arm around Sara and allows her to rise and fall to take more of his cock inside of her warm hole. Sara rises up off of the bed and drives herself down onto his ass first.

"Baby, fuck!" Sara moans when receiving the big cock driven inside of her. "OH FUCK!"

Twelve inches plant their way into Sara's warm back entrance. She reaches down and guides Black Siren's face where she could eat Sara out while Harry fucks her ass. The combination increases how horny she feels. Laurel tastes a stream of juices coming out of her.

Harry relishes the sensations Sara's tight and toned ass bring to him. The snug hole wrapping around his cock only swells his balls. The rest of Sara's body calls Harry like some stunning siren song. Face, hair, breasts, hips, legs, all of them turn into Harry. He keeps touching Sara and making her work down onto him. Harry holds Sara completely still and makes her drive down onto his cock with as many thrusts as humanly possible.

"Cum all over your sister's face."

Laurel drives deeper into Sara's love box and receives a face full of juices. The Black Siren samples them with greater hungry boiling inside of her. The sounds of sexual fulfillment only tempt Laurel even further. She munches on Sara's sweet pussy, going down inside of her body.

"Fuck!" Sara moans. "You're so fucking good...both of you....I've....OH FUCK!"

Sara slides her warm asshole down onto Harry's thick tool and squeezes him. Twelve inches part their way into Sara's warmest hole and make her feel beyond great. Harry pulls out of her and then pushes back into her.

Time passes by with Harry's orgasm reaching a fever pitch. Sara speeds up the work she's performing on him when riding him and driving her asshole down onto Harry's massively throbbing cock. Harry touches Sara's nipples and drives her beyond the edge. He touches Sara and makes her cum all over Laurel's face one more time.

"My turn soon," Harry breathes.

Sara tries to vocalize the want, the need for Harry to cum inside of her ass. All which passes through the air loud piercing screams of primal lust. They rattle the walls and direct Sara to a less than coherent state.
Harry understands what she wants. He feels her wet pussy when Laurel takes a breath. Laurel sucks Sara's juices from his hand after Harry pulls out of her.

A rush stretches Harry to a brand new level. The harder he plants inside Sara, the deeper he goes. Harry buries his cock inside of her with a couple more pumps. Closer Harry goes to cumming.

Finally, Harry loses it and sends his cum spraying into Sara's inviting back hole. He rams into her ass and keeps cumming until his balls deflate and his cock grows less solid. He spends a lot of time burying seed into Sara's ass until it overflows.

Harry pulls away from her. Sara slides back onto the bed. Harry moves her and Sara grabs his cock before sliding it into her mouth. Sara sucks Harry, hard and fast.

On the other hand, the Black Siren takes interest to Sara's overflowing asshole. She kisses the back of Sara's legs before easing her way into Sara's cum soaked hole.

To Be Continued on January 7th, 2018.
Dinah Laurel Lance of Earth Two, the Black Siren, pops out of bed with a couple of deep breaths coming from her. For a mere second, her surroundings jar the Black Siren. She relaxes when remembering the pleasures from the night before.

The pleasures only serve as a momentary distraction from the night before. Laurel unlatches her arm from the half-sleeping form of the duplicate of her dead sister. Those words together in a sentence make Laurel simply shake her head in bemusement. She swings her legs out of the bed and moves over. A bathrobe and some clothing is sitting on the chair for her.

The open door leading to the bathroom shows Laurel the shower. She enters the shower and turns on the water. The war jets of water return Laurel's thoughts. She throws her hair back with one particular thought entering the mind of the woman.

'Zoom's going to kill me,' Laurel thinks to herself.

Zoom pretty much told Laurel she showed weakness. Laurel disagrees one hundred percent with Zoom's assessment she's showing any kind of weakness. She takes a couple of breaths and feels a warm hand on her lower back. She spots the Dragon standing behind her.

"Figures you could use a little bit of help."

Black Siren smiles and allows Harry to wash her back. The two enjoy their shower. As much as Black Siren wants to bring this good clean fun to a dirtier level, she knows there's a lot of work to be done. Therefore the shower ends way too soon for the liking of any of them.

They move to the room after getting dressed. Sara, Gwen, and Kara all sit down the bed. Black Siren takes a spot in an arm chair while her sister hangs on the couch. Harry perches in mid-air with his legs crossing together. He leans in and fixes a gaze upon all of the girls.

"We're going to need to get to Zoom," Sara concludes.

"That's going to be easier said than done," Black Siren tells her. "Look, I don't agree with a lot of what he's doing. But...you can't deny one fact even though you've....well you've convinced me that you're side is better."

All of the girls answer with smiles. Black Siren takes a second to try and form her thoughts into words.

"Well, Zoom's Fortress is one of the most fortified areas. Many have tried to get in and few have lived to tell the tale. And those who lived long enough have been imprisoned by Zoom because he has some kind of use of them. It's a fate worse than death."

"I've been there before," Harry mutters more to himself than with Black Siren and the other girls.

Gwen leans towards Black Siren and brushes a finger to the side of her arm. "There's got to be a way inside, isn't there? I mean, you know where it is, don't you?"

A nod of confirmation follows from Black Siren. "I know where it is. I've been there before."
Always when he's invited me in. And the same with his other favored meta-humans."

"There are others?" Kara asks.

"Yes," Black Siren tells her. "The people of Earth to try and stop Zoom, they had laws pass which condemn those with powers on sheer principle. They thought that it would help deal with the Zoom problem. Instead, it's made it worse."

"Instead it's given Zoom a ready-made army of followers," Harry tells her. Laurel agrees with his assessment with a very swift nod. "There will be a way inside."

"You're…well no offense meant, you're crazy."

It is now Harry Potter's turn to grin. "I've been called far worse by many people. And I can assure you that where there's a will there's a way."

There were many things Harry enjoys and it's a challenge. Those things bring him wanting to storm Zoom's fortress. He takes a couple of seconds to realize what's going to happen.

"I think there's a reason why Zoom kidnapped Jesse and it's not entirely to make Wells suffer," Harry informs them all. "I think there's something deep inside of her. I can feel it."

"Well, yeah, I guess," Gwen answers. "Do you have any idea of how we're going to get inside?"

Harry just smiles at the girls. He repeats his assessment mentally about with there being a will, there would be a way for Harry to accomplish a whole lot of things.

"Do you think I can talk to you for a second?" Laurel asks Sara.

Without any hesitation, Sara nods and joins Laurel. The two girls walk outside of the room. Sara spends little time in offering Laurel the chance.

"So, is this weird for you?" Laurel asks. "I mean, sleeping with your sister, even if she's from an alternate universe."

"No," Sara tells her firmly. "I've done a lot of things that I would have considered weird a few years ago. You just go with the flow and see what you can do."

Sara smiles at Black Siren. She reaches over towards the girl and grabs her hand in reassurance. Black Siren just barely has a chance to relax when looking at her.

"You're afraid of going after Zoom?" Sara asks.

"No, I'm not afraid!" Black Siren yells. She notices the raised eyebrow coming from the woman in front of her. She answers with a sigh. "Okay, fine, I might be a little bit….but if you've seen and you know half of the stuff that he's done, you would be afraid of him too."

"Monsters are only monsters because of the fear you give them," Sara tells her.

"Yeah, I guess. But Zoom's done things to earn that fear. And he's just going to get more desperate now that his power base has been threatened."

Black Siren casts a gaze out in the hallway. Kara, Gwen, and Harry still talk from inside of the room. Full attention returns to the conversation between the two sisters separated by an alternate universe.
"You know he's going to come after Wells again," Black Siren tells him.

"Yeah, I know."

"And we'll be ready," Harry tells her. "I need to know a general location of Zoom's Fortress."

"It seems like you have a plan," Black Siren says.

One who knows Harry Potter knows that his plans always come out a bit jagged and a bit crooked. But, somehow, they work in the end despite the ripples along the way.

"You two are with me. Kara and Gwen both know what they have to do."

Jesse Wells mentally marks the time she's been here. It has to be weeks going on months, or maybe it was just the perception of the place. The girl tries not to be afraid. Even though, one of the most shocking things to an eighteen year old girl comes from the other cells in the block.

Men and women far older and far wiser than her line those cells. Some of them with broken bodies and all of them with broken spirits. One of them groans. Jesse sees that the groan means one thing.

'Kill me.'

Jesse brushes a strand of hair away from her face. Exactly what Zoom plans to do, she has not the clearest idea. All she can do is focus on keeping her head stable and sane. A double of deep breaths comes from the girl.

'I have to find a way to get out of here. And I have to find a way to get out of here now. There's really no choice. I'm going to have to get out of here.'

Those thoughts enter a repeating loop. Jesse rises up to her feet towards the edge of the cell. The teenage prodigy chances a touch at the cell bars. They bombard her back onto the ground.

Wincing, Jesse scrambles to a standing position. A couple of beads of sweat roll down her face. A spark fills her fingers which makes Jesse surprised, but she says nothing.

Then, an image of a green-eyed man enters Jesse's mind's eye. She's never seen the man before in her life but he brings something to her which long since has been lost when being placed into Zoom's fortress.

Hope, hope enters Jesse's mind. She clutches the wall before dropping own onto the ground.

A flash of blue lightning outside brings Zoom out in front of Jesse's cell. Jesse stares outside of the cell with a defiant flicker in her eyes. Zoom's uncaring expression shows this look of disobedience really serves Jesse little.

"You think your prince will come? You're mistaken?"

Zoom's crackling voice fills the air. Jesse takes a couple of seconds to look up at him. Zoom phases through her cell and stands face to face with her. The cold and rattling breath comes down Jesse's neck. She stands tall and groans when seeing Jesse approaching her inside of the cell. Jesse clutches her fingers against the air when Zoom moves ever so closer to her.

"You are scared, child. I can rip you apart if I choose to."

"You can," Jesse confirms. "But, you're going to pay. He's going to make you pay."
"He will do nothing!" Zoom howls at the top of his lungs. "You are going to be here for as long as you're useful. And I know that you're more useful than your father ever was. You have something that I need to stay strong. And I will be stronger."

Zoom clutches Jesse's shoulder and yanks her off of the ground. The teenage prodigy feels bones crunching underneath Zoom's hold. She takes in a couple of breaths when focusing on this monster and the hold he has around her shoulder. Fingers burn into her.

"He will not come! And you will not have your salvation. You will beg for mercy! And there will be none! Do you hear me? You will be none!"

A figure drags her feet on the ground. Zoom drops Jesse's body and turns to Killer Frost standing at the end of the hallway.

"They're ready for your signal," she coolly tells them.

The bolt of blue lightning disappears down the hallway. Jesse slumps against the wall breathing heavily. She looks up at Killer Frost.

"Don't you ever get tired of being his pawn?" Jesse asks Frost.

A tiny cloud of cloud mist appears at the palm of Killer Frost's hand. The woman once known as Caitlin Snow steps closer towards the cage and flashes Jesse a smile.

"Stay in your own lane, little girl."

Harrison Wells leans over mounds of paperwork even though he's really not paying it any mind. The only thing which is on his mind is his daughter. Eventually, Zoom would come to taunt him. Wells eyes the half-finished speed cannon laying in a case next to him. It's nowhere near ready to be completed. Wells drags his fingers through his hair and gives a couple more labored sighs when thinking about what needs to be done.

'If Zoom kills me, it will all turn out better,' Wells remarks to himself.

The temperature in the lab drops suddenly by twenty degrees. Wells stands on his face and comes face to face with Killer Frost and a small army of Zoom's meta-humans.

"Zoom's sent his errand girl to do his bidding," Wells comments without any fear. "It's sad how a brilliant scientist has turned into this."

"This!" Killer Frost yells while shooting an icicle against the wall and breaking the cabinet. "Is your fault!"

A bald young man with glowing green eyes approaches wells. The Geiger counter in the lab starts registering trace amounts of nuclear radiation coming from him. Two more meta humans approach Wells from either one. One of them has knives retracting from his fingers. The other touches a flower in a pot on the desk and decays it into nothing.

"No, the boss wants him alive," Killer Frost says. "He knows you've been working against Zoom. And it won't...."

"You are predictable."

Killer Frost jumps up to face the Black Siren. Black Siren comes not along, but rather with back
The White Canary and the Dragon stand side by side with her. Killer Frost remains cool under pressure although rage bubbles and threatens to burst through the surface.

"Traitor," Frost tells her, letting out the breath.

"We differ greatly as to who is a traitor, Frost," Black Siren answers.

Killer Frost holds her hands out to bombard Black Siren with icicles. She opens her mouth and sends a shrill cry which impacts the icicles. The shattering icicles fly through the lab.

The man bald man's head engulfs in green radiation when charging towards Harry. Harry avoids the huge punch and lands behind him. The bald man staggers to the ground and Harry grabs his hands on him. He siphons off some of the energy.

The man with claws for fingers charges the White Canary with the intention to stab. White Canary rolls out of the way of the knives which cut through a piece of metal. White Canary conjures two white hot knives into her hand and then jumps into the air. The knives cling into the fingers with both pushing each other back and forth.

"I'm going to cut you up, little girl!"

"And you need a trim."

White Canary matches his slashes with her knives. One of them gets underneath the fingernail and ribs the knife completely out. The man howls in agony and redoubles her attack.

The man with the decaying touch stalks Wells for a second.

"Well, Doctor, it's just you and me...."

"I SAID NO!"

Killer Frost bombards the ground underneath him and freezes the feet to the ground. Black Siren sweeps Killer Frost's legs out from underneath him.

The nuclear powered man grabs onto a glass orb and summons the energy. His fists glow and he tries to attack Harry. Harry propels him back with an attack and drops him down to the ground. The man wielding the knives flies over Harry's head and lands directly on the ground.

'Sara, heads up.'

Sara shields herself from the miniature radiation blast with the medallion. She rushes the man and sweeps him down to the ground. Black Siren and White Canary team up with a double canary cry blast!

Wells reaches into his desk and pulls out a gun. The bombardment of heat energy connects with Killer Frost's back and staggers her a few feet back. She tries to fight back, but the heat coming from the gun makes her very weak.

"I've got him now!"

Decaying touch grabs Wells just when Harry wraps up the nuclear powered man and Sara wraps up the man with the knives. Wells screams in agony just as Harry jolts in.

Already, he's too late, as Wells decays into salt before their very eyes. The entire room screams in horror as Harry puts the man with the decaying touch into the wall before he can try that on
anyone else.

"I SAID NO!"

Killer Frost freezes decaying touch with one flash. Black Siren bombards him with a Canary Cry which shatters his body into cubes dropping him to the ground.

"That's a bit extreme," White Canary offers to Black Siren.

Black Siren just turns it back around on her. "Well, he was on death row. And it's not like any prison cell could contain him."

Killer Frost drops to one knee from a mysterious force. She gazes up at the Dragon who approaches her with a smile on his face.

"You're starting to lose faith in Zoom, aren't you?" Harry asks her.

"I have no choice."

Black Siren shakes her head in response. "You sound a lot like I did a couple of days ago. You have to believe you have the ability to break way. Remember who you were, Caitlin."

"Caitlin's dead," Killer Frost tells them.

"No, she isn't," Harry tells. "There's still some good left in you."

"You're…you're mad," Killer Frost tells her.

"No, I'm just good at reading people," Harry tells her. "You think your life is over. You think that Zoom is your only salvation. And you blamed Wells for what you've done. And now you blame yourself for him dying because you could not stop…him in time."

Harry sweeps his fingers over the ice cubes on the floor. He smiles and extends a single hand out towards Killer Frost who considers it for a moment.

Another frantic attempt to get out comes over Jesse's mind. She analyzes the doors.

'Okay, there has to be a weak spot. Any security system is not foolproof. There are always weak spots. There are always ways to get around it. You have to think…think Wells, think!'

A few seconds pass as something interrupts Jesse's thought patterns. The sounds of people dropping down to the ground around her makes Jesse stand up in attention.

'Surely no one could be this bold to break into Zoom's Fortress like this."

Someone was pretty bold alright. A small burst of hope enters Jesse's mind. She imagines someone coming to save her, some valiant hero rescuing his damsel in distress. Or her damsel in distress, hell, Jesse was not particularly picky on those details as long as she's rescued.

The top of the cell breaks open and suddenly the doors fade out from around her. Jesse turns her attention towards the figure on the cell.

"My name is Gwen, and I'm getting her out of here."

She wears a combination of black and white on her outfit with a blue spider insignia on it. Jesse
spends a couple of seconds wondering what's going to happen now. She walks ever so closer towards the edge of the cell and takes this mysterious girl's hand.

"What about Zoom?" Jesse asks. "He'll be coming soon."

"We need to move quickly."

She shoots some kind of material out of her wrist. Jesse finds it hard to tell whether or not it's organic or whether it's something she's created. Regardless, Jesse allows this woman's arm to wrap around her as the two of them swing out of there.

Jesse's heart races faster. They are almost to the exit. They are going to make it. They are so close to making it that Jesse's excitement grows. They are almost to the edge of the tunnel.

A blast of light cuts through the air and rips the webbing line off. Jesse and Gwen take a tumble to the ground.

"Get behind me!" Gwen yells.

'Kara, I hope you're getting up here soon,' Gwen thinks. 'Kara, Sara, Harry….I've found them and I'm.....'

A force connects to the back of Gwen's head. Her head whips back as she crumple down to the ground. Jesse screams in absolute horror when turning in towards the figure.

"I told you they could not save you."

A second later and Jesse's now back into her cell. So close to freedom she saw the light. Jesse wants to throw herself down on the ground and break into tears.

Killer Frost approaches the edge of the mountain and looks up into Zoom's Fortress. Black Siren walks up next to her a second later. White Canary and the Dragon approach them.

"You've just sealed your death warrant going in there," Killer Frost tells them.

"Luv, I have a pile of death warrants stacked all the way to the top of that mountain," Harry tells her. "No one's cashed in on them yet."

Killer Frost shrugs and feels that this gentlemen is very insane. Extremely hot and easy on the eyes, granted, but completely and utterly insane, but she shakes those thoughts out of her head. She puts her hands on the ground and a stairway of ice comes up from the ground to the Fortress.

The ice queen steps back and motions for the castle.

"After you."

Black Siren takes the first step up there. She now has the courage, thanks to the Dragon and his brides, to face Zoom regardless of what the consequences were.

A blast of light comes down the steps. Gwen's body comes hurling down the stairs. Black Siren jumps out of the way at the last second as the girl comes to a stop.

Harry and Sara rush over to tend to Gwen. She's breathing and without the power of the medallion, it would simply not be the case.
"So, the dreaded and almighty Dragon!"

Zoom comes down the steps with a flicker of darkness in his eyes. The black costume Zoom wears distorts all of the light around him into nothing other than supreme darkness. The crazed individual encircles his head and stares them all down.

"I'm going to crush you."

Harry conjures a glowing sword in his hand. Zoom's, nothing but another monster he has to defeat. The speed demon creates a black cyclone when he circles Harry and his girls. A burning of energy against the ground eats it up with Harry clutching the sword and getting ready for an attack.

'Come at me, then.'

Zoom blasts at Harry in an attack that most normal people would not see coming. Harry, on the other hand, is ready for anything the demonic speedster has to throw his way.

To Be Continued on January 9th, 2018.
Zoom speeds up the pace to run circles around Harry. To the point where there's about twelve
different versions of Zoom in several different places on the ground. Harry takes a deep breath and
waits of Zoom to reach a certain point. A couple of seconds pass until Harry moves in for the kill.

The Dragon pounces and catches Zoom with a bolt to the chest. All of the mirages fade from
existence with a loud growl. The one and only Zoom pops down onto the ground. Harry raises his
hand in the air and fires at Zoom. Zoom ducks out of the way.

"You can't stop me!"

Harry decides not to argue with the sadistic man. It's very hard for him to focus and to attack as is
without adding any kind of argument into the equation. Two more blasts fire at Zoom. Zoom
dodges the blasts. He also dodges a Canary Cry. The cries come close to striking him down.

"You will pay for betraying me!" Zoom shouts to Black Siren.

His momentary preoccupation with Black Siren allows Harry to jump in and catch Zoom with a
running kick to the back of the head. Zoom falls down onto his knees and allows a very strained
breath to come out of him. Zoom holds himself up off of the ground by one hand before almost
collapsing down to said ground.

The speedster's fist vibrates through the ground. Rocks shoot up from it. Harry dodges the rocks
from impaling into him. Each time a rock comes close to him, Harry dodges and deflates them.

Gwen rolls over and rises to her feet. Anger bubbles through her. She hates Zoom just caught her
off guard. Three of the speedsters zoom at her on either side.

A blur flies through the air and lands on the ground which distracts them for the moment. A very
winded Kara throws her head back and coughs a couple of times. A small drop of blood appears on
the back of neck.

"You didn't quite make it inside, did you?" Gwen asks.

Kara helps Gwen up to her feet just in time with a large figure dropping down onto the ground. The
meta-human lifts his beefy arms and claps his hands together. A sonic boom rocks them and drives
them back. The figure claps his hands two more times to send both Kara and Gwen back down onto
the ground.

The two heroines decide to cut in and grab an arm a piece to prevent him from doing something
like this attack. The struggle takes place with his hands nearly clapping together. Sara jumps in to
add her own contribution to this game. A couple of kicks drop him to a knee. Sara rears back and
connects with the pressure point to the side of the neck of the attacker.

Sand kicks off of the ground as one of the meta-humans move towards him. White Canary and
Black Siren team up with a double team cry to destabilize the sand storm. Killer Frost seals the
sand particles with a blast of ice. She pulls away with a groan.

"I never liked that guy."
Zoom rushes towards the Dragon. The Dragon flashes out of the way and Zoom slams down against the gates at the speed of light. He rips the gates from his body and huffs and puffs before going directly at his adversary one more time.

"Come on!" Harry yells as Zoom rushes towards him again. The sadistic speed demon flies past Harry and lands down onto the ground with a thud. "If this is the best you can do, then you can do better. You can do much better than that!"

The speedster circles around Harry and hurls lightning at him. Harry deflects all of the attacks and enrages Zoom. Zoom keeps moving around in circles and closes in on his adversary. He howls loudly and sends one more blast of lightning into the air. Harry avoids the attack just in the nick of time. Zoom flies down onto the ground and Harry pops him directly in the point of the jaw.

"Stay still, "Zoom growls at his adversary.

"Why don't you make me stay still?" Harry taunts him. "Unless you don't have what it takes."

Zoom rises to the bait and charges Harry hard and fast. Three bolts of lightning fly out of Zoom's hand. Harry dodges them and then jumps up to smash into the speedster. He super-charges the sword in his hand and rushes towards Zoom. Zoom splits in three and circles Harry on all ends.

Harry keeps calm in the face of certain destruction and swings the sword around. He slices into Zoom without any problems whatsoever. Blood splatters from the speedster the second Harry turns around. He holds himself back and Zoom rises to his feet.

A cyclone rises up off of the ground. Another one of Zoom's meta-humans rises to attack him. This meta-human manipulates the very weather around Harry. Harry drops to his knees and takes a deep and calming breath. The figure drops down to the ground and starts shaking.

Zoom disappears into the night and crushes the ice bridge on his way back up to the castle. A solid green dome flashes over the top of the prison system. Gwen, Kara, Sara, Black Siren, and Killer Frost all rise up to their feet.


Killer Frost throws her head back and rolls her eyes. "You don't say. Zoom's on the defensive now, which means he's going to try something dangerous to take you down."

Harry hopes that Zoom is desperate because it makes him reckless. Kara and Gwen not getting Jesse out of the prison throws a very unfortunate wrench in Harry's plans but he's going to have to make do with what he has and more importantly, he's going to have to find a way around everything.

The walls of the prison shake when Zoom returns. His blood burns a hole through the ground. The speedster steadies himself and takes a large deep rattling breath. A couple more breaths follow with Zoom struggling to keep himself together.

"He's in your head now."

"NO!" Zoom shouts to the voice.

The prisoners all cower against the wall. They fear what Zoom will do now he's finally on the defensive. He slumps against the wall never feeling rather weak. The hardened men he keeps lock in there, they all start whimpering and shivering.
"I will have my day. I will have it. I'm not going to lose control!"

A bolder, braver person, could argue that Zoom already lost control. His body shakes, sparks of energy fly out, and just a general uncomfortable feeling comes along his prisoner. The speedster's entire mindset reaches a critical point. He shakes his hand back and growls.

One of the trapped prisoners is a speedster. Zoom lusts for all of the power he can get from either this speedster or by other means. The speed demon reaches from the cell and rips the prisoner out before hurling him onto the ground. The prisoner smashes hard into the ground and turns over. He undergoes a case of the shakes when trying to lock his eyes into Zoom.

"You will give me the power that I want."

The prisoner struggles to get to his feet. Zoom never gives him the chance. Many speedsters Zoom collects to experiment on occupy these cells. He's just the one who allows Zoom to experience his power. Zoom rears back and heart punches the man in the chest.

The other prisoners scream in terror as Zoom sucks the speed force essence from this prisoner. He has no opportunity to get out of here. The sadistic speedster absorbs so much energy from him that he turns into a withering old husk on the ground. Then, Zoom drops him down onto the ground.

"You will help me, Jesse Wells!"

Jesse hates this situation she's in right about now. She tastes freedom, and then Zoom rips it away from her. This action represents another dose of cruelty Zoom inflicts on her. Psychological torture is far worse than physical torture as most people will agree.

"I won't….I'm not going to help you!" Jesse yells at him.

Zoom slams his fist through the side of the cell and causes Jesse to keep slumping. The dark energy sucks all of the life out of the air and all of the breath leaves Jesse's body when she tries to keep her head above the water. She reasons it will be okay even though reality is not on her side.

"Your father will suffer for your insolence."

"Actually, it's already too late for that, sir."

Zoom turns around for the small army of meta-humans. He realizes they did something that betrays him even further from their words. He spends a second waiting for the opportunity for them to verify.

"Wells is dead."

"I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE HIM UNHARMED!"

Zoom's hand shoots out and finds the throat of the meta-human. The meta-human struggles against Zoom's hard grip and the strangling gentleman is trying to draw some breaths from Zoom's grip. Zoom holds onto the man's throat and slams him against the cell a couple of times to keep rattling him.

"I TOLD YOU NOT TO KILL HIM!"

The meta-human's speed force energy is not potent. Zoom simply rips him apart. Prisoners and followers alike step back in horror with what Zoom does to this man.
"And now, you'll understand the price of failure," Zoom growls towards them. "Now, you understand, what I've been telling you this entire time. You will understand that if you fail me, you will suffer a fate worse than anything you can ever imagine."

Zoom's eyes glaze over in anger. Finally, he feels a burst of power and it should be enough to slay the dragon and to bring him down to reality.

'You have to slay him soon,' a voice comes in the back of Zoom's ear. 'Your forces are already rebelling, and it won't be too long enough even more decide to be tempted by him. You need to strike hard and make an example.'

The man once known as Hunter Zolomon does not make a habit of listening to the voices inside of his head when they talk to him. He will not deny this one makes some sense.

If what that meta-human says is true, than Harrison Wells is dead. Jesse's heart skids to a stop at the thought of her father and his demise. She hardly believes it. It is one of those things which makes everything just turn around in the back of her head.

'No, it can't be true.'

This thought enters Jesse's head at the drop of a dime. She refuses to acknowledge her father's death to be one hundred percent true. She cannot even properly cry for him. Not when Zoom traps her inside of the cell. Grief is going to have to wait until later.

There's a chance, a small chance, the minion could be lying. But, why would he risk being ripped to shreds by Zoom. This is something Jesse struggles to comprehend.

'It's going to be okay,' a voice not her own states in the back of the head.

Normally, a random voice is a cause of concern for anyone and Jesse Wells is no exception to this rule. She strokes the side of her head and wonders if all of this time in this prison cell finally drives her insane. She would not be the first person to go completely mad inside of this cell.

'You have to focus. You have the power. You have strength. Strength enough to get past this cell. And maybe strength enough to beat Zoom. You're just holding yourself back from this. But you can't. Not now.'

Jesse wonders what the mysterious voice in her head talks about. She has some kind of power. How? And more importantly why? Jesse takes a few seconds to calm herself down. An invisible hand squeezes her shoulder and gives her some form of clarity.

Then, something builds in her body. The ripple inside of Jesse's stomach gives her the feeling, the thought she might just end up throwing up right about now. She keeps herself calm and steady. Those fingers brush against the back of her neck when she takes a couple of deep breaths.

Jesse feels herself vibrating against the cell. It is very hard for her to keep her head straight when this vibration. And if Zoom catches her, she's dead.

'Don't worry. Zoom's not coming back for a few minutes yet.'

'Oh, a few minutes, is that all?' Jesse asks.

She stops and realizes she's engaging with the voice inside of head. Yeah, it's official, she's completely and totally lost in her mind.
Zoom's close by, but not as close as he was before. He's circumventing the fortress and making Jesse tense and nervous. The invisible hand on hers squeezes Jesse and makes her stand up very straight. Something inside of her body builds.

A small amount of confidence bubbles over to the surface. Jesse throws her head back a tiny bit and takes a deep breath. The energy keeps passing through her body when building over her. Jesse holds a hand over the top of the walls of the cage and draws in some power towards her.

She feels it around her. Jesse starts tapping into something great. Her hand vibrates at a certain frequency and than it stops.

Jesse backs off and sits back down in the cell. Zoom passes her in a blink of an eye. She holds in her breath for a second. If Zoom finds out she's taps into some kind of speed force energy, Jesse Wells can kiss her ass goodbye.

'Just relax.'

She stops and waits for Zoom to depart. He does not even acknowledge her. His mind fixates on something else and it gives Jesse a moment to relax. She only rises when she's certain Zoom's gone and there's nothing he can do to harm her.

'Let's try it again.'

The last time Zoom fought her, he caught Gwen completely off guard. Gwen Stacy is confident this will not happen again. She rises up and takes a couple of deep breaths before holding her neck back. Kara and Sara join her on either side. They are ready.

"Well, we know Zoom," Black Siren tells them. "And we know he can't unfortunately help himself from making an entrance. So he's going to make one pretty soon."

"Yeah," Sara tells him. "Where did he go?"

Killer Frost flicks a smile, sardonic and cold as it may be at the rest of the group. "Knowing Zoom, he's off to absorb some more power from one of his prisoners. Because that's a typical response, just grab onto more power. There's nothing bad that can come from that."

The sarcasm is much appreciated, at least in Gwen's mind. She looks up to the mountain. Kara, Sara, and Gwen move in to fight.

"I'm ready for him this time," Gwen tells them. "He just caught me off guard. I can't believe he was too fast for my spider sense."

"Zoom's not human," Sara tells Gwen. "Which means I have no problems hurting him."

"If we can hurt him," Kara chimes in.

"I'm not sure if we can hurt Zoom. But I know that Harry's the one that can hurt him."

The lightning rumbling from the top of the mountain is no mere lightning. Zoom drops down from the top of the mountain and looks down at the group of heroes he faces with burning contempt in his eyes. The feeling is more than mutual when both sides square off.

"You're going down," Kara tells him with her eyes flashing with light.

Gwen sends a line of webbing at Zoom. Zoom breaks free and rushes her from behind. Gwen
senses him coming at her this time and dodges the attack.

Zoom reaches Black Siren and throws a fist at her. Black Siren narrowly avoids his assault. The bolt of lightning cuts through the air and lands on the ground.

"I have no room for traitors!" Zoom yells.

"You've gone too far!" Black Siren yells and she screams at him.

Zoom shoves his hand through the scream. A more powerful and potent scream knocks him off. Zoom holds his hand onto the ground and slams down onto it. Both Black Siren and White Canary fly into the air and crash down onto the ground.

Kara uses her heat vision on Zoom's back. Zoom turns around and super speed his hand through the heat vision and nails Kara in the face. She struggles to get out with Zoom turning her over. Zoom vibrates his hand towards the back of her neck.

She catches his arm. The two vibrate their hands against each other until Kara flips into the air. She grabs Zoom in a chicken wing and hurls him over the back of her head. Zoom crashes down onto the ground. Kara flies at him and throws hands him. Zoom blocks the hands and then snatches her by the cape before flipping her down onto the ground. Kara crunches down onto the ground.

Zoom pulls her up to a standing position and then drives her down to the ground hard.

A blast of ice catches Zoom in the chest. It slows him down more than once which allows Gwen and Sara to knock him over down onto the ground. Zoom rises up and lifts his arms. He creates two black tornados with his arms and drops both of the holders of the medallion down onto the ground.

"I can crush you in a million different ways before you blink."

His eyes fall down on the traitor on the ground. Black Siren touches a hand to the ground to get herself up. Zoom stands on the top of her head.

"Your Dragon fears me," Zoom says. "And now, I'm going to show all of my men watching from the top of that mountain what happens to those who defy me."

"Saturday morning cartoon villain much," Black Siren groans.

Zoom does not pay her any mind and lifts one hand to prepare to go in for the kill. Suddenly, a flash of light erupts next to him and knocks Zoom away.

The speedster bombards him with a vicious attack and knocks him back onto the ground. Zoom throws his hands up only to get some super-fast punches down to the back of the head.

The dust clears and Jesse Wells, wearing a red suit which clings to her body and prevents the speed force from burning it off of her, turns up.

"You have powers," Zoom yells. "But, not for long."

Jesse dodges Zoom's attack. She wastes no motion in using Zoom's momentum off of a counter attack to flip him down onto the ground. Zoom tucks and rolls onto the ground. Jesse charges at him and a super fast punch drives into Zoom's chest to knock him down onto the ground.

"You were saying?" Jesse asks him with a slight smile popping over her face.

The anger Zoom exhibits is second to none. He rises up to go after Jesse. Jesse blocks the punch
and comes back to fire back two more at Zoom.

"You're going to pay for what you've done to me, Zoom."

Another force bombards Zoom from the other side. Zoom receives a blade to the side of his neck. The sadistic speedster finds himself face to face with the Dragon. He prepares to step back and rush to regroup only to strike against a wall.

"I don't want you trying that one again," Harry informs Zoom. "You're going down now."

"Hardly, hero!" Zoom yells.

He rushes his enemy with a flare of lightning whipping through the air. Harry avoids Zoom's attack just in time. The lightning strikes down on the ground. Jesse comes in from the other side and catches Zoom with an attack.

"Just like we practiced."

Harry and Jesse combine their energies into one huge concussive blast. A rip through space and time opens up. Several skeletal hands push through the time vortex and drag Zoom inside of the portal. He struggles to break free, but it's all for nothing.

Kara, Sara, Gwen, Black Siren, and Killer Frost close in on the area. Zoom's ripped to shreds thanks to the sadistic speedster on the other end of the portal. Those screams only escalate the more Zoom's dragged into the portal.

"It's done," Jesse says.

She starts to collapse. Gwen catches her and helps Harry hold her up. The Meta-Humans on the Fortress look down in shock. Black Siren turns towards them and takes a step forward.

"It's over."

Jesse collapses down on the bed from the fatigue of using her new abilities. Harry looks in on her for few seconds. He hears footsteps and Gwen walks over towards him.

"It hasn't really set in with her yet," Harry says. "How are you feeling?"

Gwen smiles when joining Harry in watching Jesse rest. "I'll be fine. He just caught me off guard. And besides, Dad always told me I was hardheaded."

The two share a moment of laughter. Harry turns and walks past the room which Killer Frost and Black Siren are in. Zoom's forces did not attack them, which was a miracle. Then again, they saw what Harry did to Zoom and they did not want the same fate.

Harry moves through the doors where Kara and Sara wait for him and Gwen to join. On the table sits half of a Phoenix. Carving into the back of it is several rune lines. Harry steps ever so closer to the statue and touches a finger to it.

"One step closer."

"So, we just wrap up things here and head to the next one?" Kara asks.

Harry confirms things with a nod. "Right."
To Be Continued on January 11th, 2018.
Chapter Eighty: Moving Forward.

Dread fills the body of Jesse when she stirs awake. It takes a few seconds for everything to come to her. Her father is gone and is not coming back. It's with a heavy heart that Jesse comes to that unfortunate realization. And that unfortunate realization drags her out of this particular state of slumber.

"Hey."

An attractive blonde woman stands on the outside of the room. She dresses in a black tank top and a pair of tight black pants. Jesse spends a few seconds trying to figure out which one it is. Then again, her recall is not as good as it once was given the fact she just went through a couple of revelations.

"Gwen, isn't it?"

The girl nods in confirmation. "I'm just coming to check on you, to see how you're doing."

"Well, no offense, but I've been better."

Jesse figures there's no choice other than to get out of bed and face Gwen. She's pretty hot, Jesse has to admit that much. Then again, perhaps the physical attractiveness of another woman is the last thing Jesse needs to think about right now.

"Harry's back with your father's body," Gwen tells her.

Jesse spends a second thinking about what to do. A sickening feeling twists the pit of her stomach. She spends another couple of seconds debating on what to do.

Closer, closure is the thing Jesse needs most of all. She closes the distance across the room with a hand outstretching and grabbing onto Gwen's. Gwen stands up straight and moves as close as possible to Jesse. A small smile pops over her face.

"I want to see him," Jesse tells her. "Please. I want to see him. I have to see him."

Gwen thinks she can accommodate Jesse's request. The two walk down the hallway where Harry is currently standing over the body of Wells. Jesse's mouth opens up halfway. Seeing her father's body, unmoving, without any signs of life is very unsettling to the girl. It takes a certain amount of inner strength for her not to lose it. Gwen reaches over and grabs her hand to hold Jesse up and keep her strong.

Strength is what Jesse needs right now. She spends the next couple of seconds debating on what needs to be done.

"Jesse, come in."

She walks in. So many conflicting emotions run over Jesse's mind. The phrase "mind going a million miles a minute" gets thrown around a lot. But, to be honest, Jesse's head throbs from the thoughts going through her mind. She debates a lot about what to do, how to do it.
Jesse throws her arms around Harry and wraps him up in a huge. A slight flush comes to her cheeks when realizing how warm and how firm Harry feels against her body.

"Thank you for bringing my father back. And thank you for saving me…it means a lot to me. I swear it does."

"I know it does," Harry informs her while pulling away from Jesse. A strand of hair leaves her face and drops down onto the ground. "It's not easy, but I'm glad I can piece him back together from the form they left them in."

While not relinquishing Harry, Jesse does shudder a slight amount. She can only imagine what those monsters did. Not all meta-humans were bad, Jesse remembers this from one of her father's lecture. Unfortunately, she also remembers that both bad and good people get those powers. And power goes to the head of someone.

"We can bury him and pay our last respects," Harry gently tells her.

Jesse nods in understanding. Her hands do not leave Harry's side. Strength comes from many places and for now, Jesse draws strength from Harry.

"T-thank you. I appreciate everything. From the….well I appreciate everything that you're doing, for me and for everyone else and for…thank you for saving me."

For a genius, words fail Jesse all too often. To be honest though, there's a terrible ordeal. Jesse turns away and notices half of a statue of the Phoenix. She spends some time understanding the significance of the statue and the power which comes along with it.

"After Dad's buried, I want to come with you."

"Oh?" Harry asks.

"I…I don't know, but you're working on something really important," Jesse says. "And…there are too many memories here. I have to get away from here….my friends…they think I'm dead. And…they might have moved on, I don't know. And you're the best one to help me with these powers."

"Are you sure?" Harry asks.

Boldly, Jesse leans in and kisses Harry on the lips. Harry only places a hand on the side of Jesse's head to direct her into his mouth. The two meet tongue to tongue with each other before pulling away.

"Does that look like someone who isn't sure?"

For the first time in a very long time, Killer Frost senses something amounting to clarity. She walks down the hallway where Zoom's prisoners were just a couple of days ago. Footsteps come from behind Frost. She turns and the Black Siren stands against the wall.

"Do you think all of them deserve to be out?" Frost asks Siren.

Siren shrugs in response. "I don't know. Some of them are innocent victims. Others…well, I don't know. It's not for us to decide. One could argue that we belong in a cell."

"Maybe," Frost says with a shrug of her shoulders. "I guess I wouldn't necessarily argue against it. You know given that we did help Zoom in a lot of things."
After the accident, foggy memories of a time she tries to push back have been long since forgotten. Caitlin Snow's trauma allows Killer Frost to rise. The woman lives up to her name but a lot of people she recalls killing were not salt of the earth people.

"I guess this is the first step to building a better world. You know, we didn't do much to help the perception that all meta-humans were deranged sociopaths who need to be put down at the first possible opportunity."

Killer Frost cannot deny Black Siren's point. A couple of people turn up at the end of the hallway which catch their attention. Sara and Harry show up. Black Siren smiles at the alternate dimension copy of her sister.

"So, you're going?" she asks.

"And you're staying," Sara counters.

Black Siren confirms what is being said with a slight nod and a very slight sigh in response. "Yes, I figure that it's best for us to stay."

"Someone has to help them find their way," Killer Frost remarks out of the blue. "I'm not sure if I'm the best person to do that, but....."

Harry leans in and puts a hand on Killer Frost's. The warmth causes her to jump up. The fact he's not affected by her touch causes several very naughty possibilities to enter her mind. Possibilities Caitlin does not think about in several years.

"You do have something inside of you that will help. Zoom took advantage of you."

"Hey, I'm not going to argue with that."

No one argues with that. Zoom is a manipulative and sadistic individual, and Caitlin is glad to see the back of him to be perfectly honest.

"I understand there's something bigger going on than babysitting us," Black Siren tells them.

"There's a facility we've set up to help you help meta-humans," Harry tells her. "It's not going to be easy."

"Few things that are worthwhile in life are that easy."

A moment passes before Black Siren moves in and throws her arms around Harry. As much as seeing Sara snaps Black Siren out of a very homicidal state, Harry being here also makes things worthwhile. She cannot explain it, but he's one in a while.

"And I'm glad you fucked the bitch out of me."

Harry just smiles and Black Siren leans in to plant a very hungry kiss on Harry's lips. The sorcerer pushes his fingers onto the back of Black Siren's hair and increases the kiss. The two lovers join each other, with Harry holding the back of her head steady and kissing her.

"And you're not going to leave without saying goodbye to your sister."

Finally, after a long kiss, Black Siren pulls herself away from Harry. She positions in front of Sara who smiles at her. Black Siren reaches in and grabs Sara back the back of the hair.

"I wouldn't dare and dream anything else."
Black Siren tries to dominate her sister with a kiss. Unfortunately for her, or maybe fortunately for her, Sara's able to turn the tables with a very intense kiss which drives the Black Siren completely insane with lust. The two of them kiss each other.

"Oh, things are getting pretty hot," Killer Frost says.

Reluctantly, Sara pulls away from Laurel-2, while leaving a series of nibbles on her mouth. Sara steps back from her.

"If you need us, you know where to find us."

"Yeah," Black Siren tells them. "Gwen told us how to get in contact with you."

Goodbyes always were the hardest part. Thankfully, they now had cross-dimensional technology to make this very easy to cross over to different worlds and to interact with each other. The two girls could not thank Harry enough for everything.

And perhaps, given time, they would thank them for anything.

"Don't do that, it doesn't look dignified!"

Emily Potter wants to reach forward and smack her twin sister for the goofy dance she just performed. Harry, Sara, and Kara stop by Horizon.

"I'm excited," Amanda tells her. "Don't you know what this means? Don't you realize what this means? They've found half of the clue for the location of the Phoenix Medallion."

"I know that," Emily tells her sister with exasperation oozing through every inch of her voice. "Would it kill you to have a little more dignity though? That's all I ask. Just a little bit of dignity."

Kara laughs and given what she knows about Amanda, dignity might be a little bit hard at all. Amanda turns outside of the window and stares at the Phoenix Statue.

To be fair, there's not a lot of it which makes sense right at the moment. All of the strange symbols on the back of the statue brings Kara to a very strong state of confusion. A stolen look to the twins shows she's not the only one who feels confused.

Harry puts a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't worry, once we get the other half of the statue we'll be able to understand more of what it means."

"I just feel like we should know," Kara says with a slight tilt of her head back.

Harry wraps his hand around Kara's waist and allows her head to rest on his shoulder. Amanda and Emily run scans on the statue.

"There's something there, "Amanda says with a swipe over the statue. "I'm not really surprised, given that it's forged from the Phoenix herself."

Amanda claps her hands together with a soft moan escaping her lips. It's hard not to pull out of this. It is a very exciting thought of what's going to happen next.

"I can't believe it," Amanda says. "We're so close to getting them all together once again. It's…it's so exciting."
Finally, after all of this time, the holders of the seven medallions are going to be together one more time. Amanda can hardly even contain her excitement. Emily puts a hand on Amanda's shoulder and makes her come back to Earth.

"There's still so much work to do. We don't even know where the other statue half is and….."

"You can rest assure that I am tracking that as we speak and we'll get an answer within the next few orbital cycles. It's further away than the first half."

"I guess they couldn't put the statue parts on back to back Earths," Sara remarks.

Harry nudges her with a playful smile and a grin. "Of course not, of course they couldn't. It would have to be a challenge."

Then again, there's a lot of challenges to come. Not only did they have to find the second half of the statue, but they need to find the medallion. And with the medallion comes the Phoenix medallion holder herself. Dormant, perhaps, in the vastness of space.

"We'll make it," Kara says with confident brimming in her voice.

"So, how's Jesse doing?" Amanda asks.

Harry turns to her sister. "She's coping about as well as you can expect. She's back on the Kent Farm, currently resting. I don't know how she's taken the fact there's a version of her father very much alive."

"Yeah, that's pretty weird running into an alternate version of your dead family member," Amanda says with completely stoic deadpan while gazing directly into Harry's eyes.

One thing the entire group can say without any doubt is there's a lot of work to be done. Only step one towards getting the Phoenix Force Medallion is performed and there are several more steps to come.

These powers bring Jesse some surprises to be honest. She stands at the foot of the barn outside of the Kent residence. There's markers going down the road on all side. Harry moves over and straps a wrist band to her. The band is high tech and lighter than air.

"So, I know you can go fast," Harry remarks to her. "I just want to know how fast you can get. And more importantly how well you can navigate occupational hazards."

"How many are those out on a lonely country road?" Jesse asks before she can help herself.

Harry gives her a pat on the shoulder. "You might find some surprises out there. Just do the best you can and remember this is just a test. Just an assessment of how good your powers are and how much you need to return."

A smile and a wave comes from Claire as she walks behind the barn. Despite the great power and great responsibility she has to the Earth, there's still a desire in her to keep up with the chores. She does stop to watch the track as does Hailey and Rose who sit on the edge of the farm.

"All's quiet for now," Hailey informs Harry in a soft voice.

No visions of doom and gloom for a very long time now and that was very good for Hailey to be honest. Seeing people around her in peril is not really the most comfortable thing to go through.
"I just hope it isn't a calm before a storm."

There's something about Rose's pragmatic statement which makes Harry break into a small smile. He sits down between the two girls on the blanket set up. He holds a small silver device in his hand. The device slides on the ground and blasts out a projection screen which allows them to see Jesse on her travels down the country roads.

"So, how fast do you think she can run?" Hailey asks. "Faster than Claire?"

The mentioned woman's ears start to burn. Claire gives up the pretext of chores to walk over with interest as Jesse stretches her limbs out by the barn. She spends a second eying the red material stretching her.

Gwen walks out of the barn and moves over to join the group on the blanket outside. She takes a seat on Harry's lap and shifts just slightly to allow Harry to take a pretty good look at the image of Jesse and then the girl herself.

"So, how fast do we think she can go?" Harry asks Gwen.

"Oh, she can go pretty fast," Gwen answers while getting a comfortable seat on Harry's lap. "It's not a very controlled fast though. It's just a fast where...well you'll be able to see for yourself."

"Okay, Jesse, get ready. And on my signal, you can go. Remember it's a test run! Do not try and burn yourself out. And remember, hazards come from any direction. Catching them before they happen will be the difference between a success and a failure. Use both your eyes and ears when you move down this course."

A second passes and Jesse nods in confirmation. She's ready, oh boy is she ever ready to travel down this road. Jesse stretches a little bit more.

Harry holds up a hand and smoke billows from the palm. The word "go" forms in the air and Jesse goes. Jesse goes fast and moves down the road.

Claire leans in to watch the movement. It's hard to follow the progress at first as Jesse picks up speed while going down the road as quick as humanly possible.

"She's going to cross the first hazard," Harry tells them.

"And she's picking up some pretty good time!" Claire yells.

Jesse navigates around the hole on the road which could have tripped her up. She has no time to waste before adjusting her speed to avoid a gust of wind which comes close to knocking her over.

'You can do this, you can do this, you can....'

A speed bump slows Jesse down. She is too busy thinking that she stops looking. Jesse skids a little bit on the road. She tries to make up for lost time and lost momentum by swinging her arms. Jesse gets right back into the run only to hear the loud horn of a semi-truck going down the street.

The entire group awaits Jesse to see what she's about to do. The fast woman hurls herself over the truck while running in mid-air. Her arms whip around in a very solid whirlpool style effect before dropping down onto the ground. Jesse keeps going as fast as humanly possible. She skids down on the ground and leaves two very prominent burn marks over where she runs.

"She's getting it," Harry tells the group. "But, she still has a couple more occupational hazards to
hit. She just has to keep her eyes open.”

Several rocks line the road, some of them jagged and some of them with the potential to trip Jesse up. Jesse navigates the rocks to the best of her abilities. She veers to the right, and then to the left and then circles around the rocks before popping down.

Jesse edges closer to the finish line. She notices pieces of glass lining the road. Jesse has about three seconds to map out a course to avoid getting her feet cut up at this speed. Only two seconds, this quick thinking pleases and excites Jesse when she keeps moving as fast as humanly possible. Her legs keep pumping and going further and further to the destination.

She slides past the finish line. Not a very graceful landing. She almost skids into the barn. Jesse puts a hand up to block from careening into the barn.

"So, how did I do?"

Harry moves over and grabs Jesse. He checks the speedster for any injuries. Once, Jesse is in the clear, Harry moves away with an approving smile.

"Well, I need to compare another run time to your second run time. Then we'll see how good you can do."

Jesse prepares to go through the course again. Harry does not mention whether or not there will be any changes to the course.

"Kid's going to do alright," Rose concludes

Harry holds out several pages worth of notes after the fact. Gwen walks up behind him and puts a hand on his shoulder. Harry shifts over to allow Gwen to sit down so they go after the notes.

"She's going to be amazing," Harry tells.

"Doesn't hurt that she's hot?" Gwen asks. Harry just gives her a smile and wraps a hand around Gwen. He touches her bare back through the shirt. Gwen shivers before returning back to the conversation. "Yeah, she's really going to be good though. She mastered the course pretty quickly."

"Well, we're going to have to think of a harder one."

Gwen and Harry shift closer to each other. They almost come close to a kiss. A knock on the door puts the kibosh on that for right now.

The door swings open and Jesse appears in the room. She wears nothing other than a long shirt, one of Claire's old ones, which comes down to her knees. It fits nicely around her nicely-shaped hips and her nipples poke out from the other end.

"I can't stand it," Jesse breathes.

"What?" Harry asks her.

Jesse looks a bit sheepish. Harry puts a finger underneath her chin which does not help the girl's current state to be perfectly honest. Harry moves her in close.

"Tell me, and maybe I can help," Harry tells her.

"Well, I've masturbated…I've masturbated about a half a dozen times tonight, and I'm still as horny
as hell. I think… I think there's other changes…"

Jesse tears off her clothes to reveal her body. She moves in and rips Harry's shirt off before kissing him. Her hands move against Harry's body and grinds against him. She moans against Harry when Harry holds his hands against her back. Jesse closes in on Harry, with a single leg wrapping around his hip. Harry pushes his fingers up.

Those fast hands have Harry out of his belt already. Harry puts a hand on Jesse's ass and gives it a squeeze to get her attention.

"Sorry! I NEED COCK NOW!" Jesse yells pulling Harry's pants off.

Gwen steps back to observe the show. She is not sure if Jesse realizes there's a third party in the room.

Two hands rub all over Jesse's lower back. Harry moves his hands up to reach her back. Jesse wraps her leg around Harry. Her moist pussy lubricates the tip as Jesse attempts to close in and engulf Harry's cock inside of her warm sheath.

"Sorry, I fucking need it," Jesse growls before driving Harry's cock inside of her.

Her warm pussy takes Harry's cock inside of it with one fell drop. Jesse's eyelids haze over with lust when bouncing up and down on it.

Harry steadies Jesse so her pussy slides around him. The super-fast bouncing makes Harry's cock feel really good. And Jesse's tight body makes this feel this much more amazing. He grabs onto her ass and feels Jesse's legs when the horny woman bounces up and down on him.

Finally, something more fulfilling in reducing about three toys to dust and making her fingers raw, brings Jesse to a fulfilling feeling. Harry leans in to kiss her neck and suck on the side of it. It makes Jesse really throw herself up and down on Harry.

Harry drops down on the bed and Jesse pulls herself away from Harry. She turns around and faces away from Harry. Jesse's juicy ass sticks in the air before she slams down onto Harry's cock. Jesse traps Harry's cock between her vaginal walls and rides him at super speed, going reverse cowgirl style on him.

The bouncing ass causes Harry's arousal to only increase. He touches Jesse from behind and gives her ample ass a couple of tight pinches. Harry pushes a finger inside of her ass and this causes her to really moan.

"Ohhhh!" Jesse moans.

Her beautiful body is a blur and Harry's is one of the few people who can keep up with it. Harry grabs onto her waist and drops her down onto him. His cock pushes up inside of her body.

Twelve inches of meat leave and enters Jesse very quickly. She enters a state of super-hyper sensitivity. Orgasms come several per minute, each more intense than the last. Her super-fast mind processes then and makes he feel so good. The endurance and the stamina has keeps her fueled and keeps her going.

"Damn, girl, did you wear out those toys earlier?" Harry groans.

Jesse snaps her head back and moans. She realizes hands are caressing her breasts and sticking to
them as they bounce. Gwen becomes an active party and Jesse accepts it. The two women enter a scorching kiss with each other as Jesse bounces on Harry's cock in the reverse-cowgirl style. Her tight ass smacks against him.

Harry groans and it feels so good to have Jesse's warm pussy wrapping around him. Her friction makes his cock strain and puts him through desires. The fact she impales down onto Harry with super speed only makes this even more erotic. Harry throws himself up inside of Jesse with his cock piercing her insides.

"Jesse!" Harry groans.

The girl only bounces faster on Harry. She wants Harry to cum. Juices make Harry's cock nice and slick and puts it deep inside of Jesse's body. Her thighs keep vibrating and her entire body pleasures Harry's cock with one constant vibration.

Harry pushes into Jesse. His balls start to give way to her tender affections. Harry pushes himself up and down into her.

"Jesse, I'm close."

Jesse only grabs onto his cock between her walls and spears down onto him. The super speed gives her a side effect of being a super-nymphomaniac who craves Harry's cock and cum. She grabs onto Gwen's hair and darts her tongue all around the mouth of the girl. She tastes divine, but Jesse cannot wait to dig into another set of lips.

The last few minutes cause Harry's body to burn with a never ending friction. Jesse takes Harry deep inside with a few more pumps of her pussy around his cock. Harry grabs Jesse's back and keeps working himself into her. His balls come very close to losing their bounty and one more push drives Harry over the edge.

Thick strands of Harry's juices shoot into Jesse's waiting and willing body. She keeps bouncing and driving down into Harry. Jesse manages to work Harry to a very messy climax. Harry keeps playing with her ass while Jesse and Harry cum together.

The next thing Jesse knows, Gwen pushes her back on the bed. Jesse's quick hands disrobe Gwen and leaves her naked and open for a kiss. Gwen shows how skilled she is by driving Jesse nuts with this long kiss.

"Mmmm!" Jesse moans through Gwen's kiss.

"I wonder how fast that tongue really can be."

Gwen turns herself and sits on Jesse's face. Jesse worships her pussy with her tongue. And the tongue is much better than any vibrator in hitting her. The only thing which is better is Harry's tongue when he speaks snake. But, Jesse's tongue is a contender for second place. The girl experiments in what gets Gwen going and it's now off to the races.

"Put your finger in my ass and get it ready," Gwen growls at Jesse.

Jesse obeys the older girl. It would be rude not to. A finger slides into Gwen's backside and drives her completely beyond the bend. Gwen throws herself back and rides Jesse's probing finger. It keeps entering her ass and then Jesse's tongue is now buried deep inside of her ass.

Harry positions himself in front of Gwen. He cups Gwen's chest and kisses her. Gwen returns the kiss and runs her hands down Harry. Her thighs spread for Harry to drive into her while Jesse licks
out Gwen's ass.

"Oh, fuck, I can't wait," Harry breaths.

Jesse takes in a deep breath and has nothing other than Gwen's fine booty surrounding her face. She feels Harry's balls slap against her chin. It takes Jesse only a few seconds to realize that Harry fucks Gwen while Jesse eats her ass out. And it excites the speedster to no degree.

Twelve inches part Gwen's walls and push into her. She adapts to the size and takes him. Gwen runs her fingers down Harry's back and uses her spider strength to push Harry inside of her. Harry pulls back almost all the way and drives himself into her.

"I can't...I can't even wait either," Gwen moans for him. "Oh, fuck, Harry! This is perfect! Fuck me over her face!"

A tension rises through Gwen's body. Harry's hands make sure to pleasure her to every degree. Harry leans in and sucks Gwen's neck. The love bites Harry leaves on her neck is only second to none. She grabs Harry's cock. Gwen's vaginal walls stick to the surface.

Harry marvels out how good it feels when Gwen milks him with her tight walls. He pulls back from Gwen and drives his hard cock inside of her from this position one more time.

The warm pussy muscles stretch and contract around Harry. Harry fills up Gwen. The girl's eyes flood over with so much lust its very intoxicating for Harry to see it. He pulls away from Gwen and shoves himself cock-first inside of her wet pussy.

"Harry, mmm, Harry, yes!" Gwen moans as Harry fills her completely up. "Right here, that's the spot! Oh, that's really the spot!"

Harry holds onto Gwen and keeps pumping his sizable cock inside of her tight sheath. Gwen pushes against Harry and lets him go with a couple more pumps. Gwen throws her head back and another moan follows from her.

Jesse wants more of Harry's cock. She feels a cold blast of air erupt between her legs and stimulate her pussy lips. It does for now, although Jesse wants her turn.

'Good things come to those who wait.'

She worships Gwen's ass while Harry drives his big breeding rod inside of Gwen's warm canal.

Gwen's leg bends back and then springs forward to hook onto Harry's hip. He pulls her in closer. The horny woman's sticky walls reach around and squeeze Harry. Harry pulls back from her and attacks Gwen's breasts with the vigor one would expect.

Feeling these soft, warm, breasts against his face only makes Harry hungry for more. Gwen's walls close in on him with a super speed. Harry grabs onto Gwen and pulls himself up and then slams into her. He wants to cum and cum soon.

Those big balls dangerously come close to bursting. Gwen holds herself back up and then drops down back to take as much of Harry as humanly possible inside of her tight canal. Harry stretches her out and then pulls all the way out of her.

"Fuck, Gwen! Get ready."

"CUM IN ME!" Gwen screams with her neck rolling back and mouth hanging open in lust.
One more push and Harry starts firing inside of her. The cum spills out of Harry's cock and into Gwen's pussy. Gwen closes around Harry's probing prick and starts milking him. Her legs find their way wrapped around Harry's waist and keep squeezing him.

Some of the cum dribbles out of Gwen's pussy and goes all over Jesse's face. Jesse throws her head back with a smile after Harry finishes driving his cock inside of her.

The moment Harry pulls out of Gwen, Jesse is quick to stake claim to Harry's cock. Her mouth works him up and also tastes the combined juices building on it.

Then, they're off to the races one more time.

To Be Continued on January 13th, 2018
Across Several Earths

Chapter Eighty-One: Across Several Earths.

An extremely biting and very cold wind snaps over the Arctic. The cold only barely registers in the mind of Harry Potter when he moves over into position from the Arctic. The truth being told, Harry's very much on a high, something which does not fade any time soon.

One half of the Phoenix Statue, one half of a clue leading to the Phoenix medallion enters Harry's grasp. He cannot help to do anything else other than be very happy. Yet, Harry reminds himself there's a lot of other issues and a lot of other problems to be honest.

It's just one small step to achieving his overall goals. Harry is very close though. He stops by the Fortress and falls into it. Harry has a general idea of the location of the other half of the statue after the statue having been scanned over at Horizon. He just wants a second opinion to make sure things are working out just fine.

Harry steps into the Fortress where Kara is hanging out. Indigo and Lara do the majority of the work with Kara sticking by them to make sure everything is okay. The moment both medallion holders lock eyes, she moves across the area and throws her arms around Harry.

"Hey," Kara comments before pulling away from Harry. "So, how did things go with Jesse?"

"She's coming into her own," Harry informs Jesse. "Where's Claire?"

"She's doing a sweep of the area," Kara tells him. "She'll be meeting us for a few seconds."

Lara's voice cuts into the Fortress. "We have a ninety-five percent probability of knowing where the other half of the statue is. Although, given how far it is, it may take some time to gather the needed power to get you to this particular area of the world."

A small smile passes over Harry's face

"Take all of the time that you need."

A small boom echoes from outside to signal Claire's arrival. Claire moves into the Fortress. Not in a really bad mood and in fact in very good spirits all things considered.

"So how did it go?" Kara inquires Claire.

"Pretty good, better than I thought it would at any rate. There aren't as many meteor mutants in Scotland as there were in Smallville. That being said, I think that they are nastier than the ones of Smallville."

Claire shudders when thinking about the hordes of meteor mutants she recalls fighting during the teenage year. Some of them were not bad people, but power can do a funny thing to the psyche of many people. Claire realizes she's day dreaming given the funny looks both Kara and Harry are giving her. She snaps her attention out of the day dream and back to the people where it should have been on.

"Sorry," Claire answers. "It's just…."
"Oh, we understand," Kara offers.

Seconds pass before Claire finally gets herself back into a state of somewhat thinking what she has to do. She takes a deep breath and focuses forward.

"Anyway, there have been some strange meteor mutants over there. Not as many though, and ARGUS and I have been making sure they have been picked up if they caused trouble."

"Thankfully the meteor shower hit a place which was not too populated," Harry tells her.

She concedes Harry's point one hundred percent. A lock of dark hair brushes away from the edge of Claire's face when she tries to get her thoughts back together.

"Well, to be fair, one would not think that a town as small as Smallville would be hit all that hard by the meteor mutants either. We were proven wrong there."

Kara smiles and pats her cousin on the shoulder. A lot of challenges visited Claire in her short life. There were going to be a lot more challenges to come. Thankfully, with the Fortress built, Claire's more than ready, and Kara, Harry, and all of the others would be there to help her. That much makes Kara feel really good about herself.

"And we finally have a match."

Indigo does not disguise the very evident triumph dancing through her voice. Harry looks in the direction of the artificial construct as she pops back into the scene.

"Where?" Harry asks her.

"The other half of the statue is on the thirty-eighth parell Earth," Indigo informs Harry. "There should not be too many problems accumulating enough power."

"It would be a day though," Lara informs Harry.

A day, a day they can wait. Harry senses the Phoenix Medallion getting close to slipping into his hand. And with this sense of the Phoenix Medallion, he also senses some kind of darker power lingering on the outskirts. He hopes that this dark power will not be a problem.

"So, do you think that it will be easy to get the statue?" Kara asks. Harry gives her a long look across the way. "Oh, yeah, that's...that was kind of a stupid question."

Harry puts a hand on Kara's shoulder. He hopes its going to be easy, but hoping something is going to be easy and the actual reality of the situation is two very different things.

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Amanda whistles when showing up on the Kent Farm. She always enjoys the nice contrast of the farm to the hectic and insane life of the city. She does love Metropolis and spending a lot of time there, but still, Smallville is a nice place to kick back, relax, and more importantly be left along with one's own thoughts.

Her twin steps a few feet by Amanda. They move onto the Kent Residence. The new girl, Jesse, sits outside, with an entire plate of sandwiches. She tucks into them which causes Amanda's eyes to widen. Her twin's hand grabs the side of Amanda's arm and makes her stand up a bit straighter.

"And here we thought you were the one who has the ability to inhale food," Emily teases her sister. "It looks like this girl has you beaten and hard."
Amanda throws her head back with a soft smile and moves forward. Another part stands on the outside of the farm. Hailey is drinking a glass of tea while resting against the tree. The twins walk over towards her.

"So, how are you two doing?" Hailey asks.

Both twins break out into small smiles directed towards their friend before they lean in.

"Well, actually," Amanda says before pausing. "We just want to know how you're doing…you know if you had any…."

"Episodes?" Hailey asks.

Maybe not the word Amanda thinks of using. Still she tests the word in her mind and it works out pretty much like a charm. Amanda answers with a nod and she keeps eye to eye with Hailey from the other end. Hailey's gaze falls onto Amanda.

"No, I didn't have any episodes."

Perhaps it's through experience, but Amanda Potter senses there's something else. The green-eyes of the woman and also those of her sister, albeit in a more subtle way, lock eyes with Hailey. Hailey attempts to keep her head above surface and try not to succumb to a stare down from both sides.

"It's not any episodes. But, there's a feeling that something big is going to happen. Something that will not effect this world, but many worlds in this chain of the multiverse."

Two sets of eyes keep their position on Hailey and the girl flushes for a couple of seconds. She takes a long drink of tea before continuing the explanation.

"It's very hard to explain. It's just a feeling like I said. I haven't seen anything. We might know more when Harry gets ahold of the Phoenix Medallion. But, ever since he's began his search, it's just….I don't know."

The twins nervously raise their eyebrows. Hailey's budding gifts are interesting and also a bit concerning. Especially considering they have no idea how they precisely work. There is just some kind of vibe. She rubs the side of her temples and brings out a sigh.

"I'm sure you'll know when it happens," Amanda remarks before turning towards her sister. "I wonder how close Harry is to getting his hands on the second half of the statue."

"Actually, I'm heading to the Earth where it is right now."

Amanda and Emily almost jump up into the air. Harry stands behind them with a small smile across his face. Amanda puts her hand on the side of her neck and throws it back before flashing Harry a dirty look. Harry just smiles and is not that all shaken by this dirty look. Emily bursts out into laughter which causes Amanda to turn her visual aggression upon her sister.

"Do you have to sneak up on people like that?" Amanda asks him.

Harry puts a hand on Amanda's shoulder and causes butterflies to go into the pit of her stomach. It is difficult to stay angry at Harry for too long especially with this smile.

"No, I don't have to, per say."
A second passes and Amanda throws her head back. She walks off to one side where Emily moves in front of Harry.

"So, you found it?" Emily asks.

The second half of the statue being almost in their grasp was some very good news. Emily tries not to bounce up and down. She would like to think she has a tiny bit more dignity than that, although perhaps not as much dignity as one might think.

"Yes," Harry tells her.

Jesse's over there next to Harry with a smile. Harry raises an eyebrow.

"I did say I was coming with you."

Harry has a feeling they are going to need all of the help that they could get. Gwen, Kara, and Sara already wait outside of the farm. Harry walks over in the direction of Hailey who is looking towards him.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Hailey tells him. "For now."

The sense something is going to happen prickles into the back of Hailey's mind. She cannot shot the thought completely out of her mind. Harry walks over and pats her on the shoulder before turning his attention towards Sara, Gwen, and Kara. Jesse joins them a second later and the group makes a long walk to the caves.

From there, it was to the Fortress, and then it was through the portal to Earth Thirty-Eight. They are ready to see what life is going to bring them.

Alex Danvers tries to keep a straight face even though the presence of the DEO's newest recruit frustrates her. It was bound to happen eventually, Kara's growing powers put them into a position where she's going to go out and do something.

'Maybe it was too much to hope for it would be several more years before her powers bubble to the surface,' Alex tells herself.

The younger girl moves over to the older, kind of weary DEO agents. Alex tries to keep the sour look off of her face.

"I can't believe you worked at a place for this for so long," Kara tells. "To think you've been able to keep this secret from me for...how long was it again? About three years or so."

Alex racks her brain and nods. It seems to be a pretty good estimate for the time she's at the DEO. And it feels like an entire lifetime ago. Then again, as Alex reminds herself, the time during the DEO, she's a very different person. If her family knew the sudden change in her, from the wild party-girl to the more down to earth person, they only approve of it.

If her mother only knew what Alex has been doing, well maybe there would not be that much approval. However, what her mother does not know, would not get Alex in trouble.

"Yeah, three years, give or take," Alex comments.

"You've changed, I didn't notice," Kara answers.

"To be fair, you were a bit wrapped up in your studies," Alex tells her. "Much more important
things to do than to worry about what your older sister has been up to."

One could sense Kara potentially forming an argument that worrying about what her older sister was up to was the most important thing out there. Alex appreciates Kara's concern, but she needs Kara focusing on what's going to happen.

"We can't avoid you wanting to go out there. And I've talked to my bosses up top, and they agree, it's better for you to be here and learn how to use your powers in a responsible way. Than be out there on your own, being freelance and rogue and potentially jeopardizing DEO missions."

There were enough freelance vigilantes out there for Alex's liking. The newest one was a one in the hood who disappears and appears in a blast of fire. They were being called the dragon. Alex is not sure if it's a man or a woman going around. Whoever it is, they are very dangerous.

"I can't wait to get out there and save the world!"

Kara almost knocks over a model which is set out on the table. To be fair, they really should do a better job in clearing that up. Alex reaches over and stops Kara from making a further spectacle of herself.

"Whoa, slow down there, tigress. First before you learn to run, you have to learn to walk. And to learn how to walk…..."

Kara takes in a deep breath and cuts off Alex.

"Okay, look, I'm sorry. It's just that, well, my sister's a bad ass secret agent, and I want to be a part of that action. Is that really too much to ask about?"

Alex tries not to break out into a smile from her sister giving her ego a nice little pump up. She moves Kara over to an area where there was a lot more room and a lot more damage.

"Things have been pretty quiet," Alex answers.

"So, that's good?" Kara asks.

"Well, in theory," Alex answers.

She remembers herself of one of the cardinal rules of being a super-secret government agent. Quiet does not always mean a good thing. If something was quiet, it means someone is planning. Alex hopes to impart this wisdom on her sister soon enough. It's just that right now, Alex has little desire to upset Kara and more importantly to rock the bubble.

The blinking lights start kicking up around them and there's a bleeping sound. Alex stands up rigid and Kara notices her sister's body movements.

"So, I'm guessing that's not a good thing?" Kara offers.

"No, it's not a good thing," Alex confirms with a very evident sigh going through her body.

Alex walks over towards the edge and peers out. The acting director of the DEO submerges herself in the shadows and raise.

"A warp has opened up," one of the scientists says. "There's unfriendlies coming through it. One of them is moving very fast."

Kara stands up straight. "Well this looks like a job for…well me."
"No!" Alex yells.

Kara turns to Alex with a look of utter surprise on her face. A second passes before Alex shakes her head.

"I mean it's too soon for you to go out. We don't know what we're going against. They could have anti-Kryptonian weapons. Those are pretty abundant thanks to....."

Kara sobers up just in time to realize her sister is likely looking out for her best interests. For better or for worse, Kara waits for more information. She is very curious as to who decides to enter this dimension at this particular time.

The portal brings them into Earth Thirty-Eight. Harry leads the way, with Kara, Sara, and Gwen stepping out of it. Jesse makes her way a little bit more behind them. She looks up and down the streets.

"So, where about is the other half of the statue?" Jesse asks.

Harry lifts the half of the statue he has. It glows orange with a few waves of light pointing outwards. The statue rumbles in Harry's hands.

"That's incredible," Sara remarks. "It's almost like it's trying finding a way to...."

"Return to its other half?" Kara asks.

Harry shoves the statue back into the back. If he reads things right and there's no reason to see why Harry cannot read things right, the statue is pointing about Northeast to here. He spends the next couple of seconds standing out.

"Back," Gwen hisses.

Her danger sense kicks in and the entire party steps back. A helicopter combs the area. The dark streets shine in a spotlight when the helicopter moves around. A jeep comes over across the ground with all five of them holding in their breaths.

"Looks like our arrival could have been a bit less...."

Harry holds up a hand and realizes there's a sixth party in this alleyway. And this person is running very fast. Harry knows it's a calculated method to separate him for the rest of the group. At another time, Harry might have fallen for such a trick. These days he's more measured and more calculated with what he has to do. Harry looks down the alleyway at the mysterious individual.

A blast of light erupts from the alleyway and several flaming knives fire. Jesse and Kara dart around to catch all of the knives at super speed. The ground shakes and causes several rocks to jut out of the ground. Sara and Gwen use their acrobatic abilities to block it.

Harry follows the pattern of magic through the air and punches through it. A figure, invisible at first, flickers out of the surface. Harry drives her up onto the roof and causes her to crash down onto it.

The figure dresses in dark-green attire with a pair of haunting green eyes just visible outside of a full face mask. She retracts a blade and rushes towards Harry. The blade shoots into flames.

Harry retracts the blade on his own and blocks the woman's attack. Both grunt when pushing back
against each other. Harry slams his shoulder deep into the ribs of the attacker and drops her down onto the ground. She jumps all the way back up.

"I'll cut that medallion off of your neck, you fraud!"

It takes Harry only a second more to realize his attacker wears a Dragon medallion of her own around her neck. Harry dodges the flaming dagger coming to him.

"Who are you?"

Harry watches her disappear into green flames. He notices the figure drop around Harry. Three arrows come out. Harry blocks them all with ease and then bombards her with a beam of energy. The figure launches off of the ground and flips down onto the ground.

A couple of breaths forces the second attacker to drop down to the ground. Harry moves over. The figure grabs Harry's neck by her legs and flips him to the ground. Harry turns out in the attack.

Jesse runs up the building to attack the attacker. The attacker dodges the attack, spins around and catches Jesse with a vicious roundhouse punch to the back of the head.

"You can't stop all of us."

Gwen, Sara, and Kara surround this second warrior from all sides. She looks like trying would be a good option. Fortunately, better judgement gets the better of this person. The attacker extends her neck down and then falls off of the roof with a deep breath.

Right before she hits the ground, a puff of green smoke appears in the distance and the Dragon vanishes off into the night and into the embers.

"What the hell?" Sara asks.

"There's a Dragon on this Earth."

A second passes before footsteps are heard from above. Some of the government agents make their way up the fire escape of the building. Harry leans down, helps Jesse up, and the party makes themselves scarce.

The only thing the government agents come across are some busted daggers, a scorched rooftop, and an entire mess of unanswered questions. None of the government agents have any idea.

"We lost them."

The mysterious woman in green stands on a rooftop and seethes in unmistakable fury. She cannot believe some imposter tries to come here. And if he targets her Earth, than there are going to be some problems. She won't let it happen.

The DEO interrupts their little meeting, and they are beginning to be a problem. The only reason why she does not strike them all down where they stand is because they do serve some purposes. The figure throws her head back and rushes to the edge of the rooftop.

She jumps down from a higher rooftop and lands on a lower one. The figure keeps running until reaching the edge of a window. The window flings open and the figure drops down. She moves down into a temple. Several pictures line the walls of memories which she would like to avoid.

The figure flings her hood down to reveal a sixteen-year-old girl with an angry glare in her eyes. A
lightning bolt scar lines her forehead and her green eyes just burn with fury.

She would get to the bottom of this and he would pay.

To Be Continued on January 15th, 2018.
Chapter 82

Chapter Eighty Two: Nightwing and Flamebird.

One thing always throws Harry Potter off even though there's a constant reminder in the back of his head. Surprises, and the unexpected always results in some frustration and some problems for Harry. And this problem was one of the biggest ones.

Harry steps into a hotel room his group borrows to wait out. A few well-placed hand waves put them underneath. Harry leans back against the curtain. Jesse paces back and forth across the room. Gwen, Kara, and Sara offer a more reaction. Kara bounces off and grabs Jesse by the elbow which stops her short. Jesse takes in a huge breath and turns her attention back to Kara and then goes back around.

"Sorry," Jesse murmurs. "It's just...there's a second Dragon."

"Yeah, that shouldn't be as big of a shock as it is."

Sara raises her eyebrow at Harry. Was he just shaking off the shock for reasons unknown to him? Or were there other reasons? Sara chances a glance outside and then back to Harry.

"It makes sense, "Gwen concedes. "There's a vast multiverse full of possibilities. Therefore, there's likely to be a second dragon. The question is, do you think she can track us here?"

"I think she only found us because we teleported into this universe," Harry explains. "It's the same reason why they found us."

Harry's finger extends outside. The helicopter circles around the area three times. Sara, Gwen, Jesse, and Kara all hold their breaths as the helicopter passes.

"It won't find us," Harry informs them.

"Is she going to find us?" Gwen asks him.

Harry does not answer. He puts down the crystal containing Indigo on the table. A couple of presses inside of the crystal sends Indigo's three-dimensional form in front of Harry.

"What are we dealing with?" Harry asks her.

"I've managed to interface with their system. They are part of an organization called the Department of Extra Ordinary Affairs or the DEO for short. They are your usual government agency. Over the years, alien activity has grown on this Earth. And when you came through the portal, they registered you as some kind of alien activity. They have lost the trail for now."

Harry nods in Indigo's response. They must have some pretty high-tech sensors if they were caught teleporting in. Then again, magic is not the way they get in. They rather get in through the alien portal inside of the Fortress.

"Now what?" Gwen asks.

Harry rears his head back and brushes a strand of hair back. He ponders a couple of small ideas and then comes back around. "It's very simple. We're heading to the DEO. We're going to make sure
we're on the same page."

Kara almost rocks her head back. Jesse stops and sits down on the bed. She adopts the classic pose of a thinker for a couple of seconds.

"You're kidding, right?" Jesse asks. The other girls flash her smiles and shake their heads. "Of course he's not kidding. Why wouldn't he be kidding? I mean, he wouldn't be the type person to kid about something like this. He has a straight no-kidding policy when it comes to something this serious and….""}

Sara claps a hand over Jesse's mouth to stop her from saying anything more. Gwen bounces up and looks out into the city. Things are quiet and right now there's no danger sense coming off. It still does not do anything to stop the goosebumps popping over Gwen's arm. Quiet is a pretty good descriptor and there's such a thing as being too quiet.

Harry's medallion blinks red and then turns green. The medallion hisses angrily which causes the girls to jump. Harry frowns and cups the item in his head. Four sets of blinking eyes stare at the man in front of him.

"So, is it supposed to do that?" Kara asks him. Harry wordlessly shakes his head and Kara sighs. "Yeah, I thought about as much."

Legs cross together, Harry levitates and floats in mid-air. He rolls back his shoulders with a very slight hum coming through his body. The medallion stops glowing even though an occasion hiss emits from it. It only takes Harry a few seconds to realize what the hell is happening.

"There's a conflict," Harry remarks. "And she's trying to use the medallion to find us. Which is why the medallion is hissing. She thinks it's a counterfeit."

"And that's causing some kind of reaction," Sara replies. "I don't suppose that there's any way why you can't turn it around."

Kara shakes her head. "No, I don't think so. If her medallion is the real deal on this Earth, then it will give her the same warning when we try and track her."

"We should focus on the one thing we are able to track," Indigo tells them. "I've tracked the DEO transport vehicle towards it secret underground facility. Their security is solid, but easy to crack if you have a steady hand and you know what you're doing."

"And you know what you're doing."

If it was capable for a machine to feel smug emotions, Indigo would have exhibited those right now. Naturally she knew, and they were off to the races.

The DEO moves around the area. Several of the people who were on the mission returned. Alex Danvers steps through the doorway as well. Frustration brims through her body when walking down the hallway. She feels like she's so close and yet so far to grabbing the person she needs to grab. Yet, this person slips through her fingers.

Kara sits on a chair and drinks a cup of coffee. She half-looks at the screen on the other side where they are tracking some kind of movement only to see that movement disappearing in a very slight flicker.

"So, any luck?" Kara asks.
Alex shakes her head and sighs. "No. I have a feeling we were right on top of them at one time. But, they're pretty damn slippery."

"Maybe they aren't here to cause trouble," Kara answers.

"Well, we don't one hundred percent know that for sure," Alex replies a few seconds later with a rolling back of her neck. "They haven't done anything yet. But the fact that they have dropped by is impressive."

"It's even more impressive that the DEO was able to catch us in the act. Then again, you guys are the best of what you do."

Alex almost jumps halfway up a couple of seconds later. She points the laser blaster at the figure standing in the hallway. He's very tall, with messy black hair, and green eyes which shine brightly. Alex finds herself getting lost in them momentarily before pulling away from them with a couple of deep breaths. She turns her neck back with a frustrated groan.

He is not alone, and he stands with a brunette wearing a skin-tight red suit which every bit of fabric clings to her body. Then there's a tall blonde wearing an equally skin tight suit with a combination of red and blue, with a little bit of white on it. What draws Alex's attention is the symbol on her shoulder. It's the famous "S", the symbol of the House of El here on Earth.

The DEO agents join them and they all point their weapons.

"How did you get in here?" one of the agent asks.

"Through a blindspot in your security," the tall blonde comments with a smile and a shake of her head. "You really should knock some of those out."

The DEO agents point their weapons only to realize they were now levitating out of their hands and into the air. Harry causes the weapons to circle around the air one time over their heads before they drop back down into their hands. A smile crosses his face.

"I could have just as easily beaten you about the head with the weapons."

"He could have."

The younger Danvers sister sits back. The tall blonde eyes her with some kind of interest.

"So, you must be Supergirl," she says with a smile. "Cute…my name is Kara….Kara Zor-El."

This causes the younger Danvers sister to wonder what the hell is going on. It clicks in her mind. It is so obvious that there needs to be no real explanation. They are from some kind of alternate universe.

"And we do not come to harm the DEO," the man tells him. "My name is Harry Potter and this is Jesse Wells…and we are here because we are searching for something important that is left on your Earth."

Alex wonders why they would be here. The other DEO agents stand with their fingers on the trigger. She has a feeling that any shot they would make would not even work. It's just one of those hunches she has, with something stirring in the back of her mind.

Then, she notices something on Harry's neck which causes Alex suspicion. It's a medallion and it's a medallion which is just like hers. Alex grows very suspicious by the look on her neck.
"Wait, another Nightwing?" Kara asks piping up. "Alex...you should stand down...the rest of you stand down...he could...well I don't want anything to happen. We're sorry though, we're truly sorry."

Kara rises to her feet and takes Harry's hand before kissing him on the knuckle. The older Kara and Jesse look rather amused at her actions. Jesse ducks her head for a second before coming up for air and shaking her head.

"You didn't know. We want to meet with the DEO's Director...."

Alex holds her hand out. "Well, the Acting Director is currently in a meeting and our current Director is...well he's away at the moment. I'm not sure what he's up to. But, I think that I could arrange a meeting with the Acting Director."

While Harry, Jesse, and Kara are at the DEO, Sara and Gwen hit the streets. They are searching for the second Dragon and more importantly, they are searching for any lead on the Phoenix statue. Gwen throws her head back and sighs before she scales a building on one end.

They have a general fix on the Phoenix Medallion. But, they cannot pinpoint the exact location of this very powerful magical artifact. It's kind of weird in that way, at least it's about as weird as Gwen figures. She starts climbing on the ceiling and taking a couple of deep breaths before dropping down into the alleyway off to the side. Gwen turns her head and snaps it back.

"Any luck on your end?"

Sara comes back around the corner a second later. Gwen answers with a shake of her head. The two girls feel like they are running around for circles.

Suddenly, a figure wearing a trenchcoat runs past them. He is in a hurry and clears a fence next to them in no time. Gwen and Sara follow his progress before they turn back around and face each other.

"So, did that guy look a little shifty to you?" Sara asks.

Gwen nods and shoots a line of webbing before circling around the gentleman. Perhaps this one was a little bit out of their way, just a tiny bit out of their way. However, Gwen feels it could be worth something. At least that's what she assumes.

Sara and Gwen chase this gentleman around the corner. He moves pretty quickly for a larger gentleman. He's not losing his wind at all.

"Go to the left."

Gwen answers Sara's statement with a nod and does as the girl questions. She makes her way around the corner and slips through the gate. The gentlemen keeps running. He almost trips over a rise in the pavement and this puts him in perfect position for Gwen to come in after him.

She fires a line of webbing at the man's ankle and causes him to snap down onto the ground. The man struggles to free himself.

Sara comes in from the other end and catches him with a flowing punch to the side of the head. This drops him to the knee and causes him to scream out in agony and frustration. He takes a couple of swipes at Sara. Sara grabs his arm and rolls him to the ground.
Now holding the man in a modified armbar, Sara leans down to him. Gwen stands over to watch her by the side in case things get a little bit rough.

"You're going to tell us what you know," Sara tells him.

The man starts screaming in tongues and also a wide variety of different alien languages. He turns and attempts to break free until Sara tackles him down to the ground one more time.

"I know you can understand me," Sara whispers. "This is going to be a lot easier for you if you just tell us."

"Trouble!" he manages with spit flying out of his mouth. "There's trouble…there's lots of trouble…they…attack…attack!"

The man again tries to break way. This time, Sara knocks him out and then drags him inside of the warehouse which he attempts to enter. Sara frowns and makes her way further into the warehouse. They move and notice a large black box on the ground. And several boxes line the wall.

"And we've just hit the jackpot," Gwen murmurs in surprise.

Sara concedes with Gwen's statement. They run into walls upon walls of alien weapons lining up as far as the eye can see. Sara removes a blaster from the box. It looks to be able to pack a pretty huge punch from what Sara can see.

"Was he trying to get his hands on some of these weapons?" Sara asks more to herself than others.

Gwen shifts over where several large metallic egg like devices lie in the box. They are of various sizes and also they look pretty dangerous in their own ways. She knows whoever has weapons like this do not have the very best intentions in mind. Gwen shifts her finger back to the medallion and looks around. No danger sense is a good thing right now especially when surrounded by enough weapons.

"How did they do this? How did they put out these many weapons?" Gwen asks with a turn of her neck and a long sigh to follow.

One sees the shrug coming out of Sara. One person's guess is as good as the next. Sara walks over to the crate and sees an invoice list. It is written in some kind of strange language basing upon the weird squiggles. Or some four year old scrawls it, but Sara is pretty much thinking that the alien language is a pretty good descriptor. She frowns when looking it over.

"So, what do you think?"

"I think we have trouble."

Gwen walks down and looks on the writing on the side of the box. She tries to hold the medallion out. The light flashes across the box and then pulls back.

'Harry, we have a situation,' Gwen projects to him.

'What kind of situation?' Harry asks them.

'Well, Sara and I came across some kind of shady looking fellow. We chased him and he lead us to a storing house of alien weapons. There's enough technology here to take down a large city and have enough over for some of the suburbs. And the alien writing on the box, it translates into Black Zero.'
'If it's anything like it is on my Krypton, that's some bad news,' Kara frantically thinks.

'And they're building something,' Gwen tells them. 'It almost appears to be some kind of gateway between two worlds.'

'Secure it,' Kara thinks to them. 'Even though it's a failed project, most likely, I'm not going to take any chances.'

The Dragon of Earth Thirty-Eight follows a lead. Her attempts to find the imposter have come up empty handed. This frustrates her, but unfortunately, there are some other problems that she has to deal with. And hopefully, these problems will have to be dealt with in due time.

The figure's green eyes narrow underneath the hood. Someone comes around and it's not a very welcoming presence. A very severe dark-haired gentlemen along with two guards step into the picture. The Dragon prepares herself for some kind of battle.

"Non," she remarks coldly. "What do you want?"

"General Astra wishes to see you," he coldly replies.

This particular statement causes Alia to raise an eyebrow and approach Non and his guards. Her eyes sweep over them. Skilled as they may be, Alia holds no delusions about their abilities to match her. And they step back when she looks upon them.

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I don't follow orders from anyone. And if you use that tone on me one more time, I will rip out your voice box. I think you'd be much improved if you cannot speak."

Non's eyes narrow in the face of what he perceives to be a very disobedient child. "You still don't get it. You would have lingered in the Phantom Zone to rot, Alia Dru-Zod."

Those eyes of the Dragon just narrow at Non. If looks could kill, Non would most certainly have been one with the ground right now.

"And if it wasn't for the General, you would be rotting in the Phantom Zone alongside my father. Its funny how we have that in common where we owe her our lives. And you can rest assure that's the only thing that we have in common."

She takes down the guards with ease. They drop on their hands and knees. This is a pretty fitting space for the useless vermin they were. Non eyes her up and prepares for a fight.

"I actually have some information you might find interesting and also a little bit unsettling."

Despite his distaste for the girl, Non's curiosity heightens and he looks her directly in the eye. He invites her to continue with a wave of his hand.

"We're not the only Kryptonians who survived on Earth. Well, us, my darling cousin, and the scion of Jor-El. There are others that have managed to escape from captivity. Makes you think that being a Kryptonian survivor is not really the exclusive club that it used to be. Wouldn't you agree?"

Non fails to rise to the bait. He leans in to talk to her.

"Is there are point?" Non asks.

"Members of the group known as Black Zero are here on Earth and plotting to take down
everything Astra and I have achieved. I believe you're familiar to them. When you were licking Zod's boots, you fought them."

"That's a very serious accusation you're making."

"Oh?" Alia asks. "The fact that you were once Zod's underling is not exactly uncommon knowledge. And he loved to see those in his control kneel before him. And you're the type who would without any question."

"I mean about Black Zero!"

"Oh, that?" Alia asks before handing the information to him. "Return to Astra and tell her that if she wants to talk to me, she can talk to me myself. And give her this."

"I'm not your……"

Alia holds up a glowing red orb in her hand and Non steps back for a second. He nods and falls back into line the second that she holds this power over him. The power to take his powers away and to severely humiliate him in front of the men who are just waking up.

"And tell her that the next underling who comes to me is coming back in pieces," Alia tells him. "Shame marriage husband or not."

Non hastens to leave along with his two men. She would have her moment of triumph. It would not last once Non finds a way to take her down.

"He thinks he'll have the underhand against me someday," Alia remarks. "He's sorely mistaken."

Stumbling upon evidence of Black Zero amazes Alia, but at the same time, she cannot forget the real reason why she's out here on the hunt. The Dragon Medallion flashes a couple of weird colors. It's almost like she cannot trace this counterfeit dragon.

Alia squashes the thought this Dragon might be the real deal because there can only be one.

Kara finds herself in the presence of some very amazing people. She tries not to geek out, especially if that Kara Zor-El, and Harry Potter, were not the reincarnations of the fabled Flamebird and Nightwing. Her aunt, in much better times, told her the stories of them. Kara frowns.

The doors open and Kara, Kara, Harry, and Jesse all turn around. Alex returns and she's not alone. She walks in with a professionally dressed woman with blonde hair and blue eyes. She's fairly attractive, even though she wears a stoic look. Harry tells from one look at her that she's very stressed, and Harry sees it as someone receives a lot of work in a short amount of time. Along as if circumstances dump them on her lap.

"Sorry that it took so long. With Director Henshaw on his unplanned sabbatical, it's really hard to get everything in order….I'm Cameron Chase, the Acting Director of the DEO…and you must be the visitor who gave me agents so much trouble."

Harry shakes hands with the woman and pulls back with a smile.

"I am," Harry informs her with a small smile. "And I was wondering what you knew about this."

He pulls out a small statue and places it on the desk. Cameron frowns with her eyes following the
"I've seen it before," she tells him. "Well half of it before and this half is different. It's guarded by a small group of cultists who swear that it's a harbinger of the one who will stop the destruction of many worlds. They are peaceful, if you leave the be."

"Well, I have half and they have half," Harry tells them. "And just one more question. Do you know anything about a group called Black Zero?"

This causes Kara Danvers to perform the most audible and obvious cringe possible.

"I do."

Harry smiles at her. "I'm listening."

To Be Continued on January 17th, 2018.
Chapter Eighty-Three: Black Zero Strikes:

Kara, Jesse, and Harry are in similar agreement to the DEO agents. This younger woman, Agent Kara Danvers they learn from Indigo's dive into the DEO followers, stands off to the side. Her hands throw to the side of her waist and there's a very evident sigh coming through her body.

"I'm going to throw a wild guess," Jesse cuts in. "And I'm going to give a guess that this Black Zero people are some very bad news."

The younger Kara throws her hands into the air and nods somberly. This results in Alex and several other DEO members turning their attention towards her. Acting Director Chase locks eyes on Kara for a good ten seconds before pulling away from her.

"Exactly how dangerous are we looking at, Agent Danvers?"

"Oh, your usual blood purists who are bent in wiping out anyone who they don't consider good enough."

It was here where Harry lets out the groan to end all groans. He has about had it with blood purists, and people who thought their ideology was the correct one to follow. Outside of that evident groan, Harry remains rather calm and stoic. He extends a finger and invites Kara to continue which she does.

"Kryptonians, for the most part, are willing to leave well enough alone," Kara Danvers explains. "However, there is a small group of extreme Kryptonians who wish to exert their dominance. They think that we should show aggression and who why we the strongest. And those are not willing to exhibit these behaviors and who are weak and unwilling to search, are Kryptonian. They want our race to remain pure and strong, with only the strongest soldiers being bred to expand our territory."

"Well, don't they know they will eventually breed themselves out of existence?" Jesse asks. "Because, it eventually becomes an ideological purity test. Where there's a small extreme minority judges the group as a whole of being unfit. And eventually, a small minority of that minority eventually turns on the rest of the group because they do not serve those same standards. And the cycle goes until the entire group eats itself."

"Unfortunately, they caused destruction for all of Krypton. And if even a few of them survived, and if they had their hands on alien weapons, then this Earth is...well we're in a lot of trouble."

Kara lets out her breath in a heaving sigh. Harry places a gentle hand on her shoulder something which she respects. The older Kara puts a hand on Kara's right shoulder and makes her stand up straight.

"I'm guessing their response to take care of planets they didn't like was to blow them up," the older Kara tells the younger one.

"Yeah, that's putting it mildly." Kara remarks. "And they don't care that much for those who were born through the natural method. They feel it contaminates the purity of Krypton and it's mastery as a race."

"So in other words, Space Nazis," Alex groans.
That term might have been thrown around a bit too liberally these days for Alex's liking, but she has to call a spade a space and more importantly she has to call a Nazi a Nazi. Harry picks out a portable computer and flashes the image Gwen sends them of the warehouse.

"Those are weapons from the truck that went missing," one of the DEO agents gasps.

"Well, it's not missing anymore," Alex informs them. "And we should assume that Black Zero has more than that."

"What worries me is the portal."

Everyone turns around to lock eyes with the elder Kara. The younger one looks at her alternate counterpart and nods in response. She moves back and closely studies the images which come in. Kara bites back on her tongue and frowns. There's a lot of variables to consider and she would not be clear exactly where to begin. Or if there is even a spot where they begin.

"It's a prototype," she concludes. "Base off an interstellar gateway that my mother wanted to create. It was supposed to bring peace."

"But, it brings war," Harry answers. "That's always the problem."

Unfortunately, that was the problem with many great achievements. In the right hands, they bring good things. In the wrong hands, they are going to bring bad things.

"There must be other members out there," Harry concludes. "She's trying to find them. She has to be."

"Or she's using the portal as a way to transport weapons into major cities," Alex grimly concludes.

They had very few leads to work on, unfortunately, and in case they were able to gather some crucial information, they were just running around in circles. Harry turns his attention to Alex, Kara, and the small group of DEO agents.

"I can take you to the warehouse," Harry answers.

"Technically, there's protocol we have to follow," Alex responds.

"Yeah, likely," Harry agrees with her with a smile. "But, seriously, are you going to worry about procedure when there's a group of alien terrorists who would blow you up before looking at you crosseyed?"

Acting Director Chase jumps into the conversation. "Go with Mr. Potter, Agent Danvers and Agent Danvers. And radio me if you run into any problems. Do not engage any aliens if you can help it….and yes, Mr. Potter, I know there are times where you can't help it."

Alia Dru-Zod thinks she's making good time. Of course, as she hates to admit, she would be making some pretty much better time if she was not being followed. There's a few little problems, namely Non and his followers.

He's persistent, Alia will give them that. And she would like nothing better than to hurl Non straight into a black hole if she's perfectly honest. Regardless, Alia shakes off her thoughts and steps outside of the gates after giving Non and his goons the slip.

The city shines brightly. Alia's medallion allows her to step inside with little resistance. Or at least
without any overt resistance, with there being a sentence there's something dangerous happening around here. Alia treads lightly and brushes her feet down upon the ground. Her heart hammers a couple of steady beats the closer she walks down the trail into position.

'Yeah, there's trouble.'

Exactly how much trouble there was, Alia did not know. She moves forward past the gilded gates. Several markings on the wall resembling the Phoenix, flicker. She holds up the Dragon Medallion and then closes the distance to five pedestals which line the wall on many sides.

"Come before me," Alia calls. "I seek an audience."

Five puffs of red mist emit from the pedestals. Five figures dressing in red robes with the yellow Phoenix emblem appear on the pedestals. The hoods cover their face.

"Great guardians of the statue, I beg of you. There is a dark force who seeks to grab this statue."

The lead guardian drops down to the ground. She removes the hood with one fluid motion and reveals her attractive face. Blonde curls jut out from all angles from where she stands. Those piercing blue eyes burn some kind of fire. Her sisters, all of them who look identical, drop the hoods at the same time. The leader, or so Alia assumes, approaches you.

"You think you have the ultimate claim over this half of the Phoenix statue?"

Alia shifts and holds up the medallion as if it meant something. The woman across from her gives the forty yard stare and just smiles before patting her on the shoulder.

"You have no idea how little this means. There are certain mysteries in the multiverse. There are mysteries which you have yet to unravel during your time here."

"We are here to protect the statue for the Chosen One," another one of the quintuplets state.

"And I'm not the Chosen One?" Alia demands.

"You are a Chosen One," the leader of the group comments to her. "But, whether or not you are the Chosen One, the one who has the right to lift this statue from the temple remains to be seen. We are not convinced due to the multiverse holding many secrets. And you may find your key to finding your universe's Phoenix Medallion may be elsewhere and it may not be this one that you seek."

"I deserve that statue," Alia answers.

"Then, why don't you take it?"

That armor piercing question causes Alia to briefly flinch. Jets of fire shoot out from the other side. She carefully approaches the statue off to the side. Those glowing eyes only stare her down.

"We only do what is necessary. We will give the statue to the Chosen One, but only when he or she approaches."

"There is an imposter here," Alia answers.

"If this person is an imposter, then they will be destroyed," the leader tells them. "But, what if this so called imposter is the real deal, then what?"

Alia refuses to entertain this possibility despite it staring her down in the face. Five identical smiles
come down on her. These girls always give her some unsettling feeling that something is up.

"We are here to protect the statue for the Chosen One. It's what the White Queen has told us. And what mother wants, mother gets."

They all speak in unison and that always serves to bring the creep factor up to twelve by Alia. She eyes the Phoenix Statue. It splits in half, but Alia's confident she can find the other half in the statue.

"You may hold that medallion, but are the Dragon. The one which will deliver us from evil. Or are the demons in your mind too strong?"

"I will prove myself worthy," Alia coldly states.

"Show, but do not tell us then."

X

The DEO, with Harry's assistant, secured the Black Zero facility. After that point, Harry joins Sara and Kara for a little side trip to the area where the cultists were.

"Maybe there's...maybe there's nothing to this," Sara answers. "But, there's...something off about this place."

Harry throws his hands back and zeroes in on the strange magic in the air. There's most certainly a pulse or two of strange, chaotic energy which draws Harry into the area. And he feels something. The half of the Phoenix Statue comes out of his hand.

"It's here."

The statue jerks from Harry's hand in an attempt to rejoin the master half of the statue. Harry clutches it tight to prevent it from running off. The statue rattles over Harry's hand and hisses. He pulls it back and then the party makes their way further into the village.

Sara stops short, as does Kara. Both of them stand back for a couple of seconds. Kara puts an ear out and they agree on one thing. Trouble is looming. They all guard themselves for any kind of attack with something making their way around the corner.

"We better span out and search the area. They could be around there."

"I don't like this, Non. This place...I don't like it. There's just something wrong. Why did she go here of all places?"

Harry raises an eyebrow. There's a part of three gentlemen making their way here and Harry figures there might be more along the way. Sara and Kara follow Harry's lead and they all realize the same thing. They could take these men out pretty easily, with no time to spare.

The first gentlemen drops down to the ground with a flying kick to the side of the head. He drops down to the ground and Kara drags him into the shadows.

Sara moves over and catches the other one with a couple of kicks to the back of the head. The energy blast knocks him back down to the ground.

Non turns around to face a green eyed and dark haired gentlemen who wears the mark of the Dragon. He takes half of a step back.
"So, she sends one of her acolytes to fight me," Non murmurs. "I will take you down to send a message."

Harry chuckles. This man really thinks that Harry Potter answers to anyone. The sorcerer jumps high into the air and catches this Non with a huge punch to the head. Non flips head over heels and lands on the ground. He grunts when coming up to a standing position and swings a huge punch towards his adversary. Harry blocks the punch and rocks fire with a punch of his own.

A glowing blue dagger flies from Harry's hand. Non, to his credit, is adept enough not to stand there and take the dagger to the face. He flips down onto the ground and blasts heat vision at him. The heat vision connects with Harry's chest who keeps walking towards him.

"What are you?" Non asks.

A flash of green fire emits behind Non. Non takes a deep breath and swings his fist. Harry blocks both of the punches. He has a bit of fun but knocks Non hard into one of the statues.

Two more figures drop down to the ground. Reinforcements, which Harry makes quick work of them. One of them slams into the wall with tight cables wrapping around him. Another one receives a bombardment attack of red light form Harry's hand. Then Harry twists around and catches his opponent with a huge thumping attack down across the back of the head.

Non flies into the air, but he comes head along with another figure.

"My darling niece," Non growls. "Let me pass."

"No," Supergirl states.

Supergirl nails Non down onto the ground. Non tries to get out of the way, only to go up against another, taller, blonde woman, who resembles the Flamebird entity in many ways. The two, Supergirl and Flamebird prevent Non from escaping the area.

"Astra won't like this!" Non howls at the top of his lungs.

"I'll be the judge of what I don't like. And I warned you to leave this matter be."

Everyone looks skyward just in time for an attractive dark-haired woman in a black bodysuit to drop down onto the ground. Kara's eyes widen a fraction and her mouth drops. Her aunt appears. She spares Kara a small smile, but her eyes fall on the second girl and the gentleman with the Dragon medallion.

"Nightwing and Flamebird," Astra breaths. "Improbable."

"What?" Non asks. "They can't be....."

Astra's hand finds the side of Non's face. The crack of hand against flesh knocks Non down to the ground. Astra turns to the man her parents and the Council judged to be her best match and who was part of an arranged marriage for her. Her eyes lock onto Non who wipes a strand of blood from his mouth.

"Leave us. Now."

Non has no choice other than to obey his wife's words. He casts one of the darkest and most disgusted looks towards Nightwing and Flamebird before disappearing into the light.
"So, you are…you're not an imposter?"

Alia slips out of the shadows and faces off against him. She hates to admit it, but he does show a lot of power. Maybe even being more worthy to hold his medallion, then she is to hold hers. Not she would admit it out loud because that would set a pretty bad precedent.

"I'm the real deal," Harry informs her with a smile. "My name is Harry Potter."


The Potter name gives her cringes to hear, because it reminds her of those people who held back Alia's potential for all of those years. There were some explanations to be given on all sides, by the looks of things.

A very tired scientist snaps a couple of cables together. The Earth agents securing the portal earlier set them back a fair amount. The scientist takes a couple of deep breaths and tries not to lose himself in getting the portal together where it should be.

"Is it done?"

The scientist wipes a brow of sweat down her face. He's fully aware of the price of incompetence when dealing with these people. The dark-haired woman, beautiful and savage, both, stares down at the scientist with those eyes. She was once a brilliant scientist in her own right, and a very capable military leader. However, the council judging her methods to be Extreme landed her in the Phantom Zone.

It is easy to see how a trip into the Phantom Zone, no matter how minor, will be the catalyst to driving a person man. The scientist in question is very glad not to have been driven mad himself.

"Is it done?"

"Nearly!" the scientist manages.

This statement is a mistake. The woman reaches for him and grabs the scientist around the back of the neck. The oxygen burns out of his lungs. He hoists up off of the ground and she holds him steady. If he dies, then it might not be the worst thing possible. If he dies, then there could be a potential for salvation, at least in the back of this man's mind. The scientist hopes for something else, something which will not bring him problems.

"Nearly is not good enough. General Astra is hunting me down and…she will not be kind for my failure."

"She was never good enough," a male states.

Faora lets the scientist drop and she punches the male in the face. The male drops to the ground beneath Faora's feet.

"You will speak when you are spoken to, worm. Do you understand me?"

The man nods and the others back off rather fearful. A female member of the group, with a tentative smile on her face, approaches Faora.

"I think having the portal done is the best thing we need. To get the others."

Faora nods. The time in the Phantom Zone is what drives her mad, after feeling betrayal of the
entirely male council dropping her there. Not that they perform the order now. No, they allow their
minion, Alura In-Ze, to be the one to do so. Then again, from what Faora learns, they do the same
thing and make her do her dirty work.

Typical of Kryptonian men, some of them who Faora finds herself working with to further her
plans. They are only necessary because of the strength in numbers factor.

"Get back to work on the portal. No more stalling. We need to get the rest of black Zero. Earth is
the perfect Breeding Ground for new Krypton."

The scientist scrambles to his feet and wastes no time in getting to the portal. He breaths in a
couple of times and starts connecting the necessary components together.

"I'm here to offer a truce."

Faora turns and her eyes widen a fraction of an inch. The man who walks in her bold and brazen
has her attention just as much as her contempt.

Astra scarcely believes it. Everything she's heard, ever since she's a small child, it's all coming true.
Her attempts to save Krypton, were an attempt to stop the inevitable. The legend of the seven
medallion holders from a distant world, she remembers it by heart.

"I can't believe it," Alia says. "I always thought myself and my….mates would be the ones who
would be worthy of holding all of the medallions. The problem is…there's some difficulties in
finding the medallions…and I just feel like there's frustration for me. I can't…I can't find the
medallion or hold it or anything…and….."

"I might not be the one," Harry tells her. "Maybe…."

"You have six medallions, I only have this one," Alia remarks. "And I don't know if mine is as
powerful as yours. We never had a chance to hash that one out."

"Finally, he has arrived."

The five identical blonde girls float their way out of the temple. One of them holds up a neckless
which burns bright and green underneath her hand. A small crosses over the face of the young girl.

"Yes, finally, he has returned. Oh, Great One, it is an honor to see you here."

All five of them descend to their knees before the Dragon. Harry looks towards them. Both Karas
and Sara crack smiles in thinly disguised amusement.

"You may rise."

The five women rise to their fee before the master which they are in awe at. Astra smiles at the
power he commands and it would be wise to be on his side.

"We knew you were going to come for us. It is just a matter as to when…and we have been
keeping it for you until you have….."

"The statue," another sister continues for the first sister. "We will bring you to it and then you will
be able to unite the Phoenix Statue, and you will be one step closer to fulfilling the prophecy of the
Anti-Monitor and prevent this entity from crushing the entire Multiverse."

"Time runs short."
Harry has no idea what they refer to with this prophecy of the Anti-Monitor. The obvious question fades into the distance when a portal opens.

Astra and Alia enter the battle stance. Kara Danvers groans when turning to the portal. Sara, Harry, and Kara also prepare themselves for battle. Non and his followers step out of the portal.

"I told you to leave this matter," Astra tells Non.

"I always pick the winning side," Non comments.

Faora, and her Black Zero followers, step out of the portal to stand beside Non. The woman in questions stops short, her eyes placing firmly on Harry. She considers a possibility for a minute, but madness, anger, and bitterness refuses to acknowledge him past the point of being another male obstacle she has to stomp.

To Be Continued on January 19th, 2018.
Harry, Kara, and Sara all brace themselves. Astra turns her attention towards Faora. She crosses the room and comes face to face with the woman. Faora's arms fold over themselves and stares Astra straight in the eye. The battle of the wills kick off between both sides.

"You don't want to do this."

A Black Zero member fires a cheap shot attack at Astra. Astra blocks the attack and makes her enemy pay for it with a series of rapid fire jabs. Each jab knocks her enemy down. Two punches miss clipping Astra in the side of the head. Astra catches the hand and flips him down onto the ground. The goon drops down onto the ground and Astra dodges another attack.

Alia's eyes follow Faora's progress. She makes a beeline for the Phoenix Force statue. Alia rushes off to the other side and connects with a vicious kick to the side of Faora's head. Faora rolls over and misses Alia's attack. Alia and Faora walk around in the circle. One of Non's men makes a play for Alia. Alia catches the man around the neck and flips him down to the ground.

The impact of her foot connects to the face of the man. Faora rushes towards Alia. Both of them attack each other. The punches bounce off of each other. Alia crouches down to dodge another punch. Her kick comes precious inches from connecting to the side of Faora's head. Faora flips over down onto the ground and takes her down onto the ground.

Non pushes two of the heralds off to the side. He comes eye to eye with his niece. Non beams heat vision at Kara Danvers until the second older girl jumps down and catches Non with a huge kick to the back of the head. Non flips head over heels until he comes face to face with the Dragon!

"One side!" Non screams. "You're not going to get the better of me."

Harry raises an eyebrow. He's never come across Non before day. And somehow, Non appears to be angry about his presence. Harry blocks Non's punch and comes back with repeated punches to Non. Non flips over head over heels with Harry jumping high into the air and smashing his fist down onto the side of Non's head. Non almost slumps over and Harry catches him with a couple of punches.

Astra avoids a blast from one of the Black Zero goons. She circles around him with some kind of demented cyclone and hits a series of punches to the side of the head of the attacker. She keeps her eye on Faora.

Suddenly, a crimson blur comes in and catches Faora around the head. Jesse backs off and avoids a dagger coming close to catching her. She jumps into the air with her hands a blur and each punch connects to the side of Faora's head. Faora drops down to one knee. She waits for Jesse to come back around.

Kara pops in from the other end and catches Faora. Faora rolls over to her hands and blocks the attack from the medallion holder.

"If you dare stand with that pretender, than you are part of a problem!"

"Oh, I think you're confused to who truly is the partner," Kara answers. "You've aligned yourself
with a group who wants to wipe out everyone who they judge weak. And why? What reason could you have?"

Faora throws hands at Kara. Both of them trade attacks with Kara's punches coming close to clipping Faora in the side of the face. Three blurs surround Faora on all sides. She flicks her wrist and knocks the three down with a punch.

Non's mouth drips with blood. The Dragon throws a blast of fire between his fingers. Non rolls out of the way from another attack. He grabs Astra from behind and seconds later a knife places to his neck. This is just a minor inconvenience for Astra who slams her elbow into the side of Non's face before turning around and punching away at him.

"Your first mistake was hesitation."

Astra nails Non in the mouth and cracks him down across the chest. Non drops down to one knee and draws in a very huge breath. Astra connects with a huge kick to the side of the head.

"The second mistake was joining up with the losing team."

Another punch and Non slams hard into the ground. Every bone in his body rattles. Astra jumps high into the air and punches Non in his face as hard as possible. He slumps to the side like a rag doll. Astra rag-dolls Non down onto the ground.

Two of Non's soldiers move forward to help him out. Alia takes them out with one fellshot. They drop down to their knees with blood dripping from their mouths.

"I suggest the rest of you stand down."

Faora flips down onto the ground and comes face to face with the Dragon. All of the members of Black Zero drop around her. They are as incompetent as they were back on Krypton. Faora throws her hand at the green-eyed menace. He dodges it.

"You've been in the Phantom Zone for a very long time," Harry comments. "You're very sick."

"Don't tell me how I feel!"

Faora's heat vision comes close to connecting to him. Harry drops down onto her and takes her down. Faora scrambles away from him and then crawls on her hands and knees from behind. She makes one more play for the Phoenix Statue.

"You should stand down as well."

Those words from Astra only makes Faora blink and then she blasts off in one direction. The Older Kara and Jesse follows her, not wanting Faora to get away from them.

Faora's entire mind rattles as she rushes as fast as possible. Her muscles burn the faster she runs. The other two are right behind her.

Insanity, Faora suspects, cause her to nearly waver in the face of the dragon. The rest of her associates drop to the ground, and Faora will not bail them out.

One of them runs in front of her. Faora jumps up into the sky and lands on the edge of the rooftop. She sees the other one coming from the other end. Faora veers to the right and then drops down. She fakes hitting the ground and jumps back up off of the ground.
Faora sends a gust of wind through the air towards one of the flying figures. The figure navigates around the cold gusts of wind and comes to nailing Faora from behind. Faora catches the figure around the shoulder and throws her into the other running figure.

Jesse catches Kara and prevents her from hitting the ground. She props Kara back up and both of them keep rushing towards Faora. She kicks up speed and is almost outside of the city limits.

‘If she gets out into the county, we're doomed.’

Kara throws herself forward and moves closer to grabbing Faora. She slams hard into the woman. The two zip against each other, Faora swings her arm towards Kara and attempts to take her down. Kara dodges the sickening swipe of the knife blade coming inches away from connecting with her chest. Kara blocks the arm and then flips the woman down onto the ground.

The Woman of Steel flips down and drives Faora down onto the ground hard. Faora drops down onto one knee and shakes her head.

"No!"

Kara comes down around her. The speedster comes down from the other end. Faora thinks quickly and slams down onto the ground. A loud sonic vibration erupts from around the area of her hand. Faora shoots in and punches Kara in the stomach. Kara drops down to one knee and Faora hammers her with repeating punches to the side of the head. Faora throws her off to one side.

'Lure her about three blocks down,' Harry projects to both of the girls.

Jesse rushes towards Faora on the other end. Faora grabs the girl around the throat and throttles her. Jesse vibrates out of Faora’s grip. This allows Kara to come back in and punch Faora across the back of the head. Faora staggers about half of a step.

"Come on!"

Faora turns around and goes toe to toe with the other Kryptonian in the air. She shoots forward with a death blow intending to take her enemy out. Faora's two fingers extending out came inches away from connecting to the side of Kara's neck. Kara catches her enemy around the arm and flips her down onto the ground. The enemy lands down onto the ground.

Jesse tags Faora off to one side. Faora throws a hand at Jesse. Jesse dodges the punch and sticks her tongue out at Faora. Faora gives chase to the speedster.

The DEO positions themselves on one side. Faora passes through and suddenly, something trips up the woman. An energy field surrounds her.

"You think this will hold me?"

Faora punches the side of the field. Her rage increases when each punch reflects back at her. No matter how many times Faora strikes the field, everything just comes back at her. Faora rolls her arm back and connects with the field with a couple more punches.

"Actually, we do think it's going to hold you."

Harry pops around the corner with a smile on his face. Faora's eyes glaze over in thinly veiled rage and she charges towards the Dragon. Another blast of energy drops her to her knees.

"I'll get you all! Each and every one of you! I'll make you all pay! You're all going to suffer! Do
They all hear Faora as she's put down for the count. The energy of the field collapses around her and puts Faora down for a nice long sleep.

What seems like moments later, Faora wakes up in a containment cell in the DEO. She howls out in rage a few seconds later. Then she takes a couple of deep breaths and calms her nerves because that's the only thing to do in a situation like this. She needs to calm down, focus, figure out what the hell to do next. If there's anything to do next, then most certainly, Faora has to figure it out.

She paces from one end of the cage to the next. Faora's thought process makes her wonder if there's betrayal in the cards. Someone must have done so. It must have been Non. It's the only explanation which Faora finds logical.

"We want to know what your intentions are."

Faora comes eye to eye with one of the last people she wants to. That dragon medallion taunts her from the other side of the cell. Faora pushes her fingers against the cell and takes a deep breath.

"I don't have to tell you anything."

Harry, Alex, and Sara move into position. All three of them lock their eyes on the woman in the cell. The older Kara also moves in and takes a long look at Faora. Faora senses the power up close and personal. She knows what the woman is capable of thanks to having fought her up close and there's some level of respect there. Warriors respect warriors after all.

"You're not yourself," Kara tells her. "You were in the Phantom Zone for a long time. You've been twisted. And the venom running through your body makes you even more twisted."

This statement makes Alex stand up on the ground. "Venom, are you…"

"Yes, she's been poisoned," Kara explains. "I have the ability to remove it from her, if you just let me in the cell and let me do my work."

Faora stands up straight and punches the cell. This does her very little good as the cell's energy waves ripple out of the way. Faora punches against the cell several times. Her hand ripples against the cell with Faora pulling back and taking a deep breath.

"You're angry. You're upset. Let me help you."

Faora obviously wants very little help. Her eyes flood over and the anger only increases the longer Kara stands on the outside of the cell. She does not need help. Faora has not been blinded. She swears she's not been blinded to anything or anyone to be honest.

"Let me in the cell."

"I really shouldn't," Alex says.

Kara places a hand on Alex's shoulder. "Let me put it this way. Do you want a cooperative prisoner who will tell you all of what Black Zero's been up to? Or do you want a hostile prisoner who describes in detail all of the ways she wants to rip you apart and make you pay?"

Well, when you put it that way, Alex suspects Kara has a point. She hovers a hand over the cell and it flickers just enough to allow Kara inside.
Kara steps into the red solar lamps in the cell. Despite not having powers, Kara's under no delusions that Faora is anything other than generous. Kara holds the power of the medallion which will help her alleviate Faora's burden. There are any number of ways which Kara can extract the poison from her.

Faora stands up and punches at the woman in front of her. The woman blocks the hand, pushes Faora into the wall, and kisses her. The kiss is meant with some resistance at first. Kara eventually worms her tongue deep into Faora's mouth while drawing the poison out of it. She takes a long and deep breath.

The poison transfers and Kara's hyper-powered immunity starts burning through the poison. Faora blacks out and Kara staggers, a bit dazed and a bit confused. She almost falls back into the cell where Harry catches her and drags her.

"Just give me a moment," Kara breaths. "She'll...recover in a few hours."

Kara struggles with another breath as Sara and Harry help her into an adjacent room to rest. The three leaving, leaves Alex with the now unconscious prisoner.

"Guess I'm going to have to wait to interrogate her."

There's still a lot of things to do, like with Non and a few member of Black Zero slipping away during the confusion. Alex finds it difficult to believe that Alia and Astra let it happened. Then she realizes something, perhaps a second or so too late. They did allow it to happen.

Non slumps against the wall. His mouth still covers with bruises from the battle. The members of Black Zero crowd around a small stop pile of weapons.

"So, Nightwing lives," one of them declares.

Non puts his hand up a second or so later to stop the gentlemen from speaking.

"He won't live for too much longer."

There's a long pause between both sides. The members of Black Zero lose their leader and Non loses a few members of his troops. Both sides enter a similar position of frustration. One of them moves across the way and checks the crates in this warehouse.

"I don't believe it!" a terrorist yells. "Zar-Don, one of them is missing."

A rough faced scientist raises an eyebrows. The one known as Zar-Don moves in and grabs the nearest man by the throat. Quick to temper and rough to attack, the man lifts up off of the ground.

"How could you lose it? Don't you know how important is it to our plans going forward?"

"Please, I didn't....I didn't...there's no way....!"

A rustling sound comes from above their heads. Non stops short and turns his attention towards the figure coming down to the sky.

"No," Non growls.

Zar-Don's attempt snaps from Non. Seconds pass before the Daughter of Zod drops down to the ground.
"You lead them here…"

The accusation is the last thing to leave Zar-Don's lips when a large spear flies halfway across the room and sticks to his back. Two of his subordinates do not fare much better. They drop as soon as Alia reaches them. Her lightning fast attacks drop the members of Black Zero.

Non weighs his options and realizes fleeing is the best option. He charges towards the door only to come face to face with Astra.

"You are to honor me," Non tells him. "Those were the terms of our marriage agreement."

"Yes, I was to honor to you for as long as Krypton stands," Astra says. "And…well, there's a problem there."

Astra nails Non in the ribs with a huge uppercut punch. He drops down to his knees. Non produces a knife and lashes out towards his wife. The two struggle with each other with Non flipping Astra onto her back. Astra struggles and breaks free of the attack. Non gets back up just in time to run into Alia from the other side.

One more brutal attack takes Non down. He drops to his hands and knees where Astra honestly feels he belongs for the moment. He scrambles up to a standing position and Astra kicks him hard in the ribs.

"You should…you should listen!" a scientist yells. "They must have taken it! And they have no idea what damage it can cause."

Astra's interest roots upon the screaming scientist. She holds a hand out and grips the man's shoulder. A deep breath passes over the scientist's body when Astra holds him into position.

"What?" Astra asks. "What are you talking about?"

"The Javelin!" the scientist screams. "We managed to get our hands on one."

"Jax-Ur's folly," Astra says nodding in understanding. "You got your hands on one of those weapons."

"It was…well we thought that we could clear out a large chunk of humanity if we rewired the weapon. Unfortunately, when we tried to do so, it became very difficult. And thus, the weapon was lost, and now…we don't know where it is or who has it."

Astra renders the simpering scientist unconscious. Her husband's body drags down across the ground and Alia hurls it off onto a set of crates with the rest of them like a piece of garbage. Garbage she intends to dump back into the Phantom Zone when it's all said and done.

"Jax-Ur's Folly," Astra informs Alia. "You realize what it is, don't you?"

Alia nods grimly. It underlines how much work they have to do.

Harry waits outside of the room where Kara sleeps. She'll be just fine, as usual. The poison was almost exercised out of her body. Harry moves into the room and touches Kara's hand before passing the rest of the burden onto himself. Her hand flexes around his and then smiles before drifting back off to sleep.

Kara lets go of Harry's hand and allows him to move to the quarters off to the side. The sound of
shower running draws Harry's attention. The shower comes off and Jesse walks out of the shower, not even conscious of the fact she's not wearing a single stitch of clothing. She simply dries her hair off.

"You did good out there Jesse."

"Oh, I did, didn't I?" Jesse asks him with a smile when crossing the room. "Well, to be fair, if you didn't help set that trap up, we wouldn't be able to bait her into it."

"Well, it was a team effort."

Jesse walks over, her breasts bouncing when moving towards Harry. Harry smiles at the girl and he can tell by the way her eyes fall over his body, she's in the mood. Harry grabs her around the waist and pulls Jesse into his body. The two linger close to each other.

"She'll have information for us when she wakes up," Harry tells her. "But in the meantime....."

No need for any further prodding, Jesse attacks Harry's lips with a kiss. Her mouth attacks his body, being in several places at once at a super powerful speed. Those hands are running down Harry's back. Jesse grabs Harry's ass and squeezes it.

She makes quick work of Harry's clothes. Jesse's body is on fire and there's only one thing which will quell the thirst. And the feeling of her breasts pressing up against Harry's muscular chest sends tingles through Jesse's being.

Jesse's loins burn with lust when taking Harry's cock up and pumping up and down on it. The cock head rests between her thighs briefly. Harry wraps his arm around her and pulls Jesse in. He pulls away from her.

"Not yet," Harry growls in her ear.

Jesse shudders at the way she takes charge. Harry guides her back down onto the bed. Wet hair clings against Jesse's face. Harry pushes the locks away and then leans down before kissing her on the lips a couple of times. More kisses dance against the side of her head.

A full tour of Jesse's lovely body is taken. Every inch of it, canvased by Harry's very able tongue and lips. He moves down and kisses her belly button. Jesse shivers with this not entirely unwelcomed touch. Harry's hands stroke her thighs as they part. Each touch causes Jesse to jolt up off of the bed.

Harry shifts and they have full body on body contact with one and over. Jesse's leg daringly drapes over his. Harry kisses her.

"I need you inside me," Jesse says.

"Oh, I know," Harry tells her. "That tight little pussy must be burning up. You worked your fingers raw thinking about my nice, big, cock."

Jesse nods in response. She has been thinking about his cock and all of the number of ways it can fill her tight pussy. And now, his hands are all over her body and lighting Jesse up. Fire blasts through her loins, the only thing which can put it up is a hard cock. Harry rubs her pussy and then moves up to touch her breasts.

Harry feasts upon Jesse's perky breasts. She throws her head back and Harry's hands loop
underneath her back as she bridges off of the bed. A nice squeeze around Jesse's juicy ass makes her throw her hips all the way off of the bed. Harry touches his cock head against her opening and makes her cry out with thinly restraining lust. Harry pulls away from her.

"I want it!" Jesse yells.

Harry smiles and runs a finger down the side of Jesse's leg. The girl's toes curl and she pants in pleasure the closer Harry gets to her. Harry knows he has Jesse right where she should be. A second passes with Harry pushing his hard cock against her wet pussy lips. Jesse almost takes Harry deep inside of her wet pussy. Harry pulls out of her and then slides his cock just a couple of inches inside of her.

The moment Harry's big cock comes close to entering Jesse, it lights her loins on fire. She throws herself up off of the bed. Her hands take Harry's back and moan.

"Harry, fuck me!"

Harry just smiles and inches a little bit closer to Jesse. He pulls away from her and comes close to sliding inside of her tight body one more time. Jesse holds onto him.

Then, without another pause, Harry slides into her wet pussy. He holds Jesse's legs for leverage and pumps his cock into the young lady's accommodating pussy. He pulls out almost all the way and pushes into her. This ritual repeats several more times with Harry driving deeper and harder into Jesse on the bed.

Jesse's entire body explodes into pleasure. She's already being lead up to an orgasm. How, Jesse misses twelve inches of cock entering her body from above. Her midsection extends from Harry's cock driving deep inside of her. Those balls send little jolts down her body. And Harry stimulating other areas of her body.

"Harder, harder!"

"Slow down," Harry breaths.

Jesse pumps her hips up at super speed to try and keep Harry's cock deeper inside of her. He grabs her legs and pins her down onto the bed. He leans down and gives Jesse a rough kiss to the mouth to jolt her attention back where it should be. Jesse's nails dart to the back of Harry's neck and dig into it. The two make out on the bed before Harry slams into her body hard.

The first orgasm hits Jesse hard. The never ending rolling coaster ride of pleasure strikes Jesse just as much as Harry's cock buries inside of her tight pussy.

Harry pulls out of her with a tease and then, Jesse wraps her legs around Harry. She zips them to the end of the bed before dropping down onto Harry. Harry hangs off of the bed before Jesse mounts his cock. She drives herself down onto it.

"So, big!" Jesse moans when bouncing up and down. "Oh, how can anyone have a cock so nice. It feels good…it's the only thing that makes me feel good!

Harry enjoys the feeling of Jesse's beautiful thighs ascending and descending down around his waist. He holds her steady when she rides him. The velvety walls clamp down onto him and release him at an accelerating speed. This makes Harry's throbbing cock feel so good. His balls are about ready to lose it inside of her.

"Oh, damn, you're so hot," Harry groans.
Jesse blurs when riding on Harry. She bounces higher and faster with the friction increasing around Harry's cock. He holds her and makes sure she drops down onto him. Twelve inches of thick cock parts Jesse's warm thighs and then she releases him.

"Harry," Jesse mews at the top of her lungs. "Oh, fuck, Harry! That's the spot I need!"

Harry feels Jesse's orgasm coming on faster. And Harry's races to meet Jesse. He keeps driving into her body, his throbbing cock entering her tightening cunt. Harry pushes a bit deeper inside of.

"Oh, I can't believe how fucking wet you get."

Super speed gives someone a super libido. Jesse plays with her nipples and the friction from her super fast fingers makes them feel really good.

Jesse's entire body vibrates and shakes all over Harry's cock the deeper she pushes him inside of her tightening pussy. She's closer to losing it all over his cock. She pulls Harry off of the bed so she can see him when she rides his cock.

Harry sits up so he can get a nice grab of Jesse's thick ass. She smiles when bouncing up and down on him. Jesse's perfect body descends down on him. Her warm walls stretch around Harry's hard cock. Jesse throws her head back with a few more pushes down onto his massive cock. It fills her tight pussy and makes Jesse shake with excitement. Her thighs close and open around him, and takes his hard cock inside of her.

"Keep it up."

Jesse presents her chest to Harry. Harry takes Jesse's hyper-sensitive nipple into his mouth and gives it a couple of sucks. She grinds her warm thighs around Harry's mighty rod. He sticks deep inside of her body with a couple more pushes.

"Baby, oh, it feels so fucking good," Jesse groans. "Does that cock feel good?"

Jesse makes it feel even better by expanding and retracting her walls. The goddess's body bounces down onto Harry. His thick balls slap against her ass when they rise up off of the bed. Jesse throws herself down onto Harry with a hunger dancing through her eyes.

"You keep that up and I'm going to explode," Harry tells her.

A grin of mischief passes over Jesse's face and she rides Harry's cock at a hyper-fast speed. She sticks Harry's big cock inside of her body and releases it with a couple of hard pumps. Harry holds onto Jesse and guides her down his pole to the base of his cock.

"Go ahead!" Jesse encourages him. "Explode! Cum inside me!"

Those balls reach their full capacity. Harry pushes deep inside of Jesse. Their bodies meld together with a blur. Harry hears a surprised whimper from outside of the room, which suddenly grows silent. Harry smashes his hard cock inside of Jesse's tightening twat.

She cums just seconds before Harry does. His balls let their bounty into Jesse. Jesse bounces up and down, her beautiful breasts blurring in Harry's line of sight. It makes things feel almost that more naughty, especially when Harry is able to keep up and feel her breasts as they jiggle at super speed.

Jesse takes all of Harry's milky load into her pussy. He drives his spewing cock inside of her tight pussy. Every last drop is not wasted by Jesse. She makes sure to milk Harry dry of this load before
sliding off of them.

Her tongue rotates around his cock at super speed, and cleans it up. Jesse decides to give him one super-fast handjob for the road.

Harry's cock receives a going over like nothing before. Jesse's hand moves like a blur when jerking him off. Somehow, he manages to hold on for several minutes before shooting his cum into the air before Jesse to catch it on her tongue.

Things slow down, at least for the moment.

A pause, a labored breath, and then a knock on the door happens in quick succession. Jesse hands Harry his clothes and she moves over to get dressed quickly.

"Can I come in?" Alex asks.

"It's unlocked," Harry tells her.

Alex steps inside of the room. There's a look of frustration on her face. Jesse flashes her a knowing smile until Harry's arm darts around her waist and slides a hand down. A squeeze of Jesse's ass gets her to jump up and allows a soft moan to escape through her throat.

"Astra and Alia are back," Alex says in her businesslike tone. "And they have some intel about Black Zero which could be a problem."

"Lead the way," Harry offers with a smile.

The two follow Alex, who acts like she didn't see a bit too much of them than she wanted to. Or how much the display turned her on.

To Be Continued on January 21st, 2018.
Javelin

Chapter Eighty-Five: Javelin.

Jesse and Harry walk behind Alex. One can see the awkwardness. They pass down a long hallway with several cells reinforced on all sides. There are security checkpoints which Alex gets them through. They seem to understand that they are with Alex and there's no reason to say anything.

Harry cuts through the air to break the awkward silence which grows between both parts. "So, what exactly what kind of intel we're looking it. Or is this just one of this things where I really have to hear it first hand from Astra before I believe it?"

To her credit, Alex recovers quickly even though no one would blame her for jumping about eighteen feet in the air. She holds her stance on the ground.

"Something like that."

To be honest, Alex has no idea how to explain it. She catches the eye of one of the prisoners. Unlike earlier, Faora's burning gaze presents not a woman who wants to rip Alex apart on sheer principle. No, this woman is one who is intrigued by Alex.

"Yes?" Alex asks her.

"They lost it didn't they?"

Faora smiles at them all. "I'm not surprised they ended up losing it the minute I'm taking out of the equation. It's the last resort. They call it Jax-Ur's folly for a reason. It stops an invading force from attacking our planet, while at the same time destroying one of our moons. It took only a hundred years."

Everyone in the room lets out the breath they are holding. Another figure moves down the hallway. Faora bolts up and flashes a smile at the figure who enters the room.

"It sets off a chain of events which destroy all of Krypton."

Astra walks into greater prominence. Faora flashes a smile towards the General. Astra holds her hand on the edge of the cell. Around this time, Alia lingers into the shadow. From the side entrance, Kara stumbles out. She wears a red shirt and a pair of blue jeans. Her hand meets Harry to show she's fine after the attempt from the poison being drawn out of Faora's body.

"Yes, of course, General," Faora says with a small smile locking onto Astra from the other end of the chamber. "It blows up the Moon of Rell and suddenly the weird events start happening. There are more earthquakes. It doesn't help when someone decides it would be a good idea to drill into the core of the planet for samples."

"No," Kara agrees. "Some things never change."

"Oh, a similar end to Krypton in your universe?" Faora asks. "You can let me out and I can help you."

This offer from Faora leads to some tension from everyone involved. Everyone turns their attention to Harry. He's amused by the fact all of them are trying to ask him what to do next. He, naturally,
roles with it.

"Should we?" Alex asks.

"Take a chance," Harry tells her. "We know how to deal with her if she gets out of line."

Alex figures any heat she gets from is a weak comparison to the Nova-Javelin. She flips a finger over the panel and a crack opens the door. She sees Faora down to it.

"Remember, one toe out of line, and you answer to him," Alex says.

Faora's eyes never leave Harry's face and only give Alex the most courtesy of smiles.

"Oh, I'm certain," Faora answers. "You know now that my mind is clear. I know that you're the real deal. And I'm intrigued to a level. My mother told me stories, but I never thought that I would believe."

Breath draws from Faora. No matter how much she wants to explore any possibility, she has to go. They move towards a control room. Faora leaves the cuffs on for the moment as an act of good faith. Naturally, she can break them at any moment. The daughter of Alura raises an eyebrow.

"She's clean," one Kara tells another.

Kara the younger throws her shoulders back and takes her alternate dimension counterpart's word for it.

"Clarity, it's such a good thing. And yet, have a Nova-Javelin out there."

"Just how big of an explosion we're talking about?" Alex asks.

Astra adopts a humorless and somber expression over Alex. Her hand extends out and puts it on the side of the woman's shoulder. "I would have to say about the size of this west coast, although depending on the impact point it could wipe out half of the country."

The listen coming out of Alex is akin to someone letting the air out of an overinflated tire. She takes in a couple of deep breaths and turns her attention to the scan.

"I can trace it," Indigo pops in. "Just give me a sufficient amount of time to do so."

A half of a dozen military men wheel out a large item out towards a truck, with a duo of figures watching in the shadows. They keep their eyes on the object. An object these humans have no idea what they got their hands on. Otherwise, they may be a little bit more careful for it.

Two figures, wearing trenchcoats, step a little bit closer. One of them holds a canister in his hand, but does not pull the trigger or the pin rather. He takes a deep breath. The second man holds him back. From the neck up, both of them resemble giant beetles. Their heads poke out.

One of the men stops to pull out a two-way radio and talk to the man on the other end. His superior or something else, it's hard to tell at this point. The first Beetle Man walks shoulder to shoulder with the second Beetle man. They are standing in the alleyway with a clear view.

A helicopter above puts them on high alert. One of them retracts a blade from his coat.

"I don't know," one of the men grunts. "That thing, even being close to it, does it give you the creeps?"
"Well, they say it packs a pretty huge punch, as they humans might say. And you know the Black Beetle won't be happy to see us breaking free."

The second Beetle's skin crawls at the thought of the Black Beetle. He manages to keep entirely calm.

"But, the Reach are miles away. They aren't going to get us. They aren't going to find us."

"If they do, we have leverage. We have a weapon powerful enough to blow them out of the sky. Let's think on the bright side. We shouldn't be afraid of them."

"Yeah, and why do we need a weapon that blows up moons?"

"Just keep close to me. And make sure we get this off of the truck."

The second Beetle creature's shoulders slump down. "If they don't watch it, they're going to end up dropping it. And then what are they going to do. Are they going to blow us all to…"

The first Beetle whips his neck back at the sound of something else moving. The sounds grow tenser. The second Beetle is about to say something to the first one until an angry growl hushes him up and makes Beetle Number Two drop back into line.

"Be quiet," the first Beetle pipes up. "I hear something."

A sound of growling comes from the other end. The first Beetle's beady little eyes looks over to try and find the source of what he needs to look for. The second Beetle extends his arm cannon and is ready to attack at a few seconds notice. A few breaths pass through the Beetle before he turns around to the second Beetle.

"Must have been nothing," the first Beetle murmured. "Well we don't have much time now. It's either do or die, let's do this!"

The first Beetle holds a canister he saves up for this occasion. The canister drops down onto the ground. The military officers notice the canister just seconds before it bursts open and fills the area with a blinding and thick cloud of smoke. The military officers jump back and struggle to breathe from the smoke and the gas filling the area around them. One of them squirms in an attempt to fight through the disgusting smoke.

"Open fire!" one of the soldiers yell at the top of his lungs. "Open fire!"

The Reach refugees give them no chance to open fire. They pounce and knock the military guards down onto the ground. One of them reaches for a radio. The radio flies out of his hand with a solid kick. One of them rises to his feet. One punch to the back of the head stuns the military guard and forces him to his knees.

The refugee fumbles with a set of keys out of the man's pocket and walks over. The duo run over to the front of the truck before backup can be found.

"Let's get it…wait now…what are you?"

A large figure with thick shoulders pokes his head out of the shadows and walks closer towards the duo of Blue Beetles. One look at the man makes both of the Beetles grow extremely uncomfortable. One of them extends out his arm and starts firing at him. The projectile attacks bounce off the man's broad chest and register little effect to take him down.
"No, get away! GET AWAY! GET AWAY!"

The figure rushes over and grabs the Beetle by the chest. His meaty fist cracks the armor of the Beetle and drops him down to the ground. Blood spills from the Beetle from the figure hoisting him up. The sickening smell of a rotting flesh comes through as the spine tears out. The figure feasts on the spinal cord figure of the downed Beetle and drops him down to the ground.

The second Beetle does not fare much better against his attacker. Another blow to the side of his neck stuns him before the figure reaches in and rips this creature's spinal cord out. The second Beetle drops to the ground and again the massive man feeds off of the spinal column of the downed Beetle.

Those eyes fall on the truck and the Nova-Javelin the military puts in the back of the truck. A smile crosses the man's face.

Harry joins Alex, Astra, Alia, Kara, Kara, and Faora on their way to meet the two people Astra and Faora both think could have grabbed the Nova-Javelin. They move past the downed military soldiers who are breathing in heavily. Their plights do not concern Harry as much as the Reach Refugees or rather what is left of them.

They lie down on the grounds. Harry takes full inventory on their bodies. Torn necks and armor someone rips open. Massive amounts of blood and other bodily fluids cake the ground from all around the area. Harry takes a couple of steps forward and leans in.

"Whatever happened, we're too late," Astra summarizes.

Alex remembers seeing a lot during her time at the DEO. Things which turn the stomachs of many people and disgust them are all part of the job. This turns her stomach an insane amount.

"And whoever came by here, they did not leave too much room," Alex answers. "And they look terrified."

"The last few moments of their life were not pleasant," Harry summarizes. "They look....."

The words fail Harry for a second. There's no need for him to say anything though. He just keeps pushing forward with a smile on his face.

"There are monsters who were in the Phantom Zone," Faora answers. "Not all of us who escape were mostly rational people. There were those who were sent into the Zone because they were much too dangerous to be a part of civilized society."

The older Kara understands this about as well as anyone even though she hardly has to stand it. She reaches in and looks down at the remains of the Beetle.

"Well, I guess that's one of them."

Harry notices a glint on the ground. He clears his throat. "Look."

A bone spur comes to the attention of them. Everything slowly comes to pass as the entire group realizes who might involve themselves in such a disgusting display of brutality."

The eyebrows of Kara Danvers shoot high into the air and she draws in a very deep breath in response. "Alder!"
Alia lets out her breath in a groan. "You've got to be kidding me."

Kara shakes her head. She wishes this was a situation she can even make light of. Despite her normally fun loving attitude, Kara cannot make light of this. Astra and Faora's expressions both darken several shades.

"No, I'm not kidding you," she replies. "Believe me, this is one of those situations where I really wish I was kidding you. But, I'm not…I really am not."

Confusion reigns in Alex's mind. Alex drags herself away from the investigation at hand. The name pops into her head as something she remembers reading in a report before.

"Who is Alder?" Alex asks. "I remember reading the name, but there's a difference between reading the name and knowing what he's about…." 

Astra decides to enlighten the human agent on a couple of facts of the matter. "He's a prisoner who was in Fort Roz and he's developed a flesh for human flesh."

Everyone turns to Harry who crouches on the ground. He gets a pretty good fix on what he needs to get a pretty good fix on. The Reach Soldiers do not have that much meat left on them. However, there are tiny bits inside of the neck from where this monster bites down on them.

"And there's enough of him here for me to get a fix on him," Harry informs them. "And if he has the Nova-Javelin, I don't even want to begin to guess what he's doing."

Faora throws her head back. "Given the fact he's a savage without any regard to life, especially his own, I don't think we have to guess."

All of them realize the potential problems. Things hit a shade or two more intense. Another group of military men arrive on the scene. Harry raises a hand to make sure they drive a bit off course. This cannot stall them forever, naturally. It just stalls them long enough for Harry to get in position.

"He couldn't have gotten far," Kara Kent concludes.

Alia answers her head with a nod. "No, he couldn't have gotten far. But, he's going to get further from us if we don't pick up the trail."

"I'm on it all ready," Harry informs them. "We should go now….hope that he doesn't do anything irrational."

It might have been a foolish hope. Regardless of any foolish hope or thoughts, the party leaves and makes their way off. Harry moves at the front of the pack, wanting to pick up the trail before it goes cold.

Alder drives the truck down the road. The device which once destroyed an entire moon is on the back of the truck. Many alien races would kill for a taste at this device. And Alder knows how to manipulate these people. He brings them to him for a chance at the device. And then Alder extracts his pound of flesh from them, in more ways than one. He finds the implications to be quite delicious.

A military barricade blocks Alder from passing through. He climbs out of the truck with a smile on his face. So easy to run them down. However, the military stands in front of him and points their guns as if it would do them any good.
"You better not go anywhere! You better step away from the truck. What's on that truck is the property of the United States military."

Alder sniffs the air and comes across something very peculiar which brings a smile to his wicked face.

"Well, most of you smell like humans!" Alder growls. "But, one of you…you smell like something else. I wonder what you can do be."

"Keep your hands up over your head where you can see them."

He laughs at their pitiful attempts. They move closer which is folly for numerous reasons. Alder, like the hunter he is, isolates the weakest and the easiest pound of flesh. Once a couple fall, the rest will be on their way.

"Oh, you don't know what you're messing with. Maybe you didn't see what I did to those bugs back down. But you're going to learn. You're going to learn how dangerous I can be."

Alder takes a step forward. The humans point their useless weapons at them. He hopes they fire. Their attempts of firing at him will be amusing. Another step forward sends them into full panic mode. One of them holds the weapon on Alder with shaky hands. He stares the man down without fear.

"STAND BACK!"

The spine of the monster recoils and he reaches in to squeeze the human's neck. He has no chance and drops to the ground. A second lucky individual receives a hand around his neck which squeezes him and brings him down to the ground. Alder tears both of their heads off.

The military begins to fire on him. It does them very little good. Alder keeps moving forward with sadism dancing through those dangerous eyes. The military keeps firing on Alder for what little good it does for them and it does no good at all.

They persist despite not really doing much of any good. Alder keeps moving towards them with malicious intentions dancing in his eyes.

"Keep firing! Keep firing! Oh, my God!"

A blur comes from the sky and rocks Alder in the face. Alder, taken aback, flies hard. He throws himself back up to face the new challenger.

Supergirl drops down in front of Alder who rises to his feet. His head turns and a wicked smile passes over his face. He inhales the scent of the Girl of Steel. "You smell just like my jailer. I've been wanting to rip Astra In-Ze apart as well, and just think….."

A punch cracks Alder in the jaw. He rocks back and then swings his meaty fist as hard as possible at his adversary. She dodges the attack.

"This is about as far as you go, monster!"

Alder licks his lips at the prospect of finally having some kind of thrill and challenge. He grabs the Kryptonian's neck until she breaks out.

"I think not, Kryptonian. Your flesh will take as great as all…and you've brought more."
Supergirl darts out of the way. Alia comes down to face Alder. Alder's eyes glow with malice when charging her. The woman flashes out of the way. Three daggers impact his chest and cause Alder to back off for a second. His skin heals after a long couple of seconds. He moves into position to engage the green eye-d gentlemen.

"I'm going to rip into your flesh, Dragon. Yes, I know it's you! And you're going to...." 

A punch impacts Alder's spine while he's in mid-speech and drops him down to the ground. Another punch catches him in the base of the neck and whips his head back. The one and only Astra In-Ze pulls her hand back and allows Alder to drop down onto the ground.

She grabs his head and twists it.

"And you talk too much."

Supergirl's eyes widen a fraction of an inch when she sees what Astra does. Even Harry and Alia blink a couple of times. They understand the necessary, but the brutality catches them a bit unaward.

"Whoa," Supergirl breaths. "That was....."

"Unfortunately necessary," Astra concludes to her niece with a somber smile. "No one messes with my family. Let me make one thing completely clear."

"Oh, you made it clear," Alex answers. "And there goes the military with the Nova-Javelin."

The rumbling truck disappears into the distance. This leaves the entire group back at square one with what they need to do. Then another group comes down to them and begins to fire.

"HEY!" Supergirl yells. "We're the good guys!"

These comments fall on deaf ears. The military guards rush towards the entire group and keep up with firing at them. Alex fires a return shot and Harry blocks most of the fire with a wave of his hand.

"It doesn't matter to them," Astra answers. "They see us as a threat right now...we have go to now."

"Stand back!" Faora yells.

Faora hurls a grenade into the air. The grenade breaks open and allows them the cover to disappear.

A dozen military guards lie on the ground at the truck. One standing soldier wipes his hands of blood and moves over to the radio. He smiles when keeping the object in the back of the truck they finally got in sight.

"Commander twelve to home base," one of the military answers. "I finally have it. I have the Nova-Javelin."

"Excellent, Commander Twelve," the leader states. "You've done well. And now that you have the Nova-Javelin we can begin to cleanse the Green Filth polluting this planet and make Earth into our new home. The White Martians will rise again stronger than ever."

To Be Continued on January 23rd, 2018.
Several of the military soldiers rush in to engage Supergirl. The Girl of Steel's eyes widen when one of them holds up a weapon. Confusion and fear hits her in many of the worst ways possible. She tries, perhaps with great difficulty, to communicate that they are the good guys.

One of the blasts comes inches away from striking her directly in the chest. Two strong arms wrap around Supergirl and teleport her away. There's a deep breath which lets out of her body the very second Harry teleports her away. They drop down onto the ground.

"You don't seem too surprised that they attacked," Supergirl manages with a shake of her body.

"No, not particularly," Harry answers. "We're going to have to figure out what to do next."

Kara regains her bearings just enough to get a pretty good view of their surroundings. They were inside a mobile command post. Kara shakes her head and takes another couple of breaths. Astra and Faora are standing right there with them. Alex and the older Kara are next to them as well. There are other DEO agents roaming around the area.

"I can't believe this," Kara says.

She almost keeps repeating herself like some demented mantra. To be perfectly honest, frustration also falls into place seconds later when she realizes the Nova-Javelin she attempts to find is missing.

The members of the DEO move into possession to regroup. This is not the first time they clash with the military over something. And something tells them this entire mess is going to get a whole of a hell lot worse, before it gets a whole of a hell lot better.

"This is about to get a whole of a hell lot more unbelievable," Alex remarks.

To be honest, she only says this pretty much off of the cuff of her wrist. One of the DEO agents brings up an image which jolts Alex's attention directly towards the screen. She sees one of the military officers moving in front of a camera.

"Our plans are in order," the officer says.

Okay, the military is up to some touch secret operation. So far, nothing too much out of the ordinary, but Alex keeps watching just in time to see the military officer's form shift and him to turn into a grotesque looking white creature. It's only brief for a minute, but she sees it. Alex's mouth opens a fraction of an inch.

Astra places a firm hand on the shoulder of the DEO agent to cause her to jump about halfway up. Her look locks completely onto the situation and she looks none too happy.

"White Martian," Astra breaths. "It's worse than I thought. And what I thought was pretty bad."

"We're going to head back out to the field," Alex answers.

"I'm coming with you," the younger Kara tells her sister.
It is the mark of how serious this situation is that Alex spends no time whatsoever arguing. She knows all about what White Martians are capable of. The fact Kara and apparently Harry join her and the rest of the team of the DEO agents puts her.

Harry stops and smiles at the older Kara. "You know what to do."

She answers with a nod and a thinely veiled smile. She has more than a clear idea what to do. They have to wrangle the Nova-Javelin. It does give off some kind of energy signal. Of course, the greatest burst of energy would be when someone sets the blasted thing off. It is something which Kara intends to avoid.

'So, any luck trying to track down the truck,' Harry projects to Jesse through the bond link.

The combination of disappointment and exasperation comes through from the speedster. 'No. It's almost like it's just fallen off of the face of the Earth. And I'm not even sure if the military is even aware of the danger it's facing off against.'

'No, it's not,' Gwen agrees. 'Sara and I are running into a similar dead end. I don't really know what to say. It's just like we're beating our heads against the wall.'

'Unfortunately, that's a pretty good description,' Harry informs both of the girls. 'I know you're going to keep with it. And I know we're going to find it.'

Alex loads up on one of the larger cannons. She has a glare in her face which indicates she's ready to shoot to kill. Harry puts a hand on the side of her shoulder and makes Alex stand up straighter.

"When there's one of those things, there are several," Alex responds. "I can't even imagine what they would want with a Nova-Javelin."

"The same thing anyone else wants with one of those dangerous things, I suspect. They want to decimate the entire planet. And they don't care who gets in their way."

Unfortunately, Alex understands this about as well as everyone else. To say the woman shudders puts the matter very mildly. Even a hardened DEO officer like Alex Danvers has her moments which backs her against the wall. And this is one of those situations where they are backed against the wall.

The time for discussions are done and it's really time for them to accomplish this. The DEO, Supergirl, and the Dragon move out, leaving Astra, Faora, and Flamebird to do their best to track down the Nova-Javelin, if at all possible. They race against time and they fear what those White Martian Barbarians will do if given any kind of direct opportunity.

The war between the White and Green Martians started so long ago, no one is quite sure what the underlying cause is or when it exactly started. One thing many historians on Mars agree is the losses on both sides were immense. It is all down to whether or not the Martian is white or green as to what side.

Every White Martian Child learns from the moment he or she can process information of how the green menace oppressed their people. They stand tall, with an insane amount of privilege, where the people who look at Martians identify the Green Martians with Mars more than the White Martians.

The White Martians resent this more than anything else. They feel, and not without just cause, the only good Green Martian, is a dead Green Martian. White Martians are stronger, more durable, and
superior in every way. They consider themselves responsible for any advances.

And the Green Martians have an arrogance which led to the full scale destruction of their race, all for some twisted sense of superiority.

The White Martian Commander steps into the room. In his time, he's responsible for the destruction of a lot of the green menace. He smiles when thinking about the inferior Martians he sent to their knees. A smile increases over his mouth.

'What's one more.'

The Green Martian race scurry on Mars until the White Martians hunt them down. There are still many scattering throughout the universe even though Mars is no longer hospitable for any kind of living. The White Martian commander scowls and he blames them.

A small group of White Martian refugees stand about their commander. He stands taller towards them.

"The only good Green Martian is a dead one. One who decays! They flaunt their superiority to us. But, they try and enslave us because they know who the superior one is!"

The words of the White Martian commander echoes throughout the area and a smile pushes across his demented face.

"We thought none would be foolish enough to linger this close to Mars. But, one has decided to make Earth is new residence. And I'm not happy about that. Are any of you happy about that?"

The White Martian survivors grew louder and angrier with their discontent. None of them were very happy. The White Martian commander smiles and looks very pleased at what is going on around him. His excitement bubbles over to the surface. He holds up a hand to silence them.

Every single White Martian locks their eyes onto the commander. None of them say a single word. They are completely captivated by the leader.

"We allowed this Green Filth to spread and one to land up on this planet. And it will be purged. We will purge him from this planet! And we will purge him by any means necessary!"

"ANY MEANS NECESSARY!"

The loud yells shoot up and the White Martians pump their fists into the air. They rile up and the commander smiles. The military might be after this truck, but he uses the stolen identity to misdirect them. The only problem is over, deep-cover government officials being after the truck.

The White Martian reviews the scene from the battle and notices one figure in it. The other White Martians stop and stare. Some of them open their mouths a fraction of an inch. It barely registers for them. One of the steps back in horror.

"No!" the White Martian yells at the top of his lungs. "It can't be. It can't be! It can't be! Not him! Anyone, but him!"

"No!" The Commander yells. "Calm yourselves."

Each White Martian falls back into line. The commander spends a few seconds drawing in his breath as well. Seconds pass.
"I know many of you fear the Dragon. And you fear what he can do to you. But, as long as you stand next to me, there is no need to fear him. There is no need to be frightened of the dragon. We will not be burned by his fire. It will not effect us. Not by any means! Not now!"

The Commander's voice drops and makes all of his minions listen to him.

"Not ever."

The lack of fear is easier said than done as many prolific legends regarding the Dragon spread throughout the universe. They reach the ears of the White Martian refugees.

"We will stand tall!" the commander yells. "And we will not let the Dragon's fire burn us. And more importantly, we will decimate the Green Martian trash!"

Jesse circles around the factory. She takes a couple of breaths and then turns her head around. There's a few seconds which passes.

"Okay, the coast is clear."

They make their way towards an old warehouse. The condemned signs make Jesse think it is the perfect hideout for anyone who wants to hide something. Not many people will go around a warehouse which is condemned. She watches as Sara moves in. She checks the window on the other side.

"The signal grows stronger here," Gwen tells them.

"We're close," Sara informs them.

Exactly how close they were, none of the girls guess right now. They enter through the condemned warehouse. Several rickety boards cover the floors down the way. Jesse draws in her breath when crossing over the floor. She almost steps on one of the boards.

Gwen ascends to the ceiling, only to find it about to collapse out from underneath her. Danger sense warns Gwen before this can happen. She moves to the ground, dust and grime falling on the top of her head.

"Up the stairs!"

Sara's order draws Jesse and Gwen up the stairs. Jesse's palms cake with sweat. She thinks this entire factory setup is like something out of an old movie and that much causes her great uneasiness and unnerves the speedster very much. Gwen crouches against the wall half of a step next to her.

"This tracker's getting warm," Gwen answers.

They make their way up the steps and to the door. The floor boards wobble underneath their feet. There's no sign of any kind of life. They notice a large box sitting in the side of the factory.

"There's no way it can be that easy," Sara mutters. "Stand back."

Sara fiddles with the lock and opens up the box to reveal a bomb lying in the box. The bomb timer starts to run down.

"Can you disarm this?" Sara asks.
"Sure, piece of cake," Gwen answers. A loud growl coming from the shadows trips Gwen's danger sense something fierce. "That can be a bit more of a problem."

A large, grotesque White Martian jumps from the shadows. He rushes in to attack them. Sara jumps in front of Gwen and Jesse. A baton retracts and she tags the White Martian in the face. The White Martian staggers back an inch and swipes back at Sara.

Every step the White Martian takes, makes his foul breath get closer to Sara. She flips over and lands down onto the ground. One of the boards rock underneath, with Sara flashing out of the way. The White Martian looks up.

'Human, die,' the Martian projects to Sara.

Sara slams a dagger into the White Martian's face. The enforcer howls and more howls come with Sara catching him with a series of shots to various pressure points. They only serve the slow the White Martian done. They do not drop him down at least not yet.

Nerves rack Gwen's entire body. She finds more concern out of the floor dropping. She almost is into the bomb.

"I don't mean to rush you!" Jesse yells. "But…move over!"

Jesse's quick hands start triggering the bomb. There's a huge blink of light emitting from the bomb when Jesse keeps working it over. She decides to vibrate the bomb and reach in to pull out the glowing power core. It burns the bomb of her hand.

"Hey ugly!" Jesse yells to the White Martian. "Eat this!"

She throws the explosive core through the air. It zips to the White Martian and smacks him hard. Seconds pass before Jesse grabs Gwen and Sara by the hands and throws them through the window. The explosion rocks the White Martian.

Fire shoots from the windows as Jesse practically runs on debris shooting out of the factory with Sara and Gwen going behind her. She keeps up the running until dropping down onto the ground with a deep breath.

They stand on the shattered remains of the factory. The condemned factory is nothing other than a smoldering pile of ash and rubble. Jesse draws in her breath and then peers down to the dead White Martian.

"Look!"

Gwen points out something sticking out of the White Martian's hand. Sara moves over and grabs it. She takes the disc and writing of a language she does not understand pops up.

"Well, unless either of you speak Martian, we better get this back to the DEO."

Harry, Alex, and Kara step close behind what they think is the truck. All three of them move, separated from the rest of the DEO. There's no military people around for the moment.

Could the rest of the military be White Martians in disguise? That was really the question all of them were asking and to be honest, no one knew the answer. They step a bit closer to hear the military.
"Those White Martians won't get close."

Alex tenses up at these words. Did the Military think they were the White Martians? It would be very hard to prove they were not which was frustrating. It's easier to prove someone is a White Martian, than to prove that someone is not a White Martian.

"You've got to be kidding me," Kara breaths. "Harry?"

The Dragon vanishes into a burst of fire. Both Danvers sisters stand on their own, unable to realize what the hell is going on with the situation around them. Kara stands back and clears her throat for a moment.

Harry moves to the back of the truck and notices that it's completely empty. He jumps out of the back of the truck and comes face to face with several military officers.

"That's about as far as you go, alien scum!"

To be honest, Harry recalls being called a whole lot worse in his time. The weapons train onto him a few seconds later. The red dot of the weapon pushes into his forehead. Harry steps back for a second.

"Put your hands up where we can see them. Come on, alien, give us an excuse to shoot you."

"You do realize if I was really a White Martian, those guns wouldn't have any effect on me," Harry answers.

"Oh, but we know something that does have an effect on your kind."

A flash of fire appears from a blowtorch from one of the military officers. He waves the fire in front of Harry's face. Harry raises an eyebrow and notices one of the military officers about thirty feet over flinching, and trying to hide from the fire.

"Scary," Harry remarks before blowing the fire out.

The military officer jumps back a couple of feet and widens his mouth a fraction of an inch. Harry holds his hand up and suddenly the bulbs of the light post explode!

"Stop him!" the commander of the unit yells.

All of the bullets graze off of Harry like they were completely nothing. Harry jumps forward and catches the military officer with a punch to the side of the neck and drops him down to the ground.

"Shoot to kill!"

Supergirl rushes in and knocks the military officers to the side. They all fall down. Alex picks up the weapon and then puts it at one of them. The officer points the weapon at Alex. The two of them have the stand off.

"Make my day, White Martian."

Alex finds the weapon locking on her which annoys the woman to no degree. Another gun pushes on the back of her neck as Harry throws the military officer he engages over to one side.

A punch to the back of the head of the man with the gun drops him down to the ground. Alex turns around and snaps off a huge roundhouse kick to drop her adversary down onto the ground. She moves back and wipes a small trickle of blood off of her mouth before smiling.
"You better follow me if you wish to remain alive!"

Harry weighs his options. He figures it would be the easiest thing possible to take out these men, but the problem is, the collateral damage. Harry manages to take the disguised White Martian and hopes this homeless men is on the level. He uses the amulet to teleport them away to the DEO facility.

Cameron Chase misses desk work. She never, ever, thinks this is a likely conclusion. Yet, it's one she reaches after hearing about the reports. Cameron marches down the DEO facility and notices the Dragon standing in front of a military leader. A homeless man stands beside the Danvers sisters and then there's a man inside of the cage.

"When I get out of this cell, you're going to hang for this!" the man inside of the cage bellows. "Do you hear me? You're going to hang for this! Hang!"

"You brought one of the military officers back here?" Cameron asks.

Alex flinches ever so slightly at the Acting Director's frustrated tone, but she remains calm and collected despite the situation.

"He's not any ordinary military director. He's a White Martian. And he's trouble."

Cameron throws her head back and then turns to the homeless gentleman who they bring into the DEO. Something about him seems familiar.

"I'm not a White Martian! You are the White Martian traitors! You are worse than those Green Martians, and I know there's one here. I can smell him!"

"Can you?" Harry asks.

He transfigures the bars of the cell into fire. The military officer sweats and starts to enter a panic attack. A smile passes over Harry's face when he leans into the cell.

"I'm not sure if what you're doing is legal," Kara nervously says.

"It's not," Cameron says. "Mr. Potter, I insist…"

"Show yourself, White Martian," Harry warns the prisoner. "Or it's going to get even hotter. And you're going to find out how hot things can get by my hand."

The White Martian screams and finally turns back to his normal form before their very eyes. Harry sets the bars back to normal and looks towards the quivering White Martian.

"I knew they infiltrated this world," the homeless man tells them. "Perhaps, it's best if I introduce myself. My name is J'onn J'onzz…"

The homeless man shifts into a Green Martian. Alex, Kara, and Cameron open their mouths and their eyes in thinly veined shocks.

"And the fact they tracked me here is very concerning and even more so they have a Nova-Javelin in their possession," J'onn answers. "We must take them down by any means necessary."

"You're too late!" The White Martian growls. "We smelled the traitor and they know you're here. This city is going to burn just like the Moon of Rell did! Time for you to die, Green scum!"
J'onn's not shaken by these words because he's heard them way too many times before.

To Be Continued on January 25th, 2018.
Chapter Eighty-Seven: Scorching Heat.

The personification of the Flamebird entity and the holder of the Serpent Medallion, Kara Kent sweeps her way in. She comes in with Faora and Astra lingering precious steps behind. She knows this entire situation is a powder keg ready to go off. The two Kryptonian military officers follow Kara.

"They're near," Faora answers. "Someone's trying to jam the signal."

"Which is a good thing." Astra muses. "But, we should be on our toes in case something happens."

A janitor moves down the hallway. Instantly, Faora's releases a silver ball from her hand. The ball smashes open on the floor and releases a large blast of fire which staggers the janitor back. He shifts into the form of a White Martian. Sickening blue eyes flash open with disease swimming through them.

"YOU!" The White Martian yells at the top of his lungs.

Astra senses recognition coming from the White Martian. He extends a rusty Martian blade towards her. Astra veers to the right and comes back with a couple of punches to pop her enemy in the jaw. Astra flips the White Martian down to the ground and smashes the knee into his face.

"There's going to be more," Astra says. "They travel in packs."

Faora clicks a shoulder cannon and smiles. She prepares for the fight. Astra stands side by side with both women ready to engage the White Martian menace as they come.

"You will pay!" one of them growls.

Kara jumps out for the battle. Only three of them, not a bad fight, well to be honest, it's a bad fight for them. Kara jabs her fist into the side of the Martian's neck and beats him about the back of the head with a series of elbow strikes. The White Martian dives at Kara. Kara blocks his punch and flips him down onto the ground. Kara does a forward flip and lands on her feet.

Astra engages with the White Martian who rushes at her. The two grapple for battle until Astra comes underneath and attacks her opponent with a jab to the throat. Astra slams her adversary down to the ground and punts him into the wall with an extremely force.

The White Martian scrambles to his feet and grows several sizes. Astra shoulder blocks him in the leg and snaps him down. She punches the White Martian directly in the small of the back and keeps moving in with repeated attacks. The White Martian's attempts keep turning towards her. Astra dodges the first couple of attacks and waffles the White Martian with one final devastating jaw jacking attack. The White Martian crumples at Astra's feet until she kicks him hard in the ribs not once, but twice.

Faora smiles at her deadly adversary. The White Martian extends his hands.

"You're making a huge mistake."

"You're the mistake, Kryptonian," The White Martian breaths. "Your own doomsday weapon is
going to be your tomb!"

Faora launches her attacker down to the ground with an attack to the stomach. She repeats her attacks with three punches in succession following it up with a violent jab to the side of the head. She holds the cannon and fires dropping her enemy to a kneeling position.

"You were saying?" Faora asks with a soft smirk going to her face.

A high intensity and high heat blast catches the White Martian directly in the chest. Faora bombards him with the fire one more time and drops him to his knee. The Martian Kara kicks off eats the fire as well. Kara throws her head back and faces off Faora who points the weapon at the Martian who engages Astra in battle.

"We should leave survivors!"

Faora spends a second contemplating Kara's statement and lowers the cannon. Kara realizes that one of them could lead them back to the rest of the horde.

"Good thinking, soldier. One of them could lead us back to the rest of the horde."

Kara throws her head back and tries not to scream. That was not the idea she's going for. Never the less, anything to pacify Faora and make her a little less axe crazy. Kara hates to admit it, sometimes she gets a little high strung out there. And given she's the less likely of the three to fly off the handle and do something destruction, that's pretty much saying anything.

"I'm going to make you drop to your knees, General!"

The growing White Martian starts spitting at Astra. Astra avoids the White Martian and twists the arm behind his back. The loud crack echoes with the White Martian slamming hard into the wall. Astra pulls away from him and then Faora rushes in to attack him with an uppercut punch.

She pulls out a knife which shoots fire out of it. The sadistic White Martian hisses and recoils at the fire in front of him.

"Tell us where the rest of your filthy Martians betheren are," Faora tells hm. "And I might make this a little bit easier on you."

"She'll hurt you," Kara confirms with a somber nod. "She'll make anything that you've ever done look like a day at the spa."

The White Martian registers confusion at what precisely a spa is. Never the less, the crazed Kryptonian soldier and one of the most feared Generals in Krypton history staring down at him gets his mouth moving in a very big hurry.

J'onn knows what the White Martians are capable even without a dangerous doomsday weapon which one ravished an entire moon. He understands and feels the darkness sinking into his mind. J'onn shifts his head back and comes shoulder to shoulder.

Supergirl joins them, alongside the Dragon. Then Alex backs them up. Despite being the least remarkable out of the four power wise, Alex refuses to back down from a fight.

"So, you've come here, Martian. And yet you hide behind them."

"I don't hide behind them," J'onn states in his most crisp and casual tone. "I stand beside them. But,
"you would not understand that for you stand with yourself."

The White Martian commander steps behind a small group of a dozen White Martians. Harry hates to admit the infiltration must have been pretty deep.

"Attack!" The White Martian commander growls. "Rip them to shreds!"

One of the White Martians instantly understands why Harry Potter is known the multiverse over as the dragon. Two dragon constructs of fire shoot from Harry's hands and cause the White Martians to go.

"No, face your fear of fire!" The commander yells. "Don't cower from it like you're a filthy green!"

Supergirl snaps off a kick and beams her heat vision off of the ground. One of the White Martian soldiers stagger back from the fire. Supergirl kicks her adversary in the head and drops him down to one knee. A hideous scream and growl follows with Supergirl winding up and repeating her actions against the adversary.

"I don't see you going up and sticking your neck out," Harry taunts the White Martian. "It's almost like you're not strong enough to fight me."

"I'll rip you apart!"

Those words only pass over Harry's ears. He shows them little disinterest. The White Martian commander keeps his distance until he comes face to face with the Martian Manhunter himself. And the towering imposing figure reminds the White Martian why they dub J'onn J'onnz this prior to their capture.

"It's time for your to suffer for your crimes against Mars, K'rok."

"I've only put the Greens in the same cages that you've put us Whites," K'rok growls. "You will burn and we will rise over the ashes of humanity after we cleanse the work."

Both shift into dragons and circle each other. It is very hard to assess which Martian shows more hatred to the other. The powerful forces collide with each other and knock each other back with a bone rattling impact. They move forward with a battle of wills and morph in mid-air to the most out of his size as well.

Alex throws a grenade into the air. It releases a few spurts of white hot fire. The White Martian engaging her rushes in for the attack.

Faora zips out from the sky and throws a grenade at the foot of the White Martian. It cracks open and sends burning hot embers at the feet of the White Martian. Said White Martian howls in horror before Faora takes him down to the ground.

"Right idea, wrong caliber."

"I'll keep in mind."

Kara Kent and Kara Danvers stand side by side against a trio of White Martians. Before they could strike them, Astra swoops down and nails one of the White Martian's in the chest. Another White Martian suffers the same fate. Disease ridden blood flies out of the chest of the third White Martian to drop him down to the ground.

K'rok and J'onn clash against each other. Both attempt to overwhelm the other until Jonn turns
around and uses K'rok momentum to bring him down to the ground.

"You caused my family to burn!" J'onn rages.

Despite the large green fist smashing K'rok in the face, he remains steadfast in his unblinking gaze towards J'onn. His mouth hangs open with a sadistic grin. "And, I'd gladly do it again."

K'rok receives the stiffest impact which drops him down onto the ground. Stiff metal shackles which burn hot against his wrists and ankles weaken the White Martian and take him down to a less imposing form. His teeth curl into a snarl as he tries to bust free from the shackles. These attempts amount to less than nothing no matter how hard he tries to get out.

J'onn steps in to attempt to read K'rok's mind. The sadism he's capable of takes J'onn aback and sickens him.

"Your mind is like poison," J'onn breath.

"The Green is not strong enough to fathom my mind," K'rok growls. "Don't you want your precious little Earth to be safe? Time is running out…and the Javelin's already been armed."

Harry motions for J'onn to step to the side and comes face to face with K'rok. The White Martian understands the danger of looking Harry in the eyes. His jaw cracks into place

"I'll know if you're bluffing."

Those words coming from Harry are cool as ice. Both versions of Kara and Alex are the only ones who wonder how much of a breach of ethics this is for Harry to rip open K'rok's mind. J'onn steps back, and Astra and Faora keep their weapons ready to attack any White Martian who looks at the Dragon cross-eyed.

"You don't know anything. Under all that parlor tricks, you're just a mere human."

"Oh, perhaps, perhaps not," Harry answers. "But, you're still going to tell me everything about the Nova-Javelin or so help me…"

Harry breaks past the wall of diseased memories through his mind. He feels nothing other than anger at the countless Green Martians and many Green-White hybrids, which K'rok slaughtered. He's also responsible for the death of a fair chunk of humans as well so Harry feels no problems in destroying his brain to get the information.

"So, what did you get?" Kara asks nervously.

Harry turns to his fellow medallion holder. "It's underneath us. We only have less than three minutes to disarm it."

Astra never wants to admit this fact out loud, but she really wishes that Alura, her sister, is her. Alura's always more tech-minded, while Astra is more combat minded. She's pretty sure if there's someone who can dismantle a Nova-Javelin in less than three minutes it's Alura.

"So, you brought it here," Kara Danvers says to Faora. "Surely you can disarm it?"

"First of all, I wasn't mentally stable when I decided to bring Jax-Ur's folly to this planet," Faora reminds her. "And, for the record, I didn't get as far as intending to disable it."

Harry steps over towards the Nova-Javelin. It's one of the most complicate things on the planet.
Harry thinks about absorbing the energy, but realizes it may just cause his magic to overload and wipe them completely out anywhere.

"Okay, let's start with getting the core out," Kara Danvers suggests. "It might not stop it, but we can slow down the detonation."

"And what if the core combusts?" Alex asks.

Kara's face drops and she frowns. "Well, it's not like any of us are going to be around to regret doing it."

Alex has no real idea how her sister remains so calm. Regardless, she stands back along with Harry. Harry studies it closely, and there's a small part of Alex who wants really to be clued in on his thought process.

"Just get the core out of there," Harry says. "I have an idea."

"Easy does it," Kara Kent mutters when she removes the bolts.

Every second ticking by brings Kara's anxiety up to a fresh new level. Both girls work with unprying the back of the case. The glowing gold orb slips out into the younger Kara's hand and passes off to Kara Kent's. The orb burns her hand.

"Now I know what it feels like to get sunburned," Kara says through gritted teeth.

"Hand it over here."

Kara's more than glad to slip the orb from her hand into Harry's. She's careful not to drop it because dropping this thing will cause them some serious trouble. Harry's hand closes on the orb and the women in the room watch as Harry's arm slightly blackens and then turns purple under the grip.

"You have more balls than I do," Alex says with an awed whistle.

Sweat rolls down Harry's face as he studies the chemical composition in the orb. Each word Harry belts out sounds like it's causing him great physical pain. "Yes...I should hope so. Yes, you really do want to stand back in case I mess this up...of course, if I mess it up, we're boned and not in the good way either."

A small cloud of smoke starts to billow from Harry's hand. Pain most certainly follows as much as Harry can. The power core heats up about as hot as possible and then burns out in the palm of Harry's hand. He staggers a couple of inches and then drops to the ground. His breathing grows extremely labored and more than frustrated enough. His arm is still colored with sickening burns.

"So?" Alex asks tentatively. "Is it time for us to be able to breathe easily?"

"Yes," Harry comments. "Yes"

Harry receives hands on his shoulders from both Kara and Kara. Their calming touch makes Harry smile. The entire group appears and disappears outside of the warehouse where the DEO is in position. They see a very important gentlemen talking to Cameron. The woman looks very relieved about something, as if the entire burden of the world has been taken off of her shoulders.

The military moves in to help secure the area and more importantly to ensure no civilians go messing with something that they really shouldn't. One of the military officers break out in one of the more obvious frowns possible.
"Man, we've got aliens in our midst. What the hell is next, wizards?"

It takes every bit of self-control in his body for Harry Potter not to smile.

The White Martians safely return to custody. The Nova-Javelin is destroyed and this leaves Harry for some unfinished business. He, Sara, Kara, and Gwen arrive at the temple. Harry's arm heals a little bit, but still remains a bit grotesque and purple.

"You should have really sat this one out," Kara tells Harry. "Nova-Javelin burns aren't something to mess around...actually no one has even survived that...and it took a toll on you."

Harry appreciates Kara's concern and smiles none the less. "I'm healing...slowly, but surely, I'm healing. It's going to be fine. Trust me."

Kara trusts Harry beyond what she would trust many others. The Dragon and three of his Heralds walk into the temple. There's a very eerie presence when they enter inside.

"I knew you would return when the time is right," five voices chant in unison.

Gwen barely keeps back a shudder. Okay, that's not as eerie as everything else. She grins despite herself. The small group of women approach them. The five identical looking blondes approach Harry and present him with one half of the Phoenix Statue.

"It is yours. As it should have been."

"I thank you," Harry remarks with a smile cast towards the five blonde women.

"No, we thank you," the leader of the group answers. "And we wish you the best of luck."

Harry takes the half of the Phoenix Statue from the temple and takes it from the half of the Phoenix Statue he found on Earth Two. Sparks connect between the two statues and start fusing them together. A smile passes over Harry's face when he holds them up and together.

"I'm going to need a focusing crystal back from my Earth to get everything together," Harry answers. "But that should not be a good problem."

"We wish you the best of luck," one of the guardians of the temple remarks.

They all line up next to Harry and give him a brief kiss. They are brief, and yet extremely intense when they connect with Harry's lips. Harry allows the girls to all step back and then they move to Sara, Gwen, and Kara all in turn and give them all kisses.

"And remember, you are welcomed back anytime."

Harry gives a smile to them all and steps back. He's glad that he's welcomed back any time. Three of his generals walk next to him. Sara, Gwen, and Kara stand side by side. Harry has the Phoenix Statue.

"We're one step closer," Sara says to him. "Why do I have a feeling that this is going to be the hardest part of our journey?"

Gwen throws her head back and offers Sara a grimace of a smile. "Because, something like this is always the hardest part."

"We'll get it," Kara says.
Gwen and Sara just smile, hoping to have the confidence Kara has. Regardless, they make their way back to the DEO to say their goodbyes and move onto the final leg. With any luck, they will not have any problems with getting the Phoenix Medallion and more importantly find its holder.

Harry sits in the middle of an office area of the DEO, his legs crossed and taking a couple of deep breaths. A knock on the door brings Harry out of his thoughts. His arm is almost healed. The door opens up and Kara Danvers pops her head through the door.

"So, how are you feeling?" she asks him.

Harry offers her a smile and moves over a seat. Kara stops short with her mouth widening open. The fact Harry sits on the floor, not wearing a short most certainly stirs Kara's emotions and most importantly her interest. Another figure steps behind Kara and it's the older version of Kara.

Flamebird smiles at Supergirl and it's almost like she knows. The younger girl flushes and walks down onto the ground.

"To answer your question, I'm feeling pretty good," Harry says. "The burns are almost healed up."

"Yes," Flamebird agrees. "We should get them checked out though."

Flamebird brushes a hand over Harry's shoulder and comes in with a smile. She moves a little bit closer towards him and plants a soft kiss on Harry's lips. Harry grabs the back of Flamebird's head to return the kiss. Both lovers engage each other in their moment of kissing.

Supergirl watches the erotic display and wonders if she should even be there. Now, the older Kara's legs wrap around Harry's waist when she makes out with him. His hand moves to her lower back and starts brushing against it. Kara shifts a bit more nervously the more the two kiss each other nice and hard.

"Sorry, honey," Flamebird tells Supergirl. "I didn't want you to feel left out."

Then suddenly, the older Kara takes the younger one in her arms. The two kiss, or rather Flamebird dominates Supergirl with one of the most intense kisses possible. The younger woman puts her hands on the older one's back and feels everything. Their tongues dart against each other with Harry watching with a smile.

Supergirl breaks free from Flamebird and joins Harry with another kiss. Harry holds her into place, an arm wrapping around her waist. The two lovers kiss hard and fast.

Flamebird's hands are elsewhere and pulling down Harry's pants. She smiles, glad to see there are no lasting effects from Harry's radiation mishap.

The kiss between Kara Danvers and Harry Potter deepens. Kara squeals into Harry's kiss, feeling his tongue coasting on her lips. Then it edges into her mouth and hands stroke her arms. Kara never gets a kiss from this before. Something about it lights a fire in her loins the more Harry runs his hands all over her body. Her youthful body gets a nice long working over with Harry squeezing her.

Harry's massive cock enters the mouth of Flamebird. Her hot lips slide down the pole and swallow Harry inside of her mouth. She comes up and releases his cock with a couple more long sucks around Harry's massive cock. Her lips seal down on the base and come up to release Harry.

Supergirl becomes aware before too long of Flamebird's warm mouth. She's not so subtle about her
sucking. No, Flamebird sucks him loudly and lewdly with those lips. And then a hand darts underneath Supergirl's skirt and starts rubbing her.

Harry groans and pushes deeper into the warm mouth of his lovely wife. She keeps sucking Harry off and taking more of his cock down her throat. Harry enjoys the pressure her hand puts on his balls with a couple of squeezes. His fingers drag against Kara's hair and shoves twelve inches of cock deep inside of her mouth.

"Damn, girl, you're going to make me cum if you're not careful," Harry groans out loud.

Kara's not being careful because she really wants Harry to cum. She pulls his cock out of her mouth and then paints Kryptonian symbols on it with her tongue. This makes Harry's cock extend and twitch before Flamebird shoves it back down into her mouth just as deep as she shoves her fingers inside of Supergirl's pussy.

The moans of Supergirl muffle the second Harry drives his tongue into her mouth. The two lovers clash for domination with one tongue moving back and forth against the other. She receives a good tongue deep into her mouth with Harry pushing his tongue in and pulling it all of the way out. Supergirl snaps her head back with another couple of moans increasing from her.

The cock shoving into Flamebird's mouth makes it stretch and she feels it swelling and expanding. Harry holds onto her and shoots his load into her mouth. Several glops of cum fire out to paint the inside of Flamebird's mouth and her tonsils with his cum.

"Delicious."

She releases Harry's cock. A single finger brushes up and down Harry's length and engorges his cock again. She squeezes the massive cock and comes back from him.

Flamebird backs Supergirl off and shoves her hands underneath Supergirl's shirt to rub her breasts. The younger Kara moans out loud from the attentions of the older ones. Then Flamebird pushes Supergirl down onto one of the tables which transfigures into a bed with nice comfortable sheets thanks to Harry's efforts.

"I bet you want Harry's nice big cock inside of you right now."

Flamebird licks her fingers and shoves them into Supergirl's warm pussy. One Kara finger-banging the other who thrashes up and down on the bed makes this a very erotic and enjoyable sight. Supergirl pushes her hips up to meet Flamebird's fingers.

"Yes!" Supergirl breathes. "Yes, I want his cock! Please, give me his cock."

"Not yet, beautiful," Flamebird remarks with a smile.

Her thighs spread and Harry pulls down Flamebird's pants. Her very wet pussy calls for Harry and he has little choice other than to stick his huge cock inside of her. Harry slips into the warmth between Kara's legs and pulls back from her to shove his cock inside of her.

Supergirl's eyes widen at the sound of Harry pushing into Flamebird from behind. She looks up to the mirrored ceiling to see Harry behind Flamebird. The Dragon's huge cock pulses when pushing into his mate. His hands draw glorious symbols over her back and then he plants steamy kisses all over Flamebird's body.

"Rao damn it," Supergirl breaths, her thighs clenching together and releasing their juices all over Flamebird's face.
Flamebird receives a good body workout with Harry's hands, mouth, and most importantly his cock. He sends her on a roller coaster ride of pleasure. Every touch increases her lust even more than the last.

"Go ahead," Harry says. "Scream in her pussy when you cum. I want to see her cum all over your face."

Supergirl's nipples stick out from underneath her suit. Her older counterpart from another Earth dives between her thighs and keeps kissing and sucking on her womanhood. She breathes in and receives more tender kisses down the side of her leg by her older self.

"Does that feel good?" Harry asks her while pumping his cock into Flamebird.

"Yes!" Supergirl squeals.

She leaks all over Flamebird's face. Her juices keep squirting out over Flamebird's face and she keeps lapping them up, making the excitement. Flamebird's warm mouth keeps sucking up the juices and making Supergirl cum in a repeated and never ending loop.

Harry groans and shoves his meaty cock deep inside of Flamebird's pussy.

"Oh, good. Now it's going to be my turn."

Her pussy clamps down onto Harry in response with eagerness of wanting his cum burying inside of her warm pussy. Harry's hands push against Flamebird's breasts and then start stroking them. She leaks all over him and makes Harry's path to her womb that much easier.

"Cum for me one more time."

Flamebird closes her warm walls around her lover's hard throbbing cock. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and shoves himself into her. His love muscle works its way inside of her body.

"YES!"

Supergirl screams this word as Flamebird buries her face deep inside and makes Supergirl cum extremely hard. Her hips keep pushing up and down to soak Flamebird's face with warm juices.

Harry's balls throb the harder he shoves his cock into Flamebird's warm pussy. He works her over and gets closer and closer to the end. She milks him extremely hard the deeper that Harry shoves deep inside of her perfect body from behind.

His balls clench and Harry grunts before shoving himself into Flamebird. They rocket a huge load of cum inside of her perfectly tight pussy. She keeps milking him the deeper Harry goes inside of her. His balls clench and release to spill every single last drop of cum inside of her perfectly tight quim.

Harry pulls himself away from Flamebird and seconds later, Supergirl crawls over. She tentatively wraps her hand around his cock. Those blue eyes shine bright as she kisses his hard cock. It twitches. Supergirl licks his cock nice and hard, and tastes the combination of cum.

"As much as I want to have it in my mouth, I need it in my pussy more," Supergirl tells him. "But, it's my first time."

"Don't worry, honey," Harry tells her. "I'll take care of you."
Her shirt flies off to reveal a set of perky breasts. Harry leans in and cups her chest in hand to cause Supergirl to bring out a very soft and passionate moan. He touches her chest a couple more times and ensures her entire body rocks down onto him.

The first couple of inches of Harry's cock pokes into Kara's wet pussy. She throws her head back with a soft moan the second Harry slides inside of her wet core. Kara clamps down onto him with the hunger dancing in her eyes. He wraps a hand around her back and guides Kara down all the way to him. Her wet pussy grabs Harry and then releases him with a nice little pump.

"It feels so good," Supergirl moans.

She arches her back and takes more of Harry's big cock inside of her tender tongue pussy. The delight of having such a massive cock driving between her legs and into her core makes Kara Danvers increase with excitement and burn with a never ending explosion of lust. Her pussy coats Harry from the head all the way down to the base of his cock. She rises up and drops down on him, repeating her ebbs and her flows, her rises and drops until Harry pushes as far inside of her as possible.

"I'm glad it feels so good," Harry groans. "I'm only here to make you feel good and to feel you cum for me. I want you to cum all over my big cock."

She does cum nice and hard. Supergirl's body becomes a vessel for The Dragon's personal pleasure and she doesn't mind. Given the fact it gives her just as much personal pleasure of her own. His big balls rise up and smack her on the thighs.

Kara Danvers throws her head back and moans out in pleasure. Harry throws his hips up and locks eyes with Kara Kent with a smile. The older Kara waits her turn while masturbating to the younger woman throwing herself up and down on Harry's cock with such reckless abandon.

"Having fun?" Harry asks her.

Kara nods and brings herself down onto him. Twelve inches of hard cock fill her and bring her to an amazing end. Kara's body rushes to a peak and falls down like a shooting star. His hips rise up and in response ,Kara grinds against him.

"How do you like this?"

Harry holds her breasts and cups them. Kara's deliciously perky tits become molded by Harry's able hands. He keeps brushing a finger around the edge and makes her belt out a couple of hard moans. She slams down on Harry as hard as possible.

Each motion, each bounce, brings Harry closer to the edge. Kara registers her enjoy when bouncing up and down on him. Harry grabs her ass and she squeals with delight.

"You're making me feel so good," Kara Danvers moans.

She will miss him when he's gone, although something tells Kara that Harry would find a way back to her soon enough. Harry's cock buries its way deep inside of Kara. His balls lurch up until they finally give way and start spurting cum inside of her.

Both lovers cum together with Harry spilling his seed inside of Kara's tight pussy, and she moans out loud to drive down onto Harry.

Both settle down after that, with Harry pulling out. Where one Kara stops, another picks up. They continue this cycle throughout the night and into the next morning. The energy building healing
Harry completely from his injuries.

To Be Continued on January 27th, 2018.
Crossing Back Over

Chapter Eighty-Eight: Crossing Back Over.

Sometime after the long night and into the early morning, Harry drifts off to sleep. His dreams become more untroubled then they have for a very long time, up until the obvious point where he wakes up.

Harry stands at the end of an extremely long hallway with red walls and golden statues sticking from all sides. The sorcerer moves across the carpet and keeps walking forward to the end of the hallway.

The closer Harry goes to the end of the hallway, the more everything warms up. Harry never remembers feeling fire this intense, almost more intense than the Nova-Javelin fire which almost burns him. Harry stops short at the edge of the hallway.

The sound of the Phoenix song thrills through the air. Those sounds only increase and give Harry a distinct sense of optimism. The song of the Phoenix only increases the further Harry walks down the hallway. A couple of small thumping sounds accelerate Harry's movement.

He moves past a statue which resembles the combined Phoenix Statue. Harry touches the statue and the ground breaks apart to reveal a small elevator which lowers him down to the ground. Two things happen the further Harry descends to the ground. The Phoenix song gets even louder and the fire grows more intense. Harry's hair flies back against his face until he reaches the lowest floor.

Harry doesn't know and he just has to keep walking. He spies a figure all the way down at the end of the hallway. It is borderline impossible to see the figure the closer Harry reaches her. Bright red hair is the first thing which comes into Harry's line of sight.

The body of the figure, a feminine figure from first glass, erupts into fire. Harry smells the warm hot flames and catches sight of the woman. She moves gracefully down the hallway.

"Dragon!"

The voice is almost musical in quality. Harry crosses closer to the woman in front of her. Instead of Harry getting closer, she moves further down the hallway. Dark shadows cascade down the hallway. Thunderous laughter increases the closer Harry gets to reaching his destination.

Harry's interest only increases the more he rushes forward. The song keeps playing and it has a more sinister tune towards it. The beautiful face of the woman turns her glance towards Harry and suddenly, her face crackles. It becomes the color of hot coal and the scream occurs. Harry reaches to grab her and she disappears into the light.

"You must find me! You must save me. Time's running out! You can't stop what's to come if you don't find me first."

"What?" Harry asks.

The woman appears in the light now dressed in right. Her red hair whips endlessly against her face. Harry wants to reach out and touch her. He has several questions for her, even of them more frustrating than the last. Harry dives in and comes this close to grabbing her until she fades away.
"What is it? What's coming!"

Harry's eyes flicker open and he's back in bed. The Younger Kara maintains a tight grip on his arm and starts drooling all over his shoulder. The older Kara sits bolt up right out of bed. One could see by the look on her face that it takes a lot of self-control to stop her from screaming. She stares long and hard at Harry as Harry gently pushes Kara Danvers off his arm and pulls the blanket over her.

"You saw that too, didn't you?" Harry asks her.

Only a wordless nod follows. Harry hears a couple of heart beats from the outside of the hallway. Sara and Gwen stand with looks of transfixedion burning over their faces. Harry touches Gwen and she jumps up. Sara's a bit more reserved.

"So, we've had the same dream, didn't we?"

"Yes," Harry agrees to the pair of them. "Do you know what it means?"

"I woke up before I could get close to the Phoenix girl," Gwen says.

Sara shrugs and nods. "Same here."

"Yeah," Kara confirms.

Harry wishes this time he has the way to answer the questions. He is as baffled as the three medallion holders are. They are combined by a single purpose and Harry wonders if Mera and Nyssa have the same dream. It's hard to tell right now. Harry closes his eyes and tries to feel something.

"She's warning of something bad to come," Harry concludes. "I don't know what it is. It feels dire and it feels like time is running out."

What to do? This is a question which strikes Harry multiple times through his life. There's a distinction of what Harry wants to do and what he has to do. Sara, Gwen, and Kara all understand what's necessary the same time Harry does, and to be honest, it's something they also want to do.

"We're going to have to leave soon," Harry tells them. "I don't know how long it will take to track the medallion or her."

"Maybe days," Kara remarks. "Maybe a couple of weeks, depending on how deep in the multiverse she is."

The moment Kara Danvers regrets is coming. She thinks long and hard about whether or not to leave. It's the ultimate sadistic choice for Kara. She either leaves her family and friends behind, or allows her soul mate to leave to another Earth without her.

Soul mate, wow, Kara thinks she might be jumping into crazy territory with that one. At least, she would if someone other than her said it. She moves past the gates. White Martians are trapped. K'rok in particular is dangerous as ever before and every now and then he threatens to lash out and kill anyone who gets in his way. It's pretty much busy as usual.

"You looked pretty happy this morning."

Kara turns around to come face to face with Alex.

"Yeah, you're happy," Alex says. "You finally got a shot at Harry. And I have to say, I'm proud of
you. The way you were undressing him with your eyes, I thought it was only inevitable."

There's a small embittered part of Alex who does wish that she had a shot at Harry before her sister
did. Alex never lets on to the fact she wants a piece of Harry to Kara. Alex instead decides to be
happy for her sister and put on a happy face, a brave face.

"What gave it away?" Kara asks.

Alex pats Kara on the shoulder and flashes her a grin. "Oh, the fact you're glowing. And the fact
you're skipping. You never skip."

"I skip sometimes!" Kara protests.

Alex laughs and squeezes her sister's shoulder. "Nothing like that."

Kara throws her head back and then eyes the White Martian in the cell. Faora and Astra are on
another level, saying they cannot stomach the White Martians or being in the same room as them.
Kara has to admit, she understands where they're coming from. There's a huge part of her who
struggles to stomach the White Martians as well.

"It's going to suck when he has to leave," Kara says. "Is it selfish for me to want to go with him?"

"No," Alex says. "But….I would really miss you if you left."

"Hey, if I go, and I'm not saying I will, I'll always come back. I'll never forget you."

The White Martian in the cell makes a gagging noise at this sentimental comment. Alex calmly
walks over to the cell and pushes a button which sends an electric charge at the White Martian in
question. She turns around as if nothing out of the ordinary happens and reaches over to grab Kara's
hand and squeezes it.

"If you didn't do that, I would have done something to him. Something bad."

Both Danvers sisters smile as Harry lets himself into the room. Or maybe he was standing outside
all of the time. He motions to Kara and Kara raises her eyebrow, wondering what Harry has in store
for her.

"I'd like to talk to Kara for a minute," Harry says.

"Hey, go for it," Alex says. "But, hey, if you want to do more than talking, then I'll be in my office
filing a report a report."

"Alex, we both know that's bullshit," Kara says. She lets the bomb drop. "You don't have an
office."

Alex's mouth hangs open and Harry just smiles. He leans forward to come towards the older
Danvers sister, but the younger one jumps in before something can be anything of value can be said
to Alex.

"So, do you want me to come with you?" Kara asks.

Harry smiles at her. "Actually…what do you want out of life?"

"I don't know," Kara admits. "I feel rather torn and….I know jumping over these many Earths can
be pretty taxing."
"Yes," Harry agrees with her. "And for as long as this Earth stands it does need a hero and you can provide it. And I figure that I could come back once I’ve gotten the Phoenix Medallion and found its holder. Gives you more time to think about what you need to do."

Kara almost has her mind made up, but perhaps it's for the best. Harry might not have the time to settle back in on a brand new world come to think about it. She moves over and places a soft hand on Harry's. The two interlock fingers before Kara pulls it away.

"You're coming back to me?" Kara asks him.

Harry smiles and releases his hand from hers. "Trust me, I have every intention in the world to come back."

Kara agrees with it and allows Harry to take a couple of steps back. Harry moves forward and kisses Kara which she returns. There's a huge part of her which will miss this. Still, she milks every second of the kiss as humanly possible before Harry pulls away from her.

"It's a pity that the end is coming for you, Dragon."

With some regret Harry pulls away from Kara and locks eye to eye with the White Martian in the cell. His beady little gaze fixes on Harry. Those eyes, dark and demanding keep their way locking onto Harry.

"You can't stop what's going to happen. You can only prevent it. Everything that's going to happen is only going to be inevitable for you. The world will collapse around you. Then you're going to be nothing."

"He still talks too much," Gwen says when popping around the door. "So, Astra and Faora rigged us up a gateway and we're going to ask you to check whether or not its safe."

Harry's pretty sure it is safe. He walks off with Gwen, Sara, and Kara never the less, with Alex and Kara standing there. The two make a silent agreement to follow Harry to say their goodbyes.

Faora smiles when peering at the Gateway, one of her greatest, if not the greatest creations she ever put together. She brushes a finger against the gateway before slowly turning around. Harry, Jesse, Kara, Gwen, and Sara all look pretty damn ready to go. Harry in particular holds the Phoenix Statue which is the final key.

"I hope you have an easy journey," Faora tells Harry. "And I regret to tell you there's some things which still need to be done. But, if the whispers through the multi-verse are true, then you're going to fight a challenge which affects everyone across all words."

"So, I better get a move on."

Astra answers with a nod. "And I know you'll come back. After all, you wouldn't want to disappoint my niece."

A raised eyebrow and a smile passes over Harry's face. He cannot help and tease Astra a little bit. "Are you sure you don't want your niece disappointed? Or are you the one who hopes not to be disappointed? I can't say Non contributed too much too your happiness."

Astra says nothing other than smiling. She knows Harry's right and she knows he knows. Faora gives her a slight smile. She's a lot better off now after the removal of the poison. A couple of beats pass.
"Goodbyes are really the hardest," Kara Kent tells them. "But, this isn't goodbye forever. We will be back. We will have the Phoenix Force. There's nothing that anyone is going to do that can stop us. Trust us."

They trust the entire group will come back one hundred percent with the Phoenix Force Medallion and the holder someday. One can almost feel the shiver blowing through the air with Kara, Sara, Gwen, and Harry coming close to stepping through the portal.

"Good luck," Alex tells them.

"Yes, good luck."

Harry eyes a large, broad-shouldered, black gentleman who shows up. Alex and Kara stand up straight and Harry corks his eyebrow.

"I'm afraid that we haven't been introduced properly, Mr. Potter," he says. "My name is Hank Henshaw, and I am the director of the DEO."

"Yes, Cameron mentioned you a time or two," Harry tells him.

Hank chuckles for a second. "Yes, and she gave me an earful about the mess I left her after my unplanned sabactical."

The two men move across the room and shake hands. Harry has a pretty good sense he's met Henshaw before, but he says nothing. The two of them break free and Harry turns to the rest of the group.

"So, I guess it's time for us to go," Sara summarizes.

Kara Danvers dive bombs Harry and then wraps her arms around him with a hug. She decides to steal one last kiss for the road. She can't help herself to feel Harry's very addiction worthy lips pressing against her own. The two break apart from each other.

"Now you can go," Kara summarizes which causes Harry and the others to laugh.

The portal breaks open to allow them safe passage on both sides. Astra follows the progress along with Faora. The portal crystals ping when they realize they are on the other end of the portal. Faora moves over to shut down the portal.

"We're going to have to work on how much energy this thing burns," Faora offers with a very evident shrug.

Kara notices the somber expression on Alex's face.

"Nothing," Alex says while answering the unasked question. "There's nothing, going on. I'm just glad you're happy, and I'm sure it's going to be a bit bittersweet until Harry gets back. But, he'll be back and he'll defeat that great universal spanning evil, because that's what he does."

"You know," Kara tells her sister. "You would be a whole lot happier if you just ended up getting laid."

To be honest, Alex has nothing to say to this comment. Astra puts a hand on Alex's shoulder and causes her to shift back a couple of steps.

"She has a point," Astra concludes.
The portal inside of the cave in Smallville opens up. Harry, Kara, Sara, Jesse, and Gwen appear safe and sound outside of the portal. Harry holds the Phoenix Force Statue to make sure it's in one piece. Harry turns his attention to Kara.

"Make sure you get the Phoenix Force statue up to the Fortress," Harry tells her. "I'll meet you here as soon as I can."

"Right."

Time is of the essence and Kara takes the statue before darting off in the other direction. They watch everyone go as they leave the cave.

Nyssa walks down the pathway leading to them and meets the entire group halfway at the bottom of the mountain. One can almost see the darkening look in her eyes and it shows something very unsettling to them all. Harry crosses the path to meet Nyssa.

"I saw you coming," Nyssa says.

"That's not the only thing you saw," Sara summarizes. "You had the dream, didn't you?"

There's no question about it, Nyssa most certainly had the dream. She nods and tries to gather all of the details possible. Details, which unfortunately, become extremely hard to recall in the back of her scrambled and very addled mind.

"I remember a very long hallway. There are statues of the Phoenix. I remember it being very hot. And I can also recall a beautiful song. After a long walk, I come across a woman in fire. She tells me that time is running out and then…it feels colder, darker, for a minute. I try and ask her what's going on, but then, it just ends and I wake up."

Gwen cuts the very eerie silence the entire group shares with a single word. "That's the dream we've felt more or less."

Sara confirms it the nod. Harry notices one of their number missing. They make their way to the Kent Farm House. Martha's car is not in the driveway, so Harry figures that she must have went out for the day, and Claire went along with her.

"What does it mean?"

Harry waves his hand and sets ups several chairs in the barn. While it's not the place one might expect a regal council of queens and a king to meet, it still works out very well. Jesse excuses herself to get a snack given that she did not have the dream and she would have no information. Kara returns a few seconds later and she can see everything beign somber.

"I want to ask that question."

A swirling water portal opens up and the Queen of Atlantis herself steps out of the portal to drop down onto the ground. Mera approaches the scene in all of her very regal glory with a soft smile emitting on her face. Harry pulls out a chair for her to sit down which she takes with gratitude.

"None of us know what this dream means," Harry concludes.

"I've been working with the best minds Atlantis has to offer in an attempt to figure out the meaning of the dream."

"As have I with the best minds in the League. None of them have been able to bring me back to the
point in the dream."

Kara offers a shrug and then turns her head towards the entire circle. "Maybe if all of us concentrate together, we should be able to return back to that place from the dream."

At this point, anything is worth a shot, the group supposes. Sara, Gwen, Kara, Mera, Nyssa, and Harry all sit in a circle and they lock hands. Harry's medallion flickers when he locks onto the memory of the dream. He finds a ripple effect emitting in his mind. It causes his head to throb and it to become very difficult. These dreams become extremely unwieldy the more Harry tries to get to it.

They now drop down into the hallway where a flare of warm energy surrounds them. Harry breathes in suddenly and can see a glimpse of the figure. The figure bursts into flames.

The flames cause their hands to unlock in the real world. All of them launch off of the bench and whack into the side of the farm house. Kara, Gwen, Sara, Nyssa, Mera, and Harry all sprawl out on the floor. Their nerve endings explode into fire.

"Okay!" Gwen groans. "I really felt that one."

"We all felt that one," Sara says. "Did any of you even get close?"

They all shake their heads to confirm they did not get close. Harry, sore palms and limbs, pulls himself to a standing position.

"Well, the Phoenix statue is at the Fortress, and Lara will let us know when she tracks down the location of the Medallion," Kara comments. "It may take a few days."

Harry wishes there's a faster way, even though he is not. Not even the most powerful magic could be fast enough when searching the vastness in space. The only thing which prevents him from being too angrily is searching space manually would take even longer.

"It's the best we have to work with," Nyssa answers.

"I still hope we have a better idea what this is and more importantly what we're walking into," Mera comments.

A harsh faced man with dark hair and a long beard walks down the hallway. One can see from his face he's nothing other than bad news. He moves down the cell where a woman wearing the white and purple attire of prisoners looks at her. She's the rightful heir to the throne of the Shi'ar, hence why D'Ken keeps her locked up.

"Your goddess will not be coming for you," D'Ken says. "And neither is the Dragon."

D'Ken's sadistic smile increases when he leans closer to the edge of the cell. Lillandra keeps herself calm in the face of this monster.

"You aren't escaping here, Lillandra."

She disagrees because for the first time, she feels the mark of the Phoenix clipped back together. Hope registers.

"Emperor D'Ken are you sure you want to take this path?" his navigator asks.

D'Ken's eyes bug out and the navigator shrinks down in horror. He's the type of person who will
rip someone apart for asking a simple question.

"Yes, I'm for certain," D'Ken tells him in the harshest and most brutal tone possible. "We need to reach it before anyone else does. The power will be mine."

"Be careful, D'Ken," his sister warns him. "Those who have played with power in the past have been burned."

As predicted the warnings fall on deaf ears.

To Be Continued on January 29th, 2018.
Alignment Nears

Chapter Eighty-Nine: Alignment Nears:

Claire moves past the portal inside of the portal. She stops a few seconds later in front of the Phoenix Statue. It awes her just looking at it. She cannot keep any level of interest or attention away from the statue. She takes a deep breath and whistles very loudly in response.

"It's stunning, isn't it?"

It takes Claire a few seconds to realize that Kara's sitting behind her. Claire realizes she can stand to be a bit more attentive. She swipes a hand over her hair and nods. Where there's Kara, Harry's too far behind. He arrives in the Fortress.

"I just feel something in it. I can't explain it."

Harry puts a hand on her shoulder and it makes Claire's head snap back. To be fair, all of them are on pins and needles. Harry's fingers push away from Claire's shoulder and releases her completely.

"I'm not sure, "Harry says. "There's a lot of weirdness going on. I'm not sure if anyone can understand it."

The statement trails off with a small blast of hot fire erupting next to him. Harry holds himself back. Indigo's holographic head pops out from the crystals. She frowns and Lara frowns as well. Kara, Claire, and Harry wonder what the two of them discover. Sure enough, it will be soon time to figure this entire situation.

"The alignment is not quite right, "Lara admits. "We can't get an exact fix on the medallion. And if we can't align it properly then...there may be a problem."

Harry places his finger on the base of the statue. He tries to get a fix on the girl he met in the dream through the bottom of the statue. The statue rattles underneath his finger. Harry feels something off and it is beyond anything he ever saw as off before.

"There's something out of alignment," Harry concludes.

"What?" Kara asks.

It's not Harry who answers the question, rather it's Indigo. The images of Earth, the sun, and the moon pop up on the screen. Then a line erupts between the three pieces of the universe. Kara corks an eyebrow and follows the progress. She understands in completely.

"My estimate is that the Phoenix Medallion is somewhere in that direction. The Earth will be in the proper place for it's rotation within the next seventy-two hours."

Kara cringes a tiny bit at Indigo's words. She turns at Harry, mouth hanging open. "Seventy-Two hours?"

Harry reaches in and grabs her hand. The two share some strength with each other. It's really the best they can hope for with this entire mess. They hope for something else.

"We could send you to the wrong end of the universe if we misjump the calculation," Lara adds in
a gentle voice. "I know time is of the essence, but you're going to burn up even more time if we
don't track down the Phoenix Medallion right."

"And I know you've figured this out from every angle," Harry tells both of the guardians of the
Fortress without missing a beat.

"Yes," Indigo agrees a second later.

Harry and Kara walk to the edge of the Fortress. Neither of them have any idea how to feel right
now. There's a sense something is happening. The alignment of the planets and each hour ticking
down make Harry wonder how much time is going to be lost. Harry breaths in with a sigh.

"It's the best we can do right now," Harry tells Kara.

She nods in confirmation. "Yeah, I know it's the best that we have. It really doesn't stop it from
being any more frustrating. It just seems like we have to jump through about twenty hoops to get
the blasted medallion."

"Well, we did know this is the most hidden," Harry says. "The person who holds it, she'll be
powerful and the medallion is dangerous. If it got into the wrong hands...."

Harry trails off with his words. He really has no other reason to say anything. Kara understands
where Harry's coming from. They watch as Claire walks over with a smile. She puts a hand on
Kara's shoulder.

"I know that you'll get this in time," Claire said. "There's no problem. You can trust me on this."

"I trust you," Harry says. "And I trust that the moment we have a good fix, we're going to be able to
grab that medallion. We're going to find her and...whatever challenge happens next, we're going to
defeat that."

Harry recalls the many hints, some of which were not so subtle, that there's a darkness coming
which the seven of them are going to have to work together. Harry feels something creeping on him
with the darkness.

"On the bright side, we're almost there," Kara says. "But, it still feels so far away at the same
time."

An absent minded arm throws around Kara, and Harry moves closer towards her. He can feel it,
the medallion looms closer. He hopes there are no problems.

Sara finds herself taking a long walk around Starling City. She has to meet her sister, Thea, and
Liv. A long walk gives Sara time to think. And she realizes that there's a whole lot of questions,
even with all of the answers. Six of the seven medallions shows how much progress they have.
Sara's not the same woman who went on the Queen's Gambit. There's way too many changes for
Sara to recount right about now.

Regardless, she still feels like there's so much more to do. Sara enjoys the crisp day while also at
the same time going back in her mind about the dream which brought her here. The vision of the
woman with red-hair keeps entering Sara's mind and will not leave her alone no matter how much
she tries. And she tries pretty hard to shake it away.

She notices Laurel, Thea, and Liv which brings her out of those thoughts. Sara decides to move
inside. The minute Laurel notices her, she springs to her feet with a smile. Laurel's arms wrap
around Sara's waist with a hug and pulls away from her a few seconds later.

"So, how was your trip?" Laurel asks.

"Eventful."

One word says a whole lot to be honest. Sara moves in position to face off with Thea and Liv who break out into smiles.

"How have you guys been?" Sara asks.

"Busy," Thea tells her.

Thea realizes very suddenly there's a whole lot more to going out on the field then it looks in the first place. She made the mistake of going out one time alone and things could have been a lot uglier of Laurel and Liv have not found her. They gave her a gentle lecture.

"Well, it says there's a pair of mysterious archers cleaning up Starling City," Sara says. "And I don't want to even forget the mysterious woman clad in black leather."

A very small smile comes over Laurel's lips. She looks her baby sister in the eye and smiles. Something about Sara's demeanor is a bit unsettling for Laurel. She cannot put her mind on it right away. It's just Sara does not seem to be her usual chipper self.

"I've been having some weird dreams," Sara answers.

"Do they have anything to do with what happened?"

Liv's question takes Sara completely off guard. It takes her a second to realize what Liv's talking about. A shake of her head confirms to Liv that these are not the type of dreams that Sara's having.

"Nothing like that. I think I see the seventh old friend we're looking to reconnect with. She's in the dream and yet she's so far away. It's pretty weird when you think about it."

A soft sigh follows from Laurel's direction. Sara leans in and puts a finger on Laurel's shoulder. She understands how much Laurel wishes to help Sara get things together. And Sara wishes her sister can help more as well. It's just…well despite Laurel getting some residual power from the medallion, this is a quest Sara, Harry, and their fellow medallion holders.

"Well, I'm sure it means something," Thea offers with a shrug. "I admit, it's a bit too Sci-Fi fantasy for me."

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

Thea almost jumps up just in time to see Harry Potter standing next to her. Laurel and Liv both break out in very obvious smiles. Sara, obviously knows he's there. Thea throws her head back and takes a couple of frustrated breaths.

"How long have you been standing there?" Thea asks him.

Harry breaks out into a small smile. "Long enough. It's good to see you again, Thea."

The girl smiles at Harry. "It's been way too long. I swear you're a hard man to pin down."

Double-meanings do not slip past Harry's interest level. He can see Thea's gaze locking onto him and almost sizing him up with a small smile on her face.
"Oh, well I'm sure if you try a bit harder, you might find it easier to try. If you work hard enough for it."

Thea takes a couple of seconds. Liv gives her an encouraging smile.

"I know you're busy. And I know you're going to be leaving in about three days, at least according to Sara."

"We both have something we need to take care of," Harry confirms.

Thea only understands bits and pieces of what's going on, but she understands enough to realize how important the entire situation is to Harry. She will not do anything to agitate Harry, but still she wants to make the move.

"I think Thea's asking you if you want to join the four of us our girls night," Liv tells her.

"Well, I think there's one factor you're overlooking that might make me not qualify for a girl's night," Harry tells Liv with a smile.

"Well, it's not a girl's night, per say," Thea says with a roll of her eyes. "It's just a gathering of friends, but you're the first guy who has ever been invited on, so lucky you. We can have some fun, you and Sara can relax before going wherever, and we can end things with a bang."

Sara almost drops her drink and has to duck her head to hide the amusement. She knows what Thea's intention is, but she resolves to have some fun with, and Liv and Laurel, obviously catch on rather quickly.

"Well, who am I to pass that up?" Harry asks gripping Thea's hand and kissing it. "It's a date."

Harry is not sure when exactly he drifts off to sleep. Only he finds himself at the end of the long marble hallway one more time. The Phoenix statues line the hallway from side to side. The warmth fills the room. The Phoenix Song echoes through Harry's ears.

"This time."

Harry manages to hold his breath back when walking into position. This time, he's going to figure out what this means. He moves through three iron gateways in quick succession. The hallway is never ending. The closer Harry makes his way to the Phoenix Force avatar, the further away she feels.

"I'm here!"

A flash of fire erupts from the area around her. She floats high above the ground with fire bathing her body. Red hair whips all over her face and those vibrant green eyes stick out. The white robes with the golden Phoenix emblem beckon Harry forward. He comes as close as possible and suddenly, the Phoenix Force avatar vanishes into thin air.

Ash fills between Harry's fingers. Harry pulls it away and takes another couple of breaths. Perhaps, he's focusing on this all wrong.

"You tell me something. You come to me."

Without any preamble, Harry sits on the ground. The burning smell of ash and fire surround Harry in this particular room. The thumping grows in prominence to Harry and starts to close in on him.
He brushes a strand of hair away from his face.

The concentration redoubles the closer the avatar comes to him. Harry rocks back from the burning temperatures closing in on him.

The song grows louder and more urgent. Harry chances opening his eyes and comes face to face with the Avatar of the Phoenix Force in front of him. She stares him down and Harry says nothing. Two brilliant sets of green eyes glare each other. They burn for all eternity with Harry not making his move and she, not making her move.

Finally, the woman vanishes for a brief second into fire. Harry notices something flickering through the shadows the second the figure drops down onto the ground. Her lips open up and one whispered word flies out of them.

"Shi'ar."

The force of the fire knocks Harry back into the wall. The second Harry hits the wall he wakes up.

Gwen, Sara, and Kara all stand next to him in the bedroom. The second they leave the dream, they teleport to him. Nyssa and Mera shows a few seconds later. Nyssa is the first to break the hard silence which fills the room.

"Shi'ar," Nyssa tells them. "That's the word she said."

"And I know what it means."

Their attention comes to Kara. Kara brings the medallion up to her cheek and allows the energy to erupt around her. She releases it from her hold before speaking.

"The Shi'ar were friends of Krypton," Kara tells them. "At least, they were when it was alive. I think they might be able to help us get the medallion, if they're the ones who have it."

Gwen almost senses some qualifying statement. And also, there's some uncertainty in Kara's voice which does not just put her on edge, it puts the rest of the room on edge.

"I'm sensing there's more," Gwen informs her.

Kara's jaw sets in frustration and she nods.

"The problem is that the Shi'ar's royal family has a very troubled history. There might be some issues getting them in line. We should be careful."

"We don't know anything until the statue is aligned," Mera says.

"Only two more days," Sara grimly states.

Harry returns to the dream. Something pulls her back.

"We should be prepared to fight her if worse comes to worse," Harry says. "There's something in the darkness. Someone might have corrupted the Phoenix Force."

All five women moan in unison and Harry's not too happy either. He struggles to think of a situation. They will have to just get the medallion and the avatar and work with her from there. Any kind of corruption will set their plans. Still, Harry reminds himself of his responsibility. They unite and work from there.
Harry finds himself echoing Sara's sentiment from earlier.

"Only two more days."

The time for alignment draws ever so closer. Harry stands outside of the Fortress and steps inside where Kara's already waiting for him. There's pieces of a ship lying on the ground and also a large vessel which holds at least seven people lying next to them.

"So, how's it coming along?" Harry asks her.

Kara turns to him with a small smile on her face. "About as smooth as possible. We should be able to travel anywhere in the universe."

"The calibrations are perfect," Indigo chimes in. "Kara's ship had enough spare parts, especially coupled with the technology you've found on other Earths, and the alien technology you duplicated from both ARGUS lockups on this Earth and the DEO on this Earth."

"We're just making the most of this situation," Harry tells them. "And I honestly hope there's a way where we can get through this without any problems."

"There might be complications," Indigo warns them. "Just remember though, the ship should sustain most major impacts. But, at the same time, it would be unwise to go looking for trouble."

Harry comes back with a soft round of laughter. He supposes that it would not really fit if he reminds everyone how much he does not go looking for trouble. Rather, no matter how hard he tries, trouble usually finds him in due time. Regardless of the situation, Harry moves in to check the calibrations.

"So, you've got a general fix on it?" Harry asks.

"Yes," Lara informs him. "Thirty-six hours or so, we'll be able to verify it."

"We just require some more time to determine calculations."

It's about as much Harry can hope for in a situation like this. He'll be perfectly honest. There's a huge part of him who wonders how much trouble these seconds burning away are going to get him into. He paces back and forth down the Fortress, smiling at the work Kara's done on the ship.

A flash of light appears and Sara drops down on the Fortress. She wears a beautiful white cloak over her clothes with the emblem of the White Canary etched on the side.

"Just making sure you remember your appointment for tonight," Sara says. "As in, your appointment for about fifteen minutes to join me, Thea, Laurel, and Liv for dinner."

Harry moves over and squeezes her hand.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," Harry says. "And I was just ready to move out. Once, I've verified everything that I need to do is done here."

"It is," Indigo confirms. "Relax, because after the next thirty-six hours, you might not have that much time. If the calculations I've shown you earlier are on point."

Harry remembers the calculations and endeavors to put them out of his mind. He moves forward to the portal. Kara follows them to the edge, but she decides to stay in the Fortress to make some last minute calibrations for the ship to make sure everything is ready to go.
"Have a good time," Kara tells them. "And don't worry, I have everything handled. I'll let you know if anything dire happens."

"Let's hope not," Sara remarks with a smile.

The three share kisses before Sara and Harry leave the Fortress. The second they leave, Kara sits down to run a diagnostics test on the ship, happily verifying that everything is as it should be.

A long night of luxury is just what the doctor ordered. Sara stands by his side, wearing a stunning white dress which hugs her body. Laurel favors a short black dress and Harry appreciates how it looks on her. Liv looks positively gorgeous in the very fine green dress she wears and Harry would be blind not to notice the little red dress Thea wears.

"Well, since I put this all together, I think I should get a dance with our guest."

Harry finds it hard to argue with Thea. She grabs his hand and pulls him out onto the dance floor. Thea's fingers rub against Harry's when the two of the move out onto the dance floor. Harry wraps his hand around and feels enough not to see Thea's not wearing any panties.

"Oh, you should have known I wouldn't," Thea tells him. She leans closer and whispers, hot breath hitting the side of his ear. "Why would I wear any panties when I've figured out that you're just going to mess them up anyway?"

He just smiles and dips Thea down to the ground. A hand slides up the side of her leg. He pulls Thea up and the two of them move face to face with each other. They come close to kissing, but just pull away from each other on that note. Thea breaths in before Harry turns her away.

Liv watches the scene from the floor. Laurel nudges her long-time friend and occasional lover.

"You approve of this, don't you?" Laurel asks her.

"Well, yes," Liv says. "I think she deserves a turn to experience some of the finer things in life. I mean, you've gotten a few rounds, and Sara's gotten many rounds, and I've gotten a time or two."

"And I'm sure that you want to go back to the well," Sara adds.

Liv only confirms this comment with a smile. She feels the heat emitting from the area. To be fair, tonight she intends to get a piece of Harry, and also have some fun with Sara, Laurel, and her sister, before everything breaks down. She can't really put a finger on why, but there is something going on tonight.

"You're the one who has rode the Harry train more than both of us combined," Laurel says.

"Well, there are far worse ways to pass the time," Sara tells them. "And why not go for the best way to pass the time?"

The next few seconds features Thea stumbling and almost following onto Harry's shoulder. Harry wraps a hand around her and pulls Thea up to a standing position.

"Alright?" Harry asks her.

"I'll be fine in a little bit," Thea agrees. "I guess I hit the wine a bit too hard tonight, I need to have a lie down for a few minutes….good thing I booked that luxury suite upstairs."

Thea turns around slightly with a hand on Harry's shoulder. Harry notices the very luxurious sweet
with all of the comforts of home. Harry grabs Thea firmly around the waist and steers her towards the bedroom.

"Maybe you should help me see whether the bed is in working order?"

Laurel, Liv, and Sara watch Harry carry Thea up the stairs into the luxury suite. Sara turns to her sister and friend.

"A half an hour," Sara remarks. "Trust me, it will seem like a lot longer on the inside."

All three women nod and go off to get a drink while they wait.

To Be Continued on January 31st, 2018.
Leaving With a Bang

The Following Chapter Contains Strictly Smut. If you're reading this for the plot, you may want to exit stage left and wait for the next chapter.

Chapter Ninety: Leaving with a Bang.

The very instant that Thea and Harry pass into the next room, Thea throws her arms around Harry and smashes her lips over his to give him a very aggressive kiss. Harry wraps an arm around Thea's waist and returns the kiss with equal heat. It is obvious from this little encounter how much Thea longs to have a piece of Harry and given how much Harry riles up her so many weeks ago, it's just as well. His hand reaches Thea's ass and gives it a very firm squeeze which causes her to moan into his mouth.

The two lovers break apart with Thea unbuttoning Harry's shirt and attacking him with more kisses. The two fall back onto the bed of the luxury suite. Thea moves in and whispers hotly in Harry's ear.

"I'm so horny for you. I've wanted your cock for a long time. And I know it's not going to disappoint."

She undoes Harry's pants and reveals twelve inches of manhood. Thea practically drools at the sight of the long, hard rod in front of her. Her hand wraps around the base of Harry's prick and then runs up all the way. She strokes Harry's long rod until the point where it rises.

Harry holds Thea's lower back and tapers off her actions just a little bit to draw this out. The sexy brunette woman wiggling on his lap makes it very hard for Harry to do anything. And hard is the proper word. He reaches in and tugs Thea's dress down to reveal her breasts.

"Nice," Harry tells her.

"Play with them," Thea breaths.

Harry cups her tits and makes her moan. Those perky breasts react very nicely. Thea reminds Harry of the fact she's not wearing a single stitch of clothing underneath her dress by grinding her hips down upon him. The circular grinding works Harry up. His cock stands high and firm in the air the closer Thea moves to her destination.

The two lovers meet. Thea's tight pussy wraps around Harry's big cock.

"Fuck!" Thea yells at the top of her lungs. "This is going to be a hell of a fucking ride!"

Harry tightens the grip around the back of Thea's neck and attacks her with a lustful kiss. Thea returns as she gyrates herself upon his cock. She takes the manhood into her body and squeezes it hard before releasing it with an equal amount of fire. Her slick walls work over Harry very nicely. Every rise and every drop make Harry's cock slide up Thea's wet opening and then almost all the way out of her.

"Damn, Thea," Harry grunts. "Keep bouncing on my cock."

Those lovely legs find their way around Harry's waist. She starts squealing the second Harry feels them up and starts paying with them, not to mention with her ass. Thea rises high on the tip and then drives herself down. Every inch of his cock fills her snug little twat and makes Thea's body
sing with pleasure.

She fucking wants more. Harry rises up to meet her and those big balls brush against her. Those balls, so full of cum, Thea becomes obscenely horny with the thought of wanting the seed burying inside of her wet snatch. Thea slides all the way down on him and then releases his hard cock from her warm body. Another couple of moans fill the air the deeper and faster Thea drives herself down onto him.

"Baby, this is the best," Thea breaths in his ear. "It's simply the best. Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!"

"Don't hold back," Harry tells her. "Cum for me."

Thea cums for him and the womanly juices rush down his prick to coat his entire cock. The two bounce back and forth against each other with their bodies just connecting in a wild rush of sexual pleasure. Harry makes her body drop down onto him.

The cock leaves Thea's pussy, and she almost protests. The protest does not last long for Harry shoves Thea on top of the bed. His strong body engulfs hers before shoving inside of her body. Their bodies meet together with Harry grabbing Thea's hips and driving his meaty prick inside of her tight vice.

Every time Harry goes into Thea, his cock gets a very nice wrap around with her tight walls. Harry shoves as much as possible inside of Thea to give her the feeling which makes her excited. The moans increase the deeper and harder Harry shoves inside of her.

"You're so wet you can flood this entire city," Harry groans. "Such a naughty, kinky girl, you've wanted my big, fat cock for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes!" Thea yells. "Finally! FINALLY!"

She cheers these words out the deeper Harry smashes her pussy. His big balls hammer her warm cunt. Thea raises up and scratches his back like a wild animal in heat. Every single connection of flesh only increases Thea's arousal. It mounts to the most obscene and most spectacular levels possible.

"Harry!" she moans in his ear.

Harry rams his cock inside of her. He rises up and drives into her with a couple more hard slams. He's about ready to lose it. He slows down just enough for Thea to feel the entire girth of his cock stretching inside of her. Also, he wants to feel one more orgasm.

"I'm going to explode if you're not careful."

Thea responds with a very passionate moan in his ear and a squeeze of his waist with her sexy legs. Not to mention her tightening pussy milking his love muscle. Thea's words fail her for a matter of minutes. Make no mistake about it though, she really wants Harry to make that mess inside of her.

Harry works his big meaty prick in between Thea's milking thighs. Every inch of her tightening pussy closes in on him. Harry groans the faster he drives his cock inside of Thea's tight body. He wants to enjoy this for as long as he can before spilling his seed inside of her.

Something breaks, and Harry loses himself into Thea. His cum fires into her body and coats the inside of her body with sticky seed. He grabs Thea's hips to drive his cock into her and fill her pussy up with cum.
Thea screams with the delight of Harry's cum bathing her insides. Her pussy turns and milks Harry for the next several minutes. His balls continue to slap down onto her as Harry finishes filling her up for the remainder of the time they have together.

Seconds pass with Harry pulling out of Thea. Three more guests enter the room. Laurel makes a beeline for Harry and gives him a hungry kiss while squeezing his cock. Sara and Liv sit on either side of Thea. Liv smiles and bends down to kiss her sister on the pussy lips while Sara does so on the lips.

"I'm so glad you can recharge," Laurel whispers in Harry's ear while giving his cock a squeeze.

"Yes, I'm glad as well," Harry tells her.

"We all are glad."

Sara allows Liv and Thea to enter some sisterly bonding before walking over to Harry. His massive cock sticks out for both of them. Laurel and Sara kneel on either side of Harry's cock and start licking him from the head down to the base. Their soft fingers rub against his balls and milk them.

The lovely Lance sisters wash Thea's cum off of Harry's mighty prick. He sits back to lazily enough the sensations their warm and beautiful mouths bring. Talented, Harry cannot forget how talented their mouths are as well. Laurel pops his cock into her mouth and starts sucking on it. Sara moves in to start sucking it harder. And then, Laurel outdoes her sister.

Harry feels like the real winner in this little competition. Sara's tight fist wraps around his balls and gives them a very hungry squeeze.

Thea watches her over sister's body engulf her. Thea sits up and Liv's large breasts engulf her face. She gasps the more Thea sucks on her nipples.

"I love you, Thea," Liv breaths. "And I know how much you love me. Why don't you suck your big sister's tits a little bit harder?"

Thea cannot respond to Liv's words due to having her mouth full of a nice juicy tit. She sucks on Liv's buttons as hard as possible though. The juicy nipples slip into her mouth with hunger just increasing and building. Liv rewards Thea by pushing onto her body and worshiping it.

And speaking of worship, Sara shoves Harry's cock deep into her mouth. The taste of Thea's cum still on it drives Sara completely insane with lust. Sara pushes her lips deep around Harry's engorged prick and fills her mouth up hard on cock. She moves back and then shoves more of her mouth down onto her.

The minute Sara leaves Harry's cock, Laurel jumps onto Harry's lap. Her legs wrap around him.

"I need you," Laurel breaths. "Before my sister hogs all of the fun."

"Well, don't let me be the one to stop you," Harry tells her.

Laurel smiles, no she's not going to be the one to let Harry stop her. She slides down onto Harry's massive cock with her walls clamping down onto him. It has been way too long and Laurel makes up for lost time. Sara has access to this tool more often than she does.

Sara moves over to allow Laurel and Harry to have their fun. Liv now drops down onto Thea's face. Sara crawls between Thea's legs and leans in. She kisses Liv on the lips while Liv grinds her pussy onto her little sister's face and makes her eat Liv out. To her credit, Thea does a pretty good
job in her fanatical and very hungry worship.

An eager munching comes from Thea as she intends to please her older sister, with her mouth and tongue, the best she can. The hunger only increases the faster and deeper Thea strokes her tongue between those soft thighs. They invite her in and make Thea dive a little bit deeper inside of Liv's warm snatch. The hunger only builds to an apex the further Thea works over her sisters pussy.

And now, Sara slides between Thea's legs. Some invisible force parts her legs. Thea moans into Liv's pussy while Sara pleasures hers. She has no idea what is going on, due to her vision being blocked by her sister's perfect ass and legs, but it has to be hot.

"HARRY!"

Laurel shows how much of a screamer she can be by driving down onto Harry's hard cock. Twelve inches of massive cock spread her warm pussy lips. Laurel descends almost all the way up and holds onto Harry's shoulder before driving her pussy deeper and harder onto him. She receives a good pumping of his cock inside of her warm pussy.

Twelve inches of cock fill Laurel's snug center. The deeper Harry pushes inside of her, the better everything feels. He really wants the entire experience and all of what Laurel has to offer him. He touches a spot on her back. Those legs only shift and Harry pushes back on him.

"Oh, look at you, you're going to explode all over my big cock."

True to form, Laurel loses it and pumps her juices all the way down Harry's hard cock. Her womanly juices start flooding all over Harry's cock to lubricate it from the tip all the way down to the base. Laurel's entire body drops down onto him.

She feels his balls smacking against her with proof of how full of cum they are. Cum which will soon end up in her body and start flooding it. Laurel sees stars from each touch. Harry reaches in and attacks her chest, biting her on some sensitive spots. Laurel restrains her screams, not wanting to explain the broken windows of the club after Harry's done having his fun.

On the bed adjacent to them, Thea's having the time of her life. Her pleasure just builds and builds the deeper Sara penetrates her body with this wonderful force she channels. And Liv's pussy drippings nourish Liv and make her just hungry for even more.

"Good girl," Sara breaths. "You're so tight, even after Harry's been inside of you. And we're going to really put you to the test soon enough!"

Thea has no idea what Sara means about testing her. All she knows is it's time for her to cum and cum hard. The eruption starts at her mouth with Liv blasting her juices all over Sara's face and lips. Then it just ripples down her body and squeezes Sara the deeper she pushes inside of her.

"Keep eating me," Liv says. "You want me nice and wet so Harry's cock can slide easily in me later."

The licking redoubles from this moment, and yes Thea wants this very thing. She wants it easy on Liv so Harry can shove his big cock inside of her.

Speaking of big cocks, Laurel gets a huge one burying inside of her snug pussy. Every push inside of her body drives Laurel further to the edge. She connects down onto him, those big balls connecting with her warm thighs. Laurel stretches down onto him and squeezes him as hard as possible. The long and not so subtle milking happens the more Laurel works her warm pussy lips down onto his mighty spear.
"Cum inside me, please," Laurel breaths in his ear. "I want to feel your cum inside of my body. I want to feel those big balls lose themselves inside…please…please, Harry, please!"

Harry makes sure to get as much as he can out of it. Her back arches back and Harry takes his time lavishing Laurel's breasts with wonderful attention. He squeezes and touches them with enhancing pleasure. Laurel slides her warm pussy lips down to the base and tugs on his cock.

The two join, with Harry seeing stars right before he loses his load inside of Laurel's snug pussy. The oldest Lance sister cums hard all over Harry's cock and he returns the favor.

Laurel rolls her neck back and loses herself with lust. More rising and more dropping sends the contents of Harry's erupting balls inside of her warm pussy. He fills her completely up and makes Laurel's excitement only reach a brand new pitch.

The very second Laurel leaves Harry's cock, Sara jumps over into position and takes Harry's still dripping cock into her mouth. She pushes her face down and deep-throats him. The back of her throat, the warmth in it feels really good.

"Damn it, girl!"

Sara just gives him a dirty smile and a playful squeeze of his balls through the blowjob. Harry does nothing through it, in fact he grabs the back of her hair and guides her warm lips all the way down to the base of his cock. She releases him in a matter of seconds.

"Just making sure your big cock is nice and ready for Liv's pussy."

Harry moves over onto the bed right next to Thea and Liv. Liv pulls herself away from Harry and climbs on top of Harry. She moves away and starts to mount his cock in the reverse-cowgirl style. It gives Harry a very nice view of Liv's ass as she descends down onto his cock.

She wastes no time getting it inside of her. Liv wishes for a second she took a little bit longer to ease it into her, mostly to feel the sheer size slowly slip into her, as opposed to stuff her full at once. Regardless, she manages to take all of Harry's twelve inches inside of her.

Suddenly, Sara and Laurel move her and attack her bouncing chest while she drives Harry deep inside of her. A third pair of hands, Harry's caresses her lower back from his position and then lavish attention on her ass. The combination of sensations throw Liv onto an emotional roller coaster ride of pleasure. Her entire body thrashes up to take Harry's meaty shaft deep inside. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and pushes deep inside of her one more time.

The two Lance sisters shift their fun from one Queen sister to the other.

"Sis, why don't we make a Thea sandwich?" Sara asks her.

"That sounds delightful," Laurel breaths.

Suddenly, Thea feels Laurel from the front and then Sara from the backside, and boy her hands are working over her backside. Sara sucks the side of Thea's neck and drives her completely insane with pleasure. Something meaty and fleshy pushes against Thea's back as well. She wonders…no, that would be even insane. It has to be some kind of trick in the mind.

Then something hard pushes into Thea's thighs from where Laurel is. Her hands cup Thea's perky tits and then make her thighs open.

"Fuck me!" Thea yells.
"Oh, don't worry, we will," Laurel says with a barely hidden grin.

"We're going to take you from both ends."

Thea receives a double stuffing from the conjured phalluses of both Lance sisters. They feel so real it makes Thea feel so naughty to be filled from it. They are obviously modeled off of Harry's cock as well. The self-lubrication spell makes it easier for Sara to slam her conjured cock deep into Thea's warm and snug asshole. Laurel pushes her missile into Thea from the other side.

The older Queen sister hears the moans of delight from her younger sibling and Harry's actions, both done from his hands and his will, makes her tingle. Liv gets turned on by the most realistic strap-on cocks ever working their way inside of Thea's tightening ass and pussy. She clings onto Harry and cumms all over his cock.

"You're getting turned on by your little sister being double teamed."

It was not a question, and yes, Liv's kinky nature explodes when seeing Thea with a cock in each hole and a Lance sister manning said cock. Laurel and Sara sandwiching Thea between their beautiful and toned bodies sends chills down Liv's spine and she gets even wetter imagining herself in Thea's position.

Harry puts Liv's attention back onto him. She takes his huge cock inside of her snug pussy. Harry's manhood rises up and pushes deeper into Liv and makes her moan. Liv arches her back all the way while spreading her legs. She takes as much of Harry's cock inside of her as possible.

"Go ahead. Cum for me."

Olivia Moira Queen's entire body explodes with a never ending rush of cum from the tip of Harry's cock all the way down to his base. She shoves her warm pussy deep onto his massive prick and slides almost all the way down onto him. She squeezes his cock and releases it. Her body really feels good.

Harry speeds up the path to her next orgasm. His fingers caress and tug at her nipples to make Liv bounce even harder and faster down upon him.

The feeling of Liv's very tight pussy closing against him makes Harry get closer to his. He dials back the involvement and makes sure to keep driving his cock up into her. Liv's beautiful body calls to Harry. Her bouncing breasts, juicy ass, and athletic frame causes Harry to keep pushing into her. He never stops, no matter what. No matter how many moments it takes, Harry never stops fucking Liv hard and fast. His mighty cock fills her body and then empties her just as fast as he fills her.

"It feels so good!" Liv sings at the top of her lungs the further Harry fills her up. "Harry! Harry! FUCK ME!"

She screams out these words before driving down onto Harry. Now Harry sits up so she's sitting on his lap while driving his cock into her. Her legs brush against his and Harry is soon all over her body. Legs, breasts, hips, ass, and everything become a combination.

Thea almost blacks out from the pleasure on her end. Her pussy clenches from Laurel pushing into her body. The two lovers kiss each other. The hotness between the two sides scorches Thea's body and makes her tight pussy sing with pleasure.

Sara smiles and soaks in the sexual energy just radiating off of Thea. She sticks long and hard into Thea's warm ass. The girl's moaning only encourages Sara to push up and keep driving herself into
Thea's thick ass. She smacks it hard.

A tingling feeling comes all over Laurel the deeper she buries herself into Thea's tight pussy. Thea holds onto Laurel and moans out loud the further she pushes inside. Thea clamps down onto Laurel and squeezes her cock the deeper it shoves in. Magic, it's a wonderful thing, and Laurel’s grateful Sara gifts her with this tool to keep stretching Thea out and making her cum constantly.

"You two will be the death…of me! "Thea moans. "Oh, god, I'm cumming again."

"We can make you cum all night long," Sara breaths. "You're a kinky little bitch who enjoys both of her holes being filled with my big cock!"

Sara pauses a few seconds.

"Technically, Harry's big cock. But, why split hairs over details when I can split your fucking tight ass."

A loud pump and a smack of flesh ensures Thea's body explodes with an overflow of lust. She holds onto him with a loud moan cascading over her body. Laurel and Sara stuff her holes deep and hard with these two big cocks and make her stain the bed.

Liv rotates herself down onto Harry's big cock and fills her entire body up. Harry keeps making her jump and squirm by touching her. He really makes her excitement peak the deeper Harry shoves inside of her tight body. Her cunt collapses down onto his rod and squeezes him.

"Cum for me," Harry tells her.

Liv does cum hard for Harry. His big bloated balls push against her and given how he's given both Laurel and Thea loads, it's really amazing how full he is still. Harry grabs her ass and makes her lean forward to pump his hard cock into her.

"I always hit my shot."

A subtle little nod and wink towards Liv's night life causes her to briefly smile. And then, squeeze her wet pussy around his massive cock to milk it. Every inch of Harry's cock enters Liv and he stuffs her completely full.

Harry's loins come very close to erupting inside of Liv. He pushes his massive prick as far into her as humanly possible. Those balls slap Liv's thighs from behind the harder and faster Harry plants into her. He lets the feeling build up to a fever pitch before losing it.

His balls discharge and start spilling their seed into Liv's waiting body. Liv throws her head back and gives an explosive orgasm.

Laurel slams into Thea and cums inside of her pussy. Upon the orgasm, her cock fades away. She still clings onto Thea and feels up her young body.

Then, Sara loses herself inside of Thea's thick ass. She gives a delightful moan right in Thea's ear which sparks her lust and curls her toes something fierce. Sara pumps Harry's cock deep into Thea's ass and fills it with so much cum she's positively soaked from both holes. Both cocks disappear and Laurel and Thea collapse down on the bed.

Seconds later, the dust clears, and Sara and Harry are the last two standing. The two join each other with a passionate kiss to the side.
Harry pushes Sara across the room and drives her against the wall. He pulls away from Sara and kisses her neck, her chest, and then runs his hands over her. Sara lifts her legs up to make sure Harry's cock never goes too far from her. Her entire body heats up.

"Saving the best for last," Sara breathes. "Go ahead, stud, put that big cock in my tight pussy, and make me scream just as hard as you did the others.

Harry lines up his manhood for Sara and then shoves a few inches of cock inside of her. She pushes her foot against his ass and then her legs rise up to rest on Harry's shoulders. Harry has the leverage to stuff Sara full of his cock and make her scream.

Twelve inches of big meaty cock slide into Sara and increase her excitement. It makes her pussy bubble over the harder and faster Harry drives his meaty prick inside her. Twelve inches of Harry's meat missile slides into Sara's tight pussy, and then pulls all the way out of her.

The warmth surrounding Harry's cock makes him feel really good. He pulls back from Sara and fills her in one fell swoop. He feels her sexy legs and ass which makes her moan even more. Sara's entire body shines for him and causes Harry to drive his massive prick inside of her.

"Oh, damn, you always find new ways to get me excited! Fucking hell, I'm cumming so fucking hard!"

Harry decides to dial back the pleasure and leave Sara with a few moments to soak in the lust she's feeling. Then, he's back inside of her as quick and hard as possible. Her body rises up and takes more of Harry's length inside of her. He pushes inside of her hard and fast.

Sara's wet pussy closes down onto Harry and canvases him in her warm tightness. Harry fills her up with a couple of long and fast pumps. Every inch of Harry shoves inside of Sara from this end. She rolls her hips up just in time to meet Harry. He pulls almost all the way out of her and then shoves his hard cock inside of her wet pussy. Sara closes her tightness around him and releases him.

Laurel, Liv, and Thea all recover from their sexual encounters on the bed. Not for long, as three glowing penises descend from the vortex. They rub all over their bodies to bring about a fresh wave of pleasure for all of them.

A tingle fills Sara from head to toe. Harry holds her thigh for leverage and turns his cock to smash it into her pussy again. Sara clutches her legs around his neck even tighter when his cock slides into her from this position. His big balls slap her on her thighs and leave marks all over Sara.

"Harry! OOOOH!"

Harry smiles and soon he will feel the pleasure of four pussies massaging his cock for the price of one. His constructs slide into Liv, Laurel, and Thea on the bed one by one. Harry sees this as the ultimate test of will power not to pop straight away all over him.

Sara's head almost whips back. Harry grabs it straight and attacks Sara's mouth with one of the most aggressive kisses possible. Their lips meet and part from each other. Sara rolls her hips up and down Harry's hard cock to take more of it inside of her.

"I'm getting so fucking close to cumming."

She sees stars and knows exactly why. The pleasure centers of Laurel, Liv, and Thea link up to her mind. She swears, there are times where it may be that Harry is trying to kill her or at least put Sara in a sex coma. Harry shoves his hard cock inside of her wet pussy and jolts her back to life.
Laurel wraps her walls around the probing cock. She feels the same feelings her sister does. Also, invisible hands caressing her chest, face, waist, and legs all drive her completely insane.

"FUCK MY BRAINS OUT!"

Thea's loud shriek fills the air. The big hard cock works over her overtaxed pussy. It turns very obvious that she's heading from a drug addiction to a sex addition. Her wet pussy grinds up against the cock.

Liv throws her head back. Her pussy buzzing from the intrusion and the lengths Harry goes, pardon the pun. Laurel and Thea moaning from all sides makes Liv's road to her orgasm speed up entirely. It's almost like she can feel the pleasure they feel and they can feel her pleasure.

A never ending feedback loop of pleasure thrills all of the party. And Harry gets the most of all, enjoying the feeling of their bodies. Yet, Sara's being the closest by only entices him even more. He shoves his meaty prick right between her walls as it milks her.

Twelve inches of hard cock drives Sara completely wild with pleasure. She digs her nails in Harry's back and reaches an orgasm count which may number in the double digits by now. The power of the medallion recharges her already healthy sex drive for the next round.

Harry plants his hard cock deep inside of Sara and fills her up. His balls grow even more full as an orgasm begins to build inside of him. He pulls back almost all the way from Sara and drives his massive prick deep inside of her. The warm caresses of all four tight pussies makes Harry get closer to his edge.

"Oh, you know there will be plenty more!" Sara yells. "I can't live without your cum inside me for too much longer! Cum inside me! I want it! I need it! Please! Give it to me!"

Harry drives his big prick as far into Sara as humanly possible. His balls dance against her thighs the further Harry pushes inside of her. He pulls almost all the way out of her and then rams deep inside of her as hard. He fills her completely out.

The increasing moans filling the air show how much the three women on the bed enjoy the playthings Harry gifts them with. He works deep into Sara and indulges inside her. He wants to feel her pussy tighten around him for another couple of minutes before Sara loses it.

"FUCK!" Sara breaths. "That's what I want…and that's where I want you!"

Harry explodes inside of Sara and coats her walls with his cum. He lets her legs drop and fucks her hard against the wall. The discharge splashes Sara's walls and coats her in white spunk. Harry hangs onto her and drives his cock inside of her for a few more rounds.

He leads Sara and the other girls into three more spectacular orgasms before his balls were finally drained. One last push inside of Sara before Harry allows her to slide against the wall.

No time for the wicked, as Sara rises up to her feet, recharged once again. And Laurel, Thea, and Liv, despite the working out they had, show some interest as well.

"We do have time to kill."

Those hungry eyes on him makes Harry's cock return to life harder than ever. The pack of horny women descend on Harry and the fun just ramps up another notch. And it continues, until Sara and Harry have to join the rest of the Medallion Holders at the Fortress in about eighteen or so hours.
To Be Continued on February 3rd, 2018.
Harry peered out of the ship as it sets up in the Fortress. Kara sits in the front seat right next to him. Sara and Nyssa sit in the second row of the ship. Mera and Gwen sit in the back row of the ship.

"All systems are ready," Indigo informs them. "We are preparing to head to the nexus point. There is a ninety nine point nine percent probability our Phoenix Medallion is at this location."

Gwen breaks out into a smile. "So, we should feel really good about this. Right?"

Harry just gives a sardonic smile to the rest of the ship's crew. "Not until we get the medallion and we find the holder. Until both of those things happen, we really don't have much to celebrate."

The unspoken order to hold on comes between them. The ship navigates and a white vortex of light erupts around them. The entire party experiences a rush as they blast through the portal at the speed of light. They move from the Arctic into the vastness of space.

The wormhole seals behind them and allows the ship to flow. They make their way towards a vibrant cluster of asteroids. Several multi-colored rocks linger. Thankfully, the rocks are easily for Indigo to navigate the ship towards.

"Everyone brace yourselves," Kara tells them. "Things are only going to heat up from here."

Sara's gaze falls on the temperature gaze of the ship and she raises an eyebrow before whistling. "Wow, you're not kidding. Talk about heating up."

"The shields should sustain any heat," Indigo tells them.

Harry double-checks the shields and nods. Not that he did not take Indigo's word for it, but it's sometimes for the best to get a second opinion. They move into the vastness of space where bright multi-colored lights bath the air.

"I can't help, but think it is beautiful," Mera chimes in. "Beautiful and a little bit eerie granted, but still...there's just some kind of charm to it."

"We're getting close," Indigo informs them. "This might be the roughest part. Stay hooked into your seats and brace for impact."

None of the women in the ship ask for what kind of impact mostly because they have a pretty good idea. They all hold on in the ship as plenty of time passes. They sour through the maze of rocks and asteroids. There's a very slight bump echoing across the ship as the ship navigates past a certain point. Harry's breath comes in and out of his body.

"Well, we're almost through," Sara says.

Nails clutch into the side of the seats as they continue to navigate as deep into the vast vortex of space as humanly possible. Sara's heart kicks up a couple of beats as do the rest of them. Their medallions react due to the final one being in proximity.

Three asteroids shooting with fire zip past them. Indigo disengages a cannon to blast them before
They even come close to connecting the ship. Other than this one minor hiccup, this is one of the smoother journeys and to be perfectly honest, the entire party could not be more pleased.

"We're getting close," Gwen says. "I feel a tingling...the good kind, and not the bad kind."

They move through a vortex of bright light which smacks over the ship. The ride turns slightly more rough the further on they go. Gwen, Sara, Nyssa, Mera, Kara, and Harry move to the ship. Kara checks the scanners, but there's no need to check the scanners.

Harry's head whips back at the familiar thrill of the Phoenix Song. They were pretty close. Harry presses his medallion in and a red shield surrounds him.

"We're almost on top of the medallion. I'll be back in a minute."

No one has a chance to tell Harry to be careful simply because he's already out of the ship. Harry practically has to swim through the vastness of space. A constant supply of air and warmth surrounds him. Harry jets himself through space and notices something lying in a cluster of rocks. A smile passes through his face.

Harry punches his way through the rocks and releases a silver object from them. It's slightly covered in space dust. The moment Harry touches it, the crust breaks off and reveals a glowing red phoenix on it. The item reacts to Harry's touch and a flare of burning light puts him into the ship.

"Success."

Gwen breaks out into a smile. "Wow, that went smoother than we thought."

Kara groans and Gwen gives her an apologetic smile. Still, to be fair, the moment after Harry lifts the medallion, they expect a bombardment of some kind of security attack. They are pretty glad to be proven wrong. They move past the brightest cluster of stars and head onward.

They have the medallion, finally, with half of the work done. Harry expects some kind of twist to come with grabbing the woman who holds the medallion.

"Get ready."

The lust for power motivates many men and it drives D'Ken, the proclaimed emperor of the Shi'ar, more than many people. For the longest time, he sought out to control the Phoenix force medallion and bring about the ultimate power. His parents, before their untimely demise, warn D'Ken and his siblings how there is some power which was not meant to be tampered with.

D'Ken refuses to believe it. He thinks, and not without just cause, his parents as the most weak-willed of individuals. His nails dig into the side of his face with a fury dancing in his eyes beyond pretty much anything else. D'Ken will have the power. There's no choice about it, he will have the power.

"Keep moving forward."

The navigator on the ship answers with a nod. He follows D'Ken out of obligation and out of fear. The coup to put on throne makes them all fearful of D'Ken's monster temper. He will rip them apart at a moment's notice.

"We are on course. We may have found it after all of these years."
"At last," D'Ken says simply.

He can almost sense the power building over him. He understands in time the power will be his. The ship navigates past a cluster of asteroids into the bright vortex of space. No civilization can stand to be in this area for a long time. The ship moves closer to its destination.

"Contact me when you find something."

"Yes, my liege."

D'Ken steps down the hallway and down the steps. A pair of guards part off to one side to allow D'Ken to descend down the steps. He stops short of the foot of the steps and looks through the cage where Lillandra sits in the steps. The woman who his parents thought would be Empress is nothing other than a prisoner. D'Ken can kill her very easily. He decides not to, rather to leave her alive as a constant reminder of her failure as an Empress.

"It looks as if I will have acquired my medallion."

"You presume a lot, D'Ken."

D'Ken walks closer to the cell. His foul, twisted face looks on the other side of the cell towards his sister. Said sister sits back and does not flinch at the slightest.

"I told you a long time ago I would rule over all. And so far, I have ruled over all. The people in the universe, they need order. And I will tap into the kind of power which will make me change galaxies."

Lillandra knows her brother's sickness only gets worse with the more power he gets. If by some obscene fluke he gains control of the Phoenix, Lillandra shudders to think what might have happened. Despite all of their problems, Lillandra feels obligated to try and talk some sense into him, even though one look into those bad eyes tells Lillandra everything she needs to know about how well talking sense into a madman will go.

"D'Ken, our parents warned you that type of power is dangerous. They warned you that it would tear you apart."

"They were fools!"

D'Ken smashes his hands against the cell so hard the cell shakes extremely hard. The Shi'ar emperor draws in a deep breath and then gives Lillandra one of the most crazed stares possible. He's completely mad and she sees it straight away.

"They were fools. Idealist fools who thought they could temper me. They thought they could keep my from my true destiny. They thought you can lead. But, why is it you're in this cell, and I'm standing outside?"

Most people may have killed someone as sick as D'Ken, and Lillandra feels frustration at the fact her brother only has gotten worse. He's really a mad animal who needs to be put down.

"Power will be mine!" he yells. "And your savior, the Dragon you've been told lies about, he will not show up this time. I will tear him apart! Do you hear me? I WILL TEAR HIM APART!"

D'Ken angrily storms off from the cell and leaves Lillandra sitting. She hears footsteps and loud voices from up above.
"We found the rock where the Phoenix Medallion was hidden, but it's not there."

"What do you mean it's not there? If it's not there, then where else could it be?"

Lillandra allows herself to hope, perhaps for a minute, that someone may have snatched her brother's power play out from underneath him. She listens at angry voices.

"Please, all we need to do is....."

The scream of horror and the sound of broken bones followed by a disengaging laser cannon paints the most grim picture of what's going on above her. Lillandra pulls back with her heart rate only increasing. That monster, her brother, he's a monster plain and simple.

Still, hope emerges from the darkness. Lillandra hopes the Phoenix will emerge with the Dragon and the rest of their fellow generals. And not a moment too soon, as there is evidence of the prophecy coming to light.

"Blast them out of this solar system."

One Phoenix Force medallion puts them close in proximity to hopefully nabbing the holder of the medallion. Harry feels good and at the same time, feels like their acquiring of the Phoenix Force medallion goes a little bit too easy. One stolen look at Sara and Nyssa from behind him shows both of them feel the same way.

"Surely news of its power much have reached the outer reaches of the universe," Nyssa comments a few seconds later. "And someone must be after it."

"Yes, someone must be after it," Sara agrees.

No sooner do they say it, a very large war ship appears in front of them. Kara takes a moment to widen her eyes.

"That's a Shi'ar ship."

Gwen raises an eyebrow and recognition dawns on her. "Didn't you say the Shi'ar were allies of Krypton? So they should be good people who can hopefully help us. Right?"

"That was about twenty years ago," Kara says. "Twenty years is a long time for a race like the Shi'ar."

"Maybe they will be friendly," Nyssa tells them.

Something about Nyssa's voices indicate that she doubts it. And this doubt only increases when several glowing orange lights appear on the ship.

Sara lets out her breath. "Or not."

"You are in direct violation of the Shi'ar Emperor D'Ken."

"Emperor D'Ken?" Indigo asks. "Those are words which are completely illogical and should not go together."

"Dare I ask?" Gwen asks.

Kara is only all too happy to answer. "D'Ken is the mentally diseased son of the Shi'ar Emperor
and Empress last time I checked. He would have been slaughtered under any other circumstances, but given he's the son of the Emperor, he gets a pass."

"He's depraved?" Gwen asks.

"Yes," Kara agrees grimly. "And now he has the power of the Shi'ar behind him. This is not good. Lillandra was supposed to be the one to ascend to the throne…but obviously he's staged a coup."

"You have until the count of five to surrender what you have stolen for us, or we will terminate your ship with extreme prejudice."

Kara scoffs at these words. She knows enough about D'Ken to come to the conclusion he would terminate them with extremely prejudice regardless of what they do.

"He will not get away with this," Mera replies.

"Agreed," Harry says.

There's no argument of what D'Ken wants and he's not going to get his way, not if Harry has anything to say about it anyway. Those orange lights brighten even more. The droning voice comes up.

"One."

The ship's defenses engage with several flashes brightening it.

"Two, three."

Indigo has the ship's most potent weapon online and ready to fire.

"Four."

Indigo answers back before the final count. "Five."

The blue concussive beam fires out of the ship and directly impacts the side of the Shi'ar war ship. It knocks the biggest cannon out of orbit and causes a back lash to throw the ship out.

"I believe I can hold it in place," Mera answers. "Because, I feel something."

A giant space squid, for lack of a better term, rises up out of space. Gwen watches on in awe as Mera's powers extend far deeper than the sea, thanks to the medallion, or maybe not. Regardless, the space squid rises up out of the depths and wraps onto the ship.

"Blast a hole on the inside," Harry orders.

"I'm already on it!" Indigo yells.

She impacts the ship with a ballistic attack of missiles. Harry presses his hand on the edge of the dashboard and chances them a look.

"Everyone brace tightly!"

Harry transports the entire ship and everyone in it out of the way. Nerves burn from the rush of magic, however it does beat the alternative of being cooked to a crisp thanks to the launch of the ship.
"You will yield to the Shi’ar and Emperor D'Ken!"

"No," Kara mutters. "Absolutely not."

The weapon discharges again and this time Harry powers up the ship's power cells to increase the power of the concussive beam. Indigo directs it through the orb shattering it into millions of particles. One of them smacks into Shi’ar war ship and burns a hole through it.

"We're in," Indigo tells them. "I'm going to get you close to the ship."

"I believe the rightful Empress may be on board that ship," Kara tells her. "It's just a feeling I have."

A very strong feeling and Harry decides to agree. Kara knows a lot about the Shi’ar and she's the best one to say anything.

The ship transports six bubbles out of it. Harry drops down first, with Kara following. Sara, Nyssa, Mera, and Gwen all follow. The footsteps around the corner signify they are not going to be alone for very long. An army of royal guards make their way down the ship's corridors to investigate.

The Dragon and five of his heralds ready themselves for battle.

The royal guard of the Shi’ar makes their way around the corner. They do not want to be in D'Ken's sight right now. The smell of blood and decay fills the hallways of the ship and turns their stomach.

"Do you really think the Dragon is here?"

"No, he can't be here."

A blur of light pops out and one of the Shi’ar guards lift their weapons. His hand starts shaking underneath the weapon.

"Come on!" he yells. "I'm warning you. You better come out now, or I swear that I'll..."

There's no chance for him to do anything he swears as a figure pops out from behind him. A couple of punches rock him against the back of the head as hard as humanly possible. The figure drops down to the ground.

The leader of the pack separates from the rest of them and comes across a redhead wearing a tight green suit. Under many other circumstances, he would have found the woman's look and walk to be among the most appealing things possible. However, he has a job to do and it will be done rather well.

"You're not going anywhere," he tells her.

"We beg to differ."

Two more of the guards fly off to the side and crash against the wall with a sickening impact. The guard focuses on the redhead woman in question. He disengages the spear and charges the woman. Said woman avoids the attack of the spare and comes back around to knock her adversary across the back of the head. Repeated punches keep connecting with her enemy to drop him down onto the ground. She pulls back with a deep breath and then comes back around to hit her opponent very hard.
Said opponent slams spiked gauntlets down onto the ground. Mera dodges out of the way and smiles when looking behind her. A fish tank sits behind her. Mera closes her eyes.

A jellyfish leaps out of the tank and attacks the royal guard. It stings him several times and opens him up for Mera to attack him. The jellyfish already puts him into a loopy state and Mera's punches only bring him closer to the ground. She drops him with one more kick.

Two of the guards look up at the sound of something on the ceiling. Two glops of white fluid smack them both in the face and obscure the visors of their helmets.

Gwen drops down onto the ground and throws her hands back before sending venom blasts at them. The actual strength of the venom drops them down to the ground.

The biggest and baddest of them all charges at Harry. Harry avoids his attack and it smashes against the wall. The large blue-skinned alien growls and moves directly at Harry one more time. Harry avoids the attack one more time and he smashes down onto the ground.

"You're strong and fast, I'll give you that."

"I'm the strongest that there is."

Harry blocks the punch. The large alien struggles to throw Harry back against the ground. Harry smacks him on the side of the arm and then leaps up. He cracks both of his fists down against the large alien's neck. He staggers back and grabs Harry by the throat to choke him out.

His punches break free from the attack. Harry's hands light up and super-heated punches stagger him. Harry avoids another violent swing and comes behind him. Harry aims his hand to the base of the neck and strikes the large alien in the point of the nerve.

A Canary Cry blasts the alien through three thick walls of the space ship. Sara stands on one side of Harry and Nyssa stands on the other side of Harry.

"Let's see what you fear," Nyssa tells him.

She summons the dark powers of the medallion to bring the demons of the Gladiator's mind to life. He screams out in anger and keeps attacking.

"No, I must save them! I've failed them!"

Harry charges as fast as possible and launches a beam of silver light from his hand. The beam of light wraps the attacker and teleports him across the ship. It lands him in one of the ship's prison cells which even he cannot break free from.

"Harry!"

Kara calling from down the steps brings Harry down to the ship. He notices a woman in the cell and the moment Harry approaches, she bows before him.

"Great Dragon, I knew there would come a day when you would arrive to liberate me and my people," she said. "My name is Lillandra and I am…"

"The rightful emperor of the Shi'ar," Harry tells her.

Lillandra answers with a nod in confirmation. She should guess he knows. Harry closes the distance and opens the cell to give her freedom.
"My brother still may be on the ship," Lillandra tells her.

"Actually, he isn't."

The ship's navigator walks down onto the bridge. Lillandra offers him a stare and now the navigator recoils in fear that the woman is rightfully the Empress is free. She softens for a second.

"We will displace D'Ken and you no longer need to fear for your family," Lillandra tells him. "You need to tell me where he's gone."

"He's escaped for reinforcements," the navigator tells him. "Great Dragon, I beg of you, do not do to me what you have done to the others."

"I'm not," Harry tells him. "But, be warned, if you side with D'Ken past this moment, then I cannot help you."

"Of course," he agrees. "Of course...he's grown obsessed with the Phoenix Force. He's almost mad with the power."

"He was mad before," Kara grimly states.

Lillandra nods and sighs. It's one of her greatest failings. She takes up the mantle from her parents, of sheltering D'Ken and making sure he is not taken out and put down like an animal. And eventually, the rabid animal which is her brother rose up and bit her.

"He wants to be all, but yet he runs," Harry says.

"No, great one. He fears you. He refuses to acknowledge your existence, but he fears you."

Harry cannot even begin to go on Lillandra's words because the Phoenix Force Medallion in his pocket starts to heat up and then the Phoenix song echoes in his ears louder than ever. Kara flinches at the song and shivers rise down her spine. Gwen, Nyssa, Mera, and Sara all join them.

"She's close! My danger sense is about ready to split my skull open."

Harry adds upon what Gwen says. "And not a happy girl either."

Burning orange rock crumbles to first reveal wild red hair and then green eyes which glow brighter than anything else. The beautiful face of the Phoenix holder comes out and suddenly more rocks crack. Her white robes with the golden emblem remain clean despite the cover of soot and ash.

The holder of the Phoenix Force senses her medallion disturbed and active. She locks onto the ship and recognizes it as belonging it to the same group of aliens who once attempted to lock her away.

The Phoenix summons her inner strength and concentrates her attack on the Shi'ar ship.

To Be Continued on February 5th, 2018.
Fury of the Phoenix

Chapter Ninety-Two: The Fury of the Phoenix.

The power, oh boy Harry feels the power. A heated blast of energy comes close to striking the ship. Harry walks over and takes a good look at the heat shields on the ship. They can withstand several normal hits. However, the Phoenix at her full power is something else entirely.

"Indigo, I'm giving you access to the ship to see if you can enhance the defenses," Harry tells the computer. "And we're going to have to get this done as soon as possible."

"As soon as possible might not be soon enough," Indigo tells him. "Unfortunately, we have another problem other than the Phoenix Force."

Harry reaches up to pinch the bridge of his nose. What other problem other than the Phoenix Force would have been the problem? Gwen gasps when the images of the ships pop over the screen. Several Shi'ar Warships explode into the scene on the ship. The ship receives an incoming transmission.

"This is D'Ken. The Rightful emperor of the Shi'ar. I will give you one last warning to relinquish the power of the Phoenix Force to me, or you will be obliterated."

Harry wants nothing better than to reach through the transmission and shake D'Ken senseless. Cooler, calmer heads prevail in this moment despite Harry wanting to rip him a new one.

"I don't know if you've bothered to catch up on current events. She's right outside. She's going to attack us."

Gwen drops to her knees and screams in anger. Sara, Kara, and Nyssa feel a tremble, as does Mera. Lillndra, despite not being as keyed in as the other ones are. She reaches over and grabs an energy staff from the cabinet. Light flickers from the end of the large ornamental staff.

"She's going to attack us," Lillandra tells him.

"Bah!" D'Ken screams at the top of his lungs. "You're just stalling. I will take this matter under control. And if you do not stand beside me willingly, you will kneel in pieces. No force is going to stop me, not now, and not the Phoenix F…."

A loud crackling echoes through the set. Harry figures something happens. Namely a ball of fire blasting towards the ships coming precious instances away from atomizing them. Lillandra's mouth opens up when she sees the horror about her people.

They only follow orders, and Lillandra will have to deal with them later. She presses a key and transports them out of the ship. Several shell shocked Shi'ar soldiers drop to the ground in time to see their ships suffering a horrific destruction. Smoke fills the screen.

There's no D'Ken among them. Mera and Sara conjure energy weapons to hold the Shi'ar at bay. They are not going to fight, most likely being in shock at their fleet being destroyed. Another warm flicker spreads through the ship and connects as hard as humanly possible.

"We can't take another hit like this," Indigo warns them. "Should we warp?"
"Let me talk to her."

Harry's words cause a great amount of frustration with the entire group. Sara gives Harry one of the longest stares possible. Her mouth flips open and it takes her a couple of moments before she returns back to some measure of sanity.

"Are you crazy?" Sara asks him.

"Likely, yes," Harry agrees.

Without another word, Harry steps out of the ship and takes a walk across the galaxy. Warm fire engulfs him and almost burns Harry's body. He pushes on despite the dangers surrounding him. The Phoenix Song heightens with uneasiness. Harry pushes his way through the light and takes another deep breath.

"I wish to speak with you!" Harry tells. "Speak to me, great Phoenix Avatar."

The medallion flickers in the light. The flaming avatar of the Phoenix Force rises back to life. Her eyes dart onto Harry. Black mist engulfs her as she shines bright with heat comparative to a supernova. Harry debates whether going forward, and decides that he wants to.

"You!"

A force of great cosmic destruction yelling that word at him never bodes pretty well. She gives an angry cry and bombards the rocks Harry stands on. Only his quick thinking gets him out of the way. He jumps onto the vessel. The Phoenix powers up in an attempt to wipe them out.

"Indigo!" Harry yells. "Warp!"

Harry notices a familiar sadistic smiling face out of the corner of his eye through the rear view mirror. For a brief second, Harry feels utter obliteration coming right at him before Indigo gets him out of there. Increasingly hideous screams fill the air.

The Phoenix Force screams over and over again, destroying more of the planetoids in her wake. She takes a deep breath.

"Calm yourself, my sweet child. Your time will come. The entire world is going to be in the palm of your hands. And it will be, delightful."

Thunderous laughter follows as from the mist Deacon Blackfire stands in the Phoenix Force entity with a glowing crystal medallion flickering from his neck. The Dark Phoenix feeds off of power, the despair her avatar must fear. He channels it with anger until the moment of destruction is at hand.

"Time is on your side."

Harry Potter's been through more near death experiences and death experiences than one could shake a really big stick at. He collapses onto the Shi'ar vessel which is now currently on the other side of the universe. Kara and Sara move from either side. Nyssa quickly brings out a chair for Harry to sit down in. She cannot help and needle him just a little bit.

"I'm not sure how nearly getting atomized was going to accomplish anything. But I'm certain that you have your reasons."
"She's being manipulated by someone," Harry tells them.

Needless to say, these words bring several eyes onto Harry. Gwen cracks her neck back and then draws in a deep breath. Sara, Kara, and Mera are all silent. Nyssa motions for him to continue.

"It's Blackfire."

This news brings a great deal of unease to all of the girls and more than enough confusion for Lillandra. Harry figures it's just as fair. He decides it might now be time to clue the Shi'ar Empress in what he's doing with.

"He's…well he was a preacher and a cult leader when he was alive. In death, he's become something more, something else. He preys upon the emotions of others and he claims to work for some kind of higher entity."

"I thought he was gone with the White Bumblebee," Gwen says with a barely disguised shiver.

No matter how much Harry wishes for that to be the case, he unfortunately has to come to one grim conclusion. True evil like this only leaves for a short amount of time. He takes a deep breath and then clutches the Phoenix Medallion in his palm. It should warn them if she's going to attack them again, for what good it did the first time. At least it's something, even though not exactly what Harry wants.

"It's not wise to have her merge now?" Nyssa asks.

"Even less considering she wants to rip me to shreds for some reason," Harry tells her.

"That might be the Shi'ars doing," Lillandra says. "I've heard my parents mention that when she was sealed away, it would not leave her in a happy place. But it was the only thing to do with her. Without you to stabilize her, she would have lost everything. And she would have destroyed everything in her path. You were…well you were…"

"Her anchor?" Sara offers.

Lillandra figures this is about as good of a term as any and concedes with a nod. Everyone in the room offers a frustrated smile and even more defeated nod. Nyssa, being Nyssa, decides she's the one who would best be able to bring it around.

"So, she's lost it enough where she's going to destroy the thing which could put her together again."

Harry offers her a half-smile. "Nice to know I'm a thing."

"You know what I mean, beloved," Nyssa tells him.

The Phoenix Medallion remains cold. The song long since ceases to play. Dare Harry enter his own mind and see if he can track down the Phoenix Force holder? He has nothing left to lose on the one hand, but at the same time, there's not a whole lot to game. She has great mental capabilities which might be able to rip him apart if Harry tries to get her.

"All of you sit around," Harry tells her. "Kara, take my hand, and then take Sara's hand and we continue around the circle. We're going to something really reckless."

It is a mark of how serious this situation is and perhaps how desperate it is where Nyssa does not say a word. The six of them sit around in a circle. Lillandra leans on the energy staff and can almost feel a ripple of power building within them.
"She's close," Sara breaths. "I can feel her."

"I can as well," Mera tells her. "Perhaps her mind is enough where we can temper it."

They attempt to gently reassure the seventh of their number. Suddenly, a very unfortunate feeling of their brains sizing up strikes the six of them very hard. The six break hands from a flare of energy. The Phoenix Force medallion hisses and then white hot flames make it shoot out of Harry's hand. Harry catches it before it gets any further. He blocks out the pain of where the medallion burns into his palm.

Gwen groans and almost drops down. "Okay, that's frustrating."

"Maybe," Harry says while swiping the droplet of blood away from his nose. "And maybe not."

The medallion flashes against his palm for a second. They are close to something. Harry knows deep down he's just one breakthrough way from reaching out to speak to the Phoenix Force. All he has to do is believe and feel and it will be his.

The two attempts on his life puts D'Ken in a very sour state and causes his anger to boil to a brand new level. He moves across the asteroid surrounding by the fires of space. He snarls and breaths. His entire fleet's gone and leaves him alone and vulnerable. Alone is not a problem because D'Ken feels himself to above many other people. Vulnerable, well despises that fact. He keeps breathing in heavily and almost loses himself.

D'Ken looks at the place of worship. He never is one for religion, given that he sees himself above all. So why would D'Ken even worship a higher power? Yet, his contact only wants to meet him here, and that's where D'Ken is. He steps inside and sees the shudders. Several statues, of a White Canary, of a Serpent, of an Arachnid, of a demon, of a Water Dweller, of a Phoenix, and much to his disgust, of a Dragon, line up all against the walls.

If D'Ken knew this church exists, he would burn it to the ground. Anyone who worships the unworthy dragon deserves only annihilation.

"Tell me brother, have you heard the word."

He turns and sees a figure who came to him some time ago. Those beady little eyes, black beard, and unkempt figure makes D'Ken think of a peasant. Yet, he's a peasant with valuable information, at least at the time. D'Ken eyes his ally for a second.

"You told me I would have power."

The one and only Deacon Blackfire's teeth curl into a malicious smile. "Power is something which you need to seek from within, my brother. If you are weak within, then you're not going to get any closer my brother. Do you understand me?"

D'Ken hears words coming out of his mouth, and yet there's nothing which penetrates his mind. Blackfire senses the man despite his bravado is nothing but a simple sheep. Easily lead and easily manipulated with just a few soft words. It's perfect to be honest.

"You had nightmares of the Dragon eliminating you as a child." Blackfire says in a low growly whisper. "No matter what, you cannot shake this fear. You keep trying to give yourself power. You want the control he does. You want the power he does."

No words come from D'Ken for the longest moment. He feels his jaw move, but no words come
out. And this leads to immense frustration.

"I'm the all powerful…"

"A king without followers is just a blowhard who enjoys the sound of his own voice," Blackfire tells him. "The wind cannot hear your claims. It cares little for your bravado, D'Ken."

"You know where she is! You have her."

"And with a simple word I can have her destroy you," Blackfire says.

D'Ken, for the first time in a very long time, expresses humility. Fear passes over his face. He has no means to control the Phoenix Force and yet Blackfire does.

"Be still. Be scared. And be silent. And open your mind for you. And listen. Listen very closely."

The thrill fills D'Ken's mind. A flicker of dark light flashes in the background. Blackfire presses his fingers on D'Ken's shoulder, almost like a favorite nephew.

"She's docile. Tame. And you should not raise your voice in the Lord's house again if you want to keep her that way."

Wisely, D'Ken keeps his mouth shut. He has to do something which his sister, the one who isn't Lillandra, tells him that he's completely inept at doing. Cal'syee tells him constantly how he's completely inept and unable to play the long game. He'll show her though.

"What do you want me to do?" he asks.

It's calm, not a demand, just a crisp and cool voice. Blackfire extends one finger and places it on D'Ken's lips before retracting it. Smoke billows from D'Ken's mouth.

"He's coming. He will want her. Leave the Dragon slaying to me. You will have your throne. I will take the rest as payment."

D'Ken hates conceding anything one more time. He does nod. The Phoenix remains docile and yet seconds away from attacking at the same time. One nudge will send it into a furious rage. Blackfire again places his hand on his shoulder. D'Ken steps away to look outside.

"I want my sister. She'll be an excellent slave."

"Of course."

Sin of the most delicious, Blackfire carefully maneuvers his royal puppet into position. Time reaches closer as the Dragon comes to them.

'Come to me.'

"The last time you tried to engage her, it didn't end so way. I mean, I'm just saying."

Harry rolls his neck back and sighs. Yes, he knows Gwen's heart is in the right place when she tells him these things. It's just, well, Harry feels like he just needs to do something.

"I'm going to try it again."

"You are as valiant as the legends state you are."
Lillandra moves across the way and locks eye to eye with Harry. One may tell how much she's sick of cowering in the shadows. She wants to be her own person, for better or for worse. And Lillandra really hopes that something big happens which allows her to accomplish some great things.

"Legends are one thing," Harry tells her. "Reality is often a different and very much stranger thing when you really think about it."

"I know," Lillandra agrees with him. "And you might find this is more dangerous than you thought it was. Especially if the Phoenix Force has been corrupted by some kind of great darkness."

Harry understands. He walks to the edge of the ship. A check of the Phoenix Force medallion verifies that she has not come for them yet. If she has come for them, well there may be some issues. Harry makes sure to keep the medallion close. Every so often, the medallion appears to want to have returned to it.

"I can break the spell," Harry tells her. "Because, if I can't, then bad things will happen."

The Empress answers with a nod. She understands the dangers, and also appreciates the necessity at the same time. Harry walks back and goes from Nyssa, Mera, Sara, and Kara. Then, to Gwen who stands off to the side. She lays in wait, her danger sense being perhaps one of the most valuable elements to detect them.

"I know none of you like the necessity of what I'm going to have to do," Harry tells them.

"No, we don't," Gwen informs him with a very obvious sigh passing through her lips. "Still, I can't argue with you when you say what has to be done, really has to do be done."

"Agreed," Kara tells him with a soft smile. "You're going to have to bring her home, for better or for worse."

"For once in my life, I hope that it's going to be better."

Mera rise completely up to her feet. The astonishing regal presence this woman gives off stuns the entire party in the room.

"You are the only one with the ability to speak sense to her. You are the only one who can bring her home. And you are the only one who can united us all in the face of the darkness. We will stand by, waiting for your move. And if things get to the point where she's dangerous, then we will stand and will fight for you."

Harry swallows the lump in his throat and a smile passes over his face. "Thank you."

"It should be us who will be the ones who thank you," Mera informs him with a gentle smile. "If it were not for you, then many of us would not be standing here speaking to you."

Sara, Kara, and Gwen all nod. Other than Nyssa, they all were in some kind of predictable of danger.

"You're going to go out there and do what you do best, naturally," Nyssa says. "And you're going to make the one who took her pay dearly."

"He's not getting away," Harry says. "Not this time."

Harry sits cross-legged on the floor and channels an insane amount of energy into himself, and one more time, tries to establish a link to the Phoenix Force entity. He does not involve his generals this
time although they stand by to give him their support.

"I know what I must do," Harry tells them.

He rises to his feet and takes the long walk. Lillandra stops him with a bold and brazen grab of the shoulder. Harry raises an eyebrow in her direction.

"Several planets perished last time before we had to put the Phoenix away. And now she's been tainted by this darkness. You….may have to take drastic steps."

Harry knows, he does in fact know. He stops at the five women waiting for him.

"Pull my ass out of the fire if things get a bit too hot," Harry tells them.

Kara and Sara both nod. They are going to give Harry plenty of time to do what he needs to do and at the same time, they will be able to pounce.

'I may be insane,' Harry thinks to himself. 'Last time I barely slipped away from her.'

Regardless of his sanity or lack thereof, Harry has to step in. Necessity demands what Harry's bound to do next.

"You are embracing emotions you never thought possible. And you love them."

Deacon Blackfire stands on the rocks next to the Phoenix Force entity. Her power engulfs the entire universe and it only will take one more nudge to cause her great power.

"For too long, you've been trapped, caged, but I'm going to allow you free. And now it's time for you to change the universe. It's time for you to bring about a new age. It's time for you to bring about a brand new order! It's time for you to right the wrongs and bring about…."

A bright green light appears and the Dragon drops down onto the ground. Blackfire staggers back as if he's a demon splashed by holy water, an irony many things considered. Blackfire walks back just in time for the Dragon to hold up the Phoenix Medallion.

"You must remember," Harry tells her. "Attack me, but I won't raise a hand. Remember the true reason why you will seal away."

"It's his fault," Blackfire hisses. "It's his fault!"

The Phoenix stops and the song grows to an eerie silence. An immense power rises through her body when memories start to fade in. She also realizes the manipulations going on.

"I know what you're trying to do! You're trying to manipulate me to do your bidding! You're trying to manipulate me! I will not do it! You don't have control over me."

"You will have no choice!" Blackfire yells.

The Phoenix absorbs the Phoenix Medallion from the Dragon's hand and it amplifies her power tenfold while at the same time solidifying her control.

"I won't do it! I will not free the Anti-Monitor again. His scion, the white Bumblebee, fails, and so will you."

Blackfire drops to his knees and puts his arms out in the crucifix pose. The Phoenix heats up and
blasts the Deacon to obliterate him.

A whispered "salvation" is the last thing Blackfire hears before his essence burns to a crisp.

The Phoenix goes super nova and drops to the ground. An attractive redhaired women with a beautiful body and shining green eyes drops at Harry's knees. She looks up at her king with a smile. She's not wearing a single stitch of clothing on her body, something Harry makes himself aware of.

Harry looks into her eyes and notices there's still a small sense of instability within her that he's going to have to deal with. He wraps his arms around the Phoenix avatar and flashes her away to a safer location.

To Be Continued on February 7th, 2018.
Mating of the Phoenix

The Following Chapter contains shameless smut and nothing else. If you read this story for the plot, then feel free to exit, stage left. You've been warned.

Chapter Ninety-Three: The Mating of the Phoenix:

The two lovers disappear into a flare of energy. Harry ensures that the two of them are safely away from any life which can be harmed. They are in a construct in a pocket dimension of Harry's own creation. Harry takes the beautiful avatar of the Phoenix in his arms. Her red hair flings off to the side. Harry pushes the woman's hair off to the side and kisses her.

One kiss eases the tensions the Phoenix Avatar experiences. It has been way too long since she's been given any kind of real affection. Those lips meet together with Harry nibbling the front of them. Her eyes snap open and then close shut with each kiss growing even more eager. The Avatar runs her nail down the back of his neck and takes a deep breath when she sucks his lip. The kiss turns far more enjoyable than one may even realize.

Harry puts his hands on her lower back and stars rubbing it. He leans the Avatar down onto the bed and the kisses her. More powerful kisses connect and she eases her tongue into his mouth. They do the dance of desire with the Phoenix trying to overwhelm the Dragon. Despite her power, there's more certainty in his actions. He runs his hands down her body and smiles at her.

"What's your name?" she asks. "What are they calling you in this lifetime?"

"Harry," he tells her. "Harry Potter."

"Jean. Jean Grey. You remember?"

"Yes, I do."

They kiss one more time and Harry sets the lovely woman's loins on fire. Jean gives about as good as she can take. Harry's clothes fade off of his body so Jean can really experience him up close. Her large breasts press against Harry's muscular chest. Harry pulls away from her to leave a strand of salvia just hanging between their lips. His tongue dances over Jean's lips and then pulls his mouth away.

The warm lips against the side of her neck makes Jean feel something else. She cannot explain it, but for the first time I a very long time she feels whole again. And he really makes her hunger for as much as possible. Harry dives down and licks her womanhood. She bucks her hips up with Harry rolling his nails down either side of her legs and dives in to eat her out.

"Harry!"

Her musical moan encourages Harry to dive further between her thighs. Harry rams his tongue deep inside of Jean's warm, gushing pussy. He laps up the cum flowing between her thighs and then pulls almost all the way out of her. Harry returns back in between her legs with another couple of licks. Jean grabs the back of his head and moans.

He hits all of the spots right and makes Jean feel more alive than ever before. Her toes curl and body tingles. Harry drives his tongue down into her and slurps her womanhood. Jean clutches the
side of his head and is about ready to cum and cum big time.

Harry slows down the actions just enough for Jean to register it all. He wants Jean to feel every lovely emotion ten fold because it has been way too long since she's received the tender, love, and care of Harry's tongue. He brings it inside of her and then pulls it completely out of her.

"HARRY!" Jean yells at the top of her lungs.

A few more swipes of his tongue sends Jean over the edge. She grabs onto his hair. Jean relaxes her grip so she does not rip it out in clumps. Still, she cannot deny his tongue feels so good dancing down between her legs. Jean rolls her hips up.

Warm juices coming from Jean's oozing pussy splatter all over Harry's face. The Dragon dives in deep to pleasure Jean and give her just that much more.

Jean pulls him away and then grabs his face. She smashes her lips onto his with a very aggressive kiss. The taste of her own arousal all over Harry's face only makes Jean even more excited and determined to get a huge piece of Harry. Her nails rub over the side of Harry's neck.

Now, Harry falls back on the bed. Jean covers his body with kisses, moving over to attack his abdominal region and chest with them. One certain part of Harry catches Jean's interest. She smiles when coming down and putting her hand on the base of his cock.

"It's much larger than I recall," Jean tells him.

"Why don't you try it out?"

Jean licks the head of his cock which causes Harry to rise up to meet her lips. Her lips seal his cock in a pleasurable and warm fire with Harry grabbing her head and then shoving his cock deep into her mouth. She makes a lewd sound and pops her head down onto his hard cock. Jean takes his cock in and releases it.

The image of Jean bouncing her mouth up and down his big cock spurs Harry on to some very lustful thoughts. He holds the back of Jean's head nice and steady and keeps working her mouth to a certain point. Jean moans down as deep as possible before coming back around. Her throat flexes around Harry's iron pole and releases it with a loud suck and an even louder hum.

"Go for it, Jean. Suck my big cock."

Jean grabs Harry's balls and squeezes them. She gets into taking Harry's monster of a manhood into her mouth. She covers it in salvia.

She pulls it away and then wraps her hand around Harry's base. Jean squeezes Harry nice and hard. She makes sure to allow the cosmic energy coming from her fingers to stimulate every single nerve ending in Harry's body. Harry's hips come up as high as possible. Jean rolls her nails down and clutches his balls before releasing them with a smile.

"You're going to cum for me," Jean tells him. "And I want to see you cum hard for me."

Harry holds his cock into her hands as she pulls him up and releases him. Jean's soft, durable hand pumps Harry's throbbing love muscle. Every time she touches him, it's like fire shoots through his groin. Her mouth returns to its proper place.

"That won't be a problem," Harry breathes. "I'm fit to burst right now. Your mouth is so fucking hot."
Jean maneuvers her hot mouth around Harry's throbbing rod. She sticks her mouth around his cock and then sucks him as hard as humanly possible. Harry clutches the back of her head and then drives deep into her mouth. His balls smack Jean directly on the chin the deeper he face-fucks her.

The two powerful avatars work their lust up towards each other. Harry hangs onto the back of Jean's head and plows her tight throat. His balls continue to work their way against Jean's chin and slaps her hard on the face. Jean grabs his swinging balls and milks them with her hand.

"I'm going to make that mess you're hoping for," Harry warns her.

She does not slow down, rather doubles-down her effort. Jean hangs onto Harry's cock and sucks him so hard that her eyes bulge out. Jean increases her lustful actions all over his massive cock. Her warm lips spear as far down onto Harry's member as possible, squeezes his balls, and hums lustfully when taking him down into her throat. Harry holds his hands against the back of her head and keeps spearing Jean's throat until he's about ready to explode into her mouth.

"Fuck, Jean," Harry groans.

Jean sucks his cock with just as much excitement as ever before. She wants him to pop in her mouth. Harry does what she requests and spills his seed deep into her throat. Jean pushes her face down and drains his balls with her mouth.

Clarity reaches the Phoenix Force Avatar. She rises up, fire surrounding her body, and that matches the fire in his eyes. Much to her delight, Harry's cock rises from the ashes like the mythical creature whose name she shares. Jean crawls over Harry and swings her thighs over him. His cock pushes against Jean's entrance and comes an inch away from entering her.

"You've given me what I wanted."

Jean gyrates her hips over Harry and makes his cock linger precisely close to slipping inside of her. The fiery redhead keeps up her actions and then almost drops onto him. Jean pulls away at the very last second and then slips Harry's hard cock into her.

The two join together and it's like a strand which is integral snaps together. Their bodies surround with white hot-fire with Jean looking positively gorgeous when she drives down onto Harry. Finally, the Phoenix and the Dragon meet together. Harry holds her waist to slow her tempo down just enough for them both to enjoy it.

The bed catches on fire underneath him, but it bothers neither of the two occupants of it. Jean holds Harry's cock between her pussy walls and milks it as hard as possible. Harry grabs Jean's ass and pushes it to drive his cock deeper inside of her. They touch and it's better than any kind of magic.

"Harry!" Jean moans. "I don't think I've ever felt more complete."

More touches drive Jean further to the point of losing it, to point things mildly. Her thighs spread further so Harry can fit the entire package in her. It's big and feels good inside of her body.

"I'm glad…we're all glad to have you back. There's something missing without you being a part of us."

Jean smiles and rotates her hips down onto Harry's massive prick. Harry holds her breasts in hand and gives them a squeeze. Jean throws her head back and moans. She rises and ascends all over his manhood to take it inside of her body. They keep meeting and Jean feels the delicious friction building between the two of them.
She cums all over his cock. The burning hot liquids splash over Harry's manhood. Jean's pussy juices coating him over make Harry drive himself deeper into Jean. Balls swell just a fraction of an inch more.

Jean's fiery body rises and descends down onto his big cock. She looks pretty hot, in more ways than one. Harry enjoys and feels the thrill of her body working against his. Harry puts his hands on Jean's lower back and keeps guiding her wet pussy all over his.

"Oh, I can ride this for days," Jean breathes. "Make me cum again, my lover."

Harry's in the process of making Jean cum one more time. He triggers all of those spots which he's come to know turn Jean on. She keeps driving down onto him. Her pussy massages his hard cock and makes Harry need to redouble his self-control to hold back his throbbing balls.

His hands push all over Jean's breasts and give her pleasure. She pushes her chest into Harry's gripping hands the harder and faster she rides him. Jean's mouth hangs open with thinly disguised pleasure the deeper she pushes down onto his cock.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck me!" Jean yells at the top of her lungs. "Oh, fuck, your cock feels so fucking good in my tight pussy. I can't hold….I can't hold back for much longer."

"Don't hold back on my account."

Her body goes full heat, which Harry's can withstand now he controls this dance. Every time her scorching pussy drives down onto Harry's throbbing cock it makes his manhood twitch and tingle. He's this close to exploding inside of Jean.

Jean meanwhile takes in the scenario. Harry's perfect body is hers to worship and she cannot help but lean down. Pussy touches his cock, breasts touch his chest, and their lips mold together. Their hands run over the other's body, with Harry running his nails against her body.

Another twitch of Harry's cock, with him wanting to cum one more time inside of Jean. She pushes down onto him and stretches herself over him. She reaches between her own rising thighs and grabs Harry's balls to give them a squeeze. Molten hot fire erupts through Harry's genitals, and it feels so good.

"Fuck, Jean."

"Mmm, baby, I know I'm making you fell good. And I want that big cock to feel good when it cumms into me."

Her sweet honey splatters Harry's cock and drips all over the burning bed. Jean goes faster and faster, leaning down so Harry can touch her breasts and make them his own. Jean throws her neck back with another moan hitting her to the highest heights.

It's getting so close with both of them wanting to cum. Harry holds his nails against Jean's waist and then makes her lose her sense. He grabs Jean's round breast and then releases it. Warm milk squirts out of Jean's breasts from the overflow of power. Harry tastes it to make his cock swell inside of Jean's body.

"Soon, you'll breed me," Jean breathes. "But, not yet."

Jean throws her hips down onto his big cock. She stretches her pussy down onto him. She can feel the iron bar going deeper into her and making every inch of her just set on fire.
Harry grabs Jean's ass and then pushes inside of her. His balls throb and he wants to send his cum deep inside of her. Harry plants his cock inside her body and encourages Jean to further ride onto him. Her ass releases from his grip and smacks against his throbbing balls the harder and faster she rides on him. Jean's neck rolls back and she lets out a throaty moan when exploding all over his cock.

"Good," Jean mewls. "Now, it's your turn."

Jean grabs Harry tight between her pussy walls and milks him. Harry's balls give way and shoot their seed into Jean. Jean holds herself down and pushes onto Harry's pelvis to ensure the cum fills inside of her. It's been way too long.

The warmth of Jean's milking pussy makes Harry lose it in more ways than one inside of her. He holds onto Jean's hips and then drives her down onto him. Every last ounce of cum in his balls shoot into Jean and make sure to coat the inside of her walls.

She pulls away from Harry and bends over onto the bed. Harry's libido recharges almost instantly. He grabs Jean from behind and squeezes her breasts. Harry holds his cock at her wet entrance and shoves it inside of her.

The primal nature of his sexual attack sets a fire in the Phoenix. It's animalistic and she loves it. She cannot get enough of his cock shoving deep inside of her. His balls fill up just as fast as she can drain it. It all comes back to Jean down.

"I can't stop fucking you," Harry groans. "Oh, what are you doing to me."

A naughty smile fills Jean's face the second Harry rams into her from behind. His cock slides out of her pussy and almost slips into her ass.

"Go ahead and take it," Jean breaths. "I can make it slick, warm, and tight for you."

Harry pulls out of Jean's pussy and then works his cock into her clutching ass. The moment Jean's asshole clutches him, it almost sets Harry on fire. He's been inside many wonderful asses over the past several months. Jean's ass cheeks work against his cock and then push Harry deep inside of her.

"Fuck my pussy too," Jean breaths. "I want you to double stuff me. Go ahead and fucking do it. I know you have it in you.

A second cock joins the first and Harry maneuvers both of them inside of Jean. Two throbbing cocks meet Jean's two holes as well. The cosmic energy in the air charges Harry's magic and gives him the opening for body manipulation. Jean's eager screams and lewd sounds only spur Harry on to taking both her ass and pussy at the same time.

Most men will be overwhelmed by the sheer amount of stimulation. Harry takes it in stride and takes both Jean's ass and pussy at the same time. His hard cocks push into both of her warm holes the deeper Harry rams himself into her.

"Fuck!"

"Oh, you're amazing," Harry breaths. "I'm glad to have you back."

"And I'm glad to finally be back, and I'm glad to finally feel free."

Those two throbbing phalluses stick Jean on both ends. It's hard to tell which is better than the
other. Only they feel so good. And Jean enjoys feeling good beyond everything else. Harry sticks his cock further into her ass and also stuffs her cunt. It's alternating thrusts to bring Jean closer to the end of her rope.

"Oh, baby, I want you to lose it right now."

Harry is nowhere near ready to losing it. He pushes deep inside of Jean as she's on her knees, taking both of his cocks from behind inside of both of her holes. The mounting pleasure drives Harry closer to the brink. He holds her tits his hands and releases them. Jean throws her head back and then moans louder and faster.

Nails grip Jean's nipples and harden then underneath Harry's touch. His balls keep smacking Jean on her ass the deeper Harry shoves inside of her tightening asshole. She squeezes Harry with Harry pulling back and hammering her hard. All four throbbing balls reach their apex.

Jean's eyes roll back as the rush of pleasure spreads from the top of her head all the way down to her toes. Harry's all over her body in many places at once and it drives her completely to the edge. His balls keep slapping against her, leaving the marks that Harry wants them to leave.

Finally, it all crashes down with Harry driving into Jean. The cock inside of her pussy goes first, given that it's the duplicate cock. It explodes and sends a very intense flood of cum between Jean's thighs. Harry pulls back and makes sure she's filled as his cock fades away.

Harry relishes the next few moments he has with Jean's ass. He groans when feeling her tightness and warmness.

"It's like a fucking furnace," Harry says with more thrusts deep into her tightening asshole.

"It's more fucking hot than that," Jean breaths. "Give me that cum. I need it! Badly!"

Harry understands this and pushes inside of Jean's clutching asshole. His balls reach their boiling point and sends his cum deep inside of Jean's tight ass. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and then slams deeper inside of her. His fingers dance against Jean's waist the harder and faster Harry brings his cock inside of her body. His balls tighten up and release his payload inside of Jean's ass.

The two pull away from each other and Harry smiles. Jean's whole once again. He holds up the Phoenix Medallion and it joins her.

"Ready to join the others."

Jean steals one final fiery kiss from Harry. Clothes appear on their body, somewhat reluctantly on Jean's part.

A feeling of content spreads to Jean as Harry holds her. It's good to be home again.

To Be Continued on February 9th, 2018.
A cold rush blows through the air, the first signs of autumn. Rose circles around Olivia at the house, both of them are going face to face with each other. Claire, Hailey, and Lana are all sitting around in the farm and taking a good look at the battle.

"So, who do you think is going to win this one?" Claire asks.

"I think Rose has got this one," Lana tells her. "I mean, she's determined enough. Liv's really come a long way since she was that spoiled heiress. But, you know, Rose is Rose, and she really have something to prove."

"Yeah, I've got Rose on this one as well," Hailey says. "She's got that perfectionist tendency. Maybe not the same as Mia, but she's driven in a different way."

None of them can really argue with that one. Rose waves for Liv to come in. Liv and Rose circle each other. The first punch is thrown by Rose. Liv ducks down and blocks the hand. Rose flips over behind Liv. She tries to take the legs out from underneath Liv and then flips her down onto the ground. Rose and Liv throw hands at each other. A spinning kick from Liv causes Rose to duck and dodge the attack. She kicks the foot back.

"Who do you got in this one?" Hailey asks Claire.

"I got Liv," Claire tells her. "It's just a feeling I have."

They watch very closely to see whether or not Claire's feeling will be on point. Liv's uppercut sails over Rose's head. Rose blocks the punch and keeps punching away at her. A series of punches drives Rose down a few seconds. Rose swings the leg underneath from Liv. Liv flips onto the ground. She kips up and blocks Rose's punch. She turns her around and flips her onto the ground.

Rose blocks out the agony and bounces up. She charges Liv again. She smiles at how much Liv improves since the first time they sparred. Liv takes her down to the ground with a flipping throw. Rose bounces up to her feet and goes for a running elbow to the side of the head. Both of them block each other at the same time. Liv's knuckles wrap around Rose and rolls her over onto the ground.

"Come on!" Liv yells.

A kick comes close to her. Liv blocks the leg and then flips her over to the ground. The Queen Heiress holds Rose's leg in a knee bar to stun her. Rose rolls herself over to one side and tries to kick away from Liv. She slips out and then bounces up. She hurls more punches at Liv's. She evades all of the attacks.

A scream echoes from the barn which causes both Liv and Rose to stop fighting each other. Claire bounces up along with Lana and also Hailey. Isobel steps out of the barn and teleports several times before landing down on the ground.

Lana's head throbs the second Isobel turns up. A flicker of light erupts between the two of them.

"HE"S COMING!"
The scream rips through the air and chills the entire group. Isobel's hand glows and she fires a bolt of energy over the barn. It strikes the windmill and speeds it fast. Claire rushes over and wrestles her to the ground. Liv and Rose helps Claire restrain her.

Hailey screams out and drops down to the ground. Claire drops Isobel and then rushes over to her.

"I see worlds!" Hailey screams. "He's wiping them out. He's coming for this one! HE'S COMING!"

Claire's eyes widen. She really can't figure out what Hailey's mind is going, but she's not completely with it at the moment. One can see the horror spreading through her mind.

"What's happen?" Liv asks. "Do you have any idea?"

"They're seeing something," Lana breaths. The light connection she still has to Isobel causes her nose to bleed. She swipes a drop of blood. "There's something else coming. I don't really know what, but…"

Liv arms herself with a bow and arrow just as the sky opens up. The vortex of burning light appearing in the sky make her feel very weak indeed, but she has to stand tall. A flash of light erupts from the vortex and a figure smacks into the ground hard.

The figure smokes wearing a dark-red suit with a lightning bolt on the side. The symbol on the front of the suit resembles Jesse's in some ways. Claire moves over and feels the discharge of energy. The figure's eyes spark and he starts shaking.

"Who are you?" Claire asks.

"My name is Barry Allen. I'm the Fastest Man Alive. And I'm here to warn you the Anti-Monitor is coming for you all. Past, present, future, all fifty-two!"

This mysterious speedster flashes out in the other direction. Claire turns to Rose.

"Get Jesse! I'm going to need her help to wrangle him!"

Jean and Harry return to the ship. Lillandra greets them with a smile and bows down in front of the Phoenix. She's now wearing elegant white robes. She's more docile with the medallion where it should have been.

"Great lady, I'm glad to see you're fine," Lillandra tells her.

"I wish the entire universe would be fine," Jean says. "I think he's escaped."

"The Anti-Monitor?" Lillandra asks. "Yes, I'm really afraid that he might be."

Harry joins Kara with Jean sitting in the seat directly between Nyssa and Sara. For the first time in a long time, the seven medallion holders are back together. Just in time to fight one of the most dangerous forces the universe ever saw, the Anti-Monitor.

"I won't lie," Harry says. "I have a feeling…."

"Life's dying," Jean says. "We have to stop him."

"What has Blackfire unleashed?" Sara asks.

Jean's lips curl into a frustrated grimace. "The end."
Those were two words which explain more than enough. Harry holds his eyes shut. He senses the world shifting around him in the worst way. The only good thing is that the Anti-Monitor is not completely powered up. Harry spends a few seconds to summon his thoughts. A powerful blast echoes around the ship as it navigates throughout the universe.

"He's on his way to Earth," Harry tells them. "Our Earth."

"Of course," Nyssa tells them. "Do you think there's any way to get in front of him?"

"We will try and do so," Harry tells them. "Indigo, do you feel any strange fluctuations of power?"

Indigo only spends a few seconds before she answers. "He's attacking a planet not too far from our location. He has to recharge."

"We're going to have to catch up with him," Kara says. "Why do I have a feeling that's really not going to be as easy as it sounds?"

"Because it isn't," Harry responds a few seconds later. "We're going to have to get ahead of him. Everyone hang tight."

"I feel him," Jean says. "Blackfire tricked me! He sacrificed himself to release the Anti-Monitor!"

Jean's fingers push against the edge of the chair. Sara puts a hand on Jean's to calm her. The White Canary's calming, cooling touch causes Jean to take a deep breath and she nods. She tries not to lose it. Harry brings her back around, but there's still a prickling feeling. Being in isolation for what feels like centuries, what was centuries, does not really cause Jean to be happy.

"We're going to need you to calm down," Harry says. "I think that if we all work together, we can get in front of them. The power of seven should be enough to take him down."

"Yes, it should," Jean agrees. "It won't be easy. We're going to have to do it."

"He's vanished," Indigo says. "Brace yourself he might be coming after us."

Harry brushes his hair out. Everything is silent even though that fact could change in a few seconds. He brushes a strand of hair away from his face.

"Keep an eye out for energy spikes," Harry says. "We're going to have to be ready the second he arrives."

A blip of light flashes through Harry's eyes. The darkness swims into his mind to etch several grim images into his psyche. He notices several worlds fading into shadows in a matter of seconds. A hideous armored figure with glowing red eyes comes down on several planets throughout the entire multi-verse. The people who combat the attacker are really not able to do anything to fight them.

They see it, all of them see it. A flash of light erupts and a warp opens up through space. The ship passes through the vortex and on the other side. There's nothing other than darkness surrounding them. A corpse flows through space before shattering into dust.

"I can't believe this," Mera says. "It's so senseless."

"It's senseless," Jean agrees. "It's because he's just power. He doesn't care about anything else other than expanding his power. He just is."

"Any energy spikes?" Kara asks.
"Yes," Indigo says. "There's some minor signs of life in the wreckage as well, but it's very faint."

A figure floats through the ship with a wide expression of terror over his face. An iron pole slams through his chest and blood spills from his mouth as he swims, for lack of a better term, through space.

"Portal jump three galaxies over," Jean says. "I'm sure we have a chance to cut him off there."

They have a chance. Indigo activates the transporter and they disappear into the nothing. Tension raises while the ship containing the seven medallion holders disappear and then reappear.

Frustration builds to a fever pitch in Claire's mind. She's very close to nabbing this speedster. He's deceptively click. Claire pushes herself as fast as possible.

"Man, even when you're a female in this timeline, you're still a little bit too slow!"

Claire cannot make heads or tails of what the hell this mysterious Barry Allen even is yammering about. And she has a feeling that if even she can make heads or tails of anything, it's going to be insane. They circle around, being a long way from Kansas. In fact, Claire's pretty sure this speedster takes her for a joyride. He babbles about the Anti-Monitor, whatever that is, and then zips off.

Someone shooting lightning out of his body like Barry is, Claire figures it cannot be healthy. She stretches forward and tries to grab onto him.

"Slow down! Sorry, I can't! If I slow down, he'll find me!"

This does not really do a good job of answering her questions. No, it just raises even more questions. Claire speeds up as fast as she can go. It's just not fast enough.

"Jesse, I'm heading your direction," Claire says.

"I'm on it," Jesse says.

The speedster cuts off the first speedster. Jesse catches this speed demon around the waist and sends him into the ground. They end up flying backwards into the Arctic. They land outside of the Fortress of Solitude.

"Man, I forgot how sweet this place is! No matter what the uni…"

Claire snatches Barry around the throat. Barry quivers with the hand wrapping around his throat. He flies back so they are now both in the Fortress. The containment field surrounds Barry and causes him great discomfort. He slams into the field.

"That should hold him," Lara tells Claire.

"Well, it held me and he's slower than I am," Jesse says. "What the hell is going on?"

"I've seen it all! You got to let me out of here! If I quit running, he's going to come after me. He's got the scent! He's wiped out the timeline! Well, not a timeline, many timelines, with many infinite possibilities. I keep going back and forth, trying to find a way to stop him, and I've ended up here! Even the Dragon and his heralds, they couldn't stop him! He's gotten too strong, at least half of the fifty-two are in the process of being written out."

Claire slams her hand against the side of the cage to rattle Barry.
"Slow down and tell me what's happening."

"I keep telling you, I can't slow down!" Barry protests.

"Try," Claire says. "Please try."

"Well, I am the Flash or at least I was the Flash, Jesse's the Flash right now, at least at this moment, barring any sudden shifts of the time stream. That's the same thing that swapped Oliver for his alternate universe counterpart. And there was this thing with the Berenstein Bears changing into the Berenstain Bears which I swear was an unintended side effect, although it's left a lot of people confusion and massive amounts of nerd rage about conflicting child hood memories, the Mandela effect, you know, people remembering one thing even though it really didn't happen. Only it did, because of the speed force shifting X amount of people over to one timeline, even though there from this timeline, so they get flickers. Some have memories that directly contradict written history and they think that they are going insane. But they're not insane, they're just misplaced."

Claire blinks twice. She turns to Jesse.

"Did you get any of that?"

Jesse shrugs. "Yeah. I think he's saying that timelines are colliding to each other. And the force is empowering this Anti-Monitor thing. There's something going on, on multiple words."

"Exactly!" Barry yells with as nap of his fingers. "And he's coming for this one. He'll consume everything in his path and rewrite the universe in his own image. And it's not a good image. It's dead, decay and all that! You need to get ready."

"He's right."

A very haunted Hailey turns up in the Fortress. One almost thinks she might have seen a ghost. Actually, at this point, a ghost will be normal. She's seen something else which is far beyond a ghost.

"I've seen two worlds being destroyed," Hailey says. "And I've seen a ship with Harry and the others on it. They're going to get obliterated by the Anti-Monitor."

"Mother?" Claire asks.

"I'm sorry," Lara tells her daughter in a soft voice. "They're too far out for me to reach them."

"You need to let me out of this cage," Barry tells them. "I can lead him away for the moment. He wants me for some reason. I don't know why. I'm guessing I pissed him off in a past life or something."

"Open."

The cage opens up. Claire realizes she has to prepare for something.

"When is this happening?" Claire asks.

"I don't know," Hailey says. "The moment Harry disappears everything fades to black. I get chilled. It's awful."

Claire only imagines. They have to get ready for battle for whenever and where it will come. She can feel something in the air and they know it's only the beginning of a potential end.
No one remembers quite what depths the Anti-Monitor spawns from, other he exists. He exists to feed off of the darkness and enjoy the power. The power he absorbs from the shill thrills him pretty much like nothing else in his life. It's the only thing which keeps him going and gives him any kind of enjoyment.

It's also the only thing which stops the pain. The Anti-Monitor remembers what happens all of those years ago. He remembers being forced into the dark prison from the Dragon and his Heralds. All of those years ago, all he recalls is darkness.

"I know you're here. And you will pay just as much."

The entity who attempts to keep the Anti-Monitor at bay, the guardian of the speed force, he also moves throughout time and space. The Anti-Monitor cares little for this point. All he wants is destruction and he knows the adoptive home world of the Dragon looms nearby.

The Anti-Monitor already destroys several Earths in his process and many other planets. He will not rest until the entire multiverse is gone and he has a chance to rewrite everything in his own image. A smile crosses over his face for several long seconds.

Then the smile shifts into a frown. He hears the rumbling of a ship approaching him from the distance. The Anti-Monitor stands up when he instantly realizes who is on the ship and where it's coming from.

"It's him!"

The ship attempts to cloak itself from the Anti-Monitor and very nearly sneaks up on him. However, there are certain things which cannot be hidden from the view of the Anti-Monitor.

"I'm ready for you."

The Anti-Monitor lifts up a hand and freezes the ship. The weapon system locks onto the ship. Bursts of flames shoot out of the ship and come close to attacking the Anti-Monitor. They all bounce off of him.

"You thought yourself to be clever."

The Anti-Monitor locates the power core of the Dragon's ship. They were all inside. They will all perish by his hands with a few swift moves.

"You thought wrong."

The ship contorts and crushes like an overly large can. He could crush them all inside. The missiles launch from the ship and impact him against the chest. The armor of the Anti-Monitor shields the attacks. He's transcended something else.

"You've wasted all of this time getting them back together only to die. It's a real pity."

He contorts the core and causes the ship to explode. It goes super-nova right before the eyes of the Anti-Monitor. Everyone around and inside the ship vaporizes which causes the Anti-Monitor to break out into one of the more obvious smiles possible.

"Finally!" The Anti-Monitor yells. "Now nothing can stop me!"

The life on the planets near him on his way to Earth were irrelevant and insignificant. The Anti-Monitor plows Uranus on his path to Earth uncaring of the damage he causes. He keeps floating
through time and space. Earth is in his process. The Anti-Monitor smiles and can feel the humans.

"To me my children!"

No one can see the horrors that the Anti-Monitor has created through the vastness of space. By the time anyone has a chance to fight them, it will be too late. It will be much too late. The Anti-Monitor pushes them onward and forward with a small smile on his face.

Soon, the entire world will be written into its own image.

Liv's nervousness of the entire situation reaches a brand new fever pitch. She joins Claire and the speedster, the man who calls himself Barry Allen. She isn't sure what to make of this. According to Felicity after Liv checks with her, Barry Allen currently is working as a Crime Scene Investigator for the Central City Police Department and has no super powers whatsoever.

"So, you exist elsewhere without powers," Liv says. "I'm not an expert of time travel by any means. But, you know…could that cause some problems?"

Barry shrugs in response. "Yeah, but I've always played a little fast and loose with the entire time travel thing. Perhaps I wouldn't have gotten into this mess if I did, but…a little time quake or two is nothing compared to one will happen if the Anti-Monitor is."

Hailey walks a few steps behind them. She does not look too well. Actually, she looks beyond not well, chalk white is a pretty good descriptor of how the Granger girl looks as she keeps her pace behind the other parties. She smiles as Holly step inside.

"So, what do you think?" Claire asks her.

"I think everything about this is insane," Holly says. "However, ARGUS is taking it seriously none the same and we've had our share of insane things."

"They told you about the vision, right?" Hailey asks.

"I'm not sure what to do think about that," Holly says in a somber voice. "I don't want to think the worst of this situation either. Regardless of what happens with Harry, life goes on. And we're going to have to take the fight to the Anti-Monitor one way or another. It's just what we do. It's what we have to do."

Hailey nods in understand. It does not stop her from being nervous.

"ARGUS has satellites to help deter alien invasions."

"We have a problem!" one of the agents yells from the background. "Something has broken through. They're on their way to Earth."

"They're here!" Barry yells.

Claire zips off after him in the other direction. Claire, Holly, and Hailey rush out after them. Nym joins them a few seconds later. They all look up in the sky for a vortex of dark shadows appear in the sky. Some of them engulf everything. The ARGUS agents all step outside.

"They're everywhere," Holly says after getting the report.

Liv holds her bow in hand, it seems so inadequate now these demonic creatures are circling around them.
"I'm going to need a bigger bow."

The creatures rise up and drop down onto the ground. Claire rushes them and attacks them. She might as well be pushing air.

"Hailey, look alive," Holly tells her. "I know you're shaken, but we could use all the help out there."

"R-right of course."

Unless Hailey misread her vision, the Anti-Monitor already struck against Harry. And now the beginning of the end was afoot.

To Be Continued on February 11th, 2018.
Chapter Ninety-Five: Crisis On Our World.

Darkness stretches out from space from many angles. There are no visible signs of life. There are just a few floating rock fragments surrounding space. One might be able to strain to look for the dust particles in the depths of space. No one is around to see what happens next.

A vortex rips open through the fabric of space. Harry Potter appears from the darkness in space and zips across the destroyed wasteland. He leans back and Kara flies out of the vortex seconds later. Gwen, Nyssa, Sara, and Mera follow next. Jean pops out to bring up the rear. Lillandra holds onto her goddess and they fly in silence through the vortex of space. Some of the life restores around them. Other bits of life are still decayed by the Anti-Monitor. Harry holds in his breath when passing through space until they get to a certain point.

A glowing black box with three dots representing an upside down triangle carved into it blips in space. It glows a shining bright Indigo color. Harry circles around in space and reaches out to grip the box hard. He turns over and the others take Harry's lead.

'Closer.'

In the past, Harry cannot begin to explain how he survives certain situations. This time, there's really no exception to the rule. The group of medallion holders come close to the Anti-Monitor. They appear through the shadows until they reach one of the few worlds in this sector the Anti-Monitor left alone.

Harry motions for them to follow him. They all sound off and drop down onto what appears to be some kind of relay station. The village monument is shattered. Harry puts his fingers on the door and opens it up. A wire disconnects from the panel which Harry hooks Indigo off.

"I thought for sure that would be it," Sara says finally breaking the silence. "Maybe it's just me."

Nyssa shivers. "No, it's not just you. I saw my entire life flash before us. I thought we had him at a disadvantage."

"We did, but we didn't."

Kara's the first one to pick up on the true meaning of what Harry's saying, although Gwen's very close to follow. She still tingles from her danger sense attacking her brain. She thought for a brief moment that she's not going to feel able to have anything other than an endless ringing in her head.

"Does it mean what I think it means?" Gwen asks.

"It means that we came close to dying so we could learn the scope of the Anti-Monitor's power," Jean says. "Although, I think I'm reminded how powerful he is. We just barely put him away last time."

More memories come back to them. Mera's jaw sets. "Yes, we barely did. And it cost us everything. We were all separated until we found each other."

"We won't get separated this time," Harry says. "I'm not sure how much damage was done to Indigo's drive. I suspect we'll know in a moment."
All they could do is wait to see if Indigo comes back to life. A bright spark flows out of the computer's drive. Harry lightly taps his finger on the edge of the drive.

"Booting up. Please wait one moment for system to return online."

Kara smiles even though it takes a little bit of time. The lack of life out there or the signs of it unsettle her. She does have a question though.

"Why do you think the Anti-Monitor hasn't destroyed this planet?" Kara asks. "I mean, it's on the way there. You would think that it would be something that's easy for him to wipe out. Maybe I'm going insane, but..."

"Trust me, you're not. He doesn't think the planet is worth his time. He'll just wipe it out with the rest of the multi-verse when he has full power."

Jean's statement makes several members of the group kind of uneasy. It also raises a lot more questions than it did answers. Gwen barely even holds back the most evident groan possible.

"You mean to tell me that thing's not as powerful as it could be?" Gwen asks. "And let me guess, it's getting more powerful by the second."

"Yes," Indigo pipes in out of the blue. "Each world the Anti-Monitor destroys, each universe he erases. He becomes dangerous. The Dragon and his generals were only able to set back the inevitable for years. At the cost of setting back the evolution of humanity and history by several hundred years."

"It's good to have you back, Indigo," Harry tells her. "So, what kind of damage are we looking at?"

"More than enough as he's already beginning his assault upon Earth," Indigo tells them. "We're going to beam down to the Fortress now. Everyone hold tight."

The seven medallion holders, Lillandra, and Indigo all vanish and appear in the midst of the Fortress. The bright lights show how much power the Fortress is expanding. The images of the satellite defenses around the Earth being bombarded by shadow creatures appear.

"Harry?" Lara asks. "Kara?"

"I'm here Aunt Lara, we all are," Kara says.

"We thought you were dead," Lara says.

"Hey, we thought so too," Gwen says. "So, what's the deal here?"

"I'll give you the highlights," Lara says. "I'm afraid we don't have that much time."

Claire looks up into the sky. She remembers Kara and her mother talking about the Phantom Zone. For some reason that Claire cannot properly put her finger on, this feels very much more unsettling than the Phantom Zone. Perhaps she's completely lost it. Actually, Claire has to have faith in her sanity because if it comes unraveled, it's going to cause problems.

Holly Granger leads the ARGUS team up to the sky. They launch a cannon blast. The white hot light surrounds the shadows from the sky. It's hard to get any kind of lock on them no matter how hard they try.

"They won't make it in time."
Barry holds his head up. He feels the darkness which assaults him from so many times before. There’s a loud rumbling from the sky. He can see something, hear something. Another flash of light echoes as the shadows get closer to breaking through the defenses.

"I've got a plan," Barry tells Claire. "Try and keep up with me, kid."

Claire opens her mouth and Barry zips up in the direction. His movements jar Claire and she wonders what the hell he's planning on doing. There's only one way to find out and that's to follow him.

The next few minutes pass with Claire doing her best to match Barry's movements. He goes to the right and Claire trails him. One of the demonic wraiths zip over to the side. Barry follows as fast as possible rotating his hands around like a whirlpool. The hands smack down and catch the wraiths completely flush.

Claire notices something. They are getting close to home. They are breaking free. She jolts at them. A blur of light connects with the wraiths with Claire pushing herself into them. Her body burns underneath the assault of the wraiths.

"You want me!" Barry yells. "You come out here and fight me!"

A rumbling comes from behind Claire. She wonders if something fires something. The intense heat dancing closer to her makes her convinced that someone fires something at her. She sees a missile coming up from the tunnel. The shadows flicker and Barry keeps racing up the wall. His attention is on a one track mind. Claire puts her hand on his lower back and guides him away.

"Heads up!"

Barry and Claire split down the path and the missile keeps its target. It strikes a large black mass at the top. The missile explodes and then shoots back down at the speed of light. It keeps rushing until striking the ground hard. Both sides draw in their breath.

"I see him!" Barry yells.

"Yes. You're here. Right where I want you."

The voice brings chills down Claire's spine. Several slimy hands grab at her. Claire fights her way free like there's nothing to it. She knocks one of them down the path all of the way. Another dives at her foot. Claire kicks him away.

The speedster vibrates up the tunnel and hits the black mass. Several superfast speed punches accomplish sore knuckles and not that much else. Barry throws hands as hard as possible. They simply bounce off of the edge of the platform the harder Barry slams into them. He grunts and throws his hands directly into the metal gate. Barry drives himself back and hammers it even harder.

"I know you're there, Monitor!" Barry shouts. "I can see you! I can feel you!"

"Yes, you can, Speedster. But you are irrelevant the moment the Dragon comes to this universe. Surely you know that."

"It doesn't matter as long as you drop."

Barry once again swings himself as fast as possible and damages the seal for a minute. The seal heals over and sends Barry hurling down from his position. Claire races down and grabs him. The
two tumble as the shadows charge down. Claire lights up the tunnel with her heat vision.

"They're resistant to heat," Claire manages.

"Barely," Barry tells her. "I don't know why you caught me. You need to get back up there before he attacks."

They are almost down at the bottom of the tunnel. Both sides rush up one more time. They race against time. The sound of a shield shattering echoes in Claire's ear. It bombards her super hearing. She can only see bright lights around her. Instincts is about the only thing which pushes Claire further up the tunnel.

Barry bombards his way through the creatures. He cares little about the scratches or the marks they leave on him. The only thing that matters is stopping the Anti-Monitor or at least setting him back. The anti-matter wave contrasts with the speed force.

All Barry has to do is run faster and higher. He pushes as fast as humanly possible. The energy around him burns as Barry picks up speed. He's faster, faster, faster, almost there, and yet so far away.

The Anti-Monitor sits in the ship. The worlds he absorbs cycles around him. The Anti-Monitor breaks out into a smile when more power passes through his body. There's something else that jars him though. The Anti-Monitor raises to his feet as several of his shadow minions cycle him.

"Keep the chamber sealed until I gain strength," The Anti-Monitor tells them. "We have one final hour before I reach that point. And then I can continue my conquest of more worlds."

Something else is wrong though. The Anti-Monitor's powers do not replenish themselves as fast as they need to. Yet, that's not the only issue. He raises a single hand to his head and a grimace follows. The Anti-Monitor refuses to throw around certain words without care. One of those words he refuses to throw around is the word "inconceivable" or "impossible". One would be surprised how much someone who travels throughout the multiverse could conceive or what they could think his possible.

"I felt your soul extinguish in my hand. And yet you live. Clever, Dragon. It's a trick that only works once. Should you be bold enough to face me I will crush you. This battle is centuries overdue."

"You're not going to get that far, Anti-Monitor!"

Another superfast breach connects with the side. The Anti-Monitor releases the cables feeding power into him. His hand starts rumbling one more time. A loud smack shakes the foundations. A second one grips the Anti-Monitor's attention harder. He walks over and pushes his fingers against the door.

"You want my attention, Flash? So be it. I should have eliminated you from the multiverse. You are a blight to it with your reckless time travel, Barry Allen."

The Anti-Monitor lets himself free despite not having strength upon. As a flicking memory from a universe a long way away once said, he has strength enough for this.

"You wanted my attention. You got it. You might be a god among men. But you are a cockroach to me, Barry."
"We'll see about that."

Barry's entire arm shatters when punching the Anti-Monitor hard in the head. He drops down onto the ground. Claire just barley pushes through the opening and super speeds at the Anti-Monitor as well. She's stronger and yet has just as much luck bombarding him with an immense force.

"You're pathetic."

He snags Claire by the back of the neck and whips her back into the wall of his fortress. The shadows move to fight her. Claire struggles back despite the energy of the room draining her body of yellow solar radiation.

Barry winces and pops his elbow back into place.

"Are there any last words for me before I annihilate you both?"

"None that are family friendly."

A jumping superfast punch connects with the Anti-Monitor's skull. Barry pushes him back into the wall. Punch after punch connects with him despite his muscles aching and him getting very tired. Barry pushes himself repeatedly towards the Anti-Monitor and knocks him down the tunnel.

Both of them fly down the tunnel at an intense speed. Barry hammers his enemy's face as hard as possible.

"WHY DON'T YOU EVER DIE?"

The portal tunnel rips open and several wraiths spill out. It's not the dark shadows the Anti-Monitor employees. Rather it's time wraiths who chase Barry down.

"No!"

They will not answer to pleading. They never answer to pleading. Despite the Anti-Monitor shattering time and space far worse than Barry ever does, they charge him. The Anti-Monitor's not their problem.

Anti-Monitor did not account for the time wraiths. He's glad they are here. There's one less problem for him to take care of.

The other big problem hurls a large piece of his chair down the tunnel and beams him in the face. The Kryptonian summons all strength she can and nails the Anti-Monitor as hard as she can. The Anti-Monitor grabs her by the throat and squeezes as hard as possible.

"I believe that's all you have left."

Another missile comes down the tunnel. It works about as well as he did all of the other times which is not well at all. Claire takes advantage to break free and return down the tunnel to Earth. She really hopes that the people down there have a plan.

"Clara, I'm sorry. He's getting through."

She knows it. Boy does Claire ever know it.

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They were getting close to the Anti-Monitor. Jean's not really certain how ready they are to be honest. She feels like they have been given a second chance. However, there's really nothing to say
that they are even close to being ready.

"Jean?"

Sara's voice cut through as the group prepared to head to the highest source of concentration. It's where the Anti-Monitor will most likely be and they hope to wrap this up without too many problems. Jean's shoulders slump down with a couple of light breaths.

"You're just stalling. I hope that you're with us."

"I am," Jean says. "It's just, I remember all it took the last time we fought the Anti-Monitor. And now, it's almost like he's getting stronger."

"Yes," Nyssa agrees. "He's getting stronger. However, we're strong as well. We're going to give him a few surprises."

They move over to the cluster. Several ARGUS agents lay on the ground. Holly and Nym, as per usual, are leading on the fight. One can see that both women are just barely holding things together. One more push, and it will be over both of them.

"Well, look whose here," Nym says.

Harry appears from the shadows and both of the ARGUS agents turn towards them. A large dark shadow rises up completely to engage them. Harry decides to meet the shadow halfway with his hands whipping back and connecting with the chest of the creature. The creature howls in agony the harder Harry plants his fists into the creature's chest. The creature doubles over with Harry bombarding the creature back into the attack.

"More are on the way!" Gwen yells. "Way more than this. I think he knows that we're here."

"That much is obvious," Nyssa says. "This is going to get dangerous."

"Leave them to me."

Jean feels like her little rampage rattles the chains of the Anti-Monitor and breaks him loose. She's bound and determined to see that he does not live long enough to harm another person. Jean rises up with the Avatar of the Phoenix surrounding her. She uses the medallion to become one with it. The same dark emotions which almost destroyed her previously prickle against the back of Jean's neck. She blocks out everything. There are a few cross thoughts entering Jean's mind. She attempts not to lose herself in the pain of them. She sucks in a deep breath before bombarding herself through the flames and the fire.

The shadows fold over one at a time. Jean's eyes screw shut and she keeps throwing herself directly at the Anti-Monitor. The Anti-Monitor's attacks come back on through. Jean's not giving up, not in the slightest.

Mera causes a large wave of water to rise up. She's not certain if this does much good. It must do something with the splash of water connecting with it.

Nyssa manipulates the dark shadows on her own. She moves than over in position for Sara to unleash a cry on them. The cry connects to the shadows and forces a ripple effect. Sara throws her head back and then drops back down onto the ground. She draws in a deep breath and unleashes another cry at them.
"I see you."

The voice of the Anti-Monitor taunts Harry. Harry's not about to play any sort of game. He conjures a flaming spear into his hand and then puts it through several shadows. He moves up and looks up into the sky.

"We can't penetrate it, no matter what!"

Harry follows a super-fast blur running as fast as he can go. The blur is chased by two demonic shadows. They disappear into a blast of light.

"I'm going up there," Harry tells them.

"Wait!"

Jean's voice cuts through. She burns through even more of the Anti-Monitor's forces. The green and blue fire surrounding her taps into energies which she could not previously without holding links to her sister-wives. The fires also restore the ground back to a somewhat healthy aura.

"He's coming down here," Jean breaths.

Harry can work with that oddly enough. Another figure charges Harry from behind. Harry bends himself back and avoids the attack from connecting to the ground. He catches the arm of his enemy and twists him around to drop said enemy down to the ground.

These entities are growing stronger. However, Harry decides to unleash an attack which will deplete or at least cut them off from the power source. Two daggers shoot from Harry's hand and impact the creatures in the chest as hard as possible.

Kara circles around them at the speed of light. She stops short and pauses for a second. An outline of two figures fighting causes her mouth to hang open in surprise.

"Claire?"

Determination fires up Claire Kent. She's never been one to give up despite the situation being lost. She feels every single bone in her body rattle and every single muscle ache. Despite the fact many will give up right now, she persists despite it. The right side of her face swells up and her lip sticks out with a disgusting purple bruise. Claire wipes the blood dripping from her mouth off.

"You know something. I'm still standing!"

"I can fix that."

The Anti-Monitor plows the future Superwoman down into the ground with a hard attack. She hits the ground with the wind knocking from her body hard and fast. She tries to get up, and then collapses with the Anti-Monitor standing down onto her chest.

"There's no one to save you this ti...."

A blinding white connects to the chest of the Anti-Monitor. The energy flares up and venom burns through his chest plate.

"Stay away from her."

Kara bombards her enemy with attacks as a flash of fire brings Claire away from the Anti-Monitor.
The Anti-Monitor drops to the ground before attacking Supergirl.

Sara and Nyssa tandem attack the Anti-Monitor with two daggers down across the neck. Mera nails him with a huge punch enhanced by the power of the sea. Gwen hoists him up and flips him down onto the ground.

"You are not going to stop me!"

"That's the problem with people like you."

Harry turns up with the flaming sword and then slices the Anti-Monitor directly in the chest with it. The Anti-Monitor flies head over heels until crashing down onto the ground. Harry breaks out into a smile and attacks the Anti-Monitor with another attack.

"You always think you have the advantage."

"But, I do. My scion have failed."

Jean joins them and the seven stand together.

"But, I will not."

The shadows absorb into the Anti-Monitor. He grows in mass and his armor prepares. He steps across the ground and decays everything between his feet.

"The universe dies. But, you've lived too long, Dragon."

Harry turns to his wives. They all prepare for the battle. The Anti-Monitor returns to full power, but they are at full power as well. All they have to do is find a way to put him away for good.

Their medallions start glowing as they face off against the towering Anti-Monitor, with the anti-matter wave erasing everything as he passes. They extend their hands and bring out the light to restore what has been erased.

"Impossible!" The Anti-Monitor yells. "But, only a minor setback."

It's time for the final battle. Everything's on the line, all worlds throughout the multiverse hangs in the balance. Harry cannot fail.

To Be Continued on February 13th, 2018.
Chapter Ninety-Six: Seven Versus One.

A rumble of power rises around the Anti-Monitor. The Dragon and his heralds will not put him away one more time. He refuses to go down, not without a fight. The Anti-Monitor charges up a hand and bombards his enemy with a vicious attack.

The seven heralds scatter in opposite directions. Jean holds her hands up to stop the incoming power wave and push it back towards the Anti-Monitor. The power crackles against her hands. The Phoenix summons an intense blast of power and explodes into the Anti-Monitor!

"Attack!" Nyssa shouts.

Nyssa jumps on the back of the Anti-Monitor with two conjured blades in hand and tries to attack the back of his neck. The Anti-Monitor shrugs her attacks off. Nyssa refuses to go down without a fight. She bounces back up and impales the blade into the Anti-Monitor's chest to minimal effect. She pulls out the blade and slams it into the chest one more time. The Anti-Monitor jumps back and blocks Nyssa's foot from connecting into his chest. She turns the foot back and drives Nyssa down onto the ground with a solid impact.

Her breath knocks out of her body, and the Anti-Monitor receives a double team attack from Gwen and Kara. Their punches rock the Anti-Monitor. He plucks them both out of the air by the throat. Gwen super charges her venom blasts as Kara charges her heat vision. The amplified magic causes minor amounts of damage to the Anti-Monitor. He slams hard against the wall.

"You only delay the inevitable."

He catches Gwen in mid somersault and slams her down to the ground. Sara unleashes a super sonic cry which breaks the sound barrier and causes debris to bury the Anti-Monitor. Gwen detaches from the Anti-Monitor and does a roll landing on the ground. She takes in a deep breath.

The Anti-Monitor breaks his way out of the containment unit. He thumps across the ground and attacks the heralds with everything he has.

"Stand and fight me!" The Anti-Monitor yells. "Dragon? WHERE ARE YOU?"

Ask and one shall receive as Harry pops the Anti-Monitor down across the back of the head. The helmet cracks and falls to the ground in pieces. The Anti-Monitor drops to his knees and howls in agony. Harry withdraws his sword and cracks it against the Anti-Monitor one more time to drop him to the ground. Thunderous attacks keep smacking the Anti-Monitor down to the ground!

"Enough!" The Anti-Monitor growls.

He raises his hands up to block their progress in a large wall. The seven snap back down to the ground instantly. One sees the Anti-Monitor's face. The ashen and quite goopy look tells the story of how sadistic and dangerous the Anti-Monitor is. He steps over and burns a footprint into the ground. The Anti-Monitor approaches his adversary and throws a hand out to knock them back against the wall.

"You all waste my time!" he thunders at them. "I'll crush you all like the worthless insects that you are."
One sees how deadly the Anti-Monitor and his words are. The Anti-Monitor's hands snap up and drive down to rattle his enemies. Harry blocks one of his thrusting motions and pushes back.

"Attack! Again!"

Sara, Gwen, and Kara release attacks in triplicate from the front. Mera and Jean attack from either side. Nyssa prefers her attack from behind. The constant bombardment of the energy surrounds the Anti-Monitor and shakes his knees, forcing him to one knee.

Harry's hand glows green and he charges it to the highest power possible. The warm burn erupts through him with Harry rushing his enemy as fast as humanly possible. He drives the hand through the chest of the Anti-Monitor and causes him to throw his hand back.

"No! I'm not going to lose. Not like this. Not ever like this."

The Anti-Monitor lets out his breath in a very obvious hiss when dropping down to the ground. Harry pulls the hand out of his chest and leaves him hanging with a couple more breasts.

Jean's head whips back and something dismal hits her body. She can't hold back the thoughts, the dark thoughts.

An army of dark shadows swarm above their heads. The elements which represent the worlds the Anti-Monitor kills are about ready to descend down. Jean and Nyssa throw their hands up and try and stop the attack. Gwen and Sara assault the Anti-Monitor with a combined venom blast and Canary Cry.

"You're too late," The Anti-Monitor yells.

He supercharges with power and rises stronger than ever.

"Too many worlds have died. And you are going to be the next to fall along with this world."

Harry notices the blast of power rising from the Anti-Monitor. He moves in for an all or nothing attack. If this does not work, it's not going to suck. The Anti-Matter wave catches them all. Every single fiber of Harry's body burns before the Anti-Monitor launches them into nothing.

"At last!"

Several missiles blow up the ground the Anti-Monitor stands on. The very second the dust clears, the Anti-Monitor moves to take care of the minor inconvenience.

Harry drops down to the ground. He's not the only one as the rest of the heralds drop to the ground. Mera throws her head back in particular and is very frustrated.

"He's making a mockery out of all of us!" Mera yells. "His power….it lends itself to that unfortunately."

It becomes very clear to them all how the Anti-Monitor is strong and he's not going to be stopped pretty much anytime soon. Jean's hand shakes madly. Sara is the first to grab it to stabilize her. Jean's warm hand tightens around Sara's and the two hold themselves close to it.

"I feel it! Every time he sucks power out of a world, it hurts to even breath."

Sara grows increasingly somber and nods in thinly disguised frustration. "Yeah, I feel it too. I don't know what to make of it. It's pretty awful."
Each and every single world crashes and meets its destruction by the Anti-Monitor. They end up in this vortex, this world between worlds to recover. To do what? That is the question which dogs every one of them.

Gwen pulls herself up to a vertical base. Every single muscle in her body aches, the last of which is the throbbing pain going through her head. "You know something? We can't do this forever. This game of ducking and dodging is not going to end with us beating him."

"It's the same game we've played for a long time," Nyssa tells him. "But, we have to stop him. Despair is what he wants us to feel. Hopelessness is the currency which drives him. He's just... he is that powerful."

"His power only comes from death," Sara says. "And when he shows, the people know that death is soon to follow. He drinks it up like mother's milk."

Sara pauses and lets her words hang for a minute.

"It's awful. Any ideas of how to stop him?"

Kara turns her head to the side. Claire's out of harm's way for now which puts her mind at ease. The problem is that as long as The Anti-Monitor is on this world, there's always going to be a threat. This entire threat churns Kara's stomach. She seeks comfort and power in her sisters.

"We should be able to undo what's been done," Kara tells them. "I mean, we should be able to bring everything back. Shouldn't we?"

Jean's eyes pop open and her face becomes slightly more animated. "Yes. It's possible. But it's going to acquire power. Do you think that it's going to weaken him?"

"If death is his strength, it only makes sense that life is his Kryptonite," Nyssa says. She pauses before becoming mindful to Kara. "No offense, naturally."

Kara smiles and waves Nyssa off. "Trust me, there's none taken. This is not going to be easy."

"Few things that are worthwhile are," Gwen tells her. "We're all going to have to work together to do this. And Jean... well Jean's the one who is the harbinger of life."

Harry clasps his hands together. The Heralds back off to allow the Dragon a chance to do his thing. Power soaks into every fiber of Harry's body. His green eyes flutter open while turning towards each of the women in turn.

"We better move. We don't have all that much time left."

"Great," Jean answers. "So, why are we sitting around here? We should be out there."

Harry opens a doorway and the seven disappear through it. They find themselves outside of the gate where they put the Anti-Monitor the first time. All things must stop at the beginning. The seven walk the path until they see the first world. It's a ways away from the gate.

Shadow wraiths surround the planet. Harry places a single hand on Jean's shoulder. They all crowd around to give her strength.

"I don't think they're going to let this go that easily," Gwen remarks. "Because here come the Shadow Wraiths!"
They descend on them, realizing them to be a threat to their masters. Nyssa smiles at them and opens a portal. The demonic shadows she summons amplify due to the strength and overwhelm the shadow wraiths. The area around them contorts to pitch black for a second before Nyssa pulls her hand back.

Warmth and light starts to flitter in. They are not doing nearly enough unfortunately to power the area around them. Jean's fingertips crush against Harry's arm before releasing them.

A couple of small insects scurry over the surface of the planet. It's progress, but they can do more. A couple of small plants rise out from over the surface. Jean smiles as the planet starts to slowly shift from the ashes. Only small traces of life to begin with, and then small rays of light cover the planet as the shadows vanish with howling agony.

"He's going to be pissed when he realizes what we're doing," Gwen says.

"Good," Harry tells her. "Anger will make him careless. And if he's careless, we can stop him."

Everything pops back to life with Jean holding her hands out front and center. She feels a few small budding signs of life returning. And then a sharp cry and then more cries. The cries of children and this brings Jean out to the center. Several lifeforms rise up from the ashes of the once vibrant planet and come to life one more time.

A mother and her two children, at least from Jean's perspective, reunite with one and other. They join together and more families rise up from the ashes. Magic swirls around the air and causes the vibrant towers overlooking the planet's capital city to return to life.

"I feel something," Mera says. "Buried deep underneath the rubble. Help me with it."

Kara and Gwen remove the rubble and Mera's hunch is correct. Something bubbles deep beneath the surface and that something is water. Mera places a finger on the water and causes it to rise up. The ground breaks open. Several bodies of water return back to life as Mera summons the water deep from the depths. This brings new life to the animals who call the water their home.

"Water, excellent," Nyssa breaths. "It's working, and look more of the plants are coming back to life."

"Not to mention the people," Sara says.

Jean throws her arms back and more power bubbles through her. The rush, the thrill, of bringing back new life empowers Jean. It also empowers her sister-wives and husband the deeper Jean pushes into the planet. A gateway pops open.

"Next world!" Kara calls.

They move into the next world. It's very easy to restore life on this planet. The shadows consume much quicker because of the waves of energy. Life springs, first small organisms, small planets, then more complex organisms rise up over the planet. The insects scuttle over the surface of the planet and Mera finds the water to get it flowing again.

"It just proves you can't utterly destroy life," Mera breaths. "You just need to bury it deep and hard enough."

Harry's fingers brush against the edge of the door which snaps open. Several birds come out and they fly to take nest on the trees which finally have been brought life one more time.
"I can feel it!" Sara yells. "Everything is beautiful again!"

Jean breaks out into as mile. Life is beautiful in many ways. They just have to find the right way to get everything flowing once again. Her hands clutch together when they have another world restored, much quicker than the last one. They build power and momentum.

Worlds spring back to life, undone by the Anti-Monitor. The Heralds reach through the universal barriers and correct the damage done through there as well.

Gwen freezes midway through and her head starts to hammer with a constant barrage. Her fingers clutch and rub the tip of her scalp.

"I think he's noticed what we're doing," Gwen says.

"Good,' Nyssa says. "We're ready for him this time."

Harry breaks open the barrier and meets the Anti-Monitor on a field of asteroids. The army of shadows come at them first. Jean spreads her arms and sends them all packing with a bombardment. They fly to the other side of the multi-verse with Jean breaking out into a smile.

"You are going to regret what you've done."

The Anti-Monitor steps over with a large energy pack on his back. It's depleting by the moment with every step.

"No more games. No more distractions. This is where you end, Dragon."

"I've heard it a million times," Harry tells him. "And I'm going to live long enough to hear it a million more. So, why don't we get this over with?"

The Anti-Monitor's hand flickers to life and he bombards Harry with an attack. The same attack he uses to destroy entire worlds sends fire towards one man. Harry stands in the midst and lets the beam of light connect to him. He absorbs the power.

"Shadow of the doomed world!" The Anti-Monitor yells. "Come to me!"

The heralds realize one thing. This is his final last ditch play. His form swells until he's about fifty times his normal size. He's a towering monster which practically merges with the background. He becomes one with space and shows power beyond all measure.

"I'm going to destroy you all!"

Again, Harry's heard it a million times, and plans to live to hear it a million more. And he's successfully tricked the Anti-Monitor into summoning all of his power.

"Trust me," Harry tells them.

These two words spark some fresh nervousness in the entire group. Harry's plans work well a lot of the time, but against the Anti-Monitor they have not worked about as well as they could have. His eyes glow when focusing on the adversaries coming closer to him.

Harry's medallion lights bright from the power. He grabs Sara, and drags her into the medallion. The same thing is done to Kara, Gwen, Mera, and Nyssa. Jean throws herself into Harry and Harry merges with his six wives and the powers of the medallion.
"You think your little trick is going to beat us?" The Anti-Monitor asks.

Harry raises up into a gigantic dragon like humanoid. On the shadows shoulder mounts a Phoenix who sings loud and causes the Anti-Monitor to recoil.

"Stronger together, we're stronger forever."

The dragon's fire connects with the chest of the Anti-Monitor and sends him back with a stunning blast. The Anti-Monitor summons all of the power possible and throws it back at his enemy. The two beams interlock with each other with going back and forth. Harry shoves and the Anti-Monitor shoves back.

The power of the seven rise up and strike the Anti-Monitor back. The darkness surrounding him cracks and beams of light throw out.

"No!" the Anti-Monitor yells. "I MUST!"

A glowing green flaming sword cuts through the darkness and hacks the Anti-Monitor. The power he absorbs spills out of him as quickly as he can reclaim it. The Dragon bombards him with another attack, shooting a combination of venom and fire out of his mouth while ripping the shadows away from the Anti-Monitor.

"Without your cover, you're nothing special!"

The Dragon bombards the Anti-Monitor with one final attack which cracks his body. The Anti-Monitor stumbles down to the ground.

"I'LL KILL THEM ALL AGAIN!" the Anti-Monitor shouts. "I'LL RIP HIM! I'LL TEAR HIM! I'LL DESTROY HIM!"

The Dragon knows the Anti-Monitor's last ditch attack is coming. The purple glow strikes the thick scaly hide of the dragon and propels back at him. The Anti-Monitor stumbles back and the Dragon catches the fist one more time before ripping his enemy back.

The Anti-Monitor flies back and lands down onto the ground. A concentrated attack brings the Anti-Monitor down to his knees. Green flames blow against the Anti-Monitor's chest and drives him down to his knees. A loud cough follows him and the Anti-Monitor rises up again. He receives a spiked tail swinging into his chest. The Anti-Monitor turns himself with blood spilling out of his mouth. Another couple of coughs follow as he tries to summon death around him.

No more power to summon, the Anti-Monitor's entire armor cracks off showing him to be nothing other than a withered shell. Despite the destruction, he still stands up with defiance. The Dragon bares down onto him. The song of the Phoenix cripples the Anti-Monitor and brings him down to a knee.

"This isn't over! I will rise again."

"No!"

The combined entity strikes down the Anti-Monitor. The Anti-Monitor crumbles to dust with the fire of life attacking it and sealing what remains into a white hot light. The howling of the entity fills space one more time. Then he's completely sealed away.

The medallions flicker and then Harry drops down. Sara, Kara, Gwen, Nyssa, Mera, and Jean all drop down to the ground. Their medallions release energy back into them.
"That was sure something," Gwen says.

The heralds all murmur in response. A glowing orange ball lands in the palm of Harry's hand.

"And that's all that remains of the Anti-Monitor," Harry tells them. "We've did it."

Time for them to return to Earth and checkup on everyone, but now a brand new hope comes across the land. And they cannot feel any happier.

After a moment of darkness passes, it's pretty good to see life come back to Earth. Nymphadora Tonks stands out and enjoys a few moments of life returning back to the Earth. She comes back and sees Harry standing behind her. She should be used to him popping out of the blue like that.

"Why do I feel like I missed a climatic battle?" Nym asks.

"Because you sort of did," Harry tells her. "Everyone's alright."

"Holly's a bit banged up because she threw herself in the middle of the battle," Nym says. "You know how she is. She'll survive."

The entire world will not have a single idea what happened in the few hours complete darkness came out of the world. No doubt there will be thoughts of government conspiracy and everything along those lines. Harry figures people will have their own idea.

Kara steps over to Claire and wraps a hug around her cousin's waist.

"I'll get you to the Fortress to get you checked out," Kara tells.

"I'm fine," Claire said.

"Your mother, both of them, would kill me if I let something happen to you. It's to the Fortress."

Nyssa and Sara move over to survey the damage. It's hard to believe everything, all life possible throughout the universe would have ended like this.

"Wow, we did it," Gwen comments.

"It's a great feeling," Nyssa concedes.

"Quite," Mera tells them. "I'll be back. I need to check on my people."

Harry does nothing to stop her. Mera moves in and kisses Harry. They move over to help the ARGUS agents with the damage.

A flash of light erupts and Harry comes face to face with a gentlemen wearing a red suit with a lightning bolt down the center. His eyebrow raises.

"Barry Allen, I'm the Flash, and before the universe tries to erase this version of me, I want to say thank you for stopping him. Now I can…well I'm not sure where I'm going, but it will be interesting. And…congratulations."

Those words cause the mysterious young gentlemen to flicker out of existence just as suddenly as he appears. Sara, Nyssa, and Gwen all stand in surprise.

"Dare I ask?" Sara asks.
Both of the other women shake their head. Jean rejoins them. She wraps her arms around Harry's waist and nuzzles her face into the back of his neck.

"We've done it," Jean says. "We're whole again. The world is whole again…and I'm not sure about you, but I'm in the mood to celebrate."

Sara smiles at her. "I'm not going to turn you down."

Gwen and Nyssa confirm they will not either. Harry just smiles.

"Celebration sounds great."

The world he left behind is a distant memory. This is the world where Harry's meant to be. He'll get in touch with family and friends alike in the coming days, but now it's time to celebrate the victory with his wives.

To Be Concluded in the Final Chapter on February 15th, 2018 (Although this is the end if you're just reading this story for the plot.)
Together

This final chapter contains shameless smut to wrap things up and nothing else. If you were here just for the plot, thanks for reading, but it's now time for us to say goodbye before the smut begins. For the rest, enjoy.

Chapter Ninety-Seven: Together.

Twelve inches of big meaty cock stands out in front of Sara and Gwen. Both ladies drop to their knees in front of Harry with Gwen gripping Harry's cock and then running her tongue down the base. On the other hand, Sara moves between Harry's thighs and starts licking his balls. She alternates between sucking on and squeezing his balls.

Nyssa and Jean entangle in a very long kiss with one and other. The mouth of the Daughter of the Demon pries open so the Avatar of the Phoenix Force can invade her with a long and deep tongue kiss. The two engage in a very sloppy and very long kiss.

The relief of surviving the ordeal pushes Jean on. She kisses Nyssa, spending ample amount of time exploring the mouth of the Daughter of the Demon. Then, she decides to explore other areas of her body. The kisses only increase in intensity.

Nyssa's entire body throws back with an insane thrill ride. Jean pushes all of the buttons and shows how much she's able to drive Nyssa completely over the edge. Jean cups Nyssa's breasts and gives them a couple of squeezes before making her moan out in lust.

And speaking of lust, Harry's cock lurches back when it shoves into Gwen's mouth. Gwen's mouth sticks to his cock and her hands grab and release his balls. Harry holds his fingers against the back of her head and works a continuous pump into her tight mouth. His balls keep smacking Gwen's jaw the further and deeper he enters her mouth. His fingers tug on the back of her hair.

"Mmm," Gwen moans the harder Harry plants his cock into her mouth.

Harry rides her mouth out with a long drive of his cock. Her throat expands and the contracts with momentum building up. Sara, meanwhile, stands on the bed. Harry decides to lean in and grab her ass before driving his lips onto her nether region. A swipe of the tongue causes a very audible sound to cum form Sara.

"That's what I'm talking about," Sara breaths.

Harry swipes his tongue against Sara to lick her pussy, getting it nice and wet. The sounds of Gwen's mouth working his cock over make him lurch forward as hard and far as possible. His nails dig into the back of Gwen's head with constant thrusts.

Gwen experiences the enjoyment of those big balls slapping against her face. They are so full of cum and Gwen intends to make them explode when she's ready. Her fingers clutch Harry's balls and release them with a couple of steady pumps. Harry slides into the back of her mouth and pulls out before hammering her. His thick slab of meat continues its journey into the back of Gwen's throat.

She releases his cock from her mouth and then pushes it back in. The feeling of her lips working
him over drives Harry closer to the breaking out. He holds the back of her head. Gwen looks up at Harry for a smile.

"You've earned this," Harry grunts before going back to eating a standing Sara out.

Gwen clutches his balls and looks up at Harry with a sultry expression dancing in her eyes. Twelve inches of meaty cock strikes the back of Gwen's throat. He pulls out of her and drives his manhood into the back of her throat. Gwen's throat clutches Harry as he pulls out.

Splatters shoot down Gwen's throat. Harry holds onto the back of her head and drives down into her throat. Gwen's eyes bulge with Harry firing his massive load deep into her throat.

In the meantime, Nyssa and Jean now scissor either other. Jean's scorching hot pussy rubs up and down against Nyssa's and throws her down on the bed. A third party joins them.

"I'm back," Mera says.

"Here."

Sara walks across the bed and then joins Mera. The two exchange a very passionate kiss with each other. The Queen of Atlantis opens her mouth up for the White Canary. Hungry caresses map a course down the other's body. Sara tightens her legs around Mera's waist and then gives her a very lengthy kiss. The two drop down onto the bed.

Gwen pulls up and rubs herself against Harry's cock. Much to her delight, it stands straight up at attention and prepares itself for more. Gwen's not going to keep Harry or herself waiting.

"I've got the first crack at this," Gwen tells him.

"Naturally," Harry says. "Let's see what you've got."

Gwen moves over and decides to blow Harry's mind by rising up onto his cock. Her breasts are in Harry's face. Harry reaches in and takes ahold of them. A deep clench of the flesh sends Gwen throwing herself pussy first down onto Harry's mighty rod. It shoves inside of her tightening sheath.

"Oh, fuck, so deep!" Gwen moans with the cock sliding into her body.

Twelve inches of the meatiest cock ever slides between her legs. It's right where it belongs in several ways. Harry holds Gwen's waist as she bounces up and down on him. Her slick thighs smack down onto him. Tight walls grip and then constrain against him.

Nyssa rolls face down onto the bed. Jean conjures a very realistic feeling dildo while rubbing it against Nyssa's tight pussy. She opens up for Jean. Jean slides the organ deep into her.

"Oh, it's been too long," Jean breaths.

She indulged herself in Harry a while back and now it's time for one of her wives to get the executive treatment. Jean leans on in and touches every inch of Nyssa's body. Nyssa responds by moaning and Jean decides to mold Nyssa into her own pleasure servant.

Nyssa's eyes bulge open the deeper Jean pushes into her body. Every inch of her body feels so good. Jean pulls completely out of her and then shoves herself into her. Nyssa tightens her grip against the bed the harder and the deeper Jean pushes inside of her.
Sara and Mera lay on the bed. Both eat the other out in a race to see who can make the other one break. Sara's tongue works its nasty magic over Mera's wet pussy lips. Mera's hot thighs clamp down onto her and she returns the favor just as easily as before.

The bouncing blonde on Harry's lap works his cock over. Harry holds Gwen's hips and then pushes her down onto his lap. Harry runs his fingers over Gwen's body and grabs her chest before releasing it. Gwen's breasts spring up and down. She loves him playing with them and Harry loves squeezing her chest. Gwen's shoulders pop up and down with a moan.

The heat rising through her body makes Gwen's travels to the next orgasm very intense. Harry holds onto her waist and drives himself deep inside of her. His balls keep slapping against her body, making Gwen's body shake and twitch. The deeper Harry drives inside of her, the closer she gets to the end. Harry holds her waist and sinks her down onto his cock. He fills her body up with his long cock.

"I'm getting close," Gwen breaths. "I can feel you…you're going to pop as well."

"When you've earned it," Harry tells Gwen.

Gwen prepares to earn Harry's load of cum. She slides down to the base and then releases his cock. An obscene amount of cock stretches her durable pussy. Gwen keeps rocking herself up and down, rolling her neck all the way. Harry's all over her body and touching her.

The workout Gwen gives Harry's love organ makes him get closer to the edge. His balls are ready to explode and coat Gwen's walls on the inside. Harry slips his cock deeper inside of Gwen and then pulls back before driving himself into her one more time. His balls slap her thighs with a constant and fluid repetition. He drives deep into her and pulls out one more time.

"I'm earning it, I swear!" Gwen breaths in his ear.

No disagreements there, Harry figures. He just wants to work her over for a little bit longer and bring her closer to the edge. Harry hammers Gwen with his balls getting closer and closer to releasing. Gwen's warmth surrounding him makes Harry buck up and hit her as hard as possible with the force of his balls.

The two cum together with a very intense orgasm, with Harry's seed splattering Gwen's walls. Gwen grips Harry tight and milks every last drop of sticky seed inside of her body. Gwen holds onto Harry with her mouth curling open and then going shut.

The mutual release feels really good. Gwen's overflowing pussy leaves Harry's cock. It only takes a matter of seconds before Jean's lips replace Harry's cock.

Nyssa rises up and then turns around to expose her wet pussy.

"Looks like it's you and me," Nyssa says.

Harry leans in and kisses the back of her neck. His own stamina brings his cock back to life within a matter of seconds. Nyssa's lovely sweat soaked body guides him the rest of the way. He's all over Nyssa and grabbing her chest. He leans on in with his cock touching her warm, wet entrance. He is close to entering her and pulls back to make Nyssa's whimper in frustration. It's a very delightful sound.

He knows where he wants to stick his cock and he drives it deep inside of her. Nyssa's tight pussy clamps down onto Harry and milks his love muscle the very second it's in her body. Harry holds back on her and slides his throbbing cock as far into her body as humanly possible.
"You know how to make me feel good," Nyssa breaths out with a lustful smile. "Take that cock and hammer me until I can't stand!"

Harry is more than willing to do that and anything else Nyssa wants. He slides into her tight center and then pulls almost all the way out of her. His balls slap against her. She eggs him on, and is shifting and moving on the bed. Not to mention the tightening of her inner muscles grab Harry's cock and shove it into her body.

"Damn it, Jean!"

A rotating of tongue laps up the cream oozing from Gwen's pussy. Jean repeats her actions and then drives her tongue deep inside of Gwen. She sucks the essence of her husband and wife out of Gwen's pussy. Gwen's beautiful legs wrapping around Jean's head are only something.

"Guess the Queen's going to bow down to me."

Sara straddles Mera and stuffs her pussy full of a strap on cock. Mera attempts to look bold and proud, but there's only so much boldness you can deliver when getting a hard cock ramming into you. Mera's legs tighten around Sara's body.

She's all over Mera's body in no time flat. Kisses cover her face, the side of her neck, Mera's breasts. Oh, do Mera's breasts ever get a working over. Worship is a pretty good term to describe what Sara's doing to Mera. And how she's driving her insane.

Harry holds onto Nyssa from behind and starts sinking his cock inside of her tight body. Twelve inches of swollen cock slide into Nyssa from behind. She tightens around him and releases Harry. He pulls all the way out of her and drives back into her again. His balls repeatedly spank Nyssa's thighs on the back. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and then drives himself into her.

"Mmm, that's what I want from you, my beloved," Nyssa purrs in delight.

Not one to hold back, Harry keeps driving his cock deep inside of Nyssa. He's balls deep inside of her body, just as it should be. His big balls keep slapping down onto her.

Kara drops down in a flash of light. She realizes how overdressed she is for the occasion and drops her clothes. Jean is over to greet her with a kiss. Kara wraps her arms around Jean's body and kisses her.

"You're not going to be able to hold out for much longer," Harry tells Nyssa. "I want to feel you cum around my cock."

"I only live to serve," Nyssa breaths.

His fingers dance down Nyssa's body and hit all of the required pleasure points. The back of her neck is a particularly sensitive spot and Harry's all over that in a blink of an eye. Her wet and warm body reacts to Harry's touch. Fingers and touch both do their devious job in stimulating her. Harry locks onto her pleasure and feels it instantly.

Sara drives herself deep inside of Mera and gets her ready. She's going to be the next one, Sara's certain. She needs to prepare Mera for Harry and the preparation is going along well. The deeper Sara shoves herself into Mera, the more the Queen reacts. Sara's deep thrusts bring her closer.

"You're born to serve me now."

The words from Sara causes Mera's hips to move up to meet her. Sara's on top for pretty much
everyone other than Harry who she willingly bottoms for. And Mera willingly takes the huge cock inside of her tight center.

Nyssa kneels for Harry and takes his cock all the same inside of her. Twelve inches work their way inside of her and then pull all the way out. Harry's hands trace patterns around her. Every touch points out a certain spot on Mera's body and causes her moans to increase, to accelerate. And Harry covers her neck with a constant barrage of kisses, never once straying from the same spot for too long.

"Cum," Harry orders her.

Obedience makes Nyssa's body react. She's further fueled by Jean and Gwen thrashing on the bed when Kara's vibrating fingers enter their cunts. She isn't quite sure when Kara arrives due to preoccupation of Harry's strong cock. She just goes with it, for better or for worse.

Harry brings Nyssa through several more orgasms right before his cock buries inside of her tight center. He holds back and drives his cock into Nyssa from behind. Her wet organ clamps down onto Harry and milks his prick all the way. Harry clutches her back and sinks himself into her until his balls start to discharge.

And the discharge is very warm, with Harry driving his cock into her. His balls repeatedly slap down onto Nyssa. Her warm cunt clamps down onto him and shoots blasts of seed into her body.

A change of partners occur when the dust clears. Harry walks across the room to join Mera and Sara and Nyssa reunite. Sara's skilled touches work their magic all over Nyssa and make her thighs spread. Sara scoops her fingers between Nyssa's thighs and then makes her hips shoot up and then down.

Mastery of all liquids gives Mera an advantage and allows her to do many things. One of them is bring her partner's cock back to life. Harry holds the back of Mera's head and kisses her. The kiss is returned by fever, with Mera enjoying the momentary advantage she holds over her king.

The taste of Sara on Mera's lips mixing with her own wonderful mouth really suits her fine. Mera's mouth opens up wide and gets Harry's tongue deep inside of her. The two linger with each other, with Mera and Harry kissing each other hard and fast.

Back on the bed Mera goes. Her legs kick up on the air. Harry teases her tits with a couple of squeezes. Mera's mouth hangs open with Harry working his way down her body.

"I'm wet for you," Mera tells him.

"Aren't you always?"

A smile passes over the face of the gorgeous Queen. Harry's hard cock lines up with her wet pussy and slides inside of her. Harry fills up Mera with his cock and then pulls it out of her. He then drives it deep inside of her one more time. Mera's legs wrap around Harry's body when he drives himself inside of her.

Superfast fingers stimulate the pussies of both Gwen and Jean. Kara's really going in deep on them and making them moan. She enjoys the control. It makes her wish there's a third party to lick her pussy. She's just going to have to take out her frustrations on them.

Gwen throws her hips up with a repeated series of thrusts. Each time Kara enters her body, it brings a brand new exciting feeling towards her. One stolen look at Jean shows that she feels the same way. Gwen tries to hold out from the pleasure.
The mind of Jean Grey flips over the edge into an insane rollercoaster ride of pleasure. Fingers stick their way deep inside Jean's tight cunt. She grips then and releases them with a few fluid movements. Jean holds on to the probing fingers and throws her neck back. She mewls high into the sky the deeper Kara slams her fingers inside of her tightening cunt.

Nyssa's pussy walls receive a nice amount of manipulation from Sara.

"Beloved," Nyssa cries out.

Sara shoves her face in Nyssa and releases a nice sonic sound from the back of her throat to stimulate the insides of Nyssa.

"Fill me up!"

Mera's screams show how good her body is feeling. Harry plants his thick cock inside of her with repeated thrusts. He is almost out of her. Mera clutches him and then guides his face to her breasts. This distraction allows Mera to slip Harry inside. His hard cock clutches between her warm walls. He pulls almost all the way out and slaps her thighs with a couple of solid marks. Harry's all over her body and giving her pleasure.

The goddess underneath him throws her hips up and takes more of Harry's cock into her pussy. Harry gets a sight at the thrashing and squirming redhead on the bed. Her lovely face contorts into a very intense smile and her lips pucker together. Harry, meanwhile, hammers her as deep and hard as possible. His balls smack Mera's thighs before pulling completely away from her.

Nails dig deep into Harry's back and shoulder. Mera wraps her legs around his waist and allows Harry to slam deeper inside of her. They meet body on body, touching each other. Harry works himself closer and closer to the edge. And Mera really wants a piece of him.

She gets a piece, a big piece of Harry slamming between her legs. Every time, and Mera tries to summon the energy to suck all of the cum from his balls. She wants as much fluid as possible before she passes out. Harry goes all in to squeeze her chest and make Mera drive her hips up higher to meet Harry's.

"Good, I'm getting closer."

Closer's not a term Mera might use to describe this. Each second on the clock grinds away and throws Mera closer to the edge. The smacking flesh sounds signify how close Harry is. Mera attempts to drag Harry inside of her. He pulls out of her, cock head rubbing on her lips before shoving deep inside of her again. He fills her up and Mera takes him with everything possible.

All good things reach their end at some point. Harry's cock cannot withstand the tightness of Mera wrapping around him. He shoves his cock deep inside of her and then fills her pussy up with his cum.

"Oh, fuck that feels so good," Harry grunts.

Mera uses her abilities to drain more cum out of Harry than normal. His seed sucks into her pussy. Mera controls the path to her womb to bathe it. Now that everything is done, she's preparing to gift Harry with a daughter. Mera's warm pussy walls clamp around Harry and suck him dry.

Harry rolls over onto the bed and then is the benefit of a triple blowjob. Gwen, Jean, and Kara are all over his cock. They use their warm, wet mouths to bring Harry back to life. Jean's hand gripping Harry's balls is a nice tight grip and the feeling makes him rise up in enjoyment. Jean slaps her lips over his cock and gives it a couple more sucks to drive his cock closer to her lips.
Kara and Gwen also lick him. Harry's up and standing in no time. The wet and warm mouths continue their worship until Jean turns around. She nudges both Gwen and Kara off to the side. None of them are going to get into her way.

The sight of Jean's delicious ass in front of his face pleases Harry. She descends on his rod and shoves it deep inside of her body. The tightness of her cunt wraps around Harry when dropping down on the bed.

"You gave Mera a gift, and now I want as well," Jean breaths. "Time for you to impregnate me husband."

She created new life earlier tonight to destroy the Anti-Monitor. Now, Jean intends to create new life in a completely different way. Her tightening grip squeezes Harry's massive cock and releases it. Jean pumps her walls against him with Harry groaning.

Kara and Gwen are at the foot of the bed. Jean leans in and gives Kara a long passionate kiss while driving herself down on Harry's cock. The sounds of flesh meeting flesh echo throughout the room. Harry's hands rub over Jean's back and find their way to her breasts to give them a clutch. Gwen also worships her as well.

Sara buries herself in Nyssa's warm cunt from behind. She waits for her turn, which will come rather soon. Now, she indulges herself in Nyssa's perfectly wet pussy. Every inch of it just molds the way Sara wants. Nyssa's moans of delight increase and Sara's aggressions reach a new fever pitch.

Pleasure really does describe what Nyssa's feeling right about now and what Sara's doing to her. Her occasional moans fill the air the deeper Sara drives inside of her. Sara's hands and tongue work a greater form of magic in her. Nyssa's body sizes up and betrays itself. She seeps closer into a dazed state the more Sara works her body over.

"Jesus, Jean."

The tightness of Jean's pussy clamping down onto him shows Harry how much she wants this. Harry sits up just enough to indulge Jean's body with his hands and mouth. She arches back so Harry can kiss the back of the neck. All the while his huge cock remains submerged inside of her wet pussy. She stretches out.

"Harry. I want this. Give it to me. You don't know how long I've waited for this moment."

She's been waiting for a long time. Their little encounter earlier scratches the surface. Now Harry drives his cock into Jean. Kara and Gwen entangle themselves on the bed to leave Harry and Jean the only two partners in this dance. Harry grabs Jean's chest and squeezes her. She throws down onto Harry's cock and fills her tight pussy up with several more pumps.

The filling of Harry's balls swelling up only drives him deeper inside of Jean. Their bodies meet together in a long and very passionate dance. His hands rub all over Jean's body.

"I'm getting close."

"I want you to be close," Jean tells him. "I want you to cum in me. Knock me up with your daughter!"

The tightness of her pussy grabbing him makes Harry get ever so close to her. Every inch of Jean's body oozes perfection and hotness. He wraps his arms around her waists and thrusts on in her body. His balls rattle her warm pussy from behind. He keeps driving in deep and then pulling out just
before pushing into her.

Jean's body quivers a little bit underneath Harry. This is something she wants big time and does not care how long it takes to get it. Harry's all over her body and making her very horny. She wants to feel their daughter grow in her. Jean's nails dig deep against Harry's wrist and pushes deep inside of her body.

"Harry," Jean murmurs loudly. "I'm close."

"I am too."

They cum together and make some beautiful music in her. The new life building in Jean moistens her core and shoots her wetness all over Harry's cock. Harry pushes himself deep inside of her warm body the deeper Harry plants inside of her body.

Harry fills up Jean with his cum. He paints the inside of her body wet with as much seed as his balls could hold. Jean wraps her warm walls around Harry and releases him.

Spinning around, Jean captures Harry with a kiss and then pulls away from him. She decides to enjoy some time with Mera who is stirring.

"Oh, Harry."

Kara's low seductive voice comes out and she's hovering in the air.

"As if I wouldn't take part in this fun," Kara tells him with a smile.

Harry smiles at her. Kara's digits probe her warm pussy lips and then pull out of her. Her lips connect with her warm juices. Harry joins her in the air. Kara floats in close to Harry. Her breasts are close to Harry. Harry gives them a squeeze. The solar energy does her body good, as her breasts are growing since Harry brought her out of the ship. He leans in to indulge himself in all of Kara's body. Her nice breasts are a treasure which Harry just has to dive deep into and indulge himself with.

Kara throws her neck back in mid-air. She twists and spreads her legs. Harry's all over her and she loves it. His length cock pushes between her thighs. The two lovers join each other in mid-air with Harry sliding almost all the way in and pulling out of Kara. They meet each other with another kiss and then Harry's inside of you.

"Rao fuck me side ways," Kara groans.

He pulls almost all the way out of Kara and then drives deep inside of her. His balls slap Kara's wet pussy when rising out of her and driving deep inside of her.

"Maybe soon enough," Harry tells her.

They now flip over in mid-air to allow them to get a good look at the couplings. Sara decides to move between Nyssa and Gwen. Mera and Jean are a mess of red hair, limps and lips. Mera's neck arches back when Jean's kisses scorch her body.

All of Harry's attention directs to the point where it should be. Namely with Kara and her tightening core, with Harry pulling almost all the way out of her and driving his big cock inside of her. Their bodies connect together. They cause a slight wind with Harry's rapid fire thrusts working their magic and spreading Kara out.
Kara grabs Harry's bicep and moans in his ear. They join each other with deeper thrusts yet. Harry's almost out of her and then back inside of her. Their bodies hit each other at a certain point. Kara squeezes Harry's ass with her legs.

"Fuck me. Fuck me, my husband!"

Harry drives his big cock into Kara. He stuffs her warm pussy with several rapid fire thrusts. Every time he shoves into Kara, he can feel her pussy walls closing down on him. Harry pulls almost all the way out of Kara and shoves his big cock inside of her one more time. Kara clutches his hips with her soft legs and then moans the deeper Harry plows her wet pussy from this position.

"Feel that?" Harry asks.

"Yes, I feel all of that," Kara moans in his ear.

Her nails dig into Harry's back when the two generate an intense force with the upside down fucking. Harry holds onto Kara and slams his big cock inside of her tight pussy. She releases him just for Harry to bring his cock inside of her. The warmness of her pussy matches the sun which empowers Kara. He holds onto her lower back and works deeper inside of her. Kara puts nails on the back of Harry's neck and guides him on him. Repeating thrusts into her body makes Kara stretch around Harry and release him.

"Make me feel your big cock," Kara purrs lustfully in Harry's ear.

Harry does all of this and so much more by driving himself deep inside of Kara. His balls repeatedly slap Kara's firm thighs. Each deep thrust drives her over the edge. Kara holds Harry in tight to her when he pulls almost all the way out. Their hips roll together to generate an intense amount of friction and heat.

Sara slides her fingers into Gwen's overtaxed cunt. She waits ever so patiently for her turn. Every scream from Kara and every grunt from Harry makes her pussy drip even more. She rubs herself against Gwen to get some frustration.

"Shit, I don't know how much more I can take,' Gwen lets out with a breathy groan.

"You're going to take everything that I want you to take," Sara tells her. "And more importantly, you're going to like it."

Deep probing fingers doubles down the feelings of lust going through Gwen's body. Yeah, she likes it alright. Sara's commanding presence drives her fingers deep into her.

Harry smiles and rams Kara hard. Sara dominating the other girls, well she'll get her turn soon enough. He fills Kara up and empties her most of the way before filling her up completely again.

Kara's eyes roll back. She holds on for what feels like a long time. Her empowered body takes Harry and his cock for a very long time. His balls repeat their dance on Kara. Several marks rise all over her thighs. They heal instantly, but the thought counts. Harry holds his fingers against her and then runs up to grip her tits. Harry releases them from his hands to make Kara's neck roll back in mid-air.

"Baby, I'm going to explode," Harry groans.

"Don't hold back, I'm cumming too."

A moan in Harry's ears makes his hips jerk forward. Kara's turn on a dime to Harry and clamp
down onto his cock. He pushes further into Kara and pulls back from her. The two join each other. Harry's face buries inside of Kara's expanding chest and motorboards the hell out of. Kara throws her hips back to meet Harry with deeper thrusts yet wrapping around his cock.

They exchange their juices with one and other. Harry holds Kara's hips and sinks his cock and his cum inside of her wet pussy. Kara clutches Harry to drain cum from his balls and then pulls out of her. The repeated thrusts drive Harry deep inside of Kara with those balls releasing their fluidly pumps inside of her.

They pull away from each other. Kara descends onto the bed. Harry moves away from Kara as well onto the bed.

Sara releases Gwen from her clutches. The very second Harry's in range of her mouth, she pounces and takes his cock into her mouth. Sara blows Harry so hard that it makes his cock swell up in a matter of seconds. His balls slap Sara's chin when she gives him an amazing blowjob.

Her tongue and throat manipulates Harry to rise up. The moment Harry's hard enough to stuff her cunt full of his cock, Sara rises up. Harry reaches over and wraps a hand of her ass.

"Squeeze it," Sara breaths. "While I squeeze you."

Sara's legs are now around Harry. Kara and Gwen find each other, with Nyssa joining in. Harry's full and undivided attention is on Sara and every square inch of her perfectly sexy body. Harry's excitement reaches a new fever pitch when sliding his hands down her back and then cupping her ass. The wet pussy rubs against Harry's hard cock with Harry driving himself closer to her.

"Inside, finally!"

It's a long awaited meeting for Sara. The feeling of Harry's cock entering her tight pussy from all ends and shoving her completely full pleases her. And the pleasure is more than mutual with how much Harry grabs onto her and sinks his lengthy tool inside of her. He pulls back almost all the way and slaps his balls against Sara's thighs. Harry pulls back and then back inside of her.

Sara tilts herself back on one foot and receives a huge stuffing of cock inside of her wet pussy. She closes down on him, toes curling and brushing against Harry's back. She backs into the invisible wall and Harry allows her legs to raise up. They are now firmly in place for Harry to feel up and touch her. He thrills Sara.

"You're wet as hell," Harry says.

"Can you blame me?" Sara asks. "Waiting for your cock does that to a poor innocent girl."

A smile popping over Sara's face makes Harry just shake his head. Exactly how much Sara's innocent is up for a debate. He slides into her and the gushing walls connecting with his bare cock lead to their most intense meeting yet. Harry pulls almost all the way from Sara and shoves more of his cock inside of her. His balls slap her and Sara runs a nail down his back.

"Just keep it up and I'll take good care of you."

Her flexing walls prove to really drive home that enticing though. Harry plants his fingers against her waist and drives his cock inside of her body. Sara bends back with her toes curling and mouth hanging open ever so slightly to take Harry inside of her. His balls repeat their dance all over her. Harry's fingers tighten around her and then drive deep inside of her.

The orgy of flesh around them distracts Sara for a minute. Only a minute though as Harry brings
her focus back onto his cock, and how much it molds her pussy.

"It's amazing how we all come full circle," Sara tells him.

"Yes, it is," Harry says.

A squeeze of his bicep spurs Harry on to drive his rod into Sara even harder. Harder, faster, deeper, there are so many words to describe what Harry's doing to Sara. And what her body is reacting to. She wraps around him with warmth spreading.

Sara moans into Harry's ear. He can survive even though a moan like that would shatter the eardrums of anyone else. Harry buries deep inside of Sara. She's held up by his arms and once again, Sara hits some kind of invisible rest.

Then, Harry shifts her and piledrives her down into the bed. His cock smashes Sara's warm pussy the harder Harry rams inside of her. She holds onto him and lets it all out.

Her back arching with her body shining in sweat makes Sara's sexiness stand out. Harry plants his rod inside of Sara and pulls out of her. He's getting really close to the end, well the latest end. The sexual magic in the air recharges, where Harry can fuck all six of his queens and any other woman who they drag in, until they are all good and pregnant with his daughters.

Right now, his eyes, hands, and full and undivided attention are on Sara. She demands and craves nothing less, never mind his big cock. And Harry plants his throbbing hard erection inside of her.

"Go ahead, Harry, let it all out," Sara breaths.

Her seductive purr and deliciously body only makes Harry drive into her even harder. The beauty of these girls only amplify by the power they possess. Given that Sara's medallion is derived from Veela abilities, it only makes sense that her natural beauty increased.

Tightening walls take Harry on a one way trip to pleasure. His balls keep smacking against Sara. They are large and ready to be emptied.

"Why don't I take a load off your mind," Sara breaths in his ear. "Or rather a load off of somewhere?"

Harry tries to hold out to her orgasm. She explodes first and saturates his cock with her honey. His nerve endings receive increasing stimulation. His fingers roll against Sara's back the deeper he pushes inside of her. Harry plants his rod inside of her body with repeated thrusts inside of her body.

Then his seed fires, splattering and spilling into Sara. She takes him in. Tonight's the night where she gets everything she's ever craved. The circle is complete and Sara's womb splatters full of cum.

"Oh, don't you pull out until you finish the job," Sara breaths.

Harry holds his fingers deep against her. They meet until Harry fills her up with so much cum it spills out of her. Harry stuffs her full and makes Sara drop down onto the bed. She backs off with her inner desire to be bred by Harry having satisfied.

Another hand, another mouth, they find Harry soon enough after he pulls out of Sara. And he turns around to continue the cycle until his queens have it all out of there system.

Super-human stamina comes in handy during times like this as Harry's cock finds the next partner
in the circle, with the cycle continuing.

Harry's luck works out in the end after being stranded that long ago.

End.
Now that the final chapter for Stranded has been posted for a year, it's time to upload the blog exclusive chapters for more complete versions. Starting with this Blog Exclusive Chapter from Chapter 24, posted on April 9th, 2017, featuring Sara Lance and Nymphadora Tonks. And oddly enough, not Harry.

Nymphadora Tonks submitted to the tender passions of the blonde who pressed her against the wall. Her back was against the wall, very literally. Nym closed her eyes with Sara pressing her lips onto it. The kiss she received really rocked her senses and pleased her loins. Sara touched every square inch of the beautiful woman, grabbing her ass and pushing them together.

"I like how nice you feel against me," Sara said. "Do you like my body?"

"Yes," Nym said. "You're very hot."

She morphed into a completely identical copy of Sara's. Nym always felt so naughty when wearing the form of someone else. She took on the form of a famous actress or singer, and pleasured her own body. It was a very interaction form of masturbation.

"Yes, I know I am," Sara said. "My sister, I love my sister. But we had all sorts of arguments with each other. You know what she said whenever I won in an argument."

The pressure point around her nipple made Tonks breath in. Sara squeezed it and made Nym's loins grow super-heated with a never ending rush of lust. Sara slowly rolled her fingertip down to reach Nym's scorching slit. A warm feeling followed with Nym pumping her hip up to meet Sara. Sara pulled away.

"She told me to go fuck myself," Sara said. "But, you know, I wondered what it would be like to go fuck myself. And since you can change into anyone, I decided you would be the perfect person. You know, to see how that feels."

Sara swooped in for another kiss. The girl might have been older, but Sara had a more forceful personality which made her melt underneath the hands. Two stunning beauties engaged in a passionate makeout session. Sara shamelessly groped her own body while another person could feel what she wanted.

"You're going to fuck me," Sara said. "And you're going to pleasure me. And I'll pleasure you. But, since you have my body, it's only fair that I show you all of the little kinks I have. I mean, we have the perfect visual aid. I wonder if your body has truly become mine in every single way possible."

Another kiss followed with Sara peppering the morphed woman's jawline. She managed to replicate herself down to the very last detail. Nym tilted her head back to allow Sara to kiss the jaw one more time. Sara nibbled on the side of Nym's mouth.

The two of them fell down onto the bed. Sara's brushed down to touch every inch of Nym's body, no her body. Nymphadora took on her far. Sara marveled out how beautiful she looked. She lightly moved in to nibble Nym's ear.
"I like my ear nibbled just like this," Sara breathed. "And I like the feeling of my lover breathing hotly in my ear just like that."

The eyes of the shape-shifting witch started glazed over. Sara smiled and nibbled on Nym's ear love. The tender flesh went into her mouth with Sara suckling on it.

"And you do too, don't you?" Sara asked her.

The hot breath triggered Nym in pumping her hips up. Sara lightly brushed down the flat stomach underneath her.

"Mmmm, yes," Nym breathed at the top of her lungs.

Sara teased Nym for several more minutes. The two women engaged in a sultry make out session. Two identical bodies pressed down onto each other. Nipples brushed against each other when the two of them engaged in a hungry kiss with each other.

"Wrap my legs around my waist when I kiss you," Sara said. "Yes, and I'm going to run my hands down your legs. Slowly, just like this. I really love having my legs played with. Slowly tease me, pinch at my flesh, dig your nails in, and then reach down to squeeze my fine ass before doing it over again. Touch me, tease me as I kiss you."

The feeling of Sara's talented hands caressing Nym's legs could not be beat. The sultry shape-shifter pumped her hips off of the bed to meet Sara. Sara pushed her warm loins down onto Nym to rock them together with each other. Their lips met each other with another makeout session.

"I like my nipples played with just like this. Twist them a little bit, not too much. Just like this, and then go in to nibble, lightly, gently. Take them into your mouth and...suck on it."

Sara demonstrated the right pressure. Nym closed her eyes and let out a light little moan of pleasure. The sucking of the erect nipple continued until Sara decided to switch to the other side. She ran her hands down Nym's legs when she wrapped around her body.

"About now I'm going to cum," Sara breathed. "I just need one little touch to bring me over the edge. I wonder if I can give you the right little nudge."

Nym whimpered as the blonde had her way. Her cheeks flushed red from the feeling. Sara ground her cunt against Nym's when the juices trickled down her legs. Sara rocked herself against her.

The position shifted slightly enough so Sara could get her fingers underneath. Her fingers teased Nym's clit. Nym rocked her hips up and down with repeated motions. The sensations spreading through Nym's loins increased the more times Sara pushed her hips up and down against her lover.

"Cum for me, Nymphadora."

The whisper of her name normally would have caused Nym to protest. The sensual whisper Sara gave instead resulted in Nym coming completely undone. She allowed her entire body to explode with never ending passion. Her hips rose and fell constantly on the bed. Sara dug her nails deep into Nym's thighs to force her way down onto her.

"Very good, lover," Sara said.

She shoved a finger into Nym's pussy. Her walls expanded just enough. Sara watched the identical to her body underneath her twist underneath. The blonde licked her lips. The submissive, naughty witch lifted her hips to try and encouraged Sara. Sara gave her a few strokes of her pussy.
Nymphadora Tonks accepted the role she received. Sara made Nym submit to her authority. A second finger slipped into Nym to increase the heat pumping from her. A third finger and Sara really went to town on her pussy.

Three fingers fucked Nym in succession. Sara enjoyed the older woman underneath her. Making an older woman submit to a few mere touches made Sara smile, and realize the pointers she picked up from Nyssa were working like a charm. Nym threw her hips up to meet Sara's probing fingers.

Sara released her fingers and touched them to her lips. She sucked them dry and made sure Nym watched it.

"You got the taste nearly right," Sara said. "But, I don't think that you good as good enough job unless you go straight to the source.

Nym watched the stunning blonde vixen on the edge of the bed. Sara propped herself on her elbows, extended a finger out to motion for Nym to come to her. Obedience flowed through Nym's body when she approached Sara. Her lips grew moist with never ending desire. Sara's heated core stood out, begging to be licked. Nym dove down between Sara's thighs and started licking her like it was no one's business.

The point of Nym's tongue slipped into Sara's gushing pussy. The witch's tongue extended and shifted to better reach the finer points of Sara. It was a bit of a cheat to be honest, but Sara would allow it.

"Make sure you commit that taste to memory," Sara said. "So the next time I taste that pussy, I want you to get it right."

Nym lapped up the tasty juices from Sara. The taste of cherries, combined with a hint of lemon, came from Sara's pussy. The aroma of her womanhood only made Nym dive deep inside of her. Her tongue reached places which very few women could go.

"Eat me," Sara ordered her.

An identical face buried between her thighs to eat her out made Sara horny as all fuck. Sara dug her fingers into the same blonde hair from the top of her head. The double lapped the sticky juices up. Every twist of the tongue brought Sara's hips up to further prominence.

Nym felt light with pleasure every time she pushed her tongue deep inside of Sara's aching loins. She turned her tongue a fraction of an inch to the side and pulled out of Sara's pussy. She drove her tongue back in repeatedly. The actions repeated just enough.

Sara released her juices onto the face of the sexy woman underneath of her. The moment of enjoyment passed and Nym looked up from Sara's pussy. Seeing her own face covered in come was so hot. Sara grabbed Nym and pulled her into another hungry kiss to shove her back onto the bed.

No matter how much she tried, Nym was not getting the better of Sara. Sara had her down on the bed, pinned face down onto the bed. Sara explored every inch of the duplication of her own body. Her hands kept caressing those warm thighs, moving back to the center slit. Sara stuck her finger into Nym and caused her to moan.

"Oh, you're getting off on being dominated," Sara said. "Then again, you belong to Harry, and if you belong to Harry, you belong to me. We made an agreement back on the island, that I would share you if I had you. And now I have you right where I want you."
"Yes, you have me," Nym said.

Her inner nature made Nym submit to Sara's tender affections of having her pussy constantly stroked and played with. The flames of lust rose inside of Nym's tight core the very second Sara pushed herself inside and then pulled all the way back from. More fingers added until Nym rocked her loins again.

"Yes, glad to see you've realized I'm your bitch," Sara breathed in Nym's ear.

Nym closed her eyes and came hard all over the bed. Sara rammed her fingers deep into the gripping core with a constant series of thrusts. She pulled back finally and tasted the juices.

"Better," Sara said. "Much better."

Sara spanked Nym's tight ass or rather her tight ass technically speaking. A rear mark appeared and Sara spanked on it a couple of times. She grabbed Nym's hands and fastened them behind the back of her head. Nym's pussy clenched and a flash of light caused a strap on to appear in thin air.

"Accidental magic," Sara said. "How nice of you to give me the means to fuck your ass!"

She leaned in, moistening her fingertip before sliding it against the puckered entrance. Sara leaned as far as possible, to whisper in the ear of the shape-changing witch on the bed.

"Men, women, they always liked my ass," Sara said. "I can see why. But, you use it very well, Nymmy girl. I'm going to get your asshole nice and wet and I'm going to fuck your ass. You're going to see who that ass belongs to. It's my ass, in more ways than one."

Nym clenched when Sara's finger worked into her back passage. She whimpered as Sara gave her just enough pleasure to get her motor running. The finger slipped out and had been replaced by Sara's tongue. Sara shifted her tongue into Nym's warm asshole.

Sara tasted the beautiful tight back entrance. She slipped the tongue inside of Nym's gorgeous ass with each very swift swipe. Her tongue swiped the back passage to make sure it got nice and wet. She spent some time tasting the finer points of a nice tight asshole before pulling it out.

"You're ready for the main event," Sara said. "No need to tell me, pet." The state of your body tells me more than enough."

Sara shifted her finger into Nym's back passage and shoved it into her. She finger fucked the beautiful morphed woman. Then she pulled out and left Nym to relax just enough.

The tip of a sizeable member touched Nym's warm asshole. She could not believe this huge thing was almost up against her, just begging for rear entry. Nym grabbed onto the bed, chewing down on her lip when Sara came close to parting her asshole and invading her taboo hole.

Sara felt around on the tight ass around her. The simulated phallus shoving deep into Nym's asshole caused her to part. Sara grabbed onto Nym's cheeks and shoved her way into the hole to invade it. She pulled almost all the way back and plunged into Nym as far into her as humanly possible.

A good momentum had been established. Sara decided to have some fun running her hands all over Nym's body. She copied the perfect amount of firmness. Those breasts fit Nym's frame very nicely. She took them up and realized Nym's abilities made her hyper-sensitive in another form. Sara spent the next few minutes torturing Nym.

"You want to cum for me, but your body has locked up," Sara breathed.
The orgasm from the huge cock burying into her ass made Nym feel really dirty. She could not believe another girl buggering her in the back side had got her this horny. Nym clutched onto the bed every time Sara sunk herself into the warm asshole.

"Go ahead, let it all out, Nymphadora."

Sara dragged her name out in a sultry way. Those fingers caught some of Nym's juices while Sara took her right hand and plowed Nym in her ass from behind. Sara closed her eyes very tightly with each thrust going deeper into the ass of the gorgeous woman who had been pushed down face first onto the bed.

That ass demanded to be fucked and Sara caved into every lasting demand by sending her hard cock into Nym's puckered hole. The hole clutched around the faux rod and released it. Sara shifted her hands a tiny amount to hold onto Nym's aching nipples. She pushed them between her fingers and gave them a very slight squeeze.

Sara rubbed her clit furiously in the tone of dominating Nym's ass. She had been driven to mad lust by the sight of her own body. This very elaborate and very interactive form of masturbation encouraged Sara to further explore the madness.

Only magic could increase the stamina of a good hard anal fucking for so long. Sara pulled back almost all the way and drove the toy into Nym as she clenched it. Sara got off on the ass. Her body heated up with so much pleasure leading to a very big orgasm. She buried the dildo into Nym's ass while doing the same to her fingers inside of her pussy.

Nym's entire body sized up with a mind blowing orgasm. Her entire body shifted and released so much cum she thought it would be the end of her. The deep plowing inside of her asshole worked her further and further until both reached their mutual release.

Sara finally dropped back. Her entire body sized up and shuddered with delight. It felt so good to have such an amazing release. She looked over to see Nym face-down on the bed after the fun both lovers shared.

"I hope I didn't mind screw you too badly," Sara said. "See you later."

Hopefully, Nyssa or Rose would be around, providing Harry wasn't. She could not push Nym any harder after leaving her ass and pussy in such a battered state. Sara stole a last look as Nym did not bother to shift out of Sara's form or maybe she couldn't.

The sight of a duplicate version of her body leaking cum and her own ass smacked raw made Sara throb. Yes, she needed to find someone to scratch a few more itches for sure.

End.
Chapter 36 Xtra

The Second Blog Exclusive Chapter, and another one not featuring Harry (although the next three most certainly do), first posted on June 27th, 2017.

Stranded Chapter 36 Xtra (Featuring Laurel and Sara Lance)

Laurel struck out to attack the forbidden fruit which was her sister's lips. Fingers brushed down to feel her sister's body. Sara's sexy body molded against Laurel's with the two of them kissing each other. The forbidden and unbridled passion the both of them felt could not be stopped by any means. Sara offered her tongue and Laurel opened her mouth to receive it.

The familiar feel of her sister pressed against Sara's body made the sexy blonde roll over Laurel's body. She was stripped completely naked. Laurel kept herself in good shape. Her beautiful body sprawled out on the bed where Sara leaned in and kissed Laurel on the lips before pulling away from her.

"Oh, this should have happened a long time ago," Laurel said.

Sara planted a series of kisses all over Laurel's hot body. She shifted closer towards her sister while feeling the moisture pooling against Laurel's thighs. "Maybe it should have. But, you wouldn't have appreciated it as much if this happened sooner. Would you have?"

Agreement could not come soon enough. Sara brushed her hand against Laurel's body and climbed on top of her sister. Laurel's mouth opened ready to receive Sara's kiss again. Sara did not go for Laurel's mouth. She moved down to between Laurel's firm breasts and then down to her taut stomach. Her legs spread apart for Sara to shove her tongue between Laurel's wet folds.

Sara lapped up Laurel's dripping juices. Laurel gave out a gasp of pleasure.

"How did my little sister get so good?" Laurel asked.

A pop resounded and Sara looked up from Laurel's loins. She lightly rubbed Laurel's crotch with a sultry smile spreading over her face.

"Did you really think about how good I could be?" Sara asked. "Have you?"

A single finger stuck into Laurel's quim and Sara lightly rubbed circles around Laurel's heated vice. Laurel stretched her pussy back into Sara's grip. Sara pushed her finger deep inside of Laurel and stretched her out. Sara pulled back from Laurel with a couple of nice pushes of her finger.

"YES!" Laurel yelled.

She pulled out of Laurel's pussy and replaced her finger with an eager tongue. Laurel rose up to meet Sara's tender and passionate affections. The juices spilled into Sara's waiting mouth. She sucked Laurel and made her thrash underneath Sara's hands.

"You're so good," Sara said with a smile.

Now, Sara switched her position where her pussy closed into Laurel's face. The older Lance sister grabbed the backside of the younger one. Their loins pushed together where they were in a very impressive sixty-nine position. Laurel tightened her grip on the back of Sara's legs and dug her
tongue deep into Sara's sweet pussy. Sara rubbed her thighs against Laurel's face and allowed her tongue to pump deeper inside of her.

The pleasure coming from Laurel's tender tongue dancing its way deep inside of Sara made her feel beyond good. It took a minute for Laurel to adjust to the feeling of munching on her own sister's pussy. When she adjusted, it was time to get to town.

Sara adopted a more steady approach of eating Laurel out. She really wanted Laurel to feel it. Laurel groaned at her sister's teasing tongue. Her hands moved down to feel Sara's legs and then grab her ass. Laurel's warm tongue pushed into Sara's wet pussy and slurped the juices. Laurel grabbed on tighter.

Both women brought them to their mutual orgasm. Sara's thighs closed around Laurel's face and released the juices while lapping up Laurel's juices as well.

The two sisters broke away from each other. Sara shoved three fingers inside of Laurel and felt out nice her pussy was.

"I can make you really scream," Sara said.

Laurel bit down hard to prevent screaming just yet. Sara really wanted to make Laurel squirm a little bit more. Her three fingers pumped deep inside of Laurel's clenching cunt and pushed as far inside as possible. The few fingers pulled out and Sara climbed on top of Laurel.

"Spread your legs, sweetie," Sara whispered in Laurel's ear.

Laurel complied with Sara's actions and spread apart to receive a wet pussy grinding against her. The connection of energy between their loins spread through the area.

Sara did not want to tap into the gifts of the medallion just yet. She wanted to lightly brush against Laurel's pleasure centers before going in for the kill and the final push would be as glorious as one would believe.

"I want this!"

The two sister's kissed each other. Both the top lips and the bottom lips rubbed together. Sara's finger pushed against Laurel's thigh and caused pleasure to go down her body.

"I know you do," Sara said. "I know you do."

The tow kissed each other one more time. Sara pushed as far as possible into Laurel as possible. Sparks flew between both of them the deeper Sara pushed into her. Laurel rocked herself back on the bed with the two of them joining together.

"Mmm!"

Sara worshiped her older sister's body and showed her the kind of love she could only give. The warmth of Laurel's body only made Sara's inhibitions rock loose. She had to have Laurel and had to take her right here where she laid. Their loins pushed together.

"I'm going to make you cum and we haven't begun."

Those taunting words from Sara were not inaccurate. Laurel's pleasure exploded with her loins expelling their juices. Sara pressed in deep to Laurel and pulled out of her. Her loins kept gushing and exploding with Laurel planting her full force into her.
"Make me cum," Laurel pleaded, almost becoming undone at Sara's touch.

Sara just smiled and worked herself into Laurel. Their loins connected together. The feeling of making her sister squirm and cream underneath her gave Sara a sense of power. The magnetic connection drew Sara deep into Laurel's loins and penetrated her in a way no sex toy could.

The two Lance sisters met against each other. Sara's hands placed on Laurel's fingers and rammed deep inside of her. The two joined each other and made Laurel rise up.

"I never want to stop!"

"Don't worry," Sara said. "Just got started!"

The gorgeous blonde warrior drove into her older sister's pussy. Laurel squirmed on the bed with Sara's fingers pushed against her. The White Canary medallion flashed the deeper Sara plunged into her. Laurel could feel her pussy about ready to melt underneath Sara. Her body squirmed and creamed underneath Sara's constant driving into her pussy.

"Here we go," Sara said. "Don't worry, sweet darling. You're going to feel so good. You're going to feel beyond great. Trust me on that."

Sara licked Laurel's ear and made her quiver even more. The latest pleasure ride dragged Laurel up. Sara could feel her passion. Laurel's hands roamed endlessly to worship Sara's body. Sara shifted the position to allow Laurel to crawl on top of her to her.

The new position allowed Laurel a perfect opportunity to get on top and worship Sara's body. Her hands rubbed against Sara's body and then moved deep into her. The same shock which Sara sent through her previously coursed through Laurel's sexy body as well.

"Getting closer."

Sara licked Laurel's neck and she almost lost all sense of coherence. The only way Laurel's body would not feel like if it was full of fire as if it would touch Sara's body. Sara slowly became Laurel's addiction. Her sister's breasts, which seemed larger than Sara remember stuck up.

The magically enhanced cleavage received Laurel's mouth and tongue. A light vibration came from Laurel's throat and shot all through Sara's body.

"Oh keep that up, you sexy bitch!" Sara shrieked in pleasure.

Sara wrapped her strong legs around Laurel's ass and pulled her in. The bodies of the two sisters tied to the magic of the White Canary. An electrified pulse erupted between them. Sara grabbed Laurel and nibbled on her neck. Her nails dug into Laurel's body and heightened the lust.

They both blocked the other's sonic scream by kissing each other. Their sonic screams vibrated the tonsils of each other sister and just upped the pleasure. Their hands and legs entangled as frantically as their tongues. They grabbed on everything their bodies could hold.

Laurel's face plastered with her sweaty hair. Sara now rolled on top. The repeated thrusts violated Laurel's pussy down to the depths. It was almost like her younger sister committed the deepest pleasure possible. Laurel felt Sara buried inside of her womb.

"Oh, you want more, don't you?" Sara asked.

The domination of Laurel's pussy by way of her younger sister continued. She never thought that
something like this would feel so good. Sara leaned over and nibbled Laurel's ear before pulling out and slamming into her. Laurel's body had been rocked by the constant intrusions by the power swelling between Sara's thighs.

"We have to test your stamina before I invite Harry in here. So far, so good."

The thought of being plowed by the handsome young wizard was more than enough for Laurel to match Sara's heightened aggressions. Sara rolled her hips against Laurel's and shoved deep into her. Their legs ensnared together with Sara pulling out of Laurel and pushing into her.

Laurel hung on every step of the way. Sara really had to give Laurel some credit. Then again, between Barbara and Liv, she was no stranger to playing with beautiful women. Sara spread Laurel's thighs and drove deep inside of her.

"Fuck me harder!"

"So demanding," Sara said. "Always so bossy."

She slowed down and made Laurel panic. The feeling of her pussy not being fucked made Laurel feel a sense of crippling disappointment and emptiness and made her regret taking such a bold stance with her sister. Sara rubbed against Laurel and made her whimper.

"Are you sure you're finally going to behave yourself?" Sara asked.

Laurel threw her hips up to meet Sara. Sara pushed her down. She looked at the look of want and need in Laurel's face.

"Yes," Laurel said. "I'm sorry for being so bossy."

That was a statement Sara had been waiting to hear for a long time. She rewarded Laurel for finally apologizing to her after all of these years by penetrating her. Sara slipped her mouth over Laurel's to prevent her from screaming. Their tongues dug against each other the further they pushed against each other. The friction increased between the two powerful and seductive lovers.

Laurel appreciated a second chance and hoped she did not screw up any chance for Sara to share the wealth. Two orgasms piggybacked off of each other and rocked Laurel's sexy body. She hung onto Sara all the way to the edge.

The hours burned by with Sara and Laurel making up for lost time and even more lost opportunity. The sexiness of Laurel's sweaty athletic body only enhanced Sara and made her bury her lust deeper and deeper. Laurel indulged Sara in her attempts to scratch their mutual itches.

The two lovely sisters came together. Their latest shared orgasm was the most passionate one. Sara rolled her hips over Laurel and generated the nice body heat between them. Laurel's hips jumped up just far enough to meet Sara and her intrusion inside.

The two sisters broke free of each other. Sara moved between Laurel's pussy and tasted the combination of cum rolling down her legs.

"You better still be ready for more," Sara said.

Laurel was ready. She was ready. Sara ate Laurel out and got her motor running.

So far, Laurel was passing all of Sara's tests for recruitment although she had a few more to go. Laurel guided her sister's beautiful face. The eating out continued.
End.
Stranded Postscript Chapter One

On March 16th, 2018.

Stranded Postscript Chapter One (Harry/Thea)

Thea waits for her move. She dresses in a short black dress which comes up to show her stocking clad legs and fits nicely around her ass. The young heiress knows what she wants. Not only does she know what she wants, but she knows she wants him right away.

The door swings open and Harry steps inside. Thea greets him with a big wide smile.

"Thea, you look beautiful."

She grins at him and moves over to grab his hand. She pulls him into an embrace. Her body pushes against his, and a breath comes from Thea.

"You look really good yourself."

A hand swipes against Harry's bicep. A smile pops over Thea when she feels it up in one of the least subtle manners possible.

"Have you been working out?"

"You know me. I keep busy with plenty of cardio."

She squeezes his bicep and Harry responds by slipping his hands down her back. He squeezes her ass and makes Thea close her eyes. She looks at him with a very big smile crossing over her face.

The two of them walk across the room. The beach house Thea's staying in right now has a nice view. The view of Thea leading the way, the dress riding up her ass is much better than the view of the waves and the rocks.

Thea bends down over the couch. Harry puts his hands on the couch and stands behind her. Thea shifts back, accidentally on purpose grinding her backside into Harry's crotch.

"Nice view, huh."

"Yes, it is a very nice view."

Harry puts his hands against Thea's waist and closes in on her. He kisses the back of her ear and causes a smile to cross over the face of the young heiress. Thea turns around and smiles at him.

"I'm not wearing any panties."

"Well, that's a bold claim."

"Why don't you check and see if I'm lying or not, handsome?"

Thea wiggles her bum at him. Harry pushes a hand between Thea's lovely legs. He rubs between her firm thighs and makes her hitch in a very deep breath. Harry takes his time caressing her soft
thigh.

A lovely moan coming from the young heiress only makes Harry travel further down her legs. They willingly spring apart for him and allow Harry to dip his fingers between Thea's warm lips. She shifts and squirms the more Harry pleasures her. He works a corkscrew like motion between her legs.

"Well, it looks like you're telling the truth, Ms. Queen."

A hand brushes against Thea's womanhood. Harry spends his time feeling it up and grinning at her ear.

"It's a good thing too because you would be soaked, wouldn't you? You naughty, naughty, naughty, girl."

Each naughty earns Thea a squeeze and makes her shift against him. The sound of a belt coming off and pants coming down only makes Thea more alert. Her dress hikes up.

"Don't tease me. I've wanted this for a long time."

"I know you have, just the two of us here. And you're going to get all of your dreams coming true...when I'm ready."

She is waiting for him and Harry's not going to keep her waiting much longer. Thea's wet and ready to go. Her legs spread and allows Harry to get a view of her wet pussy and nice tight ass. His cock throbs at all of the things he wishes to do to this tempting young heiress.

Finally, Harry lines up his cock with Thea's warm hole and shoves it into her. She grabs onto the couch from the impact.

Inch after inch of Harry's manhood drives deep into Thea. She screams in pleasure.

"Oh, fuck! Pound me!"

There's no need for Thea to tell Harry, although she does. And he obliges and hammers away at her. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and drives deep into Thea.

The ride continues with Thea edging closer to her first orgasm. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and smashes her tight pussy. The loud crack echoes with Harry sliding in and out of her almost at a rapid fire pace. He drives Thea further and further to the edge.

"Oh, you're pent up. Poor girl. Guess, I'm going to have to help you ease up some of the tension."

It's not easy being the heiress to a multi millionaire company. Harry pounds Thea's wet pussy until it clamps down and releases him. He pulls out and fills her back up. The loud smack of his balls cracking against her echoes throughout the room.

Harry enjoys the thrill of Thea tightening her loins around him. He can feel her edging closer. He fucks Thea from behind and gets her to uproot the cushions of the couch with how hard he hammers into her.

The lovely heiress tightens around on him. Harry leans in and caresses her toned body. Every inch of flesh feels good underneath his fingers. She's the pinnacle of health and able to take him.

"Get close...we can have some real fun soon."
Thea wonders how this cannot be fun. She's getting a huge cock buried deep inside of her and squeezing him with her tight teenage pussy. It seems like it's pretty fun to her. He folds a finger underneath Thea's nipple and gives it a twist to make her moan in pleasure.

"C-closer."

Harry tells Thea's getting closer already. The way her walls tighten and release him. The way his balls slap down onto her and leave their mark. He works his way into her and pulls almost all the way out. He sticks Thea deep with his huge cock. He pulls from her and hammers her tightly.

"Closer. Come on, Thea. Feel it build up. You enjoy my cock in you. You enjoy me touching you. No one has ever touched you like this before."

"No...you're amazing...perfect...shit...it feels really good."

Harry slaps against her and makes her clutch down. Her release milks his cock just as the powerful sorcerer rides out her wet pussy.

The Dragon pulls out of her pussy and Thea turns around. She jumps into his arms, legs wrapping around his ass. Thea slides herself back down onto his cock. He steadies them in mid air, dropping down onto the couch himself.

Thea's beautiful face shining with sweat is an alluring sight to see.

"I swear you're just getting bigger."

"Well, it's because of your perky tits, tight body, and nice...ass!"

Harry slaps Thea on the body part in question. She creams all over him. The natural lubricate slides Harry further into Thea's center.

The look of Thea's beautiful face contorting in pleasure only makes Harry drive his hard cock deeper and faster into her. His balls smack down onto her thighs and make Thea clamp down onto him. She releases him from her wet walls and closes down onto him. Her moans only deepen.

"How did I live without this?"

"Well, you don't have to any longer."

That thought pleases Thea. Harry grabs Thea's hips and drives further onto his cock. It stretches her out and makes her squeal in delight the further and faster.

Harry's hands brush against her perky tits. Thea breaths into them.

"Touch them! Suck them! Do whatever you want to them. It's always going to make me feel so good!"

A mouth wraps around her nipple and sends Thea closer over the edge. Her breath hitches in and releases several times. Harry fingers her nipple and releases it to send Thea closer to the peak and several steps beyond. She tightens her walls around him and releases him.

Harry's all over her body. He leans up from her breasts just enough to kiss Thea. Thea returns the fire with a hot and hungry open mouth kiss. Sliding her tongue deep into Harry's mouth and making sure he canvases every inch of her. Harry holds her down and pierces her wet pussy with him.

Thea never feels anything better before. Her drug addiction is long so over. Now, the younger
Queen sister feels something better coursing through her body and hitting her. Thea clamps down onto him.

"Closer."

Thea's whisper makes Harry just drive faster into her. The sound of flesh upon flesh makes him speed up and edge her closer to the end. Thea plants her nails onto Harry's shoulder and pounds his cock.

She feels so good. So good it almost feels like her loins are going to clamp down and hit a gusher. She pounds Harry, edging herself closer and closer to the climatic point. His fingers brush against her nipple and send a jolt of electricity all over her body.

Thea finally loses it. Her legs tighten their grip around Harry.

The feel of Thea's sweet pussy tightening around him makes Harry assault her body with more kisses and caresses. Thea rides him like there's no tomorrow. She cannot hold on for more than a few minutes before losing it.

She clamps down onto him. Thea holds on for an amazing ride. His fingers grab onto her body and tighten the grip, the deeper he drives into her. Thea holds on for the ride and pulls away from him. A smoldering smile flashes over her face the deeper and faster she drops down onto him.

The loud slap of flesh upon flesh echoes across the way. Harry grabs Thea and pulls her in tight. She squirms over him, allowing his throbbing cock to fill her up all the way. Thea tilts her head back with a smile on her face.

"Ready again?"

Thea nods and lets out her breath. He pushes a finger against Thea's rear passage and causes her to squirm even more.

"Do you want this?"

"Yes….I want this!"

A slick of oil pushes Harry finger first into Thea's tightening ass. She closes her eyes. It's so good to get her stretched out for what's to come.

Harry hammers Thea until she tilts back. Her young, sweaty, body takes more and more of him inside of her, until he's pretty much balls deep into the young heiress.

"Next time you finish, I'm going to fuck your ass."

"Don't...hold back."

Harry has no intention to hold back. He keeps sliding his rod deeper into Thea and stretching her out completely. He pulls back from her and drives his manhood into her as far as humanly possible. Thea tightens her grip around him and she almost sets him off.

He remembers what his final destination is. He pummels Thea until the budding vixen gushes all over his manhood. He slides deep into her, and stretches her out. He rattles her pussy with several more hard and powerful thrusts.

Thea clamps down onto his shoulder. She thanks everyone who listens for the blessing which is to
come. Thea tightens around him and squeezes him. A huge thrust rocks her.

Harry leaves her pussy and decides to pay tribute to a different hole. He edges his way into Thea.

"Fuck! You're a monster!"

"And you're wet as hell at the thought of getting in in your ass."

Thea's tight little anal hole becomes the new home of Harry's long cock. He slides several inches into her and drives his cock deep into her. Harry pulls out and slides into her with repeating thrusts.

Harry pushes his finger into her and makes Thea gush all over his manhood. He pulls out and drills her until she's moaning.

"Amazing. You're so fucking tight! I can pound this ass all day! All fucking day!"

More fingers edge Thea closer on her own. The thought this big cock is about ready to make its mark and leave a cream pie in her delicious ass just sends Thea closer to her peak. He tweaks her body.

The youngest Queen sibling believes she may have trouble sitting for a long time. All thanks to Harry and how well he drills her tight little asshole.

The anal sex makes both of them feel a connection. The powerful sorcerer slams his way and makes his mark on Thea's tight little ass. Her obvious addiction to him makes him harder and causes him to ride her ass faster.

"You must be...close...by now."

"Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not."

Thea squeezes his wrist and allows his hand to fall on her chest. He clenches it and sends her into fits. She squirts all over him. Her legs kick up and just give him more flesh to pleasure and to play with. He's all over her legs and making her lose it, lose it really good.

He keeps driving into Thea and pummeling her ass from beneath. He stretches her out. The rumbling in his balls grows closer, the further he slams into her body.

"Closer! Get so fucking close. It feels really good! I can barely….I can barely hold on."

"I'm close too. Get ready. Here it comes."

Thea feels the stretch and the burn. His big balls slap against her at a repeated manner. Each time he touches the inside of her, it makes Thea feel good.

Harry edges closer and closer. Thea's tightening pussy wraps around his fingers and releases the juices. Harry lifts them up and feed them to suck them off.

He pulls back and drives into her. He rides into her all the way. His balls get ready to blast their load.

Thea's tight anal muscles close around on him. He holds onto her and drills her ass. Her fleshy cheeks crack over Harry's depths.

Harry groans and fills up her ass. A huge cream pie makes her ass overflow with his seed.
Thea clutches onto his hand and moans in pleasure. Harry rides her ass almost all the way to the end. He groans at the release.

The heiress tilts back after seeing stars.

"Beautiful."

Thea smiles and edges onto the cushions. She takes Harry's cock and makes the staff of the wizard throbbing again the second she slips him between her lips. She tastes his cock with her eyes opening up with lust and pleasure spreading over his loins the deeper he goes down her throat.

Harry leans back and enjoys the pleasure of her mouth. It's going to be a great night.

End.
Stranded Postscript Chapter 2

The second of three postscript lemons, first posted on April 5th, 2018 on my blog.

Stranded Postscript Chapter Two(Dinah Laurel Lance of Earth Two/Black Siren and Rose Wilson)

Stepping through the gateway into Earth-Two brings Dinah Laurel Lance here for one purpose. After the previous encounter with the Dragon, Black Siren thinks about him long and hard. Eventually, she decides to jump in and take a piece of him.

A sound of a moaning woman coming from the bedrooms shows that Dinah's not the only one here to take a piece of the powerful sorcerer. She steps a bit closer to the door and pushes it open. Curiosity gets the better of the Black Siren. She takes a further step into the next room.

A gorgeous woman with white-blonde hair wraps her arms and legs around Harry's neck and chest. The tight and wet pussy drives down onto Harry's hard cock. A moan comes from the woman when rocking up and down, as fast as possible. She fills up on his cock and pulls almost all the way out.

The eyes of Rose Wilson glaze over. Regular injections from Harry is absolutely necessary. Taking every single inch of his cock into her is necessary.

She rides up and down. Getting more intense with each touch. Harry grabs her chest and squeezes it to encourage Rose to bounce higher and higher.

"Go ahead. Lose it! You know you want to."

"I do want to!"

Rose digs her nails into the back of her lovers neck. The handsome man looks up at her with a grin and goes back to attacking Rose's chest. The daughter of Deathstroke finds her hands on the back of the head of the handsome man. Each push drives more and more of Harry inside of her.

Harry buries himself into Rose. She takes him without any problem. Those tight walls clamp down onto him. Every inch of Harry receives a thrill ride. Burying faster and faster into Rose causes her to moan.

"Touch me! Touch me right there!"

A swipe over Rose's nipples results in a moan coming from her. Harry pumps his fingers between her nipples and tugs on them. Rose throws her head back to moan loud. The flesh smacks against Harry.

Harry edges closer and closer to the edge. They touch loin upon loin to send the friction. Whimpers follow the deeper Harry drives into her. Rose closes her hand against the shoulder of her lover.

A few pushes brings Harry faster and further into her. Rose closes ranks around him. Her entire body quivers with pleasure from the touches Harry gives her. He's almost all the way inside of her.

His organ pushes deep into Rose and fills her up something fierce. Rose leans back and allows Harry to have his way with her body. There's really no question about it. Harry's really pleasuring her body. The screams of pleasure and the state of her dripping body is pretty much proof.
Harry squeezes her ass. Their next visitor shows herself out of the corner of Harry's eye. The fact there's a guest does not prompt Harry to slow down. On the contrary, he speeds up and pounds Rose.

Rose drives back down onto Harry. The testicles, swollen, keeps hitting her on the thigh. Rose clings onto her lover's shoulder and moans into his ear.

"That's it. That's it! Perfect! I can't....I need that cock! I need it now! Fuck my brains out! That's so good!"

Harry leans in to her and keeps driving into her. He gives Black Siren a smile. Black Siren steps into the room and drops her leather jacket to step into the room.

"We have company."

This news only makes Rose clamp down onto him harder. Harry puts a finger on her leg and makes Rose scream out in pleasure. He pulls Rose down and pounds her completely silly.

"Black Siren...meet Ravager."

"It's a pleasure."

A finger, invisible and from across the room, brushes between Black Siren's leg. Nipples stick on the edge of Black Siren's tight leather top. She moves over to join them.

The younger woman's bouncing form driving Harry's large cock into her sends a jolt of enjoyment through Black Siren's body. She moves in to join them.

"Finish her off."

"You really think that...you think that...I'm going to break to let you have his entire cock?"

Black Siren pulls down her top and gives Harry a nice view of her large breasts and pierced nipples. This only prompts him to drive further and faster into Rose who screams in pleasure.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

The intense spearing down on Harry's cock brings pleasure through Rose's body. She cannot get enough of this stiff rod, burying deeper and faster into her. His thick balls slap down on Rose's thighs and make her moan.

The hands grab Rose's firm butt cheeks and squeezes them. She bounces a little more and takes Harry into her some more. His balls repeatedly slap against her. He edges closer close.

Harry holds a hand on Rose's round tit and squeezes it. His hands move all over her body and makes Rose moan. Their bodies merge together with their toned sexy bodies pushing against each other.

"Pound her! Pound her!"

Black Siren chants these words and squeezes her breasts. Nipples harden with Black Siren tugging on them. She makes sure the eyes of her man linger on her body. Harry reaches the underside of Rose's ass and drives him down on him.

A scream comes out of Rose's mouth. She slams down onto Harry and takes him all the way in. Feeling Harry's gigantic cock driving deep inside of her. Rose squeezes him and breaths in his ear.
"Come on. Cum for me. Right now."

"In time...and after you."

Several rapid fire swipes hit Rose's nipples and makes her moan in pleasure. Harry is really putting her body through the paces. His hard body connecting with her warm, willing body makes Rose soak his manhood. She shakes all over, tightening around Harry and releasing him from her wet pussy.

Harry works himself closer to the edge. His balls repeatedly hammer against Rose and edges simply closer to his release. Her wet pussy clamps around Harry's cock and squeezes him.

Rose clamps down onto Harry's shoulder and makes him go deeper into her. The wet juices flows down onto Harry's cock and allows him to slide deeper into her.

Harry finally loses it, his balls clenching and discharging into Rose's wet hole. He pounds away on her and allows Rose to ride her out. She leans back and moans. Her tight body takes as much as Harry's cock inside of her, stretching and releasing him with multiple pushes.

The last few blasts fill up Rose. Harry grinds his hands over her body and kisses her neck for the last few blasts.

The very second Harry leaves Rose, Black Siren puts a hand on his cock and starts stroking it. There's no time wasted before Black Siren wraps her warm lips around Harry's big cock and sucks him off.

"I missed your throat."

A few pushes put Black Siren all over Harry's cock, licking it and then throating it. She misses the taste of his manhood after the preview she got before. Black Siren squeezes the underside of Harry's balls and traces the vein of his testicles. Harry's eyes darken with greater lust. Harry hammers Black Siren's mouth.

The warmth of her tight and wet mouth allows Harry to slip as far into Black Siren as humanly possible. He stuffs her throat full of cock and pulls back. Hands grip the back of her head tighter.

In response, the back of Black Siren's throat vibrates and sends a wave of pleasure down the Dragon's manhood. The stunning siren takes about as much of Harry's manhood into her.

Watching Black Siren worship Harry's cock makes Rose wonder what else Siren can do with her mouth. She's had some fun with the regular Laurel, and obviously many times with Sara. A bad girl version of Dinah Laurel Lance, well that pings more than a few of Rose's kinks. A couple of swipes against her pussy increases the pleasure.

The view of Harry rocking his way into the Black Siren's warm mouth also causes Rose's warm body to accelerate with pleasure. The hot moaning from her body increases.

"Fuck that mouth! Fuck it really hard!"

Rose bottoms her finger deeper and deeper into her pussy. Her eyes roll back to showcase the pleasure.

The view of Rose's sexy eyes, burning with pleasure, and then a glimpse at Black Siren's, makes Harry drive further down into her throat. Harry holds on all through the ride and stretches out Black Siren's throat with a few more strokes.
"Enough."

Harry pulls almost all the way out of Black Siren's mouth and allows drool to come down from it. A hand cups the underside Harry's cock and Dinah strokes him.

"I need you between my legs."

A forceful push puts Dinah onto her back. The two lovers meet each other. Dinah hooks onto Harry and pulls him in by the hips. His manhood slides against her tight stomach and sends pleasure waves through her body.

"Rose...sit on her face while I fuck her."

Black Siren opens her mouth to say something. The only thing she does is scream out loud and grab onto Harry. His thick manhood drives deep into Black Siren and stretches her out.

Rose stands up on the bed. The moment she stands up, Black Siren's eyes lock onto her pussy, with hunger dancing in her eyes. Rose sways her hips and almost sinks down onto Black Siren's face before pulling back off. Teasing the Black Siren is going to get them.

Finally, after a couple of false plays, Rose sinks down onto Black Siren's tongue. The slick organ drives deep into Rose's womanhood and pleasures her warm pussy. Rose soaks in the pleasure and moans with her thighs tightening around Black Siren's face.

There's one thing that is for certain and the one thing Rose figures out right away. A Lance, no matter what the universe, is gifted. The talents they hold by orally pleasuring other women makes Rose's body heat up just a little bit more.

On the other end of the bed, Harry slides his way into Black Siren. She tightens around him.

"Always tight. Always built to take my cock. And you know all it will take is the right touch to get your juices flowing."

Harry brushes a finger against the back of Black Siren's leg and triggers her. The juices get flowing and soak Harry's big cock. Harry holds onto her hips and penetrates her body with repeated thrusts. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and drives into her from above.

Black Siren finds her entire body light out with pleasure. A squeeze of her breasts makes her juices erupt all over Harry. It allows Harry to slide deeper and deeper into Black Siren. His big balls slap against her and make her moan in pleasure.

There's one body part blocking Black Siren from getting her moans completely out into the wild. The sweet pussy of Rose Wilson keeps tempting Black Siren and encourages her to go forward. Keep licking Ravager and keep taking the Dragon's mighty manhood between her legs.

A few more thrusts send Black Siren completely over the edge. Sweat soaks her body which both Rose and Harry agree is pretty sexy.

"I wonder how many more times I can get her to cum in the next ten minutes."

A sultry smile crosses over Rose's face.

"Hopefully as many as she can?"

This question is answered by Black Siren shoving her tongue deeper into Rose's wet womanhood.
and eating her out. Rose throws her head back and moans in pleasure.

Harry holds Black Siren's hips and drives himself deeper into her in the bed. Her tightening body makes it feel really good and stretches out to absorb Harry's manhood deep into her wet pussy. Harry holds onto her hips and repeatedly pounds her from above to make Black Siren scream out in pleasure.

Seconds later, Harry pulls out of Black Siren and runs his cock head against her wet hole for the next couple of second.

"I can ride this pussy all day. I bet you would like that."

The flare of pleasure going through Black Siren knows that she would like that very much. The throbbing length and swollen balls working Black Siren over edges her closer and closer to the orgasm. Her legs kick up in the air and Harry attacks them with multiple kisses and caresses to send Black Siren completely over the edge.

The view of Rose leaning back and taking Black Siren's tongue only makes Harry want to pound Black Siren harder. Her wet walls close around Harry and releases him.

"Closer."

The weight of Harry's balls slapping against her jolts Black Siren back to the situation at hand. Harry is all over her body and making Black Siren's moans increase.

Rose's head snaps back the second Black Siren's tongue bottoms out on her. Every touch sends Rose completely over the edge and flying all the way.

"Make my pussy feel good so Harry can fuck it again."

Black Siren swirls her tongue into the sticky hole and pulls almost all the way out. A constant level of teasing sends Rose's body flaring with pleasure. Black Siren shows how good she is at hitting all of the pleasure points and tips Rose over the edge.

"Good...you're close, and I'm there too."

Black Siren clenches around Harry and moans in Rose's pussy. The moan sets up Rose's pussy to leak all over Black Siren's face. Harry holds onto Black Siren's hips and repeatedly sinks himself into her body, riding her pretty much all the way to the end.

The swelling of his manhood eases him closer. Black Siren's warm, snug, hole, tightens and milks him. There's only a little bit longer for Harry to go. He indulges himself.

"There's no pulling back now."

The tightening of her wet walls around him just shows how much Black Siren hates if he pulls back now. Fair enough, Harry rides her all the to the sticky conclusion. His balls tighten with the muscles edging closer and closer to the finish. Harry holds onto her and rides her womanhood the edge.

The friction between Black Siren and the Dragon results in their loins touching each other. Harry holds onto her, hands firmly on her legs before pumping inside of her. His balls slap down onto her and releases each discharge with a thrust.

The wonderful and warm milking of Black Siren sends a pleasure wave through him.
"You're perfect. I'm glad you came by for a visit."

Black Siren's glad she's come as well and keeps coming. The sexual stallion riding her to the edge makes this trip across the multiverse more than worth it.

Rose throws her head back and another twitch comes between her legs from Black Siren's final tongue swirl. This pretty much sets Rose over the edge and makes her just squirm.

The fact Black Siren knows how to touch Rose all over and make her cream is a pretty good thing.

Harry finishes riding out Black Siren and getting about all he can from her. He pulls out to get a good look at her pussy dripping with the overflow of cum.

"Rose, you know what to do."

These words snap Rose back out of her thoughts. The dinner bell rings and puts her into perfect position to go between Black Siren's legs.

"Going to return the favor, honey?"

Lust burns through Rose's eyes. She wants to make Black Siren scream even more and gush all over her mouth. Rose's probing fingers work their way between Black Siren's legs right before sliding tongue first into her.

Black Siren bites down on her lip and just barely blocks the scream from coming out. Rose knows exactly all of the right spots.

"She has a good mouth."

A confirming nod follows. Black Siren's hunger increases the second Harry puts his hands all over the younger girl and takes her body to pleasure it. Black Siren recalls Harry running his hands all over her and giving the same pleasure. Rose's hungry moans and deep diving tongue send Black Siren pretty much over the edge.

"And a nice tight pussy to match."

Black Siren grins, she can vouch for that moment. Watching Harry lean into Rose calls Black Siren's arousal force. The tight and toned woman about ready to take such a massive cock causes Black Siren to cling down on the back of Rose's head and push her down face first.

The wet splash of juices into Rose's face entice her right before Harry slides in. Harry pounds her at a rapid fire rate from behind. The depths he slides into her pussy is fantastic. The pace Harry brings to her by cupping her ass and squeezing it forces a scream out of Rose.

"Every inch of him just splits your sweet young pussy apart. I can't wait to taste him inside of you like you're doing...to me!"

Rose shoves her tongue deep into Black Siren's overflow twat and makes her moan out loud. A scream echoes through the room. The charms Harry places on the room prevents any damage or injuries. Instead, her scream going out does the opposite of harming Rose. It just send a rush through her body.

"Getting off on that you naughty girl."

The Ravager is ravished by Harry's long breeding rod. The Dragon's thick balls smack against her.
The building feeling of lust spreads over her body the faster and deeper Harry works into her.

The ride of Rose's sweet pussy brings Harry closer to the edge. The moans of both ladies intermingling encourages Harry to go as deep as possible. A squeeze of Rose's fleshy back side followed by a couple of swift spanks sends more moans through her.

"Closer...but after you my dear lady."

Harry holds on top for Rose. How tight and warm her pussy is shows Harry the evidence of her arousal. The rate Rose Wilson takes his cock only makes Harry ravish her more deeply. He ruts up against the skilled warrior getting closer until Rose's orgasm nears.

The repeating thrusts ease her orgasm into the perfect point. Harry fills Rose up completely and enjoys the sweet sensation of those walls tightening. Harry appreciates and worships Rose's perfectly healthy body, not an ounce of fat on it. Harry sinks into her.

"Now, it's my turn."

Rose only responds by flexing her warm walls against Harry and untightens them. Harry presses his hands onto her firm backside and rides her all the way to the finish. Rose milking him most of the way shows Harry pretty much how close he is to bursting.

Harry smacks against Rose and is deep inside of her one more time. A few finger swipes allows Harry to indulge in the body of his partner before the end is here.

All three of them come at the same time. Another scream from the Black Siren opens up the door for Harry to bury himself into Rose and send his seed blasting into her body.

Harry presses against her and rides Rose all the way to the end. The sweet sensation of release passes through Harry's body the deeper and harder he sends an overflow of seed into her body.

Pulling away, causes Rose to drop onto the bed. Black Siren lightly nudges her out of the way and moves in.

With fire in her eyes, Ravager joins Black Siren. The two women lean in to worship Harry's manhood, enhancing the pleasure all three of them share.

End.
Stranded Postscript Chapter 3

Final Stranded Postscript Lemon Featuring Lily and Harry, Posted on May 13th 2018.

Stranded Postscript Chapter 3 (Lily Evans)

Harry enters the corridor of a hotel suite which Lily sent him a note for them to meet. He's very curious to see what this is all about and he decides to pick up the pace. He's not one to turn down an invitation from a lovely woman.

A knock on the door and the door opens up. The sight which Harry stares at on the other side of the room is extremely mind blowing to say the least. Lily stands there, dressed in the most alluring set of red lingerie money can buy. The red lace on the cups just barely covers her breasts and allow the mouth-watering melons to pop out. Her flat stomach is on full display with two strips of fabric on either side. Lily's panties are see through, to give Harry a glimpse of what's to come and she tops off the outfit with a very alluring pair of red "fuck-me" stockings.

Lily saunters towards her son, the grin spreading over her face when she looks at her alternate dimension son standing there. Without any shame, she rests a hand on Harry's crotch and feels the bulge rising.

"Why don't you come inside?"

Lily beckons Harry inside and he follows. Follows her ass swaying back and forth like a pendulum, with the material from the thong looking like it sucks into her ample cheeks. A hand places on Lily's backside and Lily just turns around with a smile.

"Naughty boy."

She gives Harry a smile and motions for him to sit down.

"Let me get those pants off right now."

She drops down and undoes his pants.

"That feel better. They looked so tight."

"Yes, they're much better, Mum."

Lily smiles. Despite him not being her son, rather an alternate version of him, she would like to think that her Harry would grow into something like this. And grow he did. His boxers come off.

"Are you going to do anything with it or are you just going to stare at it?"

A hand rests on Harry's thigh and Lily looks up, their matching green eyes meeting each other.

"Well, just staring is rude."

The second Lily slips her mouth down onto his cock, it fills with the throbbing hard meat. It's so good to have Harry in her mouth, deep inside of her mouth in fact. His fingers push against the back of her head and work Lily down completely, causing her throat to open up for him.

"Damn, Mum, you have such a nice mouth."
It's been a very long time since Lily's been with anyone. Of course, all of the other encounters do not count given the man she's with, is the one she was meant to be with this entire time. The godly being she worships puts his hands on the back of her hair. Her red hair whips around, brushing against Harry's thighs while Lily deep throats him.

And it's a hell of a deep throat. Lily's working his pole and makes Harry just groan in pleasure. Looking down at his mother's beautiful face is something Harry can do all day.

Lily grabs Harry's and places them on the side of her head. She squeezes them and Harry gets the hint. He holds on tight and face-fucks his mother. He uses her mouth and throat as his own personal fuck-hole.

"Really enjoy taking your son's cock into your mouth. You're such a good cock sucker. You're amazing...you're better than the rest. You're simply the best...oh damn, Lily...that feels so good, it feels really good. Suck my cock and make it feel really good...that's fucking good."

Harry holds onto the back of Lily's head and keeps going to town on her throat. She's perfect in every single way. The way she bobs back and forth, those eyes fill with life, challenging Harry to hold back his orgasm and keep fucking her. Harry rises to the occasion and plunges his thick, throbbing manhood down his mother's very accommodating throat. His balls slap her on the face.

A rough squeeze and Lily starts milking his balls. They're full and swollen enough to seed an entire village of women and Lily's hunger only increases. She slurps his cock and then pushes all the way down onto his rod. Lily pulls away and drags her tongue down Harry's head before taking him back in to throat him.

"It's really good, Mum. I'm going to cum soon."

Lily bobs faster and faster down on the throbbing hard pole of her beloved son. She wants to suck Harry dry completely and drain his cum from his balls. She wants to reach the point where he's bursting.

One more push and Lily gets her wish, with Harry spilling as much seed down her throat as he can manage. Several pumps and Lily, like the sex goddess she is, drinks all of the cum from his balls.

The ravishing redhead drinks the cum from his balls. Her green eyes never falter, burning with the passion which gets Harry rock hard for his mother and more than ready to keep sending dose after dose of his dripping hot seed down Lily's throat. He holds on for the ride and it's a hell of a ride to the very last minute. His hands rest firmly on the back of Lily's head and his balls slap against her chin.

"Very good."

Lily pulls away from Harry and plants a kiss on the tip of his cock. She gives him a knowing smile and twirls her tongue against him.

"I'm glad that I make you feel good. This will feel even better."

Lily's breasts come out and wrap around Harry's cock. Feeling her soft pillows grind against his cock and making him swell to life makes Harry good.

"Are you enjoying Mummy's tits wrapped around your big, bad cock?"

She gets into tit fucking Harry really nicely. Harry groans and feels the proof of Lily's magical prowess rubbing up against him. Her melons feel really good tightening around him and releasing
his cock. She bounces up against him, her hair brushing against the tip of his cock as she lowers herself down, the bottoms of her flesh globes on him.

"Just a little bit more."

Lily pulls away and Harry groans. He throws her down onto the bed which causes Lily to squeal in excitement. Harry rips apart her panties in lust and shoves his throbbing hard cock deep into his mother in one god.

"YES!"

She takes a deep breath when Harry grabs onto her wide hips, perfect for grabbing on and fucking her relentlessly.

"You're such an animal. I love being fucked like this."

The Dragon pushes deep into Lily's gushing cunt. Feeling every inch of his long throbbing cock burying inside of her is like a dream come true. Lily pushes him forward, her hips moving up. His strong muscular chest pushes against her large heaving breasts is a very erotic feeling.

Harry cannot get enough of his mother's chest. He scoops up her tits in his hand and squeezes them tightly. Lily breathes in and breathes out the faster Harry drives into him.

"My big strong son is making Mummy feel so good. Making my pussy burn, thanks to your big cock. Oh, grab my tits and suck on them, baby. They belong to you. Fuck Mummy until she passes out!"

A few fingers push against Lily's chest and releases it. Lily pants heavily and Harry is inside of her. He moves up to grab onto her hair and the slightest tug makes Lily moan in pleasure. Harry pushes his large cock deep inside of her body, bottoming out completely inside of her.

"Fuck me. Fuck me harder! Fuck me, my son! FUCK YOUR MOTHER UNTIL SHE PASSES OUT!"

Lily folds her legs against Harry's hips and squeezes him tightly, making sure his big cock sinks as far into her as possible.

"Damn, Mum, you really can't get enough of me."

"No, never, never."

Harry feels it, feeling her pussy stretch out and clamp down onto Harry. He holds her hips and pushes a little bit deeper into her, rocking himself against her body. Her wet walls clamp down onto him and ease Harry a little bit closer to the edge. He pushes in and pulls out almost completely. She's writhing underneath him, getting very close to the breaking point. Very close to cumming again.

He does what he needs to do to slow down the orgasm and make Lily's excitement last long. He pushes in and leans down to kiss Lily's neck. Her soft skin feels so good underneath Harry's mouth, the second he fucks her hard. Harry pushes deeper and deeper inside of her.

"So close."

"Yes, you are. Cum for me, Mum. Cum for me, hard."
She does, and hard. Harry slides his iron hard tool down into her body and makes Lily's pussy clench down into him. The view of his mother's quivering body underneath the thrusts only makes Harry want to go to town into Lily's wet hole even more. The sounds of his balls slapping and brushing against Lily's flesh sends a jolt through her.

It is so big, Lily can hardly hold onto him like this. She closes ranks on Harry and releases his cock from her tight vice. Her wet walls clamp down onto him. Appreciating how big his endowment is, along with how thick his balls are.

Harry removes the invader from inside of her.

"Roll over."

Lily obeys, pressing her palms on the bed. She rises up, ass in the air and breasts hanging for him to grab. Which Harry does, grabbing alternating hands of Lily's chest and rear end making her moan. He's touching Lily and sending those pleasure bolts through her body. Harry pushes up against Lily's lower back and causes her to yelp in pleasure. His fingers roll against Lily's nipples and tug on them making her moan.

His throbbing cock brushes against Lily's warm slit. It's so inviting, with Harry about ready to take the plunge.

"I think you want some more cock."

"I do. Fuck me. Please."

Lily begging for his cock looks as sexy as hell. The Dragon smiles and stuffs the lovely redhead's box full of his thick tool. Inch after inch slides into it until it's all the way inside. He holds onto Lily's hips, pumping his way into her. Sliding his way deep into her, slapping his big swollen testicles against her thighs from behidn.

His fingers entangle Lily's hair and then pulls it back. A couple of nibbles and Lily is now moaning with delight. Harry's going inside, slapping his balls against her.

"Go ahead...fuck me....I'm gushing...make me do it more."

"Of course. Of course. Who wouldn't want to fuck you? You're so fucking hot!"

Harry clenches Lily's ass and spanks it a couple of times. This gets the desired reaction Harry wants from the redhead nympho on the bed. She causes the sheets to move. Harry leans in and gifts Lily with a lot more touches. Harry pulls almost all the way out of her and drags his manhood against her.

Lily closes her eyes and almost drops down onto the bed. Harry holds her up to pleasure her body even more. The deeper Harry goes, the better she feels. The horny redhead clutches onto the bed.

"Make Mummy cum for you."

"Oh, of course. I'll give you everything that you want."

Her eyes close shut and then snap open. The magic flows through the room. Lily wants to feel this moment. She needs to feel this moment and needs to feel Harry's hands massaging her tight ass. Slapping down onto it and making her breath. Lily is getting closer and closer.

Harry works Lily to the edge, making sure she reaches the final destination before he does. He
works his hands over her body, and touches all of the spots he knows sets Lily off. They tend to set a lot of women off and Lily is no exception to the rule. She craves pleasure.

"Go ahead. Let it go."

"Yes!"

Lily breaks out with a passionate cry. The faster Harry drives deep into her, his balls smacking against her warm thighs. He pulls out of her and then pushes into her body. She clamps down onto him and tries to milk him. She soaks his probing tool and allows Harry to slide as deep into her as possible.

"My turn now."

"Yes, your turn."

Harry slaps his balls against Lily's thighs and gives her a hint of what's to come. She clenches on tight, both to the bed and onto his cock. She's about ready to lose it again and Harry holds back his explosion. The emerald-eyed enchanter wishes to come together along with his beautiful mother.

Finally, both reach a tipping point. Harry slides into Lily, planting her down onto the bed. His balls slap against her and reach their end point. He clutches Lily and sinks himself into her beautiful pussy. It's so very tight that it is sensational the way she grinds down onto him.

"Go ahead….you know you want to."

Harry proceeds to make a mess inside of his mother, painting her walls white and shooting blast after blast of his seed deep inside of her womb.

Lily moans with her son ramming into her. The feeling of his big strong cock inside of her stretches Lily out completely and causes her to gush all over him.

The end comes with Harry pulling from Lily dropping down onto the bed. Harry leans up against the pillows at the end of the bed. Lily crawls over to rest her head on Harry's lap.

"Amazing. That scratched an itch I needed for a long time."

Harry caresses his mother's red locks with a smile on his face.

"Happy to help."

Lily cups his balls and pumps his cock back to life with a leisurely handjob. Lily leans in and worships Harry's balls with some tender kisses.

"And there's still more itches that I need to scratch…."

Lily sinks her mouth down onto Harry and hums when sucking him off. A pair of hands put on Lily's hair and repeatedly pumps into her mouth.

The fun's just beginning. Harry relaxes for a time, allowing his mother to pleasure him with her mouth. There's other holes that he might want to explore later.

End.
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