# New Hopes

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New Hopes

by siberakg

Summary

A creature watched and sometimes decided to alter the events took places in the Multiverses.

I've mixed up all the series to make it up so the events that take place during the 6th year of the Golden Trio, the Season 2 of Desperate Housewives, post Captain America Civil war, Season 2 of the Flash and Season 4 of Arrow and Glee are set in the same time. The different worlds that make up the Multiverses are parallel and set in 2010. This is an alternative Galaxy far from ours. So sit down and travel through the numerous worlds that compose the Multiverses with all your new friends or foes. Watch out because the Multiverses are full of pains, crimes, hypocrisy, betrayals, bad feelings and dangers. Can these poor sools find happiness?


Notes

I don't own any characters or copyrights but my original characters.
Welcome to Darkworld! A brand new spot. I created all the characters, places and situations in this chapter. So step yourselves and enjoy it. (I hope so.)

At the furthest end of the Multiverses you could find a very bleak planet. Its surface was spattered with craters of extinct volcanoes, caked ashes, burned forests and most of the water springs were tainted. As far as the eye could see there were decayed buildings, ghost cities and towns, ruins of ancient factories, forgotten landmarks or sun-dried deserts and abandoned rusty amenities.

The weather was the more important issue. Big drops of acid rain were often failing! People had to wear stainless metal clothes besides their lodging were made up of the same stuff for survival. Plus, the temperature was scorching.

This was not a great place for visiting, let alone living! Plenty of useless weapons were discarded here and there. The planet's phreatic layers were infected by chemical products. Only a few rivers were left drinkable.

A tiny stretch of land were being inhabited by a few thousands of people. They were the last survivors of centuries of endless wars between two major cities for dominating the planet. It called Darkworld.

Darkworld was a dangerous place. The woods were overrun by belligerent beats who didn't hesitate to eat folk. The rivers were abounded in venomous fish. Humans were terrified by the Lockdiers, a half-breed creature between a giant shrimp, an eel and a shark.

Each day a tale was told that a fellow human was devoured by that man-eater animal. The beast reached at least twenty foot (about 6 meters.) Man wasn't at the top of the food chain in Darkworld.

Unfortunately, the rare livable areas were located near the forest and rivers. Hardly anyone dared to go out alone, unless you were suicidal or incredibly foolish and brazen.

"Diego! Get back!" A voice barked that sounded exhausted.

"Oh come on! Don't be so boring, sis"" A male voice teased, happily.

"Don't go near the river, idiot. Can't you value your life for a change?" The first voice said, angrily.

" So catch up with me Susanna. You're too slow." The second voice replied.

Diego snickered. He ran through the village ready to have fun. Her sister Susanna puffed along behind him, as usual. Diego was tireless. Sometimes she thought he lived two lives because he never have a break.

Diego Fuego (18) was a tall, fancy-free, tanned, dark-haired and blue-eyed boy. He was 6 stone two (around one hundred and eighty pounds.) He was a real will-o'-the-wisp. He shrugged off any problems, made a beeline for available risky situations and never thought twice before kicking off adventures. What's more, Diego was a boastful, show-off teen as well.
Her big sister Susanna(21)spent her life running after him when Diego dashed into deadly paths. He was as reckless and daredevil as their other brother, Jason(19). Susanna as the eldest took care of her irritating brothers. It was excruciating!

Susanna was a middle-sized, tanned and blue-eyed brunette. She had looked after both Jason and Diego since their mother death.

It happened ten years before. Their father was often away and when he came back he hardly ever glanced at them or spoke to them. He hung out at the local bar, ignored them and slept himself sober. He never abused them, though. Mr Fuego was a stranger in his own family.

Diego was running with all speed to the nearest river when he got bored or due to his huge curiosity. He never kept still since she brought him up. So she had decided two years before to make him work for Mr and Mrs Rosemary. They were a couple of farmers who cropped fruits and vegetables. He developed his body's muscles in the process.

However she failed to calm him. Diego played American football, rugby, soccer, basketball and worked at the Rosemary's farm and yet he never got tired. He couldn't sit around and rest. For a long time she had hoped to channel his energy into something more useful and far less dangerous.

She whined. Diego was as stubborn as a mule. As soon as he decided to go somewhere no one was able to stop him. She blamed herself for that foolish behavior.

When Susanna brought her brothers up she let them do what they liked. They were so curious they loved exploring through and through the Darkworld. As if that wreck wasn't like a minefield. She dreamed of leaving that damned place for ever.

Susanna was fed up with everything. Jason and Diego were her reasons to live. She resented Mr Fuego so much she couldn't help feeling hatred towards him. Never did he spend times with his children. Never did he protect them against the numerous dangers. Susanna was only a little girl when she forced to take care of Diego and Jason. Susanna wouldn't shed tears if Mr Fuego dropped dead in front of her. Mr Fuego was just a good-for-nothing layout and a drunkard. He embarrassed her.

The Darkworld was as dreary as a cemetery. Its population's lifespan was ludicrous. Only a third of people reached the age of fifty.

Once upon a time the planet was at the cutting-edge of technological progress, now it regressed to the Dark Ages. It was about to collapse anytime. Many families were starving due to their ancestors' idiocy.

Overproduction for hundreds of years had depleted the soils. Still the biggest problem was the war. Every year or so one leader of a village decided to assert his authority against another leader. So they declared war on each other. The communities were to mobilize all young people from 20 to 30.

Susanna was afraid of Jason's birthday in thirty days. He was going to be 20. He was getting eligible for call-up. She refused to lose her little brother.

Jason and Diego were too wrapped-up in themselves for seeing she was getting worried herself ill for their safety and security. Sometimes she didn't sleep for a week when Susanna was thinking over a life without her brothers. They were so careless.

"Diego! Come back!" she thundered again. "Herds of Lockdiers were noticed at the back of that
"You paranoid! I'm Lucky Bastard, Susanna. I'm not a loser! Nothing can hurt me. I'm the best" Diego bragged, brashly

Lucky Bastard was Diego's nickname. When they watched Diego Fuego attentively, many villagers observed irritatedly, and admittedly with lots of jealousy, the teen defied all dangers of Darkworld but he never received one injury. On the other hand if somebody followed Diego, they tended to injure themselves whereas he always went out unharmed after their outings.

Consequently, Diego felt invincible. Susanna wasn't so confident. His luck was able to take a disastrous turn. Her brother was a dumbass but she loved him.

"That awful nickname blind you. Folks don't admire you they swear you. Use your brains and grow up already, jerkface. You're not immortal, Diego!" She said, pissed off.

Diego laughed. He thought Susanna was cracking a joke. She resisted the urge to slap him when he showed off with a lot of restraints. Across the sad wreck-like scenery Diego darted deeper to the river till he stopped abruptly. He was arrived right in front of it. The stream was rough. Diego was a long way ahead. And yet he was stocked-still at the moment.

Diego looked dazed. Surprised, Susanna rushed to meet her brother.

A gruesome scene was bringing about a few feet away from them. Two Lockdiers were fighting over a villager's corpse. They didn't know his name. The monsters chewed the poor man to bits.

She refused to stay there. She grabbed Diego by his arm and she dragged him off backwards as quickly as possible. It was no use watching that tragedy.

"I beg you Diego listen to me. That blasted planet is doomed. Please don't go near the river again. I care for you, bro."

Diego nodded, lost in his mind. He let himself to be taken away. At least he was not in Lockdiers' bowels.

Arceus known as the God of Pokemons, was actually the creator and sovereign of the Multiverses. Most of the time it observed the numerous worlds which composed them. Arceus abstained from modifying the events that transpired since fate was supposed to be immutable.

Sometimes it pitied the poor mortals. So, it implanted some common sense in Diego's head. The untimely death of the young man would have impeded many plans.
Chapter Summary

Dumbledore is plotting and Severus Snape choose his side.

Chapter Notes

This is the new debut for the villain of this series. Dumbledore is the ultimate felon.

Hogwarts: Dumbledore's office.

In another world far from ours lived many fantastical creatures and above all the magic was real. In this world's Scotland you could find an ancient castle called Hogwarts.

A phoenix Fawkes looked sadly at its former friend and current master. The greed bred darkness in his heart. The Headmaster didn't notice and sucked happily his favorite sweet: a piece of lemon drop. He was thinking over other schemes.

Albus Dumbledore was a very admired and respected wizard. He was an old, kind, tolerant, generous man. At least according to his media image he showed off. If the sheep who made up of the Wizarding world knew the truth...

Dumbledore chuckled: "They will never learn the truth." He thought. They were so easy to handle."

The old man had the most powerful wand and he saved the world in 1945 in a duel against Grindelwald. He wanted so much more. More power, more money, more fame and especially less mudblood.

Dumbledore was no longer the leader of the light. He hated muggles these filthy animals and loathed the Muggleborn witches and wizards. They were unworthy to magic. So Dumbledore decided to take the plunge and agreed to Voldemort's ideas. Besides he was so beautiful. Dumbledore was in love with Tom Marvelous Riddle.

Nobody doesn't know yet. Or else they can discover an awful end like this poor and so stupid Billy Weasel. Dumbledore was so used to listening to Malfoys ranting against their nemesis the Weasleys.

The Headmaster despised them. They were a dirty bunch of red-headed who bred too many kids. They were poor. They were too Muggle-friendly. They were the typical blood-traitors. Alas, they were his "allies" in the Order of Phoenix with his other pawns. Dumbledore was ready to sacrifice them one by one. Their lives was useless. Voldemort will be winning the war.

Dumbledore had plans but he needed money to reach their goals. Albus the Great had found out the perfect target: Harry Potter. The boy was a jerk and still he had bags of money. He had to
borrow(steal)his fortune and if necessary killed the boy like he murdered the eldest of Weasley's children.

Oh the war could resolve his issue. After all Voldemort was powerful. The prophecy was a sham told by a fraud. How could anyone believe that nonsense? The pathetical brat thought he was entitled to be called Voldemort's equal. Only Dumbledore did. He had imperoed the woman, made sure to being listened by Severus Snape and forged a false prophecy.

Tom had failed due to that blasted Mudblood Lilly Potter. She sacrificed her life for her son for protecting him. For 13 long years he never saw Tom.

If the Potters were dead he would have their money. The heir was alive for now. The so-called Savior, the word said sarcastically, was living his last days. Dumbledore had so many projects for a new world. He had to be careful... A failure and he would forfeit his life.

Severus Snape's house: England. 11PM

Meanwhile in England, a Severus Snape was ranting at the Dark Lord Voldermort, Dumbledore, Harry Potter, the Deatheaters, the brat Potter, Lilly, James Potter and his spawn, the Old Goat Dumbledore, Voldemort and especially Harry Potter.

He had come back of another useless meeting at Malfoy Manor before downing a pint of the strongest firewisky. He was still reeling from the shock. The snake-like features of his master, the craziness of most of the Deatheaters or His plans hurt his mind health.

The Dark Lord wanted them to presenting his new plan against Harry Potter. Snape sighed. He almost felt sorry for the kid. He was manipulated by the Old Goat Dumbledore and stalked by an insane psychopath.

Sometimes Severus thought he was the one sane person in that mess. He put the blame for his misadventures on Dumbledore. He made him play a risky game spying Voldemort. Everyday he could die if the image he used as cover was blown. The traitors are not really welcome in the snake's den. He shuddered with fear.

In the Order of Phoenix he was despised and hated by a herd of former Gryffindors, Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. He stayed forever a Slytherin, their enemy. They bore his presence. No one would shed tears over his death. He was not naive.

The Headmaster enjoyed keeping his followers in the dark. He always spoke to them about love and forgiveness but he didn't act accordingly. His plans involved a lot of sacrifices but he refused to take notice.

He brought them up like a cattle to slaughter. Dumbledore and Voldemort had no respect for human lives. The war was fought in a giant chessboard between two cold-hearted leaders. Their followers were unimportant. Just some pieces of chess. Why bothered?

His sweet Lilly was dead. Her son was his last link with Lilly. Harry Potter was his worst bane and yet he lived for that brat. He couldn't help feeling pangs of guilt when he caught a glimpse of the brat. If he had not announce the prophecy to his master the boy wouldn't be an orphan.

However he wasn't able to forget his father, his former nemesis. The so-called Chosen was the spitting image of that arrogant moron who had stolen His Lilly. She sacrificed herself for her son. He didn't forget or forgive. He disliked the boy but didn't hate him either.
Dumbledore made him swear an oath to protected the Boy's life. It wasn't easy. He was as reckless, impudent, arrogant and fool as his father and still he had Lilly's eyes.

He got up of his armchair and paced up and down. He had to act quickly. The Dark Lord was getting more and more suspicious. Lestrange wished she was able to torture or kill him. She was dangerous. She often boasting about her "feats" or her skills.

Dumbledore failed to save the Potters or Sirius Black. The mutt was dead like a hero for saving his grandson. Maybe Severus had to find the boy and train himself. Yes. Lilly deserved he disregarded his feelings.

As soon as he made up his mind he heard a noise... A spotted owl was watching him through the window of his living room. He opened it. The bird flew through and dropped a letter on his head and fly back outwards. By mumbling Severus took and read the letter. There were just four works: "Help me, please. Hermione."

"What happened to this know-it-all idiot? " Severus irritatly wondered aloud.

"Why did she chose me for assisting at her? I don't even know where to reach her" He grumbled.

He sighed. He was to help her. Maybe Lilly's son was in danger as well. Granger was a wannabe Ravenclaws in the lion's den. He should go and see Minerva McGonagall. She was the Head of Gryffindor house. She knew Granger's address.

"Stupid Gryffindors." He muttered, before striding out of his house.

Arceus cursed Dumbledore. The old goat irked the god. Arceus was pondering on how to castigate the hypocrite. First, Arceus was going to hinder the projects he was scheming.

Arceus knew Severus Snape was basically a good man who had made many bad choices. It diverted the owl sent by Granger to head for Snape's.

Chapter End Notes

Dumbledore is the evilest of all the characters. He will be the main villain of Ultimate crossover series.
Chapter Notes

I took the liberty to borrow a few quotations and sentences from "Harry Potter and the Philosopher Stone" and "Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secret" because I wanted to draw a parallel between the Grangers in this chapter and the Dursleys. It won't happen again, I promise. Besides, Hermione didn't have a cat in Ultimate crossover. The crossover begins during the third chapter. I have many surprises in stock for you, readers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

One day earlier:

Mr and Mrs Granger, of number twenty two, Seaby, in the suburbs of Manchester, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much, so did their two eldest daughters. The Grangers had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They were quite petrified of people linking them with the peculiar girl who returned each summer for spending her holidays with them. She actually was a witch. They claimed she was adopted but in fact was their third child.

As far as they were concerned, Hermione was their deepest shame and their biggest failure. So to speak, they put up with her, and that was all about to keep up appearances.

They eagerly looked forward the glorious day when she will be celebrating her seventeenth birthday, in order to get rid of that Girl. Every time she arrived at Seaby, Hermione was watched like prisoners during their exercise times.

Besides, all Hermione's spellbooks, her wand, her cauldron had been locked in a cupboard under the stairs by Mr Granger the instant Hermione had come home. She wasn't allowed to touch them. It was heartbreaking to be subjected to that tough punishment for Hermione.

Still, she often sneaked up and down the stairs by night for bringing books into her bedroom. Hermione studied for hours and sneaked back school things before her family noticed anything. Fred and George Weasley taught her many tricks to open locks and padlocks. Hermione was quite admiring. However if her parents caught her by surprise Hermione was chastised with cruelty.

Hermione longed for going back to Hogwarts. She was free to study, was liked and she felt at ease in the Wizarding world despite bigots like the Malfoys. In Seaby the life of the young witch was a nightmare which came true.

That night, Hermione was reading a book. She kept back her tears. She wanted to stay brave. It was so hard. Her parents was particularly in bad mood after she had mentioned her friends.

Ron had invited Hermione to the Burrow. Mr and Mrs Granger exploded with rage and she was kicked out of the kitchen. She wasn't allowed to eat in the dining room. She was too abnormal.

At Hogwarts Hermione was the brightest witch of her generation. In her parent's house, she was the
ugly duckling. They were Muggles and they had a very negative point of view towards magic. Above all they despised their daughter. They were incensed by her "freakness".

Hermione didn't confide in her best friends, Ron and Harry Potter. Ron was too insensitive and clumsy. He couldn't be able to cheer her up. For Harry's part, he had enough issues such as Lord Voldemort's hundredth attended murders against him and Dumbledore's plots.

Mr and Mrs Granger kept comparing the freak and her elder sisters, Margaret and Julie Granger. Such as their dearest Margaret, the favorite one, she attended university at Cambridge where she majored in engineering and minored in literature. Their second daughter attended school in a secondary school like ordinary people contrary to Her lot.

"Freak! Maggie is a good daughter. Not only does she speak Chinese and Russian, she also is going to have a degree in engineering. You waste your time playing with magic like those weirdos" Her father snorted at her when their eyes met in the corridors again and again.

Incessantly Hermione heard that. She spent most of her summer holidays doing the household chores. If she was lucky enough to be able to eat cold food. "Hot food is for ordinary people not for freaks like you" Mrs Granger snapped if Hermione seemed complained about it.

She was often grabbed and slammed against the walls if she dared burn the food or if she opened her mouth or just for being there. Her sisters were promoted to laugh at her or hit her. Hermione was insulted as well as beaten when she spoke about her school. She was forbidden to read her freakish things. They didn't either let her go out or talk to people. Mr and Mrs Granger refused their "daughter" corrupted the neighbors with her disgracefulness.

They always ranted and raved against her while she was at home. Hermione was like a stain on their perfect family. As hard-working as ever, she wasn't get a wink, every other day, for studying. She couldn't help but feel helpful. Maybe they would understand Hermione at last.

Hermione flinched when she heard some noise. Her mother barged in her room. She leered at her personal shame. Hermione shook and tried to hide Hogwarts, A History. Too late. She was not fast enough. Mrs Granger snatched the book from Hermione's hand. Mrs Granger glanced at the cover. Immediately she gave vent to her anger. She slapped her abhorred child. Mrs Granger punched Hermione in her stomach.

"Freak! Can't you act normally for once!" she screamed, indignantly.

"Please! Don't! Mom..." Hermione begged, she was fairly afraid.

"I'm not your mother vile creature!" Mrs Granger screeched with her voice full of hatred.

Of course the clash didn't went unnoticed. Mr Granger followed his wife. His lips curled scornfully in front of Hermione. The latter was definitely frightened now. M. Granger was the meanest of that evil breed. He made use of his natural talents as a child beater with flying colors for five years.

"Hon' what's happening here?" He asked. Mr Granger glared at her daughter with loathing.

"The Freak was reading a freakish book!" Mrs Granger spat out.

"Have you got no shame?! GET OUT of my house. I don't want to deal with your nonsenses anymore. We can't save you from yourself. Go and join a freak show. It's your birth place" He thundered.

Hermione pleaded her parents but her efforts were of no avail.
She was at the verge of tears. Hermione went downstairs towards the corridor to get her stuff out of the cupboard. Margaret and Julie were scoffing at her.

Mrs Granger glowered at Hermione whereas Mr Granger nodded, satisfied. The Freak disappeared for ever. Hermione hauled after a fashion her trunk, outside. Then she no longer held back her tears.

Hermione had only little money in her pockets. Worse of all there was no hope left to go somewhere. Private Drive was too far and she didn't quite know where the Burrow was located.

The night was cold and humid. It had rained the whole day. Hermione tried not to fall down which was made difficult when you hardly see anything. Hermione's eyes bleary and she had difficulty pulling the trunk. Hermione rubbed herself with a handkerchief occasionally, to remove drops of sweat on her brow. She attempted to get rid of tears too but she couldn't manage it.

She wished she was accepted by her parents. Now undoubtedly that will never occur. Her life was over. What was going to become of her?

Lost in thoughts and traumas, Hermione didn't realize she had been followed. When a hand touched her shoulder, she screamed in fright. When she turned around to the new figure, she suddenly found herself face to face with Andrew Van De Camp. Humiliated the young witch, was definitely ill-at-ease.

"What are you doing here so late? I don't mean to get noisy but you really shouldn't walk alone. The neighborhood isn't safe, you know" Andrew told her with a strong accent.

The Van De Camps, the Delfinos, the Sollis and the Scavos were four American families who moved in Seaby since 2008. On Wednesdays, all the four housewives met for playing cards and drinking alcohol. Hermione's former mother had a really poor opinion of those lazy women.

They refused to work which she found unacceptable. Moreover, they were foreigners, now Mrs Granger was a very xenophobic person, therefore she loathed them. Mrs Granger had forgotten her family to talk to the Yanks and organized petitions against their presence.

Hermione liked them. Mrs Van De Camp baked delicious muffins and cookies, then she distributed then to the neighbors. Susan Delfino, nee Meyer, didn't know how to cook even the simplest dishes like cheese macaroni, which she found funny. Gabrielle Sollis was a diehard fashionista. She seemed parading up and down the catwalk like top models. Mrs Scavo fought for well raised her kids but she was rather pleasant and trustworthy. Hermione never had seen a woman as honest as Mrs Scavo.

"I...I...was...kicked out from my house." Hermione stammered. She looked down, shamefully.

"That bloody assholes..." Andrew trailed off before he hugged Hermione tightly. "Sorry for the language. Be proud of what you are. You were rejected because you were different, right? Because you're a witch"

"How...?"

"Because I'm a wizard. The only difference is our school. You go to Hogwarts whereas I go to Ilvermony in the US."

"I would never had guessed you were a wizard" Hermione confessed, flabbergasted. She rarely dared to hope there were witches and wizards in Seaby.

"Indeed. My two parents are Muggles although in the US we call them No-Maj, people with no
powers. I'm a Muggleborn too but I prefer First Gen. Follow me. Mom always make big meal. I guess you must be hungry."

"Thank you very much. I don't want to bother your family."

"Don't worry. It's fine. Our house is dead boring. Tomorrow I can borrow you my owl Justin to send letters to yours friends. I don't think your folk let you write to them."

"Thanks. You saved my life"

Andrew hugged her more tightly again. Hermione cried her eyes out against his shoulders. That day was awful. Andrew hauled Hermione's trunk.

As usual, Bree Van De Camp was cooking when they entered. Bree raised her eyebrows with pleasure. Andrew was bringing a girl at home. Maybe he had decided to change his unhealthy lifestyle. Don't get her wrong. Bree loved her son but she couldn't condone this mortal sin: homosexuality. She didn't understand yet when Andrew's upbringing failed.

"Mom. Hermione was made to leave home tonight. Can we put her up for the night? She had nowhere to go."

"Oh Andrew. You're such a nice boy. Did you eat, my dear?" Bree asked, gently.

"Only a sandwich Madam. My parents won't spoil food for a Freak." Hermione said, her face was red bright.

"Fucking perv!" Andrew mumbled.

"Andrew language! Stay as long as you need. Andrew escort your friend to the guest room, please"

"Yeah. Come with me. Good news. Your problems are finished. They can't harm you over here" Andrew comforted her.

They walked up the stairs. Bree grinned. Her son had a heart of gold. If only she had been a good mother...

Arceus had attempted many times to reawaken the Grangers' love for their daughter and sister then changed its mind as it realized they are prejudiced to the core. Never did they tolerate the so-called "Freak" since Hermione had received the letter from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Arceus decided an extended stay could only worsen the plight of the unhappy girl. Arceus prompted them to disown Hermione and manipulated Andrew Van De Camp's mind to pass the witch on the street.

Thus, Hermione started from scratch. Perhaps she could find some happiness away from her awful family.

Chapter End Notes

Seaby is an imaginary town. Don't look it up on the Internet.
Awful Crimes and Punishments.

Chapter Summary

Find out what happened before Hermione wrote to Snape in that multi-layers chapter which introduce you many Harry Potter series' characters. An enemy and two protagonists make their first appearances.

One day later:

Dolores Umbridge.POV:

Dolores Umbridge was in a very vile mood. The desire that consumed her dark heart was to slaughter many people.

She was thinking about the events in Hogwarts. Umbridge cursed that damned brat Potter and his friends. She hadn't the slightest doubt about the fact they had played an important part in the plight she endured.

Two weeks after she had left Hogwarts, she got fired from Ministry after Fudge was made to resign because of the public opinion's increasing hostility. Umbridge failed to defend her honour.

New Minister Rufus Scrimgeour didn't beat around the bush and dismissed her. She wasn't even allowed to speak at least once. Umbridge was accused of being responsible with the former Minister's total failure to made shut Potter up.

At the moment she lived on charity. Should the opportunity arose, she swore to take her revenge on her enemies. They wouldn't know what to expect. Umbridge was going to deliver deadly blows to that herd of loathed creatures. Dolores Umbridge wanted to kill them one by one. She refused to let them live one day further. The Golden Trio wrecked her plans and her life.

Umbridge's awfully humiliating departure from Hogwarts, plus her misadventures in the Forbidden Forest... She put the blame for all those events on the Golden Trio.

Obviously, she was aware she had been deceived by that Mudblood Granger when Granger and Potter decided to drag her to the Forbidden Forest. Miss Know-it-all had deliberately tossed her in an area where lived a pack of centaurs.

Those filthy Half-breeds had touched her. Ten successive showers didn't wash the stain off. The Golden Trio scoffed when she got chased by Peeves and the bitch McGonagall but they ignored one little thing. Dolores Umbridge bore grudges for a time. She won't rest as long as they breathed!

After all, she had nothing to lose. Oh sweet vengeance!

Draco Malfoy.POV

Draco Malfoy didn't live perfect summer holidays. Oh no!
The Dark Lord Voldemort, his insane aunt Bellatrix Lestrange as well as other Death Eaters moved in Malfoy Manor in Father's absence. Lucius Malfoy had just been sent to Azkaban because of Potter and co. Draco shuddered with fear to think about those unwelcomed guests.

He didn't know who was the worst of all. Either her so-called aunt or Dismal Body. Their oppressor hardly look like human. Voldemort had red eyes, snake-like features and his limitless cruelty kept him awake every other day. Voldemort imposed himself in their Manor where many crimes were committed in full view of everybody. That happened usually all day long.

Bellatrix Lestrange, he refused to demean himself by calling her "aunt", was repulsive. She often gloated about her murders and tortures like feats. Bellatrix was fascinated by her master. They formed an unhealthy pair.

So Draco avoided to get out of his bedroom. Draco was appalled to bow to that thing. Still Draco was a Slytherin through and through. He was as sly as a fox for surviving.

It boiled down to this. Her aunt was a torture freak. Voldemort treated his followers like scum. Draco was not squirm his way out of his commitments. Her mother already was about to break down owing to Father's imprisonment. Draco must have protected her even if he was to suffer. Both depended on each other. He obeyed to the reptile, reluctantly.

Draco knew his Mother loathed the Dark Lord as much as her son. He couldn't escaped without his Mother but she refused to let his Father rot in prison. They were trapped in their own house surrounded with evil creatures.

Draco signed his own death warrant if he didn’t comply with all Voldemort nonsense. He was grateful for Snape's occlumency lessons. His mind was free from that creep. He made him believe he was a good soldier in manufacturing fake thoughts.

Draco wasn't naive. The Dark Lord was plotting against Potter, Dumbledore or whoever. The reptile had many foes.

Draco despised that hypocritical criminal. Voldemort claimed to be a Pure-blood whereas he was only a Half-breed wizard like Potter, Snape and Dumbledore.

Actually, Draco didn't care less about blood status. Never did he believed in blood prejudices. Draco didn't want to persecute Muggleborn or Muggles. He was forced to play it safe due to his years mates in Slytherin House. Blood traitors like Weasleys didn't survive in the snake's den.

Why did Snake-face come back? Everyone was far happier when they thought he was dead. Draco, other Death Eaters or sweet Bellatrix were just cannon fodders. The Dark Lord didn't like anybody but himself and his damned pet snake.

His plans implied the end of the Wizarding world unless he was destroyed. Draco prayed to Merlin for his death. Nobody were safe as long as Voldy was alive.

Minerva McGonagall. POV

Minerva McGonagall was worried. She hadn't any news from Hagrid for two solid days. McGonagall remembered seeing Hagrid in Hogsmeade. As usual, Hagrid hanged out at the Three Broomsticks, where he drank pints of mulled peads.

There was real cause for concern. Since the day when Voldemort came back numerous people disappeared, were killed or never were found again.
Minerva cared about Hagrid a lot. She wasn't able to figure Hogwarts without her friend. Hagrid had become the embodiment of Hogwarts.

Minerva cursed that insufferable Dolores Umbridge and former minister Fudge, but for those fools the Wizarding world would have been prepared for a new war against the Dark Order, earlier.

Albus was not afraid, Minerva wasn't surprised. Dumbledore was convinced to be able to defeat their enemy. Despite her huge respect towards Hogwarts's Headmaster, Minerva didn't so much confide in their victory. Undoubtedly, Dumbledore was as powerful as You-know-who, if not more so, but none of them were to be underestimated.

Plus, Minerva was gradually distrustful to Dumbledore's actions towards Harry Potter. Albus kept speaking of the boy. His life seemed focused on meddling in Harry Potter's affairs. As if he considered Harry either as a cherished grandson or a dependable weapon. Minerva liked Dumbledore, he was her oldest friend and former professor but she had always known his morals were quite particular.

Harry was a real Gryffindor but she didn't consider fair to pin all the wizards and witches hopes on Harry's shoulders to beat Voldemort. That was a heavy burden for such a young boy. Harry attracted too many attentions of each sides. Minerva wanted to protect Harry. He was Lilly's and James's son, she had loved the couple as her own children.

Minerva often thought retiring. She wasn't getting younger. But first she should help Harry Potter, the Order and Voldemort's enemies to rid the world of massive threats represented by Voldemort and his sidekicks.

If people had listened to Minerva's advice, Slytherin house would have been closed for years. Minerva wasn't rather prejudiced against the snake's but Slytherin were the symbol of the blood prejudices, bigotry and overall dark magic. Many Slytherins turned out badly. Minerva didn't trust them at all.

She refused to let her guard down around any of them especially Snape. He used to be a Deatheater. Minerva didn't forget. Where did Hagrid gone? Hagrid was a good man. He deserved to live a long and happy life at last.

I'm afraid Hagrid wasn't so lucky.

Hagrid met his doom two days earlier after he had took an unwise step. He came into Dumbledore's office without notice when he barged. Dumbledore and Voldemort were making out when he appeared.

"What..." Hagrid trailed off.

He didn't have time to end that sentence. Both men aimed their wands at Hagrid and then screamed. "Avada Kedavra!" Hagrid dropped dead in one fell swoop.

Hagrid's last thoughts were about his so called second father Dumbledore. He always looked up to Dumbledore. Hagrid couldn't get it. That betrayal.

Why did Dumbledore loved the darkest wizard ever? Hagrid wished good luck to Harry, his friend and son in all but blood. Beyond the veil he whispered: "Good luck Harry. Defeat them. Avenge me!"

Voldemort cast a spell black magic on Hagrid's corpse to destroy it.
"Loathsome Half-breed" Voldemort hissed.

The two men resumed the Intercourse as if they weren't stopped. Dumbledore was especially careful to ward his office off Magic Minister's warning detectors. As a result, he was able to cast any unforgivables at any time against his enemies. Who was going to suspect him to doing crimes.

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Finn Hudson. POV

Finn Hudson came from another world far from the one where Hogwarts and other Magic Schools were located. Finn kept his powers secrets at all costs. He was able to travel through the numerous worlds that made up the Multiverses. The day when he turned up in a freaky planet made him realize he got powers.

That planet was covered with rubble, ruins, wrecks and seemed uninhabited except horrible creatures. Finn came very nearly died on that blasted planet.

As soon as he put one foot by a river, Finn was within a hair's breadth of being devoured by a monster looked like a mix between a shark, an eel and a shrimp. Finn was saved thanks to unknown protections in his gear, which created energy ball that repelled the creature after it had been badly maimed.

Actually, Finn's quarterback gear was tinged with magic. It reacted to any dangers. Finn got his powers by a mysterious man who wore a weird cape and claimed to be called Doctor Strange.

Finn had just ended up training and was about to have a shower in the locker room when he walked past that uncanny dude. According to Doctor Strange, Finn was rather fantastic and deserved extraordinary powers to carry out great stuff. That dude told him he must help people in the Multiverses and ordered him not to take advantage of his powers to assault people.

Finn visited other dimensions, since then. He had just to touch his helmet in any way to get about in the Multiverses.

He was safe as long as he avoided meeting with the Guild of Judges. A secret organization which lurked around the Multiverses so as to hunt down and butcher all individuals who possessed powers.

Finn took no responsibilities and no stress. He just wanted to have fun.

Little did he know he was going to become a hero. Finn winded up on another planet he knew nothing about. Of course, he fell down head first when he got there.

He stood up again. A sign on a hill read "Seaby." Finn wondered what surprises were in stock in that place. He hoped he was going to meet nice folk.

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Hermione. POV

Hermione was staring at the ceiling and she was thinking again about the day before's events. She still felt guilty.

Maybe if Hermione might have made additional efforts to act normally, her parents would have ended up accepting her. No. She had to resign herself to be rejected by the Grangers. They were too full of hatred towards him.
Hermione was very grateful to the Van De Camps. They were so generous but she didn't want to impose. She was going to get in touch with Ron or Harry and asked them to put her up during the holidays. Hermione hardly knew the Van De Camps and yet they treated her like a child or a friend. Never did she forget that.

Dolores Umbridge.POV

Dolores Umbridge was sore. She had just received the hundredth rebuffs for a position in Ministry. She had no luck to work again as long as that bloody Scrimgeour was minister.

Those Mudblood Granger and bratty Potter were responsible. Dolores was pissed off. She wanted to kill and torture both her enemies.

Hermione.POV

Two hours later, Hermione was having an amazing breakfast. Mrs Van De Camp was such a sweet person. Hermione was fairly envious of Andrew for having the perfect mother. Bree looked at both teens and told them:

"Could you be so kind to go to the grocery shop at the corner of the street? I need flour and eggs for making a cake tonight." She said.

"Sure, Ma." Andrew answered, rather indifferently.

Andrew and Hermione got ready then came out. The day was sunny and warm. But they were about to face up to a deadly threat.

Dolores Umbridge.POV

Dolores Umbridge was ranting and raving again and again when she caught sight of Granger and an unknown boy.

No matter who he was, he was a new target for killing. Granger had made her life quite tricky. They looked so calm and glad. That was nauseating. Umbridge immediately flew to a towering temper at Granger's nerve.

Granger was her second worst arch nemesis after Potter. That Smart-Aleck wasn't allowed to be happy. Umbridge drew her wand out of his pocket. Anyway she had nothing to lose. Oh sweet vengeance. Granger should die. Granger needed to die. Granger had to die. Granger was just a good-for-nothing Mudblood.

"Granger! It's my payback time. Crucio!" She shrieked.

Umbridge didn't care less if Muggles were watching the scene.

"Crucio! Crucio!"

"Protego!" Andrew said back.

The hex turned against Umbridge who just dodged it in time. Umbridge was seething while Andrew and Hermione carefully stepped back. Umbridge was clearly insane.
Hermione was torn between hatred and fear. That horrid little woman who wore too many pink clothes to her liking was such a wicked being. Umbitch had tortured Harry in all the ways possible, tormented Hagrid and introduced a real dictatorship at Hogwarts. (Of course Harry had created that nickname for denigrating Umbridge. Hermione agreed.)

Hermione hadn't brought her wand. Hermione felt guilty for being so thoughtless.

Andrew was a powerful wizard but failed to compete with a full-fledged witch. He cast the most powerful spell he knew: "Hypnosis!"

Hypnosis sent to sleep whoever was hit by it for 10 to 15 minutes or so.

That time Umbridge didn't dodge and dropped off straight away. Andrew never missed his target. Hermione was dazed and kept still. Andrew sighed. Andrew took her hand and strode away across the street. They had to flee.

Andrew had used magic in an area where lived No Maj people. Aurors could break his wand and arrest him for committing offenses against the Statute of Secrecy.

Andrew didn't regret. He instinctively protected Hermione. Plus, that woman gave him the creeps.

Finn Hudson. POV

Finn was going past when he witnessed the clash. Finn didn't hesitate even one second. He rushed to meet the two teens. He didn't get it.

"Why did that woman attack you?" He asked.

"Who are you?" Andrew retorted. He was half curious and half aggressive.

"Finn Hudson. I'm coming from another city." He lied.

Finn wasn't too reckless to confess his secrets to randomers. Finn wasn't supposed to tell them he came from another world. Doctor Strange advised him to keep a low profile. He also didn't expect to understand that.

"Need some help?" Finn asked hesitantly.

"Yeah. Can I borrow your mobile? I need to make a call."

"Sorry dude. I didn't bring it."

Don't he figure how much it cost a call between two far-off planets? Lots of bucks. Mind you, Andrew probably never left his world.

"No problem at all. We'll manage. You'd better watch out for you. She's mental and very dangerous."

"Okay." Finn said, matter-of-factly

Finn began to regret arriving there. That planet was so weird.

Dolores Umbridge. POV
In the meantime, Umbridge got out of her forced sleep. She was completely livid so much her whole frame shook.

Umbridge gave chase to the group of unruly brats. When she saw them, they were talking to another teen as if Umbridge didn't represent any threat.

That third teen was certainly a Mudblood as well or a Muggle. Admittedly, he was wearing odd clothes and yet Umbridge ignored him in order to get at Granger and her lover.

That brat dared to attack her. Nobody was entitled to touch her, let alone Granger's boyfriend. They put her off.

Umbridge despised Muggles and far more Muggleborns. They stole their so-called magic power. She hoped The Dark Lord won that war. The Wizarding world was threatened to disappearance due to that scum. Umbridge aimed at Granger and then shrieked "Avada Kedavra!"

Finn Hudson. POV

Traveling through the Multiverses had improved Finn's reactions. He quite heard when the woman screamed her evil spell towards the girl who he didn't know the name. Finn shoved her out of the way and created an energy ball to repel the attack.

He was wearing his quarterback gear because his powers were stored up there. So much he couldn't access to the Multiverses without his gear. The spell was destroyed at once. The witch howled with rage. Both kids were too much shocked to react. Finn didn't doubt that maniac was set to kill them one by one.

Dolores Umbridge. POV

That unknown teen was infuriating! She reluctantly admitted he was powerful even if he was a scruffy dresser. Granger, her boyfriend, and that boy were talking to one another. For eliminating Granger and her lover she was forced to distract the third teen for a short time.

Umbridge seized the opportunity to cast a hex at the second boy. Umbridge hoped they would kill each other. She cackled before she had aimed at the scruffy boy.

"Impero! Kill them! Kill them!" She ordered.

She laughed in a crazy manner. There was just Potter left to kill. Such a glory day! That oaf made her revenge possible, so he was worthy of living. For now. Umbridge was gloating when she ran by two young men who watched everything.

Hermione and Andrew. POV

Hermione and Andrew were absolutely terrified when Impero took effect. That was a tricky situation. Hermione cursed at Umbitch. The toad-like face was the devil incarnate. Impero was an awful underhand hex. No wonder they forbid to use it. Finn couldn't help obeying to the toad.

Finn began by throwing at them fireballs. Andrew and Hermione escaped. They were no match for an opponent like Finn. Andrew tried to cast "Hypnosis" but Finn dodged it and destroyed three
ranges of trees with a strong gust which came from his helmet.

Well, you must amazing and spectacular to survive through worlds

Their only chance was to take advantage of his flaws. Finn was very slow. Andrew and Hermione outran their pursuer. His sport kit slowed him down a lot. Consequently, they rushed into a disused building far from Finn. Fate seemed gave them a bit of help for a change. An owl was watching them, quietly.

Hermione didn’t wait an instant. She teared one page of her notebook out and wrote down a short letter. "Help me please. Hermione." Hermione figured nobody knew Andrew in England apart from his family and neighbors.

"Send it to a nearby witch or a wizard." Hermione pleaded. "We didn't have much time."

The owl nodded and flew out

"I hope we'll be alive when your savior comes." Andrew remarked, grimly.

"So do I. So do I." Hermione whined.

Finn was already barging into the hall

As it turned out, Umbridge was doomed to a life of failures. Actually, the two men were aurors.

"Stupefy!" The first screamed.

Umbridge dropped down in shock.

"Dolores Jane Umbridge. You're under arrest for using the three unforgivables and endangering the Statute of Secrecy." the second auror announced.

Arceus was gloating. It always loathed Umbridge. She screwed up everything. Arceus had swerved Finn's travel to land in Hermione Granger's world.
Saviors

Chapter Summary

Brace yourselves for making a mind-blowing travel when the plots are thickening to the events of the real story. Chapter 1 to 4 were just an introduction. Now the story starts out by reveling a new key threat for the main characters who appear in the series.

Chapter Notes

I know there's a slight Minerva McGonagall bashing but she'll redeem later.

During the events that were taking place in Seaby, at Privet Drive, a very strange guy walked through the neighborhood.

He wore a bright red and black spatex suit, two long sharpened blades and a Hello Kitty backpack on his back. Of course the bag was full to the brim of holsters, handguns, ammunitions, knives, shotguns, pistols and other weapons. This guy wore a mask as well.

This was Deadpool. He makes his way to the Dursleys's house. Like Finn Hudson, Deadpool came from another world but he didn't want to have fun, he craved for other stuff.

You see he was sent to this world to kill Harry Potter. He was promised to make 10 million bucks if he was able to bump Potter off. A freaky man, Deadpool guessed he claimed to be called Lord Voldemort, got in touch with him to kill his enemy.

Deadpool wanted to kill Voldemort, too, but first he wanted to hit the jackpot. Megabucks! He was going to spend a lot in tacos. When he arrived in front of the Dursleys's house, he stared at the door.

"Get ready Potty. Today you'll die." Deadpool chuckled.

Snape.POV

Snape was gripping Hermione's letter in arriving at McGonagall's house. The garden was neat and tidy. He was much more furious to be compelled to pay Minerva McGonagall a visit. The Head of the so called noble House of Gryffindor despised, no loathed Slytherins and especially himself.

She didn't have any scruples about showing her hatred against "the enemy". McGonagall spoke to all his precious little snakes in a very unfriendly manner, didn't help them one way or the other and took points away to Slytherin house, every day.

Snape was sure she enjoyed manhandling his students. Consequently, Snape didn't much care for her. McGonagall didn't make out such a biased and nasty attitude towards Slytherins prompted
them to join the Dark Lord. Or like Snape called him the Snake-like Monster.

Voldemort lured them to submit to him with false promises about a new society where Slytherin wouldn't be treated like rubbish. His little snakes didn't know they were manipulated by a demon who wished to rule over the Wizarding world for himself. His followers were just pawns in a giant game. They were easy to replace.

But as soon as a young wizard or witch had joined the Slytherin House, they were automatically hated by the two-thirds of Hogwarts School, then by the Wizarding world when they got adults. They were always scrutinized, looked down on, watched like criminals, loathed and rejected by the Magic community, everywhere and everytime.

Since the fateful day when Salazar Slytherin had left Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Gryfffindors, Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws cast them out, claimed Slytherins were composed of bigots but never took notice of their own vices. Those hypocritical mindless groups didn't realize they had played an important part in Voldemort's arrival.

Slytherins stuck out together, so when a terrifying and yet skilled wizard asserted to them his aim to defend them against their enemies, they allowed this psycho to twist them around his little finger.

Not many Slytherins believed in his ideals, most of them scorned the Dark Lord, but who in their right mind could put up with such a hostile attitude and never look for change. Voldemort was a liar and tarnished further Slytherin's repute. The only luck to end the plight of their house was to do away with the House system. After all, the Dark Lord was a creation of that latter.

So, Snape was fare more mad at meeting Minerva McGonagall during his holidays when he could enjoy brewing potions, the furthest away from foolish pupils and arrogant professors.

As Deputy Headmistress, McGonagall easily reached Dumbledore's ears and advised whatever she wanted. Snape wasn't allowed to defy her. Snape was a good Slytherin, he acted in a cunning way. Never did he show his hostility towards Dumbledore or McGonagall.

Both put him off since the first time he had met them. He particularly distrusted Dumbledore. The old man was a deceitful individual. McGonagall and her stupid lions weren't much better. Snape sighed

He wasn't going to be welcomed but he felt forced to help Granger. Snape swore to harshly punish Granger. If that was a prank. Of course, he was aware she was an unsufferable know-it-all but she was friends with the Weasley Twins. Both were his own bane.

Minerva McGonagall. POV

Minerva was sipping a cup of tea when she began feeling a presence in her backyard. She immediately drew out her wand and came out. McGonagall brought numerous defensive draughts beforehand. Minerva almost crashed into Snape on the doorstep.

McGonagall barely held back a sigh of irritation due to that blasted man. She wasn't particularly enthusiastic about talking to Snape during her days off while she was worrying herself ill about Hagrid.

Nevertheless, she was compelled as Deputy Headmistress to listen to Snape. He was after all one of the Heads of the four Houses, which made up Hogwarts, even if McGonagall felt nothing but a contemptuous hatred for Snape and his reptiles. She tried her best to be polite and said, reluctantly.
"Severus, what can I do for helping you?" She asked, her voice strained.

She was sure he was up doing crimes in his mind sick. Anyway, according to Minerva McGonagall, all Slytherins were awful felons.

"I received a letter from one of your Gryffindor" Snape said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "I thought it was wise to get in touch with you before helping her."

"Oh." Minerva merely commented.

Minerva mistrusted Snape. He was just a good-for-nothing Slytherin, he didn't have a conscience, so did their lot.

Snape held the letter out of to Minerva. She took it with a great deal of disgust. Slytherins were unhealthy. Minerva couldn't help sneering.

Slytherins were such a devilish herd, so immoral and treacherous.

However, Minerva read through the letter. It made her blood run cold. Hermione, her favorite student, seemed in danger. In spite of herself, Minerva believed in the message. Granger was a sensible girl, she would never send a letter if she wasn't in a tricky situation.

The question which had to be asked was the following: "Why did Granger write to Snape?" Minerva didn't forget Snape was a twisted bully who tormented her lions, regularly. He used to be a Death eater. She was pretty sure he catered to You-know-who's orders. Granger was a Muggleborn. Snape had murdered many Muggleborn witches and wizards for satisfying his master.

Snape wouldn't hesitate to let die her Gryffindors and yet keep a clear conscience. He particularly hated Harry Potter, the Boy-who-lived and the Savior. Because of Potter, Snape had spent thirteen years without killing Muggleborns or other innocents. Snape was a threat for anybody.

Minerva was appalled by the thought he was allowed to teach in Hogwarts. He deserved to be jailed for life, so did all the Death eaters.

"Why did Granger write to you?" She asked.

"Her message didn't have an addressee" The master of potions snorted.

(Of course, Snape was listening to all Minerva's thoughts about him. They were rather unpleasant.)

"She left no address to write back. I had no choice to contact you."

"Okay. Let's go. Granger would never have take it down for no reason. She lives in Seaby, near Manchester. We can't afford to ignore her letter. Go in front of me, please."

She was compelled to bring with her Snape. It turned out a trap or a hoax, Minerva would warn of the Ministry about Snape's actions. Should it happen, she would be very happy seeing Snape made to dragged off by Aurors.

Without Snape, The House of Slytherin was over. In any case, she wasn't going to risk Granger's life due to her stubborn refusal to associate herself with the Snakes.

Deadpool.POV

Deadpool walked into Dursleys's house. No, he splashed the door and get into their home.
He said: "Hi Potty. I gonna snuff you!"

Deadpool strolled round the house, then he found out Harry Potter had left already. Deadpool was livid.

"Shit! Shit! Where's that asshole?!" He cried out in anger.

Deadpool made up his mind to check on Potty in the whole neighborhood. No way he was going to give up so much money.

Did he know it was bad to kill a fifteen-year-old-boy? Of course, he wasn't a jerk, but couldn't care less.

unknown Pov

The two Aurors who had prevented Umbridge from running away, were Oliver Wood and Marcus Flint.

Both had made it up to them in bed after fucking each other during The Quidditch world cup. They were fleeing when the attack of the Deatheaters took place but then, they met.

Obviously, they exchanged insults, hits and then Wood shoved Marcus and Flint pushed him back. Thirsty seconds later, they kissed. Now, they formed a fiery couple. Felons dared not face them.

"Marcus. Get in touch with the Ministry. I'll check no Muggles saw the accident. "Wood said.

"Yeah. Make sure Granger and the fellas are okay. Maybe she bumped them off or they got injured."

Flint and Wood kissed. They didn't give a damn but Umbridge was glaring at them in disgust.

Of course, Umbridge was a homophobic, biphobic and racist woman. She was the BIGOT.

snape pov

Snape and McGonagall apparated in a remote and out of place area in Seaby. It was about sixty yards away from the Grangers'. They had taken great care to dress in a Muggle manner, in order to go unnoticed.

They bumped into two young Aurors who weren't strangers to them. Both were alumni from Hogwarts, Marcus Flint and Oliver Wood. Snape was shocked because a Gryffindork and a noble Slytherin looked particularly close. They were certainly a couple.

Snape was speechless. He hardly managed to conceal his amazement. They used to hate each other so much but ended up dating. The life was sometimes very curious.

The master of potions never heard of such a thing, but a former lion and a former snake loved each other. Snape thought it was impossible. He might have been wrong, though. Maybe her sweet Lilly and himself could have dated. If only...

Oliver Wood dragged Umbridge along whereas she was quite restless. She didn't stop heaping anti-gay slurs on them or ranting at Potter and Granger. Her so-called oppressors. What a maniac!

By listening to Umbridge's ravings, Snape believed in Granger's letter at once. His natural doubt
were pointless. All Gryffindors weren't congenital liars or brainless bully like James Potter. A curse on him!

So, Umbridge had apparently tried to kill Granger. Snape was astonished she didn't join the Dark Lord. She was as wicked and as insane as Voldemort. The sight of such a pathetical creature wasn't a pleasure.

Snape didn't use the world woman to respect women. Umbridge didn't deserved to be called woman, let alone a human being. Umbridge was sure to be the worst professor of Hogwarts ever. She even surpassed Lockhart the fraud, Lupin the werewolf and that bloody McGonagall.

"What's going on?" McGonagall quizzed them. Her bottom lip was quivering with rage.

As usual, Snape was skimming through her mind. She kept expressing a great deal of resentment towards Umbridge. Snape could say that on the whole, she had taken a violent dislike of Umbridge, so much so it surpassed all her loathing for the House of Slytherin.

For once, Snape totally agreed with her.

Umbridge was a scourge who deserved to get a life without parole at Azkaban. She hadn't hesitated to torment a fifteen-year-old kid, and then torture the said kid.

Who knew how many students had endured the same fate?

Snape was rather convinced, Umbridge had perpetrated many unknown felonies. Snape wished she disappeared for ever.

Their arrivals didn't go unnoticed.

Umbridge immediately shot an angry look at McGonagall and swore at her. The hatred was mutual. McGonagall muttered slurs, of which a few Scottish words.

Snape was baffled. Never did he hear McGonagall speak Gaelic. Mind you, McGonagall was very proud of her origins.

Their glares were meaningful. Umbridge and McGonagall might have killed each other, if they had let them by themselves. The air around them went dark vibes off.

"Our bosses asked us to step in here to survey the area. They told us our department got reports about a witch or wizard who were using Magic in a Muggle suburbs. When we got there, Umbridge was casting the Three Unforgivables at Granger and two other teens. We don't know their names, though." Wood announced.

"Granger... The three unforgivables... How is she!? Was she killed...?" McGonagall trailed off.

Out of the corner of his eye found out Umbridge was smirking. Her behavior sickened him. Even He felt moved by the distress McGonagall showed.

Marcus Flint jumped in: "Oh no! They dodged Avada Kedavra and Crucio but one of the two boys was hit by the Imperius curse. He started chasing them and chucking fireballs and other weird stuff."

"You didn't do anything for helping them!?" Minerva flew at them.

"We thought it was more important to apprehend Umbridge. We'd to make sure The Statute of
Secrecy wasn't jeopardized..."

"Or no Muggles were injured or watched it." Marcus cut him off.

Both young men had hit a nerve, because McGonagall was getting more and more incensed by their acts. Snape begrudgingly agreed to her. Gosh, he began liking McGonagall!

Both Aurors were quite reckless morons. How hadn't they split off in order to help the three teens and arrest Umbridge?

He guessed he couldn't blame them. Marcus Flint and Oliver Wood were hardly a shining light. Snape sighed. He was disappointed in his former snake. Marcus was certainly influenced by Oliver Wooda, former Gryffindork and a Quidditch-freak.

"How did you succeed in becoming Aurors? I thought you planned to play Quidditch after graduating?" Snape asked them.

"Yeah, but first we wanted to struggle with You-know-who." Wood said.

"The Ministry provided us with intensive training. They needed many Aurors to fight You-know-who and his followers." Marcus added.

"Congratulations."

"Snape! Let's save ourselves Granger and the boys." McGonagall snapped.

His burgeoning sympathy for McGonagall was dwindling, but he consented to follow that rude woman, through Seaby.

Out of the corner of the eye he saw Marcus and Oliver were kissing. Umbridge shrieked with disgust.

Obviously, Snape felt McGonagall's panic and surprised himself enough to share her feelings towards Granger.

Impero was undoubtedly the worst of the three unforgivables curse, which bound its victim to obey to the witch or wizard who had cast it. They were able to slaughter their families and friends, to kill themselves, commit crimes and whatever else, under duress.

Granger was trapped in a deadly danger. Umbridge deserved to get the Dementor's kiss.

Deadpool.POV

Deadpool was whistling happily and admittedly in a crazy way.

Soon, he was about to get rich after icing Potter. Deadpool didn't give a damn his particular customer was a grown-up lunatic who had a feud with a teen.

Deadpool was looking forward to winning lots of bucks. Plus, Deadpool was a mercenary, he couldn't spend his time on killing people and kept regretting his own actions.

Deadpool loved slaughtering folks, anyway.

Deadpool wished he made up for the lost time, so he knocked on all the doors across the neighborhood and inquired about the Dursleys and Potty.
That weird area of their had identical houses. It was impossible to tell them apart. Deadpool already disliked. Not enough fantasy.

Deadpool was in a very good mood because he ignored the glares, curses and hissed remarks. Deadpool avoided arousing furthest suspicions. He was supposed to act discreetly to satisfy his customer.

If he slaughtered those nice fuckers, they could have called the cops or whatever they had like law enforcement officers in that freaky place.

Deadpool was getting steadily more and more pissed off when he found out nobody knew where the Dursleys had left. Apparently, they had vanished into thin air.

Deadpool promised himself to made Potty suffer for this. Furiously, Deadpool kicked into a garden gnome.

"Where are you Potty?" Deadpool grumbled.

Ms Figg. POV

Ms Figg was watching that uncanny man when he left Privet Drive. He looked particularly mad.

She frowned. Deep down, she perceived that weirdo hunted Harry down. Poor Harry had endured too much in his short life, and yet troubles kept baiting.

Although, she was just a Squib, Ms Figg was quite privileged to know Harry Potter. She had sworn to protect Harry since the day he arrived in Privet Drive, fifteen years ago.

She had lied to this monster when he knocked at her door for asking his questions, then wrote to Dumbledore. She informed the old man a stranger was looking for Harry.

Ms Figg found it very worrying.

Minerva McGonagall. POV

Minerva was fuming.

First, she met Umbridge against. McGonagall had the most absolute loathing for the pinkish lady or as she loved nicknaming her enemy, Ugly-Toad-Mug.

Umbridge lacked of morals of all kinds, played up to her bossed and was such a hypocritical creature. McGonagall despised that lot.

Very momentarily, she forgot all her hate towards Snape. He was far more bearable than Ugly-Toad-Mug.

McGonagall resented being cornered by Umbridge and her lackeys after she had stood up for Hagrid, in front of his hut. Cowards. They didn't dare to attack her alone.

But she stifled her justified anger in order to help Granger and the boys. Perhaps if McGonagall and Snape set their differences aside, they would save them.
Umbridge didn't cast the Imperius curse to harm Granger. No. Umbridge longed for killing Granger and Potter, since her eviction from Hogwarts.

That awful woman deserved what was to happen to her. At least, Minerva felt relieved at the news. Umbridge would spend her life in Azkaban, far from the Wizarding world, or better still get the Kiss.

McGonagall hoped for the latter one.

Minerva was thinking about Oliver Wood and Marcus Flint. She didn't approve their relationship. Both boys had been foes during their years at Hogwarts. Marcus had to impero to force Oliver to love him.

Besides, Marcus was no beauty, really. A brilliant Gryffindor should never stoop to dating a Slytherin. All Slytherins were a sly and lying herd. Oliver felt into Flint's clutches.

"Poor boy" Minerva thought as she peeped at the young Aurors.

Wood was no longer worthy of Gryffindor standard after betraying their house.

McGonagall looked up and down on the street where they got there, looked round any corners then moved to into another one. She listened for any noticeable noise, sound or screams.

Snape and McGonagall had split off in order to search for Granger. Fine.

Snape couldn't have played an underhand trick on her and aimed at her back. All Slytherins were criminals.

Wood and Flint had told them the teens left toward the end of the street. At that moment, Minerva found no clues. This failure didn't discourage her from keep on searching.

Where did they go?

Snape.POV

Snape was moping. No. He was fuming

Snape wasted his precious time on looking for a stupid Gryffindork who didn't have the merest decency to indicate her location. How were they supposed to find her?

Stupid Gryffindors. They didn't know anything about common sense. He promised to inflict on Granger seven months of detention if ever they found her back.

The street seemed empty. There was no risk of disclosing the existence of their community due to that silly Umbridge, at least.

If you added her lunacy, Snape didn't grasp how Umbridge had ended up sorting in Slytherin House. She lacked of any values to get a good Slytherin. Umbridge made Slytherins feel ashamed, so did the Dark Lord. They were bad apples, not the rule.

More they committed crimes, more Snape failed to accomplish his own goal, that was to say to repackage the image of his House at Hogwarts.

On the whole, to struggle with the prejudices against Slytherin House and improve the Wizarding world were the only things that were worth fighting for.
Snape scanned and searched through and through the street, tried spotting Granger by using his powers of Occlumency, but his efforts were of no avail. Where had that idiot girl winded up?

Snape was ranting at Granger. He hated doing physical exercises. The cranky master of potions wouldn't lose her time to look for such a careless girl.

Snape reviewed his basic opinion of the Golden Trio. Harry wasn't the worst troublesome teen among them. He never bothered Snape during the holidays.

Moreover, Snape wasn't allowed to use magic in that area because of the Statute of Secrecy, so he was reduced to seek Granger out in a Muggle manner.

Snape swore to bawl Granger out!

Arceus swore to invoke Darkray in order to haunt Umbridge's dreams. The toad was long overdue harsh sanctions for her crimes. Arceus particularly abhorred those who targeted children.

Arceus was glad to notice Marcus Flint and Oliver Wood had made up in bed. Obviously, Arceus had managed to force them to disregard their pride to yield to the love they felt for each other. The stupid rivalry between Gryffindor and Slytherin prevented them to date while they desired since the first day Oliver and Marcus met.

Arceus didn't know yet what to do about Deadpool. The merc with a mouth had suffered a lot. On the other hand, he had no qualms about killing a kid. Arceus prepared some ploys to thwart his plans. It would continue watching Deadpool to decide the fate of the mercenary.
Minerva.POV

Nothing. Granger was nowhere to be found.

That was getting more and more disheartening but McGonagall didn't give up so much easily. She couldn't drop her student.

Minerva turned into a cat, then watched all corners. Besides, she had the feeling that the street was being cleared.

McGonagall wondered if Flint had killed the inhabitants.

(Never did she figure they went on holiday.)

Slytherins would stoop to nothing. They have no morals to achieve what they wanted. Flint was about to undermine the Ministry from inside.

They were particularly foolish to hire former Slytherins. According to Minerva, people should never confide in them.

Unfortunately, she reached the same conclusion that Snape. Granger wasn't anywhere. She bumped into Snape. He looked was incensed. Fine.

This sight pleased McGonagall. She disliked seeing happy Slytherins.

"Did you get any information whatsoever?"

"No, Minerva. I wonder if we can find Granger back."

Minerva didn't let Granger down, though she confessed to feel helpless. If those two oafs had focused on Granger and the other teens instead of arresting Umbridge, they could have helped Granger and co earlier.

Wood and Flint didn't prove equal to their tasks.

They strode through the street and went it over with a fine-tooth comb until an owl appeared.

"I recognize it! This bird sent me Granger's letter. Maybe it'll point us out where they arrived." Snape announced.

In spite of herself, Minerva couldn't help sighing with relief.

Snape.POV
Snape was rather relieved. He was about to escape from that bunch of Gryffindorks and Minerva's hatred, at last.

"It had to feel we went Granger's assistance. This a very clever bird."

Snape rolled his eyes. The typical McGonagall. She wanted to claim Gryffindors were superior to Slytherin house. McGonagall never avoided looking down on his snakes or himself. McGonagall was a good recruiter for the Dark Lord.

They followed the owl through the city. It flew slowly across the sky, so as to let them catch up with it. Snape guessed he could begrudgingly agreed with McGonagall, again. The owl led them to a ruined building.

Without further ado, both professors entered the building.

Immediately, they heard an agonizing scream. It should be Hermione or one of the boy. They rushed to save them. There, they met a very oddly dressed boy who was throwing energy balls at Granger and an unknown boy.

The attacker wore a red jersey with white number on his back, a helmet and other weird gear. He seemed he had just got out of a sport game, supposedly Muggle. Snape couldn't make out why a Muggle was using Magic. Maybe he was a wizard who loved acting in a Muggle manner.

(Obviously, Snape didn't hear of American football.)

He seemed too young to be a Deatheater.

Snape found out the boy next to Granger was already black and blue but he kept shielding Granger, regardless of the dangers for his own body his left arm clutched her.

This was a pathetical sight. Snape judged such chivalrous behavior stupid. Yet, he couldn't help feeling respect for his courage.

The boy looked like Gryffindors once they had got rid of hatred and bigotry, at least.

Snape reacted right away: "Hypnosis Totalis"

The second boy who was attacking Granger and the other teen collapsed, backward.

Hypnosis totalis was a more powerful version of Hypnosis. It lasted a long time and never failed to reach its target.

Hermione.POV

Hermione was shaking when Finn was being interrupted before throwing at them the lethal blow. They had very nearly died.

Andrew wasn't in a very good condition but grinning, too. They finally got by.

And yet, Hermione stared in disbelief Snape. She never thought he would come to save them. No matter. He was a hero, as much as McGonagall. Hermione was very grateful to them.

Hermione basically considered Gryffindors, Slytherins, Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws like labels who
didn't portray students as individuals.

According to Hermione, neither the Houses or blood meant a lot for considering who were good or evil. Morals, honor, qualities and flaws mattered much more to Hermione.

Although, she restrained herself of hugging Snape and McGonagall. They were professors. They had to be respected.

Hermione slumped. The day had just begun but was already quite eventful.

__________________________________________________________

Snape. POV

Snape was amazed at Hermione's open-mindedness. This was a rare case for the lions. Perhaps they weren't hopeless.

"Explain yourself." Snape commanded.

So, Granger told them, as best she could, she was still quivering, the events that transpired since the first day of the summer break. Granger told them what she had bore at Granger's, her meeting with Andrew, then Finn and Umbridge. Granger described to them next, whatever reasons which made Finn set off in a chase of the teens. Finn had just saved Hermione.

The Imperius curse was a very dreadful curse. It bound even acquaintances to kill each other.

Umbridge deserved to get the Kiss. That creature was absolutely revolting. McGonagall roughly thought like Snape, in a Gryffindor way. There were many slurs. Snape rolled his eyes. Gryffindorks were so irritating!

"You're lucky I received your letter, young girl. In future, give us your details. We'd arrive earlier. As for the young boy, I just put him to sleep. He's not responsible for the assault. He acted under duress." Snape reassured them.

"We'll cure him. Plus, Umbridge was being arrested for her numerous crimes. She'll end her pathetical life in Azkaban. Umbridge can't threaten you anymore." McGonagall cut in.

"Thank you, professors." Hermione said, in a tiny voice.

"You won't get a penalty for casting a spell in a Muggle suburbs" Wood announced.

The whole group jumped. They didn't notice Wood sneaked in to join them.

Honestly, Snape was convinced of Gryffindors lacking of style. Wood was like their herd, an uncouth young man. He corrupted Flint.

"The majority of the inhabitants of the street went on holidays and no one witnessed the clash. Marcus and I could testify you acted in self-defense. You won't be prosecuted."

The young man next to Granger seemed really relieved.

"Later on, have more common sense, Granger. Don't go out without a wand. We're at war against You-know-who. You're the best student at Hogwarts School, prove it." McGonagall drily said.

"Yes, professor McGonagall." Hermione said. She had tears on her eyes.
Bloody McGonagall.

Arceus was delighted to see the professors saved the teens without an intervention of its part. At least, Snape might have proved them he wasn't just a slimy snake. Snape acted like a hero. If only McGonagall learnt to trust him.

Both of them were pawns of the Old Goat.
Mighty love

Chapter Summary

Even superheroes need love and comfort. Find out how the romance between Captain Britain and Captain America began.

This is an amended, revised and completed chapter, but contains some graphic depiction of gay sex. Skip it if you are against that kind of things. This is just rough love.

Chapter Notes

The second part of New Hopes starts during this chapter. It focuses on the Marvel, DC Comics, Glee and Pokemon worlds.

Chapter 8 to 10: Clash between The Flash and Arrow
Chapter 11: Bullies
Chapter 12: The Misadventures of Gold

Meanwhile, in another world far from the one where lived the Witches and wizards and even werdier than the Darkworld, two superheroes were having fun after an awful day. In that world lived very mighty people who had gotten powers such as superspeed, durability, great power of resistance, being able to climb up buildings or to fly and so on. They were called superheroes.

The Superheroes regularly fought villains and saved people. They were either looked up to or envied or despised. They were an integral part of that side of the Multiverses.

Brian Braddock, best known as Captain Britain and Steve Rogers, best known as Captain America were lovers for a few months. Their first encounter was quite eventful but made a deep impression on them.

Flashback

Brian and Steve had met five months before.

Steve had just come back from Wakanda. He felt guilty for not saving Bucky, risking his friends' lives and lying to Tony. He understood Tony's anger against his own betrayals.

Zemo succeeded in parting the Avengers and wasted their lives.

Tony didn't get it. Bucky was his oldest friend, soul mate and especially his last link with their stolen past. Steve had slept for around 70 years then woke up in a foreign world where he didn't and couldn't find his bearings except for Bucky.
He failed. This failure was weighing on his conscience. Bucky was being frozen cryogenically in spite of Steve's efforts, lies and risks. Steve would probably never talk to Bucky again. He missed Bucky.

Consequently, he gave his shield up because he no longer deserved it. Steve had betrayed too many people and yet his love prevailed those factors.

Steve had fled Wakanda. Steve was safe thanks to Black Panther. The king of Wakanda protected them but Captain had trouble watching Bucky in such a dire situation. He was very grateful to Black Panther, though. Bucky escaped his pursuers in Wakanda.

Steve had to put back his life together and keep on living in honor of Bucky.

At first, Steve took to drinking before realizing the super soldier serum prevented him from getting tipsy. Plus, authorities hunted him down as well as his allies, worldwide.

Antman aka Scott Lang, Black Widow aka Natasha Romanov, Hawkeye, the Falcon and himself had split off in order to better run away from their new enemies. Since Steve had them broken out of prison and assaulted guards in the process, he was forced to conceal his identity to avoid being gunned down or getting arrested. He was regarded as a felon.

So, one day Steve was roaming the streets of London when he passed down Brian Braddock. Steve wore a ginger wig, sunglasses and a leather jacket still. Brian recognized him straight away.

Brian grabbed Steve roughly and was about to drag him to the nearest police station or anywhere else when Steve tried and failed to push his attacker back. Steve didn't know who he was yet, but wouldn't let that guy arrest him without fighting to the last.

Unfortunately, Brian was much stronger than him. Brian clutched his arm and made Steve tag along with him. Steve was helpless. He was unable to stand up to that unknown guy. Steve trudged behind reluctantly.

The other dude wore a superhero-like suit. Steve catch sight of the Union Jack. Oh. He just bumped into his Brit counterpart. Steve always thought he was the only super soldier. He must have been wrong.

The other man was very handsome. Steve was scoping him. The more he stared at him and the more he drooled over the stranger's beauty. That situation made him shameful. He hoped the other dude didn't notice. Steve fantasized about him, so much so he had an erection.

Brian didn't bring him to the cops. He dragged him to his apartment on the outskirts of the city. Brian released his grip on Steve's wrist once they had come into his place. Brian locked them up. However, Steve didn't feel in danger. That man wasn't his enemy.

Steve looked down and up on the stranger. Steve was ogling this well-built stud. He couldn't help peeping at his protruding crotch and muscles. Steve felt ludicrous. If Steve carried on with his behavior he would be taken for a sex maniac.

Brian grinned, leniently.

"Stop gazing at me. Please. You embarass me." The Brit teased him.

Steve blushed. He should have acted discreetly. He was about to reply when the unknown superhero held out his hand to Steve. That latter shook it at once by avoiding drooling further. Brian smirked.
"Hey guy, I'm kidding. I'm Brian Braddock and you're Steve Rogers, right? The famous Captain America who is being wanted for his actions, right?" Brian asked.

Immediately, this sentence sent cold shivers down Steve's back. He didn't have his shield, was too weak to face up to Brian and that latter had locked him up. Brian could knock him out and throw him into jail. He was trapped.

"Relax. I don't plan to hand you over to the cops. I know your mate was framed. You stood up for him."

Steve was speechless. He let Brian speak because he wasn't able to answer.

"I only try to help you. You're a hero not a criminal. You don't deserve your ordeals. If you don't mind I'll put you up. Nobody'll look for you here." Brian suggested.

Relief overwhelmed Steve.

"Okay." Steve managed to retort.

"I'm Captain Britain by the way and I'll shield you. Oh sorry for the pun." Brian chuckled.

Steve laughed good-naturedly. Brian was such a nice dude. Steve was already fond of Brian. His perfect features helped a lot.

"Are you hungry? I'm gonna order some pizzas."

"Thank you for your help. I don't know what to say... Just...Thank you." Steve babbled a little.

"You're welcome. Superheroes must help each other. You're a hero, Steve. Make yourself at home, eye candy."

Steve blushed. He wasn't used men flirting with him. Brian made a call while Steve was still check him out and undressed him with his eyes. It gave him a hard-on.

Although, Steve was a gay, growing up in the 40s didn't allow him to come to terms with his sexuality. In his time, LGBT people were outcasts and risked being beaten up on every nooks and crannies. Nobody came out. After waking up, Steve was amazed at finding out gayness had almost gotten commonplace and hardly anybody frowned on LGBT people, apart from bunches of bigots.

Steve resented losing so much time of happiness because of ancient beliefs. Bucky and he might have been very happy together. It was too late at the moment.

"Did you like anchovies?" Brian asked.

"Sure. I don't wanna intrude."

"No, you're my guest. Sit down and watch the TV or whatever. I've got cans of beer and sodas in the fridge. Help yourself."

"Sure. Thanks."

Steve observed the room while Brian was calling the pizzeria. Steve avoided ogling Brian.

It turned out to be a nice, big, cozy and modern place. Brian had achieved to customize his flat and made it lovely. Steve didn't try to turn on the flat screen TV because he didn't manage to handle well twenty-first century appliances yet. It was no use breaking it and upsetting his stunning host.
Steve didn't understand what was happening to him. Apparently, he was under Brian's spell. The man was very attractive so much so Steve forgot everything else. Steve wondered if he started having a crush on him. As if he had experienced a love at first sight. Steve was unable to turn his growing fascination off or cast sneaky glances at the Brit. Brian caught him each times.

Brian had to feel his stares still, he often turned round and grinned at him. Steve grinned back and Brian winked at Steve. That latter blushed with pleasure.

After ordering their meals, Brian plopped down next to him. Steve went scarlet. He unwillingly revealed how aroused he was, when he peeked at Brian's body and drooled over it.

Brian had taken his suit off and wore casual clingy clothes. Steve found out Brian was a tall blond and bulky guy as well. He looked like a bodybuilder and seemed far more muscular than him. Brian had disheveled hair, which increased his attraction. Steve found him more and more gorgeous as time went by. Brian grinned.

"I'm delighted to get a new admirer. Keep on" Brian chuckled.

"Well... Actually... I'm just..." Steve babbled, he felt mortified.

"Relax. I'm teasing you, there hottie. I'm a bisexual, so you don't put me off."

"Okay."

Steve wasn't used to meet sexy man who made advances to him and enjoyed his. Steve was still a virgin and knew nothing about sex, love and seduction. He never dated somebody before but figured he was falling in love with Brian.

"I'm getting over a break-up. I'll need time to take up seeing someone." Brian announced.

"Me too. I never dared to reveal my secret and I just lost my only chance to confess him my feelings. He is gone."

Steve flinched because he dreaded to be hitten or be insulted for coming out in front of Brian. He had just disregarded threats and was bound to pay for this. However, instead of abusing him, Brian hugged him tightly and gave him a pat on his back as a gesture of comfort.

Steve forced himself to think of awful things for not showing his arousal further. He let Brian keep on embracing him, though.

"You shouldn't feel ashamed of loving another man, Steve. You're different from the majority of people. So what? My ex was also a guy. I ditched him because he got too dangerous. He loves dispatching people and I don't condone violence let alone murders. I sometimes miss him until I realize he'll never change. He's kinda insane, anyway. People have to make difficult choices for the greater good. You see what I mean, right?"

"Yeah, I do. I miss Bucky but I know he is still under the influence of the drugs his old abductors injected into his body. He chose to protect innocents. I just don't know how to keep up with my life without Bucky. Since I've woken up, I no longer have any ties left on Earth except for him. Now I'm alone."

Before shedding a few tears, Steve looked down to cover them up. He resented displaying his own emotions in front of people strongly, let alone in front of almost strangers like Brian.

He felt safe enough, though. He already trusted him. Brian radiated kindness and courage.
slipped an arm around Steve's waist and had him laid his head on Brian's shoulder. To the great surprise of Steve, he liked obeying to the Brit. Actually, he always wished for submitting to another dude.

"Tell me what's worrying you, Steve. Talk me about you. I want to help you."

Steve didn't miss the opportunity. He never told to anyone what weighed down on him since that damned day when the S.H.I.E.L.D dragged him out from the ocean where he had been deep-frozen for 60 years or so.

He explained to Brian his difficulty to adapt to the twenty-first century. He completely felt like an outsider. Steve told him his shock during his waking. He had found out his friends were dead and the world where he grew up had ended up undergoing many changes over the decades. Steve felt like an alien on a different planet. This was no longer his world.

Then, Steve mentioned the Avengers and for once his face cleared. They often exchanged adventures, got into arguments about foolish stuff and laughed. Together. The most important part was they were like a second family for Steve. They spent good times as group until the day policions minded the Avengers' businesses.

It was over. Steve told him Bucky's actions and the last events that caused the split of the Avengers. Steve was overwhelmed with a mixture of grief, anger, doubts and resentment. He had failed. Brian listened carefully. He occasionally blurted kind words to cheer him up. Brian was such a nice fella, he felt fine next to him.

Brian spoke about his life afterwards, such as his odd relationship with someone called Wade Wilson, best known as Deadpool, the issues he dealt with as Captain Britain and acknowledged to admire him. Basically, Brian was a fan-boy. Steve was very touched.

Steve was beginning to make the Brit acquaintance and Brian already grew on him. Brian's past was kind of tragic, too. Steve found him very sweet and deep-down confided in him. Both were similar.

However, Steve referred to their particular meeting owing to his lingering amazement. He couldn't it yet.

"Why've you brought me to your place?"

"You're being hunted down all over the world. The authorities are offering a 1000000 bucks reward for handing you over to them. You and all your partners. There's a world warrant for your arrest, you know? You can't go anywhere without dangers."

Steve sighed. "I know. I've been running away for three long months."

Brian smiled, sheepishly. Steve grinned to show he wasn't mad at him. Brian beamed and wrap his other arm around Steve. That latter didn't think of pushing him away.

"I won't drop you, facing up them alone or let Arrow attack you. That lunatic claims to be a hero but..."

"Who's Arrow? Steve cut him off. "Sorry"

Steve wasn't keen on people tracking him down, especially if they sounded insane ones. They reminded him Red Skull too much. His nemesis still haunted his dreams. Now another psycho aimed at wasting his life.
Brian hugged him tighter. Brian's arms were wrapped around Steve's torso and from that time Steve was very nearly sat on Brian's lap. Steve felt at ease. Steve wished the time stopped.

"That guy is a vigilante who kill or torture his enemies. He deserves to go to the jail. You don't. Arrow butchered around 20 people in the name of the so-called justice. I believe he lives in Starlight city, in the States. Arrow sometimes meddles in other countries' businesses. Watch out. All superheroes and vigilantes are looking for you, like The Flash."

"Who's The Flash?"

"The fastest man alive. He runs very quick. They call him a speedster. Mind you, he's not a murderer who pretends to be a hero like that freaky Arrow. The Flash is a stupid superhero who looks up to Arrow."

"So, you advice me to avoid him" Steve guessed. Brian nodded.

"You risk being assaulted everywhere. Don't forget. I made you follow me, because there's no way I let you put up with such problems by yourself. I had to help you."

"I presume I should thank you for saving me"

"You're welcome. Settle you down and try acting more discreetly while you go out. You're lucky you've bumped into me. We can't fail to recognize you at once. Your depiction and your pics circulate on the Internet, on TV, on the radio and even police notices."

"That blasted Zemo!" Steve muttered. Brian didn't hear.

"People are able to make you out despite your best disguises. I'm a super soldier, so I knew who you were at the first glance. I hardly think over before dragging you by the arm. Excuse me if I frightened you. For now, you're safe. Nothing else matters."

To the greatest surprise of Steve, Brian kissed him on the lips. Steve gave in to his lust and kissed him back, passionately. His whole body, soul and mind were filling with pleasures.

Brian moved apart, softly. "Take our time, Stevie. I wanna a true romance, not a one-night stand."

Steve grinned. He fully agreed with Brian.

Two weeks later, both were dating. They began sleeping together six days, afterwards. Steve seized any opportunities that came his way to fondle, kiss or embrace Brian. Steve was so sex-starved he gave way to all his fantasies. Their romance allowed him to enjoy his life, again.

Brian almost naturally became the top and Steve turned out the perfect bottom. Steve always hoped for a man defended and even dominated him, his wish came true thanks to Brian. Steve loved sitting on Brian's lap while Brian wrapped his arms around Steve's belly or titillated him.

Steve felt safe for the first time he had awoken. Steve fully relied on Brian and Brian trusted him. Steve cared for Brian a lot. The Brit often cracked a joke when Steve was about to break down and he couldn't help guffawing. Steve was grateful to Brian.

He had ignored all the risks for putting him up, for protecting him and for saving him. Steve loved Brian further. Brian was a brave, caring, smooth, down-to-earth and handsome man. Brian was the perfect boyfriend.

Steve was getting more and more addicted to Brian. His lover smiled at him everytime, they got on
well and seldom fell out, Brian bolstered Steve's morale and prevented him from wavering. Steve didn't forget Bucky, he learned how to relive, thanks to Brian. They were deeply in love for each other.

(Graphic gay sex below. I've warned you.)

Brian fondled Steve all over his torso while Steve sucked him off, at a sustained pace. Brian was moaning with pleasure. It was so good. Steve licked drove him crazy, especially when he started licking Brian's penis, glans then his balls. Steve shifted his tongue in all directions for satisfying Brian.

Captain Britain got excited and eyed his lover up. He couldn't get over it. He was dating his child idol. He was so proud and glad.

Steve moved his body up and down to let Brian caress him and thrilled him. Steve loved teasing him during their foreplay. Brian massaged Steve's back with his left hand and pushed down Steve's head with his right one. Brian almost drooled. He was ogling his lover's bubble butt. Brian looked forward to shagging Steve.

Before coming, Brian pushed back Steve, turned him around, stretched out on his lover and pushed his cock in Steve's arse. Steve bent his bum and submitted to Brian. Steve cried out with pleasure when Brian started ridding him bareback. Steve was the perfect submissive. First, Brian nailed Steve softly then banged him harder and harder. Both loved rough sex. Brian placed his hands around Steve's chest and passionately penetrated him. Wave of excitement washed over Brian.

Brian whispered a few sweet nothings and kissed Steve. Next, got his penis out of Steve before sitting on the mattress and ordered Steve to mount his dick. Steve obeyed to him at once. Steve sat on his lover's crotch and jumped on his dick. Brian frantically hammered him there, against the walls and on the ground.

Finally, Brian cummed Steve who was getting a kick out of it.

After having a shower together, they lay on the bed. They kissed. Steve laid his head on Brian's muscular chest. Brian slipped his arm around Steve's waist and they cuddled up to each other. They dropped off

The lovers were watched by a mysterious masked man. They had been found.

Would they be able to carry on with his relationship?

Steve Rogers fascinated, upset and aroused Arceus's sympathy. Not only did he lose his whole world awakening around 70 years after being frozen in the Artic Ocean, but also he was sent in different tussles, which were beyond him.

Arceus knew Steve hardly coped in the 21th century. The creator of the Multiverses influenced Brian Braddock so as to bump into Captain America. Brian would stand up for Steve.
Rough meetings

Chapter Summary

In this chapter you'll find out who's watching the lovers while they're sleeping and meet a new villain.

The Superheroes from DC Comics and the Superheroes from Marvel live in the same planet. They meet, like and hate one another and sometimes help one another.

Brian and Steve had just fallen asleep when someone went near the window ledge of their bedroom to observe them.

The couple never noticed but they were being followed when they got out and they were being watched every single day by that unknown individual. The lovers never caught them by surprise while they trailed Brian and Steve.

Both of them didn't act quietly. Didn't they realize Steve was a wanted man? His own actions labelled him as an outlaw. Of course, the lovers tried and failed to dress up for concealing Steve's identity, but they recognized him at once. They couldn't have survived two days in Star City, which used to be Starling City.

The mysterious person who was peering at them was Roy Harper, the former Red Arrow. After running away from Star City, Roy ended up in England where he kept a low profile and passed himself as someone else. He was supposed to be dead. He refused to blow his own cover and compromise Oliver's. Star City needed the Green Arrow too much.

Roy bumped into the lovers and swore to help them. Roy wasn't the only one to track them down. They weren't particularly difficult to recognize. Brian Braddock stood for the United Kingdom and so every people knew him over there. Not once Roy had heard of him before arriving at London, but people always spoke about Captain Britain, so Roy had read up on him and could make him out easily. Roy hoped he wouldn't get his enemy, he looked like a powerful hero.

The stranger who always walked down into London with Brian was quite noticeable, too. Roy didn't hear of anybody being as a muscular guy as the two Captains. Roy figured the man was Steve Rogers, best known as Captain America. Roy didn't think Brian needed a bodyguard. Brian associated with a criminal. Roy glanced at the two dudes and got it. They were dating. How could it be otherwise? Brian and Steve held their hands, when they got about. Nobody would dare to bash them.

The couple ran a terrible risk. Roy had followed them in order to warn them and support them. Brian and Steve couldn't afford to waste time. Their enemies came closer to them for spoiling their lives. Roy felt nervous. He was clearly about to face up to two superheroes. Both wouldn't listen to him, unless he convinced them to trust him. The two lovers were able to beat him up and drive him out without problems. Plus, Roy didn't bring any arrows or bows. He was disarmed. Roy hoped they realized how bad the situation was.

Roy Harper, the former sidekick of Oliver Queen, took a deep breath and knocked at the door for some minutes until it was half opened.
Roy didn't have enough time to speak before being forced to go into the flat as a hand grabbed him and slammed him into the wall. Roy wound up face to face with Brian Braddock. The Brit was beside with himself. Steve Rogers stayed in a corner of the room. He seemed muddled, but kept glancing at the two men. Brian shook Roy and shoved him on the floor. Roy was kind of groggy while Brian hoisted him off the ground with his right hand and punched him with the other one. Roy screamed in pain. Brian was getting ready to hit him again when Steve jumped in to stop his mad lover.

"What's the hell are you doing Brian? He's just a kid. Let him alone!" Steve blurted.

He couldn't believe his gentle Brian was able to such wanton violence. The sunshine of his life disappointed Steve. Brian gaze at him fondly but Steve was such a nice guy. Steve was so naive. Brian loved him for displaying optimism, generosity or kindness despite the many problems they endured. Brian had to be sensible for Steve's sake.

"Steve, you don't understand. This insane kid is the vigilante we talked about. He's Arrow. He just came to kill you. I must stand up for you, hon."

Steve threw himself at his lover's arms who wrapped one arm around Steve whereas he still tightly clutched Roy with the second. Steve felt a rush of affection. His sunshine always defended him. Whatever happened Steve knew he could count on Brian.

Brian sent Roy hate filled glares. Roy shuddered. The Brit had arms bigger than his thighs. Brian pinned to the wall the former Speedy at six foot above the floorboard. Roy was completely helpless.

Hate accentuating each words, Brian snarled "What are you up to over here, vigilante? You'll regret it if you try to hurt Steve." Brian threatened.

Roy attempted to move but the grip of Brian made it useless. He was too strong. Steve clung to his boyfriend and stared at Roy. He looked rather upset. Roy only wanted to help them, yet he sort of failed. No, Roy didn't give up on saving them. Roy opted for telling the truth: "I'm not Arrow..." Roy trailed off.

"Don't lie to us, murderer." Brian hissed. He slammed Roy into the wall. "What if I turned you in to the cops?"

"They'll know how to find Steve." Roy said, foolishly.

Brian bristled. "Don't you dare threaten him!" Brian yelled.

He chucked Roy against a mahogany cupboard. The shock almost knock Roy out. Roy felt a searing pain across his whole body. Roy closed his eyes. The only answer at the moment was to think over a fallback option. However, Brian had already lifted Roy again before tossing him outside. Roy fell down roughly.

"Never come back, vigilante." Brian commanded. He seethed.

Roy half heard the door being locked up, he concentrated on his utter and complete humiliation and pain. Roy wondered how he could warn them if they were so annoyed at him. His last thought was the world needed them the most. They were born leaders like his friend Oliver Queen. Soon, he passed out.

Central City. STAR labs
Barry Allen, aka the Flash, was running on the treadmill in STAR labs. He was brooding after suffering a defeat against Zoom.

He was at a loss what to do, except for a thing. Barry had to get faster. His friends, his family, Iris and especially Central City depended on him. Only a speedster could triumph over another speedster. The Flash was the only man for preventing that monster from taking over the city.

Zoom was far more dangerous than Reverse Flash, the one who had killed his mother in front of him and manipulated Barry for several months.

Zoom had given Barry a terrible fright. Consequently, Barry trained every single day, helped people who needed him, even if he wasn't up to it for struggling with his new enemy; in order to catch up with him. Barry was too weak, not quick enough. He failed again and again. Barry came with a hair breadth of death during their first fight.

His friends and relatives cheered him up, at least that was what they thought. They didn't see themselves Zoom. He killed just for fun and his voice still gave him the creeps. Zoom didn't look human anymore. Barry dreaded to become like Zoom if he didn't impose himself restraints, but first he wanted to get stronger and more shrewd.

Barry hoped Zoom didn't attack Central City or himself. Again. He guessed he would lose. Again. Barry gulped back his tears. Barry wasn't able to protect anyone thanks to Zoom. That situation made him feel guilty. Barry only wished he lived up to Oliver Queen. His own hero had saved his city three times and never failed.

He didn't defeat Reverse Flash. No. Eddie, Iris's boyfriend had committed suicide because of his stupidity and Ronnie, Catlin's new husband, had died on account of his weakness.

Barry gritted his teeth. He promised himself to redeem towards his loved-ones. His past mistakes sapped his health. He never stopped running...

Barry was still running when Cisco barged into the training room. He seemed totally panic-stricken.

"Barry... We've caught sight of a metahuman near STAR labs. He..."

Cisco never finished the sentence. Barry speeded out, determined to play his role as a superhero. Everyone expected it from him, anyway. Barry would win back his friends and relatives' trust. Nobody threatened them.

The Burrow. Weasley Twins' room

Fred and George Weasley were creating a brand new product for their brand new joke shop. It was supposed to let folks travel between the worlds. They didn't know they were about to become the first casualties.

As usual, the twins tested the product before they sold it. The problem was when they swallowed the particular candy they had brewed, they were dragged through the Multiverses. The twins landed up in two different planets.

Fred ended up in an alley next to STAR labs whereas George ended up in the parking lot of McKingley High school. They didn't know where they arrived. Both were happy to find out the candy worked.
In the UK, Roy regained consciousness after fainting. His hands and feet were tied to a chair. Roy panicked, tried to move some seconds before giving up. It was pointless. His whole body was pinned down by tough straps, tightly. Roy became transfixed with fear. Where was he? He took a peek at the room where he was trapped and froze.

Them.

Brian Braddock and Steve Rogers were gazing at him. Roy shuddered. The Brit had beaten Roy up, earlier. He wasn't keen on the idea that Brian starting again. Brian squashed him with a look. Roy shook. The Brit still loathed him to the core. Roy didn't get it, why they forced him to stay in. Brian had kicked him out some hours before. Roy was baffled but remained silent.

"We can't let you lying in the middle of the street, vigilante. Unlike you, we're not murderers. We don't finish off people like you. You bump criminals off. Vigilante, you're not better than them!" Brian hissed

"I'm not Arrow..."

"Liar! Don't make stuff up!" Brian snarled. "You're deceiving nobody!

Roy sighed. He doubted he could manage to convince that stubborn man.

"I'm not Arrow..."

"You're lying. Again. Who do you think I am? A fool? I know you're Arrow and your real name is Roy Harper. You're playing dead. You know how to lie. No wonder. You need that to commit your crimes. They torment Steve for standing up for his friend. On the other hand hand, they leave you alone."

"I'm fed up with repeating myself!" Roy yelled, much to his surprise. "I'm not Arrow. I used to..."

Brian clutched him, roughly. "Don't speak to me in that tone. Got it?! I'll show you what you'd endure if you ever talk back to me. Got it?!"

Roy nodded and looked down in a docile way. Roy felt washed out.

"Arrow. Green Arrow. Arrow. The vigilante you're talking about. They're only one person: Oliver Queen. I used to be his sidekick." Roy blurted out with a tremor in his voice.

Roy didn't want to betray Oliver still, you had to say that Brian scared the living daylights out of him.

Surprisingly, Brian let him go and stared at Roy as if he proceeded the information Roy had revealed. Roy was black and blue. His wounds and bruises hurt, he preferred avoiding receiving others. Thank you very much.

However, Roy didn't feel a hint of guilt for this. Okay, he ratted on his former mentor, but Oliver had dropped him first. He never visited him or tried to talk to him. Oliver ignored Roy. That latter resented Oliver. Brian forced him to pull round, since he grabbed Roy's collar. Roy flinched. He half expected being punched, instead Brian growled.

"Explain."

Roy's face cleared. The couple allowed him to justify his presence at last. Time was short. Roy realized he would better keep some details, such as him stalking them in London. Roy didn't doubt
Brian would make mincemeat of him if he confessed.

"I'm Roy Harper. I'm the former sidekick of Oliver Queen..."

"Wait. Steve cut him off. "Do you mean they framed you?"

"No. I passed me off as Arrow for avoiding Oliver going to jail. Our city needs him, not me. Once they had believed Arrow was dead, they stopped accusing Oliver to be Arrow. They let him alone and he goes on helping people"

"So, you're just a pawn." Brian commented.

Roy didn't reply.

"You claim Oliver Queen who runs for the mayor in Star City is secretly a vigilante, dresses like Robin Hood by night and kill other people in order to carry out his so-called justice... Unbelievable."

"I promise you, Oliver changed. He hardly ever kill his enemies now. Oliver saved my life. He risked everything for getting me out of a tricky situation. I'd be dead if he didn't come. He bumped scums off. He changed. He didn't kill Slade Wilson, the man who had murdered his mother in front of his sister Thea and him. He spared him. He's a hero the city needs." Roy said.

"I guess. I don't think real heroes kill people, no matter what they did. What's the use of having heroes to protect innocents if they behave like criminals!"

"Oliver made use of methods he learned on an island where he went across all sorts of ordeals. The island's left a huge mark on him. You don't know what he saw and what he did to survive over there. He tried making himself useful for Star City. The city's decaying. People'll end up acknowledge Oliver. He's a savior and a hero."

"Some years ago, the Shield noticed Steve at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. Steve had been frozen for 60ish years. His word no longer existed. He came round in a different world, his loved-ones were dead and yet he didn't take to slaughtering folks just for the heck of it! Maybe that island caused your friends to suffer, which didn't excuse for his actions. Kid, you're an idiot to look up to that rascal. Grow up." Brian sneered.

Roy tensed. He didn't dare to tell Brian off, though. He had just escaped from his wrath. He wasn't keen on re-enduring its effects.

"What matters the most is Roy isn't our enemy. Right? " Steve jumped in.

"Not! I'm not your enemy." Roy hastened to answer.

Steve attempted to make things more relaxed between the two men, the room was filled with awful tensions. Steve figured there were many misunderstandings. They would become good friends if they cleared them up. Plus, Roy got tied, had no weapons. Brian had checked Roy's clothes before he strapped Roy. Steve found it ridiculous to treat him like a threat. Steve refrained from mentioning it. Brian was hot-headed and Steve refused to upset Brian further. Steve loved that side of his boyfriend. He didn't complain.

"I've came to warn you. You're in danger. I've been following you..."

Roy trailed off. He bit his lip. He realized he messed up after he had confessed of stalking the couple. He was going to pay for this! Brian glared at him with such hatred, Roy squeaked and
quivered from head to foot.

"You little shit! What do you mean? Since when do you stalk us?" Brian growled through gritted teeth.

"Sorry. Sorry. I had to find out where you lived then find means of reaching you to warn you both. The dangers that lurk..."

"What are you talking about?" Steve cut him off.

Out of the corner of the eye he saw Brian was about to lunge at Roy. He intervened to help the kid. He pitied their "guest."

Brian didn't overcome his resentment mingled with unexpected sympathy towards Roy. That guy only stood for trouble. Brian didn't trust him at all even if he knew he admitted he wasn't Arrow. Probably. He flew into a rage with Roy and felt fairly guilty owing to his protective instinct, Roy had suffered. Brian saw red and ignored reason. Brian wouldn't let anyone harm his cute boyfriend.

For once, he was dating a sane lover. Steve was so handsome, so adorable, he didn't want to lose him. Roy would better have good explanations for stalking them, or else Brian was going to show him why his enemies dreaded him so much.

Brian had dumped Wade thanks to his utter unpredictability, he couldn't have put up with another breakup. He failed Wade. He wouldn't fail Steve. He preferred avoiding scaring Steve of him further. Roy was shaking. Good. Brian made himself respected.

Brian gazed at Roy, sat down on the sofa, settled Steve in his lap while Brian wrapped his arms around Steve's belly. He didn't missed when Steve winced whenever he got worked up over that little punk. Brian forced himself to calm down and snapped.

"Explain!"

"Cops aren't the only ones who track down your boyfriend. The Rogues started chasing after Mr Rogers. They've craved for the reward of 1000000 bucks for your arrest"

"Kid. No need for formalities. Call me Steve" Steve smiled.

Brian rolled his eyes. Steve sometimes behaved like a dork.

"Okay, Steve. They want to hunt you out and your friends, too. They'll get rich if they catch you. One million a member of your team. They won't miss these opportunities to hit jackpot."

"Who are the Rogues? I never heard of them." Brian asked. His curiosity got the upper hand over his annoyance at Roy.

"They're the enemies of Barry Allen... Please, forget... The Flash... Dammit... Please... Forget." Roy mumbled.

Brian wondered how the kid had survived so long. He had just given away the Flash's identity. To his great surprise, Brian felt his protection instinct kicked in towards Roy, as well. Roy needed a mentor and some common sense. That explained how Roy relied on Oliver Queen implicitly. The hypocrite used a kid who looked up to him to his benefits. Although, Brian didn't much care for Roy, he loathed more and more Oliver Queen. If ever he met him, Queen would rue the day he had transfixed his first victim...
"Relax, kid. We're not going to reveal the identity of this Flash." Steve whispered.

Even though Steve didn't know whoever or whatever was the Flash. Of course, Brian had told him so the day they met but he didn't actually listen. He had been bewitched by Brian. He had admired his male model's beauty rather pay attention to the talk.

"The Rogues are criminals. They're not the kind of felons to shrink back in the face of difficulties or morals to succeed. I've come to prevent you. I passed Leonard Start in London's station. He's their leader and probably the most dangerous among them."

Brian replied blankly. "You've followed us before"

Brian guessed he quite agreed with Roy's actions. He didn't forgive him for stalking them. Stalkers were his pet peeves. Who Roy thought he was? He forced himself to choke back his anger and proceeded the news.

"You don't understand Mr Braddock." Roy said. He wasn't suicidal enough to use Captain Britain's first name.

"If Leonard Start has arrived his friends'll join him. They're metahumans. By the way, metahumans is the name they use in STAR labs for describing people who received superpowers after STAR labs' particle reactor blew up and spread to the whole city. Like Weather wizard. They call him so since he's able to meddle with weather and cast some hail or some rain on his enemies. No offense, but I don't think you'll be able to defeat them all if they unite against you. They're about 10 and are very powerful. All of them are tracking Steve down. Get ready to flee somewhere or do whatever you want. Don't let harm you."

Roy's speech shocked the lovebirds. Brian frowned. He gazed at Roy. He looked rather panic-stricken. Either Roy was the best actor of the year or he told the simple truth. Brian believed in the second option even though it didn't make him happy. He should have never let Steve out. If the kid recognized Steve, other people were able to unmask him.

Resigned, he moved away from Steve and untied Roy except his hands. He suspected Roy being able to stab them during the night. Steve yawned his head off and Brian already slumped of tiredness. Brian decided to put the talk off after sleeping a few hours.

"You'll stay until we sort out that mess. No way I'll let you go out without drawing attention to yourself. I don't care about what you think. You're going to help us protecting Steve and we could forgive you. Sleep on the sofa. Don't make any noise. Don't touch anything without authorization. You don't go out alone. Got it?" Brian ordered.

"Yeah"

Roy didn't dare to protest Brian held him hostage. At least, the Brit didn't want to knock him about. Roy considered Brian was far creepier he had expected.

Brian softly grabbed Steve's wrist and brought him along towards their bedroom. Once they had laid down, Brian slipped his arms around Steve, Steve snuggled up to Brian and they kissed. They fell asleep again, promptly.

Roy was glad. He had informed them about the Rogue. Maybe he could manage to lessen Captain Britain's hate. He kicked his shoes out and crept to the red leather sofa. He gave up taking off his clothes. His hands were still tied. He dropped off.
McKingley High school

In the meantime, George Weasley stood up. He was groggy. He looked for his brother and discovered he wasn't in the area. George freaked out, he disliked being away from his twin. He didn't have time to think it about.

A group of teens surrounded him. They guffawed. The teens were Blaine Anderson's gang. They found a new punchbag. They were set in order to prevent George from running away.

George Weasley slipped his hand in his pocket and realized his wand was gone.

Dammit! He was doomed!

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Star City

Theodore Nott chuckled. The Dark Lord had instructed to commit actions in the detriment of Muggles through the Multiverses. Obviously, the Dark Lord and his followers had basic knowledge of the presence of multiple dimensions and planets, which made up the Multiverses.

Voldemort planned to rule it over. Theodore was very fond of being sent scouting on the behalf of his master.

Theodore arrived in a planet where lived some "Superheroes". According to Theodore Nott, they were just herds of pathetic Mudbloods. Witches and wizards were superior to that lot.

Theodore broke into the lair of one of those "heroes" without problems. He was called Green Arrow or whatever. Theodore had cast a spell and disabled the stuff the Muggles used instead of wards for protecting their lodgings. Ridiculous.

Theodore decided to play with those repugnant creatures as soon as a tall man, his head hid behind a hood, aimed at him a bow. Theodore scoffed and got rid of the weapon with a wave of the hand. The blond gasped. Theodore raised his wand and screamed: "Impero!"

Theodore didn't know who the heck he was and frankly he didn't give a damn. Muggles were animals. He wasn't a blood-traitor, aka the Weasleys and the Gryffondors, he didn't intent to demean himself by associating with Mudbloods. Blood-traitors and Muggles were as despicable as flies in Theodore's opinion.

The bowman had glassy stares. Theodore smirked. Party time.

"Kill your best friend. Show them who's the best hero!" Theodore ordered.

The bowman rushed out of the hovel where he set in his activities. The blond was Oliver Queen.

Nott didn't resist to his petty pleasures. He cast another spell to follow him close behind. Theodore longed for watching this fella slaughtering his friends.

The Dark Lord wished the Muggles went. He must have never wept for some fifth. Theodore indulged in the Dark Lord's ideas and satisfied sadism, which he craved.

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Arceus observed the events in Brian's flat. It hoped the couple was going to protect Roy Harper. The kid needed a role model. Oliver Queen was still haunted by the nightmares he endured on Lian Hu.
Sometimes, even Arceus was helpless to resolve some issues. Theodore Nott had just rejoined the people Arceus wanted them chastised.
Fred Weasley, POV

Fred fell head first into the mud. He almost fainted. It took a few minutes to get a grip on himself, some additional instants to realize his brother wasn't there. Fred stood as best he could.

Fred drew his wand out and cast a spell for cleaning him up. He started looking for George. Fred was persuaded his twin played a trick on him. After all both of them were pranksters to the core. George never changed.

"George, where are you? Stop hiding!" Fred called out.

Fred didn't have enough time to think it about, because a yellow and red streak rushed in his direction. No. Fred guessed that streak in question was a human. They ran very quickly. Fred was flabbergasted by how fast they speeded. Never did he suspect such feat existed. They must have obtained some great magic.

Fred kinda wondered where he turned up. The individual didn't appear friendly one way or the other. The sight sent chills down his spine. Fred suspected Deatheaters set a trap. Fred refused to die while his whole family was mourning for Bill. The eldest son of Weasley's was killed by those bloody Deatheaters. Fred wouldn't make his mother cry again. Fred acted instinctively. Fred raised his wand and aimed at the streak. Fred yelled: "Stupefy!"

His actions were quite timely since the streak moved closer and closer. Fred found out the streak was actually a young man who was wearing a bright red suit. Half of his face was covered with a red bright hood. The dude was thrown out of the spot and crashed into a trashcan, his eyes widened in amazement. Even though his body was subjected to Stupefy he managed to scowl at Fred. That latter sniggered.

Nobody fooled him. Fred knew quite well they joked. The reddish guy helped his twin whereas George hid scoffing at Fred. He half expected to see George loomed up and laughed. Forge and his particular humour. Fred grinned. He fully appreciated the efforts.

"Good joke, mate. I'm looking for my brother..."

Fred didn't finish the sentence. The strange guy already recovered from his stillness and punched him hard. Fred collapsed on the ground. The man put some metal roundish stuff around his hands. Fred never saw that kind of items. Fred supposed they came from the Muggle world.

"You'll follow me. My friends and I have questions you need to answer." The red clad weirdo asserted

Fred passed out. When he woke up, Fred found himself locked up in a cell covered with a Muggle material. It was clear and tough to the touch. Fred believed it was glass.

Fred remembered Hermione and Harry talking about the Muggle world when they spent time at the Burrow. The twins gathered plenty of information thanks to their siblings in all but the blood. Fred bumped into powerful Muggles. Actually, he wasn't completely sure they were Muggles. How the hell that guy ran so fast?! Fred rummaged in his pockets. He cursed. His wand was nowhere to be found.

"Are you looking for it?" A long-haired man asked him. He was holding Fred's wand in his right
Fred deduced he was defenseless. If this was a joke, Fred didn't find it funny; although the faces of the long-haired man and the fast one led him to think they weren't kidding him. The runner clearly showed he felt pure hatred for Fred. If looks could kill Fred would drop dead.

"Who are you?!" The runner asked. No. He snapped. "Do you work for Zoom?!"

Fred rolled his eyes. What a psycho!

Fred realized then, the man who was obviously insane, poked fun of him. The moron helped his twin whereas George hid in a corner of the building and that lunatic appeared. Fred heaved a sigh. Forge had never been subtle.

Fred peered at the Speedy. He looked pretty young, 20ish. Fred hoped he wasn't George's new boyfriend. His twin was gay but never came out. Fred often attempted to support him even if he didn't understand his preferences. Such as, George presumably dated odd guys like that freaky runner. Fred started when the lunatic barged his fists on the pane. Speedy hit the roof. Fred sighed. George didn't know how to choose them.

"Answer!" The runner bellowed. "Did Zoom send you?! Tell me the truth! What the heck are you doing at Star Labs? Answer!"

Fred was totally unfazed and hardly held back his laughter. His future brother-in-law was such a good comedian. You could almost believe him. Fred knew the runner was a prankster. Speedy nearly impressed him.

"Barry! Please! Calm down!" A female voice whispered. "You took his weapon away. He can't harm us anymore. Calm down!"

All of a sudden, a cute woman arrived between the two men. Fred's heart was pounding. Fred found her so attractive, he almost swooned. Once he had settled down, he smirked, raised an eyebrow and said in a flirty way.

"Hey beauty. Fancy a drink?"

"No thank you. I don't hang out with criminals like you." The woman drily retorted.

And yet, she blushed. Such a woman deserved some time and some respect. Fred wasn't the womanizer that treated his conquests like rubbish.

"I'm not a criminal. I've just ended up in that place after an experience. Your friend attacked me without a reason. I've just defended me. I swear!"

"Wait. You mean, you came from another planet?" The long-haired man interjected in a fired way.

Okay. They were definitely weird. All of them. Fred didn't resent them, though. As they say, you can't judge a book by its cover, can you? They were probably nice in their own ways, he supposed. Even Speedy.

"I don't know. My twin and I come from a world where magic exists..."

"Amazing!" The long-haired man cried out. "You just arrived from another Earth. I don't think it's possible to discover Magic in our dimension. You just crossed the line between two space-time continuums. You don't seem bothered by the travel. Your magic core protected you from damage..."
The reddish man gritted out. "Magic exists in our world. I bet you that guy was sent by Zoom to kill me!"

The more he spoke, the more Fred despised him. The runner felt entitled to boss his friends around and didn't respect his pairs. He reminded him of Percy too much for his liking. He had the same smug behaviour as Mr Big Head Boy.

"Who's Zoom? You keep talking about him. Is he your lover or what?" Fred guffawed.

Barry growled and glowered at Fred.

He started vibrating until the handsome woman softly placed a hand on his shoulder. Vibes stopped. Fred longed for being proved he was wrong and George wasn't involved with Barry. Fred already dreaded attending family meals if George and Barry was seeing each other. While he doubted his twin ever stooped to have a relationship with someone like Barry; George forged ahead without fearing any dangers. Barry seemed rather a twisted and an unbalanced person. Fred shuddered with disgust. Maybe Forge loved that jerk...

The woman avoided his eyes and the long-haired man grinned at him. Fred liked him. Barry called him Cisco. Fred craved for discovering the woman's name. She was lovely. Fred beamed at her. The woman tisked at him. Barry still leered at him. Fred shrugged then he gazed at him, defiantly.

Of course, Barry snapped. Cisco and the lady had to pull the psycho off the cell where they locked him up. Cisco and the woman held Barry back to refrain him from scattering the glass who protected the pipeline to attack Fred. The prankster was laughing at him. Barry hissed slurs and threatened to put it bluntly "Teach Zoom's lackey a lesson". Barry let his friends dazed.

That guy needed to suffer and people shamed him into changing. Fred wanted to pushed him. Barry reminded him of some bratty spoilt children, cough Malfoy cough, who imposed their wills and looked down on anyone else. Plus, Barry behaved as if he owned the universe and as if he was a leader, not a friend. Fred loathed that kind of characters.

Fred promised himself to take Barry a peg or two. For the moment, Fred wished he had fun and forced Barry to make a fool of himself. He couldn't keep his cool.

However, Fred began worrying about George. He little guessed what to think but his twin didn't turn up. Fred missed the other half of himself. Fate had parted them. Fred realized much too late, the three people weren't George's friends. He knew his bro. George would have giggled and showed up at one point. Forge wasn't patient. Fred didn't notice any hints of his brother. He wondered where he was. Before making sure George was all right, he had to break free and to get together with George.

Barry.POV

Barry was seething.

First, he got crush Zoom, next he got dragged around Central City as though he weighed less than a rag doll by the evil speedster and then this guy came and teased him. Oh he hated him. Let them alone for five minutes, Barry would make himself respected!

The red-headed dude sneered at him while Catlin and Cisco were holding him back. They didn't understand. Barry protected them. The ginger man attended on Zoom. He spied on the team and the facilities where they focused on watching the city. The ginger scorned them. He treated Barry like
some grubbiness. Their enemy even flirted with Catlin! Barry was about to deal with him.

Catlin and Cisco had to let him go. Barry couldn't stand by and watch this guy humiliating Catlin and manipulating Cisco to drop his guard. The ginger challenged him. Barry loathed him so much so he was on the verge of imitating Oliver and torturing that awful lackey. Barry had no doubts that infuriating dude was sent by his new arch-nemesis. Barry despaired of punching the criminal.

Cisco seemed to like the ginger and yet he was scoffing at Barry. Barry resented Cisco. He was so naive! He abstained from criticizing the scientist.

Instead Barry shot daggers at the prisoner. The latter yawned then winked at Barry. The speedster snapped. He unleashed a stream of insults. The felon smirked. Barry howled with rage. How could he be so unfazed? He didn't fear Barry. Each time the ginger laughed, Barry imagined Zoom who was laughing at him. This dude waited on Zoom. Barry would prove him he wasn't weak.

"Enough!" Catlin screamed. "We don't have time to waste for your childish quarrel! Barry, you need to calm down! As for you, you must tell us who you are. What are you doing over here? I'll send you smoke until you pass out if you don't confess. I promise you'll regret messing with us."

"I'm Fred Weasley, beauty." The lackey simpered. He winked at Catlin. Barry growled.

"Stop harassing Catlin!" Barry snapped.

Fred Weasley sighed. Barry doubted the ginger had told them his real name. Barry and the so-called Fred stared at each other. The ginger's face was twisted into a hideous grimace while he was eyeing Barry up and down. Barry inspired the criminal with contempt.

Barry snarled but refrained from attacking his new enemy. Barry would wait for the favourable time. He promised himself to retaliate. Catlin was still watching. Barry gritted his teeth before he went away from "Fred."

"Hey, Mr. Grumpy. I don't frighten you, I hope. You maniac. Go take your pills." The ginger teased him.

"Shut up! I won't be push about! I'm going to smash your face in! Keep on and you'll regret it!" Barry exclaimed.

Fred burst out laughing. Barry lunged at the cell and started punching the pane in a frenzied manner. Fred deserved to get beaten up, punched, kicked or whatever. Barry was dying to manhandle Fred. Barry would force the ginger stop scoffing at him.

Barry had enough of his jeering. That little poser infuriated him. Barry ignored Catlin and Cisco while he was knocking down the pane. Fred didn't seem worried...

His whole life Barry had been bullied, teased, pushed around. He couldn't put up with another enemy who treated him as if he was worthless. Barry was the Flash. He was a hero. Who was his adversary? He was just a Nobody who made use of cruel jokes to belittle people and got them to fell helpless. The ginger acted like a bully. Barry would teach him one lesson or two about humility.

"Hey, bud! What are you doing, dude?" Cisco said. He sounded really shocked by Barry's behavior. "You can't destroy the pipeline. Contain your anger! We've built to prevent metahumans from running away and from breaking into the cells. You're gonna hurt you and spoil your suit. Stop it. Look at the pane. You just hit it many times and yet there are no cracks. Freddie only teases you. Relax."
Barry noticed in a fit of pique, Cisco was right. The glass remained in the same state as though Barry never knock it about.

Barry scowled before he agreed that the pane was unbreakable. The situation left Barry frustrated. Fate condemned Barry to live in failures, over and over again. Barry did his best to cast a full of hatred glare at Fred to upset him. Fred smirked. Barry's eyes got black in the process. His resentment, hate and anger make him shake but he didn't take his eyes off Fred. The ginger had joined the roster of his deadly enemies like Zoom or Reverse Flash. Unlike Captain Cold, Barry didn't deem Fred redeemable.

"Fred, respect Barry. Please." Catlin almost begged. Barry's scowl grew. "Barry just came through a horrific fight against a criminal called Zoom. For several days, he wasn't able to walk. Excuse him for his outbursts of anger. He nearly died in protecting Central City. Again. He's a hero."

Barry was about to heap threats and slurs on Fred when the ginger caught him by surprise. The smug smile completely gone, Fred raised his eyebrows then peered at Barry in a sympathetic way. Plus, Fred said something far more surprising.

"Excuse me. I've believed you were a creep who loves ordering people around. You reminded me of some enemies of mine such as Draco Malfoy. He's a spoiled brat he has been looking down on everybody. I dislike tyrants. I presume I was wrong."

The comment only served to annoy the speedster further.

"My mom was murdered in front of me. I was 11! My dad went to jail for a crime he hadn't committed! I've brought up by my foster father since that day! I was beaten up all my life! I forbid you of accusing me of being a brat or whatever. Respect me!" Barry ground out.

In the immediate aftermath, Fred gazed at Barry as if he attempted to communicate some fake sadness or some faker pity. The speedster gave Fred a look of utter disgust. Fred was sneakier he expected. After teasing Barry, taking a perverse pleasure in putting him down in front of Catlin and Cisco, he pretended to fell sorry for Barry. Fred was a good actor. He showed some compassion but Barry figured out Fred patronized him. Barry didn't confide in the criminal at all.

Zoom's spy were steadily aggravating Barry to such a point that his eyesight grew dim. The surroundings turned blurry around the superhero.

"Barry, you're crying." Cisco whispered.

Barry was sore at himself. He cursed. He was really sobbing. Barry rubbed the tears away he was shedding. He kept crying out despite all his efforts. Even his body dropped him. Barry refused to display weakness nearby Fred. He focused on his bitterness.

"Don't play on their trust. I don't trust you at all. Spare me your false pity, creep. I've got my eye on you." Barry drily replied.

"Barry!" Catlin rebuked him. "What happened to you? You got aggressive, you snap at everyone and you've lost all kinds of restraints. You've changed and I'm not sure if it's for the better. Where are the Barry who used to be so sweet and pleasant he inspired people? Now you've turned in an explosive, moody and very tiresome individual! You needn't carry the world over our shoulders. Don't let Zoom wreck the Barry Allen we love so much."

Barry couldn't believe his ears. He opened and closed his mouth to reply. His friends rejected him. Barry turned towards Cisco in the hope of obtaining some support from the scientist before he
noticed his best friend nodding energetically. Cisco and Catlin joined forces against him. It stood for reasons, they were in it together with Fred... No, Barry realised. They weren't backstabbing Barry, willingly. Still it rankled with Barry.

Fred had used his magic to make them round on Barry. Fred had managed to circumvent the cell and bewitched his friends to help him weaken Barry. The ginger really served Zoom, for an instant Barry almost doubted.

Barry decided to put an end to it. Barry sped to the control panel which controlled the pipeline, pushed the button to unlock Fred's cell, grabbed Fred by the collar and sped out of Star Labs. He ignored Catlin's and Cisco's calls. Time for vengeance.

In any case, Barry planed to retaliate at last until some electricity sparked its way through the speedster's body. The pain was so bad he nearly collapsed on the floor. What was transpiring? He kneed after he let the ginger go. The pain depleted a little as soon as he moved away from Fred but never disappeared. Barry was right to distrust Fred. That latter had just assaulted thanks to his metapowers.

Barry quickly stood up again. The superhero clenched his teeth to force himself to pass the pain over. Much to his great surprise, as he got ready to jump him, Barry saw Fred winced with pain and leaned against a barrister to steady himself, on the alley Barry had brought Fred. That didn't make any sense. Fred acted as if he was attacked, too.

Barry didn't understand anything. The electricity kept on circulating through his systems. No. Fred tricked him. Barry grasped Fred and was made speechless when he felt a sense of well-being as if he longed for having contacts with Fred.

His soul, his body prompted him to kiss the younger man! What the heck was going on? Barry didn't get it. He never felt a thing for other guys, he always loved Iris. How come he was craving for snogging the criminal? Fred was playing dirty tricks. Barry couldn't drop his guard. He glanced at Zoom's lackey. On Fred's left wrist, a lightning like shaped mark was being formed there. It was identical to the lightning on his suit of the Flash. The sight panicked Barry. The speedster cast his eyes on his own wrist and noted with horror the same mark was developing on the same spot as Fred.

If this was a trick, it backfired on Fred, unless Fred didn't control his powers. The younger man widened his eyes in shock while he was peeking at his wrist, he seemed dazed. He got bulging eyes which convinced Barry he didn't pretend to be surprised, despite all his mistrust towards Fred. Barry could believe his body language. Fred sighed, Fred appeared resigned.

"No way! We're soulmates, dude. How come?" Fred asked in a puzzled way.

Barry raised his eyebrows. To his amazement, his resentments, anger hate towards the ginger had vanished.

"Explain, please." Barry whispered, blankly.

Fred gently seized his unmarked wrist. A happiness feeling akin to bliss affected Barry to the depths of his soul.

"Let me tell you a story. In my world, whenever two beings are meant to each other, we call them soulmates; which means they can't break up. A bond unite them for life. They must stay together to survive. Once they have discovered each other, it's impossible for them to date another person or even desire others. If ever they got separated for more two days, they die both. If one of the
soulmates pass away, the other die as well. If one of the soulmates cheat on his partner, they die both. Our survival depends on the harmony between us."

Barry stepped back. He slouched against a wall, breathing irregularly. This bond screwed up his life.

"But...I don't make it out... I was never attracted to guys... I thought I was straight. I hardly know you... How?" Barry stammered.

"Yeah. Me too. I believed I was straight. We have no choice. Fate has just decided for us. We can't break the bond."

Barry slumped until Fred caught hold of him before hitting the ground. Barry was doomed to live with a dude he barely knew, he distrusted his bondmate and worst of all, Fred could obey to Zoom. If he turned Fred down, he would die. Barry held back the tears that were lurking to shed. He messed up everything. He hadn't been able to overcome his guilt for causing Eddie's death and so many other people because of his weakness, he didn't overcome the rage he felt for the false Wells either. Plus, Zoom terrified him and now a stupid bond compelled him to have a relationship with a shifty guy!

Barry hoped that didn't mean he must submit to Zoom. He preferred to sacrifice himself rather than give in to Zoom. He refused to ill-treat, maim, hurt or kill innocents to satisfy this tie. He wasn't an evil monster like Zoom.

And yet, Barry felt happy in Fred's arms. What was transpiring? Barry had to oblige himself for not blushing or beaming at Fred. He needed some support.

"Please, tell me you don't work for Zoom." Barry whispered. His voice was beseeching.

"No. I don't know who they are. I've never heard of Zoom. I swear you." Fred replied.

Barry stared at Fred and figured out Fred wasn't lying to him. His puzzled look indicated Fred got disconcerted by Barry's question. The speedster heaved a sigh of relief. Fate didn't tie him up to one of the metahumans Zoom sent from Earth 2 to kill Barry.

Blinking back the water in his eyes, Barry scuffed his feet. He was getting more and more nervous. A heavy silence fell between them. They stuck over because of the blasted bond but Barry didn't intend to speak to Fred. They were strangers.

Then, Barry was exhausted. He hardly slept nights, he spent most of his time training except for gulping down food. Speedsters needed many calories. Barry didn't have enough strength and energy to talk about his problems with his husband. As far as he resented strongly admitting the truth, Barry was more or less married to Fred, seeing that they couldn't have touched anybody else. Honestly, bolts of lightning always brought him on some issues.

Fred was smiling, unfazed.

"Stop moping. You should join your friends" He advised.

"Why?" Barry asked, flabbergasted.

How could Fred think of his so-called friends? They had dropped Barry. Fred overlooked his comment and held his hand, without notice. Great. They turned gay... Barry subdued at the surprising pleasure he endured getting closer of his mate. Barry flushed before he refrained from mauling Fred. The more he gazed at him, the more he wanted them kiss, take off each other... Barry already became infatuated with the ginger, all the more so he was unaware of his growing lust.
"Duh. They're worrying about you. I watched you, guys. They care for you, Barry. Go see them. They must be looking for you."

"Didn't you listen to Catlin? She loathes me. What do you expect me to do? Talking to them? They can't stand me!"

"Of course she criticized you. You acted like a jerk..."

"What? No..."

"Oh yeah? You punched a pane. You didn't keep your cool. You even screamed at your friend while he described one theory. You upset him. You should apologize for behaving like a bossy guy. You're just their friend, you're not their boss. Come back and get it sort out once and for all."

Barry yielded to Fred, reluctantly. Barry delicately carried Fred in his arms. The younger man giggled. Barry hoped Fred was right and his friends were still his friends. He dreaded to lose them, too. Barry sprinted towards Star Labs. Flash let Fred go when they arrived next to his friends. On the floor, Fred kinda sniggered. Okay... Barry started to be concerned about his mental health.

Barry gasped. Cisco, Catlin and dammit Iris were glowering at Barry. How long did Iris get there? She seldom visited Star Labs. Fred stood up, indifferent to the tension. He hugged Barry, next he shook Cisco's hand. Barry was speechless, especially when Cisco didn't shoved his hand out. Fred sat down on a chair around the desk, stretched his legs and watched the scene by smirking. Barry shot half-hearted daggers at Fred. He couldn't help but find Fred looked so cute. Fred grinned and winked at him. Barry didn't take his eyes off Fred for a moment. His heart was pounding until Catlin cleared her throat.

Catlin and Iris raised their eyebrows, unamused. The fit began. Cisco happily talked with Fred. They got on well. At least, Cisco wasn't bound to judge their future couple.

"Barry! Can you imagine a second how we fretted for you!?!" Catlin yelled.

"Sorry, Catlin. Iris. What are you doing here?"

Iris slapped him hard. "Idiot! Don't you dare run away like that again. Everybody was looking for you!"

"Bitch! Don't hit Barry or else!"

Fred was glaring at Iris. Barry gawked at Fred. He never expected him to get angry. Fred had seemed like a carefree and cheerful dude. Barry didn't feel a shade of annoyance as Fred stuck for him, whereas he was threatening his best friend. Iris gaped then got over the shock. Iris flashed Fred a look, which contained so much malice; it made his hair stood on end. Iris had her face distorted with rage or maybe with jealousy, Barry mused. Iris wrinkled her nose and stared at Fred as he was a gross stain. Barry didn't think it possible. Iris got very spiteful. He didn't like the gleam in her eyes.

"Runt! Who do you think you are?! Iris spat, nastily. "Barry didn't need a whore like yourself. You should hook somewhere else. Hunt out your next customers and clear off. Look at you. Freckles, you're wearing freaky clothes and your hairdo sucks. Gosh. You just escaped from a lunatic asylum or what?"

"Bloody hell! You're just a cunt!" Fred snapped. "You pretend you care about Barry but it's obvious that you play with his feelings! Too bad for you, we're an united couple. Don't ever close in Barry and never consider you're allowed to touch or hurt him!"
Iris sneered. "You're lying. You're just a slut who deluded yourself. Barry would never demean himself to date with someone of your lot. Barry isn't gay. He's been loving me since I know him. You can't interfere with our future. Give yourself to another guy of your kind. It's such a shame they allow you to show your lifestyle off! It's immoral to love the same gender."

Barry was getting more and more appalled as she vented her spleen on Fred. Iris showed a side of her personality through this speech that repelled Barry. He always looked up to Iris, he had been craving for her attention. They trusted each other. They shared all their secrets and lived many years in his foster father's home. Currently, he wouldn't have recognized her. Iris used to be such a nice person. Once she had managed to bolster his morale whenever he turned demoralized.

Barry relented as his whole body urged him to comfort Fred. He flared up. His mate was so dejected that heartened him to give Iris a piece of his mind. Barry risked to alienate Iris but he had to stand up for Fred. Barry cuddled Fred and blew his top.

"Iris. You disappoint me! I can't believe you resort to such petty cruelty! Fred and I had a thing. Get over it or forget me! I refuse to hang out with people who belittle my lover in front of me!"

"What!? You're seeing each other? You put me off! I considered you my friend, my best friend. You're just a pervert! Being gay is a sin! Never speak to me again!"

Iris stormed out. She cast malicious glances at Fred and cursed the two soulmates. Anyway, she had overstepped the mark. Nobody got away with abusing his bondmate. He also realized the deep rift between them existed for a long time. Iris shunned him but Barry scarcely regretted to tell her off.

Guit-ridden, Barry overcame his sadness about arguing with Iris when Fred kissed his cheek. The speedster derived a huge pleasure from the gesture. The presences of Catlin and Cisco totally slipped his mind as he kissed back Fred on his forehead. Fred flushed and chuckled before he rested his head on Barry's shoulder. Barry ruffled Fred's hair while Fred was massaging his neck. Barry started wrapping his arms around the stomach of his lover. Catlin cleared her throat.

"Care to explain what's going on?" She asked in a baffled voice. She quirked a brow at Barry as if she was wondering whether Barry was sane or not.

Barry sighed. He peeked at Fred. Fred had a goofy smile, at least one of them was enjoying himself. Barry had just lost his best friend... He needed a great deal of support.

"Get a room, guys." Cisco teased.

Barry blushed redder. Fred snickered. How he could have contemplated Fred helping Zoom? The young man only thought of laughing and acted as though he wouldn't hurt a fly apart from if you attacked his loved-ones.

"You'll ever believe me. Fred and I are soulmates."

"What? It doesn't make any sense. You just met and you longed for bashing him a little while ago." Catlin cried out, shocked.

"Yeah. I wanted to rough him up. As soon as I grabbed his hand some electricity shocked us."

"Fred has used his magic against you to convince you've been lusting after him." Catlin asserted. She narrowed her eyes.

"No. Cisco's kept my wand so I was helpless. I need my wand to cast any hexes. I'm a wizard. Our community uses wands to defends ourselves or attacks thanks to our magic core which links to our
"Wait. So if I get right, your metapowers depend on a stick." Barry inquired.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've got magic of my own but I use my wand to channel my powers to cast spells on somebody or something. Of course, some of us make use of wandless magic but I've never managed it."

"You definitely curse Barry to love you." Catlin accused in a curt tone.

She might have been envious, which puzzled Barry.

"The bond's appeared as soon as Barry grabbed my arm. He was planning to knock the shit out of me. I can reassure you, neither of us have been searching for dating. The bond ties us together forever."

"Awesome! Barry's going to sleep with his former enemy." Cisco giggled.

Barry's cheeks were burning with embarrassment. The speedster facepalmed. How Cisco handled each situation with such frivolity defeated Barry. Nevertheless, Barry couldn't have denied he admired Cisco a lot to be so happy-go-lucky when they faced so many dangers. Zoom wouldn't be the last enemy Barry was going to fight. Plus, Cisco had a personality and a creative genius that made him endearing and irritating both.

Catlin frowned at Fred. She looked as if she was quite affronted. Barry suggested she didn't forget the advances of the wizard. After all, he had chatted her up.

"Okay. Explain then. Why did you flirt with me earlier whereas you're gay? Are you the kind of guys who loves manipulating girls to get them to believe you care for them while you cheat on them with other guys?" Catlin asked, coldly.

A long silence ensued following her outburst. Barry was wondering whether she had a crush on Fred. Barry was at a loss what to do to end this heartbreaking view and cheered her up. She was still mourning for the untimely death of her husband.

"No way. I thought you were very beautiful. Barry and me are soulmates. We've got no choice to become a couple. I always thought I was straight."

"Soulmates?" Cisco asked. He scrunched up his face in confusion.

Fred related soon the whole story of the bond that spoiled their lives. Cisco and Catlin gaped afterwards. Barry who wasn't much paying attention, was dumbfounded by discovering Fred sitting on his lap.

He wrapped his arms around his boyfriend, fiance or husband. (He wasn't sure what Fred precisely represented for him.) Barry was grinning like the Cheshire cat and only dreamed of frigging Fred. What the heck was going on! He tended to lose all his senses owing to this awful bond next to Fred and yet, Barry disregarded his reason to get closer to Fred. He opted for overriding his steady suspicion and enjoyed Fred's warmth.

"What would happen if you even break up? Do you feel the feelings and emotions of your partner? His pain?" Cisco quizzed them. He was writing down on a notebook. "Can you exchange your powers with the other?"

"Great. Cisco gets hyper." Barry was thinking. He tightened his grip around Fred and tickled Fred's wands."
neck with his chin. Fred tittered. They left Catlin bemused but her lips curled. She looked to try and fail to refrain from laughing. She shook her head, she showed she was amused, though. Barry beamed.

It did his heart good to see she subdued her grief. He felt stupid he had contemplated Catlin and Cisco tried to fob him off. Besides he had punched the love of his life, who was never a peril. Apparently, Barry was a gay in denial for years. He hardly grasped how he was supposed to act next. Barry was getting more and more gnawed by remorse.

"It's impossible for us to break up or cheat on our soulmates because of the bond. The only thing for us to part is to die. We've come to live together. We've reached a milestone when we've become soulmates. The second step will be the sex, which let us feel our feelings and emotions and later to communicate via telepathy. Our survivals depend on our link. Neither of us can live without the other." Fred announced.

"You'll describe it to me. I've always wondered if Barry vibrated or went very fast in having sex. Or if he is quick on the trigger or slower than usual." Cisco gushed, shamelessly.

Fred guffawed as Barry ducked his head to put then in his hands. Fred fondled the arms of the speedster in a gesture of comfort. Barry wished for to hide away from his friends, especially Cisco. He couldn't believe why Cisco asked him such personal questions.

"Cisco! It's private!" Barry exclaimed. He was very embarrassed.

"Relax, dude. Just a bit of curiosity."


"Sorry, Barry." Cisco apologized, sheepishly.

"No problem, Cisco. Don't start it again, please."

"Barry. Why do you run so quickly?" Fred inquired.

Fred kissed him on the lips for the first time. Their lips touched lightly. Barry was getting more and more ensnared by Fred and had to force himself not to take off and showed how he pined for discovering Fred butt naked. And yet, Barry snapped this opportunity up and kissed him back with passion. The kiss was so passionate Barry held Fred tightly and roamed his hands through his lover's clothes to caress his skin. It was so smooth. The two soulmates smothered each other with kisses. Their minds oblivious they weren't alone. Their tongues turned all tangled and they began to undress until Catlin threw at them a bucket of cold water.

They both got splashed, coughed and screamed in shock. Cisco was laughing at the couple. After breaking the kiss, Fred was bare-chested while Barry had already took off his hood and pants. Barry roused from the passion but the mutual lust was still simmering. Barry admired Fred. He was a real hunk and only belonged to him. Fred stared admiringly at him before he burrowed his head into his shoulder. Barry sniggered.

Catlin gave them a judgemental look. Cisco giggled. Barry pinned Fred down under his arms as if he was afraid of losing him.

"Seeing that Barry doesn't seem apt to answer your question, I'll do it." Catlin said sternly. She had a half-smile which indicated she wasn't very angry at them. "Barry is a metahuman or to be more precise, he's a human who had gotten a superpower when Star Labs' particle reactor blew up two
years ago.Barry received then a gift.He's able to run as fast as a flash.So,we've been nicknaming the Flash.He's a speedster,that's to say he's one of the individuals who had been struck by lightning to become a speedster.

Fred pulled away from Barry's shoulder. Barry still clutched Fred.He refused to move away from him.

"I understand Barry is a particular guy. What's that got to Zoom?"

"Barry is the speedster from Earth 1.Zoom have come from Earth 2.He's an evil speedster.He murdered the others.He wants to be the only speedster in the Multiverses. Barry is his new target.In their first fight, Zoom left Barry for dead.Barry has never managed to keep up with that enemy. Zoom's much faster,far more powerful and he's pitiless."Cisco blurted.

"If you need some help,Barry,I'll support you to fight back.No way I'll let him wound you." Fred promised.

"No!I don't allow you to struggle with Zoom. He's too dangerous.I can't accept he harms you."Barry insisted.

"I take the risk!Barr',we've become a package deal.If you die,I die.If I die,you die.Zoom is my enemy since the day he aimed at you.We must help each other,reddie. Your enemies are mine and my enemies are yours,from now on."

Barry sighed in resignation.He frowned as he remembered the end of the sentence.Who dared to hate his Fred?He was sweet,so easy-going,lovely,funny,nice and gorgeous.

"What do you mean,cutie?Who are your enemies?"Barry asked,astounded.

Fred tensed a little.Fred told them the horrible story of his world.Barry's blood froze.Apparently,a terrorist called Voldemort had been carrying out many attacks,killed thousands of people and creatures if they resisted or only for existing.His world was at war and the casualties rose sharply since the day the criminal came back.Voldemort and his minions,Barry very nearly scoffed when Fred called them Deatheaters.He misapprehended Fred believing he was joking.

Anyway,Fred explained the side of Voldemort hunted down a teen,a Harry Potter."My brother in all but the blood."Fred advanced,proudly.Barry swallowed the words,which occurred to him to hurl at that Harry.His temper flared due to his growing jealousy.He disliked when Fred forgot him.

Finally,Fred related them soon, the first war until it was finished when Voldemort tried to kill Harry Potter after he had murdered the parents of the baby.Harry had survived to "the Killing curse."Voldemort was destroyed as the spell backfired and Harry became "The Boy-who-lived".Barry was awestruck.He didn't figure out how a baby could kill the dark wizard.Barry felt sorry for the teen.He had been orphaned.Voldemort was sighed up in the roster of his deadly enemies.Catlin and Cisco gaped,horrified.

"Wow,dude.I can't imagine how you put up with such dramas.This Voldemort is a lunatic."Cisco gasped.

"I don't get it."Catlin frowned."Why has he slaughtered so many people?And what do make up his army?"

"You see the Wizarding world where I've come from,is divided into several groups of people on account of their blood status. There are the Purebloods,they don't have any Muggle relatives or ancestors.There are the Half-Bloods who were born from a Pure-blood witch or wizard and a
Muggle or Muggleborn or from two Half-Blood parents. Next, the Muggleborns were born from two Muggle parents and there are the Squibs. The Squibs differ from the Muggleborns because they've been growing up in the Wizarding world but didn't receive any magical powers. Some Purebloods despise Muggleborns, Squibs, or Half-Bloods or the creatures. They consider them inferior to them. Many Purebloods strut about as if they own the universe. Voldemort is in favour of the Blood prejudices."

"No offense, Freddie. Your world is twisted and backward. They basically advocate racist ideas." Cisco criticized.

"Yeah. They're a bunch of screwballs." Fred agreed, easily.

"I'm not sure who's the worst between Voldemort and Zoom." Barry pondered. "What category do you belong to?"

"Voldemort. He's a pure evil demon. He set a giant snake on Muggleborn students at Hogwarts in order to..."

"Hogwarts? Can you clear this term?" Cisco interrupted him, excitedly. He took it down on his notebook.

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry is a school in Scotland where magical children learn to master their gift for seven years. It dates from the Middle Ages and has been a teaching place for generations of witches and wizards since then."

"Wicked!" Cisco cried out, impressed.

Barry and Catlin rolled their eyes, fondly. Cisco never changed.

"Fifty years ago, Voldemort set a Basilisk at Hogwarts in order to kill any Muggleborn students. One girl was dead. Voldemort and his followers believe Muggleborns don't deserve to use magic and accuse them of stealing it. They think it impossible for them to blend in our community. They look for any means to get rid of Muggleborns. They're not better than pests for Voldemort and his groupies."

"By the way, what's a Muggle?" Barry muttered. The news upset him.

"A Muggle is a person who didn't have any magic powers. They're mundane folk unlike us."

"Catlin, Cisco and me are Muggles. I don't permit them to look down on us." Barry growled. The Wizarding world repelled him. Catlin and Cisco nodded.

"Yeah, I know. I'm a Pureblood. I've never supported that bullshit, though. My family is famous for being Blood-traitors because we associate with Muggleborns and Half-Bloods willingly. My father is captivated by Muggles. He collects screwdrivers and other items. Blood-traitors are liquidated, too. They burned Bill alive. When we've retrieved him, his corpse was totally charred."

"Who's Bill?" Barry whispered. He grasped the shift of mood of his soulmate and got worried.

"Bill was my eldest brother. They killed him because he stood up to Voldemort and his sidekicks." Fred trailed off.

Fred cried his eyes out. Barry attempted to comfort him but his soulmate was still sobbing. Barry regretted to rake up Fred's past. The speedster stroked and pecked Fred all over to no avail. Barry kept his spirits up and kissed him again and again. After ten minutes, Fred cast him a half-smile and
laid his head on Barry's shoulder. Barry murmured him soft words. He showed very affectionate so much so Fred snuggled down beside him.

Barry picked him up in his arms and got ready to leave. He stopped when Oliver Queen blew into Star Labs. He shot an arrow at Barry. Barry dodged it by a narrow margin. He pushed Fred off to protect him. The ginger fell down, startled.

"Barry Allen. You failed this city!" Oliver bellowed.

Arceus already knew as usual, Barry Allen and Fred Weasley were soulmates. So, the god used its powers to mess up the twins' experiment. They ended up in different worlds where they would meet their fated partner.

Good and evil were going to clash sooner than later. The Multiverses were very close to collapsing. Arceus couldn't have defended it alone.
"Oliver! You must be out of your mind! What are you even talking about? I'm not a criminal." Barry hissed.

Oliver didn't answer, instead he fired one arrow at Barry. He ducked it quickly. The hero from Star City baffled Barry. The speedster watched out of the corner of the eye, Fred was standing up. Barry shielded him with his body. He refused Fred put his life in risk combating the former public menace.

Barry knitted his brows. Oliver Queen, who he always considered him a mentor and a friend, had just barged into Star Labs to assault him. Maybe Oliver reverted to murders to defend Star City. How he related to the fierce justice Oliver practised was beyond him. He didn't get it. He resolved to delay pondering on Oliver's reasons later. Barry might have incensed Oliver, unwillingly, but he chose to fight back. Fred counted on him. If he died, his soulmate would pass away, too.

Barry waved at Cisco and Catlin to leave the room bringing Fred. The younger man stayed still. Great. Fate fixed him to a stubborn mate.

"Fred. What are you doing? Flee!" Barry ordered.

"No way! I'll help you whether you like it or not. We stand together, baby."

Barry would give him that. Fred was bold. Oliver didn't let him reply. He shot another dart at Barry. It brushed against Fred's left ear. Barry simmered. Nobody was entitled to harm his gorgeous soulmate. Oliver dashed some arrows to him while he was vibrating, the speedster fended them off without batting an eyelid. Barry rushed forward to lunge at Oliver.

The speedster punched the bowman, repeatedly. Oliver tried to counter the blows. He was too slow. Barry didn't refrain from appeasing the full extent of his rage. As Oliver collapsed Barry pummeled the ex vigilante, after he made sure to pull away the bow from him. Barry threw it aside. The speedster couldn't stop hitting, even if Oliver was already covered with blood. Barry didn't control his body or soul anymore. He felt he must get rid of that threat against his soulmate.

Shutting down the world, Barry allowed himself to bash Oliver freely. He didn't realize Oliver kept many weapon until the archer transfixed his right leg with one arrow. Barry let out a howl of pain. He hurt further in hearing Fred screamed with pain. The bond exposed them to all the experiences they lived, sufferings included. Barry panicked. Their lives and beings were inextricably intertwined. Their survivals depended on his victory. Barry promised himself not to disappoint Fred.

Barry cursed. He had forgotten Oliver dealt with lots of enemies and acted promptly. Oliver pinpointed the flaws of his enemies and make use of them. He had triumphed over Ras Al Ghul, the late leader of the League of Assassins. He never received a power, though he was unstoppable. Barry
shouldn't have underestimated Oliver.

He disregarded all risks his behavior entailed when he drew the arrow out and turned round. He needed to check Fred wasn't severely hurt. He winced with pain, attempted to walk, and yet he didn't manage it. He fell down. His injured leg couldn't carry him any more. He had not enough time to brood over his broken limb. Oliver stabbed him through the second leg.

Barry failed to protect his mate. The excruciating agony blinded his reason. Barry relived the disasters that marked that measly life of his. Barry wished he had known better Fred. He let him down and so many others. They relied on him. Oliver was already swaying towards him. He held a dart. Barry was helpless. He kept apologizing to Fred and Oliver. His former friend was still approaching. Oliver seemed as stony as ever.

"Levicorpus! "Fred succeeded in saying.

He wielded the stick he called a wand. Oliver got lifted up. The jinx hung him upside down. Barry sighed in relief. Fred cast another spell. All the arrows of his former mentor burned. Barry didn't know how Fred managed to get his wand back. He concentrated on his happiness to survive and the sharp pain he was enduring rather than kick up a fuss over it.

Despite all his efforts, Barry had just lost this harsh struggle with the vigilante. Fred saved him. He realized then, the real meaning of soulmates. Their souls, bodied and minds vanished for becoming one unity.

Fred crouched and kissed him. Barry overlooked Oliver while the blond was threatening to slay him, instead he reveled in the taste of Fred's lips. Though he got frazzled and was unable to stand up again, Barry was relishing that moment thanks to Fred. The soulmates clung to each other so as to coo some sweet nothings. Barry swelled with joy and pride considering he had found the perfect lover. Barry grinned, closed his eyes before he passed out. Fred faintly swiftly.

Catlin POV

Catlin and Cisco didn't miss the fight. Both of them quivered with fear then flinched every single time the two men exchanged blows during the struggle between Barry and Oliver Queen. Catlin wasn't much surprised. No matter how much Queen pretended to redeem, she never trusted him. She judged him dangerous and quite dubious, all the more so since he played the hero. That brawl proved her right to mistrust Queen.

Fortunately, Cisco had given back to Fred his wand. The younger one saved Barry in disregarding all kinds of dangers. Catlin was thinking she could have never erased from her memory the screams of pains the soulmates had uttered. Catlin cursed Queen for abusing Barry horribly. If Barry didn't receive a healing power of the speedsters, he would have died or at least ended disabled. Besides, Barry and Fred had just met.

Catlin hoped the spell Fred had cast would suffice to keep Queen away from them. If the Bowman resumed the combat, the lovers were defenceless after blacking out. Queen wasn't a hero. He was a criminal who crippled and worse of all tortured his adversaries. He went down in Catlin's esteem further. Catlin rubbed her eyes. She had been so frightened.

She was fuming. Catlin didn't grasp how the so called hero set upon Barry wantonly whereas Barry always looked up to the creep. Catlin disapproved Barry's naivety. The speedster quite believed that it was wise to take Oliver Queen as a model. Catlin snapped out of it. They had far more important thoughts to ponder, for instance making sure Barry didn't bleed to death. The scientist didn't
understand well what the bond of the soulmates that tied them up meant really but it appeared the death of one of them would involve the passing of the other, shortly. She had heard the howls of pain and saw the winces whenever Barry was injured by the lunatic. Their souls merged.

Finally, Catlin dismissed all risks and dragged Cisco to the room where they lay helpless on the ground. Hardly had she come in the sight turned her stomach. Oliver Queen was still suspended in the air upside down as though an invisible force was grabbing by the ankles. She glared at Queen before she rushed to join Barry and Fred. She reminded herself to thank Fred for belittling Queen so much.

Despite all their wounds and fainting, the soulmates held hands. They seemed they had just kissed. They were kinda cute together. Catlin smiled with a tinge of sadness mingled with relief. Maybe Barry was going to get rid of his foolish guilt. Catlin never resented Barry. He couldn't have rescued anybody. Ronnie was dead to help the city. Barry wasn't the one who she blamed for Ronnie's death, the false Doctor Wells was.

Cisco held out the first-aid kit to Catlin then she attended the soulmates promptly. Catlin took their pulses. Their hearts were beating irregularly. They should act without delay.

On overhearing Queen kept uttering vile menaces Catlin gritted her teeth. It didn't matter he very nearly maimed Barry. Queen intended on finishing him off. Catlin swore to deliver Queen up to the police once they had cured the partners. Catlin observed Fred. He looked so young Catlin even wondered whether he was of age. Barry and Fred already displayed an intense love. Catlin guessed all the cells of their bodies craved for touching. Though they had fainted, they refused to let the other go. Fred didn't lie when he said they were a "package deal."

She couldn't refrain from grinning in watching the marks of their bond on the hands. They were identical to the lightning on Barry's suit. They conjured up some bright love images and whenever Catlin peered at them she imagined the marks were spreading out on other parts of their bodies. Provided they survived the soulmates would form the perfect match. Catlin marveled at the fact that they could be overflowing with affections while they scarcely knew each other. Nature created some feats. She would sacrifice anything for relieving a moment's pleasure she had shared with Ronnie. She promised herself to save them.

Catlin mustered her courage to come near Oliver Queen. The ex vigilante acted like a possessed man. He belched plenty of insults slurred, tossed and turned all over, wiggled and threatened Barry as if the only purpose of his wrecked life was to kill Barry. Catlin denied him the right to go on with persecuting Barry. Catlin drew out a gun, which she rarely separated from it in case Grodd the gorilla might have come back. The scientist loaded it with hypodermic syringes.

Catlin pointed the weapon at Queen then she shot three times without a moment's hesitation. Queen didn't even react as she aimed a gun at him. Catlin doubted he got stressed out, although nothing surprised her.

The syringes hit their targets and the felon went to sleep at once. The fake hero collapsed. Cisco handcuffed him straight away. Catlin and Cisco dragged Queen after a fashion towards the pipeline. They threw the new prisoner in one of the cells of Star Labs next they shut him up. Once they had succeeded in locking up Queen in the cell, the two scientists retraced their steps. Time was short. No way they allowed him surrounded them when they treated Barry.

Catlin forced herself not to yield to the urge to vomit. She retched discovering the speedster's legs. The arrows went through them and also perforated the calves. Catlin noticed a lot of caked blood on the two limbs. Cisco and Catlin were muttering. Queen ran afoul of Catlin. She would retaliate
Worse of all, the healing process of the speedsters tended to slow down since his first encounter with Zoom. The wounds left gaping. Catlin dreaded of losing her friend. Not only the injuries were ghastly but besides they should take notice of never forget that Fred's life depended on the success to cure Barry. If ever they failed, the two men were doomed.

The pressure increased. No. Catlin was bound to save them. She had suffered from the loss of Ronnie, she refused to abandon Barry. No matter how much time it took, Catlin would bring them round.

Dumbledore's office

Meantime, Dumbledore was thrashing about his office much to Fawkes's amusement. He had just received a letter from Mrs Figg, which announced him Harry Potter and the Dursleys had gone for an unknown destination. Dumbledore was livid.

How dared they take away his weapon. Dumbledore wasn't able to rob the fortune of the brat without his signature. Potter needed to live until Dumbledore embezzled the whole contents of the boy's vaults. Those damned goblins didn't buy into his nonsense about the greater good

He promised himself to crush that brood of bugs. Perhaps he could convince Snape of putting the brat up, cough the Imperius curse cough, after he had disposed of the Dursleys.

He had a wicked beam that terrified all the paintings of his office

Panem

Meanwhile in another planet set in another dimension, you found a planet called Panem ruled by President Snow. He was a foul dictator.

Each year the 12 districts that made up Panem were compelled to send two tributes in other words two child's or teens, a boy and a girl, to kill each other in front of hundreds of cameras in an arena for a cruel game called the Hunger games. Only one of them survived.

Cato, Katniss and Peeta were the last survivors of the latest Hunger games. Cato left the two tributes of the 12th district flabbergasted when he spared Peeta the baker boy as he tripped. That didn't last long. Cato helped Peeta to get up again. He pressed a dagger along Peeta's carotid.

"Everdeen. Will have the guts to kill him to reach me?" Cato sneered.

Some drops of blood dripped from his mouth. Katniss bent a bow while hesitating to shoot. Cato repulsed her. He make use of Peeta like a human shield. Katniss let down her weapon. She wasn't going to harm Peeta. Cato smirked.

Dumbledore grated Arceus. It resigned to wait. Fate already predicted that man would jeopardize the Multiverses. Arceus wasn't either allowed to eliminate the Old Goat or cured Barry and Fred.

The soulmates had to heal by the mortal means. Arceus just removed the poison contained in their blood. The arrows fired by Oliver Queen were charged with deadly poison. It was incurable. Arceus wished it could have done more. The lovers depended on Catlin and Cisco. Their survivals weren't assured.
Bullies

Chapter Summary

In this AU the glee club doesn't exist.

Chapter Notes

Stiles Stilinski comes from Teen Wolf and Piers Polkiss from the Harry Potter series. Stiles isn't a werewolf in the ultimate crossover series.

Flashback. McKingley High school

Meanwhile, George stood up. He was groggy. He looked for his brother and discovered he wasn't in the area. George freaked out, he disliked being away from his twin. He didn't have time to think about it.

A group of teens surrounded him. They guffawed. The teens were Blaine Anderson's gang. They found a new punchbag. They were set in order to prevent George from running away.

George Weasley slipped his hand in his pocket and realized his wand was gone.

Dammit. He was doomed

End of the flashback

Blaine Anderson and his minions were the banes of McKingley High school. They bullied the weak, banged about those who dared to looked them too long or just because they felt like hitting them. Blaine was the most vicious and aggressive among them so he became their leader. Plus, Blaine's father was the mayor of Lima in Ohio. Blaine could dictate how they ran the school. He didn't hesitate to take advantage of it. If ever a student or a teacher complained of him, he talked about it to his father who cancelled all punishments Blaine received.

Blaine's gang robbed the others and sometimes browbeated the victims into doing their chores. Blaine particularly picked on Kurt Hummel and Sebastian Smythe. You see Kurt and Sebastian were gay, which repulsed Blaine and his cronies. The gang victimized them every single day, chucked them in the dumpsters and never shrank to transform Kurt's or Sebastian's lives in a living hell. Kurt and Sebastian were regularly taken to hospital on account of the wounds they endured.

None of the teachers helped them, especially Will Schuester. The Spanish teacher hated homosexuals and often insulted gay students then made it to get away with the sanctions he risked each time angry parents confronted him. He pretented he only joked. They just misunderstood
Schuester.

George Weasley faced up to Blaine's gang. The group was composed of Blaine Anderson the leader, Quinn Fabrey the most underhand of the herd, David Karofski the dumbest one, Noah Puckerman the flirty one, Piers Polkiss the cruelest one and Stiles Stilinski the most stubborn teen. They wrecked havoc on the high school then brought terror under the protection of the mayor. The principal Figgings let them off.

George sighed. He ended up without his precious wand to cope with the bullies. The travel through the Multiverses had separated the twins. George worried by Fred's disappearance. He was wondering as well whether Fred was okay whenever he landed. George disregarded all gloomy thoughts about Forge so as to concentrate on the teens who were cornered George. The gang gave him the creeps. Some of them cracked their knuckles, others snickered.

"Look, who's turned up." A dark-haired teen (aka Blaine Anderson.) hissed in an unfriendly way. "A new loser just entered our turf. I think he deserves a good trashing."

A blond girl scoffed at George. "Look that tramp. Your parents can't even afford to feed and dress you or what?" The gang snickered.

"Gits! What's your problem?" George blurted overlooking the fear the teens kindled.

"You fairy! Clear off!" Puck growled.

"He has a faggy voice. I'm sure he plays for the other team like Lady Hummel and the Meerkat Smythe." Quinn Fabray sneered.

"Let's chuck him in the dumpsters." A rat-faced boy, aka Piers Polkiss, contributed. The malice radiated around him. "You bender! You're not welcome here."

"Hang on a second bunch of clowns. What's the deal? I've never met you so leave me alone. Who do you think you are?" George huffed.

"Shut up you limey bastard! Spare us your superior attitude." Blaine snapped. "Let's teach that gay a lesson."

The teens still prevented him from escaping but the Weasleys always fought back when they found themselves in such a tricky situation. George punched the rat faced guy. The prankster presumed Piers Polkiss was the leader of the gang. Piers growled then pinned George to the ground. Piers rained down lots of blows George countered. Both of them brawled until Blaine rapped out orders to his friends. All the hell broke loose.

Noah Puckerman grabbed his arms while Quinn Fabray held George's legs. Blaine, Stiles, Dave and Piers Polkiss knocked him about. George tried and failed to defend himself against the gang. He got duffed up badly so much so he fainted. Blaine and his minions who went with him were sniggering on and on. They carried the stranger to the trashcans without the slightest remorse.

Blaine opened the dumpster. The lackeys tossed George over there among the refuse. Piers Polkiss gashed George on the cheek with a pocket knife. He chuckled as a few drops of blood appeared. Blaine banged shut the dumpsters. A ominous smirk distorted his face. The gang left George without a backward glance. Stiles derided George in mimicking his poor defense technicals. The gang guffawed before they chased after other easy targets. They cared for enforcing their rule.

"What if Lady Hummel and Snarky Meerkat joined him?" Blaine suggested.
"Yeah!" His friends exulted. The bullies laughed like a pack of hyenas.

Arceus was seething.

It decided with a great self-restraint not to crush the bullies. Once it had tamed its rage against the foul gang, Arceus overlooked its principles and stopped George's bleeding. Though, the god broke the rules it had created, Arceus kept a clear conscience. George's survival was crucial.

When Arceus noticed Blaine's gang harassed then bashed up another teen, it blazed up. Arceus used its more powerful move in order to knock them down. Their victim ran away. The god made the lightning struck near the group. It was their last warning. As it began raining Blaine Anderson and his cronies speeded off into the high school.

Arceus watched them ready to punish the gang.

Kurt and Sebastian were the outcasts of McKingley High school. Even the Jehovah's witnesses, the junkies, the nerds, the stoners and the Goths snubbed them. Everybody ostracized them, so much so they only hanged out together. Sebastian was the only friend Kurt had and in return Kurt was his only friend. Kurt and Sebastian were never invited as somebody was giving a party. Plus, they were Blaine Anderson's gang's favorite punching balls. Besides, Kurt and Sebastian put up with all kinds of brutalities. Other pupils teased them, belittled them, stole their stuff, hit and reviled them and basically make their lives a living hell whenever they went to McKingley.

Once, Kurt had even been bashed about with a baseball bat. If ever they came and complained about their persecutors to teachers, those latter dismissed them. They claimed the two teens were just putting it on, so as to tarnish the pupils' reputations. Worse, Will Schuester had poked fun at them one day they confided in him. No matter how much they suffered, they got any support whatsoever.

Kurt and Sebastian seldom parted for fear of what they could have underwent alone. High school students had plenty of imagination as soon as they took it out on Sebastian or Kurt. Hardships brought them closer. Nevertheless, they were none the happier for it since they wished they were accepted. Pupils hated Kurt's or Sebastian's guts because they were gay, which revolted most of those barbarians. Sebastian created many nicknames for qualifying bullies. Kurt almost suffocated with anger against their helplessness.

Still, the friends walked through the corridors of McKingley High school with their heads held high. They refused to let them depress them.

Blaine's gang particularly pestered the duo. Kurt nicknamed them "flock of fiends" because they were underhand and lacked of all kind of morals. The so called friends of Anderson really groveled before Blaine without flinching. Their leader barked orders over orders. They were just a herd of cruel minions. Blaine's gang took great pleasure sticking their heads down the toilets of McKingley, making fun of both of them, humiliating them or hacking them at their shins then pretending being sorry. Blaine made a habit of shoving Kurt and Sebastian on the lockers of McKingley or often ordered his cronies to gash the clothes Kurt and Sebastian were wearing. Every other week, the scoundrels beat them up although they paid attention not to hurt them too seriously.

Blaine victimized Kurt and Sebastian since he had discovered they are gay. The gang hovered around the duo for spoiling their lives. Kurt quite knew Anderson's gang discouraged the other pupils from supporting them, even if they could feel sorry. Consequently, nobody dared stand up for Kurt and Sebastian. Kurt loathed Blaine Anderson, all the more so since he couldn't refrain from fantasizing about Blaine, which infuriated Kurt. Blaine was nothing but a nuisance. He was the one
who Kurt blamed for most of the misfortunes they endured. The only person Kurt and Sebastian detested more than Blaine was Will Schuester.

The Spanish teacher reduced them to be numb with fear when the duo stumbled upon him. You see, Schuester was a religious zealot. He tracked down what he called unholy behaviors and other sins. Schuester preached quoting Bible as he met "ungodly" students. Schuester struggled with goths, lesbians, gays or bisexuals and tried and compelled them to redeem.

Furthermore, Will Schuester encouraged pupils to rehabilitate sinners. He applauded each time Blaine's gang beat up Kurt and Sebastian. According to Schuester, they deserved getting knocked about owing to their unnatural feelings and leanings. The poor excuse of teacher never missed an opportunity in putting them down in front of their peers, who mocked their forlorn fate. No matter how much they worked hard, their grades reached C or D at the very most. Kurt and Sebastian received bad grades because they were unworthy of good ones. Schuester gave them back their papers with a sneer. He also noted the verse of Bible about Sodom and Gomorrah on the margin instead of correcting mistakes.

Schuester played favorites too. Blaine's gang constantly received excellent grades whatever they did. And yet, Schuester always got away with his abuse playing on the principal's naivety when students complained of him. Figgings trusted their sly teacher. Schuester bothered further his targets afterwards. Blaine's father backed Schuester. Everybody knew they mustn't defy Mr Anderson.

Anyway, five minutes or so after George Weasley was chucked in the dumpsters, Kurt and Sebastian entered McKingley. The two friends disregarded booing and slurs, which were resounding around them as soon as they arrived. They ducked their heads for dodging projectiles throwing at them. Kurt sighed. He seized up the situation and figured out they were going to suffer. He was wondering if one day they could be not on the alert. Each second they spend in McKingley they feared the most.

Kurt nervously swallowed. Blaine's gang was approaching. Sebastian stepped back before realizing Will Schuester was heading for them. Kurt and Sebastian ran away for a few meters. Soon, the gang was corning them.

"Well, well. Lady Hummel and Meekrat Smythe. Where do you think you go?" Blaine guffawed. The minions giggled meekly. "How's the date?"

It sent shivers down Kurt's back, especially as Schuester was shortling. He turned to the duo. His face was distorted with spiteful glee.

"Guys, have fun. Don't overdo or else they'll go and whine at Figgings's." Schuester advised. He was bursting with malice.

"Yes, Mr Schuester." Blaine's gang chorused.

Schuester scoffed at Kurt and Sebastian. Then he ambled to the staff room without a backward glance. The bullies lunged at Kurt and Sebastian.
The misadventures of Gold

Chapter Summary

Warning. Implied/Referenced rape/Non con/Red bashing/Harsh graphic depiction of violence

Arceus all choked up. It grudgingly abstained from separating the teens. It had used most of its powers, so Arceus had to rest. The god was short of energy for now. Arceus temporarily let off Blaine's gang, Red or Schuester.

Arceus drifted off thinking about the Multiverses and the peoples living over there it endeavored to protect. The events taking place were evading Arceus's sight.

Around 11 PM, New Bark Town, Johto

Gold was sleeping in his bedroom at New Bark Town in Johto, which constituted one of the numerous regions of a planet called Pokemon world.

He had just dozed off after moping about what he went through few months ago because of Red. His child idol turned to be a monster of the worst kind. Gold scarcely managed coping thanks to Red. Every single night, Gold cried himself to sleep. Sometimes, his mother had her Mr. Mime used her moves to get him to sleep. Red wrecked Gold's life. Silver, his former arch-nemesis and rival, had protected him. Silver looked after Gold.

Silver was still watching him during his rest. Silver was torn between relief noticing Gold gradually recovered and an all-consuming rage against Red. That bastard. Silver gritted his teeth listing many methods for killing Red, which barely appeased the anger he felt. He loathed no one as much as the champion of Kanto, even Silver's father didn't manage to arouse so much hate in his heart.

How dared he? Gold was a gem. Silver always pretended disliking Gold but actually that latter quickly endeared himself to Silver. The idiot always cracked some jokes grinning like a fool and tended to help people owing to his hero complex. Silver considered him as his rival. He admired the bond Gold shared with his pokemon. Gold was jolly until that creep stepped in. Red would rue the day he messed up Gold's life.

Flashback

Gold was 16 years old and was beaming. He had just defeated Red in an epic battle. He achieved one of his dearest wishes. Gold was so proud. Red used to be the undefeated champion of Kanto. Red had kicked out Team Rocket from his native region four years before forcing Giovanni, Silver's father, to dissolve Team Rocket. Red was a famous hero worldwide. This victory delighted Gold. Professor Elm and his mom would be amazed. Of course, Gold extended a hand to Red in extolling Red's talents. He dreaded to alienate his model. Gold desired they could become friends.

Red pushed his hand away violently. He was grumbling a few insults. Gold goofed at him. He didn't resent him, though. The younger one tried and cheered Red up. Gold supposed he was very upset.
after losing for the first time. Gold reminded him Red remained the ultimate trainer. Not him.

"Relax, dude." Gold said, grinning. "I bet you gonna crush me the next time we fight"

Red didn't reply. He was glaring at Gold. His whole body tensed up. It filled Gold with foreboding. Gold shrugged soon. They were known, Red rarely spoke.

"Take care, Red." Gold gushed.

Red didn't retort. He leered at Gold, instead. The trainer from Johto waved to his idol, oblivious of Red's ominous behavior, then climbed down Mount Silver. Red sent him deadly looks, boring into Gold.

Gold rejoiced. He couldn't even get over triumphing over Red. It all seemed so unreal. Gold giggled. Red was very badass. Gold admired him further. Gold had grown up hearing of Red's feats, ever since Gold longed for meeting Red. Even if he had beaten the champion of Kanto, Gold didn't believe he outdid his opponent, yet. Red perfectly mastered battling, he altered stances that made him cool and his interplays with his Pokemon were mingled with a strong friendship, which kindled Gold's jealousy. They trusted each other. Sometimes, Tyranitar growled whenever Gold ordered him to attack. Gold had captured him two months before during his first ascent of Mt Silver.

Suddenly, Gold relived all what happened leading him to struggle with Red.

Some gossip claimed Red was sheltering in this mountain since he gave up his title of champion of Kanto. Gold had hoped bumping into the very best trainer in traveling through Kanto. On challenging all trainers from Kanto, he chased after Red. Gold quizzed all trainers he defeated for pinpointing his idol. Green, Red's rival, the former champion of Kanto for a short time and leader of Viridian gym, informed Gold about the rumours concerning Red and Mt Silver. Gold brightened. He disregarded when Green addressed him with flounces of impatience as if he couldn't bear Gold. He figured Green never forgave Red for humiliating him or Green was very touchy as somebody mentioned his rival's name.

Gold rushed to Mt Silver, ready to fulfill his dream. Gold trained his Pokemon relentlessly, battling all trainers and wild Pokemon he ran into on his way to the summit. Then Gold came across a weakened Larvitar. Gold flung a supra ball which captured him right away. Gold had him healed by a Nurse in the Pokemon center at the bottom of Mt Silver. Gold fed him thanks to the homemade Pokemon food he prepared himself for his friends. Gold smothered Larvitar with attention. They steadily learnt to relied on each other. Soon, Larvitar evolved into Pupitar while they were fighting another trainer.

Then, Gold climbed up again Mt Silver. He was resolute to fight Red. Gold crossed Mt Silver. He followed sloping paths passing by steep cliffs. He walked through a snow-capped summit without giving up his obduracy to demonstrate his strength. Gold was about to come back to the Pokemon center when he encountered Red. The battle began as it was hailing and snowing.

It lasted not quite ten minutes. Red smashed Gold's team. Red grabbed his billfold and took half of Gold's money. In this world when a trainer beat their opponent, they were entitled to receive half of their money. Red never uttered a single word. Gold choked back his tears and congratulated Red. That latter only stared blankly (arrogantly?) at Gold. Gold struck a conversation before Red left as if Gold was wasting his time, his own dismissal clear. Although Gold suffered a rebuff, he overlooked Red's scorn. His idol awed Gold into silence. Still, Red never talked to Gold.

The trainer from Johto bottled up the torrent of emotions he felt as he returned to the Pokemon Center.
Gold sobbed when he entered the room he was renting. Losing, Red's disregard demoralized Gold. He cheered up a bit while he promised himself to fight again Red in retaliation for shaming him. Gold ended up the next day at the same spot. He stood up to Red. Red smirked. They battled until Gold lost again. Gold returned to his room. He wept for 10 minutes. His confidence scarcely ebbed away. Gold trained harder his team, didn't stop confronting Red, even if Red always smashed him. Pupitar evolved into Tyranitar during that period.

Then, one day Gold turned up on Mt Silver for the umpteenth times. On Gold's arrival Red rolled his eyes before he sent out Pikachu. Gold blotched out memories of past hostilities. He sent out Gyarados. Gold Mega evolved Gyarados next. His pokemon obtained a huge dorsal fin. He looked particularly fearsome. The yellow rat squeaked as Mega Gyarados was intimidating him. Gold had him use Earthquake, which almost knocked out Pikachu. Red gaped at Gold. That blasted Pikachu was tenacious. He counterattacked with thunderbolt. Gold's pokemon dodged it then used Aqua tail. Pikachu was taken out in one hit. Gold hugged Mega Gyarados. Red cast him baleful glances.

Pikachu has been Red's starter. Red sent out Charizard. He mega evolved Charizard. Mega Gyarados attacked his opponent with Aqua tail. Mega Charizard Y ducked it and charged Mega Gyarados by using Dragon claw. Mega Gyarados was knocked out. Gold sent out Ampharos. Mega Charizard responded via Inferno. Ampharos dodged it then retaliated thanks to Zap cannon. Mega Charizard was knocked out at once. Red growled. He tossed another supra ball. Snorlax appeared. Gold got Ampharos to use Dragon pulse. Snorlax winced but withstood the shock. Snorlax responded with rollout. Ampharos cried out before releasing Thunder Shock. Snorlax collapsed few feet backwards. He stood up again. Snorlax re-used rollout. Ampharos was pinned down to the ground, which knocked him out. Gold whined. He called on Yanmega.

Gold prompted Yanmega to make use of Bug Buzz. Snorlax was taken out. Red snarled. He even trampled some pebbles in a fit of anger. Red threw a supra ball for releasing Blastoise. Yanmega attacked Blastoise by way of Air Slash. Blastoise resisted it next he plowed into Gold's pokemon. Blastoise headbutted Yanmega with Skull Bash. Yanmega was taken out.

Gold got worked up. They might have trained hard but he wasn't worth Red. No. Gold realized quite soon his friends counted on him. Gold refused to abandon them overlooking their efforts.

Gold swamped out Meganium. The latter used Solar Beam. They got rid of Blastoise in one fell swoop. Red tightened his fits. He rifled through his pockets. Red summoned Lapras. Meganium dashed toward Lapras and used Tack Down. Red's pokemon tried to dodge the attack but it was useless. Lapras took it yet. Lapras counterattacked, aimed at Meganium and used Blizzard. Meganium was flung out against a ridge. Gold called him back. Gold sent out Tyranitar. Lapras used Hydro Pump. Gold ordered him to attack with Stone Edge. Tyranitar grunted out but compelled. Lapras collapsed unable to continue the battle. Tyranitar growed when Gold attempted to hug him.

"Okay, okay. I got it, grumbler." Gold relented.

That broke his heart seeing one of his pokemon acted in such an unfriendly way. Did Tyranitar detest him?

Red was still fuming. He couldn't have lost facing a yokel from Johto! Red tossed up in the air his last pokeball that contained his Venusaur. Gold made Tyranitar use Earthquake which barely hurt Venusaur. Red smirked in a malevolent way. He would make cry the little braggart. Red loved spoiling existences. Venusaur plunged into Tyranitar and used Flower Dance. The dinosaur like pokemon was knocked out. That runt of trainer brayed. Deep down Red was sniggering. Gold sent
out his precious Typlosion. Red believed Typlosion was his starter. Red promised himself to literally slaughtered them. After all, Red had already killed some pokemon. He could have redone it ruthlessly. "Poor Goldie" Red mused and chuckled in the heart of his hearts.

Red was going to teach him a lesson about jerks challenging him. Nobody lived up to Red.

Typlosion roared. Venusaur got at him via Tackle down. Typlosion stoop up with some difficulties. Venusaur snatched at this opportunity to finish Typlosion off. Gold reacted and ordered Typlosion to use Burn up. Venusaur collapsed after being knocked out.

Gold's heart was throbbing. They had defeated Red. This fact struck him dumb. Slowly enough, Gold grasped he triumphed over his idol. Gold high fived Typlosion.

"Yeah! We did it!" Gold screamed. Typlosion let out a hawl of pride.

Gold clasped Typlosion in his arms while both were laughing and weeping. They radiated happiness whereas Red groaned. Gold couldn't abstain from grinning. Red looked daggers at Gold. Gold reined in his joy a little to avoid gloating before Red.

Red didn't admit he had been hammered. His accomplishments vanished due to that loser! Red was seething. He should revenge himself. He took offense losing in that way; against a trainer from Johto made him all the more upset.

Once Gold had quit the premises of this legendary battle, he scuttled to the pokemon center. He got his pokemon healed by a Nurse. Gold phoned home to announce his victory. He also contacted all his friends and loved ones. He felt obliged to reveal his success. Gold crowed to everybody he encountered. He had beaten Red.

Gold definitely enjoyed the night accompanied by his team. Gold ordered tons of fritters, candies, soft drinks, cookies, bento, sushis, instant noodles, fruits, sundaes, yakitoris and other yummy food. Gold and his pokemon gulped down everything. They didn't leave a crumb. They partied the whole night. Gold and his team slept in until late afternoon. As Gold waked up he pondered it was time to return home.

Gold arrived in Viridian two days later. His last victory elevated Gold. He roamed into the city as if he was on high, though he didn't take drugs. Gold was turning the fight over in his mind. Folks and pokemon frolicked about round Viridian. Gold beamed. Despite herds of criminals like Team Rocket hurting pokemon, humans and pokemon got on well.

Gold swaggered around the city, especially packed areas. He insisted on telling anybody he had just defeated Red. Soon, Gold was surrounded by a swarm of admirers. Photos of Gold and the team were often shot. They congratulated and praised the teen. Gold handed out autographs. People hugged him tightly, they invited Gold to their house. An old man even offered him a plush apartment set in a building on the outskirts of Viridian. Gold strutted around the city wearing mirrored sunglasses and snapping his fingers. He winked at gorgeous girls and boys. They were crazy about him. Gold had fun sleeping around. Gifts, some spike of popularity and the victory on Mt Silver swelled up his self-assurance. Gold was too puffed up with pride for noticing as he passed through crowds, more and more people were muttering on his way. Gold enjoyed the lengthy stay in Kanto without a care.

Gold completely forgot he had projected to go back to Johto. Gold bubbled up with enthusiasm. Maybe he could achieve another dream becoming the best trainer ever. On exploring faraway lands such as Hoenn, Sinnoh, Unova, Kalos and Alola, defying all trainers and leagues; Gold should emerge from the darks. They would recognize him worldwide. Gold ran into the building he
was living when a hand seized his left arm very roughly. He was full of exciting ideas like searching on Internet how much a ticket for Hoenn cost, so Gold didn't sense lurking dangers.

Gold turned ready to confront those who touched him. He found himself face to face with Red. Gold grasped. He always regarded highly Red. Perhaps Red accepted to talk to him. Gold smiled shyly. Red tightened his grip around Gold's arm.

"Hey! What's going on?" Gold asked, dazed "Let me go, dude."

Red really confused him. Red didn't reply as usual, instead he punched Gold. Twice. Gold screamed in pain. His childhood idol was striking him. Gold didn't get it. He shoved away Red. The latter swore before he lunged at Gold. Red lamed him while Gold failed to defend himself. Blows rained down. So, Gold was covering up his face with his hands pleading Red that he stopped. Red fastened upon Gold. Red realized bashing Gold wasn't enough to satisfy his thirst of blood and revenge. Gold didn't suffer enough yet.

"Loser. Follow me!" Red barked.

"Gotcha!" Gold cried out, quivering.


Red giggled. Belittling Gold was the first ploy of his plans in order to avenge himself. His past defeat infuriated Red, especially as Gold had boasted about it. The whole region knew Red had lost because of that little scum. Gold quailed. Red scoffed overhearing Gold was whining and beseeching him to let him go. That little bolster didn't show off did he?

Red dragged him to a nearby building, came into an apartment on the second floor then pushed him. Gold toppled over the floorboard. He shrieked as somebody locked him up and Red closed some curtains. Soon, they switched on the light. Snorlax was sleeping in front of the entrance door. Green Oak cackled. The so called rival and enemy of Red endorsed his plans. Gold was trapped. He was shaking from head to toe. Gold wailed dreading to find out Red's schemes.

Green supported Red. Green had the great honor of dating Fantastic Red, he couldn't have complained. Green was useful. Once he became a burden Red would dump Green. Red considered himself a god those who annoyed him or wasted his precious time vanished, end of the story.

Gold screamed for help. The older one pounced on his terrified victim, pressing against him and smacked him in the face, repeatedly. Gold tried and repelled Red, elbowing, kicking, punching his aggressor, in brief Gold gave him a tough time. Gold failed to move away, though. His admiration for Red didn't blind him anymore. Red was a creep so Gold chose to stand up for himself rather than endure this assault, passively.

All hell broke loose as Green joined the fray seeing Red didn't bring under control the trainer from Johto. Green knocked around Gold, anyway he had a bone to pick with him since Gold had beaten his team. Gold's stomach knotted up with fear, nevertheless his own fright triggered a surge of adrenaline which stirred up a new bravery. He twisted and turned to break himself free, kicking and punching here and there. Green flinched away with a bloody nose. Prior to ill-treat further their hostage, Red grasped his arms and tied them up with a wire Red had stolen on a farm.
Green mused they outwitted this yokel but Gold was a real tough guy. Green almost pitied him. He didn't approve of them abducting and torturing the boy. Gold by shaming him. It was too late. Red frightened him.

Gold thrashed about while insulting the couple and wailing for somebody saved him. Alas, the walls of Green's didn't waft sounds. Despite all his pleas, Gold failed to get heard. Green had him round the neck, somehow Gold managed to thump him hard a few times. Red gagged Gold for stopping his screams. Red blindfolded Gold's eyes whereas the teen kept hitting his boyfriend which left Red cold.

"What a louse!" Green hissed.

"I gonna bind his legs." Red placated Green.

Gold booted Green. He wasn't prostrated at all. Red beamed. The little poser grew on him. Red always respected spunky guys. Red sniggered. He had just decided the next step of his callous plans. Red felt the urge to possess Gold whether he agreed or not. Red had eyed up the teen. He exulted in the prospects of dominating Gold. The other boy looked slutty. Besides Red would finish taking his revenge on Gold for defeating him. Nobody got away with it. Red searched through a drawer in the corridor looking for some cords while Green got a thrashing. The little loser flailed. He didn't understand he might have slowed down the inevitable but Gold couldn't have escaped. Finally, Red discovered some cords. He hastened to tie Gold's legs.

Green was frazzled after that brawl of his. He flopped on the nearest sofa in the living room. Red rolled his eyes.

Gold stayed still. He accepted his fate. Red smirked. The pervert fondled the legs of their victim. Gold started. Red laughed, especially as Gold tried and failed to huddled up. Red caressed his future bitch. He claimed his possession. Red considered Gold constituted a good submissive. Gold yelled but the gag prevented him from uttering any words. The teen was quivering. Red rolled him over on his stomach. Red crouched and spanked Gold. He scoffed as Gold winced attempting to shout. Gag blocked any sounds. Plucky Gold didn't get it. He was brave but so brainless. Red preferred it. He hated smart whore. Gold began sobbing. Red was gloating.

"I object that! You're Not gonna rape this kid in my apartment!" Green protested, outraged.

"Oh Greenie. You wanna test me?" Red replied smoothly, his tone fraught with menaces.

"You..." Green trailed off.

His awful lover cast him beady stares. Green gulped. Red daunted him so much Green fell silent. Red undressed Gold whereas his own boyfriend was watching that horror.

Green clenched his teeth. Red shorted stroking the poor boy, which curdled Green's blood. Green was seething. He was Not ecstatic about assisting a vile crime as he got embroiled in that act he became an accomplice though he was unwillingly. Red would have not qualms denouncing him to the authorities in case Green informed them or slaughtering his pokemon if he helped the teen. Red had already killed his Rattatac. Green wasn't sure he should have forgiven the fiend he called his boyfriend.

Deep-down, Green liked Gold. Contrary to Green, he had managed to crush Red. This little and witty trainer, Gold was 5 feet 5 at the very most, brought Red a peg or two in beating him. Ever since Green mentally jeered at Red. Green pretented he supported Red because he tended to abuse Green when he rebelled. Green closed his eyes. The hapless kid was ensnared. Green was steaming mad at
his own egregious cowardice. He didn't dare to defy his boyfriend to impede him. Green refused to observe the events that were taking place.

Green sheltered in the kitchen so that he didn't lose his composure and cudged Red. He snatched two glasses of iced water breathing hard still, he was incensed by his own attitude. Green couldn't have sobered up disregarding Red was raping Gold. The leader of Viridian gym was gnawed by remorse about his part in that felony. Green kept back his tears cursing his cowardice. He also smoldered with disgust. Green was dating a damned rapist!

Green blamed Giovanni. The leader of Team Rocket had led Red astray. Red was his son but Giovanni dropped Red when he was born. Red turned out badly as he seemed to annihilate Team Rocket. Actually, he endeavored to impress his father. Red was astute enough to conceal who his progenitor was, or else the mob would shun him. As Red struggled with Team Rocket he got more and more cold-hearted. Red emulated Giovanni. Green had seen his lover very nearly battered to death grunts then shrugged off any remarks about that violence. Red succeeded. He looked like Giovanni in many ways but lost his soul.

Green mustered his courage up as he took his mobile. He called the police without a twinge of guilt. Green pondered it was the only solution to hamper Red for good. He wasn't afraid of sacrificing his freedom or safety in order to make up for his own actions. Green locked himself in the kitchen before dialing the cops.

Fifteen minutes later, police officers of Viridian police station smashed in the entrance door. Red was still lying on Gold's body which definitely showed proof of his guilt. They arrested without delay. Red denied their accusations until Green barged into the living room and told them all Gold had endured. His face distorted with an absolute anger, Red tried and lunged at Green, slurring and threatening to kill his boyfriend. The cops stopped him. Red was glaring at Green who was shaking.

They untied Gold. The view that greeted Green would haunt him for years. Gold huddled up quivering. He was prostrate, though he was sobbing. Gold was covering with caked blood on his whole body. Sperm dripped from dubious arenas. Green retched discovering stab wounds and whiplash marks. Green looked away. Red grinned, much to annoyance of everyone.

Gold was admitted to hospital. Two days later, the police charged the couple. Green was granted some mitigating circumstances.

Gold's mom and Silver rushed to his bedside and brought him back to New Bark Town. Ever since they took care of Gold.

Although, Green had assisted Red, Silver didn't much resent him. At the end of the day Green betrayed his boyfriend, which saved Gold. Not content with assaulting Gold, Red was whipping him till cops arrived. Green's choices bewildered Silver; at least he redeemed. Gold steadily opened up. However, Gold never smiled for two long months.

Silver didn't dare to announce him Red had broken out of his cell.

Meanwhile in the planet of superheroes, Deadpool got back home.

He was still sore because he failed to track down Harry Potter. He didn't note that a gun was aiming at him. Deadpool dodged a bullet, though.

"Hiya, sun-of-a-gun!" Deadpool chuckled.

"Hiya, loony." Lester, known as Bullseye, retorted.
They laughed then kissed.

"What about your contract? Lester asked.

"Potty wasn't over there. Nobody knew where he just left." Wade Wilson aka Deadpool muttered.

"Don't worry nutball. I'll join you." Lester promised, smirking.

Deadpool sniggered. "Yeah! Babe, let's bump a teen off!"

Bullseye burst out laughing. "First, let's play leapfrog, hon."

Deadpool quickly threw himself at him. Bullseye caught and hugged his lover. Wade was clapping.
Breakaway

Chapter Summary

This chapter starts the third part of New Hopes. It focuses on new characters, new dramas, new enemies and includes many surprises. Besides, you'll find out whether Barry and Fred survive or how Gold is coping with his traumas.

At the outermost of limits of the Multiverses you could find a very peculiar world where lived humans, vampires and moon-shifters.

People quite mistakenly believed that they were werewolves. Most of vampires drank human blood while some of them lived on animal blood they hunted. Shifters protected humans. For their part, humans were blissfully unaware of the existences of any fantastic creatures, they considered them imaginary. Other beings such as animals, fairies, chimeras and whatnot roamed around this planet. If ever human bumped into a vampire, the latter sucked them dry so they couldn't reveal vampires really existed.

Fork was located in the Washington state in the United States of this different planet. Over there you could encounter the Cullens. They were a very special coven of vampires because they refused to drink human blood. Carlisle Cullen was a doctor and respected humans' lives. He passed on his values to the rest of his coven. They only drank animal blood and so they were called vegetarians.

The Cullens had signed a treaty with the Quileutes from the reservation in Fork, a tiny town in the thick of forest and wildness. The Quileutes were shifters but tolerated the Cullens on condition that they didn't kill humans or never entered their territory. Since then, both species coexisted in a peaceful distance.

The coven was made up of Carlisle Cullen and his wife Esme as well as their children. It was difficult to meet nicer people than the couple. Even shifters that hated those they called "leeches" didn't manage to loathed them. Carlisle and Esme brought up five youngish vampires they regarded them as their kids. Edward was a telepath, Alice predicted future events and Jasper the empath felt and manipulated emotions. Rosalie as well as Emmett hadn't any gifts, which set them apart from the siblings.

Emmett Cullen was a big, burly and carefree vampire. He always teased, joked and charged ahead without thinking, so most of his family underestimated him or despised Emmett such as Edward. The latter didn't miss a chance to criticize him. Emmett got along fine with his family aside from Edward. His holy-than-thou attitude besides his gift Edward didn't scruple to use for hearing their thoughts deprived them of any privacy irked Emmett whereas he cared for Edward yet. A silly mortal girl tagged on to his brother, which astounded Emmett. The said girl Bella Swan insisted on becoming a vampire as if she dreamed of living a fairy tale forever with Edward. Rosalie, the prickly vampire, loathed Edward's lover.

Rosalie and Emmett had made a strange match until Emmett grasped only gorgeous guys enticed him. Surprisingly enough, Rosalie kept her cool when Emmett confessed it. They broke up soon after agreeing to remain friends. They were more united than during their relationship.

Both of them resented Edward and Bella Swan. Rosalie couldn't have stood either a girl ready to
relinquish her humanity or Edward for yielding to his lust. Plus, Swan was so naïve she aggravated Rosalie as soon as she opened her mouth spouting some nonsenses and whining. Edward impelled them to put up with his suicidal girlfriend disregarding all threats like the Volturis would slaughter them and the whole town of Fork if Swan revealed vampires were real. Worse of all, the Volturis compelled them to turn Bella Swan. Rosalie already dreaded living together with Swan for thousands of years.

Rosalie got edgy whenever Edward was rambling about that pest he called his girlfriend. Of course, Edward snapped if they dared to criticize Swan. Rosalie harbored an utter grudge against Bella seeing she stalked Edward and sacrificed her life. Rosalie would have given anything for becoming human again for that matter. Swan didn't realize her luck. The girl gradually grew on Carlisle and Esme. Rosalie tried and escaped as Bella Swan graced them with her presence. Emmett usually followed her. One day Edward gave them a earful about how they upset Swan.

Rosalie endured Bella Swan's tude, grudgingly abstaining from strangling her. Edward glared at Rosalie whenever she expressed her growing disdain for Swan. She quite knew Edward would have never forgiven any outbursts towards that human. Sometimes she felt only Emmett supported her, whereas her siblings and parents radiated happiness around Bella Swan. Their demeanors nauseated Rosalie, especially as they already treated Swan like a member of the coven. Gagged her!

One day as heavy rainfall fell on Fork, the scourge of Rosalie's life aka Bella Swan imposed on the Cullens again, simmering and giggling like a fool. Rosalie scrunched up her face observing Edward's pet. She choked her anger down disregarding it as Edward and Bella were chitchating. Honestly, Rosalie didn't get her brother. How could he love such a dork girl? Well for one thing, Swan was reckless, coarse, too curious for her liking, frivolous, stupid, priggish, gullible, infuriating and so noisy; Rosalie could add some millions of adjectives more, all of them true of course. Second, Rosalie didn't confide in her at all. Plus, Swan slobbered over Edward as though he was God sent. She was just a deluded teenage girl.

The temperamental vampire kept from voicing her bitter feelings, seeing that her so-called family ganged upon her as soon as she went vent to her thoughts about Swan. Emmett always stood up for Rosalie. She feared that she became an outcast in the last safe haven far away from mankind. Despite all her past agonies, Rosalie found some relief thanks to the coven until Bella Swan intruded and wrecked her existence. Emmett grabbed her hands for hours on end which placated her enough for not slitting Bella's throat.

Panem. Cato POV

Meanwhile, in the arena of the Hunger games, Cato clutched Peeta's body using him as a human shield and tilting up his head by yanking Peeta's hair. Cato refused to die. Peeta was shaking. Cato chuckled, at the same time Katniss Everdeen lowered her bow. Cato didn't drop his guard for all that, Everdeen was a resourceful opponent. Cato shouldn't either underestimate her or turned his back.

The tribute from the 2nd district was pondering aiming his knife along Peeta's throat. Cato drew out a dagger. Peeta whimpered. Katniss was leering at him in a creepy way. Cato grinned.

"What if we're running away together, Everdeen?" Cato asked. "I just found out a way for escaping the arena."

"Don't talk rubbish." Katniss muttered roughly. "You're threatening Peeta. Mark my word Cato, you'll pay for this."
Cato smirked."Never heard of Jirachi?"

Katniss frowned nonplussed."Who's that?"

Cato laughed."A creature called a pokemon. It can grant any wish. Interested?"

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Pokemon world

Silver tried his damnest to jolt Gold out of his pocket. Every single night Gold thrashed about in bed due to horrible nightmares reliving the assault. Gold hardly ever went out in New Bark Town, not beyond the limits of this town. His mom and Silver had to go with him each time Gold got some fresh air. During meals Gold barely touched his food. His mom made him eat.

The whole day Gold had eyes misty with tears and cried if ever he put up with any hitches in his daily routine. Gold flinched if somebody came near him but quivered when they let him all by himself. Silver and Gold's mom kept him company. They could only wait and see so as to discover whether Gold recovered a little.

Silver was listing in his head thousands of way to get rid of Red, even though it brought a brief moment of pleasure.

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Fork

Swan fired them off questions about their skills, powers and other vampire stuff as usual. Rosalie all but growled, instead she sneered at the human. Rosalie was in a very annoyed mood. Swan was rambling over and over again about her pathetical life. Edward cast his sister pointed glares. Rosalie winced at the couple. Edward just about growled for protecting his mate. Rosalie clenched her teeth defying Edward to attack her.

Jasper raised his eyebrows because Rosalie never felt so much negativity towards someone. Usually his sister was just an aloof and cold woman.

Finally, Rosalie snapped."Shut up, stupid idiot! Shut up or clear off!" Rosalie hollered cutting Bella off.

All the family gasped except for Emmett grinning or Edward. The telepath snarled as Bella looked down in shame. Edward very nearly lunged at Rosalie until Emmett growled back, taking up a defensive stance, shoving Rosalie aside. Both males glowered at each other, their lips curled showing off their fangs. Nobody else intervened for fear of that tensed situation would fester. Sure enough, Carliste attempted to mediate between his furious children.

"Rosalie, your remarks were uncalled for. Edward can you please calm down. Emmett don't attack your brother. Please."

"You should apologize for hurting Bella, Rosalie." Esme commented softly, in a tone which sounded imploring.

Rosalie found it hard to swallow her adoptive mother stood up for the couple. She wasn't too amazed by this betrayal. Edward was their favorite child. Never did her new parents remonstrate him against the obvious scorn Emmett and Rosalie were subjected. Never did they listen to their complaints or angst. As time went by Rosalie's new family's behaviors ate away her confidence. Whatever transpired around them, Rosalie and Emmett were wrong. Carliste and Esme admired their gifted kids. They didn't waste time fussing about the mundane vampires.
Rosalie wished things were different. At first she had counted on the Cullens. She used to believe in Carlisle's kindness. After suffering during her past life when she was human Carlisle became a beacon of hope. Now she steadily distrusted all of them but Emmett. Carlisle and Esme heaped reproaches on Rosalie and Emmett, though Esme was soft on them. Still, it aggravated Rosalie after being belittled for years. Only Esme sometimes soothed them down as a sop to her troubled conscience, Rosalie supposed. Esme and Carlisle didn't scold Edward. Rosalie felt rejected.

"The Golden boy and his whore get away with everything, as usual. It's unfair!" Rosalie snapped.

Edward grunted as Emmett burst out laughing. Of course, Edward looked daggers at the huge vampire. Emmett shrugged it off.

"All brawn and no brains. Emmett doesn't ever change." Alice piped in snidely.

"Shut your trap, dwarf! Spare us your haughty attitude. Bitch!" Emmett flared up astounding the whole house. He rarely got irritated.

The parents gaped as Emmett outraged his siblings apart from Rosalie. Jasper scowled. He didn't assault Emmett owing to his strength. Emmett would make mincemeat of him.

"Don't you dare insult my mate, Emmett!" Jasper shrieked.

"Hypocrite! She just insulted me. Bunch of morons! I've had enough of your contempting us because you've gotten powers!" Emmett groused. Rosalie vigorously nodded in approval.

"Now, now. There's no need to quarrel with each other." Carlisle appeased them, at least he tried and failed.

He stared pointedly at Rosalie and Emmett disregarding the others. Bella Swan sniffed sniveling before rushing to the entrance door. Rosalie exulted. Her arch nemesis disappeared, she began relaxing. Rosalie's behavior sickened the Cullens apart from Emmett. Edward ranked on both of them then ran at breakneck in order to catch up with Swan. Tension was palpable, so much so you could touch it. Alice and Jasper glowered at Rosalie and Emmett. Their parents seemed dejected. It augured no good.

Rosalie rolled her eyes, oblivious of the next crisis. Carlisle was bound to moralize them again because of a stupid flirt.

Carlisle sighed twice. He looked torn. "Rosalie, Emmett. You must leave this house right now. Until I judge you really regret your words and actions I forbid you of coming back. First apologize to Alice." Carlisle announced, grief-stricken.

Emmett and Rosalie gawked at their father. He was about to kick them out of their home whereas he overlooked Alice's slurs. They were livid as Rosalie and Emmett sprinted out of the premises ignoring Carlisle's calls or Esme's pleas. The two vampires continued running faster than any other people, even the Flash didn't reach this speed. They stopped next to a tarn around hundreds of miles from their old universe.

"Carlisle, you've been too harsh!" Esme screamed after their departures. "How could you drive out my kids?!"

Carlisle, Esme, Alice watched wide-eyed Esme. She was normally so meek. They didn't grasp the change, besides Jasper and Alice were left bemused by their family's acts.

Emmett almost went berserk. Alice cared much for her siblings, she didn't make out why Emmett
assaulted her. She only wished he corrected his behavior. It was not correct mocking of them. On the other hand, Rosalie turned evil. She benefitted from any occasions to humiliate Bella and Edward. Emmett hung out with Rosalie too much. Furthermore, Carlisle shocked Alice. Their father practically disowned two of his so-called children. This decision shattered most of her trust in Carlisle. What if he decided to get rid of Alice or Jasper? Alice presented Jasper shared her feelings. Perhaps Carlisle manipulated them.

Alice knew Rosalie was a sourface woman and Emmett was basically a rash jester but they remained parts of the family. They labeled Emmett as a troublemaker and Rosalie as the Ice Queen still, Alice cherished them. She guessed she should have voiced her dissent. Alice was an inch of following the exiles to get it sorted out one and for all for cleaning up any misunderstandings, but she couldn't have abandoned Jasper or Esme. Their mother in all but the blood (Sorry for the pun.) already faced down to Carlisle. She needed some backups.

"Do you think it hasn't been a tough decision for me? I'm looking for any means to advocate unity and incite them to accept Bella Swan. She's the soulmate of Edward. Rosalie is so twisted and bitter. She prompted Emmett to confront Edward. I only wished they thought it over. Their acts were unacceptable." Carlisle asserted.

This speech didn't pep them up at all. Alice, Esme and Jasper exited the living room. Guilt as well as sadness dulled Carlisle's eyes. Carlisle regretted the banishment. He loved all his children but he had to punish them. Carlisle alienated the whole coven in the process due to this slip. Carlisle hoped they could forgive him.

While Carlisle was pondering on his mistakes, the two exiles held forth on their futures. Both decided to break all ties with the coven. Bitterness, rage and resentment engulfed them. Leaving allowed them to broaden their outlooks far away from smug vampires and maybe encountered their real mates at last. Rosalie resented Carlisle. He was just a faker pretending liking them. Carlisle preferred humanity to his own kind.

Carlisle managed to crush Rosalie's tiny expectation to lick her wounds living among vegetarian vampire's community. Thirsting for revenge, Rosalie swore to avenge herself, after slaughtering Bella Swan. That vermin caused them troubles. Rosalie grinned in a malevolent way. The stalker was doomed, which would put down Mr Telepath. Emmett didn't notice Rosalie was rolling off hate. He was still brooding over their ejections. He already missed his family.
Central City.STAR labs.Catlin Pov

Six hours after Oliver Queen had barged into Star Labs and had molested Barry,Catlin and Cisco were still treating the two soulmates.

The speedster was on an IV owing to his huge calorific needs.Despite this,he remained unconscious,so did Fred.Catlin regularly scrubbed up before nursing Barry for fear of infecting Barry's wounds.Catlin overexerted herself caring for Barry.Queen had horribly maimed him.She doubted he would walk again whether he came round. Catlin refused letting down the duo.She had lost so many cherished people. The scientist didn't allow Barry to rejoin Ronnie in the next world.She choked her tears back.

This situation reawoke some awful souvenirs she tended to repress.Cisco tried to pep her up,though he renounced as Catlin ignored him.Soon,Cisco assisted Catlin by bringing some gauze,drugs and other health items.Despite all their efforts,Barry's wounds didn't heal yet.At least,he wasn't bleeding anymore.Catlin was horrified seeing much gore here and there.Queen had slaughtered Barry's legs.

"It's weird.Fred's gotten no wounds on his own still,he passed out."Cisco commented, offhand.

"Fred told us.If one of them faints,the other faint straight away.Basically,they form a person living in two bodies."Catlin wheezed. She was exhausted.

Cisco nodded."I hope you can save them.I wonder why Queen just assaulted Barry."

Catlin gritted her teeth cursing the insane bowman."Because he's a bloody criminal. Queen loves killing people.Barry should've turned him over to the authorities."

Cisco sighed."Barry looks up to Queen.You know he thinks Queen changed."

"Barry is too inane and naive sometimes.I've always dreaded Queen rubbed off his bad habits on Barry.I think it's time Barry accepts the simple truth.Queen is a murderer to the core."

Catlin as well as Cisco endeavored to cure Barry once more with great zeal.They only stopped for drinking water or nibbling at some snacks quickly.

Twilight universe

Emmett and Rosalie were still sitting next to a tarn.They had just been thrown out of their house.Rosalie was nothing if not livid.

"Carliste had the gall to eject us!For what?! Standing up for ourselves.Of course,Alice that hellcat gets away.I hate them!"Rosalie yelled.
It rankled with Emmett too, and yet even now he couldn't refrain from loving the Cullens. Emmett grasped Rosalie's feelings but he expected her to acknowledge that she overdid. No matter what happened they belonged to the same coven. Emmett abstained from speaking. Rosalie was quite temperamental. Rosalie needed to vent her frustrations. For his part, Emmett was left brokenhearted. The ever sunny vampire could have wept, if vampires were able to cry. Still, he resented Edward for bringing back Bella Swan at home. Rosalie loathed Swan with passion.

The telepath had provoked the clash. Emmett, Jasper and even Alice had advised him avoiding irritating Rosalie. It was better to take their sister away from Bella. Carlisle sent them packing, due to that blasted idiot.

"I'll wreck vengeance on Edward." Emmett asserted, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"How do you intend on avenging yourself?" Rosalie queried, point-blank.

"Dunno"

Panem. Peeta POV

Peeta was quivering with fear owing to his plight. That brute of Cato was yanking Peeta's hair and aiming two knives at him. Cato was grabbing his arms as well.

The crafty teen had just goofed with Katniss and Peeta about a fantastical creatures he made up for escaping the arena. Peeta didn't confide in Cato at all. He wasn't above lying. Just as Peeta was opening his mouth to dissuade Katniss from trusting Cato's words, the girl amazed him. Katniss frowned then brightened to the full. Peeta gaped. Katniss relied on Cato. She disappointed Peeta.

"Yeah. I've ever heard of Jirachi. I've just forgiven its name. I suppose Jirachi can save us if we call upon it." Katniss exulted.

Cato smirked. "Yeah. It's very easy. We must call its name six times, then Jirachi gonna appear." Cato explained.

"How do you know means of invoking Jirachi?" Katniss asked, curiously.

She sounded happy. Peeta wondered whether she was delusional.

"Mom used to worship many gods, such as Arceus the creator and protector of the Multiverses. Jirachi is a god-like creature. If we're believed legends, it can grant any wish."

"You're talking in the past. Your mom gave up her faith?" Katniss quizzed, puzzled.

A few tears trailed down Cato's cheeks which shocked Peeta. At first, he reckoned Cato deceived them pretending crying. However, Peeta realized he seemed honest. Peeta felt tons of tears shedding on his clothes. Peeta raised his head and watched Cato, his heart broke right away. Cato appeared by all means rueful. The male tribute from the 12th district had no longer any doubts. His outlooks totally changed. Perhaps Peeta misjudged the other boy.

"No. The Capitol killed her during a revolt after my elder brother died in this arena two years ago." Cato confessed, in a shaky voice.

Katniss flushed avoiding Cato's eyes as though her question embarrassed her. Peeta winced. Much to Peeta's surprise, he fell for Cato, though the latter was still grappling him. Peeta stopped shaking. He doubted Cato could have harmed him any more. Plus, Cato kinda attracted him. Peeta blushed. He
shouldn't be fantasizing about a bully.

Hogwarts. Dumbledore's office.

Dumbledore was pacing back and forth fuming. Potter was nowhere to be found. That brat had left Private Drive. He didn't grasp how it was transpiring while he arranged the perfect surrounding for creating the ideal weapon.

The Dursleys were supposed to hate Potter's gusts. Did they like their nephew? Damn them to hell. Dumbledore swore to Crucio them. Dumbledore snarled. He shouldn't have counted on ruddy Muggles for abusing and torturing Harry bratty Potter. They prevented him from rescuing The Chosen one, which would have made him popular. Petunia resented Lilly and was jealous of her sister. Maybe Harry grew on her. Unacceptable.

Dumbledore didn't want him to enjoy his stay at Dursleys. Dumbledore had set up a date for picking up Potter before training him for his suicide. Dumbledore already planned to spend Potter's fortune. If the brat survived the goblins wouldn't let Dumbledore embezzled his money. Besides, Potter distrusted him since Sirius Black's death. These factors made harder to manipulate Potter.

He should have demanded one of his ally, cough pawn cough, taking Potter in instead of the Dursleys; thus Dumbledore would have better formed Potter like a short-lived savior. Harry was too independent. Dumbledore rubbed his forehead with frustration. Where was Potter?

His disappearance preoccupied Dumbledore. Maybe Lilly Evans had warned her family about Dumbledore. He knew Lilly Evans had mistrusted him. Fortunately, James Potter had believed in his drivel. Lilly had bemused Dumbledore sacrificing herself for Harry Potter, which resulted in Tom's defeat. Surviving like a wrath for 13 long years. Dumbledore caught a vial then hurled it across the office.

He had to find Potter again, or else he forfeited all his schemes.

Central City. STAR labs. Cisco POV

Catlin gulped down a fifth cup of black coffee. She was still treating Barry's wounds disregarding her growing tiredness, unable to laze even for five minutes.

It turned Cisco's stomach observing Catlin in this condition. Her hands frequently wobbled, besides Catlin often tottered around the room due to her exhaustion but she insisted on curing Barry. Cisco also fretted, he guessed Catlin went on a wild-goose chase. Though she strived to nurse Barry, the speedster didn't either regain consciousness or recovered, yet.

Catlin endlessly wiped away Barry's legs, sewed them up then some moments later his wounds reopened. Cisco was worried. Perhaps other wizards arrived in their world. It brought up a question about the reason why they helped Queen. Whoever supported Queen hated Barry. The first suspect was Zoom. He wished he was the only speedster in the Multiverses. No. Zoom would have preferred killing Barry by himself rather than relied on a lackey.

Out of a sudden, Cisco heard a thud. Catlin had just passed out. Cisco rushed beside her friend.

"Dammit! Catlin!"
Theodore Nott POV

Meanwhile, Theodore Nott was giggling, noticing the Muggle woman had just fainted. He gloated he succeeded in tiring her out.

Nott had voodooed the red one's wounds for reopening, continuously. Voldemort's minion had followed Queen before he charged at his friend. Nott had been very sore discovering Weasel among those Mudbloods until he found out Weasel and Reddy were soulmates. If ever the scruffy stranger died, Weasel rejoined him at once. Theodore Nott beamed wickedly considering a little trick fobbed him off one pest in behalf of his Lord. Voldemort wished his DeathEaters cleaned up all worlds in order to create a brand new universe without any blood traitors, Muggles and Muggleborns or other vile creatures.

Nott couldn't care less Queen was captured, instead he got ready to finish off those who were healing the red one. Weasel would kick the bucket whenever his soulmate died. Nott proceeded towards them. The long-haired man didn't catch sight of Nott as he was entering. He was too focused on his friends. Nott raised his wand for casting an Avada Kedavra curse, suddenly somebody hit him hard with a metal object on the face. Theodore dropped down in shock. Prior to fainting, Nott tried and snatched at his wand. His attacker kicked it away.

"You believe that I'll let you bewitch me, don't you? I've proved you otherwise." A blond woman snapped.
Cisco was covering Catlin up with some blankets making sure she was fine, when the engineer overheard a thud at the rear of Star Labs. Frowning, Cisco rushed to find out what caused that noise.

Fred, Catlin and Barry were helpless in their condition, Cisco swore to protect them. He tiptoed around the premises in the event of facing an enemy. Cisco figured somebody from Fred's world cursed Barry so as not to heal. He didn't understand what was going on. Why bother hexing Barry? The speedster never visited a world that Cisco nicknamed Magicland. As he opened the last door of the west wing of Star Labs, Cisco gaped.

Felicity Smoak was wielding a fry pan while a teen boy was lying down unconscious. Cisco supposed he was younger than Fred. She astounded him. Felicity had attacked a boy until he passed out. What the hell? Cisco cocked his eyebrows. Felicity didn't seem like a freaky woman and yet... She had brought a pan. Who traveled with some kitchen stuff? Cisco gathered his wits pretty soon, then cleared his throat. Felicity pointed the fry pan at Cisco. She dropped it when she glanced at him. Felicity beamed before hugging him with gusto. Cisco was worried about her sanity; she looked a bit bipolar.

"Can you explain to me your kinky behavior?" Cisco blurted out. "You've just assaulted a kid. Why?"

Felicity gazed at him nonplussed. "That tyke is the responsible of all your issues. I was tidying up my desk when he barged into our lair. I assisted the scene. He bewitched Oliver and ordered him to kill his best friend." Felicity revealed.

This news roused Cisco's curiosity. He had already grasped somebody manipulated Queen but he didn't imagine that was a teen. Even though Cisco distrusted Queen, he believed Felicity. The Bowman had no reason of rounding on Barry, besides he had behaved like a possessed man.

"How do you know Oliver was going to molest Barry? I mean Star City is far from Central City." Cisco quizzed, curiously.

"I didn't know yet. I started by ruling out many choices. I wandered around Star City in search of possible targets. Diggle didn't bump into Oliver. Plus, I failed to get through Roy. Barry turned out my third candidate, then I got on the first train to Central City. I caught sight of that little punk next to the station. I made out Barry was the real target, so I bought a fry pan just in case. I was right because he looked ready to kill you as I was entering Star Labs. I acted without thinking. I smashed him. He gave me the creeps. I couldn't let him harm you." Felicity revealed.

Cisco chuckled. "You're badass. He would hesitate twice to wrong you. By the way, thank you. You've saved our lives."

Felicity grinned. "Of course, we're friends. Where's Oliver?"

Panem. President Snow's office

Meantime, President Snow, the evil dictator of Panem, was watching the latest Hunger games. He was incensed as Cato was telling all his woes in front of millions of viewers.
The boy risked moving them and incited them to revolt against his regime. Snow decided to eliminate Cato before that brat triggered a revolution. Snow called two full crews of peacekeepers. Cato's speech inconvenienced the tyrant. Many districts were on the verge of riots, any factors could undermine his authority. No matter how many rebels he killed, trouble endlessly arouse.

Quickly, officers came in and kneeled waiting Snow's orders.

"Kill Cato and Katniss. They're disturbing the show." Snow ordered, deadpan.

"Yes, sir!" The peacekeepers chorused.

After their departures, Snow smirked. No one defied him and got away with it. Snow would crush any vermin threatening his power.

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Lima Hospital. Sebastian Smythe. Pov

One day later, Sebastian Smythe and Kurt Hummel were to hospital for the umpteenth times.

Blaine's gang had roughened them up amid indifferent high school students then chucked them in the dumpsters, as per usual. They got many broken bones which compelled them to be bedridden. Sebastian considered bitterly that nurses would give them some loyalty cards. Nurses and doctors fussied over the duo while Sebastian was ruminating.

Blaine's gang always pestered the friends. Sebastian abhorred those pricks, McKingley, awful teachers and repulsive bystanders. He kept begging his parents to transfer him to Dalton Academy. He heard that this school had a zero tolerance on bullying still, Mr and Mrs Smythe refused to allow him to escape from McKingley. Anyhow, Kurt couldn't have afford it. Sebastian and Kurt literally felt entrapped. Bullies nagged them because of who they were. Teachers ignored them or like Mr Schuester persecuted them as well.

Worse of all, Sebastian's parents gradually rejected their only child. Whenever they dined together, his father glowered at Sebastian muttering homophobic slurs whereas his mother half heartedly talk to him. They never offered him a gift since he had came out. He already expected them to disown their son after his 18th birthday. The brunette dreamed of leaving that damned place without a backward glance and find out a haven far away from brutes or homophobic Neanderthals.

Sebastian never bemoaned his fate because he tried and proved his pride, showing to their enemies they failed to demoralize them. At least, Sebastian encountered a hunky dude in the dumpsters. Rescuers transported him in another room. He drooled thinking about the stranger.

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Brian Braddock's flat. 7 Am

Roy Harper was rolling over and over in the red leather sofa. Every single night, he relived past struggles in Star City. He remembered heaps of corpses during the attacks of Malon Merlyn and Slade Wilson. Roy still blamed himself for not saving more people. Roy pictured the old woman dying near him. She might have lived if he had moved faster.

Roy had a teary face as Brian Braddock aka Captain Britain came into the living room. Brian watched Roy suspiciously. He didn't trust this kid. After all he had confessed of stalking Brian and Steve. It later emerged that he misjudged Roy, especially as the kid was fidgeting in all directions. Something traumatized the former sidekick. Brian approached Roy overlooking his preconceived ideas. Roy was crying which took him aback. This boy appeared so young, he
wondered whether he was an adult or not. Brian realized he shouldn't have projected his loathing of Oliver Queen onto Roy Harper.

Captain Britain's eyes darted back and forth, he noticed their guests were black and blue. He had suffered. Unable to stand by, Brian began contemplating on how to pep up Roy, until he thought of the perfect solution.

He boiled water. A nice cuppa resolved any problems. Steve rejoined him. Brian grinned then he clasped him in his arms to kiss Steve with passion. He let him go when the kettle was smoking. Steve made himself a cup of coffee. Steve hated tea. Brian didn't manage to convince him to taste it. He got two china cups out from the cupboard, placed two teabags, poured some hot water and next dashes of milk. Brian took two spoons as well as a few moist cakes.

Steve prepared the fry up. Brian was satisfied having Steve enjoyed English breakfast. He brought Roy a cuppa. Brian and the kid needed to talk things over.

Pokemon world. New Bark Town

Gold waked up with a start as he heard a noise akin to some paces. He quivered at once, particularly as he noticed the door was ajar. Gold huddled up between the blankets wrapping his arms around his him; he covered his eyes with his hands.

What if Red discovered where he lived and assaulted him again? The teen freaked out whenever he perceived he wasn't alone anymore. Gold panicked then sobbed.

Gold's mother dropped off a tray on Gold's desk containing a delicious homemade breakfast she made herself. She stifled her tears discovering her son that way. She felt the utmost pangs of sadness. Gold used to be a such a cheery and outgoing kid. Now he flinched whenever somebody came near him, he hardly spoke without shuttering or weeping. Gold barely ate whereas he had been so greedy before... Red.

That monster wrecked Gold's life. Never did she loathed anybody so much. Gold's mother crouched beside him resisting the urge to break down. One day, she will track down Red and teach him a lesson. Gold whimpered just as she touched his arm.

"Goldie, it's mom, dear." She announced. Gold kind of mellowed out, right away. "I've brought you a tray of yummy food. Wanna taste it?"

Slowly Slowly, Gold raised his head. "I ain't hu... hu... hungry. M... m... mom." Gold stammered.

His mother hugged him tightly. "Of course. I let the tray if ever you're starved, darling."

Gold nodded then retired into his shell again. Gold pined away because of a stupid criminal for two long months. She didn't know how she could arrange this situation.

La Push. Jacob Black POV

Jacob Black ran away from the Push, brooding over the fact he had became an outcast for opposing Sam on a few decisions. The Alpha werewolf had ejected Jacob from the pack. Most of the Quileutes turned their back on him, even his father remained aloof. Jacob was sick and tired of them judging him. The tribe considered him a traitor except for Seth.

Jacob actually differed with Sam a lot. Sam was so bossy. He grated on his nerves. The Alpha often
got on at Jacob for imprinting a girl, though Jacob kept repeating he swung both ways. Sam always wrinkled his nose in disgust when he confessed who he really was. Plus, many other boys forsook Jacob for fear of turning gay whatever that meant. It didn't matter he was obsessed with Bella Swan or dated more girls, his so-called buddies debuked him like an anomaly.

Maybe Jacob acted cravenly by fleeing, at least he was able to start enjoying a free life. Jacob dashed through the forest surrounding la Push and Fork. He hoped not encountering those blasted leeches. Jacob shifted as quick as ever, until he arrived in a clearing. He slumped into a stump, breathless. He hadn't changed for not alerting his pack.

Jacob rummaged in his backpack and found three rolls in a foil. He devoured them, next thought about his future. He promised himself not coming back to LA Push. Jacob refused that the tribe dictated how he existed. Bella's house wasn't an option either. She trifled with Jacob's affection. Consequently, Jacob tended to avoid her.

First, Jacob should find a job and a place to live. He didn't bring much money.

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**Arceus.POV**

Arceus was awkening. It assisted at all events taking place during its sleep afterwards. Arceus refrained from killing Red since Gold's assault. Seeing that Red was fated to play a part in the oncoming war between good and evil. The god could have great powers however it was subjected to Fate's rules. Although it was concerned, Arceus dismissed Gold's problems, reluctantly. Gold had to recover all by himself.

Besides, Arceus never manipulated emotions, instead it focused on other worlds. Arceus gloated as it remarked Felicity Smoak had knocked out Nott. She probably saved many lives in the process. Then, Arceus noted that Sebastian and Kurt were to hospital. Again. Ablazed with anger, it handled Blaine's gang's case harshly. Arceus smashed some invisible and foul-smelling slime on all these bullies. The reek would humble them. As for Emmett or Rosalie Cullen, Arceus was at a loss what to do. The two mighty beings cared much for their coven and vice versa. Arceus presumed they were bound to end their argument. Still, Arceus choked with sheer rage discovering President Snow's orders. The dictator was long overdue a fair chastisement.

Arceus couldn't have disappointed Cato, Katniss as well as Peeta. They would survive.
Deadpool

New York. Deadpool's apartment

Deadpool stuffed his face with chimichanga while Lester was sipping a cup of coffee and gulping down a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Lester aka Bullseye also ate some toasts thinking about Harry Potter. Wade had suffered a serious setback as he didn't manage to pinpoint and knock Potter off. Nonfazed, Wade chatted all by himself. Lester smiled ignoring Wade's babble about a crazed narrator or yellow bubbles.

Lester sometimes wondered why he dated such an insane guy then he realized soon they complemented each other well. Both of them hadn't a qualm about slaughtering men, women, kids or animals. People called them names. They didn't care less. Harry had to die. Failing wasn't an option.

"What do you plan to do today?" Lester asked blankly.

"I wanna kill the neighbor." Wade chuckled. "She criticized chimichanga. I gonna transfix her like a skewer."

Lester giggled. "Shot me some photos, hon'. Seriously though, I'm talking about Potter. We gotta find him."

Wade's grin slightly faded. "Yeah. We're butchering that little prat. Nobody escapes me." He added merrily. "First, I kill our sweet blind neighbor."

Lester smirked. "Cold-hearted bastard. No. First, we should play hopscotch."

Wade clapped. They were ready to enjoy a new day. Lester hoped they could locate the Potter boy. The couple craved for receiving many bucks.

The Burrow. Ginny POV

Meanwhile in a particular house, a devasted family tried to move on after a fashion. This family was the Weasleys. Bill's death still upset them apart from Ginny.

The only daughter of the family didn't give a damn. She had never liked Bill. Ginny despised all her kins. They were just a bunch of goody-goody, stupid, poor people. Ginny desired so much more. Money, influence, popularity and power. Anyhow, she gloated watching Molly Weasley's distress. She wouldn't ever demean herself to call that pathetic excuse of a witch her mother. Molly was so bossy, she always grated on her nerves. At that, Molly was weeping which rejoiced Ginny; though she faked mourning for Bill.

Ginny needed the Weasleys to care for her. She was a princess so she was entitled to have lackeys like her relatives. One day she should hand them over to Voldemort. Ginny was pondering on some misdeeds for getting richer when three unworthy guests apparated in the front yard.

Snape, McGonagall and that Mudblood Granger had just arrived. Great. The Muggle nuisance stained her house again. Ginny shared the Dark Lord's beliefs. Muggleborns didn't deserve magic. She proceeded with caution. She bit her lip until she was crying. Regardless of what she was thinking, Ginny sniffed and welcomed them without sneering at Granger.
Honestly, Ronald disappointed her consorting with that lot. Of course, she knew that her disgraceful family were blood traitors through and through. They had no honour. Ginny promised herself to make sure of eliminating them one by one. The Dark Lord would be grateful. Putting up her occlumency walls, Ginny opened the door. Pathetic Muggle lovers.


"Good morning Ms Weasley. Are your parents in at the moment?" McGonagall asked.

"Oh yes. Please come in. Mum is preparing breakfast. We've been missing Bill but we attempt to keep on our lives. It's so hard. He left a gap in our lives."

"Sorry for your loss" Both professors chorused, in a full of sympathy voice.

Ginny scoffed inwardly until Granger hugged her. She fulminated. That animal dared to touch her.

"Thank you. Your words move me. I must lie down. I've hardly slept that night."

McGonagall, Snape and Granger entered. Ginny chuckled. They were so gullible. She fooled them easily. No one could prevent her from obtaining what her dark heart longed for; but there again, Ginny was just a silly stalker of Harry Potter. Folks underestimated her. Ginny proved them wrong.

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Darkworld. Susanna POV

After Susanna as well as Diego Fuego had encountered two Lockdiers mauling a villager; the siblings had wandered around Darkworld for forgetting that horrible scene. They had nibbled a few berries and fruits then slept out in the open air using their jackets like covers. At down, they headed back to Clearwater, which was their village's name. It was a little place out in the sticks at the top of a rocky mountain. Clearwater boasted of an inn, two farms, a wooden town hall and a forge. Only six hundred people lived there.

At 7 am, Susanna and Diego were coming into the village when they overheard a noise. Susanna wheeled around to notice that Jason, their brother, was getting ready to jump in the river which bordered Clearwater. He was wearing a pair of trunks. Jason looked set to leap toward the river from a cliff. Dammit! Tombstoning was one of Jason's and Diego's favorite hobbies. Susanna scurried for Jason, Diego tagged along behind her.

"Idiot!" Susanna roared, slapping Jason. "Watch out! The river is dangerous. Do you want to die?!!"

Jason pouted rubbing his cheek. Diego snickered. "Ouch! You needn't hit me! I just wanna have fun. You're worrying too much. Live a bit."

"We passed two Lockdiers devouring a villager. I refuse one of you finish in their bowels."

"Whatever" Jason sassed rolling his eyes.

"Susanna is paranoid. She's afraid of her own shadow." Diego teased. Jason sniggered. Diego shrugged as Susanna glared at him. "Your glares don't affect me, sis'"'

Susanna snarled. Rather than quarreling with them, she grabbed her brothers' arms and steered them to their home. Surprisingly enough, Diego and Jason didn't resist. Susanna let them go once they had arrived. Mr Fuego slept off the booze as usual. He was slumbed in an armchair. Susanna wrinkled
her nose. She felt nothing but repugnance and hate for their father. Besides, Susanna ascribed all their problems to Mr Fuego.

She chose to ignore their worthless father. Jason and Diego dashed back to the village during the seconds she glanced at the drunk. They giggled. Growling, Susanna chased after those reckless whelps. She was fed up with it.

The Burrow. Ginny POV

In the meantime, Ginny was amusing herself in her bedroom amid photos of herself. Ginny Weasley adored Ginny Weasley in contrast of her scorning everybody. No one matched her perfection. Grinning, Ginny was writing down on a diary her ideas to get wealthy and powerful.

"1) Compel Potter to have a crush on me, if necessary I’ll brew a love potion or impero him. I’ll kill Potter once I’m pregnant. I’ll take over his fortune in behalf of our child. I’ll drown our dear child in the guise of an accident afterwards. I don’t share MY money."

Ginny tittered. That blasted Half-Blood didn't deserve it, anyway. Besides, he was an out gay, which scandalized Ginny. She didn't forget the day she had followed Potter for offering him a glass of pumpkin juice spiked with a strong love potion. Cursing her little legs she hadn't managed to catch up with him until Potter was locking himself in an empty room at Hogwarts. She didn't miss Michael Corner entering soon after. As she eaversdropped, Ginny did hear them making out. Steaming mad, she had ransacked a nearby room. Ever since she bore a grudge against Corner.

"Slay Michael Corner. Slay Michel Corner. He must die in agony. Farewell Corner! Die Corner!"

Ginny was learning dark magic in the hope of disposing of Corner. She didn't allow a filthy Ravenclaw to steal HER Harry, HER wallet. Ginny needed the contents of Potter’s vaults. She would never let Corner interfere with her plots. Maybe she should find out a book about the Fiendfyre curse. She projected to liquidate Corner thanks to this hex.

"I’ll shove Dumbledore down the stairs then bring his corpse to Lord Voldemort. Or I’ll stab the old meddlesome coot. The Dark Lord will be glad."

Ginny burst out laughing. She didn't remark she was being observed, closely. Obviously, she noted down another trickery.

"I’ll impero Molly to force her to poison food she serves. My siblings and Arthur’ll pass away. I hope they give her the Dementor’s Kiss."

Ginny beamed. The Wizarding world would support the poor grief stricken girl. Ginny exulted. She bet they was bound to spoil her offering many gifts or jewels for comforting her. Ginny couldn’t wait for fulfilling all those schemes. She merited the best. Ginny was a goddess.

The surroundings of Fork. Emmett POV

The rain was teeming down as Emmett and Rosalie quit another hotel. They were looking for a room. They tried and fled that bloody weather. It didn't stop. Rosalie endlessly kept complaining about her soaked hair. Every single time she sneezed, Emmett gritted his fangs. Rosalie irritated him. Drenched to the skin, they were a sorry sight.

Furthermore, Carliste’s rejection still recurred. He felt dejected. Emmett didn't grasp that Rosalie insisted on overlooking their plight or emphasizing petty details rather than revealing the truth. She
missed the Cullens, too. Emmett knew Rosalie was way too proud to admit it. Their whole world had just scattered and yet Rosalie fumed and sniped at Bella Swan. Emmett attempted to ignore her, pondering on what to do next.

They were roaming since they had left the tarn. Worse of all, no hotel's room seemed available which led them to paddle. This was Edward's fault. Nothing obliged him to lust after a mortal. Emmett was sick and tired of that downpour. Drops blurred his sight whereas he often wiped them with a cloth.

"How about going to Canada?" Emmett suggested, half-heartedly.

"Why?" Rosalie queried, icily.

"We can find lots of animals to hunt. They are some covens over there. Maybe they'll accept us."

Rosalie didn't reply but she rushed to the frontier. Emmett smiled. They could begin a new adventure as well as chanced on welcoming covens for forming a family, like the Cullens.

### Brian's flat. Brian POV

Brian approached Roy. The kid was still thrashing around in the sofa. Brian frowned. Roy seemed quite terrified. Resolute to find out what was going on, Brian shook him awake. He distrusted Roy, though he tended to cheer people up. As a result, Brian wished he could help him. He doubted that Roy put on an act. Nobody was so manipulative.

Roy opened his eyes before squeaking with fear as he was facing the Brit. He sat upright quailing. Roy observed him warily. Brian smirked. He was satisfied he succeeded in impressing the former vigilante. Brian settled down next to Roy. The latter lay prostrate before Brian in fright. Whenever he took a peek at Roy, the kid wailed or flinched. Brian sighed, especially as the kid began cowering. Brian presumed he might have overdid. Besides, Roy looked down. Brian was musing on how to comfort him. Though he had stalked them, Roy did inform him on the Rogues and Oliver Queen. Brian would stop those criminals.

"Relax, kid. I'm not going to attack you. Care to explain what's the matter? Have you got nightmares?" Brian quizzed.

"No... No. I'm okay, sir." Roy quavered. "I just... dreamed."

"Don't lie." Brian ordered roughly. "You've made up some lame excuses for concealing the fact that something shocked you. So, I repeat my question. What's the matter?"

Brian untied Roy's hands. Roy whined like a wounded animal. It broke Brian's heart. A leaden silence fell between them. Roy slouched his shoulders. He tensed up whenever Brian glanced at him, trembling like a leaf at the same time. Certainly, Brian fully appreciated Roy remembered not messing with him, however the kid bemused him looking so scared. He almost felt bad for the clash they had had the previous day.

Brian had the impression that he had behaved like a child beater. Roy looked so young. Perhaps he was still a teen, which made him all the more determined to castigate Oliver Queen. He had used a mere lad. Brian decided to drink a cuppa while Roy was getting a grip of himself very gradually. From the kitchen a delicious smell wafted into the living room. Roy cast him sidelong glances as though he was gauging what Brian's attitude would be. Brian guessed they were making some progress at the very last.
"Drink your tea to begin with. It's getting cold." Brian commanded softly.

Although Roy made a face, he complied presto. Brian sighed. Like Steve the kid didn't like tea. The Americans can't enjoy a nice cuppa. Brian refrained from comment. The former sidekick was still shuddering, he avoided frightening Roy further. Brian had rather traumatized him.

"So, explain. What happened to you? Don't give me any bullshit. I know you've endured something. It's weighing on your conscience." Brian asserted.

"I failed. I'm responsible for so many deaths." Roy confessed with a sad glint in the eye.

Roy cringed in the couch when Brian bristled. What?! The kid had slaughtered people like his "model"?!! He was pretty sure Queen had rubbed off on Roy. Queen was a darn threat, he influenced others to imitate his so called justice. Brian subdued the urge of anger as he glowered at Roy until he perceived that Roy was holding back his tears. The kid was gnawed by remorse.

Steve displayed this kind of expression whenever he talked about Tony Stark and Bucky Barnes. Each time Steve was mentioning Barnes, Brian choked with jealousy; as far as he was aware Steve continued loving Barnes.

He couldn't visualize Queen regretting his acts. Instead of jumping to conclusions and punishing Roy, Brian studied their guest. Roy was stocky, averted his eyes. Plenty of concern and anxiety was emanating from him. Roy didn't feel confident. Brian had a hard time picturing him as a killer. Okay, he could be deceiving him still, he didn't believe it.

It was time to clear all misunderstandings once and for all.

"Did you murder them?" Brian asked, confused.

"No... I didn't rescue them. I caused their deaths.

Michael Corner, POV

At the very moment, Michael Corner was moping during Harry's absence. He clutched a lion plush Harry had sent him just as Michael had bought him a raven plush. His boyfriend went on holiday two weeks ago, he returned home the next week. Michael couldn't wait for kissing, fondling and cuddling Harry. They had planned to meet in Diagon Alley in order to get their school supplies. Together.

Of course, they regularly wrote letters to each other, though it didn't soothe much his sorrow. Many things reminded him of Harry. Pumpkin juice or butterbeer they sipped in the same glass. At nightfall, they often played Quidditch on the Hogwarts pitch for hours to end up snogging in the shower afterwards. Michael couldn't see a Quidditch pitch or any items related to this sport without depressing during the summer break. Michael remembered with nostalgia each time they exchanged to each other sweets or cakes.

Plus, they usually ate in couple at mealtimes either on Gryffindor's table or on Ravenclaw's one, disregarding loads of leers boring into their backs. Harry's fan-girls or fan-boys resented their relationship. They hissed, muttered in Michael's direction, sneering whenever he snapped. He refused they spoiled their pleasure. They were bound to get over it, eventually.

Michael was gazing absent-mindedly at the ceiling until an owl rapped on the window. Turning his head, Michael recognized Hedwig right now. Harry's owl brought him a letter from his boyfriend. Michael shouted for joy before opening her. Hedwig flew into Michael's room in all her
majesty. She perched on his arm and hooted. Michael petted her then offered her some fresh water that he changed everyday in case Hedwig visited him. Hedwig stretched out a paw which contained a parcel. Michael untied it carefully. Hedwig nibbled at his ear fondly next she flew back outwards.

Michael ripped open the parcel showing his eagerness. Michael discovered a letter, a tee-shirt and... a lighter. What the heck?! He didn't smoke. Michael was worrying about Harry's sanity until he brushed the object. An invisible force gripped his navel and dragged him to an unknown destination. Michael screamed in panic. What was wrong with Harry?! He landed up in a park.

Some huge towers surrounded it. Groups of people kicked in an egg-shaped ball. Michael gasped. A young man was watching tons of moving pictures on a metal roundish thingy. He was pretty sure they were emitting sounds as if they could speak. Michael surmised the shock of traveling that way had him raving.

"Yikes! Where am I?" Michael exclaimed in disbelief.

"Hi Mike! Do you like my portkey?" Harry greeted him, appearing in front of Michael.

"Harry..." Michael trailed off. He had red-rimmed eyes.

Without waiting, Michael pounced on Harry and kissed him all over. The lovers nestled against each other.

Arceus. POV

Arceus was cursing Ginny Weasley. The little lunatic had just joined its growing list of foes. She would be a pain.

It was delighted that Harry and Michael got together or Brian convincing Roy to express himself about what was plaguing his dreams. On the other hand, Arceus despaired of Deadpool. It should wait before reaching a decision. Arceus set aside Darkworld owing to the fact it didn't sense any lurking dangers yet. The planet remained perilous.

Other worlds needed its assistance.
Meeting

Chapter Summary

This chapter focuses on Harry and Michael.Derek Hale,Jackson Whittermore and Isaac Lahey are wizards in this series.

Michael Corner fell in love with Harry since the first day he bumped into him amid other hostile students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. This unfading memory had him smiling as he was hugging Harry.

Michael couldn't believe he was dating him yet. Michael sometimes considered himself unworthy of such an honour. He also remembered quite well many people had tried and prevented them from seeing each other. Harry Potter was the Boy-who-lived, so the mob who make up their world claimed that they were entitled to set high standards for their hero, which didn't include going out with a guy. Michael smirked. Their enemies had failed. They still frowned upon their relationship but Michael did know Harry loved him and vice versa.

Flashback

Their first encounter happened during their fifth year at Hogwarts. The Ministry asserted Harry was an attention seeker who longed for sowing discord thanks to his fairy tales about You-know-who. The newspapers ridiculed Harry. Basically, both refused to acknowledge You-know-who was back. This was a difficult period for Harry. Most of students believed in the Ministry's drivel. They criticized the former Golden boy, called him names such as unhinged liar, batty Potter or other slurs. The students pointed at him, emulated Harry's actions for debunking him and they never hesitate to denigrate Harry.

Besides, Umbridge particularly victimized Harry, however his future boyfriend didn't yield to pressure. He kept repeating You-know-who returned. For his part, Michael doubted Harry was flimflaming the whole school. Harry didn't seem like a weirdo contrary to Luna Lovegood. Derek Hale, Isaac Lahey and Jackson Whittermore, Michael's best friends, didn't confide in Harry's story. They often joked him. Michael kept silent in his defense of Harry for fear of alienating his mates. He dreaded to become an outcast.

During this fateful day, Michael waked up at 6 a.m. as usual. He put on a blue tracksuit and red trainers then he went out of the Ravenclaw's dorm for his morning jog around the castle. Michael ran ten laps next he did sixty press-ups settling in the grass beside Hagrid's hut. Panting, Michael downed a bottle of water. He headed back to the Ravenclaw Tower for having a shower. The sweat was pouring off him. Suddenly as he was entering the hall, he chanced on Malfoy and his minions belittling Harry. The latter rushed to hide in lavatory. His lips tightened Michael chased after him without thinking.

When he found Harry again, he was sobbing. Michael swore to tell off those slimy snakes. Michael crept up behind Harry very slowly for not frightening him. Michael's eyes roved over Harry. He had to admit the former idol of the Wizarding world was gorgeous. Michael ogled him until he got a hard-on. Embarrassed, Michael had his fingers crossed for Harry didn't notice that.
The Ravenclaw teen forced himself to picture Draco Malfoy naked, which solved this issue at once. The ferret face was so ugly, he gave him the creeps. Plus, Michael disliked that kind of posh guy. His heart was pumping as he glanced at Harry. Shaking his head, Michael began cogitating about ways to make conversation. He crouched, cleared his throat before speaking.

"Hiya Potter. You shouldn't listen those social misfits. They aren't worth it." Michael awowed in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Bog off!" Harry yowled, covering his face with both hands.

"No way. I believe you Potter. You-know-who's back. The Ministry's been lying to us for months. I wanna help you." Michael confessed.

Harry gazed at him through his fingers as though he was gauging him. Despite his tearful appearance, Michael admired Harry's vivid green eyes. Both teens stared at each other until Harry looked away. The Gryffindor relaxed a tad. Michael plopped down to the left of Harry. They felt silent. Michael blushed whenever he peeked at Harry. He realized he had a crush on Harry. Michael wondered how he managed to be sorted in Ravenclaw, at times. Michael wasn't subtle. Harry half smiled, which indicated Michael's antics didn't upset him.

"No offense but... Who are you? I don't know you." Harry asked, wiping his tears with an arm.

Michael grinned. "None taken! My name is Michael Corner."

Michael stuck his hand out to shake. Much to Michael's pleasure, Harry squeezed it straight away. They were about to chat when Derek, Isaac and Jackson barged into the room. They immediately wrinkled their noses and sneered at Harry, showing their disgust. Michael got flustered. He wanted to comfort Harry still, he cared for his friends. Michael swallowed hard when they glowered at him as if he had just betrayed them. Michael gulped. Cursing his own cowardice, he cringed in a corner by quashing the urge to protect Harry. He knew what was bound to transpire afterwards.

"Mike! What the heck are you doing? Don't associate with that nutcase!" Derek snapped.

"Yeah. He's maundering about he-who-must-not-be-named. That bloke needs his head examined." Isaac pipe up, waspishly.

"Use your brain, Mike. That psycho's making up loads of nonsense. Don't let that thing bullshit you." Jackson rebuked scornfully.

"That boaster demands we must worship him. He's delusional." Derek added.

"Being Dumbledore's pet made Potter arrogant." Isaac said popping the last world.

Harry fled his eyes filled with tears. The trio burst out laughing. Michael didn't dare to stand up for him. Shameful, Michael nodded then moved off, at least that was he intended on doing until the three teens blocked his way. Michael sighed. He had just abandoned Harry while his friends resented how he behaved. Derek grabbed Michael's arm roughly. Michael flinched.

"Watch out Mike. Stop talking to Potter or else you'll regret it. Got it?" Derek threatened.


Michael tried to escape but Derek tightened his grip.
"Where are you going? You're gonna follow that maniac? You disappoint us." Isaac huffed

"No. I want to wash and get changed. I can't study like this." Michael claimed, pointing at his sweaty clothes.


Derek as well as Isaac sniggered. Derek let him go after shoving him to the ground. Michael scurried for the exit. His so called friends glared at him boring hole into Michael's back. They didn't forgive him. Michael was appalled that his mates could have turned out so cruel. He had misjudged them. Maybe Michael should have picked nicer friends.

Terry Boot or Anthony Goldstein appeared pleasant. No. Their friendship was impossible. Derek had broken Terry's nose just for fun once. He belittled everyone and he also hit the other Ravens. Jackson regularly stole Anthony's stuff. Every single day Isaac made Luna Lovegood and firsties cry. Gosh! Michael grasped in horror he hanged out with bullies.

Derek Hale. POV

Derek growled after Michael's departure. Frankly, he didn't understand Mike. Didn't he make out Potter was insane? Even Loony Lovegood looked more stable than Potter. Derek promised himself to prick Michael's bubble. He knew Michael was gay, which he accepted by the way. On the other hand, what Derek didn't tolerate was Michael got randy around Potter.

Derek knew about Michael's obstinacy. They warned him that Michael was bound to fall into disrepute consorting with Potter in vain. Michael was lying. He craved for getting in touch with a madman somehow. Michael impelled Derek, Isaac and Jackson to react accordingly, for his own good. They were friends after all.

"Jackson follow Michael. Make sure he's heading for the tower. Isaac, come. We'll have a little... talk with Potter." Derek ordered, smirking.

Jackson nodded then sprinted off, promptly. The hell Derek let Potter manipulate Michael. Derek cracked his knuckles. It was time to teach to Potter a lesson or two for not messing up with their friend. Out of the corner of his eye, Derek noted that Isaac was grinning. They exited then hunted down the Gryffindor.

Harry Potter. POV

Michael wasn't the only one who remembered their first meeting. Harry beamed while he was wrapping his hands around Michael. His boyfriend rather missed him during the long summer break. The couple had faced up many difficulties.

Seeing that plenty of folks endeavoured to impede their budding link, friends and relatives included; they had accomplished a feat. Harry clutched Michael's body relishing this moment. Ever since Sirius had been killed by Lestrange, Harry was an emotional wreck, especially as Michael lived in Ireland; which kept Harry from speaking to him. Obviously, they wrote to each other, however it wasn't enough. Harry needed Michael's presence so much so he pined away without him. Michael became the centre of his universe, his anchor in life. Harry wept on Michael's shoulder as the latter tapped him on the back. Michael caressed him in support.
Flashback

People nicknamed Harry the Chosen one, the Boy-who-lived, the Golden boy, the brat and more recently the Boy-who-lied and so on. Harry loathed those who created such lame names. Each year he spent in the Wizarding world, he came back to study at Hogwarts with great trepidation, fearing what was in store for him. In the course of the last four years, Harry had risked dying once a month thanks to a certain old goat or an obsessive serial killer. Harry only wished he grew up like an ordinary teen.

Unfortunately, Voldemort or Ghastly mug as Harry dubbed him, was a lunatic set to blight Harry's existence attempting to murder him by fair means or fool since he was one year old! Dumbledore treated him like a mere weapon under the guise of a benevolent grandfather figure. Harry didn't trust the crook at all. He wasn't gullible. Dumbledork served of him. The Headmaster and Voldy endlessly nurtured some schemes to rule over their community transforming other witches and wizards into pieces of a giant chessboard.

Plus, Harry didn't forget had left in the Dursley's doorstep with only a thin cover and a letter during a cold night of November. Stray animals could have ripped him apart. Perverts could have abducted him. Luckily enough, the Dursleys adored Harry. They pampered their nephew they considered a son or a baby brother. His surrogate mother Petunia always cosetted Harry and spoiled him. She force fed him of delicious homemade muffins as well as yummy dishes or pastries. Her eyes glintened with pride whenever she peeked at Harry.

Their fifth year at Hogwarts School turned out nightmarish. Ever since he had revealed Voldemort's return, the Ministry slandered and libeled Harry. Fudge refused Harry or Dumbledore acquainted their community with the fact they were in danger owing to Ghastly mug. The pink toad Umbridge tried her damnest to silence him even if it meant torturing Harry. Most of the students rejected, abused or insulted him whispering and muttering as he passed them. Harry quashed upsurges of anger when one of those sheep picked on him, obliging himself not to hex or punch them. Harry barely contained his annoyance. Resorting to violence would have ignited the jittery situation. Hermione and Ron supported him through this ordeal but because of their prefect's duties they left him alone quite a lot.

This factor led to a series of events that launched Harry's and Michael's relationship.

Their first encounter took place whereas Hermione and Ron had been summoned in McGonagall's office. Harry waked up early around 6 a.m to have breakfast in the Great Hall as most of students remained in their dorms. Classes only started at 8 a.m. Harry was going to reach the Hall when Malfoy and his minions appeared. Great. He hadn't the energy to deal with them. Malfoy, Nott, Goyle, Zabini and Parkinson leered at him.

Honestly, Harry couldn't fathom it. What did Malfoy and co hound him for? He guessed Malfoy hated his guts for choosing Ron instead of him. Harry only desired they vanished. He had already his work cut out. Harry despised Malfoy. He was a sneaky, bullish bigot. Besides, he behaved like a daddy's son, strutting around Hogwarts as if he owned the place.

"Oh look, Potter is forlorn. What happened? Dumby didn't give you any sweets? Have you lost your favorite quill for signing authographs? Potty don't forget your mind draughts. St Mungo is watching you. " Malfoy sneered.

The Slytherins snickered.

"Shut up Malfoy! Clear off, gits!" Harry hissed gritting his teeth.

"Nobody likes you Potter. Even the Weasel and that Mudblood Granger are bound to dump you. Do yourself a favor. Commit suicide. " Nott added.

"Do you think you the sow you call your mom... Nah, I've forgotten. You never knew your repulsive mother. The Dark Lord disposed of her. Poor Scarface he's an orphan." Zabini tittered.

Dejected, Harry ran off as the herd of Slytherins jeered at him relentlessly. They had hit a sore point. Harry made a beeline for the nearest toilet. Sniveling, he collapsed on a wall. His body drooped as he was breaking down. Harry didn't notice Michael sneaked into the lavatory. He could count on the reptiles for kicking him about when he was already down. Harry rubbed his face refusing to let Malfoy demoralize him further.

Harry vowed revenge on Malfoy's gang. No matter what he had to do, they would pay for this. Perhaps he wavered owing to his plight but they wouldn't get away with it. Harry was torn between sadness and resentment towards the snakes. Harry didn't notice Michael approaching nor he perceived his lust for him until Michael cleared his throat. "Great. Another creep." Harry thought, bitterly. Although, the other boy was different. The Ravenclaw had never pestered him or talked to him for that matter.

Harry gasped eying up the interloper. Michael stood 5 foot 8 and radiated confidence. The Ravenclaw had sharp, steely blue eyes, broad shoulders as well as a fair complexion, which contrasted with Harry's olive one. Michael was an hunky, short-haired brunette. What really caught Harry's attention was his bulging muscles that improved Michael's sporty frame. Harry drooled over his beauty. It lightly alleviated the sorrow he felt.

Obviously, Harry snapped after the teen had rambled fake gentle words. He didn't relied on a manipulative nobody. He barely needed a younger Dumbledork. Still, the more Michael spoke the more Harry realized he presumably misjudged him. Harry reckoned he should grant that Michael really attempted to help him. It was just his ingrained suspicious attitude towards strangers that stopped him to give in to the urge of flirting with Michael.

A smile flickered on Michael's handsome lips until three teens showed up. Harry tensed up, especially as Michael backed away allowing his friends to belittle Harry. No. Michael decoyed him into staying in the smelly spot until his mates turned up. Michael wouldn't fool him twice.

That ultimate betrayal embittered Harry. Aunt Petunia was right. The Wizarding world didn't deserve him; apart from the Weasleys, Hermione, Neville, Professors McGonagall and Flitwick as well as Hagrid, all witches and wizards deceived or used him. Harry stupidly expect him to be a gem. Michael glanced away whenever Harry stared at him for assistance. How brave of him. If only Harry could leave that wrecked castle. Harry didn't fit in this bunch of backstabbers.

Harry paid no attention as the three bullies scoffed as he buzzed off. Harry intended to avenge himself on Michael in defiance of his lust for appeasing his pain. First, Harry had to concoct some ideas. Malfoy, his lackeys, Corner and the traitor Seamus Finnigan were his first targets.
Chapter Summary

This chapter and the following one are only composed of flashbacks

Derek Hale.POV

Derek and Isaac chased after Harry Potter through the Hall. Derek didn't permit Potter to brainwash Michael to believe You-know-who returned, much less seduce their friend. Derek was livid. Michael allowed himself being manipulated because he fantasized on Potter. Mike could find another love interest like Jackson. The latter became infatuated with Mike for years.

Derek and Isaac encountered Potter in front of the Great Hall. Derek grabbed Potter's arm, Isaac punched the Golden boy straight away. Derek sighed. Isaac already lost patience. Potter screamed in pain until Derek covered his mouth with a hand. Dragging a restless victim the duo brought the liar to a corner far away from staring students. Isaac giggled muttering some slurs on Potter. Derek sighed. Frankly, he didn't grasp how Isaac had been sorted in Ravenclaw, even if he didn't complain. He was fun to hang out besides Isaac made him laugh humiliating Loony Lovegood.

Isaac ushered them to an empty room. Derek shoved Potter to the floor roughly while Isaac was banging the door shut. Derek noticed by smiling Potter flinched. Good. They daunted him. Derek cast a spell for locking the entrance.

'What the heck!? Let me go gits!' Harry snarled.

Derek slammed him on a wall. 'Don't speak psycho! I warn you. If ever you come near Michael again, you'll end up in the medical wing. Got it? I'm craving to use a powerful hex I've learned yesterday. I need a guinea pig. Interested?' Derek threatened.

Potter gulped, so Derek smirked. Isaac guffawed. They were about to have a nice chat when McGonagall, Flitwick and Snape appeared. Dammit! Derek was still gripping Potter's arm. There was no way he could fabricate some stories. Isaac looked the adults with mock horror.

"What's the meaning of this?" McGonagall boomed out.

She shot daggers at Derek as he was went away from Potter. Derek feigned a smile. Snape flashed him a look of utter disgust. Isaac grinned. Derek admired his lying abilities.

"Derek and Harry are dating. They were making out when you entered. No offense but..."

"Enough!" Flitwick snapped cutting him off. Derek gaped at him. Their Head of House seldom got annoyed. "Both of you disappoint me, boys. Two weeks of detention and fifty points from Ravenclaw. Each! Don't let it happen again! Go eat boys. I'll thank Terry Boot. He informed me you'll try to assault Mr Potter."

Gritting his teeth, Derek nodded then stormed off. Isaac tagged along behind him. Boot ratted on them. How dare he?! Derek balled his fists. He decided to drown Boot in a pool of blood. Boot's blood. Derek sensed Isaac was also steaming mad. The squeaker had to pay.
Three weeks later. Michael POV

During a sunlit day of early October, Michael was in the throes of doing abs next to Hagrid's hut when Jackson sat beside him. Michael grinned as he began working out, too. Jackson was the last person who talked to him at that moment. Derek and Isaac resented Michael's attraction for Harry Potter. Plus, they blamed him for the weeks they spent in detention. Flitwick caught them beating up Terry Boot right in the middle of the Common room.

Derek menaced to kill whoever dared to associate with Michael, not without spreading the news this "renegade" loved Harry. Only Jackson and Lovegood didn't reject or attempted to trip him. Michael was surrounded with leers in the Ravenclaw Tower. Harry gave him murderous looks as they passed each other. Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, Harry's best friends, cast him death glares whenever they bumped into him. What Michael dreaded came true. He was an outcast. Even the other houses snubbed Michael. Harry loathed him which demoralized Michael the most. He really started to love Harry.

Meanwhile, Jackson reformed himself. He used to brutalize other students especially his pet peeve Goldstein, now he studied hard rather than persecuted people, remained in Michael's side, though he was an ugly duckling; supporting him while Derek and Isaac abandoned them. Jackson changed for the better. Jackson followed Michael everywhere. He even agreed to start jogging and training, grudgingly. Derek had been banned from the Quidditch team after attacking Terry Boot. Derek had thrown a fit and broke Roger Davies's nose when the Ravenclaw captain announced it. Michael convinced Jackson to take advantage of it for replacing Derek as a chaser. Michael was already a beater for the Ravenclaw's.

Michael was baffled they never kicked him out of the team. He supposed they couldn't deprive themselves of his talents.

Anyway, Michael enjoyed spending time with his best friend. Jackson's presence mitigated Michael's grief. He didn't know what he would do if he ended up alone. Derek failed to leave Michael totally isolated.

Harry. POV

The two Ravens working out didn't know Harry was observing them. Harry felt a whirlpool of emotions facing such a view. Michael's and the unknown teen's dubious closeness kindled a surge of jealousy in Harry's soul. They endlessly touched beside they acted couply. They kept beaming at each other. They were verging on displaying their affection. Harry groused. Although, he endeavored to forget him, Harry dwelled on Michael's memories. Harry longed for kissing the Irish boy.

In the course of the last weeks, Harry had realized he was not only attracted to Michael but in love with him as well. Consequently, Harry hated to pretend loathing him so as not being roughed up by Derek Hale and Isaac Lahey. Both of them had him terrified. He didn't understand Mike. Those guys were awful bullies. They even manhandled Luna, one of the softest girl Harry had ever met. What did Michael consort with them for? This situation embittered him. Harry loved Michael, he knew or at least he presumed Michael loved him too and yet Derek forced them to ignore each other. Never did Harry detest a person so much... No. He was raving. Voldemort, Snape, Dumbledork and Malfoy surpassed his exasperation towards Derek bloody Hale. Michael obsessed him. Harry sometimes wondered if the Ravenclaw had jinxed him.

Harry fastened his eyes on Michael's body. He drooled ogling his bum. He still lusted after Michael and yet he abstained from fessing up. Derek or Isaac would skin him alive. They didn't stop threatening him if he dated Michael, which amazed him. Luna told him the creeps turned their backs...
on Michael, implored Harry to follow suit but attempted to meddle in Michael's life. Harry often ran after Michael in order to watch him. No, he wasn't stalking him. Unfortunately, Derek and Isaac tracked him down then intimidated him into dismissing his own feelings when he found Michael.

It made Harry sick. The duo spoiled their existences. Obviously, Harry had related to his friends all what transpired during their first encounter. They weren't much helpful. Hermione suspected Michael to deceive Harry. Ron poured out a torrent of abuse at Michael whenever Harry mentioned him while discussing. Ron seemed as though he abhorred Mike. Hermione dressed him down when Harry was harping on and on about Michael. Hermione distrusted the Ravenclaw. Plus, Harry was obliged to play up a fake hostility in front of the herd of sheep... No... the bulk of students. Harry had forgiven Michael for his friends' arrival. It wasn't his fault.

Shaking his head, Harry decided to challenge Derek. He had triumphed over Voldemort, defied the Pink Toad, drove back hundreds of Dementors; had fought dragons, a Basilisk, Fluffy and so many different creatures. He couldn't get flustered because of two jerks. As from this moment Harry took the plunge and confessed what he really thought about Michael. Harry dashed across the grounds to meet him. Michael and the interloper were doing press-ups. It was time to balk Derek's plans to poison Harry against Michael or vice versa.

Jackson.POV

Michael exhausted Jackson. He had humored him by accepting to jog and work out. Since then, every single day he had to train with this hyper gym freak. Don't get him wrong, Jackson adored Michael. He just wanted a little peace and quiet before going to class. Michael goaded him into joining his exercise routine at 6 a.m. Even during the weekends! The nutcase didn't hesitate to shake Jackson awake if he tried to sleep. Plus, Michael gazed him with imploring seal eyes until he yielded. Jackson couldn't stomach turning him down. He never ordered him to back off. Honestly, Michael was just an overgrown baby.

Michael had been beaten by his father, so Jackson kinda understood he wished he became stronger. Jackson believed his mother and stepfather bred him up. Mike didn't speak much of his home life.

Every morning Jackson bore Michael's whims, toiling after that speed demon around the castle when they jogged, because he refused to disappoint Mike. He was his best friend. Jackson considered him a brother. Jackson couldn't care less Derek and Isaac gave them up. Good riddance. Derek terrified him. Isaac reeked of malice. They forced him to steal and ill-treat Goldstein. Actually, Jackson fancied him. Jackson guessed he atoned for his past mistakes by being rejected like Michael. As if Jackson could have imagined a second dropping Michael for picking a monster.

Jackson knew Derek was a werewolf, which didn't perturb him the way, but Derek regularly menaced to devoured them if they didn't obey. He even compelled Michael to see a girl while he quite knew Mike was gay just for his sick pleasure. Actually, the whole house of Ravenclaw knew about Derek's secret who took advantage of it for ruling over the Ravens. Nobody braved the self-proclaimed King of Ravenclaw's. Curiously enough, Derek didn't bop Michael whereas he usually battered or growled the other Ravens into submission. Isaac always sniggered behind Derek as he molested another student. Most of the Ravenclaws fled to the library for studying for fear of chancing upon the duo. Jackson presumed Derek had protected him and Michael. It backfired on them. Ever since Derek dumped them, their house assaulted the friends instead of Derek they all loathed. The latter didn't stand up for them anymore.

Jackson stopped musing on this topic as the resident drama queen aka Harry blasted Potter.
appeared. Great. Jackson lie down on the ground stretching out numb limbs. Damn Michael! He had cramps all over which deterred Jackson from moving in order to scold or thank Potter. He wasn't sure. After all Potter saved him of a torture Mike called doing exercises. Still, Jackson didn't forget how much Michael had suffered owing to Potter's rejection. Mike claimed he only liked Potter. Jackson wasn't blind. It stuck out a mile Michael loved the Gryffindor. Potter wasn't a beauty really contrary to Mike.

'Hi Mike!' Potter greeted.

Hearing Potter's voice, Michael hit the deck. Jackson groaned. Mike didn't change.

Michael. POV

"H...H...H...Har...Harry." Michael shuttered "What do you wanna say?" He wheezed.

Michael couldn't help but smile. Perhaps Harry forgave him his lapse of judgement. Gnawed by remorse Michael kept thinking he should have defended Harry as Derek and Isaac was belittling him. Harry's face at that moment often haunted Michael. Harry stomped towards Michael and Jackson as though coming near Michael weighed him. Michael fidgeted when their eyes met. His heart was pumping.

Jackson scowled. Michael was aware Jack deplored what he experienced for Harry. First, Jack didn't trust Harry at all, besides he doubted You-know-who was back. He also suspected "Batty" Potter to manipulate him. Michael was afraid Jack would abandon him if he started going out with Harry. Moreover he guessed Harry remembered Jackson slurring him amid the evil duo in the lavatory where Michael encountered Harry. Jack winced then got back again. Snarling, Jackson shielded him with his own body as if he considered Michael was in danger.

"Clear off Potter! Mike doesn't need your lies!" Jackson barked.

"I'm not fibbing about Voldemort. He came back and killed Diggory." Harry trailed off. Michael shivered. Jackson startled.

"Don't say His name! You think you're a hero, right? Stop raving! You're just a pathetic attention seeker. Now get the hell out of here!" Jackson roared.

"Okay! See you Mike." Harry hissed glaring at Jackson.


Harry tensed up then grinned at Michael. The sporty Ravenclaw clutched Harry next kissed him passionately. They ignored Jackson gaping at them. Much to Michael's joy Harry didn't resist. It placated Michael finding out Harry shared the same feelings. They snogged until they were out of breath. Michael held Harry tightly giving him a bear hug then groped him as the teens rubbed up against each other. Harry was moaning with pleasure. Michael nuzzled Harry's neck while Harry clung to him fondling him until Michael got excited. Michael stroked him back. Mike exulted. He had waited for this for weeks.

The future couple was having a snuggle. All of a sudden, Jackson screamed which impelled Harry and Michael to part. Jackson stared at them through narrowed eyes tightening his lips. They incensed him. Michael blushed. He completely disregarded Jackson. Nevertheless, Michael put his arms around Harry's waist quirking a brow. Even so Jackson shot daggers at Harry. Michael much cared for Jack but he couldn't stand him jeopardizing Michael's opportunity to make Harry's
acquaintance. They barely knew one another.

Jackson frowned. "Explain Potter. You've ignored Mike for weeks. Why the heck did you just kissed him? Are you a bipolar besides a compulsive liar?"

"I'm not mythonaniac!" Harry howled in rage. "I've been avoiding Mike because of Derek Hale. He threatened to murder both of us if ever I confessed of him my feelings."

"What?!" Michael exclaimed. "I thought you resented me because I let you down when they rounded on you."

"No. I excused you pretty soon. Derek and Isaac cornered me after your departure. He ordered me to avoid you. Sorry Mike. Besides Ron and Hermione don't like you. They advise me to mistrust you. I've had enough of shunning you."

"Okay. Missed ya!" Michael whined. Tears misted his eyes. "Don't ditch me please"

"Promise. I missed you too. No dummy. I can't drop ya. You're too cute and adorable."

Jackson heaved a sigh. "Derek is a pure nuisance. He's established a reign of terror in the Ravenclaw Tower. He prompted our housemates to reject Mike or else he'd slaughter them. Derek likes controlling people. I suppose he obliged you to pretend hating Mike. I loathe that guy. He made me bully the dude I love."

"That Derek's long overdue a piece of my mind." Harry grumbled. Michael nodded.

Michael grinned. They sorta defused the tension between them. It was Derek's ploy to prevent him from dating Harry. Derek was ruining many lives as per usual. Michael didn't grasp how he could have chosen him as a friend. Despite all past and future difficulties, Michael was seized by a flicker of hope. He had elicited the truth from Harry. He loved him. Michael zeroed in on his possible boyfriend. Harry was so bold and gorgeous, Michael didn't get he desired a humdrum teen like him.

The Gryffindor captivated him so much he didn't acted when Derek jumped on them.

Derek. POV

Derek and Isaac were observing the scene behind Hagrid's hut. Needless to say, Derek seethed. Those losers disobeyed Derek's orders! He had warned Potter not corrupt Mike. Well, Derek had to punish the new couple. Derek promised himself to paste the three of them. Jackson also backstabbed him. They thought they were clever, right? Derek would prove them wrong. His plans went haywire but he was going to stop Michael and Potter to become a thing, even if it meant disposing of Potter.

Derek had treated Michael lightly. It was over. He motioned Isaac to accompany him then they raced through the grounds. Michael was wrapping his arms around Potter. No wonder the Golden boy looked slutty. White hot fury was rolling off Derek in waves. Jack and Mike was his. Derek didn't allow them to gum up his projects. Nor hanging out with people he didn't approve such as Potter. Now the students pictured Derek as a friend of Potter. To make things worse, Michael get laid with a lunatic in public no less!

Rage and hate distorting his face, Derek pounced on the duo. Mike shouldn't have rebelled. Derek had forbidden him to go out with Potter. Derek was about to massacre the traitor when suddenly a male voice shouted.
"Stupefy!"

Derek and Isaac crushed down. Helpless, Derek leered as the Snake's king aka Severus Snape sneered at him. Derek realized he was doomed to fail. Dammit! Derek swore to liquidate that phoney of Potter. He didn't decide Michael's fate yet. Nobody questioned Derek's decisions. Michael belonged to him. So did Jackson. Potter couldn't appropriate his stuff. The Lion duped Michael into believing he loved him. Derek had to kill Potter for Michael's good.

"Beware Potter. You're a dead man." Derek was musing as the group observed him. Radiating anger Derek glowered at them. He gloated when Jackson and Mike began quivering.
Snape.POV

Snape was beyond aggravated. First, he had to pull apart two foolish Slytherins fighting at 5 AM then as he was traipsing around the castle in order to relax, he came across that mess. Once again, Snape rescued the Potter boy, though he didn't bear a grudge against Lily's son in that case.

Derek Hale was adamant to slaughter Potter and Corner. Hale's thoughts were overflowing with killing instinct as well as spiteful anger. Snape pursued Derek Hale and Isaac Lahey since McGonagall, Flitwick and Snape found them cornering Potter. The Head of Slytherin mistrusted them, especially as most of the Ravens quivered in fear when they met Hale. The boy was a brute. Hale browbeat Corner, Whittemore and even Lahey into obeying without demur. Moreover, Hale was a werewolf that took advantage of it for terrorizing his peers. The brat joined a growing list of people he should watch to protect Lily's son. Potter Jr was a danger magnet. Snape diligently overlooked Corner and Potter's lustful thoughts.

Snape abhorred students except his precious Snakes.

"Hale! Lahey! Follow me in my office! Right now!" Snape ordered very roughly. "Corner, Potter, Whittemore go back to your dorms. Now!"

"Yes, sir." Corner, Potter and Whittemore chorused before bolting without a backward glance.

Snape guessed he could get their reaction. Lupin, damn him to hell, had made Snape's blood run cold during his years at Hogwarts. In his opinion, werewolves shouldn't assist school among humans. Snape aimed his wand at Hale. He didn't confide in that beast. Muttering some slurs, the two Ravenclaws accompanied Snape. The group was heading for the castle when all of a sudden, they discovered an awful sight. Ronald Weasley and Terry Boot were having sex in the midst of the grounds. Stupid Gryffindorks. Twisted Ravennerds. Lahey snickered until Snape shot daggers at him. Indecency was the last thing he needed. Teenage hormone ridden minds infuriated the cranky professor. After making sure Haley and Hale tagged along behind him, Snape rushed to bawl out the two perverted whelps. Snape's nose crinkled at the view.

The day began well!

Michael.POV. One hour later

Michael had just washed, gelled his hair and got changed while Jackson was waiting for him as Flitwick entered the Common room. The two friends hurried to meet their Head of House. They plumped down in a blue sofa, dismissing any fierce glares they received from many Ravens. Michael turned queasy until Jackson smiled at him. Michael felt reassured when his brother in all but blood supported him. Then they zeroed in on Flitwick.

The ever cheery professor seemed grave, not to say annoyed. Michael quirked an eyebrow. That was not like Flitwick at all. The last time Flitwick had looked so dejected had been after Diggory's murder and You-know-who's return. Flitwick had announced He-who-must-not-named was back but little of them believed him. Michael scanned the room in a curious way. He noticed Derek and Isaac were nowhere to be seen. Despite all what transpired, Michael still regarded them as buddies. He only wished they could redeem themselves. Michael didn't forget Derek defended him when some bullies picked him on. Michael didn't expect him to persecute people as well.
acted like a big brother for their group. On the other hand, Michael knew Jackson loathed Derek due to Derek’s inheritance.

"Good morning, my children. I regret to inform you that three members of our family have been suspended this morning. Derek Hale and Isaac Lahey have been suspended for three months for assaulting students. Terry Boot is suspended for a month because of some personal proclivities." Flitwick revealed looking uneasy. "However that may be, I wish you contact me if ever some difficulties came up. I will help you to deal with them. Take care of visiting my office if ever a student bothers you. I warn you I won't tolerate any of you victimizing another student. I warn you. If you are heard to call names a fellow student, 50 points will be taken of Ravenclaw and you will be required to serve two week's detention with me. If ever I heard of you belittling, hitting or committing any improper behaviour, you will serve five detentions and you will be forbidden to visit Hogsmeade. Ravenclaw prides itself on craving knowledge, curiosity and intelligence. I won't bear any of you tarnish its reputation." Flitwick related.

"What about them?" Anthony Goldstein asked point-blank glowering at Jackson and Michael. "They're Hale's lackeys. That riffraff of Whittemore keeps stealing my stuff. Corner worships Hale. Corner always titters when Hale pummels or picks on one of us. Plus, Corner despises us. Both of them always criticize you."

The whole tower nodded apart from Luna Lovegood. Michael and Jackson tensed up as Flitwick gazed at them in a judgemental manner. Michael looked away while he sensed Jackson was seething. Dammit. Seeing that Derek their protector had left, Michael surmised the situation could only get worse. Nobody trammeled their numerous enemies's projects to torment the duo from now on. Anyhow, they never blended in their house. Derek, Isaac, Jackson and Michael had become friends owing to their loneliness. Only the other pariah Luna didn't treat them badly.

"Shut up nark! It's strange you don't speak about your own actions. For three fucking weeks, you've hexed, insulted, tripped and shunned Mike. Hypocrites!" Jackson barked.

"Language Mr Whittemore! Detention with me tonight!" Flitwick snapped dismissing Jackson's words totally. "Mr Corner and Mr Whittemore follow me, please."

Jackson and Michael jumped up then followed him. Their Housemates gloated over their downfall. Michael started fretting. Jackson squeezed Michael's arm in support. Curiously enough, Flitwick loped along so fast they almost ran to catch up with him. The tiny professor herded them in his office, he banged the door open, which represented an ominous sign. Michael shuffled sheepishly into the room. A leaden silence fell between them after Flitwick slammed the door shut. Michael gulped when their Head of House glared at them. It was unusual for Flitwick to lose his composure. Michael already knew they were screwed up prior to the lecture. He scarcely quashed upsurges of panic. This plight reminded him of his biological father.

Every time he forced Michael to enter his study, Michael's father beat him black and blue or humiliated him. His mother always healed any wounds but she never defended Michael. Ever since, Michael wasn't able to come into an office without shaking, though he very nearly managed to subdue his fear in front of Jackson. He couldn't help trembling as usual. Michael looked down ready to get battered by Flitwick.

"Boys, you disappoint me. Whatever your reasons I can't let you off. Mr Whittemore you're suspended for a month, once your suspension is up you will be required to serve two week's detention with Mr Filch. Stealing is unacceptable! Besides, you must give back to Mr Goldstein all items you purloined. If ever you start again this kind of misdeed, you'll be expelled. Hush Mr Whittemore." Flitwick lambasted them waving a hand to silence Jackson as he opened his
"It's useless to fabricate some story to put the blame for you action on innocents. As for you Mr Corner, you've forbidden to visit Hogsmeade until December. Ravenclaw, you must serve a week's detention with me and fifty points from Ravenclaw."

These decisions only fueled Jackson's anger. "It's unfair! You play favorites, sir! Derek implored us to act that way. Besides Mike wouldn't hurt a fly. I can understand you punish me but Mike doesn't deserve it! They've brutalized Mike for three weeks. They've pestered Luna since she arrived here. What did you do?"

"Be quiet Mr Whittemore. I won't stand for your insolence. I'm disgusted to have such an outright liars in Ravenclaw. I'm certain both of you will learn to behave. Correct your demeanour or else I will ban you from the Quidditch team. I advise you to think properly before disturbing the peace and quiet of our school. Stay here Mr Whittemore. I'll floo your mother Mr Whittemore. She will collect you immediately. Go eat Mr Corner."

Holding back some tears, Michael realized he ended up facing up to the whole house of Ravenclaw alone. They were bound to flay him alive. Flitwick wrecked Michael's existence, overlooking troubles he put up with and taking his friends away from Michael. It was touched and go whether Jack would be expelled. Michael sighed in defeat.

A month had passed since Flitwick's harsh punishments. It had been a difficult period for Michael. His friend's absence caused him great anguish. In spite of Flitwick's desire to create a safe environment, the other Ravens kept molesting him such as hiding Michael's things or pouring some pigment draught in his gel which dyed his hair pink. Michael's mother often sent him a Howler, either for scolding him about his behaviour and the rascals he associate with or for cursing her son who brought disgrace on their family by being gay. She fumed he dated a psycho like Potter. At the Quidditch trainings, the other players ignored Michael except when necessary. Harry rebuffed him as though their kiss didn't mean anything. Teachers endlessly rebuked him or gave him bad marks. Plenty of pupils hounded him amid corridors. Michael avoided eating in the Great Hall where he was surrounded with leers and jeers.

Flitwick always glared at him whenever Michael bumped into him. The tiny professor accused him of monkeying around when he was covered in bruises or had black eyes. Flitwick reproached Michael if he tried to confide in him. Moreover, Flitwick had dressed him down the day he caught Michael attempting to stay in the Room of Requirement to sleep. He didn't wonder why Michael sheltered in the Come and Go room. It seemed his Head of House hated Michael. Jackson wrote every other day, which bolstered Michael's morale a bit. He was one of the rare kind person as well as Luna Lovegood. During Jackson's suspension, Michael and Luna formed an unlikely friendship, yet he didn't regret it. Luna was rather nice once you knew her.

Luna quite grew on him. Okay, Michael stepped out of his comfort zone whenever she spoke of her fanciful creatures like nargles but at least she didn't attack him. Michael had grasped quickly Luna's odd stories mustn't have been taken at face value. Luna was a seer which she concealed behind an airy personality. Besides, Luna had recommended him to consult Ms Kettlepond about his traumas.

Ms Kettlepond was the magical psychiatrist of Hogwarts. When Michael visited her, they drank posh tea, talked of loads of topics while Ms Kettlepond was scribbling down on a notebook. Sometimes they spent the whole seance in role-playing. Though he was reluctant at first, he began relaxing thanks to the shrink. Michael's confidence had really shot up. Plus, Ms Kettlepond taught him some breathing exercises Michael practised everyday. The more he unburdened himself to her, the more Michael toughen up. Luna and Ms Kettlepond probably saved his life. Michael seriously considered suicide because of his ordeals. Now he felt calmer.
If only Harry finished snubbing him.

Luna.POV. Around 7 AM

During a cold day of November, Luna whistled reading a book about fantastical creatures in Asia while Michael was washing after his routine jogging and working out. The last month had been pretty hectic, albeit Luna had gained her first friend since she studied in Hogwarts. Luna nervously fiddled with a quill. Jackson Whittemore returned that day. She feared that Michael abandoned her. Maybe Jackson didn't want to consort with her. Most of Ravenclaw students sneered at her or would prefer dying rather than chat to Luna.

Mike was adorable however his friends terrified her. Derek Hale was a real fiend. Luna didn't grasp how Michael tolerated him. Luna didn't confess it, still she regularly dreamed of the future. Luna already predicted Derek was scheming nefarious plans to spoil many lives. Isaac, Jackson and Michael included. Jackson waded into the Common room. Flitwick was behind him. As though somebody had just turned off a switch, the Ravenclaws stopped talking to stare at the newcomer.

Jackson was chewing gum, wearing a blue baseball cap backward, both hands in his pockets with not a care in the world. The Ravens mouthed some obscenities especially Terry Boot and Anthony Goldstein, Michael's dorm mates, were steaming mad.

"Well, Mr Whittemore. I hope your demeanour shall no longer damage Ravenclaw's image. Serve you of your brains. For good's sake, you're a Ravenclaw." Flitwick chided. Jackson shrugged it off. "Miscreant!"

Flitwick stormed off looking furious. Nonfazed, Jackson blew bubbles of chewing gum. Without adding a word, Jackson headed for his dorm where he put away his stuff. Michael appeared. He grinned at Luna. She half-heartedly smiled back. Luna wasn't sure if their friendship mattered to him. The whole Common room remained frozen. As soon as Jackson came back, Michael flung his arms around Jackson's neck. They laughed hugging tightly each other.

Luna sighed. She guessed Mike didn't need her anymore. He would give her up. Luna refrained from comment. She dreaded to struggle with loneliness again. A few rogue tears flowed down Luna's cheeks until Jackson embraced her. He stunned her.

"Thanks Luna. You've supported my bro while I was away. Mike couldn't have cope without you. Friends?" Jackson said holding out his hand.

Luna wiped her tearful face then accepted the handshake. "You... You wish to be my friends?" Luna queried eying Mike next Jackson.

"Of course. You were the only one who didn't nag Michael. Besides, he told me you've convinced him to see a shrink."

"Yeah. You saved my life, Luna. I feel good thanks to you. You're great and you never judge people. Obviously, we're friends." Mike asserted beaming.

They gave her a cuddle. The trio disregarded the mob as they heaped abuses on them. Luna radiated happiness. Jackson had just dispelled Luna's anxiety to get lonely. She encountered her second friends. Luna would never forget the bond that linked them. Maybe Hogwarts could began resembling a new home. She perceived Mike or Jackson would protect her and vice versa. Luna imagined she fit in, at last.
Jackson.POV

They went down to the Great Hall chitchating. Jackson was glad to met up with Mike. He missed the moron. Jackson tussled Mike's hair. Michael protested, complained then pouted when Jackson messed up his hair. Michael spent fifteen minutes a day to gel them. Each morning Michael irritated his dorm as he locked himself in the bathroom for forty minutes. He was your typical metrosexual. Sulking, Mike fixed his hairdo while Jackson and Luna chortled.

They sat in a corner of the table far away from their housemates. Jackson already took to Luna. She did relate tons of freaky stories about imaginary animals however she turned out to be witty and very clever. Michael relied on her, so Jackson agreed to make her acquaintance. After all Jackson, Luna and Mike were underdogs. He never approved how the Ravens treated Luna. Derek loathed her therefore he compelled their House to harass Luna. Flanked by the two boys, Luna couldn't be harmed. Jackson stuck his gum under the table gazing defiantly at the prefects who frowned. He didn't take off his cap either.

Jackson poured some milk in a bowl, helped himself of cornflakes before crunching an apple. Luna ate pieces of buttery toasts and jam then sipped a cup of Earl Grey tea. Mike gulped down a mug of black coffee. He was a caffeine addict. Mike partook of a bowl of porridge, some fruits and two nature yogurts. Even the death glares they received couldn't corrode Jackson's happiness. He had gotten bored without Michael in the little town where he lived. Jackson's adoptive parents couldn't make up for his only friend's loss.

He resented Flitwick. Their phony Head of House purported to be fair, gentle or other nonsenses. For no reason at all Mike, Jackson, Isaac and Derek were his pet peeves. Actually, they incurred Flitwick's wrath since they stepped into this castle. The ugly dwarf probably hated for their origins.

"Great. We have Defense Against the Dark Arts first with the Pink Toad." Jackson groaned.

"Yeah. The worst is that we must share it with those bloody Puffs." Michael scowled. The Ravenclaws usually scorned the Hufflepuffs.

"The Badgers aren't that bad. I mean we could put up with the Slytherins." Luna interjected dreamily.

Jackson nodded. "Yep, I guess so. That castle is a hovel. I don't understand why they accept Death eater's children here. Mind you, the old fool hired an ex Death eater, a fraud and a werewolf. Our safety isn't Dumbledork's priority. Most of our professors are douchebags or useless idiots or both. I don't even mention the runt."

"Wow. You're full of vim today. Feel like running around the grounds, Jack? " Michael asked peering at him with those seal eyes of his.

Jackson snorted. "No thank you. I remind you we've gotten classes. I prefer not to play hookey when I just returned." Jackson retorted. Mike pouted again.

"No offense but... Where are you from Jackson? I can't place your accent." Luna said peeling an orange.

"I live in Beacon Hills. It's a little place in the middle of nowhere in the States. Derek and Isaac come from here too." Jackson told her.

"Ah America. I've always wanted to discover its wildlife. I don't know much about the American Wizarding community. Are there any schools like Hogwarts in your country?"
"Sure. There are two schools by the way. Salem Academy is a girl's school. Ilvermorny was full. That's why I've enrolled in Hogwarts."

Jackson suspected it was the principal reason Flitwick didn't care for him. He must have loathed foreigners. He had realized the Wizarding Britain was quite narrow-minded.

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Harry. POV

Harry was observing the trio across the Great Hall. The sight of them nauseated him. Harry was in paroxysms of jealousy. Michael and Jackson acted so couply. Okay he had avoided Mike for a month. He doubted Michael had noticed it while moping about Jackson's departure. Harry suspected Michael slept around, so he forced himself to shun Mike, although his undamp feeling didn't help it. Harry loved Michael even if he quite realized the Ravenclaw toyed with Harry's affection. Anthony Goldstein warned him that Michael deluded him into thinking he loved him. Hermione heard of stories that Michael was a bully and a fake. Ron's boyfriend, Terry Boot, described Harry's crush as a creep looking down on everybody.

Harry detested brutes, yet he couldn't refrain from longing to obtain Michael's attention. Harry averted his eyes when Hermione glowered at him. She prohibited him to see Mike. Ron was sitting on Terry Boot's lap while both of them binged on eggs and bacon. Boot wrapped an arm around Ron's stomach. Even though he distrusted Mike, Harry missed him. Everyone portrayed Mike as a nuisance. Rejecting Mike harrowed Harry but he didn't need a cheater. He had enough issues. Their first kiss lingered on his mind, though.

"Harry! Corner doesn't deserve you. Don't you understand he manipulates you? Corner only pretends to love you. It's just a ploy to get closer to you for being roughed up. Look who he picked as friends. A thief, a monster and a sly person." Hermione hissed.

Harry sighed. "I dunno Hermione. I can't forget him. Maybe he's candid. I mean he was pretty upset when I ignored him."

"Blimey Harry! Don't let that got deceives you. He goes out with Whittemore." Ron asserted, revealing the contents of his mouth.


As Michael was exiting the Great Hall, Harry dashed across it to join him. He overlooked Ron and Hermione calling him or students eying him up and down. Harry acted on a hunch then chased after the Raven. He needed to clear up Michael's puzzle. Harry spent hours on end ruminating over Michael. First, he was in a dreadful quandary about whether or not believe in his friends' words or trust Michael. Perhaps they misjudged him. Okay, he presumed Goldstein and Boot loathed Mike. They were biased. This whole situation befuddled him.

He joined the group. "Hi Michael!" Harry greeted.

Mike grinned until Jackson pulled him aside before glowering at Harry. If looks killed Harry would have dropped dead. Jackson shoved brutally him on a wall.

"You have some gall!" Jackson snarled jabbing Harry repeatedly with a finger. "Don't go near Mike again. You dumped him for a month. Now you dare turn up. Bastard!"

Jackson clutched Michael's arm then dragged him away. Luna followed them humming a song under her breath. Harry literally fled as students stared at him. He was sick and tired of being
watched as though he belonged to a freak show. He did hear Malfoy scoffing. The truth had just emerged. Michael loved Jackson. He didn't grasp why Mike grinned. Did he mock? Harry boggled at the idea of chancing to flirt with Michael. He was probably as promiscuous as Harry's friends supposed.

Time flew during the rest of the day. Courses, talks were all a blur to Harry. He patiently endured Umbridge's provocations or Snape's snipings. Harry only focused on Michael's memories. This night Harry wandered the corridors of the school rather than stay in the Gryffindor Common room. He wasn't looking forward to assist at Ron and Terry Boot making out right in the middle of the Lions. Hermione huffed or rolled her eyes whenever he harped on at her about Mike. Harry had just visited Hedwig when he went out, he bumped into Michael.

He was wearing his Quidditch uniform and a Firebolt. Harry gasped. The blue of the outfit set off Michael's eyes beautifully. It saddened Harry to see the same broomstick Umbridge had confiscated or this outfit. Umbridge had banned the Twins and Harry of the Gryffindor Team because of Malfoy. Michael and Harry gazed at each other. A flicker of surprise flashed across Michael's face then he smiled in a shy way.

"Hi Michael." Harry greeted. "What are you doing here?"

"I was just on my way back from practice. What do you wanna? " Michael explained self-consciously.

"Just discuss. Listen I'm sorry I avoided you. Lots of people prompts me to reject you. Mike you're rumoured to be a loose bully." Harry blurted out.

"It's what you think of me?" Michael asked on the verge of tears. It broke Harry's heart "Bye Harry."


"He's lying. We're not friends for a start. Goldstein is the biggest fibber ever. I've never had a boyfriend. I had my first kiss with you Harry. I swear. " Michael asserted.

"And Whittemore?" Harry questioned. He didn't manage to quell his jealousy for not showing.

"Jackson is like a big brother for me. He protects me. Believe me we're just friends. There is no ambiguity between us. I promise."

Michael's response immediately solaced Harry. Despite all what happened during the last month, he chose to trust Michael. He had wasted a month because of overprotective friends and a git like Goldstein. They were wrong. Gnawed by remorse, Harry resented his own stupidity. He shouldn't have believed their drivel.

"Okay. I trust you. I can't stop thinking of you. I think I love you. I..."

Michael didn't let him speak. Instead, he cupped his hands around Harry's head, raised it and snogged him.

Mike broke the kiss. "Love you too. Boyfriends?"

Harry smirked. "Yeah. Boyfriends."

They kissed again groping each other, oblivious of the crowd surrounding them. The two new lovers relished this moment. At last, they were dating, though they hardly knew each other. With the
Among the mob, reactions differed quite considerably. Hermione beamed. She had overheard their discussion by sneaking out of the Gryffindor Tower then following Harry. He was so accident-prone. She had to watch him. Hermione decided to give Corner the benefit of doubt. Maybe he did love Harry.

Draco Malfoy was livid. He never confessed it but he had became infatuated with Harry since their first encounter at Madam Malkin's Robes for All occasions. Draco kept belittling or fighting Potter in a fit of pique. Potter preferred hanging out with a Weasley and a Know-it-all. Now he picked a blasted Ravenclaw. Gnashing his teeth, Draco promised himself to make their lives a living hell. Corner was a dead man. Who did he think he was? Potter was HIS.

Anthony Goldstein growled. Potter impaired his chances to date Michael. He knew Michael had a stupid crush on Harry Potter. Goldstein couldn't allow Potter to corrupt his mild Michael. He had hoped Michael realized Potter wasn't worth him. Goldstein stormed up to the Ravenclaw Tower. He failed to poison Potter against Michael. Plus, Jackson Whittemore returned. How he was supposed to leave Michael isolated? He only desired to cherish Mike. Goldstein planned to handle Potter's problem, even if it meant to get rid of Potter.
Three hours later. Jackson. POV

Jackson was stumping into the dorm room when he saw them.

Michael and Potter were sound asleep and muffled up in Michael's bed under a blanket. Gritting his teeth, Jackson swore to have a long chat with Potter the day after. Jackson sprawled on his bed. The detention with Flitwick had exhausted him. He had no energy left to quarrel. Jackson was pretty sure Potter counterfeited some affections to deceive Mike, which didn't amaze him much. The Freak-who-lived knew how brainwashed people. Frazzled, Jackson dropped off.

The following day, Mike shook him awake as per usual. Grousing, Jackson pushed him back roughly. Michael landed rather heavily on the floor. Jackson was Not in the fucking mood for jogging! He ignored Michael's pleas or baby seal eyes. Jackson didn't feel like humoring the jock. Michael abandoned eventually. Jackson fell asleep again, at least he tried. He blamed himself for upsetting Mike. Whatever. Potter would replace him readily. Jackson dozed off even if he quite dreaded to lose his only friend.

Jackson waked up when the alarm rung. Yawning, Jackson rose up, picked some clothes then made a beeline for the bathroom. He shuffled amid the absolute mayhem created by the other Ravens. In the Common room Mike, Luna and Potter were yaking. Great. He had to endure the Golden boy at breakfast. Jackson purposely banged the door of the bathroom open then slammed it close. Potter wormed his way into Mike's affections, next manipulated Luna. Jackson wasn't guileless. Potter misled them but Jackson would hamper what he was scheming. He didn't deserve Mike. The moron would soon grasp Potter's game.

Draco. POV

Meanwhile in a Slytherin dorm, Draco was on the warpath. He couldn't stomach the idea of losing Harry Potter again. He yearned to bring Corner down a peg or two. For the moment Draco waited patiently while his sidekicks were getting ready... Cough he meant his friends cough. The Snakes feared to face the whole school. Most of the students and professors loathed them especially the Gryffindorks. The self-proclaimed Prince of Slytherin mentally railed against Corner since he got up.

That stupid Ravenclaw dared to seduce then kiss HIS Harry. The pathetic egghead would pay for this. In his opinions, the Ravenclaw House was only composed of pathetic bookworms. Draco scorned that lot, particularly as they always censured the Slytherins whereas they were rumoured to be clever. Their happy-go-lucky Head of House irked Draco. People overestimated Ravenclaws. The Pureblood balled his fists. First a Weasel and a bushy girl as friends, then a brutish idiot as a boyfriend... Harry didn't know all the right people. Those losers tainted Harry's reputation. Granger, Corner, Weasel and the Gryffindorks on the whole couldn't have appreciated such a gem. Draco doted on Harry so much so he refused to let Corner rob him of his future husband.

"Hello Draco." Pansy purred which startled Draco. He didn't hear the bint. He barely abstained from flinching away in disgust when she touched him. "It's time to have breakfast."

"Sure. I'm starving." Draco said. "Potter's got a boyfriend. I saw them yesterday. They were snogging like two unashamed Mudbloods."
Pansy scrunched up her butt ugly dog like face. "Those Half-Bloods don't have a sense of decorum. I hope the Dark Lord will win fast."

Draco's parents obliged him to pretend being straight and dating Pansy in consequence. They set high standards for their heir, which didn't include homosexuality. Draco kissed Pansy, mentally wincing at the mere contact. Blaise, Theo and the imbeciles appeared for his greatest pleasure... Sorry he meant Crabbe and Goyle. They exited the Slytherin Common room entering the enemy's zone.

Draco dismissed all leers they received from the three other houses. He ambled through the corridors then the Hall feigning arrogance. Draco snapped as he caught sight of Corner and Harry holding hands in public no less. Corner wouldn't get away with it. Draco waved his wand at the interloper then whispered "Levicorpus" Draco didn't notice McGonagall glowering at him too focused on Corner's humiliation.

The hex lifted up Corner as though an invisible force grabbed his ankles making Corner's underwear show. Hanging upside down in the air, he squeaked and fidgeted restlessly. Potter attempted to help him to little avail. All students sniggered apart from the blond girl behind the couple. Draco was gloating. The damned poser should learn Draco wasn't someone you exasperate. McGonagall gave him scathing looks.

"Mr Malfoy! Fifty points from Slytherin. You'll serve two months' detention with me. I insist you release Mr Corner here and there or you'll be expelled of Hogwarts. You'll follow me in the Headmaster's office afterwards." The Lioness snapped.

Draco cursed. He wasn't sly enough. He cancelled the spell as Harry flickered him sharp death glares. Corner thudded by collapsing. Draco noticed with glee Corner was shaking and wailing. McGonagall clutched him by the arm to drag him away. He couldn't care less of any possible consequences. The old fool didn't impress him. He had accomplished the first step of his vengeance.

Anthony Goldstein. POV

In the midst of the joyful crowd, Anthony Goldstein was torn between fury and a malicious pleasure. He was still fuming Malfoy had just attacked Michael besides Potter went out with him. Anthony loathed Potter. Only Goldstein was entitled to become Michael's boyfriend not this liar. He would use any means to wreck their relationship. On the other hand, Goldstein learned a pleasant jinx he could use for achieving his objectives thanks to that stupid Malfoy.

Goldstein observed the scene with a growing smirk. If he ever cast Levicorpus on Loony Lovegood, Whittemore or whoever Goldstein detested they would accuse Malfoy. Goldstein killed two birds that way. He tortured enemies and smeared Malfoy's reputation further. The boy lacked of subtlety. McGonagall or Dumbledore would expel Malfoy if he turned lucky. Moreover Goldstein had ogled Michael's fine body. The slimy snake mishandled this situation. He should have aimed at Potter instead of Mike. First Goldstein had to read up on Levicorpus before launching the offensive. Goldstein needed a plan. He would wait and see. Failure wasn't an option.

Grinning wickedly, he left the duo in their trials.

Earlier. Michael. POV

This morning, Michael was blissfully glad when he awoke. He got a boyfriend, Jackson his brother
in all but blood had returned and the latter accepted Luna. They formed a new group during Derek's absence. For the first time in two months Michael felt safe. His marks got better, plus the Ravenclaws as well as Flitwick didn't bother him much. Beaming he rose without waking up Harry. Michael spotted quickly his favorite tracksuit, put it on then rushed to awake Jackson. Michael was ecstatic.

For a month he had worked out on his own because of Jackson's suspension. Obviously, Michael knew Jackson wasn't overfond of sport but he enjoyed spending this unique moment with him. He wouldn't choose another person even Harry. They always talked which the two friends barely managed during the rest of the day between classes, revisions and readings. The Ravenclaws were expected to live in the library. Pince forced them to shut up. Michael missed Jackson so much. He intended to make up for lost time. However, Jackson pricked Michael's bubble.

Not only did he shove Michael out of his bed but Jackson also ignored him in the Common room or the corridors. Jackson's rejection negated all his efforts to recover from numerous traumas between his past life and years at Hogwarts, especially the reign of terror of Derek. Michael counted on his best friend. He had trained and jogged alone. After the routine sport then a long shower, Michael imagined Jackson stopped rebuffed him. Yet, Jackson passed Michael without speaking or even acknowledging him. Before breakfast Michael waited him accompanied by Harry and Luna. Instead of joining them, Jackson thrust his hands in his pockets then shrugged when Michael smiled at him next he quit the Ravenclaw Tower overlooking Michael or Luna. Michael feared to lose Jackson. He doubted Jackson still considered him a friend. Perhaps he was jealous of his relationship with Harry. Michael began regretting it. He should have asked Jackson's opinion first. Michael needed him as much as, if not more so than Harry.

Michael's conscience niggled him. He messed up. Though Michael blinked his tears away, he burst into tears twice. The first time was during his jogging and the last one in the shower. He gained the impression that he failed Jackson. Since that morning Michael sunk into despair which explained he broke down owing to Malfoy's prank.

Michael howled in fright as the curse clutched his feet impelling him to levitate upside down high up above the crowd. The Ravenclaw teen flailed about, yelled trying to escape while the students were scoffing at him like hyenas. Michael's humiliation grew as he began spinning, which revealed his rugby ball pattern boxers. Harry attempted to get him to lift off vainly. The ordeal finished when McGonagall saved him. Michael collapsed head first into the floor. He sheltered huddling the further away from mocker students. Michael wrapped his arms around himself as he was quavering all over until Harry embraced him tightly. Michael sobbed against Harry's shoulder. McGonagall dispersed the pupils then Harry started herding him to the Hospital wing. The fall had broken Michael's nose.

Michael was in a haze so much so he didn't notice it. All students snickered raucously. Pomfrey healed Michael as Harry and Luna stayed beside him contrary to Jackson who neglected him. Michael betrayed him. He was reaping consequences from now on.

Luna. POV

Luna was comforting Michael with Harry. Michael looked an emotional wreck owing to a fake. Jackson cloyed her. No matter what he thought of Harry he should have supported Mike. This jerk maddened the soft girl. Luna didn't understand how Jackson could treat his best friend like this. Michael adored him, though. During the two last weeks Luna had noted that Michael brightened whenever Jackson sent a letter. He kept mentioning Jackson amid their conversations even as he was dating Harry. It was clear Michael cared for Jackson.
Michael regressed to his conditions before the therapy because of Jackson and Malfoy. That creep quite belittled Michael in front of packs of jackals swarming round Hogwarts, which didn't amaze her anymore. The school always produced evil since Salazar Slytherin had left Hogwarts. Of course, Luna grasped envy blurred Jackson's judgement but this didn't excuse it. While Michael got embroiled with Harry, their friendship still mattered a lot. Luna sensed Michael felt guilty on account of the link Harry and him shared. Mike could dump Harry for not alienating Jackson.

Luna had to intervene. She already foresaw Harry and Michael were some kinds of predestined mates. Besides Luna's gift implied that they would never find happiness if ever Michael or Jackson grew apart, which neither of them wanted. Pomfrey insisted that Mike remained in the Hospital wing. Harry and Luna left the premises before splitting off when they reached their destination. Luna figured Harry needed to clear up some stuff with his friends. In the Great Hall plenty of students gibed, booed and sneered at her while Luna was crossing the room to confront Jackson.

She located the so-called buddy in the middle of the Ravenclaw table having a breakfast as easy as hell. That view revolted Luna. She hadn't endeavored to uplift Michael's spirits for two weeks for allowing Jackson to ruin three existences: Mike, Harry and his.

Jackson

"Are you proud of you?" Luna asked dryly, which startled Jackson. "You spoiled everything. I can't believe you claim to care about Michael. Actually...

"What are you talking about?" Jackson interrupted her. The whimsical girl was glowering. Jackson sighed. "What's your problem?"

"My problem is you Jackson. Do you know Michael has only spoken of you this morning or during your absence? He was so delighted at the idea of passing an instant with you. Considering you're his best friend I expected you to jump at the chance. He needs you and you dropped him like Derek! Whatever you think about their relationship you must be present for him! Idiot!" Luna snapped poking at him.

"So what? I hate sport. I don't gonna apologize just for sleeping. Potter took my place. He'll get over it." Jackson retorted feigning indifference.

"Miss Lovegood. What's the meaning of this?" An oily voice belonging to the Pink Toad Umbridge said.

"Just a nice chat with my friend." Luna lied.

Umbridge glanced between Jackson and Luna. "I won't let you disturb the meal of the students. I deduct fifty points from Ravenclaw and you'll serve a week's detention with me." Umbridge decided, smirking.

Jackson winced as the evil misshapen Barbie hurry away to join the staff table. After shooting him telltale glares Luna went off to annoy somebody else like Michael. Jackson wagered both of them were in the Gryffindor table kissing or worshipping Potter. Mike abandoned his mundane friend. Jackson shrugged before eating again, though he barely choked the anger rolling off him.

First Potter seduced Mike then he convinced him to repudiate Jackson. Typical. Bitter, Jackson realized his departure gave free reins to Mike to fall into Potter's clutches via Lovegood. The fey girl hit it off with the maniac. Luna had some nerve to heap reproaches on Jackson. Besides, the
students were peering at him because of that tedious girl.

Jackson bolted down a second bowl of cereals, took his shoulder bag then almost fled the Great Hall. He zipped through the moving stairs and corridors until he barged into Flitwick's classroom. He slumped into the nearest chair. The 5th Ravenclaw had two periods of charms, next they endured Umbridge in a double DADA on Wednesday morning. Jackson set his wand, quill, book and inkstand in front of him waiting the others. Flitwick was smiling when he came in until he noticed Jackson. They stared at each other. Flitwick frowned then disregarded his student in favor of preparing the lesson. Jackson rolled his eyes.

The phony dwarf appeared so freaky. Jackson very nearly burst out laughing as Flitwick climbed up a stack of books for writing instructions on the board. The Ravens arrived. Panicking Jackson realized Mike wasn't among them. Mike didn't get into the habit of practicing truancy. Mike's absence seemed ominous. He never played hookey since they enrolled in Hogwarts, so Jackson guessed something bad had transpired since they left the Tower. It make sense Mike didn't eat in the Great Hall. Jackson only thought Mike shunned him. Perhaps Mike had troubles. Luna walked past Jackson. He seized his arm.

"What's going on? I don't see Mike anywhere. Is he okay?" Jackson whispered.

Jackson let her go. Luna scowled. "Like you care." Luna hissed before moving away.

Gnawed by remorse, Jackson kept musing over the past hours not paying attention to Flitwick's lecture. He abandoned Michael due to his petty jealousy. He hoped they permit him to redeem himself. Despite the resentment he felt for Potter Jackson shouldn't have rejected Mike. His friend counted on him.

Diverse POVs

Luna sensed Jackson felt sadness, concern as well as guilt. She beamed. The fool comprehended he needed Michael like the Irish boy needed him at last. Jackson was the first real friend Michael encountered. Derek served of them. Isaac worshipped Derek who compelled him to hang out with Mike and Jackson even though Isaac scorned them. Luna had the hunch Jackson could assist Mike recovering from years of abuse. Mike didn't tie to a hypocrite. At the end of the day Jackson adored Michael. He should learn to share him.

Plus, Luna predicted that a bigger danger than Voldemort was lurking. Arceus struggled to protect them. Luna was aware that the creator of the Multiverses Arceus oversaw billions of worlds, most of whom didn't even know it existed. The Lovegoods regularly prayed to Arceus. The ignorant wizards and witches ridiculed them because of their faith. Luna received many gifts from the god such as empathy, seer powers, foresight in return. Luna placed reliance on Arceus contrary to the incredulous mob. One day they would understand. For the meantime Luna patiently bore their vicious remarks.

At the table behind Jackson, Anthony Goldstein was gloating. The rift between Michael and Whittemore made things easier for him. He couldn't care less of Flitwick's lesson. Seeing that Mike grieved for his friend's loss, Anthony was about to bridge the gap. Hey, Anthony had a heart! Poor Michael. The situation demoralized him. If Goldstein supported him he would influence him to ditch Potter or Loony Lovegood.

The girl embarrassed the Ravenclaw House. She threw a fit amid the Great Hall. Who did she think she was? A Gryffindork? Goldstein loathed nutcases like that freak. He would handle Lovegood's problem once he dated Michael. He got rid of Potter to begin with.
Suspended! Draco was seething. Dumbledore and that blasted McGonagall had the gall to suspend the Malfoy heir. Draco only put Corner in his place. Harry Potter was his future husband. Stupid Gryffindork. Potter cheated on him with a damned Ravenclaw boy. Draco was suspended a month then he would serve two months' detention. It wasn't over. Corner would pay for this.

Draco delighted in remembering Corner's humiliation while waiting his mother to pick him up in the Headmaster's office. The Old goat was savoring some ludicrous Muggle candies. Dumbledork radiated confidence as though he disregarded the fact that the Dark Lord overpowered the old codger. Draco balled his fists. He didn't admit in any case defeat. He definitely suffered a setback but he planned to avenge himself. Corner would rue the day he challenged Draco. Even Dumbledore or McGonagall couldn't prevent this project.

Hermione was engrossed in a book while waiting the Arithmancy professor. Still, Hermione read the lines with unseeing eyes. Her mind focused on Corner. No Michael. She presumed she should call him by his first name if he became Harry's boyfriend. Hermione had been horrified observing what Michael went through in public. Besides herds of students had snickered at him, which repulsed her. Hermione abhorred Malfoy. He was a bigot looking down on everybody else. That monster always persecuted her friends. The daddy's son deserved loads of whacks. Hermione suspected Malfoy concealed some ulterior motives. Harry obsessed him. Now Malfoy assaulted students he hardly knew, even Ron who wasn't Michael's biggest fan pitied him.

It shamed her to recognize she was wrong. Despite all the muscles Michael seemed pretty frail, so Hermione began revising her opinion of the Ravenclaw boy. He didn't resemble a flirt. Hermione bit her lip. She didn't like feeling as confused. She usually didn't pay attention to gossip yet Hermione distrusted Michael. She abstained from judging Harry's relationship before talking to the couple. Hermione hoped Harry didn't get ensnared by an imposter. Harry had suffered enough in the past. Maybe she misjudged Michael.

Jackson was scarcely listening Flitwick's lesson as his mind wandered back to Michael. He was wondering whether Michael was injured. Jackson had exaggerated treating him like this. He felt nothing but hatred for Potter which blinded him. The poser duped Michael, still Jackson should have swallowed his pride to assist Mike even if it meant to put up with Potter or the torture Mike dubbed "fitness" in behalf of his friend. Jackson sighed. He quite overdid indeed. Flitwick was droning on and on about a complicated spell he taught to the 5th year Ravenclaw for a week. Jackson dozed until the end of Charms. The dwarf didn't notice it.

Guilt-ridden, Jackson zapped out of the class to track down Mike, oblivious of Luna tagging behind him. Though he scanned the corridors, peered the hordes of students passing him or questioned the paintings; Jackson didn't find out where Mike was. For an instant he had hoped Mike was sulking. Luna cleared her throat. Once again she startled him.

"You'll find Michael in the Hospital wing." Luna informed him.

"In the Hospital wing?! Are you kidding?!" Jackson blurted then seeing Luna's expression corrected himself. "What happened? Tell me the simple truth?"

"Malfoy attacked Michael before breakfast. He put a hex on him. Michael got lifted upside down by his ankles above hundreds of students. We all glimpsed his underwear, too. McGonagall ordered Malfoy to release Mike. He fell down head first and broke his nose in the process. Harry brought him to the Hospital wing. The fall had broken Michael's nose." Luna explained.

Jackson growled. That scumbag... Without thinking, Jackson scurried for the Hospital wing. Luna observed him approvingly. He couldn't care less he skipped Umbridge's class. Anyway they never learn important stuff. The Pink Toad only croaked some Ministry propaganda. Jackson barged into
the Hospital wing even though he dreaded to annoy Ms Pomfrey. The infamous matron was nowhere to be found. Jackson tiptoed around for fear of alerting Pomfrey. Mike was lying down in bed. He beamed when their eyes met.

"Jackson! You came!" Michael cried out grinning like the Cheshire cat. "I believed you've been avoiding me. I'm so sorry I should..."

Jackson cut him off. "No. You're not in fault. I got carried away by my jealousy 'cause Potter replaces me. I don't wanna upset you. It's just I can't keep my temper. Do you pardon me?"

Michael hugged Jackson almost smothering him rather than answer. He wept while Jackson was tapping him on the back in support. Jackson forgot how much Michael depended on him. Mike didn't hold a grudge against Jackson, which didn't make him feel better for his own actions. Certainly, he objected to Michael going out with Potter but he couldn't give up Mike. Derek and Isaac betrayed Mike, so he had only Jackson as a friend since most of their House hated their guts due to Derek. The mutt only wrecked lives whenever he roamed.

Michael and Jackson were embracing each other until Pomfrey flew at them, yelled then pulled them apart before impeling Mike to lie down. Pomfrey very nearly tied Mike to his bed when he began fidgeting. She allowed Jackson to stay on condition that he didn't touch her patient. Jackson nodded in panic. He knew better than defy her. Jackson sprawled in a chair beside Michael. The two friends talked under Pomfrey's surveillance, which pepped them up. Jackson quite missed Mike trapped in Beacon Hills.

Both of them didn't catch glimpse of three people watching them as the Hospital wing's door stood ajar. The Golden Trio aka Harry, Ron and Hermione was spying on them. A surge of jealousy flitted across Harry's face. He didn't like the dubious closeness of the two Ravens. Harry suspected Whittemore hung round Mike. They were too touchy-feely for his liking. Plus, Mike couldn't stop speaking about Whittemore. The bloody thief fascinated Michael. Their responsive interplays worried him. Plenty of people advised him to mistrust Mike. Harry probably should have listened to them.

Ron Weasley. POV

Ron groused. How dare he! Corner wanted bashing. That jackass cheated on Harry. Ron had been right. The bloke muck up Harry's life. All right, Ron admitted Whittemore was very handsome but Corner convinced Harry he loved him. Basically, Corner manipulated Harry. Ron bet the sluttish Ravenclaw owned a harem. Ron was about to go on the rampage when Hermione pushed Harry and Ron in. Corner waved at Harry beaming. What the hell?!

Jackson stiffened then shot daggers at Harry. The latter was glowering at him. A leaden silence fell between them. Corner attempted to kiss Harry before Harry stepped back. The delusional guy didn't deceive them anymore unless Corner sought a threesome. Ron wrinkled his nose in disgust. Terry warned him that Derek's gang lacked had no morals. Well, Corner would regret breaking Harry's heart.

Frankly Harry didn't need let alone deserve it between You-know-who, Dumbledore's schemes Umbitch and Ginny stalking him. Harry never rested. The Old crook considered him a mere pawn of a giant chessboard Dumbledork called the war. Ron knew the perverse goat used his followers for his own ends. The Greater Good nonsenses didn't trick Ron, neither the Twins for that matter. You-Know-who didn't care for his lackeys. Ron wouldn't be amazed if he found out Dumbyface and Snakeman were lovers. Ron never admired nor respected Dumbledore contrary to his mother.
In brief, Corner proved to be as disloyal Ron accused him. Ron sighed. Harry had no luck.

"What's going on Michael? I believed you loved Harry. Are you the kind of guy who plays with people's affection?" Hermione queried beating her two prickly friends.

"Don't talk rubbish! The one who plays with Mike's affections is your precious Scarface. The Freak-who-lived thinks he can't get away with anything. It's not the case! Jerk!" Jackson snarled his nostrils flaring.

Ron saw out of the corner of his eye Hermione flinched because of the word "freak". He lost his composure.

"Shut up your trap! We'll do without your point of view! Thief! So walk the hell out of here. This is a private conversation between us and this liar. You've gotta return to your dorm. Surely you'll find a few objects you can steal. You're just a home wrecker and a thug. You never stop, do you?!" Ron barked.

This comment only stoked up Whittemore's anger. The Ravenclaw lunged at Ron until Corner grabbed his arms. Witnessing it first hand knocked out the air of Ron. They didn't hide it anymore. Breathing heavily Jackson cast full of hate looks between Ron and Harry. The ginger boy would teach them a lesson or two. Nobody deceived Harry without harvesting some hard consequences.

"I'd better be leaving. Bye Michael. Have fun with your lover." Harry said dejectedly.

"Stay Harry. Please. Jackson is my best friend. I told you he's like a big brother for me. Don't dump me! I love you." Michael pleaded

Pomfrey stormed in before kicking out the three friends. Ron and Jackson growled at each other. Hermione huffed when they left the Hospital wing while the duo acted couply. Ron already prepared to support Harry on the premise that Corner fooled him. Ron definitely felt sorry for Harry. Poor guy. He couldn't find a little peace and quiet. Ron swore to avenge Harry. Those two traitors were long overdue a fair retaliation.

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A few months later. Harry. POV

Despite the numerous clashes between Ron and Jackson things ended up clarifying between Harry and Michael. They long discussed of many topics far away from their housemates. Harry learned that Derek forced Jackson to steal the boy he loved just for fun. Hermione confessed Derek had misinformed her for believing horrors about Mike. This was Derek Hale who made up stories then prompted students to convey them around Hogwarts to humiliate Mike, such as his supposed promiscuity. The git even obliged the Ravenclaws to pick on Michael. Only Jackson and Luna displayed kindness. In these conditions, Harry couldn't resent Mike adored Jackson. Harry didn't throw a fit whenever Mike hugged Jackson.

Harry knew Mike had suffered for years between an abusive father, an aloof mother, bullies and wannabe friends like Derek. Jackson only humored him by accepting hugs. Both Ravenclaw teens had a strong link, which didn't jeopardize Harry and Michael's future. The couple got closer. Their bond never weakened in spite of Malfoy's plots.

Derek's return caused Mike, Jackson and Luna to move into the Gryffindor Tower. Of course, they didn't feel safe around their tormentor. McGonagall arranged two special rooms for the Ravens. Jackson often argued with Ron but they grew on each other quickly. Much to Harry's
surprise they formed an unholy friendship. Both of them tended to be a bit divas. As for Harry, Jackson tolerated him. Harry doubted they became friends a day. Terry Boot slept in Ron's bed since they started dating. Mike hadn't took the plunge yet. Their tricky relationship strengthened as they were gradually trusting each other.

Michael astounded Harry that he showed great deal of interest in him. Michael was so gorgeous, nice, funny, cute... Harry felt honored to attract his attention. Even though Derek tried and failed to make them break up, they resisted to the pressure. Harry introduced Mike to Sirius. His godfather approved Michael after threatening to maim him if he cheated on Harry. Eventually, Derek got expelled of Hogwarts for kicking Flitwick in the head in the Great Hall, which satisfied all the Ravenclaws. Isaac Lahey included.

End of Flashbacks.

Back to present time. In a city park, the couple smiled when they got a jump on themselves. Michael and Harry relished this moment. Both had pined away in the absence of their lover. Luckily, common sense had prevailed, otherwise they wouldn't be dating. Besides Mike understood him better than anyone else. Michael kissed Harry. Harry fondled his boyfriend. Mike chuckled. Harry smirked. Mike whispered him some sweet nothings. Harry blushed then mirrored Mike's action. Mike flushed. Both teens was beaming. The world around them vanished as they were snuggling to each other.

The Dursleys were adorable but they couldn't replace Mike. The lovers were reunited at last.

Meanwhile in another world far away from others planets, you could find Simworld. The planet was populated by human like people called Sims living in harmony. You also encountered vampires, werewolves, witches, wizards, robots, genius, fairies, ghosts and zombies. Nobody feared them. This little paradise had no problem except for burglars. A good alarm disposed of this nuisance. It didn't know all concepts of rejection, prejudices, racism and homophobia. The locals often dropped in on their neighbors for a chat and didn't miss any opportunities to meet unknowns.

A beautiful little town by the sea called Sunset Valley boasted of many stores like an alchemy boutique. People enjoyed its nightlife. In Sunset Valley around 7 AM, a teen was buying his breakfast in the main park before going to class. Neville Longbottom (16) picked a latte and three chocolate donuts then bolted to the high school he attended. A dog pursued him from the movie house then dropped when Neville reached the entrance.

Neville had hardly revised his lessons, so he hoped the teachers didn't give them tests. He high fived the jocks before slumping next to the lockers. Neville gulped down his latte then ate up the donuts while waiting his best friend Michael Bachelor. Grandma would scold him if he got bad grades again. He preferred partying rather than reviewing the lessons. He usually passed his exams by copying from other pupils. Grandma raised Neville since his parents had died in a train crash when he was two. The harsh old woman didn't curb Neville's personality. He loved testing her to the limit.

The day before, Grandma had left for drinking a glass in downtown with her friends. In her absence, Neville had thrown a party in their villa by the beach until Grandma interrupted it when she arrived earlier than expected. Since Grandma kept reproaching him, Neville shrugged. He planned to go swimming during the night even if she grounded him.
Central City.STAR labs.Cisco POV

Cisco and Felicity had just locked up in a cell of Star Labs the mysterious teen. They had hidden his wand in case. Better safe than sorry. Felicity was preparing some coffee. Cisco got worried. The fact that Felicity knocked out the randomer barely lulled Cisco. He disliked that evil wizards appeared suddenly on the premises where Catlin and him worked. Cisco realized they were quite helpless against magic users. The engineer guessed they should upgrade their protective systems for dealing with both metahumans and wizards or witches. The teen came from Fred’s world. Cisco couldn’t have queried Fred about magic or its weak points because Barry, Catlin and Fred were still unconscious. Cisco flopped on a chair. The day before as well as the endless night had quite exhausted him between Zoom, Barry’s past temper, that soulmate fuss and Oliver Queen maiming Barry.

Plus, Felicity was fuming they had shut Queen up in another cell. Cisco yawned. Frazzled, he began dozing off while getting worked up.

Around thirty minutes later, Felicity plonked down a cup of coffee in front of Cisco. He jerked awake before gulping it down. Scowling, Felicity eluded Cisco’s gazes, which didn’t stun him. Felicity loved Queen since the first day she had encountered him when Felicity had been working for Queen’s former stepfather. She became a fury if ever somebody assaulted her manic lover. An unpleasant silence fell between them. Cisco didn’t dare to look up to face Felicity’s glares, instead he started musing over what to do next. Despite all the hours Catlin had spent healing Barry’s wounds, the speedster didn’t come round yet. His creepy legs didn’t look cured at all. Cisco figured out the unknown dark-haired teen caused them a lot of trouble to sate a perverse ideology. He dreaded to lose another friend.

No two buddies. Fred really grew on him. He was very funny and easy-going. Don’t get him wrong. Cisco adored Catlin and Barry but they sometimes acted so seriously. The team needed a person who knew what having fun meant.

The Burrow.Ginny POV

Meanwhile, Ginny was scheming nefarious projects. The redhead loathed her family lived in squalor. A princess didn’t deserve it. Ginny got bored.

Obviously, she passed her precious time burning bugs or squirrel in the back yard imagining Corner as a victim of the Fiendfyre curse. Besides Ginny gloated torturing birds just for fun. She was ecstatic her pitiful family never took notice. The Mudblood Granger tainted the kitchen with those broods of filthy Halfbloods anyway. Ginny resented her so called kins. She didn’t care for those blood traitors. Beaming, Ginny opened her notebook again. The younger Weasley drew a picture of Corner then pierced holes through the paper with a quill chortling madly. Nobody stole her fated husband without dying.
Then she got a new idea. Ginny would throttle Molly in her sleep and had Arthur accused. The younger Weasley rehearsed for two weeks what she was going to do for playing the role of the tearful daughter, she would handle Ronald's issue afterwards. He had the gall to invite his whore Terry Boot in Ginny's house! Did he believe Ginny tolerated that abnormality? Besides, Ron compelled her majesty to assist at their frolics. They had no morals at all of them, particularly Ginny's parents wannabes. They agreed with Ron's perversity. Ginny scrunched up her face. George also belittled their Purebloods' image being gay. Ginny detested those pests. Well, Ginny presumed she should pardon them. The Burrow would soon be littered with their corpses.

Smiling, Ginny wrote: "I'll offer to Boot a nice cuppa spiked with love potion. He'll fall in love with a girl of my choice then he'll dump Ronald letting him heartbroken. I'll cast the Imperius curse at Ron and oblige him to kill Boot because of his jealousy. My dear brother is hot-headed. Poor Ron can't recover from Boot's betrayal. The Aurors will throw him into jail. The Wizarding world will revile Ron. Guilt-ridden, Ron will kill himself of despair and shame. In point of fact I'll force him to do so."

Ginny giggled. What a tragedy! She was impatient to see Ron slaughtering Boot. Those disgusting freaks cloyed her. Of course, Ginny didn't notice she was still watched.

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Severus Snape was observing the Weasley girl for half an hour. He was getting more and more appalled by Ginny's actions or thoughts. In spite of her weak occlumency walls (Where the hell did she learn such a thing?) Snape listened all what she was plotting. He got bad vibes from her since Ginny's first day at Hogwarts. After all she did release the Basilisk of the Chamber of the Secret. Snape didn't buy into her facade one second. The girl belonged to Bellatrix Lestrange's kind, soulless girls or women ready to murder mass of people for achieving their ends. He almost recoiled in horror while peering at the scene.

After sneaking up the stairs behind Ginny, the sullen professor had cast a spell that he turned him invisible, which permitted him to keep an eye on the girl. That little scoundrel was definitely dangerous. Ginny could vie with the Dark Lord for foulness and Dolores Umbridge for lunacy. Snape had to inform Dumbledore. He couldn't help but shiver at the idea of the witch joining Voldemort's side. Snape foresaw that she would be nuisance. Sighing, Snape crept away to meet McGonagall again. Ginny's ideas upset him so much so he didn't touch the food Molly Weasley was serving. The girl perfectly veiled her real nature. Snape went nervous. Lily's son faced up to a new psychopath.

Consequently, his mission to protect Potter became trickier. Whatever. Snape would endeavor to thwart Ginny's plans.

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Felicity Smoak.POV

Felicity was teetering on the brink of flipping out. Cisco and Catlin had put to sleep Oliver like a mere animal then confined him as they treated felons. Of course, Felicity had glimpsed Barry's condition. Felicity had seen far ghastier wounds, albeit the IT expert admitted that gruesome sight would haunt her for years. Barry didn't deserve it nor the unknown redhead teen boy beside him. Felicity was still wondering who he was. However, it didn't excuse Catlin's actions. Felicity knew the two scientists that she considered friends tagged Oliver as a criminal. Cisco and Catlin always prompted Barry to reject Oliver. Felicity gradually nursed a grievance to the two scientists. They disappointed her.
They portrayed themselves as good people, actually they attacked Oliver for no reason. She would bet Barry and the ginger kid had just been crippled by the other teen Felicity had knocked out. Didn't they realize Oliver got voodooed? Felicity was convinced Oliver only scraped Barry and his enigmatic acquaintance, at least she hoped Oliver didn't hurt Barry so much so that she doubted Barry would walk again if he regained consciousness. Felicity sighed. No. She couldn't delude herself. Oliver did molest Barry until the speedster passed out and got disabled forever. The dark-haired teen succeeded in disposing of a superhero. Central City lost the Flash.

Still, Felicity resented Catlin. Nothing impelled her to shoot hypodermic needles at Oliver. It was so invidious. Catlin's rabid hatred blinded her. She deliberately disregarded Oliver changed or he didn't control his movements. He protected people like Barry. They should have found other solutions.

"Why did you lock Oliver up? Weren't there any other means? Why Catlin's gotten a gun by the way? Is she paranoid? Zoom just abducted someone, right? I know you've been labeling Oliver a criminal for years but I don't get it. Olie keeps saving Star City. Can you trust him at last?" Felicity fired off questions at Cisco. "It's the teen I hit who's responsible for Barry's state."

Cisco didn't answer Felicity's interrogation which quite irked her until Cisco dashed into a room of Star Labs. Amazed, Felicity quirked an eyebrow. She was afraid Cisco fled. Felicity sipped her cup of cappuccino rather than freak out. This situation left her a bad taste in the mouth. She loathed feeling so confused between the two weird teens, Cisco's escape as well as the unsaid. Felicity sensed Cisco concealed some information from her. Cisco presumably quit the premises in order to bypass her numerous questions. Felicity feared Barry didn't survive the prolonged coma. Besides, she didn't grasp how a teen could have decided to make two men kill each other. Maybe the dark-haired magic user was a metahuman, which explained he longed for eliminating Barry. Cisco dashed back into the room where Felicity was pondering over the crisis and her boyfriend. Shaking her head, Felicity concentrated on the last difficulties.

"Sorry. To answer your questions I just fetched a USB key where I've copied recordings of the tussle. We've installed many cameras around Star Labs. I know you're furious but watch the video file. You'll understand Catlin." Cisco blurted.

Felicity grabbed the flash drive out of Cisco's hand before inserting it in the nearest compute. She goggled as she was watching the video. First, she observed Oliver barging into Star Labs then assaulted Barry. The two heroes struggled until Oliver triumphed over Barry. Felicity winced when Oliver literally transfixed Barry's calves. The ear-splitting cry Barry uttered broke her heart. The redhead teen drew out a stick before levitating Oliver. He also owned some powers. Much to Felicity's surprise, the mysterious youngster and Barry kissed. They were certainly in couple. What the hell? Felicity always thought Barry was straight. Perhaps the ginger kid tricked Barry into loving him to snare him. The two magicians cooperated together. Both poisoned Barry or Oliver against the other. Such cruelty left her bereft. Felicity swore to get even with those two punks.

Felicity didn't manage to dismiss the bleak facts. The clash shed new light on Oliver's character. Though he had changed, he was still able to torture and finish off his enemies. While Felicity loved him to the core, those ideas frightened her.

Beacon Hills. Jackson. POV

Around 11 PM in a small town of California, Jackson yawned. He had just completed an essay on the Dementors after writing down another essay on the Inferis. The future DADA (Defense Against the Dark Arts) professor seemed skilled for a change. Jackson endlessly devoured all the books 6th year students had to buy. His parents had taken him to the Wizarding mall of Los Angeles three weeks before. Jackson had purchased all his school stationery, plus many extra books he read.
avidly. Jackson seldom went out for fear of bumping into Derek or Isaac. They resided in Beacon Hills too.

The prospect of facing up to Derek quite rattled Jackson. Derek might have powdered him or buried him alive if he chanced on Jackson. The werewolf already promised to liquidate his former friends. In consequence, Jackson balked the forest where Hale often loitered. Jackson's vacations turned studious except for when he passed times with his lover or family. He only ignored risks of encountering Derek when he rushed to the grocery store if he lacked of gums and snacks. In that case, Jackson scurried for the store in driving the fancy sports car his parents bought him for his birthday.

Flashback

Well, the summer break gifted Jackson a boyfriend, Scott McCall. They met as Jackson stood in a grocery till waiting in the long line. Jackson had sidled out of the Whittemore's home to not alert his parents. They had grounded him two weeks after they surprised him smoking a cigarette. Anyway, Jackson hated it. In the store, Jackson clutched plenty of cans of sodas. He needed his sugar fix for revisions. When he very nearly dropped a can of Sprite a hand caught it just in time. Jackson gaped as he peeked at the owner of said hand. The dude in his late teens quite turned him on. Jackson blushed when the hottie obstructed his passage before introducing himself as Scott McCall. The taller teen existed the store holding Jackson's cans. Both settled in an abandoned house. They talked for hours drinking sodas.

End of Flashback

Jackson felt so aroused and thrilled whenever he enjoyed some instants with Scott. He even consented to be Scott's mate. You see Scott McCall was a werewolf, he needed a mate. His wolf chose Jackson. At first, Jackson panicked remembering of Derek but Scott proved him wrong fast. Derek's abhorrent behavior didn't typify werewolves. Besides, Scott revealed Derek belonged to a rival pack. Scott and Jackson opened up to each other without delay. Scott cheered up Jackson when he felt down in the dumps. The effusive teen always cracked some jokes, flirted with him and massaged him, which appealed to Jackson a lot. He became very fond of Scott thanks to these numerous tokens of love. Scott rapidly claimed Jackson without changing him. The two teens created a lifelong bond. Jackson had a mark around his shoulder blades for proving it.

As such, Scott kept protecting Jackson. Once the scrappy teen had roughed up Isaac when he saw him coming near Jackson. Scott turned out to be kinda overprotective. Jackson quickly realized he would be the submissive. The fact never punctured his pride. Jackson adored feeling safe as he sat on Scott's lap or every time Scott stretched out on his back. If his parents were away on business or while they were sleeping, Scott sneaked in Jackson's room. If his parents entered his room when they got raucous, Jackson pretented to study after flinging Scott under his bed. Jackson didn't think they would agree with him spending night with Scott. Nor he mated with a werewolf for that matter.

The days Jackson's parents left faraway, Scott stayed at his place. They wallowed in the Whittemore's jacuzzi for hours, romped about and played video games. They never splitted off. Scott became Jackson's anchor in life. As though they shut themselves in a bubble, both overlooked the world around them as soon as they got closer. On the other hand, they depressed of being away from each other. Jackson boggled to return Hogwarts. He needed Scott. His mate was a Muggle he couldn't access to the school.

Someone gave three knocks to the door. Jackson hurled the book he was perusing then ran down the stairs. Grinning he opened the door. Scott had just arrived. His mate held out a bunch of flowers
Jackson blushed. Squirming he managed to smile even if he quite felt offended. After all, he wasn't a girl. Scott winked at him nonfazed by Jackson's embarrassment as per usual.

"I picked them in my neighbor's garden. I hope you like them. I didn't know what to offer you, babe." Scott told him brazenly.

"Okay." Jackson whispered recovering his shock.

Jackson let him in. His parents had gone for the weekend. Jackson didn't comment further. It was useless. Scott never listened to him as if he was bond to a Gryffindor. Jackson set the bouquet on a table. He beamed when he noticed Scott brought a bag. He was looking forward to spend two days in couple. Scott threw the bag at his feet, then pined Jackson against a wall. They kissed. Jackson chuckled in pleasure as Scott began groping him. Jackson stroked Scott's hair. Jackson banged the entrance door shut. Indulging their passion they hurried to join Jackson's room. Both unzipped the jeans of the other next lay down.

Smirking they admired each other. Jackson flushed as Scott purred him some sweet nothings. Intimacy took place all the night.

The next day. Matt Murdock's apartment

In an apartment of Hell's Kitchen in New York of the superheroes' world, three runaways Natasha Romanov aka Black Widow, Clint Barton aka Hawkeye and Scott Lang best known as Antman; were talking while having breakfast. Matt Murdock took them in. The latter was an attorney by day and fought villains, lunatics and mobsters at night. Matt Murdock was called Daredevil. The blind superhero wore red leather suit then punched criminals like his deadly enemies Bullseye or Fisk. Matt didn't hesitate even one second when Natasha asked him to help them out. Matt had gone to his attorney's office two hours earlier.

Steve had assisted them to break out of prison. The old team Captain America had parted. Steve split in Europe whereas Natasha, Clint and Scott Lang came back home. Ever since the trio was on the run. They always concealed their identities putting on clothes to fool their pursuers. Natasha provided them forged ID. They got hunted down worldwide. Antman used his powers to shrink for unlocking safety catches if they needed weapons and shelters. He was sort of a geek too. Antman hacked into system without problem. Natasha took advantage of her spy abilities so as to mislead cops hounding them. Clint was second to none when he scanned crowds in search of hostile forces. Likewise the archer pinpointed dangers at once. He also talents of strategist.

They blamed Tony. The three fugitive superheroes' opinions concurred. They would revenge themselves sooner than later. Natasha often ranked on Stark. She wagered he supported the police with a vengeance. The former arm dealer betrayed them, which didn't stupefy neither Clint or Scott Lang. They always distrusted Tony Stark. Hank Pym strongly advised Scott to avoid confiding in any Stark. Clint resented Stark's triviality. He suspected Stark had ulterior motives since the first day they had met.

"I'm wondering how Steve and Sam are. We've not gotten any news of them yet. I hope cops can't track them down." Natasha said.

Clint ended spreading butter on a piece of toast. "I doubt they're arrested or gunned down. We'd heard it on the news. The coverage given to these events would be quite huge. I suppose Cap and Sam found a good hideout. Steve survived many ordeals. He's gonna outsmart the pack. Don't worry. He'll be back."
"Yeah. I guess so. I'm frightened the Avengers disappear because of Stark. I can't imagine Cap, Stark or us working as a team against an alien threat." Natasha added.

"I bet Stark embroidered the truth to have it easy. He created Ultron, sold millions of weapons but they consider him a hero. Stupid policians." Antman grumbled.

"That creep even hired a kid. Spiderman looks like a high school boy. Stark has no qualms. He's no better than Fury from now on. They're ruthless." Clint groused.

"I think Stark is sneakier. I mean we already knew how Fury acts. We're just tools for his greatest plans. The Avengers must do his dirty work. Stark always cants and manipulates us." Natasha mumbled.

"Let's stop talking about him. We need to find new ideas. I mean we can't seriously impose on Matt long. He jeopardizes his career, life and freedom for us. A real friend." Scott Lang interjected.

"Sure. We'd better remain discreet, though. Don't forget we've been hunted down for weeks. For now we sit around and we keep a low profile until authorities give up. We've no other choice." Clint retorted.

Muttering Antman slurped a large glass of grape juice. Clint guffawed. Scott Lang quite grew on the couple after their jailbreak. Clint kissed Natasha enjoying the softness of her lips.

Arceus. POV

Arceus growled as the Weasley girl continued engineering crimes. Her lunacy didn't excuse it. Ginny was about to incur Arceus's wrath. The god pondered over ideas to castigate her for hours. Arceus knew that Snape would take care of Ginny's problem. It focused on Natasha, Clint and Scott Lang. Arceus had used its powers to manipulate Matt Murdock's mind for encountering the three fugitives.

Arceus found that solution to save them like he had influenced Derek Hale for kicking Flitwick. It was the perfect mean to dispose of the teen. Arceus knew that nobody would be safe at Hogwarts while Derek attended the boarding school. Arceus had also decided to have Scott McCall meeting Jackson sooner than expected. The mates were supposed to pass each other at the university. Arceus speeded it up. The creator of the Multiverses sensed Jackson needed protection because of Derek Hale. The belligerent werewolf only wished he could get rid of Jackson, Michael Corner and even Isaac Lahey. Hale craved for massacres.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Beacon Hills.Derek Hale.POVI

In the preserve Derek was seething. Not only did he get expelled of Hogwarts but he also failed to bump off Michael and Jackson. Mike whored after celebrity with Potter while Jackson became the mate of a werewolf. An Alpha no less. The dominant obviously protected Jackson. Derek couldn't smash to a pulp his former sidekick. He often saw the couple strutting around Beacon Hills. Derek swore to himself the little traitor would soon double over in pain when he caught him. Derek growled. Jackson was supposed to be a sitting duck not being bonded to an Alpha who matched Derek's powers. Scott McCall wrecked all his plans.

Quite furious, Derek slugged a range of trees which collapsed straight away. Isaac had been roughed up when he drew near of Jackson by this annoying guy. Derek already loathed him as much as he hated his ex allies. They betrayed Derek by disobeying to him. Jackson and Mike used to represent a new family for him. He expected them to join his future pack as omegas. Derek couldn't condone their actions. He had to dispose of them from now on. Derek often observed Jackson's Manor. He needed to find out the perfect moment for killing the turncoat. Unfortunately, Jackson spent days on end reading his house surrounded with mountain ash or making out with McCall. The slutty boy never hesitated to spread his legs for his Alpha. Derek didn't admit defeat, though. He would take revenge on Jackson then Michael whatever it cost him and next he would change Isaac.

Derek stopped uprooting trees when suddenly he got a bright idea. Derek smirked as he grasped how he could kill off his new enemies in one fell swoop, if he succeeded Jackson, Mike, Potter who stole his favorite omega and Loony Lovegood were going to die.

Simworld. Michael Bachelor.POVI

Michael Bachelor's parents portrayed him as the ideal son. He got good grades, respected them, babysat his little sister, did the shopping after school, usually set the table and never rebelled. The Bachelors were so proud of him. They couldn't have imagined he turned badly. Many neighbor's children should have taken model on him. In their biased opinion Michael was an angel. His parents always overlooked Michael's faults. If someone criticized their son they asserted he was just having fun. For one thing Michael partied every other day where he binged on alcohol. He answers back to his teachers, skipped classes when he got bored, cheated at exams, ravaged buildings of the town each time he covered them with graffiti and slept around. Michael had been arrested twice before. Mrs Bachelor believed people misjudged her sweet son. Folks tended to exaggerate. Their jealousy blinded them. She thought he wouldn't hurt a fly.

That day, Michael chuckled. He was tagging the gym of his high school after redoing the locker rooms while Neville was still waiting for him. Michael adored irritating teachers. The best thing was that his parents always supported him whenever teachers told him off or punished him. Michael's parents never grounded him, so Bachelor wrecked havoc knowing his old ones didn't give a damn. He drew rude images while tagging slurs. Michael debunked teachers and students he disliked. He had doodled obscenities about a cheerleader who had refused to date him on bleachers before. Michael snickered until Sue Silvester grabbed his ear then dragged him away from the walls. Michael screamed in pain. The insane woman released him once they had left the gym. Michael rubbed his ear glowering at Silvester.
"You little punk. I'll take you to the principal's office. Can you explain to me why you deface my turf? Don't lie. Sue Silvester deserves the truth." Silvester snarled.


Silvester wagged a finger at the teen. "Listen a bit juvenile delinquent. No one insult the great Sue Silvester. Shut up or else I'll make your pathetic existence of train wreck a living hell. Respect me or I force you to clean your mess with your tongue." Silvester hissed.

"Yeah, sure. Have you always been so manic? Not only you're self-centered but you're raving bullshit non stop. Is the bleach you sniff in the locker rooms infects your brains?" Michael replied nonfazed.

"Congratulations, dimwit. You just became Sue's enemy. I'm sure the principal will love discovering who spoils this school. He'll suspend you at the very least." Silvester groused.

Bachelor scoffed. "Please, don't harass me. I'm so afraid of you coach. You gotta throw a fit when I'm just have fun, right? Psycho..." Michael trailed off.

Silvester didn't let him end this sentence. She gripped Bachelor's ear ignoring his shouts of pain to tug him to the principal's office. She released him as she stormed into Mr Block's office. Michael endured fifteen minutes or so of lecture before they decided to suspend him three weeks. Mr Block compelled Bachelor to spring clean the gym. Bachelor gritted his teeth. He refused to demean himself to work like a flunky. That blasted Silvester seemed so smug. She cloyed him. Mind you, Michael would avenge himself on Silvester.

Azkaban prison. Umbridge. POV

Meanwhile, Dolores Jane Umbridge was fuming. She had been sentenced to life imprisonment. She couldn't believe the Ministry sent her in Azkaban. She would wager Albus bloody Dumbledore influenced the jury. Umbridge also blamed her personal scourges Granger and Potter. Besides Umbridge shared a cell with a Muggleborn witch. Naturally the Pink Lady looked down at her. They endlessly bandied insults or blows. She hoped the Dark Lord killed off those broods. Steaming mad Umbridge cursed all guards, Dementors and visitors passing her. Umbridge never received a visit. She was a reject since she had lost her job two months earlier.

The Toad bawled whenever she remembered her arrest. Honestly she just hexed a tainted Nobody like Granger. Plus, Wood and Flint the Aurors who captured her couldn't have stopped snogging. Umbridge scowled. They flaunted their perversion in front of her as though their relationship was acceptable! Everything went sour due to ill-mannered brats. Umbridge tossed a cup across the cell. It shattered against the wall. Moreover Mudbloods touched Umbridge then prevented her from taking vengeance on Granger. Umbridge quite misfired her plans thanks to a couple of queers. Wood and Flint had incapacitated her before dragging her to the Ministry where she got judged for her "crimes". The Aurors even confiscated her wand. She was basically a Squib like her brother. The Wizarding world pined away without Umbridge. Blood traitors such as the Weasleys were still alive. Dammit. They bred like rabbits. Those redheads multiplied like cockroaches.

"I'll kill you Potter! I'll strangle you Granger! Blasted degenerates!" Umbridge shrilled.

Beacon Hills. Jackson. POV
Jackson woke up wedged between blankets around 11 AM. The night had been hectic. He realized pretty quickly Scott had gone. Jackson panicked imagining awful stuff which explained Scott's disappearance until delicious smell of food wafted into his room. The smell made Jackson's mouth water.

Scott brought a huge tray of brunch for both of them. He had a goofy smile on his face. Jackson beamed when Scott set it beside him then they kissed in a heated way. Jackson gasped as he peeked at stacks of jelly toasts, bowls of freshly cut fruits, homemade waffles covered with maple syrup, tuna melt sandwiches, steamed shrimps, buttery grits and two large mugs of coffee. Scott lay down next to him then they began eating. Jackson moaned in pleasure when he tasted the waffles. Scott had great talents for cooking. Jackson gave his thanks for the endeavor caressing Scott's loins. They chortled and they sipped their mugs of expresso. Both ate with zest. Once they had finished Jackson put the tray down on the floor then he nestled against Scott. His mate enlaced him tightly. They kept silent for a long time relishing this moment. Scott nuzzled Jackson's neck. The blond teen tittered.

"Thanks Scottie. You fixed a fucking awesome breakfast. I'm really sure you gonna make my life perfect. I got lucky when I met you. I'm glad you've claimed me. " Jackson cooed as he straddled Scott.

Scott grinned. "Yeah. You're welcome, babe. I should say the same for you. I'm very happy you've accepted me. I can't afford to offer you many presents yet. I thought I could prepare you a meal instead of fancy clothes. " Scott replied stroking Jackson.

Jackson giggled rubbing against Scott's crotch. He felt Scott's arousal. "I don't really need that. I just enjoy spending time with you. I feel safe when you're around me. You're the best mate ever. Hell, I'd be dead twice without you. Scott you've been preventing Hale from butchering me for two months. Thanks again. " Jackson said.

"I promise that creep won't come near you. " Scott grunted his eyes flashing red. " I'll cope with him if he attacks you. His bashing is long overdue. Nobody spoils your life and gets away with it. "

To prove his point Scott almost choked Jackson by hugging him, which didn't bother him much. Jackson knew Scott had some trouble to control his force, so he indulged him even if Scott unwillingly hurt him. Anyway, Scott turned overprotective whenever he perceived Jackson was in peril. The wizard would never confess it because of his huge pride but he adored when Scott got touchy-feely. This reminded him Scott cared for him. Seeing that he had been adopted Jackson kinda swallowed treatment that chastened his pride. Jackson's birth parents had abandoned him in consequence he always dreaded others rejected him, too. Scott heartily loved him, which appeased him. He would never dump Jackson.

" I love you. I'm very delighted I've encountered you. Just for ya know. I'm spending the best vacation of my life with you. " Scott purred then kissed Jackson's cheek.

Jackson grinned. " Likewise. Love you, too. " Jackson whispered. Yawning he added. " I don't know for you but I wanna sleep in. The night exhausted me. "


Scott turned around Jackson then stretched out on his mate's back. Jackson immersed himself in Scott's warmth. Scott wrapped his arms around Jackson's waist as the blond snuggled down beside him. The couple fell asleep again at once.
Meanwhile in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Dumbledore was torturing Dobby the house elf. He chuckled whenever Dobby begged him. That filthy beast confounded lemon drops with strawberry lollipops. Dumbledore was foolish enough to entrust Dobby with the responsibility of doing his shopping. The Headmaster of Hogwarts crucioed Dobby until its mind broke, so he cast Avada Kedavra on the elf. An insane didn't have any use. Sighing Dumbledore cast the Fiendfyre curse for ridding of the corpse. Dumbledore stormed out of his office. He headed for Hogsmeade. That incompetent creature forced the Great Dumbledore to consort with the mob in order to buy his favorite sweets.

Dumbledore beckoned to the sheep greeting or bowing to him whereas he scorned that lot. The old man chortled remembering Dobby's anguish. That ungrateful thing deserved far worse. Dumbledore was too lenient with riffraff. The old crook whistled, mentally musing over ways to massacre Muggleborns. In Hogsmeade village many shop goers gazed at him with wonder. The Ministry acknowledged that Tom was back at last. They expected him to triumph over the Darkest wizard ever. Poor fools. Dumbledore would never do such a thing, on the contrary he assisted his so-called enemy. Dumbledore smiled as herds of villagers and tourists clustered around him. His eyes twinkling Dumbledore handed out autographs.

At the candy store, he bought lots of boxes of lemon drops. The clever storekeeper didn't have him pay. Perhaps Dumbledore let him survive the war. He left the store surrounded with fans. Dumbledore despised that lot, just as he loathed any whelps of Hogwarts. He couldn't wait that Potter sacrificed himself under his guidance on behalf of the Greater good of his vaults. Dumbledore endlessly hoodwinked the dull teen into risking his life. The brat worshipped him.

Once he entered Hogwarts, Dumbledore sucked a lemon drop while gloating over the memory of Hagrid's murder. The stupid Half-breed hadn't anticipated that. The great Dumbledore had no friends no loved ones only pawns except for Tom. He only cared for him. Greed prompted him to use his followers until they got helpless, which never bothered his tiny conscience.

Dumbledore hurried back in his office. He had just figured out where Potter was sheltering. It was so obvious. Dumbledore smirked. He would get back his weapon.

London. Hal Jordan. POV

In the meantime, in an alley nearby Brian Braddock's place a superhero landed catching Snart by surprise.

Hal Jordan best known as Green Lantern was wearing his suit and mask that concealed his identity. He was dropping by to visit his friend Brian when he discovered Snart spying on the couple. Hal got it that Snart tracked down Steve Rogers, Brian's boyfriend. Hal sighed. Brian always picked complicated relationships such as Wade Wilson the psychopath or an infamous fugitive like Rogers. Even if Hal didn't understand much Brian's choices, he barely resented the couple. Rogers wasn't a criminal. He only defended his friend and love interest something Hal could relate. Green Lantern defied any dangers or authorities when he had to defend his friends and family.

Hal sneaked behind Snart his right fist raised in case Snart attacked him. The ring that contained his powers glowing ready to protect him. The hero quite knew Snart usually had an ace in the hole. On no account Hal underestimated Snart. He flexed his muscle aware that Snart wouldn't ever surrender without fighting back. Hal noticed Snart was holding his famous weapon while gazing at Brian's apartment. Hal supposed the felon schemed something. He glanced around looking for
Snart's backups. The last thing he needed was being encircled by the Rogues. Snart led them. Hal realized soon Snart seemed alone unless he lay a snare Hal could confront him. The hero tiptoed to the Flash's nemesis until Snart turned around displaying a vicious scowl. Hal groaned. He wasn't very discreet. The vile man shot at Hal without warning him. It very nearly touched Green Lantern but he avoided it sliding out of the way. Hal shook his head. Snart had no honor of any sort. Snart cursed loading the gun for the second round. Hal and Snart sized up each other.

Hal boomed. "Stop it now! Whatever you attempt you gonna fail, Snart. Follow me meekly and I'd be sorta gentle. You'll suffer if you defend yourself. I'll wipe the floor with you. When you're in your cell I gonna send you lots of baskets of fruits. Preferences?" Hal teased.

Snart sneered facing him. "The carnival is over you know Greenie unless you dressed up in that odd attire for Halloween. Go join your freaky suited friends. Don't try to fight me. I'll defeat you right now." Snart replied loftily.

"I don't think so. You'll end up in prison with all your accomplices tonight. Give up you waste my time. You're hardly in the same league as me gangster wannabe." Hal retorted.

"Boaster. I'll show you what the wannabe is able. Believe me you'll regret to test me. You'll bleed to death after you'll get a good thrashing. I'm not the aliens you affront in the outer space. I'll teach you a lesson of humility." Snart hissed.

Snart lunged at Hal balling his fists. Useless. Hal diverted Snart's blows before pummeling him. The thief winced. Later Snart growled then aimed his ice gun at Hal. He reacted without delay. Hal shot powerful rays which destroyed Snart's weapon. The villain attempted to run away but Hal blocked his way. Green Lantern punched him so hard Snart was knocked out. Hal handcuffed his opponent, carried him in his arms then flew up to the nearest police station.

Green Lantern landed in a quiet street where he found out the police station. Snart still unconscious in his arms. Hal barged in. The Rogue was taken into custody five minutes later. Cops shut Snart up in a grim cell. They diligently offered Hal a cup of gross coffee. He sipped it out of politeness. He couldn't resist it. He plonked himself down on a chair beside Snart's cell waiting he recovered. Hal checked on his suit, mask, gloves and ring seeking after any stains. There were none. He grinned then watched Snart. Green Lantern liked taunting criminals he arrested. Roaring, Snart came round then menaced him. Hal yawned playfully.

Snart scowled. "I'll break out of that pathetic cell next I'll hunt you down. You're dead Green Lantern. You're hear me?! You're dead Green Lantern!" The Rogue grunted shaking the bars of his cell.

Hal burst out laughing. "By all means try and escape. I'm sure you'll impress me. Can you see i? I'm frightening. Please don't use your broken gun. Bye Bye Snart. You'll rot in this nice cell for a while."

Snart howled with rage then uttered loads of swear words. Hal made it as if he was panicking much to Snart's fury. He waved at the thief before going out. Hal grinned. He had brought Snart a peg or two. As he was moving away from the police station he heard all of a sudden some noise. Hal scarcely dodged flames speeding towards him thanks to his enhanced reflexes. A guy was aiming a flamethrower at him. Hal recognized Mick Rory at once. He was Snart's stooge. The hero altered his stance ready to brawl.

"I'll pay you back for what you did to Leonard." The arsonist growled.

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Roy Harper. POV
Meanwhile Roy Harper, oblivious of the fight outside, was longing to exit Brian Braddock's apartment. He got locked up there for two days. Braddock basically held him hostage on the pretext of protecting him. He even forbade Roy to approach the balcony. The paranoid hero only allowed Roy to sleep, eat, have a shower and watch TV. Braddock passed days on end watching Roy suspiciously as though he feared that Roy boosted his stuff. Well, Roy made the huge error to tell him he used to be a pickpocket and he sometimes shook down old folks when he lacked of money. The tale didn't improve Roy's rep in the eye of the sanctimonious British hero.

Braddock professed hatred for Oliver, which permitted him to criticize Roy. The younger one barely refrained from uncorking his emotions in front of that hypocrite. He stuck up for Steve one of the most infamous fugitive but was highly critical of vigilantes who protected decaying city like Star City. Everyday Deadpool the merc went on a killing spree, which hadn't prevented Braddock from dating him. Whatever the Brit claimed he had supported that lunatic. Of course, Roy didn't aired his grievances. He really pictured Braddock slaughtering him if ever Roy protested against this condition.

The more Roy passed times in this ghastly place, the more Captain Britain terrified him, particularly as he tended to have sudden outbursts of temper whenever Roy or Steve mentioned prickly topics. The teen quite remembered Braddock's strength. Roy began hating Braddock. He considered Roy either a liability or a hoodlum depending on his moods. (Braddock's words not Roy's.) The ex vigilante usually gnashed his teeth instead of snapping about these insults. Braddock forgot Roy informed the couple of the Rogues' threat. Okay, he guessed he shouldn't have stalked them but Brian wasn't entitled to patronize him. When he didn't accuse Roy of theft Braddock affirmed Roy would die five minutes after he had left Braddock's place. According to Braddock Roy was defenseless.

Roy took the plunge. Without thinking he gathered all his belongings together then quietly headed off. As Roy was sneaking out Braddock clutched his arm roughly. Crap. He hadn't noticed him.

"What are you doing?!" Braddock barked. Roy froze. He was still holding the doorknob. Braddock glowered at him. "You sit back in the couch. I won't let you expose Steve."

Braddock lifted Roy as if he was light as a feather. Roy was shell shocked and didn't react. Braddock dropped him hard on the sofa. Shaking like a leaf, Roy huddled in the couch. Braddock rummaged through a closet till he took out some ropes of it. Roy gulped.

"You leave me no other choice Roy. I'm not your enemy. I'd rather treat you well but I must restraint you for your own good. I only try to protect you kid. You'll get it later. " Braddock almost apologized.

Roy quivered when Braddock tied solid ropes tightly around his hands and feet. Braddock even blindfolded him. Roy very nearly fainted owing to the excruciating fright he felt. Satisfied, Braddock banged his bedroom's door shut.

McKingley High school. Kurt. POV

Squirming, Kurt Hummel entered the High school. He looked around then scurried for his locker when he discovered there were almost no one in the corridors. Kurt had just returned school after a prolonged stay in hospital. He didn't intend to come back there. Kurt clenched his fists in support eluding the other pupils' judgmental stares. He opened his locker before hurling books and notebooks in his shoulder bag then slammed it shut. Kurt didn't dawdle long instead he sprinted through a growing crowd to find out a safe room.
Earlier Kurt had received a call from Sebastian for announcing him he skipped classes. Honestly Kurt didn't bear a grudge against him. The next day he would follow suit. He was fed up with dreading to be roughed up every single day he assisted school because of bunches of cavemen. Kurt was looking forward to quit Ohio. That hellhole only produced packs of bigots like Schuester and Blaine's troops. Kurt was too focused on his own thoughts so he didn't note that a certain group was lurking behind him.

His fear bubbled beneath the surface Kurt strode away across the halls dismissing all slurs, catcalls and threats he heard. Kurt really got used to that kind of welcome even though some of the pupils shoved him brutally. He kept his cool. Still Kurt squealed when he saw Blaine's gang was approaching him in full force. Kurt shivered. Great. The bullies closed in on him. Kurt resigned himself to being victimized. They set him about fast. Blaine knocked him out of the way when he tried to flee. Piers Polkiss and Puck poked fun at him. Kurt held back his tears because of their cruel words. Stiles Stilinski tripped him then Quinn Fabray kicked his shoulder bag away. Karofski threw a slushie at Kurt's face. The latter rubbed his eyes as Blaine's gang played soccer with his stuff. The onlookers scoffed. Kurt hardly managed to stand back again before Blaine pinned him to the wall twisting his arms behind his back. Kurt pleaded the leader to free him in vain. The hyenas giggled.

"Well well, faggy face. You've some nerve to turn up amid ordinary people. You know how we handle your kind, don't you?" Blaine sneered.

"We chuck them in the dumpsters. We chuck them in the dumpsters. We chuck them in the dumpsters. We chuck them in the dumpsters. We chuck them in the dumpsters. We chuck them in the dumpsters." Blaine's minions chorused waspishly.

They were about to pick Kurt up to chuck him in the dumpsters when a beautiful melody resounded in the halls. Kurt sighed in relief as he caught glimpse of Rachel Berry. The self-proclaimed best voice of Lima appeared humming an old fashioned tune. Blaine's gang loathed singers far more than gays. They immediately disregarded Kurt in order to pick on Berry. Kurt didn't miss this opportunity. He ran off without a backward glance.

Luna. POV

Meanwhile, Luna awoke with a start. She had just dreamed of her two first friends Michael and Jackson like during the whole summer break. She feared for them.

The awful Derek Hale was regularly scheming Jackson's demise. Contrary to Michael, Jackson didn't live thousands of miles of deadly foes. He risked meeting Derek any day. On the other hand Jackson found out his fated mate who stood up for him, especially as Scott McCall was also a werewolf. Derek would never give up trying to kill Jackson. Without Scott Jackson wouldn't survive the holidays. Luna rejoiced Jackson blossomed but she foresaw that Derek was not the kind of guy to shrink back in the face of numerous setbacks. The young seer sighed. Scott and Jackson had to leave Beacon Hills forever.

Besides Luna understood Arceus interfered with their lives for their own good. It was a blessing. She guessed it hastened events to help them. After all the Multiverses were on the verge of vanishing. The creator of the Multiverses Arceus rather squashed evildoers, even if it wouldn't be enough against their future adversaries; some of whom were almighty beings. Luna predicted that two sides would clash. Her future comrades had plenty of dangerous enemies. The worst of all was definitely Dumbledore. Although, Dumbledore pretended to cherish Harry and treated him as though he overachieved everything, the old liar actually pulled the strings making sure Harry didn't survive the war against Voldemort. Luna shuddered thinking hundreds of students were compelled
Luna sensed all the people that she cared for were in danger in this world. The situation festered since Voldemort came alive again. During the summer break countless tales of murders of infamous Blood traitors such as Bill Weasley, massacres of Muggleborns and Muggles spread like wildfire in the magic media. The Ministry couldn't dismiss it like a far-fetched story anymore. Luna pitied Harry who put up with libels and slanders plus torture from Umbridge for months only because Fudge freaked out instead of assuming his duties. His cowardice didn't prepare witches and wizards against the Dark Army. Now the Wizarding world was running around like headless chicken due to Voldemort's return. Luna often wondered how many casualties could have been avoided if Fudge had been brave.

Luna also observed two suited guys struggling in a London-like city. This battle probably happened in another world. Luna grasped when she felt the gunman's malice. She deduced she had got back to sleep. The criminal remained a mystery but whereas the green one would become an ally. He used a magic ring to dispose of his enemy's weapon. Luna didn't demur when the hero knocked out the other. He looked mighty besides he could fly. Luna let her mind wander enjoying Arceus's gift. If only she could figure clues for escaping from Voldemort's DeathEaters.

Panem. Cato POV

In the meantime in the arena of the latest Hunger games, the three surviving tributes were staring at each other. A leaden silence fell between them in front of millions of TV viewers. Cato let Peeta go. He supposed both tributes from the 12th couldn't trust him if he threatened one of them. Peeta rushed to join Katniss the furthest away from Cato. The duo leered at him. Cato sighed. At least they didn't assault him yet. Cato seldom overthought before acting but he grasped he should remain cagey. They weren't above attacking him now.

Peeta was sheltering behind Everdeen. Cato felt a surge of jealousy. Wow. He hoped he wasn't lusting after this weedy dude. Everdeen bent her bow at Cato. He quirked an eyebrow then wielded his daggers never looking away from her. Tension mounted between the two teens. Peeta stayed in the background rather than intervene. Cato blew a raspberry. He despised cowards. Everdeen sent him murderous glares. How curious she changed her behavior. Everdeen seemed almost friendly when they spoke of Jirachi. Fighting didn't bother much Cato.

In case Jirachi didn't exist or wasn't able to help them out, Cato could bump off Peeta and Everdeen then hit the jackpot by winning the Hunger Games. Okay, he detested the Capitol but he would remain alive. No matter what he had said President Snow and his lackeys never refused something to a winner of that stupid bloodbath. Peeta wasn't a menace contrary to Katniss. Unfortunately, Cato underestimated Snow's cruelty. The ruler of Panem killed off all rebels.

Hundreds of peacekeepers were converging on the arena. Their only issue was Jirachi's powers from now on. The teens put aside their conflicts for a while in favor of fleeing. Once they had hidden in a clearing, Cato pondered his next move. They had five minutes before the peacekeepers tracked them down. Cato chose to rely on Jirachi.

"Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi." Cato chanted. "Repeat it guys. We need Jirachi. The Capitol won't allow us to survive. We've challenged it."

"Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi Jirachi" Peeta and Everdeen chorused. They looked quite incredulous. Cato didn't resent them for that. He had some trouble to believe it as well.

They waited for a few minutes. Cato's hopes started whitering when all of a sudden a tiny yellow
creature loomed up in the sky. Several ranges of labels filled with words in different languages were on its head. Cato recognized it at once. Jirachi did arrive. Ecstatic, Cato exulted. They could escape from the arena. Jirachi was hovering over them jauntily. Cato relaxed a bit. Jirachi jumped up and down without a care in the world. It stunned Cato that his beloved mother worshipped such a fancy-free creature. Cato turned confused. Perhaps they called upon an imp. Legends claimed Jirachi rarely quit the shrine it resided in. Maybe Jirachi was naturally cheerful of visiting their planet. As long as Jirachi hauled them out of the arena, Cato wouldn't mind.

"Are you Jirachi?" Cato asked flabbergasted. He imagined a god like being graver.

"Yes, yes. Thank you for invoking me. I got bored in my world." Jirachi answered gladly. Cato couldn't help but grin.

"But you speak! How is it possible?!" Everdeen exclaimed amazed.

"Obviously I speak you dork. I'm not an animal." Jirachi guffawed. "What do you wish for me?"

"We'd like to leave our world Jirachi. Mean people are hunting us down. They want to butcher us because we defy a dictator. Please help us." Cato appealed. Peeta and Everdeen nodded their heads vigorously.

"You rise in my esteem Cato." Katniss mumbled. Cato goggled. He didn't expect her to praise him. "I don't forgive you for what you've done but I'll tolerate you if Jirachi saves us."

Jirachi's smile faded. "My children I might transport you in another world but I'm not sure you comprehend all the risks. How about you landed in a dangerous planet where you can't defend yourselves? What about your families? Are you ready to abandon them? You can't go back if I grant your wish."

"Please they're going to slaughter us Please." The three teens pleaded.

While Jirachi was contemplating, peacekeepers like scavengers were surrounding them. They shot at the teens here and there. They were doomed if Jirachi ditched them. Their enemies outnumbered them. Cato knew it was pointless to counterattack. Goddamn Capitol. Cato barely sidestepped a bullet that brushed him. The teens kept imploring Jirachi. Peacekeepers gradually bore down on them. Terrified the teens pleaded Jirachi pointing at them. Finally, the tiny creature made up its mind. Jirachi disregarded its past doubts. Cato, Peeta and Everdeen vanished into thin air.

"No matter what you're going to encounter someplace else, I bet you would be happier. Enjoy your new existence. Have no remorse for what's going to transpire in Panem." Jirachi told them.

Arceus. POV

At first Arceus was blustering as it beheld the events taking place in the Multiverses. Thus Dumbledore manhandled then eliminated one of the most gentle being ever. Poor Dobby. He hadn't had enough time to savor his liberty. The old codger deserved the foulest chastisement. Moreover Dumbledore gloated over his crimes and betrayals. The almighty being wasn't surprised by Dumbledore's demeanor he was pure evil after all, still it irked Arceus. The God sobered down as he watched Green Lantern defeated Snart which was expected. The superhero got massive strength.

Perhaps Jordan would assist Roy to grow up. The boy needed a mentor who played a father figure for him. Brian frightened Roy too much for influencing him to emulate him. Roy's stay in Braddock's place was on the borderline between confinement and shelter. Roy bore a grudge against Braddock but Arceus knew the couple did care about the ex vigilante, even if Brian acted
really awkwardly.

Luna quite satisfied Arceus. She accomplished her mission with flying colors. Arceus confided in her to save her friends. On the other hand, it appreciated Umbridge's fate. The Wizarding world put her out of harm's way. As for Michael Bachelor he earned a fair punishment. Arceus wondered whether it was right about Bachelor's destiny. Arceus would congratulate Jirachi. Cato, Peeta and Katniss were safe far from Snow's clutches.

Chapter End Notes

Sue Silvester and Neville Longbottom are Sims in this story. Neville didn't have any magic powers.
If you read New Hopes, thank you. Feel free to comment, review.
Beacon Hills. Jackson's POV. A few hours later.

Somebody was tapping on Jackson's window. The said teen jerked awake. He noticed that Scott had gone again. Sighing, Jackson rubbed the sleep out of his eyes then got up after a fashion. Two owls were knocking and whirring their wings in a frenzied way. Jackson recognized Tyke, Mike's moody owl. It very nearly broke the pane. Jackson opened his window's room after making sure that Scott wasn't behind him. The birds flew into the bedroom. Tyke shot many poisonous glares at the wizard. Tyke wasn't patient. He pecked Jackson's hands viciously next dumped the contents of his legs while leering at Jackson and flew out without waiting Jackson's answer. Anyhow Jackson hardly ever wrote back to Mike. Stupid bird. The wizard cursed before he wiped the blood he was shedding with a handkerchief.

The other owl stuck out a leg which had another letter. Jackson untied it warily. He didn't want that owl assaulted him too. Instead the bird hooted once then flew away. The second missive contained the Hogwarts seal. Jackson understood he got his OWL results. He clutched the letters then plonked down himself on his bed. Jackson had also received the list of equipment for the 6th year at Hogwarts. He dismissed it completely. The blonde teen had to take Scott's Muggle status into account. Jackson barely hesitated between Mike's message and Hogwarts's one. He opted for reading Hogwarts's letter first. At least he saved himself of enduring Mike's lovesick tales of Potter's shabby life for a few minutes. Though Jackson doubted he would come back to Hogwarts because of You-know-who's return or that mate story, he longed for finding out whether he passed his exams. He ripped open the envelope.

Ordinary Wizarding Level Results

Passing grades: Outstanding (O), Exceed expectation (E), Acceptable (A).

Failing grades: Poor (P), Dreadful (D), Troll (T)

The candidate Jackson Whittemore has achieved:

Astronomy O

Ancient Runes O

Arithmancy A

Charms P

Defense Against the Darks Arts O

History of Magic E

Herbology O

Potions O.

Transfiguration O
Jackson growled. How dared he!? That goddamn dwarf! He bet that Flitwick flunked him on purpose. The phoney loathed him. Jackson had reviewed for days on end for nothing. He quite pictured Flitwick gloating over Jackson's grade. Steaming mad he pummeled his pillow. Jackson couldn't stomach that blatant injustice. The repulsive Half-breed spoiled his future. Perhaps he should have listened to the choosing hat when it had suggested Slytherins. Professor Snape protected like a mother hen his pupils from their numerous enemies. On the other hand Jackson was a Muggleborn, so he wagered Malfoy and his cronies would have harassed him. Sometimes he wondered how his existence would've turned different in the Snake's pit. No matter what they really thought of each other the Slytherins stuck together whereas the Ravenclaws backstabbed their housemates or pestered them. Derek and Isaac weren't the only ones who picked on Luna. Besides their Head of House played favorites to the benefit of this dick of Goldstein. Jackson was disgusted he had ever had a crush on that squealer. Plus Goldstein kept belittling Luna and Mike. Shaking his head Jackson perused Michael's letter. He already knew what the moron had written.

Hiya Jack!

How are you? Me? I'm fine. Harry sent me a portkey the other day and I landed in New York. Yeah. That's right. We showed up in your country. How far is it between New York and Beacon Hills? I'm over excited. I've always wanted to visit the States.

Harry introduced me to his family. They're badass. Yesterday we ate a bagel for lunch. I loved it. Harry offers me tons of stuff. Do you know Harry's a theater fanatic? Me neither. We've already gone to two plays at Broadway. Now we're planning to go on a tour of the Statue of Liberty tomorrow. I heard it's pretty. It's amazing how Muggles manage without magic. Harry took me to our first date in a fancy restaurant two days ago. The waiters were humans not house elves. Harry dragged me to a baseball game. You'd have liked it I suppose. New York is busier than Diagon Alley. I never met so many people in the same spot.

We've received our OWL results. Harry got an outstanding in DADA. Guess what? McGonagall named Harry Captain of Gryffindor team. I wonder who the new Ravenclaw Captain is. Davies just graduated after all. I've been spending the best break of my life. Harry's adorable. I'm sure you and he can be great friends. I must stop writing 'cause Harry's calling me.

I miss ya! Mike

Jackson read the letter oblivious Scott was staring at him. Jackson dropped Mike's missive before burning Hogwarts's message with a lighter. The blond boy seethed. First Flitwick graded him unfairly then Mike couldn't refrain from praising the Freak-who-lived. Jackson didn't give a damn of Potter. Mike turned obsessive whenever he mentioned his insane boyfriend. Typical. Mike quite irked Jackson. Frankly Mike didn't fit in Ravenclaw. Mike's mind only focused on his precious boyfriend but never asked about Jackson's safety. The blond resided in the same town where roamed a lunatic resolute to bump him off. Scott cleared his throat, which startled Jackson. Shit! He didn't heard his soulmate. Jackson tried and concealed the letter vainly. Scott put down two plates of salad on the bedside table before he snatched the letter from Jackson's. Frankly he didn't even attempt to wrest it from Scott's grip. The werewolf began reading Mike's letter glaring at Jackson whenever his eyes fell on him. Scott's face was darkening which proved Mike unwillingly hit a nerve. Jackson sighed. He knew what expect to happen with his possessive mate but Jackson paled as Scott flipped in fury.

"Explain!" Scott snapped pointing at Mike's letter. "Who's that Mike to begin with? I already dislike him. Say to that scumbag you're mine! I'll smash his face in if he hits you on! Tell me you don't have other secret admirators! Right!? Besides who writes letters of all things. We're in the twenty-first century. That Mike seems pathetic. How did you meet your dear Mike? What's a Muggle? It
doesn't look nice. Fess up!! I hope you and Mike don't sleep together. "Scott barked glowering at Jackson. "I warn you don't fend off my questions or else..."

When Jackson frozen stiff failed to speak Scott advanced toward Jackson's window with deliberate slow paces. The wizard tensed fearing his mate dumped him or quit the premises until Scott appeared changing his mind. He turned around facing Jackson anger rolling off him. Jackson grasped secrets might've soured their relationship. He didn't know precisely how to react but he refused to endanger his chances of happy ending with Scott. Jackson heaved a sigh. Scott's jealousy had really no limits. Jackson found the most possessive mate ever. Scott endeavored to poison him against Mike. Jackson definitely imagined Scott shackling him to a heater in case he tried and prevented Jackson from going out. Jackson's paranoid mate had stolen his Porsche's keys before owing to a storm. (Scott claimed he had just confiscated them.) Apparently Jackson risked being struck by lightning. Jackson fidgeted. This strife upset him. Although Scott often annoyed him each time he threw a fit Jackson detested when he bickered with Scott. The unbreakable link had some drawbacks but it satisfied both of them. Scott owed him and he belonged to Jackson. Well, Jackson disregarded his abandonment issues his dear birth parents caused around Scott. Plus Jackson became the submissive which made him comply with Scott's orders. Of course the werewolf exaggerated. Jackson got used to him losing his temper. At first Scott's fiery personality had disturbed him. Now he adored Scott through and through. The worst part was that Jackson appreciated that violent side of Scott. He guessed Scott only defended him out of affection contrary to Derek who acted like a protector. He prompted his preys to drop their guard before manhandled them for years. Jackson chose to clear up all the misconceptions.

"I'm actually a wizard. I've been studying in a school called Hogwarts all year long since I was 11. It's in the Northern Scotland. I didn't talk about it because of the Statute of Secrecy. It's a law of the Wizarding world which bans witches and wizards to speak of our world to Muggles like you. We call Muggles any mundane people who have no Magic powers. The world is kinda a slur. Some of us prefer calling them No-Mag. The authorities of my community throw into Azkaban any witches and wizards who reveal our existence. They also use a spell which erases memories of Muggles if they assist at Magic. The Wizarding world is divided into four categories depending on your blood between the Muggleborns like me, Halfbloods, Squids and Purebloods. Muggleborns are the first witch or wizard of their family. Halfbloods are born from a Muggleborn or Muggle and a Pureblood or another Halfblood. Squibs are those who are born in a magic family but have no powers. Purebloods have none drop of Muggle blood in their veins. Most of the Purebloods and Halfbloods scorn Muggleborns. They accuse us to stain their society. Mike's my best friend. He's like a little brother for me. Trust me. I didn't mean to lie. The Wizarding world is at war because a Maniac is slaughtering Muggleborns for he suspects us of stealing our magic from Purebloods. Derek hates me because that creep thinks I betrayed him. I just chose to stop obeying him." Jackson confessed.

"Okay. Thanks for relying on me. I love you Jackson. I ain't gonna sell you out or whatsoever. I know how secrets weigh on someone but I admit your friggin' odd world freaks me out. By the way what's Azkaban? " Scott queried tilting his head on a side.

"Azkaban is the British wizard prison sets in an island in the middle of the North Sea in Europe. It's guarded by the Dementors. Evil creatures that take happiness away from their victims. Instead they bring back nightmares, traumas, guilty, shames and so on; in brief they deprive you of all good feelings. Sometimes they even kiss you." Jackson informed him.

Scott gasped raucously. "What?! Your community doesn't make any sense. They practice a sorts bestiality. Yuck. I think I gonna puke if we don't change the subject. That useless Wizarding world of yours put in herds of perverts." Scott raved his eyes flashing.
Jackson refrained from snickering. "No silly. The Dementors suck out your soul leaving you like an empty shell. This is what we call the Dementor's kiss. Prisoners usually go crazy a few weeks after they arrive in Azkaban. Even the simple name of that grim place terrifies any witches or wizards." Scott enlaced Jackson. The latter continued. "When I turned up in Hogwarts Derek and Isaac hung out with me. We never got friends but Derek considered us a pack. Derek loved ordering us around. We became kinda bullies. Mike joined us afterwards. He was my first friend." Jackson asserted.

Jackson noticed that Scott's nostrils flared as Jackson pronounced Mike's name. Great. Another taboo topic.

"So let me summarize what you've told me Jack. You're secretly a wizard who studies in a boarding school in Scotland. As it wasn't enough you befriended Derek of all stupid decisions until you turned your back to him. You used to bully weaker students till you redeemed yourself. Derek and Isaac accuse you of betraying them, so they've decided to butcher you. Now a civil war just brought out since a serial killer ran amok. Right!?" Scott groused. His voice was getting higher and higher. Jackson only nodded. "Fine! I forbid you to come back over there. Got it?! There's no way you study in a spot like that hovel where psychos kill off folks like you. I won't hesitate to lock you up in my cellar in case you believe I'm bluffing!" Scott exclaimed.

"Derek forced me to rob Goldstein. Ever since I've gotten a rep of thief. You see I had a crush on him. Mind you I loathe Goldstein now. He told me on to a professor. I got suspended one month owing to that squealer. Derek obliged Mike to date a girl whereas he know Mike's gay. Derek led our group, so he wrecked our lives just for fun."

"What sicko. It doesn't amaze me, though. Derek's notorious for pestering weaker people. The infamous Derek proved to be worthy of his awful image. Did he trick you into consorting with him?" Scott commented.

Jackson munched on a few crispy pickles instead of answering. Scott shrugged then tore Mike's letter to pieces. He slung it right in the trashcan. Honestly, the overbearing teen no longer surprised Jackson. The wizard had no gift like Luna but he already foresaw Scott impeded him to ditch Mike. Jackson mused Scott absolutely convinced himself that Mike flirted with him. Scott's refused to share his mate. He presumed Scott was spot on, though he'd rather die than acknowledge it. Jackson could get rid of his pent-up resentment if he grew away from Mike. The last months had strained their friendship. Mike always stuck up for Potter every time Potter and Jackson had a fight. Jackson also differed with Mike about several stuff. It was the perfect moment to move on. Nobody would discover his departure before September except for Luna. She was probably observing their conversation thanks to her seer skills. Jackson didn't doubt he disappointed her. He only felt a pang of conscience because Mike counted on him. Mike and Luna had neither a cellphone nor a computer. Jackson couldn't get in touch with them. He never bought an owl. Disliking Potter was the only thing Jackson agreed with Derek. Gosh. He approved that slimebag. Jackson should consult a shrink straight off.

Jackson realized a bit Scott regained his composure. The Wizarding world quite repulsed him. Blood prejudices, the old meddlesome and deceptive Headmaster of Hogwarts, unfair treatments, biased professors as well as loads of old fashioned ideas in the magic society repealed him. Jackson quivered pondering over the Death Eaters. They were tracking down other Muggleborns. Jackson left the Wizarding world with pleasure. He only refused to destroy his wand. Jackson had felt so unique when he had bought it. He guessed he could support a Muggle high school in order to satisfy Scott. Thus Jackson remained alive, unless Derek assisted it too.

Scott cupped his hand around Jackson's chin. "I care for you Jack. I know that I tend to overreact
but you're my anchor in life. So long as you're not in danger I'm relieved. Beacon Hills isn't a safe
haven either. In our town people dubbed the hunters massacre werewolves. These monsters murders
us for centuries. I'll sign my own death warrant if they find out who I am. The Argents belong to
their lot. They burn alive all the Hale family aside from Derek who studied abroad. This tragedy
doesn't justify Derek's actions. I gonna watch you out more. He'd better not bother you. Derek bears
grudges against you for nothing! I'll stop that spiteful dude even if I must disembowel him! Yesterday
he bashed a friend of mine. I'll pay for this too. You hear me?! "Scott thundered

Jackson bumbled. "What... d... d... d... do... do... do... Der... Der... Derek... He... He... rip... rip... my... my..." Scott hugged Jackson tighter. Jackson took a deep breath then corrected himself. "I'm afraid that Derek rips out my throat with his teeth if he has any chances. The last week Derek sent several funeral wreaths to my parents. He wrote, 'I offer you my heartfelt condolences for your loss. Derek Hale.' "Mom wept and had panic attacks. "Jackson whined

Scott shifted his arms around Jackson's waist. "Oh baby I'll defend you. Someday I'll deal with
Derek. He won't touch you or harass you I promise Okay? He'll regret it if he even comes near
you." Scott snarled his eyes turned red. Wanna something to console you Jack?"

Jackson almost smiled. "I'd like hotdogs with tons of mustard."

nonfazed fondling him. "Oh hon' don't be so prudish. I took a peek at the files on your computer out
of sheer curiosity. You downloaded plenty of movies. Why not run a slasher marathon? Rest while
I'm fixing hotdogs and snacks. How about you pick us a good movie for a start?"

Scott kissed Jackson in a heated and possessive way. The wizard surmised he had a rocky road
ahead. First he had to catch up with five years of Muggle classes. Besides he wasn't sure to survive
due to the psycho of Beacon Hills. Jackson feared less You-know-who than Derek. At least the Dark
Lord didn't live in the same town. Scott left him alone for fixing an early dinner. Jackson grinned. He
loved when Scott pampered him. Disregarding his huge pride Jackson accepted his new condition.

Unknown area. Peeta's POV

The three teens from Panem had landed in a forest four hours before. Jirachi had chucked them in a
different world where they had no place to stay, no money, no friends or family, no knowledges
prior to abandon them. Peeta wasn't even certain they spoke the same language in that
planet. Obviously, they didn't laze much.

After their arrival the three teens began scouting the zone. The first thing Peeta noticed was people
seemed pretty joyful. Despite Cato's presence Peeta was gradually relaxing. He escaped from his
foul mother who couldn't heap abuse on him anymore. They hadn't passed cops. Perhaps they
arrived in a free world. The Planet looked pretty wild. All the cities, towns and villages they visited
weren't very populated. Kids tossed down items that resembled red balls. Peeta even swore he saw
creatures exited those balls. No. He got a substrate, which explained he was raving. The sun was
scorching. They explored another forest. A creek was flowing and splitting the woods into two
parts. Peeta flinched as suddenly a yellowish rat-like creature dashed across the area in front of
them.

Maybe Peeta hadn't imagine the purple snake in a tiny village they had crossed. He also
remembered that people were often surrounded with freaky animals. The rat perked up its
ears, nibbled an orange like fruit, (It was blue!) then shot electric sparks out of its red cheeks! The
teens dodged them just in time. Peeta gaped. Horrified the blond stepped back until he glimpsed an
orange puppy spitting flames and a giant butterfly scattering powder. Okay. This forest definitely
frightened him. Quivering Peeta clung to Cato. He felt safe around the brute. What was wrong with him? Peeta presumed he was grateful Cato saved their lives. Even though Peeta had survived the arena he doubted that the Capitol would've left him in peace.

Well Peeta needed to think positively. This universe far from the dictatorship where they were born provided them with bunches of opportunities. Unfortunately the rat hadn't given up. Lightning encased its whole body. What the hell?! Peeta hid behind Cato. Both boys blushed. The flashy monster was about to jump them. They darted off as the bellicose rodent was pursuing them. Katniss shot an arrow at their enemy. The rat only blew it up with electronic balls. Katniss goggled. The yellow rat squeaked its name pika something. No Peeta misheard. Animals don't speak. This world gave him the creeps. They outran the little menace soon. Peeta promised himself to avoid any forests of this planet if ever their group remained there. They barged into an ancient looking temple.

"Welcome to Pokémon world children." A voice announced when they entered a bright blue room."You three shall pave the way for new adventures. You're my first champions. Please approach."

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Arceus's POV.

Arceus was beaming. The three Panem teens braved a lot of perils for reaching its shrine, an aggressive Pikachu included. Arceus pardoned Cato's and Katniss' murders. Arceus only blames Snow. They only ensured their survival in a hostile environment. As for Peeta he was one of the most innocent person it had encountered for millenia.

Peeta clutched at Cato's arm looking panic-stricken. They would form a couple sooner than later even if they pretended to loathe each other. They flushed whenever they touched or glanced at each other. Once they had sorted out all their inside turmoils they were displaying, Cato and Peeta could start admitting their real feelings. They continuously darted glances when they believed the other was turning to someplace else. In numerous worlds certain sexual orientations still troubled people. Arceus supposed this new planet induced them to come out of their shell created by misunderstandings, fallacies and rancors.

"I bless you young travelers. I reassure you nobody can harm you in this shrine. You three years outwit the Capitol for this feat I congratulate you. Likewise I'm going to grant you a wish." Arceus intervened softly.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay
Dumbledore's POV.

Albus Dumbledore was seething. He had just returned from his useless short trip in Ireland so as to grab Potter. Dumbledore expected him to spend the rest of the break with his boyfriend Corner. He did see the two teens holding hands around Hogwarts. Alas it wasn't the case! Furthermore it seemed Corner had also disappeared into thin air for joining Potter probably. Furious the Headmaster had tortured and eliminated two other house elves in the castle. It failed to calm him down but the old man had enjoyed watching them suffering or pleading him in vain.

The old codger sighed. Now he needed to hire new elves cough slaves cough. Dumbledore despised all magical creatures especially Squibs. In Dumbledore's mind they belonged to the kind of the stupid beasts. He had engaged Filch as caretaker through malice. The fact that he was surrounded by magic users while he longed for using it too was sapping Filch. The Hogwarts' Headmaster chortled as he remembered the day he had fed Fang Hagrid's dog to the giant squid after Dumbledore had tossed the mutt in the Black Lack. Fang had swum in the cold waters until a tentacle clutched it then choked it. If only Dumbledore could dispose of the Muggleborns as easily.

Dumbledore exited his office. In the halls he very nearly liquidated Flitwick when he passed the tiny Head of the Ravenclaw House. Filthy Half-breed. Flitwick had still some utilities for now. Once Flitwick became a burden he would sustain a horrific accident. He only waved at the thing.

Dumbledore estimated the Wizarding world needed that someone cleaned it up. Dumbledore passed delicious evenings with Tom visualizing their victims' demises in the pensive he had stolen decades ago.

The evil wizard was going to search for the nearest mundane village to catch, manhandle and kill some Muggles. His gaudy colored robes billowing behind him Dumbledore mused over new ways of murdering in the most inhumane manner Muggleborns or far better Squibs. Obviously Dumbledore had just gulped a vial of polyjuice spiked with a hair of this sweet deceased Hagrid. After he would commit good actions to get rid of vermins the Wizarding world would track down a corpse. Sheeps. Moreover the inane former Minister Fudge had been dealt with. Fudge's screams of anguish during his torment had been a music in Dumbledore's ears. His second target Umbridge focused his ire. Dumbledore was going to crush the toad. Those insolent worms had dared expel the Great Dumbledore of his property, Hogwarts.

Since Dumbledore had returned from Ireland he was pursuing Corner and Potter. Those rebels were reaping what they sowed. Nobody challenged him without tragic consequences. The Ravenclaw boy deprived Dumbledore of his perfect weapon. Dumbledore only did his duty by punishing Corner in behalf of his own Justice. First Dumbledore should cast Avada Kedavra on Corner. Of course he had to discover where those whelps hid prior to wreck his vengeance on the couple.

Pokémon world. Green's POV.

Meanwhile in a grim cell two cellmates were talking. Green Oak got a two year sentence in Viridion city's prison as accomplice of Red's crimes. He shared this foul place with Ruby the infamous gambler playboy. Gnashed by remorse the ex Viridian gym leader of the aforementioned city quite accepted his fate. Green only hoped he would never bump into Red again. Besides the fallen champion of Kanto craved for butchering Green.

During Green's imprisonment his grandad catered to Green, which relieved the trainer. He missed
his pokemon. The whole plight created by Red embittered Green. Red ruined many lives. After hours of pondering Green considered his child friend then first love as a fiend from now on. Still it hurt admitting Red had deceived him. The penitentiary where he got locked up was filled with ex Rocket Grunts and Admins. They scared him stiff. In the halls blows, insults hailed down. The Team Rocket members never forgave him for ratting out their boss's son. Overall all the other inmates made Green suffer because they learned he finked on Red. This summarized pretty well Green's existence. Red always drove Green to despair. His status of resident informer didn't improve Green's image at all. He endlessly feared of being roughed up.

Green was at the bottom of the ladder of the jail. Even Ruby basically enjoyed leveling criticisms or insults at Green. The two cellmates didn't get along much. The camp boy blew a raspberry in his presence or each time Green uttered what he called nonsense. Ruby generally dubbed all Green's words like this. Ruby had a very sharp mind and usually spoke in a sarcastic manner. The trainer from Hoenn had been sentenced for shakedown. Ruby's gambling addiction often impeled him to find money by fair means or foul, theft or violence included. Most of the time Ruby scarcely concealed that Green aroused his contempt even though sometimes he endeavored to comfort Green all the same. Anyway there were nothing to do done than discuss. The TV broke down.

"I don't like rake over the past but I need to unburden myself. Feel free to listen to me or not. Red molested then raped Gold on the pretense of avenging himself. I can't forget Gold's face when Red attacked him. It still haunts me. Gold didn't deserve it. I can't accept tons of morons idolize that fucker. I hold a grudge against myself 'cause I was ingenuous enough to believe that Red atoned for his numerous crimes. People judged me as another bastard or a goddamn nark. They don't understand Red. Look what I've won of that toxic relationship. The truth is that Red is Giovanni's ideal son. He cheated on me, lived off me, daunted me, shamed me just for fun, robbed me, abused me plus that freeloader even made me feed his pokemon on my money. He never offered me a present. Red plays on his fans' naivety. I observed him ill-treated many pokemon, massacred others. In brief Red is as wicked as his father. I hate Red! That scumbag deprived me of my title of Champion. How could I forgive him?! He wrecked my life!" Green groused.

Ruby's eyes widened in a comic way baffled processing Green's speech. He intervened next. "Get lost buffoon. Basically you just tried to save your skin or hide. Now you play the victim card. You're not motivated by conscience or else you'd have stopped Red straight away. How genuine of you." Ruby sniffed.

Green tensed. Resisting the urge to give that boaster a piece of his mind Green breathed in and out until his anger sputtered out.

"Listen a bit you lofty jerk! Red was my universe till he assaulted Gold. I've considered him my soulmate for a long time. I've loved him to the core over the past ten years. That's right. He frightened me, deluded me and beat me but I still love him. Have you ever adored someone who torments you? Red tricked me into relying on him so much so I imagined he redeemed himself. How naive of me. I don't need your arrogant attitude! I already know my actions are unforgivable. You don't understand me. At all showoff!" Green yowled.

Ruby raised his eyebrows nonfazed by Green's outburst. "Are you serious?" He asked. Green only nodded stiffly. "Gosh! Pity you Green. How could you put up with that scumbag? I've always known Red's shaddy. I mean everybody portrayed him as the perfect little saver. Yeah yeah he defeated the Team Rocket after all but that sounded fishy to me the genius. I guess Giovanni inspired him. Like they say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Red succeeded Giovanni's tests for picking his heir. Silver publicly disowned himself of Giovanni's family. I daresay you derail Red's plans. He got arrested and you tainted his rep forever. Congrat'. Red won't fool us. He's being hunted down by the cops for weeks. Personally I've never doubted this creep would boggle to resort
to such violence in case. An acquaintance of my family told me that Red manipulated us with his angelic face. I've already met Gold twice. He friended me on Facebook then we chatted for hours on out Webcams. He's really cool contrary to you loser. I can't reproach you Red's actions, though. "Ruby asserted kinda begrudgingly.

Surprisingly enough Ruby almost sounded sympathetic not badmouthing Green as usual. The trainer from Kanto didn't complain about the change which eased Green's mind. Ruby stopped acting in a belligerent way. The younger one represented an opponent turned in a neutral person. Green lacked confidence whatsoever which resulted in the former gym leader of reacting depending on the others. He tried his damnest to receive their approval. Red quite knew how to handle him. Green even doubted Red had cared for him one single day. Their travel around Kanto had corrupted Green's boyfriend. Now Ruby humiliated Green by cruel innuendo, which didn't refrain him from fantasizing on his cellmate. Still Green's conscience niggled him relentlessly. He hesitated to start again from scratch by dating someone else. Perhaps just a nightcap...

"Relax or you gonna attract ghost pokemon. Red can't harm you anymore. The cops are gonna smash his face in with a billy. Can you picture that? Blood pouring from Red's mug? Oh sorry I forgot. You prefer jerking off when you think about me because of my perfection. I'm so proud of you Green." Ruby tainted preppily inspecting his fingernails.

Green snorted. When the very hyper boy didn't denigrate him he swaggered in their cell or he teased every time. At dinner Ruby had thrown a fit because their bowl of alphabet soup tasted lukewarm in his opinion whereas it was scorching. Soup constituted the staple food of Viridian jail's prisoners. Ruby appreciated fancy food in general ruinous expensive products worthy of Ruby's ego. The ex Hoenn Champion overvalued his own merits. Ruby's quarks still perplexed Green. Ruby was very smart yet his personality belied Ruby's nature. Though he behaved like a prima donna he was not a bad person really. Even if he loved flouncing in or out of the rooms, mincing around and criticizing folks Ruby grew on Green. Ruby comforted him disregarding his scorn for him in Ruby's manner: sass, delusions, contempt, condescension and a bit of kindness.

Ruby curled his lip in disgust. "I've grasped Green you flipped out under the stress created by that lunatic. I don't fault you to cave in beside that prick. Okay I suppose Red is a real hunk but look at the big picture. He has ruffled hair, has no morals in all kinds and is mentally challenged. Yuck. Worse he's a scruffy dresser. What's the point to be evil when you don't wear your clothes properly?" Ruby jeered shaking his head highlighting his repulsion. Green chuckled. "I mean you ignored your affection for Red and helped Gold. At the end of the day you're a hero. Red used due to the fact that you worshipped him, dumbo. Red took it out on Gold for fulfilling his spiteful revenge. We found out who's the real Red thanks to you. That son of a bitch... Your confession was an eye opener for Red's fanbase. In brief I misjudged you Green." Ruby muttered his eyes gleaming.

Ruby's last words depresses Green. The had missed many opportunities owing to Red. In the event of this talk Green gathered two things. First he began becoming infatuated to Ruby. Second he still doted on Red dismissing all past events. A part of him abhorred as people debunked Red. Pitiful. Green shouldn't clutch at this horrible relationship but he did. In any case the relation between Ruby and Green altered drastically within an hour. Green's whole outlook on Ruby as well. The discussion gave Green a sense of closure. Finally.

Green sighed. "I presume it's sorta pathetic but I'm still clinging to Red despite what he did. I gotta see a shrink. That sexy douchebag is my former best friend then rival who turned out to be a demon. Avoid hitting me on Ruby. I'm not interested." Green blurted.

Ruby clicked his tongue in false disappointment. "It's such a shame! I'd hoped you got horny
peeking at my gorgeous features. I've already planned our wedding. We'll 'll adopt plenty of kids after." Ruby quipped

Green giggled a tad which he hadn't managed since Gold's misadventures. Green's conscience endlessly pestered him. The trainer from Hoenn beamed before falling asleep. At least Ruby cheered him up.

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**Arceus's POV**

"Who are you?" Cato queried. Arceus felt his trepidation. The temple walls resonated with his voice. Golden lights shone around the god. Arceus totally comprehended Cato's reaction.

"Sorry for trespassing in your house whoever or whatever you are." Peeta mumbled looking down. "A crazy creature just chased after us until we've gotten no other choice to enter here."

"Don't fret hatchings. I'm Arceus known as the Creator of the Multiverses. " Arceus answered. Cato kneeled before it out of deference to the god. "Nothing oblige you to abase yourself in front of me." Cato quickly stood up again. Katniss scoffed. Cato grumbled some slurs. Arceus dismissed them before proceeding." My blessing grants you some rights and privileges. Nonetheless I place restrictions on your possible wishes. I don't resurrect the deads, I refuse to kill people, I never force someone to love another person nor I indulge in your nefarious ideas for instance destroy a world. At the present days trillions of uninhabitants reside in the Multiverses. I shall describe the Pokemon world you just landed via my messenger Jirachi. Pokemons are creatures gifted with great powers. They live in harmony with humans. Trainers catch pokemon, train them, raise them, befriend them, battle them or just keep them as pets. Pokemon attacks are divided into eighteen types such as fire, water, rock, electric or steel and so on. Scholars estimate there are 807 various species after years of studies. Pokemon don't put you in danger except for species like Gyarados a giant sea serpent; it ravages the land, assail people or burn cities and villages to the ground when it gets angry. Most of ghost pokemons hunt humans. This planet is very peaceful. Don't trouble with any dangers as long as you have a pokemon to protect you from the wild creatures you're safe. For the moment I shall provide for your needs whilst you adjust yourself to this world. It completely differed to Panem. Millions years ago I created the Multiverses that contain all populated planets, stars and meteors. Let me mention some interesting ones. In a planet in the middle of the Multiverses certain populations harness magic abilities through some sticks they call wands. Unfortunately they're killing each other in their community while we're talking. In other planet some meta humans or superheroes has some gifts flight, telekinesis, durability, super strength, enhanced speed to name a few of them. They defend helpless civilians against villains. In other dimensions creatures like werewolves or vampires exist. They..."

Arceus broke off when the same wild Pikachu who had run after the three teens dashed into the temple. It was stalking the group. Electric sparks appeared in its red cheeks. Its ears perked up as it stared at Cato. Peeta squealed in fright before hiding behind Cato. The stocky blond boy promptly shielded Peeta with his body, which prevented the Pokemon from reaching the terrified teen. Both flushed as they touched lightly oblivious they revealed their mutual attraction quite explicitly. No sooner had them packed together than Pikachu approached the duo. Cato really captivated the little creature. It sought a trainer. Arceus sensed the Panem kid would channel the energy emanating from the moody will-o'-wisp. Cato's demeanor during the Games concealed a huge bravery. He went through many ordeals which toughened him up. Pikachu used to belong to a sadist trainer who abandoned him after long periods of torture. (This is not Red.) Cato and the pokemon hungered after fame as well as recognition. Both of them desired to prove their values. Actually Pikachu hounded the trio because it followed its hunch. Something attracted to Cato. Pikachu barely abstained from jumping Cato to hug him. This obsession decided Arceus. The pokemon was aching for Cato to
bond with him. The god also recalled Cato's years of prayers. Thus Arceus rewarded his faith. It
confided on Cato's honor. The boy would become more assimilated in this world.

"As a token of gratitude for your faith in me Cato, I entrust Pikachu to you. Beware of not
underestimating him. I use him because he's a male. This is a sentient being. I forbid you to treat him
like a mere animal of your world. Pokemon are as clever as humans. "Arceus ordered.

Katniss gasped in shock." Are you mental?! You readily offer a mighty and obviously insane
rodent that pounces on people for fun to a future serial killer?! He's going to commit loads of
murders."Katniss screeched flabbergasted.

Cato snapped leering at her."You got a problem with me Evergreen?" "Cato hissed gritting his
teeth."I remind you I saved you stupid mocking jay. You believe that the Capitol bought into your
sham feelings for Peeta? Stop raving! You owe me your life jackass."

"Of course I resent you screwball! You slashed a little boy's throat with a machete! You formed a
gang of headcases for slaughtering more tributes! You're a career but you pretend you loathe the
Capitol!, Hypocrite! You've spent your life preparing for the Hunger Games! You threatened Peeta
then you used him as a human shield! Monster!"Katniss yelled.

"Stop giving yourself airs girl on fire. You threw a tracker jacket nest to us! Two tributes are dead
because of you. So don't pretend you're better than me! I only cared for the honor of my district and
family like you!" Cato growled.

Cato and Katniss glowering at each other. The two adolescents couldn't contain their deep-seated
dislike anymore. The Panem regime secured an awful future for children. They ignored
innocence. The two antagonists humans unleashed a stream of invective in turns while Arceus was
reflecting. Trembling Peeta stepped aside as Pikachu came near him. The memories of the arena
instilled a mix of feelings in these disturbed teenagers like bitterness, hatred, rancor, fury which
were rolling off them in waves. Katniss nursed a grudge against Cato for the death of her friend Rue
whereas Cato blamed Clove's decease on Katniss.
Michael Corner's POV.

In a little room of a downtown New York hotel a Michael Corner was freaking out. Jackson his temperamental best friend had never written back to his bunches of letters for two long weeks straight. Michael supposed Jackson got injured which made sense Michael never received anything. Sometimes he even wondered whether Jackson remained alive or not. Maybe somebody stopped Jackson to get his letters. Derek longed for butchering him after all. Sure Jackson and Michael were gradually drifting apart spending less and less time together since Michael started dating Harry but Michael refused to lose his best friend. Michael wanted nothing changed between both of them. Perhaps Jackson deliberately ignored him or just ripped Michael's letter without reading them. The Irish boy had the inkling Jackson's silence was related to Beacon Hills. This small town harboured packs of werewolves, kanimas, chimeras. It wasn't a safe place.

Derek resided in the vicinity of the Whittemores' manor scheming nefarious plans. The insane werewolf wished he could slaughter his former gang. Jackson turned out to be his first target for obvious reasons. Plus Jackson was surely alone. Derek could be tracking down Jackson in the preserve, in a street or any spots in Beacon Hills. Although Jackson was quite self-reliant Mike doubted his best friend would survive if the cruel werewolf or his accomplice Issac confronted him. Besides the Wizarding world prohibited Jackson to use his magic outside Hogwarts. Basically the Ministry of Magic prevented Jackson from protecting himself against the evil duo. Michael hoped Jackson was sheltering from Derek in a safe retreat with tons of mountain ashes. It sickened Mike that Derek would forget all the years he hanged around with them for hunting them down like preys. Derek wrecked their lives. He knew Derek never gave up his revenge. Derek had already sent to Mike letters with death threats. Every single week. Derek terrified Michael. He quite remembered how many times Derek had beaten the shit out of any Ravenclaws who challenged him. Derek growled, bared his teeths or just sniffed people so as to intimidate them. Michael, Issac and Jackson were the only ones Derek had never bullied till Michael and Jackson "betrayed" him disobeying him. Derek demanded an utter and complete submission from his "friends". Derek always claimed the trio belonged to him. The nutcase called them pack. Still Michael wondered why Jackson and he had never thought of avoiding Derek. The latter was always dangerous. Perhaps they appreciated Derek's protection. No one dared to harm them around Derek. Despite all what happened Michael missed Derek and Issac. Michael sighed. Jackson was right. Michael is stupid. No wonder the sorting hat had hesitated between Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff when Michael entered the school for the first time.

Moreover Harry's jealousy didn't help matters either. Harry grumbled whenever Michael spoke about Jackson. Both teens loathed each other so much so they always ended up exchanging insults, leers or snipes whenever they met or just passed each other. Harry endlessly prompted Mike to reject Jackson. Michael feared Harry ditched him in case he voiced his grievance against Harry's attitude. He wished Harry accepted his bond with Jackson his brother in all but blood. Mike didn't impel Harry to abandon Ron or Hermione. Jackson was his only friend for years. He never considered Derek or Issac mates. The teens was the first to show him some kindness. Mike's father had abused him whereas his mother only reluctantly tolerated him. Michael regretted Jackson didn't endorse his decision to date Harry. Michael usually pandered to Harry's whim to their couple's sake. Jealousy blinded them. Sometimes Mike wished he backtracked for a moment before going out with Harry. He alienated Jackson because of this relationship. Mike also dreaded to spoil Harry and his family's break admitting his thoughts. They were nice enough to invite him for getting to know him.
Michael curled up in his bed repressing his tears. He only hoped Jackson just shunned him even if that hypothesis broke his heart. Perhaps he should beg Jackson to forgive him...

Roy Harper's POV. Braddock's flat.

Meanwhile Roy Harper was at bay. Braddock had just gagged tied his limbs up tightly. Roy stood still unable to quash his shock. The Brit knew how to traumatize the teen. This plight reminded him of that other maniac who had kidnapped him before menacing to murder Riy in a filthy doused subway station in front of a camera. Oliver had saved him that day. Brian had no right to demean Oliver who was a hero. Roy pretty understood rebelling against Braddock was a recipe for disaster. The former vigilante felt sorry for Steve Rogers. The poor guy dated the worst nutball ever. Roy was squirming to break free from the cords to no avail. The thick ropes around him completely hold him tight. Perhaps Steve would take pity of Roy or at least make Braddock see reason. Refusing to give up Roy thrashed about to free himself until he felt a sharp pain along his pain, which quite rekindled Roy's budding hatred for Braddock. Despite his own agony Roy was still craving for escape particularly as he got pins and needles in his legs. Plus Roy needed his fix of British delicacies like scones or fish and chips while watching plenty of sci-fi series like Dr Who. Ever since Roy got trapped in Braddock's apartment he kept watching aliens or witch shows on TV or on Youtube. The ex vigilante turned out to be a nerd in denial. Anyway Roy didn't have much choices for passing time.

Braddock even banned him from approaching the balcony. The paranoid superhero didn't trust Roy at all. So Brian often manhandled him. Roy started trembling when he heard the couple's bedroom's door opened. Roy sensed the goosebumps rose up on each inch of his skin when he felt one of them coming near him. He almost wet himself. Roy quivered as they ripped off the cloth blinding him. Steve googled as he caught sight of Roy's predicament. Brian tagged behind Roy scowling at him. The younger male trembled further. Steve untied him while Braddock like a lunatic snarled. If Roy didn't fear to kindle Braddock's jealousy Roy would've hugged Steve. Roy doubted it was a good idea to touch Braddock's boyfriend. The teenager only hoped to quit this premises for never coming back far far away from Captain Britain. Steve rounded on Braddock.

"Brian! What's the hell going on here?! Are you out of your mind?! You can't decide to tied up Roy whatever you think of him! What's the use of choking our guest?! You messed up Brian! As I recall you're supposed to be a hero not some wannabe criminal! It's palin wrong! Nothing justify your actions! Nothing! Change because I don't recognize you anymore!" Steve scolded his boyfriend.

Braddock bristled. "I ain't callous! I won't permit Roy to leave my flat! That foolhardy boy's rush to the nearest den of a gang! He's got self-preservation! I remind you cops will hound him if they say him. He's rumored to be died. Besides he's defenseless. What I supposed to do letting die?! Roy impeled me to treat him that way! My advice washed over him. I only protect both of you! So don't you dare accuse me of violence!" Braddock groused.

Steve rolled his eyes nonfazed. "Don't worry Roy. Brian tends to overreact but he's not that mean. " Steve soothed him though he failed to placate the quaking teens as Brian was glowering at Roy. " I'll prepare you pancakes with tons of maple syrup Roy. You need support for all traumas you've been enduring owing to Brian. I never believed my sweet boyfriend had some torturer skills. I wonder who I must rescue you the most from kid. From Brian or from the Rogues. Frankly Brian cut him some slack. Roy's just a kid. " Steve asserted calmly.

Steve's comment only inflamed Braddock's anger. " That kid like you said is nothing but trouble! He became our liability since he showed up in my place! I only assume my responsabilities contrary to you Steve! That tyke has no common sense no brains or any weapons! I won't let the Rogues lure
that dimwitted into a trap! Who knows what those punks are plotting!" Braddock bellowed.

Roy gulped as Braddock stared at him. "Sorry Mr Braddock I just fell fenced in. I just wanna get some fresh air. I'm going crazy cooped up in a small room all day. I don't plan to escape I swear sir." Roy squeaked.

Roy didn't manage to convince the short-tempered superhero judging by Captain Britain was leering at him. Roy paled. The British snarled which transfixed the younger one with fear. Roy expected the British to rough him up or knock him out. Nothing coming from the prick would surprise Roy. Braddock missed his vocation of villain. He sure appreciated to terrorize people. Obviously Roy didn't express his real opinions towards Braddock. He didn't intend on visiting a hospital because of the Brit. Roy quite imagine Braddock massacre him if ever he implied Braddock didn't act much like a hero. At the back of his mind Roy pictured Braddock as a possible murderer or else he would have never loved Deadpool. Roy began regretting to meddle in the couple's business. Roy inferred from Braddock's behavior that he had no qualms about torturing him under the guise of protecting him. Roy didn't protest against this. He knew Braddock was a lost cause. He could just attempt to tone down Braddock's cruelty by submitting to his orders. Roy lay prostrate until Steve shielded Roy with his own body gazing defiantly at the nutcase causing Braddock to tense up. The Avengers' leader stood up to his boyfriend defending Roy. Braddock course Braddock threw a fit.

"Steve! I don't go bonkers! I won't pummel Roy I promise! Who do you think I am?! A brute?! You really consider me a creep right?! I'm just seeking to provide guidance on Roy! He seriously needs a new role model. I never punch people except for criminals! Roy needs someone to grow up and get rid of Queen's influence! I'm not a monster. I allowed Roy to does down here and I provide for his needs! As for you Roy don't bullshit me! I hate liars. Spare me your blatant lies!" Braddock ranted.

Steve horned in. "No need to raise such a fuss Brian. I suggest we settle on a compromise solution. Roy will promise he stops sneaking out and you Brian you'll let him alone. Deal?" Steve asserted. Roy nodded lowering his eyes while Braddock was growling. "Good! I also suggest we start again from scratch. We can't continue that way. Brian sober down a bit. The Rogues probably ignore where we live. Roy keep a low profile while we're solving this problem. By the way... How old are you Roy?!" Steve added grinning.

"I... I... I'm... I'm... I'm... six... six... sixteen Steve." Roy quivered. Steve's grin stiffened. Crap. Roy hoped Steve didn't climb on the bandwagon of Roy bashing. Braddock was enough for traumatizing Roy for a century.

"What!?" Braddock burst out. Roy shivered. "Stop shaking lad I don't plan on hitting you. That bloody Queen! He's got no morals! He enlists high school students now! The day I'll capture that criminal I'm going to smash him to a pulp! That pervert lurks round school! The cops should've bumped him off when they arrested him last year!" Braddock hissed. Roy almost snapped in Oliver's defense. "How about your parents Roy? I doubt they approve your night activities fighting against other criminal with a sociopath! We must neutralize that oddball! Did Queen kidnap you? That'll explain your misplaced fidelity. You're suffering from the Stockholm syndrome. Give me your parents' numbers I'll phone them."

"My birth parents abandoned me after I was born. I never met. The Harpers adopted me. Mind you my adoptive father left my mother and I when I was five. My mom brought me up till she died three years ago. I lived in the streets of Starlight city for years. I stole some stuff or I begged money from the paser-bys for surviving. I sometimes dealt drugs. I consider Oliver a big brother. He rescued me, gave me a meaning of my life and a family. I've been counting on Oliver since I've known him. He changed my life for the better." Roy revealed. Braddock set his jaws.
Roy subdued his growing rage. He resented the pity he observed in Braddock's eyes. Braddock's personality grated on Roy's nerves. The teenager relax a tad when Steve shot him a benign smile. Roy was sick and tired of rotting in this tiny apartment. He carefully kept his anger in check rather than ignite this tricky situation. Roy suspected Braddock wasn't above lashing out Steve if he fled that prison. He didn't relied on Braddock. The ex vigilante quite visualized Braddock boasting his self-importance and ill-treating his so called loved ones. Roy only wanted to scurried out of this apartment, this city and this country without a backward glance from now on. He realized he had really messed up running away from the States. Roy hadn't achieved anything in this country. He failed his duty leaving his hometown after splitting up with Thea the only girl he had ever loved.

"First stop acting like a wayward child Roy. Don't forget we're facing dangerous enemies. You can't wander round London as long as the Rogues are left scott-free plus you need some training before you go out. Now go watch TV eat some snacks or whatever. Just stay inside. Got it?" Braddock ordered.

Nodding Roy relented. It was useless to argue with a dude who didn't care about what Roy felt, thought or just desired. Steve dragged away the psycho much to Roy's relief. The former vigilante sighed. He got completely trapped amid two lousy protectors, though Roy fairly admitted Steve endeared himself to him like a big brother. Oliver used to play this role. Roy submitted to the cranky British under duress. He kinda wondered whether Braddock had abducted Steve too. Braddock had some knack of snatching people. This idea didn't amaze Roy. Braddock had dated the infamous merc with a mouth after all.

Beacon Hills. Theo Raeken's POV

Meanwhile in the Whittemore's manor backyard a pack of werewolves were watching the Whittemore boy deep in slumber. The three werewolves were Theo Raeken, Brett Talbot and Liam Dunbar. Theo had noticed that his rival Scott McCall often went back and forth between his house, the vet clinic where he worked and the Whittemore's manor. Naturally Theo had made his two Betas investigate for discovering McCall's secrets.

Apparently the pathetic excuse of an alpha seduced Jackson. McCall was blossoming because of this relationship. Theo detested this idea. The Alpha didn't permit his rival to be happy even for a minute. An hour ago McCall had just quit for a pack meeting or something. Whatever. In Theo's opinion Scott's existence was pointless. The idiot left behind Jackson. McCall didn't he realize Beacon Hills was a hazardous town for innocent mates? Theo was already fantasizing about himself taking Whittemore until McCall's mate scream his name. Hopefully McCall would soon discover it and depress. Theo chuckled. McCall could even kill himself at the idea of another werewolf taking advantage of his absence, especially his rival. Theo had stalked the lovers for weeks and decided to claim the handsome blond. McCall would never recover from losing his mate. What a drama!

"Well, well, well. McCall abandoned his mate. Such a beauty deserves a real guy not a puppy boy. I'll cover Whittemore with my scent. McCall didn't deserve that bubble butt. We'll have the upper hand over McCall once his mate becomes mine. His mind will be broken forever. First we need to corner Jackson. McCall's mate belongs to me." Theo said.

Brett and Liam doubled with laughter listening to their Alpha. Theo was dying to wreck revenge on McCall and his pack. Besides he intends to have fun. Banging McCall's bitch would piss off McCall. Theo smirked.

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