

The image features a stack of books on the left side, with a book cover overlay on the right. The book cover has a black background with a shiny, metallic texture. A large, outlined heart is centered on the cover, containing the title "Harry and Harley" in a red, cursive font. The author's name "by Rihaan Shimomura" is at the bottom, and the website "rihaansfics.com" is at the top.

rihaansfics.com

*"Harry
and
Harley"*

by Rihaan
Shimomura

A Harry Potter + Batman Crossover Fiction
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Written by Rihaan Shimomura

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102,063 Words

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Summary: As he stared into the eyes of a grinning, insane, albeit very attractive jester, hoisting a comically intimidating mallet across her shoulders, he realized that he wasn't in the Department of Mysteries, or even London, anymore. But he didn't care.

Harry checks into the madhouse, and makes himself at home.

Special Note: Originally, this was created as a request on May 2014, from a terribly worded suggestion. "Harry meets Harley, they copulate, and they live happily ever after, copulating every now and then. Some Ivy love, no Batman, no drama, no villains, 5-to-6,000 words." At least, that was the gist of it. Easy.

I do not follow instructions well. So enjoy the story that, technically, no one asked for: The Epic Tales of Harry and Harley.

1 – The Best Medicine

Harry stumbled and slipped on the cobblestone ground below him and, not even pausing to wince at the pain, scrambled to his knees. His eyes glanced around wildly at the strangeness surrounding him.

There wasn't really anything *strange*, per se, but it was quite... odd.

He was outside, now. Moreover, it was nighttime. He had only arrived at the ministry an hour earlier, and it was fairly late in the afternoon, but the summer sun usually set at around nine.

Harry glanced at his broken, but useable, wristwatch. 6:39. He held his wand tightly in his hand, his breath staggering.

This wasn't where the ministry was. In fact, he wasn't sure he was in London anymore.

Sirens sounded in the distance. Harry, having grown up in London, knew immediately that something was off about the siren. It was unlike anything he had ever heard before.

He didn't have time to think. Mere seconds ago, he had been chasing his Godfather, and now, he was nowhere in sight.

The green-eyed wizard furrowed his brow at his surroundings. In the distance, his keen eyes spotted a large 'W' on a skyscraper, and an even larger, oddly shaped tower. It was unlike anything he had heard of or seen in his lifetime.

He sighed to himself, frustrated. "Bloody hell, Sirius. What've you gotten yourself into?" He stood up and checked his surroundings once more. Nothing was coming to him.

One thing was for certain, as he looked up at the streetlights and the bright neon glows – he was certainly nowhere near any wizards. He slid his wand up his sleeve, more thankful than ever for the holster Moody gave him the past Christmas, and ran his hand through his dirty, sweat-soaked hair.

He looked like he had just gone through a war, and he did. It all happened so quickly – it took him a moment for the memories of the battle that just took place to come to him.

By the time the Order had arrived, everything was relatively under control. There were a few small panics – from Harry smashing the prophecy orb into the side of Crabbe’s head when he made a lewd comment about Luna, to a still brain-addled Ron sending a badly-aimed cutting curse at Lucius’s wand, instead hitting his throat.

It was just them versus Bellatrix, Goyle, Rockwood, Dolohov, Nott and Macnair. The best of Voldemort’s Death Eaters vs. the entire Order. For all intents and purposes, the odds were on the side of the light.

Then Sirius began *taunting* her. And then she struck him through the veil.

Harry shook his head. He had to be around here somewhere.

The sirens were getting louder, and Harry thought quickly. He shouldn’t be out here in the middle of the street, looking as out-of-place as he did. He had no form of identification on him, and he didn’t want to answer any questions, if he looked suspicious enough to pull over and talk to.

He ran into a local alleyway behind the mart, and pressed his back against the shadows as the sirens got closer.

He was surprised to see five police cars speed down the street, all wailing annoyingly loud; so much so, he covered his ears until it passed.

He took note of the ‘GPD Police’ on the side of the patrol cars, and leaned heavily against the wall.

This just wasn’t a good day for him. He uncovered his ears and breathed a sigh of relief.

His ears twitched, and on pure instinct, he unholstered his wand and jabbed into an empty space next to him.

Or, what *should* have been an empty space.

“*Ouch!* Hey, watch it, Busta!”

“Who are you?” Harry growled, the darkness impairing his vision, along with the sweat from his fringe dripping onto his nose. He didn’t dare try to shake the sweat

away, not while he had them at wand-point. She sounded very much like a girl, but... “Why were you hiding?”

He felt his hand being smacked away, and he quickly jabbed it back. “*Ouch!* I’m warning ya!”

The tip of his wand glowed red. “I am *not* in the mood. Who. Are. You.”

The girl with the strange accent gulped audibly. “Wow, heh. You pull that off as well as Bats could. Who are ya, anyways?” Something scraped along the bricks of the wall beside them.

His wand flashed, and in a moment, he had her tightly wrapped in ropes before she even knew it. Harry raised an eyebrow at what he just saw, when the flash of light allowed him to see her for a sliver of a second.

“Hey! What are ya – *HEY!* Let me *GO*, ya CREEP!”

“You sure you want the police to hear you?” he asked her, glancing over at the instrument that she had grabbed while she was talking to him. He could not see it all that well, and at this point, he didn’t care. ‘*Lumos*,’ he thought, and a soft white glow emitted from his wand. He inspected the girl he had captured and whistled lowly. “I’ve never been called a creep by a jester before...”

The ropes were wrapped around her form pretty tightly, so he could see that her curves were not what he was expecting from a woman who had five police cars chasing after her. The ropes had gone as far as her knees to her mouth, and she kicked as best she could and screamed as best as she could – which wasn’t much.

Harry slid down alongside the wall, before placing the wand in his lap, the glowing tip facing the mysterious woman dressed as a jester. “I have to admit, you’re probably a step up from Bellatrix in crazy. And looks.”

Despite the fact that the jester was tied down and gagged, he could see a faint blush on her cheeks. Harry cocked his head at her rather unusual response.

She mumbled something, and it didn’t sound very nice. He stood up, looked out from the corner, and seeing no one around, walked away from her.

He didn’t get very far before her screams became frantic. With a wordless spell, the ropes around her mouth loosened.

“HARLEY QUINN! COME **BACK** HERE! IT’S –! Oh.” She looked up at him as best she could, her black painted lips in a frown. “You gonna let me go now?”

Harry frowned. “What kind of name is that? A stage name?”

She smirked. “You could say that. Now can you let me go already? I have ta meet up with a friend.”

Harry approached her and squatted on his haunches. “Any reason you were running from the police?”

She frowned. “Shouldn’t I be asking *you* that question? You’re the one that’s holding me hostage.”

He shined his wand over to the wall to properly investigate the sound that made him shoot first. He raised an eyebrow. “Yes, but... I don’t have a sledgehammer.”

She looked indignant at his words. “It’s a mallet, bonehead. Wanna see the difference?”

Harry shrugged. “Not really. Though I am interested in where you hide the sledgehammer.”

Another reason to berate Sirius when he found him; he had learned far too much.

She growled with impatience. “I’d be *happy* to show you if you let me go.” After a few seconds, she narrowed her eyes. “How’d you not know who I am? Where are you *from*?”

“Not around here,” he said testily, still eyeing the comically oversized mallet. It did not look like a weapon such a small girl like her could be comfortable handling. “Does ‘Britain’ sound familiar to you?”

“Don’t have to be such a smartass,” she muttered, rolling around in the ropes, desperate to find some leverage to get up. With a spell (*Wingardium Leviosa*), her body moved upwards until she was leaning against the brick wall. Thinking quickly, he wrapped her legs in ropes as well. After getting over her immediate shock, she glared at him as he stood. “Ya know, you coulda just let me go.”

Harry nodded. “I also coulda just left you here. Or summon the police back.”

She grinned maliciously. “And then what? Leave me to tell them about your powers?”

“Because I’m sure you have a reputation for being trustworthy and honest.” He went back to her old question. “Well? Tell me. What makes you think that I should know you?”

Her look towards him soured, since he pointed out that she was a criminal and no one would ever believe her story. She shuffled her feet forward with minimum effort before she pushed herself away from the wall.

She now stood perpendicular to him, and he got a good look at her nicely wrapped figure. With no hint of sarcasm or humor, she bunny-hopped to him, half-grunting as she did so, her boots making a slight *clop*. Harry did nothing but watch on with barely hidden amusement. With one final, fantastic leap, she stood her ground near inches from the green-eyed wizard, who was her exact height, and smirked evilly into his bright green eyes.

“Because, kid; I’m your worst nightmare. And if you don’t let me go right now, and I mean *right now*, then I will show you what my mallet can do against your little *stick*.”

Harry considered his options here. On the one hand, she was surely a force to be reckoned with, and he had caught her unprepared. That was very clear by the large, intimidating weapon behind her and the numerous police cars chasing her. She was more than a criminal, he realized; she was a *villain*.

He had enough of those to deal with as it was.

On the other hand...

“Yours may be bigger, but I know how to use mine.” He leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers. She squeaked loudly, and tried to lean back away from him, and he kept up flawlessly, leaning forward, adding just the right amount of pressure. She began scuttling back, and he paced with her, his lips in tandem with hers. He reached up to her right pigtail (the red one) and twirled it around his finger.

Harley’s knees wobbled, and if they weren’t held together so tightly, she would have collapsed. She had, of course, been kissed a few times, but she would be ashamed to say that this was the best kiss she’d ever gotten, and he hadn’t even gotten past her lips yet!

Wait, What?

Her eyes opened in disbelief – she didn't even remember closing them – and struggled anew. What did she mean by '*yet*'? Was she *anticipating* his tongue or something? She had a fascination with psychology before she got into crime, and while she consistently tried to defend her actions, she was sure she was tipping the scales towards insanity at this very moment.

Harry licked her lips encouragingly and, almost by instinct, as if she actually *wanted* this to happen, she opened her mouth, allowing his tongue to nip at her teeth, before mingling with her own.

She half noticed that she had stopped struggling once again, and that her eyes were closed, once again.

Fuck it. She was going to kill the kid anyway. Might as well give him a last kiss from the hottest girl he'd ever meet.

Last kiss...

Her eyes popped open, and she jumped backwards, finally out of his grasp. She stumbled backwards when she landed, and before she could fall flat on her back, the perceptively fast boy caught her around her waist.

"Not enjoying yourself?" He inquired, grinning at her flushed cheeks and heaving breath. She probably hadn't noticed, but her ropes had been loosened considerably around her stomach and heaving bosom. You needed to breathe well in able to truly enjoy a kiss, after all.

Her blue eyes locked onto his green eyes with shock. "You should be dead," she muttered, licking her lips. She scanned his face - there were no veins pulsing, no discoloration, no extreme paleness on his character. She never had the chance to use this particular lipstick, but Ivy had told her how it should work. Was this a faulty batch? Ivy didn't make many mistakes, and this was her favorite formula.

She narrowed her eyes. Apparently, his powers went beyond what he could do with that stick. "What are you?"

He stood her up properly before spelling the binds to disappear. She shook on her feet, trying to regain function of her body, and he was counting on that. "I'm just a bloke that wanted a kiss from a pretty girl before she tried to smash my head in."

She stumbled around, trying to get feeling back into her legs, before her hand found something for leverage. She grinned dangerously at the object. "Sorry, kid. But I don't *try* anything!" She gripped around the handle of the mallet, and with one smooth move, flung the large tool in a perfect arc, and slammed it in the side of the brick wall. It cracked massively from the force, but the foundation held still.

She blinked. She expected his head to be there.

She stared cautiously around, hefting her mallet up to her shoulder, before scowling.

"I swear, if I wasn't almost convinced he was Zatanna's sidekick, I'd say he belonged to Bats himself."

She turned on the spot and walked away, making sure to add a little sway in her ass with each step. Just in case he was watching. "Ya just made my list, kid. And that's not a good list to be on."

Harry, hidden under the Potter family cloak, tilted his head at the beautiful villain the tight jester's outfit showcased, memorizing her curves as she sashayed out of the alley and into the open night.

He had no idea where he was, and he had no idea how to get back. And, right now, enjoying the view, he could safely say that he was okay with that.

2 – Not a Good Color

Pamela's fingers tapped against the table. "I see." She lifted her now cold cup of tea to her lips, and took a refreshing drink.

Harleen chuckled nervously, sitting across from the small round table in their kitchen. "So you're not mad at me?"

She lowered her mug, and for the second time in the past hour, Harley was paralyzed by the green eyes piercing through her. "I didn't say that. I said 'I see.'"

Harley shrunk under her gaze, and she rubbed her thighs together. Her body didn't know the difference when Ivy was legitimately pissed, or when she felt her girlfriend needed to be... punished.

So did her mind, sometimes. Considering the vines in the rest of the expansive greenhouse haven't approached her to hold her arms, she correctly assumed that her lover was, at the moment, anything but.

"What... what was I supposed to do, Red? He had me tied up!" She pleaded with her girlfriend, trying to get her to see logic.

"And he kissed you. With tongue."

Her heated face told Ivy everything, including a few things she didn't want to know.

"So you didn't consider biting it, then?"

Harley's mouth opened, then shut. Then opened again. Then shut. She sighed. "I didn't think about that."

Her hands pulsed against the clay mug, before she stopped herself. She had broken far too many mugs in this situation. She held the mug out, and a vine reached her from another room to loop around the handle, where the vine promptly delivered it to the sink. "No, you didn't. I wonder why."

Harley shrugged helplessly, her eyes lowering and looking away.

'Down and to the right,' Pamela thought to herself, recalling what Harleen had said to her a month ago, about something new she learned in school. *'Hold on... up and to the right.'* She saw Harley's eyes hadn't lowered like her head had.

"You can picture it clearly, can't you?"

Harleen focused back on her, biting her lip. "Huh?"

"Him. Kissing you. You enjoyed it. That's why you didn't bite him. For someone who threatened a guard to have Juliet bite off his privates just last week, I don't think you should have any reservations about biting someone's tongue, at least to the point where he takes his tongue out of your goddamn *mouth!*" She slammed her hands to the table for emphasis, but she didn't stand up yet. It got the desired effect, anyways. Harley flinched and looked even guiltier. Usually, when it got to where she towered over the girl, the natural blonde would cry, and she never wanted to do that to her Harleen again.

Now, she wasn't so sure.

"I was tied up," she whispered meekly, glancing into her Red's conflicted, piercing eyes. "I wouldn't be able to run away if I did that. Who's to say he wouldn't have killed me? Or worse?"

She nodded. "I'd believe you, if you didn't just think of it now. You weren't thinking about it then. You just told me you didn't even consider biting his tongue."

Pamela began tapping the table, again. She needed more tea to calm her down. Before she could finish the thought, the vine set the mug down beside her fingers, the smoke rising from the mug with a single green leaf floating on the surface.

She held it gingerly in her hands and took a delicate sip.

"I got it! I mean, err..." Harleen fidgeted. "What I mean is, maybe it was the magic?"

Ivy rested the precipice of the mug at her black painted lips and raised an eyebrow. "Magic?" She had told her how he used it, but what did that have anything to do with how she responded to his advances?

"Um, well, his powers. Or something. He should have *died* when he kissed me. I'm wearing the lipstick you gave me. I applied it before I went out, so it's plenty potent.

His *lips* were smudged black for crap's sake! He should have been *dead* long before he stuck his tongue down my throat!"

She tapped the mug aggressively, not wanting to hear that last bit of information. "So you're blaming me for a messed up batch, so you just *had* to continue kissing him?"

"No!" Harley almost shouted, placatingly putting up her hands. "It works! I'm sure it does! But it had to have been his powers that stopped it from working! Maybe his powers affected me to respond that way to him!"

Pamela placed the tea on the table and crossed her arms under her generous breasts, hefting them up a bit. She noted that Harley was so nervous, she didn't so much as glance down. In this case, it was hurting her not to look – to look at her as she always did. "Are they affecting you now?"

She shook her head swiftly, her eyes steadfastly on the redhead's.

Ivy leaned back. "Remember when you came home from school last month? When you told me about eye movements?"

Harley blinked a couple of times. "Uh, yeah..." A sign of recognition ran across her face, before it morphed quickly.

Fear.

And that, above everything, was the final proof for Pamela Isley.

"When I asked you why you couldn't bite his tongue, you looked up and to the right. Tell me what that means, Harleen."

She gulped nervously, her lip quivering. At this point, Ivy knew that this was the point to stop. She pressed on. "What was in your mind when you bit your lip, when you were quivering in your seat like a little *slut*, Harley?"

She winced at her own wording. True, Harley was her slut, and it was her favorite word to hear, but outside of sex, it was damn near a taboo word.

Harleen's eyes began watering. "To visually recall s-something. A c-clear picture. Please, Red..."

She pushed herself away from the table. She glanced away from the green/redhead as she stood on slightly shaky legs. It was a testament to how hurt she was from Harley's actions, as her movements lost its grace. "Get out, Harleen."

Her black-sheened lips opened in a large 'O' as the first tear fell. "Red?" She asked, her whisper broken.

"Figure out what you want, Harls. We're not doing this because we're business partners and fuck buddies. You mean a lot to me. I thought you'd feel the same."

"But, Red... Pammy, I do..."

She leaned against the table, her head still facing away from Harley's. "I know. And that's why it hurts what you did." She moved away from the table towards her room. "Leave. Before my babies make you."

The door slammed.

Harry Potter frowned at the scene that played out in front of him, silently leaning beside the sink. While it was technically rude for him to spy on people like this, they honestly should've thought of that before he got an Invisibility Cloak for Christmas. He almost grinned at the adventures he had gone through with the family heirloom.

The only thing that kept him from remembering the Quidditch Girls locker room was the girl in front of him and the tears that hit the table.

Harry sighed to himself – he was always uncomfortable being around crying girls, but he had gotten much more experience dealing with them in the past year than he really wanted to. Attempting to smash his head in with a sledgehammer/mallet/whatever aside, he felt that while she had escalated the situation, he had started this, so he resolved to find some way to help her.

And, as Hermione said, he had a bit of a saving-people-thing. It was how he got to... wherever he was, in the first place. After casting a few spells, he sheathed his wand and removed his cloak, pocketing it in the oversized compartment in his cargo pants.

It took a number of minutes for her to notice him, her head having been in her hands for a long time. And Harry could see the internal war going on in her head of

whether he existed or not, refusing to look directly at him, for fear that it might be a hallucination. He may not have taken psychology class, but he read once in the muggle library about eye patterns. He found it ironic that she had to look up and to the right to see his face. When she had recalled them kissing earlier, she unknowingly stared into his eyes.

Now, he found himself under her attention again, her eyes wavering, as if she wasn't sure what she was looking at for a good, long moment. Then she spoke.

"I have to kill you."

Hermione also mentioned that his saving-people-thing would one day kill him. She was the smartest of their generation for a reason. He blew a short breath through his nose. "Can I get another kiss, then?"

Her brow furrowed, and now, she was looking at him directly. Then, smoothly, she scooped up Pamela's discarded mug and slung it at him.

It shattered against his shield, its hot liquid steaming off the side of the small dome surrounding him, but before he could relax, like the grace of a professional acrobat, she pushed back her chair and in one smooth motion, flipped towards him.

Pamela slid down against the door, her head in her hands.

Ten minutes. That's all she needed.

Harley had nowhere to go. She wasn't old enough to find anywhere to live. And, above all, she was a widely wanted criminal that just pulled off a heist. She wasn't going to let her leave the greenhouse. Her babies, the vines that surrounded them, weren't going to let her. Sometimes her babies knew her better than herself.

But she was still pissed. She desperately needed to cool down and find it in her to forgive Harleen.

She could forgive Harleen for the small stuff easily. She didn't *allow* herself to be captured, especially by someone with powers. She didn't force herself on him. Harley had never been kissed by a boy, so it was probably a strange and new feeling for her to be touched by another.

She could forgive all of that. When taking a teenager for a lover and crime partner in training, it was obvious that she had to deal with teenage moments, even though she wasn't that far removed from it, being nineteen years old herself.

No, it was two things. One, she lied about it, coming home with reapplied lipstick, and kissing her goodnight before she went to bed.

And she *tasted* him on the girl's tongue.

If she had kissed a guard to poison him, she'd understand. She had done that a few times, and had given Harley her own tube in case she ever needed to.

But there was no poison on Harley's *tongue*.

Her own tongue was very sensitive, hyperaware of other scents and tastes. It was as useful as a snake's, but since she wasn't a snake, it wasn't very useful very often.

Now, however, she wished she didn't have it.

She hated men. She just hated them. There was no deep, dark story of abuse that scarred her for life. No drunk father or uncle that gave her a permanent perception of men (No father at all, actually). Just the idea that every day, they kill more of her babies, set her off. There were no lumberjills around that warranted her hate. There were no female business tycoons desperately looking for expansion. And, of course, a man turned her into what she was today. But she was thankful for that. Even as she pushed him into a lethal pit of thorns of her creation, she blew him a kiss and thanked him.

Over time, that hatred led to a pure disgust. The few times she had resolved to seduce a guard to kiss him, to mainly show off to her partner-in-training how it's done, she washed out her mouth. It was never really needed, but they tended to try to force in their tongues before they realized their breaths were wearing thin, and she always felt a bit unsettled.

She was neutral to women. Some were just as disgusting as men when it came to the environment. If not, then they were doing next to nothing to stop it. Harley was the only one who managed to get to her, her personality and looks just intoxicating. If anything, Pamela was asexual. The irony didn't escape her.

She blew a breath into the air, something that always relaxed her. Maybe it reminded her of when her mother smoked cigarettes and felt calm immediately afterwards, but it always helped.

Now... it was helping. Probably.

At least at this point, she could see that she was blowing this out of proportion, and she certainly couldn't kick Harley out for this indiscretion.

She stood up, her bare feet sliding against the bare floor as she slid away from the door, and swiftly opened it.

"Fuck," she breathed, her hands clasped against his. "You're real?"

Harry grinned cheekily. "As real as your love for me."

She snarled and pushed harder, but he wouldn't budge. She lifted her knee and brought it up to his groin as hard as she could.

"Ah!" Her eyes bulged in pain, and she fell over, Harry letting go of her hands for her to grab her knee.

"I don't know who Juliet is" he muttered, somewhat enjoying her writhing along the floor, "but I took precautions to make sure she doesn't go for my bits."

"F-fuck... you..."

Harry just hmm'ed to himself. Much like allusions to his name, Sirius once told him that sometimes a joke was simply too easy to make. "So, what's all this about killing me?"

She grunted something, and his wand slid back down his sleeve into his open palm. "Do I have to tie you up again?"

"Pammy!" she screamed, her tears coming back.

Harry shook his head. "Silencing ward. Shield charm. No one can hear you." He blinked, listening to himself. "That sounds more menacing than I wanted it."

“Get the fuck out of our house!” She screamed at him, and struggled to get back to her feet.

He shook his head, again. “You’re just going to hunt me down after this. I can’t risk that. I’m going to have to erase the memories of the both of you.” He was very aware that the Ministry Owls hadn’t sent him any letters yet, and he was using that to his full advantage. Whether they still had their own problems to deal with (Bellatrix and Co.) or, just maybe, where he was, there was only one magic user on earth right now, and he didn’t need that information spreading.

She grabbed onto the waist of his pants, and again showing her strength, she launched herself up and kissed him on the lips.

It didn’t take long for Harry to try to figure out what she was doing with the wild kiss that came out of nowhere, and while he probably should have admitted to her that he was immune to not only many poisons, but many diseases and sicknesses – perks of being the head of his family – he still returned the kiss. And he licked at her lips once again.

She pushed him away, exerting more effort than was necessary. In Harry’s opinion, she looked like she had forced herself to separate from him. “Why – why aren’t you dead? Why can’t you just *die*?!” She looked almost pleading at this point.

His fingers twitched, and he dropped the wand. Before she could do anything, he grabbed her by her waist and put his other hand behind her neck.

She stared breathless into his green eyes, intense and focused. Her own eyes glanced around his face, a little scared of what he had planned next. He leaned down and kissed her again, and sought immediate entrance into her mouth.

She brought her hands up to his chest, prepared to beat him away, before her fists tightened. After a second, however, her fingers fell limp against his chest and she opened her mouth a little, allowing his tongue entry once again.

Fuck it. If she was going to go down like this – to have her Pammy mad at her for something out of her control, at least go down in a way that made her feel like she deserved it.

She felt him lift her knee and rub the kneecap with his thumb, and she winced at the pain. She usually wore kneepads and elbow pads for combat, but she had taken

them off shortly after she got home. She never even had the opportunity to *use* them until he came along. Perfect fucking timing.

The pain in her knee numbed, and soon, went away. She moaned in pleasure when it began to feel better, and then it began to feel *good*.

Minutes after her first lover broke up with her, and she found her first real pleasure point outside her erogenous zones.

Again; timing. Maybe she *was* a slut. A whore. A technical virgin of a scarlet Harlot.

Harley the Harlot. Thank God *that* wasn't the nickname she carried through junior high school. She was as chaste as they came until she was seduced by Pammy. If anything, she'd have been Virgin Quinzel... Virginzel...

Heh heh, she cracked herself up.

"Something funny?"

He had stopped kissing her long ago, the moment she became unresponsive. He had taken the time to observe her – he didn't bother to look at her eye patterns, for he didn't memorize the chart – and he realized that 'Pammy' was the luckiest woman in the world.

He knew that she had every intention of keeping Harley here. He saw it in her expression. She looked pissed. Not sad, or resolved. It was a ten to twenty minute rage period, one that he was very familiar with, and she just wanted time to cool off. Not to mention, the vines haven't touched Harley yet. Though it was curious why they hadn't attacked him since he followed her into the greenhouse, he'd rather not count his blessings. Still, the shield charm held strong, in case they decided to attack.

Still; Pammy was a lucky girl. Granted, Harley was very lucky as well – the woman oozed sensuality and was beautiful all around. Her dress shirt (with the single button) covering her braless DD-cup bust and green leaf panties helped as well, but what he found himself staring at more than he would ever care to admit to was the long flowing red hair that fell to the middle of her back. It was brighter than any Weasley's hair, and sleeker than Fleur's hair at her most beautiful. Her eyes were simply, a reflection of his own emerald irises. Not brighter, not duller. Not a different shade. Just... pure.

He doubted the purity of her character in comparison to her eyes, but it was nevertheless intoxicating. However, as he gazed into the sky blue eyes of Harley Quinn, he felt a pulse to his loins that almost shattered the shield he formed around it. Granted, he had been sporting a semi since he had first kissed Harley, and it had been fluctuating ever since, peaking at the moment he saw the green-skinned beauty for the first time.

But as he gazed at her cosmetically flushed cheeks, her mascara-covered eyes, and her smudged lips -

He frowned. She giggled. And then he asked if something was funny. She looked at him in surprise, as if just shocked at how close he was to her. He pulled his hand from behind her head and held her chin still. Her makeup began to disappear from her face, her true beauty utterly exposed to him. After a few quiet, tenseless moments, he kissed her again.

Much better, he decided.

Harley's eyes furrowed in confusion as he kissed her again. It felt... weird. Different from the other times she had kissed him, even from the time she kissed Pammy, the kiss that got her in this situation to begin with.

When he stood back and his fingers slid along the Lycra suit she wore, she giggled again, nervously.

Harry grinned, not unlike a villain would. He was keeping her attention, now.

Harley's hands, which until this point had been out of play, lax at her sides, suddenly rose to grip his waist. She squeezed him at periodic moments when he touched the back of her knee, or when he trailed his fingers across her ribs, tantalizingly close to her rapidly maturing breasts.

Harry's wandering fingers moved up her back, and found the hidden catch where her zipper was. He fumbled with it – not out of nervousness, but of indecision. There was probably a limit, and this was most definitely close to it.

His fingers nimbly unbuttoned the backs to the catch, before pulling down the zipper.

He had gone through too many death-defying adventures to run away from the *obvious* conclusion to his life. It, quite literally, *couldn't* get better than this.

When she got back to her senses, he was likely going to die by her hand. He needed to see how high the peak was before he fell.

She felt a tickle as her suit was unzipped. Just earlier today, she had shivered in excitement when Ivy zipped her up, but not before kissing the nape of her neck. It had become tradition for them, and the one that broke it was now the one who unzipped her.

She finished her assessment of herself. After more than a year of indecisions and avoiding what she truly was, she finally had a diagnosis.

Incurably. Indisputably. Totally. Insane.

Huh. That wasn't as difficult as she thought it would be.

She gasped as his hand slipped into the back of her Lycra suit and gripped onto a smooth, well-formed cheek, before his other hand joined. He held firmly to the cheeks that she had put on display to him earlier, swayed in front of him as a joke, as a *dare* to him to come out again and *try* to catch her prepared and ready.

He released her smooth, panty-clad ass to slide along her smooth back and grasp the sides of her separated zipper clasps, and pulling it off her shoulders.

She stepped back and shrugged it off, much to his shock. Grinning a little bit, she pulled the suit down and stepped out of it.

Her green heel struck the floor as her red heel kicked the costume back, before stepping with the other. She put her hands at her side and smirked.

"Fine, then. You wanna play? Come ride the Harley."

Having been a lesbian for her entire sexual life, the natural blonde felt a sort of pride that she finally got to say that line.

Though, in the next second, she lost her pride, and gained a new feeling when the boy's clothes disappeared from his body into thin air; lust.

Harry Potter was a scrawny kid. Keyword – *was*. Having spent the previous summer at Hermione's, he was given a crash course in health safety by her parents when they noticed his overly slim form. For dentists, they had a lot of knowledge on physical health.

Now, Harry Potter was proud to say that he was in shape. And as Harley stared lustfully at his wiry form, his defined muscles and toned physique, he knew that it was all worth it.

However, he would have to refer to a pensieve – assuming he'd make it past tonight – to see Harley's reaction, because he was too busy ogling her near-naked form.

She was absolutely perfect. Her handful-a-plenty breasts stood high on her chest, above her taut, flat stomach, and while the red sports bra stood in the way, he had no intention of letting that stop him from admiring the treasures he knew to be within.

The hair on her head added a certain kink to the whole thing – one side of her hair red, the other green, and tied up into two pigtails. The color scheme continued for the little clothing she had left, with her red bra and green panties, to her matching in all but color, red and green boots. She was obviously paying homage to her lover.

Former lover.

He couldn't bring himself to feel sad that he had broken up a relationship right now. If he survived, he would talk to them both and try to reunite them.

But goddammit if he was going to get back to his saving-people-thing *before* he got to enjoy himself.

He smirked, and she stepped back, just a little bit, at his exuberance. Then, faster than she could follow, he approached her and crushed her lips to his, his hands firmly printed into the back of her ass cheeks, squeezing and kneading them with abandon, his...

His pole planted firmly between her legs.

That was the last thing she had noticed; ironic, considering how far it stood out to her. His powers had him stripped down to his boxers, and the massive tool was pointed at her.

Now it was *between* her. Mere *millimeters* from her wanting, weeping center. They being the same height, his dick had found a place to rest, at the apex of her thighs, and had found a snug home, between her slightly separated legs.

By the cheeks of her ass, he pulled her forward, and she squeaked, feeling his large cock slide along her green cotton panties, rubbing firmly against her already distended clit through the visibly soaked material.

She shuddered as she was dragged along his tool, and now they were firmly pressed together, stomach to stomach, her breasts pushing him away slightly from her, but she didn't let that bother her, craning her neck forward to kiss him again.

He let his hands roam her ass for a few more seconds, before skimming up towards the back of her bra. With a thought, the bra unsnapped, and with another, it disappeared.

Had her mind been capable of processing thought, she would have noted the loss of her favorite bra. At the moment, she was too busy tracing the lines on the scars on his back, forcing herself not to grind relentlessly on his now slickened member, her orgasm approaching. Had her mouth not been full with his tongue, she would be biting her lip in distress. No matter how beautiful he was, or how well-equipped, he was still a kid with a likely hair trigger.

Well... she had assumed he was a kid. Now, she had no idea what age he was.

Or what his name was, for that matter.

She pushed her head away a little, and they parted tongues. They were connected by a thin string of saliva, which quickly dissipated. Her eyes opened again, and they focused onto the bright green orbs looking curiously at her sky blues.

"Who are you," she whispered quietly for the last time, needing to know the name of the Adonis, the *demigod* that was wrapped around her, taking her like Pam never did, and likely never will. She didn't ask it as a question. She didn't command it. Right now, all she wanted were *words. Anything.*

And she would give him everything she had.

His right hand rested on her hip, while the other wrapped around her waist. He dropped eye contact with her, and instead moved to the green side of her hair, to kiss her earlobe. She moaned.

"I'm Harry James Potter," he whispered. His fingers roamed the front of her panties, before pressing at the junction where his penis was firmly lodged against her green cotton undergarments. She gasped out loud, spasming on his straining cock, her

girlcum wetting his dick further. "Your best wet dream," he continued, remembering the words she first spoke to him when she *thought* she had control over him, sliding his dick slowly out of the confines of her firmly pressed together legs, distributing her juices evenly along the length of his tool. He held her still, feeling her shudder along the way, feeling every pulsing vein throb against her. His middle finger slipped into her panties; the absolute lack of pubic hair was a turn-on he didn't expect. He had never felt that before, and now, he was quite certain he never wanted to live without again.

"And while you may be thinking I'm doing all this," he whispered, taking a second to nip at her ear, "Using my *powers*, as you put it, I'm not. I don't even know how to *do* that. I'm just a random bloke with powers, and you can't get enough of it. I've read about this. Domination turns you on, doesn't it? I've met a few girls like you, but they haven't embraced it quite like you have." His head bowed lower to suck at the side of her neck, and she gasped, leaning her head to the side, her fingers tensing together, her black-painted nails scratching along his back.

For some reason, she liked to think that all those scars that crisscrossed his body were a result of his more excited lovers. Her nails weren't particularly sharp, but she had been known to claw at the headboard, that they had specifically gotten because she kept clawing at the wall.

She gasped as her most private part was exposed to the air, and now, her no-longer mystery lover's eyes. She glanced down, and gasped at the view; her shiny, sleek cunt dripped freely on his cock, his head now positioned towards her entrance, looking as intimidating as the biggest of Ivy's vines, though she had never used them on her. She whimpered with want, and when Harry slid his cockhead against her lips, she moaned with *need*.

He still held the crotch of her panties between his fingers, having only pushed them aside instead of removing her underwear completely. He slid the oily wetness of the material between his fingers as he used his other hand to pull at the cheek of her bum. She was dripping wet for him, and his highly sensitive nose flared at the smell of sex – the smell of her lust for him. With a wet snap, the garment disappeared from her body.

His cockhead stretched the lips of her hungry, but far underused cunt, and they both groaned with passion. "Say it," he grunted, looking into her shining eyes the moment she opened them in surprise. "Give Pammy a reason to hate you, Harleen! Prove her right! Show me why she thinks you're a little *slut*!"

Her body perspired with want as she writhed on the tip of his dick, her lithe, strong body struggling to lower herself further, but Harry held firm to her ass with resolve. She stared back at him, her eyes watery, her tenacity broken. "Please," she whispered, her lips quivering as much as her sex, her breath coming out in gasps, "please... please *fuck me*."

Harry released her ass with one hand, and before she could force herself down, he quickly reached down and picked up her left leg, then held it in his arm as his hand took its rightful place on her ass.

She gasped in pleasure – his shaft now rubbed her open lips and peeking clit at once, his precum leaking from his head and sliding against the dried up cum at the nub. She kicked outwards with the foot she had in the air, her body jerking to the hypersensitivity of her sex.

Harry thrust, hard, and his mushroom head popped into Harley's quim with an audible suction sound. He was almost distracted by the look of pure bliss and pain on the girl's face, her mouth in a wide 'O' shape as she was penetrated for the first time by something larger than Poison Ivy's long, slim fingers, as just the tip proved that her limits were going to be pushed harder than they ever had in length and width.

"Fuuuuuuuck," She breathed a shallow breath, her chest heaving as her nipples rubbed against his bare chest. She couldn't see between them, and to be honest, she didn't want to. She wasn't a masochist – her and Pammy were experimental, but she *wasn't* a masochist – and she didn't want to see how much she had left until he entered her.

Harry wiggled the head of his cock in her with a groan – Sweet *Merlin*, she was tight! His eyes unfocused for a second at the sensitive head being swallowed by her constricting velvet hole. He released her ass, with the hand that wasn't holding her leg as well, and held his arm around her waist.

He braced his legs, and he began to push.

Harley let out a soundless scream as her near-virgin pussy was defiled and stretched. She felt every vein slip along her lubricated walls, his monstrous shaft spearing into her insides with purpose. Her eyes closed once again, and she wrapped her arms around his neck. His muscles were tense beneath her, his breathing almost light, as he sighed in happiness at her velvety heat pulsing around

him. Her nipples grazed his, and he pushed even further, going in another two inches.

“Ah!” Harley gasped, her hair whipping back and forth as she shook her head wildly. She was almost happy that she didn’t get to see the penetration – it was almost like getting a shot at the hospital, though in much more pleasant circumstances, and unlike then, she wished this moment would *never* end.

As he slid further in, she began to think that it never *would* end. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes as his shaft plunged into her seemingly limitless depths, forcefully making more space inside her.

He stopped for a moment, and she was glad for the slight reprieve. Her pussy pulsed randomly against her control, feeling out the foreign object inside her, as if welcoming it and making it comfortable, *begging* his cock to stay inside.

He began to pull out of her, and she whimpered in surprise. “Nononono,” she whined, and forced out a mix between a gasp and a scream as he quickly thrust inside her again. She felt even fuller than before, and it felt so *fucking good*.

Harry rested his chin on her shoulder, much like she was doing to him, and his tongue swiped across her neck. She moaned sexily, and her pussy spasmed around his cock hungrily. He quickly pulled back and thrust again, tasting her neck again as he did so.

He was bitten by a lot of different creatures, and he had no idea which one to thank for the sensitive taste buds – probably the basilisk, but he wasn’t sure – but he was thankful for it as his tongue lapped at her smooth skin, her moans getting louder, exposing her neck further, and he pressed his lips harder into the tasty skin.

He thrust into her again. And again. And again.

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” she yelled in succession, her body rocking jerkily with his cock skewering into her over and over again. His movements were still, at this point, relatively slow, but she knew that any faster would probably hurt her. Her lips were so firmly sealed around his cock, the fluids that kept secreting at a near dizzying pace could only reach the part of his shaft that was lodged inside of her, and she felt it squelch inside her with every thrust. She knew he heard it too, and she thought to herself smugly, that her pussy was just too good to leave, even for just a second.

She grunted with pain at the next upstroke – he pulled back deep and slid in deeper, and she could feel her inner lips scraping the juices off his shaft as it left her vulva. He pulled back again, and she tensed for the next one.

Harry slid back and pulled out of the natural blonde with an audible *pop*, and hearing a sigh of relief, he smirked. He had sensed her discomfort, and he was starting to feel it as well.

He groaned as her warm cunt juice dripped onto the head of his shaft, and he shuddered as it began leaking down to the dry base of his cock. When he felt that enough lubrication was applied, he entered her weeping pussy again, and they both groaned at her seemingly perpetual tightness. It was less difficult than when he first entered, but it was far from easy.

Harleen's eyes rolled to the back of her head as his dick entered her halfway, not that she could see it. Her nipples slid gracefully across his sweat-slicked chest, and his lips made a pleasurable seal at the side of her neck, sucking and nipping at her ivory skin. Tears pricked at her eyes once more, not in pain, but pleasure – at the feeling of happiness, the overwhelming feeling of her body *singing* with desire.

Harry powerfully thrust into her again, determined to get as much of his cock into her as he could. Had his lips not been attached to her neck, he would have been breathing raggedly, his dick rocking her lightly, her heeled green boot the only part of her still firmly on the ground, her other leg rocking in the crook of his elbow.

His eyes opened, and he picked her up by her waist.

Harley opened her eyes in shock as she was rocked against him, her foot feeling for the floor under her. She grunted cutely on his cock as he continued to thrust into her, and he turned around. She found her back to the sink as he lifted the rest of her leg to mash against her right tit, and she groaned at how he stretched her in another way. As he had her do a standing split, her red boot pointed towards the ceiling, he thrust into her again, and she gasped at the truly *full* feeling that invaded her. “F-fuuuuck, Haaare, Ree,” she moaned, her voice in sync with his slow, deep thrusting. She tested his name again on her tongue, whispering it a few more times with his thrusting, and her voice hitched with each upstroke. She kept whispering it, her mind clouding over with pleasure, her head tilting back.

He snuck his hand behind her head and pulled on the small rubber bands that held her hair up, preferring to see her hair down this time. Allowing himself a bit of

overconfidence that there could be a next time, he decided that he would fuck her while she wore the pigtails and a jester's outfit, and the makeup. This time, he wanted *her*.

He gripped the rubber bands tightly as he watched her hair cascade down her shoulders, a flowing wave of red mixing with a wave a green, crashing together as they shook in harmony with his cock, pistoning in and out of the lithe vixen in front of him. His hand stroked her straight hair down her back as his dick pulsed, watching her flawless face blush with desire, her leg in the air tensing, her hands whitening as she squeezed his shoulders, her teeth gnashing as she rocked through her first orgasm.

"*Harry!*" She screamed, her eyes opening wide, the veins in her neck pulsing out, her weeping, seeping pussy tightening around his fuckstick so deliciously, her stomach tightening oh so painfully, her body out of her control.

It was the most beautiful thing Harry had witnessed in a very long time, and he almost wanted to stop pounding her just to observe the beauty that was before him.

Instead, he thrust harder, and when she squeaked at the unexpected increase of pace, her orgasm still high, he leaned in and kissed her.

She moaned loudly in his mouth as she squirted against his cock, her juices leaking in rivulets to his plentiful sac, and he groaned into her mouth as he slipped into her a little more. His thrusts were losing control as he stuffed her with his cock again and again, desperate to get that last bit of his cock inside her.

She jumped at a pulse that bumped deep inside of her when he thrust the deepest he ever did; her orgasm spiked again. She cried out at the sensation, her cunt reflexively squeezing his cock as tight as it could, desperate to milk him.

He palmed her full breast that wasn't blocked by her leg, and squeezed it in his hand; it was practically a sin that he hadn't had the chance to play with them as much as he wanted to, but if anything, it was a testament to her beauty to pay attention to first, and there was so much he wanted to explore about her.

The green/redhead gave a mix between a grunt and a squeak each time he thrust into her and hit that button inside her. If she were to hazard a guess, or if she had any rational thought left, she would venture the thought that he had reached the

end of her. She wasn't an expert in anatomy, but she was relatively sure that he hit her cervix. As far as she knew, that was supposed to be painful.

But now, she had no thoughts on anything whatsoever, other than marveling at how he was fucking her inside out with his oversized dick, and repeatedly pressing a button that stopped her from coming down from her orgasm. Had her head not been tilted back, she would have been drooling at this point.

Though they were the same height, Harry towered over her as he shifted his legs forward and stroked his cock in and out of her sopping pussy, the squelches getting louder. He quickly wiped at his forehead and put his arm back around the beautiful girl, never breaking his stride. His other hand left the back of her head to move between her perfectly split legs and fist what was left of his dick, the membrane inside her frustrating him a little, but he knew that one day it would fit.

Harry chuckled a little at the thought – he had almost convinced himself that he would have this wonderful chance with her again. Having read her surface thoughts all night, he got very mixed feelings from the girl currently writhing under him. The raw fucking they were having almost erased Pamela from her mind at this point, but he knew the two were in love with each other.

Unless they were talking in the literal sense, he didn't want to get in between them and their relationship.

But he was content with ruining their sex life forever, though; considering most of the vines had thorns, he doubted she would ever be penetrated by them, but he wanted to make sure she could never settle for fingers again.

Harley struggled to bring her head forward, her eyes struggling to focus on the man in front of her. She stared blankly at him for a moment, noting his smile, and hearing his chuckle earlier. And she smiled.

"Fu-u-uck, Me-e," she panted, groaning as he rolled her peach-colored nipple between his fingers. "Fuck me so goooood," she gasped, her body convulsing again, her brain stuttering at his non-rhythmic thrusting.

"Harley," he gasped, his eyes losing focus, before shaking his head. Harley giggled as the sweat from his fringe hit her cheek. *Fuck*, she was cute, even as he was fucking her into a near-comatose state.

It was probably too early into the relationship to form an opinion, but if she decided that she was going to actually call what they were currently having a relationship, or any type of reoccurring situation, Harry would have to say that he was in love.

It wasn't just because of his abnormally monstrous cock spearing savagely into her insides, her steaming cunt desperately milking him for all he was worth, her bald cunny swallowing his meat being one of the most erotic sights he had ever seen.

And it wasn't just because her near-grapefruit-sized breasts bounced with every stroke, her pink eraser nipples capping off cherry-sized areolas, her youthful figure suggesting that she had only just begun to develop.

And it certainly wasn't because of the way her body stretched, her leg pointing perfectly upwards while her other trembled beneath him, momentum causing her to kick the doors to the cabinet with the back of her heel periodically as she sat on the edge of the counter.

And it most definitely wasn't the fact that he had made it a mission, a *goal*, in his life to fit his entire dick into her quivering clam one day, and achieve, what was to him at that moment, the biggest accomplishment the boy-who-lived could ever dream of.

It was because he... well... he... just was.

It was too early in the relationship to make such a bold claim, but he had the rest of his life to figure that out. However long or short she chose it to be.

"Harry," she whispered back at him breathlessly, her eyelids fluttering shut, her full lips in a cute little grimace, rosy cheeks burning with perspiration.

He was close.

He let out a single grunt like an animal, a primeval *beast*, as he kicked into gear and began fucking her in earnest, and she cried out in happiness, or delusion, or possibly even pain; he couldn't tell at this point, he was too far gone. His balls, though still inches away from resting on her cheeks, still slapped heavily against her with each upstroke, a testament to the force of his strokes, and was also a testament to how far Harry had gone into bliss, for him to not wince as his testicles bounded against her ass. It didn't deter him in the slightest as he jerked his cock with one hand, synchronous to his pace as he slid in and out of her.

As one, they both looked down at the sight, as if seeing it for the first time – and they really were, actually. For the first time, they glimpsed at the point where their bodies fused, her hairless lips stretched comically around his massive girth, her leg trapped between them. He pulled back and pushed in again, and she found it *fascinating*. Her mind struggled at this point to comprehend why Pammy could actually *hate* this. To be skewered by Harry's godcock was a feeling that she had to share with her ex-girlfriend, if only to show her a little bit more joy, the grumpy girl.

Harley grinned stupidly as Harry picked up pace yet again, to see her cum slide all over his dick, the force of the friction causing some of her pussy juice to splatter onto her and his stomach, and her mind could only think of how enjoyable it could be licking it off of them.

"Gaaaaaaah!" She screamed again, her fatigue wearing her, but her voice firm as ever, when Harry pushed forward as hard as he could, and pressed against her button again. She could feel herself squirting cum all over his cock – and she just pictured how wonderfully sticky his fuckstick would be by the end, his tasty dickmeat dripping onto her little tongue covered in his and her essences – and she shuddered mightily as his dick *stayed* there, firmly pressed into her membrane.

Right then, you could tell Harry James Potter and Harleen Frances Quinzel that she was far too small for Harry's cock. And Harry would argue – she was *perfect* for his cock. The way her cunt muscles squeezed and massaged at his dick, swallowing him in even though he had gone as far as he could without hurting her, while he split her legs wide open for more leverage, gave him inspiration that if it belonged to the goddess that moaned beneath him, it was absolutely *perfect*.

He tilted his head back and roared as he felt his cum rushing from his balls, and Harley had a moment of clarity. Faster than he could comprehend, she removed both hands from his shoulders and reached between them to hold the outside of the dick skewering her for the first time. Harry immediately let go, and Harley took less than a second to marvel at the sheer fucking *girth* of Potter's Pole™, the pole that had her firmly planted and *conquered*, before her fingers stroked the underside of his cock and her hands jacked him with a crazed speed that only a thoroughly slickened cock could handle.

"*Fuck, fucking cum,*" she gasped, feeling his penis twitch inside of her, shaking her whole body in convulsions. His already hard dick seemed to get harder, and she could almost feel his cum race through his tube into her sweet, over-fucked cavern.

Her nails grazed against his sac, and she could *literally feel* his large, gorgeous sac shrivel and contract, *pumping* her, painting her insides white.

Harry winced as his balls were drained, his body shuddering as his built-up cum finally released into her. It almost hurt to breathe as he stood, holding Harleen against him. Her hands slowed, and he tilted his head forward to look at her proper.

Just seeing her in the afterglow of what was likely the greatest orgasm of her life gave him pause; her neck and cheeks flushed with exertion, her sky blue eyes unfocused and teary, her dyed hair sticking to her shoulders and her chest, fanned out around her beautiful head, and his dick twitched once more, in defiance, but soon went still.

He was thankful. His heart was willing to go another round, but his flesh was almost aching at this point. He needed a massage.

“Ah,” he grimaced, feeling his dick twitch again at the stray thought. Harley’s hands, as though shocked, quickly released his cock and she rested her hands on the edge of the counter. She looked in concern at him. He smiled at her, and lifted his fingers to move her hair behind her ear, maneuvering around her leg as he did so.

He began to pull out, shuddering as he did, so he could give her room to put down her leg, but Harley would have none of it. She quickly grabbed his face with both hands and effortlessly leaned forward to kiss him.

The lovers kissed each other, not as two separate souls fighting for dominance, but one soul joining together, as their tongues mingled and danced with a playfulness that wasn’t there before. Her hands moved to join around his neck, and his hand gingerly pulled Harley’s leg down around by stretching it outwards, and her boots knocked together. She hissed as her breast was finally relieved of the pressure; she could barely feel the usually sensitive tit.

His hand cupped her youthful breast, and she hissed again. “Oh, sweet *fuck*... not again,” she moaned, her body involuntarily spasming around his softening dick. Apparently, her breast was still sensitive.

Harry chuckled as he tweaked her nipple, marveling at the paleness of her breast compared to the other one, willing to squeeze and fondle her until the blood rushed back to her tit. “I need to get in as much as I can, in case you kill me when I collapse.” He muttered it in a light tone, almost like a joke.

She grinned lazily, and her eyes peeked through her lashes in the sexiest way to Harry. "Hell no. I'm keeping you. You got a..." she sighed, "*hell* of a way with persuasion."

Oh, yes, Harry was sure he was in love.

His body shivered in shock when a cold drop of liquid dropped down his leg. His penis had deflated fully now, completely drained for the first time in his sexual life, and they both hissed as he began to pull out.

Their mingled cum dripped onto the kitchen floor, Harley's stuffed cunt oozing significantly more than the drops off Harry's slickened dick. He pointed to the small puddle and it disappeared. He lifted his finger at Harley's hairless cunny, but she quickly grabbed his wrist.

She shook her head, much to his surprise. She leaned forward, and kissed him again.

Harry moved his hand to around the small of her back, and tugged on her. She squealed as he lifted her up off the counter. Then he fell to the side, and she squealed louder, wincing at the crash.

Except she didn't. She felt the front of her knees hit a deceptively cushioned softness, and she felt it before she could see the mattress behind Harry's ear-to-ear grin.

She slapped him on the chest, her heart struggling to get back to normal. "Ass," she muttered embarrassingly, and her belly did funny things when he chuckled deeply.

"Maybe later." He grinned as her cheeks heated up. He marveled at the way her hair curtained around his head, her two colors perfectly separated, the strands giving a slight glow from the ceiling light above them, showcased her beauty in a way he hadn't seen yet.

He leaned up to press his lips to hers once more, before he rolled to the side, taking her with him. Her straight hair fanned around her head, and he found it a little funny that it was the green side that covered her face, but the red that fanned out on the freshly conjured pillow, giving her a red, eerie glow.

"Tell me," she whispered sleepily, "how you do that. The magic..."

"I'll tell you everything," he whispered, "tomorrow. I'll answer your questions if you can help me with mine."

Harley grinned lazily, moving to touch his forehead with her own. "You show me yours, I'll show you mine?" she suggested, her fingers slipping under his side of the long pillow.

Harry chuckled, his fingers strumming to an unknown beat against her perspired skin, tickling her ribs in an ever-so-pleasant way. "And anything else we can think of."

She giggled cutely, and Harry smiled at the heart-warming, pulse-racing sight. "I'll tell the jokes here," she whispered, her lips curved in a smile.

"Good," he muttered, "cause I'm not much of a joker."

She moved her hair to the side and kissed him once more, a tender, chaste kiss. "I can live with that."

She fell asleep in his arms, her naked form cozied up against his, and Harry closed his eyes, knowing that life could not get any better for him. 'Nox', he breathed, and the lights went out.

About an hour later, his eyes blearily opened, and he let out an unexpected groan. He heard the slurping before he felt it, and his cock twitched inside the warm, smooth sheath around him. He laid still, his back now pressed to the bed, and his arm almost dead to him. His eyes wandered to his left, and Harley was still there beside him, her smile content, her front facing his side.

His eyebrows furrowed in confusion, before the pieces fell together. He winced when her tongue lapped at the sensitive piss hole of his dick, while her hand firmly squeezed at his plentiful scrotum. He grunted as he came, and his head moved up to see a swirl of red, luscious hair swirl around his crotch.

He sat back on his elbows to listen to her audible gulps as she consumed his seed, her unbelievable tongue slinking up and down his massive cock, and his sensitive hearing picked up the distinct 'shlick' sounds of her fingering herself quickly. She moaned as the squelches became louder, and her fingers slid into her faster. She gurgled around his cock and he hissed, keeping note that her lips had reached halfway down his dick. His head pulsed in the tight confines of her throat, as he shot his seed directly down her gullet.

She sat back on her haunches and flipped her hair back, and their green eyes locked onto each other. Her fingers abruptly stopped their frantic pace inside her quim, and the squelching paused. Her green-tinted lips drooled, dripping onto her dark green nipple. He stared in fascination as her nipple crinkled and hardened from the fallen cool liquid.

Harry grinned at Pamela Isley's stunned expression. "So I guess you're *not* mad at her, then?"

The two stared each other down, and she seemed to be internally debating with herself for a moment, before she slid her fingers out of her juicy twat, raised her two fingers slowly, and inserted them into her mouth at an agonizing pace, her tongue swirling around the familiar sweet taste, and she smiled at him. "No. I guess not."

3 – Teen Spirit

She blew a breath into the air, something that always relaxed her. Maybe it reminded her of when her mother smoked cigarettes and felt calm immediately afterwards, but it always helped.

Now... it was helping. Probably.

At least at this point, she could see that she was blowing this out of proportion, and she certainly couldn't kick Harley out for this indiscretion. She stood up, her bare feet sliding against the bare floor as she slid away from the door, and swiftly opened it.

She winced at the sound that immediately hit her, and her heart ached. To hear her girlfriend cry, knowing that it was her fault, cut deep inside Ivy, making her pause.

She made a promise to herself, right then and there, that she would never make her Harley cry again.

To be angry at her for such a trivial little thing was ludicrous to begin with. Her Harley was bi-curious, and she just couldn't let that go? She let a guy kiss her, and she enjoyed it. Hardly a handjob, was it?

She knew, deep down, if she didn't have such a heated hatred for men, that she wouldn't have gotten into such a fit.

She leaned against the corner of the short hallway, knowing that her girl was just out of her view, blaming herself for everything.

Tears pricked at her eyes. She didn't deserve such a beautiful, sweet girl. It was an ironic thought, having blamed Harley's teenage hormones and naivety earlier, and yet she herself was the hard-headed, immature one.

She blinked her tears away, and pushed herself from the wall. Her bare feet padded across the threshold into the room.

She shuddered as a chill rushed past her. She felt it seep into her very bones, and she felt cold. She wrapped her hands around herself, and wished she had something more than her dress shirt as clothing.

Her brow furrowed – the temperature in her greenhouse was always at a set, warm temperature.

More importantly, she had never once been cold since the incident that turned her into what she was today.

Her eyes narrowed. Something unnatural was happening. It was far beyond a sixth sense. She knew that whatever that was that affected her was not a feeling of foreboding, like a small chill up her spine. Someone did that to warn her of their presence.

Or so she thought. She didn't see the almost imperceptible shimmer as the shield charm was erected behind her.

'Forgive me, Harleen,' she pleaded silently, before she slowly stepped backwards, intent on waiting until the presence showed him or herself. *'Himself.'*

She felt a paralyzing shock, and she fell to the ground. Her head conveniently – too conveniently for her tastes – hit the threshold of the hallway and the kitchen.

For a few, painful seconds, Pamela was forced to watch Harley bawl her eyes out, periodically whispering apologies to the paralyzed woman, mere meters away from her.

She tried to move her fingers, and cursed herself when she couldn't. *'Harley!'* She mentally screamed, her wild eyes pulsing with light, the nutrients in her veins working fast to bring her dead limbs back to life.

And then, a figure appeared out of nowhere, and Pamela was paralyzed once again, in shock.

She knew it was him. It had to be him. It couldn't have been anyone but him.

Had she had any control over her body, she would be trembling at the sight, with rage or fear – he certainly didn't look like a mere kid as he leaned against the counter, his dress shirt torn on his frame, his lightly tanned skin smudged with dirt. His lean body was still, conveying a relaxed confidence, as if he knew that all of his obstacles were out of his way.

There were no obstructions to his eyes, and from the side, she saw a shade of green that she had never seen before, except in the mirror. They curiously roamed her girlfriend, and she would have grit her teeth in anger.

Her body stiff as a board, she was forced to take in the scene for a few minutes. Neither moved. He never once moved a muscle, and she didn't look up from her hands.

Then – for a glorious, wonderful second – she looked up.

Directly at her.

And then she looked away to wipe the tears that were clouding her eyes.

And then she saw *him*.

Ivy stopped her story, her head resting leisurely on Harry's chest. "What did you do to me, anyway?"

It took a few seconds for him to concentrate on what she meant – Harley's light breathing in his ear was a pleasant distraction. "I don't really know. I put up a shield to protect me from the vines. You're just supposed to hit it and bounce off. Maybe it reacted strangely to non-magic users. Where I come from, we tend to use our powers strictly on each other."

Pamela bit her bottom lip in concentration, her studious eyes pondering. "It could have been my DNA. I'm not exactly like everyone else."

Harry shrugged, mindful that the beautiful green-skinned woman had her head on his pectoral. "I wouldn't know. From what I've seen of this place so far... I wouldn't know what's normal and what's not."

"Any chance of telling us where you're from, exactly?" Ivy queried, her hand grazing over his hard stomach, her fingertips dancing across his sweat-glazed skin.

He closed his eyes at the wondrous feeling. He wasn't very ticklish, but her touch gave him a special tingle that he loved. "When Harley wakes up, I'll tell you both everything... I promise."

"I'll keep you to that... Harry," she muttered, very aware of the notion that his name had never escaped her lips before, and considering what her lips were closed around earlier, would probably leave room for concern, later.

Harry must've picked up on her thoughts. "So what made your attitude change?"

Pamela sighed, her breath making the sparse hairs on his stomach stand up. "You sound like you don't know. I can feel your heartbeat, and you truly don't know." She closed her eyes. "So at this point, I *really* don't fucking know."

"Harley said something about my powers doing this to her. So I guess you thought the same?" He didn't wait for a response. "So am I just that unappealing or something? Or did you two comically just fall for me, as if it's an impossible circumstance otherwise?" Harry tried not to sound too agitated, but Ivy could feel the slight increase in his heart rate.

The thump was almost a painful reminder in her, as that slight increase that conveyed his anger confirmed it – he had nothing to do with their reaction to him. They acted like needy *whores* toward him, and he, like any straight male, took the opportunity presented to him.

She slid her head off his chest and sidled up to his side, wrapping her hands around Harry's arm. She chose her next words carefully. "You don't understand..." she started slowly. "I... hate men. And Harley has a *lot* more self-control than that. There have been plenty of men who have approached us, and we deal with them accordingly. Not once did we ever consider... this."

Harry released a breath, staring up at the ceiling. "Sorry. I'm just not used to being wanted and rejected at the same time." His eyebrows furrowed, not noticing her slight guilty look. "I know someone like you. She hated men too. She reacted even more violently when her girlfriend asked me to the b... err, prom."

She tilted her head up towards him. "And? What happened?"

If all of his blood hadn't travelled elsewhere a few minutes earlier, he would have blushed at the memory. "She was... understandably pissed. I didn't even know they were dating. I already had a date anyway, so we all just let it go. The day after the ball, she apologized, and said that... well, her girlfriend, Cho, had a crush on me for the longest time, ever since we played each other in a sport my school has in the finals two years ago. She said that, at the least, they could still all be friends." Harry

chuckled. "What I didn't know at the time was she was attracted to my girlfriend. It was the day after the ball, and she surprised almost everyone that night by how she looked." He smiled at the fond memory – he had never seen a girl so beautiful at that point. "We've all been friends ever since."

Pamela raised a beautifully arched eyebrow. "And what of the jealous girlfriend? Did she ever get a taste of yours?"

"A bloke never tells," Harry said sagely, his eyes twinkling.

"That means he porked her," a voice murmured, making Ivy jump, and Harry grin embarrassingly. "All three. At once. Can we all go to sleep now?"

"Harley... how long were you awake?" Pam queried nervously.

She cuddled up to Harry's arm a little more. "I woke up in the middle of my orgasm. And I haven't gotten a bit of sleep since."

Harry furrowed his brows, while Ivy flushed in embarrassment. "Did I miss something?"

"Remember when you woke up in her mouth? She did it to me first. But I wanted to see how far she would go. It was really hot." She purred a little, and wiggled her body against his arm, placing her hand on his chest, incidentally over Ivy's. They both felt a shock at the touch, and after a few moments of indecision, calmed, their hands gently caressing together.

Harry's chest rumbled beneath their fingers. "I'm glad you two found some common ground and got back together."

Ivy raised an eyebrow. He was the one that broke them up, and she had no idea how he got them 'back together', as he put it, but it was not the time to discuss it. "We'll talk about this in the morning."

"Ditto," Harleen muttered against Harry's shoulder, her eyes fluttering shut.

Harry had a smirk on his face as he fell asleep, as his arms rested in the bosoms of the most beautiful villains in the world.

Sometimes, it sucked to be Harry Potter. This was not one of those times.

Harleen's fingers tapped against the table, setting her mug of coffee down. "I see."

Pamela stopped fidgeting and grimaced. "This isn't funny, Harley."

The blonde smiled a mischievous smile. "It is, Pammy. It totally is."

Pamela sighed and leaned back. In hindsight, it would be absolutely hilarious.

She had finished her story, and Harley mimicked her actions from last night. It was pretty much the same situation, except for the fact that while Harley had no control over what happened to her when she first met Harry, Ivy had complete control over her own body the entire time she... raped them, really.

"Let's look at this retrospectively." Harley grinned. "I ran into a cute guy with a bondage fetish. He kissed me, and I liked it. I come to my most favorite hideout, and as it turns out, he followed me. I'm not sure if he was curious or he couldn't get enough, but he didn't attack either of us until I struck first. Everything was pretty consensual. He practically asked for permission when we," she hmm'ed to herself, "knocked boots, I guess."

Pamela rested her chin in her hands, remembering the entire buildup to their consummation, but not really sure how she felt about it. "Yes, I vaguely remember you giving him an offer to 'Ride the Harley'."

The green/redhead glared at her. "Right, because I was *single* and interested, and so was he."

"And we're sure about that? About him being single?"

Harley shrugged carelessly. "If he isn't, then she's a lucky one, whoever she is." She looked ponderous. "It's weird, too; he showed up out of nowhere. Right in the middle of the street. He could be an alien or something. Friendliest alien I've ever met."

"Do you think there are more people who have his... power?"

Harley shook his head. "A few, maybe. But not many. And they don't seem to know where he is, and he doesn't seem to be in a hurry to contact them. I've been listening to his slip-ups. He seems to come from a society that has that power, but

it's a minority. Sexy British accent, too." She sighed, and Pamela twitched. Harley noticed. "Not that your accent isn't sexy too, Red. Harley's voice isn't the best to hear."

Pam allowed herself a smirk. She had slowly gotten rid of Harley's New York accent when she had taken her under her wing, but insisted that Harleen used it when she donned the pigtails and Lycra suit. It gave her an entirely different personality, especially when she had to go to school the next day as mild-mannered schoolgirl, Harleen Quinzel.

Harley released her mug and ran her fingers through her wet, blonde hair. "I guess it's not too late to say 'I'm sorry Red,' is it?"

Poison Ivy smiled. "I could never be angry at you for long, Harley. You have that effect on me. The real problem is Harry. What do we do with him?"

"Ooh, can we keep him?"

Pam smirked, amused. "I don't think we can keep a human, Harley."

"But he doesn't have anywhere else to go! Maybe that's why he followed me, because he was just a lost kid, looking for a place to live! Please, Red! I'll feed him, and water him, and we'll have fun together all day!" She brought her hands together in a pleading motion.

Pam snorted. "That's an understatement." She thought to herself, and sighed. "That reminds me..."

Harley raised her eyebrow. "What?"

Harry shuddered as the hot water splashed over his tense muscles. He closed his eyes, holding his messy hair under the steady, steaming stream. He scrubbed his face of the grime and sweat that he had accumulated over the past twenty-four hours, and freshened himself up for what was likely to come.

He knew that the moment he stepped out of the shower, he was going to have to fight his way out.

When they each woke up, half-an-hour ago, they came to a silent agreement – they would talk about what happened after they all took a long, very needed shower. Harry, his eyes closed out of respect, spelled a towel around their lean bodies, and both girls were so shocked by the sudden appearance that they jumped out of them. Pamela quickly picked up the towel, while Harley, after glancing at Harry, just gave the blushing boy a one-armed hug and thanked him for the towel. She parted and glanced at Pamela awkwardly, noting the prolonged stare the green-eyed girl cast at the green-eyed boy, and after picking up her towel, walked off to take her shower alone.

“You have twenty seconds to explain yourself,” she told him in a no-nonsense fashion as soon as she heard the door close.

Harry opened his eyes, and his eyes strayed from Pamela’s busty form embarrassingly. She raised an eyebrow at his modesty, and filed it away. “I saw a beautiful girl who was about to attack me with a sledge – sorry, *mallet* – so I bound her with ropes. After she threatened to kill me, I tried my best to distract her before I could get away. And if it didn’t work, well, it would have been worth it.”

“And you didn’t just run away?”

Harry shook his head vehemently. “I don’t know this neighborhood very well, but I don’t picture the next person walking across a tied up girl in the middle of the night to have the purest of intentions. And while I could have untied her from a distance, I wasn’t sure if she had a gun. I mean – she did have several police cars chasing after her.”

Pamela looked surprised. “She did?”

Harry blinked. “Uh, I wasn’t supposed to tell you that, was I?”

Ivy shook her head. “No, no... it just surprised me. She usually embellishes her heists. How many cars were chasing after her?”

“Five, I think,” Harry said slowly, feeling awkward. He had only been there for the few minutes of conversation they had, and not once did either girl imply that Ivy was in the same business as Harley. He had really only assumed because of the green skin and the menacing-looking vines surrounding them. He figured that was evidence enough.

Ivy contemplated what to do next. "Okay. Fine. When Harley gets out of the shower, it's your turn; and not a moment sooner. Then we'll have another discussion of what to do with you."

Harry refrained from asking if he could take a head start when they make their decision.

He scrubbed at his hair with the natural aloe oils he had found in the shower stall, and marveled at how silky and squeaky clean his hair was starting to feel between his fingers.

He breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Of all the things that Harry James Potter had accomplished in his life – and it was quite a few, and quite important – this seemed to be a fitting end.

He had never found Sirius, but he was sure the old dog was somewhere, enjoying his life and avoiding the hell that was Grimmauld Place. He had escaped the eyes of the Ministry and Dementors for three years; he would be found if he wanted to be, to escape the perils of parenthood.

He frowned. He would have to send a message to Hermione, though. He didn't want to sound haughty, but he had a feeling that she would be missing him about now.

And Luna. Probably Susan and Daphne. And the Patils. Tonks. Andy. Cho. Marietta. Hannah. His Quidditch team. He supposed someone had told Fleur, Gabrielle, and Appolline he was missing. Lavender. Sue. Rosmerta. Pet. Bitch. Narcissa.

He scoffed at the thought. He probably shouldn't have taunted Lucius with that little fact as he held the prophesy orb in his hand, the smoky ball of pale light creating an eerie shadow as he recounted their first time together at the Quidditch World Cup, in the Minister's box with Amelia Bones.

Still, it got the reaction he wanted. Lucius cast the first spell, and he ducked it easily, destroying the shelf behind him. The small group scattered, and the damn-near vigilante group, the 'Fearsome Phoenix,' had the upper hand at that point in the confusion.

And now, somehow, he found himself... here.

He bodily shook himself out of his stupor. He got himself into this, he was going to get himself out.

And if he didn't, Hermione would find a way to revive him back to life, only to give him an earful and kill him again.

His fingers fumbled with the ring on his other hand; well, at least he didn't make it *too* easy on her by leaving it at Hogwarts.

Harry's ears twitched, and again, out of instinct, he jabbed his hand in the direction the sound came from, his feet firmly planted to the sandstone floor.

Harleen and Pamela stood at the doorway, their eyes not nearly as modest as Harry's had been earlier. While Harley seemed fascinated by the gentle swaying motion of his large flaccid dick with his sudden movement, Pamela's eyes were locked firmly on his.

Harry felt a chill up his spine every time he looked into her eyes. It was a sense of familiarity that he was sure was unnatural, and it seemed to be a challenge for the redhead now to see who would look away first.

Harry slowly moved up his hand to smooth back his wet hair and moved back from the spray. "Have I been here too long? Or are these my last words?"

Harley giggled cutely, her sky blue eyes now focused on the teen's face. "Aw, isn't that cute? Doubts of self-worth and abandonment issues!" She turned to her older girlfriend. "See, Pammy? He's *damaged*! He needs minders! Can't we keep him? Pwease?"

"Speak like an adult, Harleen," Ivy muttered sensibly, and rolled her eyes at her blond companion's pout. "I have a few more questions to ask you."

Harry raised an eyebrow. Pamela crossed her arms. Harley's eyes strayed back to his swinging schlong.

Finally, he sighed, and stepped back into the steaming shower. He used the essences left on his hands to scrub at his arms.

Ivy, her cheeks red, spoke with a steady tone. "Why did you follow my girlfriend home?"

Harry spoke immediately. "Where I come from, innocent people don't get chased by police cars. Even if they do, I wasn't going to let her go home by herself, mallet or not."

Harley looked disappointed at the answer – either that, or she was disappointed that he turned away from her. “*Hmph!* I thought you were having naughty thoughts about taking advantage of me when I was alone and vulnerable.”

“The thought crossed my mind,” Harry muttered over the shower, and he glanced at Pamela tensing. “But while I was raised like shit, I have *morals*, and I’ve been told I’m a good kid. Had you not broken up in front of me, whatever chastity remained of you would have been safe around me.” Harry smiled softly at Harley, who smiled shyly back. “You remind me of a girl I knew back home.”

Pamela eyed him suspiciously. “Another one?”

Harry nodded unabashedly. “Luna. Very quirky. Blonde, too. I imagine you two would be great friends. She’s always looking for more friends.”

Ivy blinked at the sincerity – the absolute *fondness* – in his voice, even over the sounds of the showerhead. Almost like he actually *cared* about the person he was talking about, and not another conquest.

Her concept about men was no different. And, hours ago, she would have said with a certainty that it never would change. But she was beginning to get a very *human* perception of Harry James Potter.

She cleared her throat. “Okay, so that explains why you followed her here. Why did you come inside?”

Harry gave her a blank look. “She walked into a pit of vines. Of *course* I was curious.”

Harleen perked up. “Oh! That reminds me! Why didn’t Ivy’s vines attack you? It should have caught you the moment you came in, hidden or not.”

Harry shrugged as he began lathering his legs, making sure to keep his front towards them. “I don’t know. I had the shield up all last night. But before then, I was virtually invisible. I’ve learned to hide my scent from beasts and to blend in with the environment.”

Ivy uncrossed her arms. “You still haven’t told us any of your past.”

Harry breathed a deep, long sigh – not a sigh of frustration, but rather, in Ivy’s point of view, a resigned one – and turned his back towards them. “Are you sure you want to know?”

They both gasped in shock at what they were seeing. Angry red lines and welts were marked into the child’s skin. Black, charred scars crisscrossed his back, and deep, *deep* cuts covered them all, the grossly parting slits where his skin was once combined showing how old the scars were. The water ran down the multiple grooves as he showcased just a small glimpse into his life.

Both girls were deeply disgusted at the sight. However, their reactions were quite different. Pamela covered her mouth to cover her gasp, and her feet took an involuntary step back.

Harleen, however, found herself stepping forward.

Harry grimaced. If this arrangement had any chance of continuing – and he finally started to believe that yes, it quite possibly could – then he knew they would have to see what he had. He didn’t really have a choice – he hadn’t placed a glamour charm on himself since two days previous, and they would likely attack him if he put a spell on his back, demanding what he was hiding.

Besides, the best way to earn a lover’s trust is to tell them your biggest secret. Only a select few of his lovers ever found out his secret, and that was through boneheaded mistakes much like this one.

It had cost him a few girls, and while they were all one-night stands with muggles, it was unpleasant to be reminded that he wasn’t as much of a catch as he wanted to be.

Honestly, he should’ve learned that by now.

So he hissed in surprise and shock as someone nimbly jumped into the shower and hugged him, pressing the cotton of her robe against his back.

“W-wha-?”

“WHO DID THIS TO YOU! I’LL KILL EM! THOSE AWFUL, *CREATINOUS* SONSABITCHES! LET ME AT EM! I’LL... I’ll...”

She gripped at his chest tighter, and her body shook. Harry, in shock, stood still as Harley began to cry on his shoulder.

Pamela, her hand still covering her mouth, honestly couldn't fault her girlfriend's reaction. She wanted nothing more than to make mulch of whoever did... *that* to them.

She closed her eyes and turned away. The sight was... yes, disturbing. But more so, the sight of her girlfriend hugging what was still, technically, a stranger, naked in her bathroom...

It didn't disturb her more than she thought it would.

In fact, it didn't really disturb her at all. Granted, she was forced to watch them have sex, and inexplicably joined in, but... she thought she was unaffected by this point.

She had a theory; pheromones.

She was forced to whiff in the sexual energy in the room, was forced to take in the heady smell of Harry's sweaty body, and Harley's hungry sex.

Normally, that would only affect a human a little. However, due to her heightened senses, the pheromones attacked her nose like an aphrodisiac.

As Harry penetrated Harley for the very first time, her body unfroze at the almost visible wave of arousal that permeated from the two. Her body still weak, she carefully slid backwards and rested her back against the corner of the wall, out of their view before Harry turned Harley around and backed her into the sink.

Her breathing was heavy, and she found her hand wandering to her heaving chest. Her fingers pinched at her aching nipples under the thick dress shirt, and she let out a silent groan.

The leaves around her waist wilted away, leaving her bottomless, and her fingers slid downward into the moist heat.

The moans were now background noise – a mere buzzing as she was completely focused on the smell. She stoked the fires of her flaming cunt, her two longest fingers unrelenting as she squelched in and out of her tight passage.

Her mouth opened in a soundless scream as she climaxed – she was never really vocal, except for the occasional moan or gasp, and Harley usually did enough talking for the both of them in bed.

“Fu-u-uck, Me-e,” she heard in the far distance, and she breathed through her nose to avoid panting. A part of her was aware that she had to be silent the entire time. Never mind the fact that she was too weak to do or say anything if she was caught, but she didn’t want to be caught nude by the stranger who was apparently named ‘Harry.’

Unfortunately, she was just coming down from her high when she smelled in the pungent, dominant scent again. And, before her fingers could escape her darker green velvet vice, she whimpered as her knuckles scraped along her inner walls once again.

“Harley,” the boy muttered, and instead of rage at the picture she envisioned, she raised her hips to meet her fingers and tore at her dress shirt, the buttons popping easily with her strength.

Harry, the lean, toned, incredibly fit boy she had just met, but not really, pounding into her girlfriend from behind, his cock stretching deep in to her body with a force, thickness and speed that only her vines could go, if she ever learned the self-control to use them while at a sexual high. Harleen, her dear, beautiful Harley, lolling her tongue out the side of her mouth, panting uncontrollably as her body was used as a simple cocksleeve, her small, pink tongue doing nothing to ruin the large smile on her face. She licked at her shiny black lips as she stared at her girlfriend, her eyes unflinching even as her face shined with perspiration. Her breasts were currently being mauled by the boy behind her, squeezing and fondling her favorite toys.

And her, crawling, on her hands and knees, completely nude, sliding towards them sultrily, her eyes smoldering. Her hair covered half of her face, and yet she still got a full view of her slutty girlfriend being fucked royally by the devilish rogue, his stupid grin suddenly less stupid to her, his hard body now ogled by her.

When she was close enough, Harleen reached up, and pulled her face closer for a kiss. The girls moaned as Harry’s cock twitched deep within her womb, and as Harley tongue-fucked her throat, Ivy came again in real life.

This continued twice more, and as her brain was beginning to shut down of exhaustion and damn near dehydration, she looked up to the ceiling of the small hallway that led into the large kitchen. Her bright green eyes sparked in recognition.

The pink mist, indiscernible to the human eye, was one of the many quirks to her powers. She had never really questioned what this particular power was – she just thought it was a quirk that told her who would respond to her feminine wiles more quickly, the larger the aura the target carried. She had never before correlated that aura to those who didn't have an aura around her, who were either married, in a committed relationship, or gay. Most single, straight men had a large aura around when they laid eyes on her, but she never bothered to ask them about their relationship status.

It didn't even appear to her as she stared at the misty cloud that had completely filled the top half of an invisible dome in the kitchen. As she idly frigged herself to a fifth orgasm, she didn't think about it as she glanced around the corner to see the young couple laying together on the mattress. She didn't even question the mattress's presence. Instead, she crawled over to the couple.

Her face hovered over Harley. So peaceful. So beautiful. She never really considered letting her hair down during sex, and when they did, Harley was blonde at the time.

It was intoxicating, seeing her like this, with no makeup, even.

Ivy couldn't bring herself to be mad. Not at Harley.

She glanced into the face of what she now knew to be Harry James Potter. She blinked in confusion. She wasn't as angry as she wanted to be. She was upset. Disappointed. Mildly irritated.

Not angry. She stumbled to her feet. She needed to get away. Anywhere but there. Anywhere –

She fell, and caught herself. Another wave of pleasure hit her, and she gasped.

Harley twitched in her sleep. Ivy smiled. And, before she could stop herself, she leaned down and kissed her lightly on the lips.

And she did it again.

And she did it a third time, a little lower. She kissed her soft jaw, before kissing her neck, taking a small lick as she traveled down her lover's body, unintentionally tasting the point where Harry's tongue had been. She kissed the top of the girl's cleavage, then her right breast, directly on her peach-colored nipple. Her tongue danced on

Harley's toned stomach, tickling her in her sleep, before giving a small smooch to her belly button.

Her nose was attacked again with the smell – this was much more manageable, though. Still, for a second, she was dazed as she finally set her eyes upon her lover's bald lips, between her slightly parted legs.

Her lips shook with hunger. Her eyes shined with desire. Her fingers tapped against the mattress with wanting.

And as her red lips kissed and tongued her lover's pink petals, not a single part of her gave a tingle of regret.

And, minutes later, as she gave a small, tentative lick to the head of Harry's penis, she felt weak. Horny. Unattached. Horny. Resigned...

A little sated.

She took a longer lick. Her sex, still burning, cooled down a little. She grinned at the tip of his cock; she had found her cure.

Her tongue rolled around the head of his penis, holding his semi-hard dick in her hand with dainty fingers. She was careful not to smear the sticky copulation juices off of his hardening cock, making small cooing noises as her body began to feel less flustered. She bathed his heavy balls with her tongue, the scent of his groin slow disappearing.

When she sat back, she sighed wonderfully to herself with a clear mind. She was cured.

The monstrous erection stood proudly in front of her.

Her sex didn't tingle. Not even a little. And she was thankful. Even if she was attracted, she had already gotten off about six times, at her last count. The cloud of pink mist above them no longer affected her. Even the aura that permeated from the two teens didn't draw her to them.

She sat on her haunches for a moment, watching the two laid out in front of her, wondering what to do next.

Her lips quirked. She had just gone down on a complete stranger, a boy no less, who had just fucked her girlfriend.

If she were to kill him, she didn't think he would even argue.

Harley moaned a little. Then, ever-so-slowly, she rolled over and rested her head on his shoulder. She bent her legs up and wrapped her thighs around his arm, cuddling up to him in the cutest, most perverted way Ivy had ever seen.

Though, she had to admit, it turned back to cute when she pressed her lips to his shoulder for a small second, and rested her head back on that spot.

Ivy felt a coldness clutch at her heart. The familiarity of which she had done that... having never seen or felt Harley do that to her, and she was a light sleeper.

Harley's aura was unaffected. She wasn't subconsciously aroused – well, any more so than the orgasm she gave her minutes ago. And she cuddled closer to Harry out of instinct. Out of affection.

Out of love.

She glanced at the boy who was blissfully unaware of his insanely good luck. His large member and sex drive aside; there was nothing really spectacular about him. He looked fit – very fit – but he wasn't muscular or anything. In fact, he looked a bit on the scrawny side. She liked to think that his green eyes reminded Harley of someone else she loved, but that was a bit too farfetched. The minor scars across his body made him look like a man who had fought battles, but his clean-shaven face made him look like a child trapped in a warrior's body. He had no hair on his chest, and she was pretty sure Harley didn't like that anyway, but it did nothing to improve his looks in her eyes.

No. Harry Potter, she surmised, was quite an unremarkable child.

Was this a fad? Was this simply Harleen going through a rebellious phase or something? She was a bit of a mother-figure, but Harley knew how to act like an adult most times. She was wise beyond her years, and it was one of the many things Pamela had fallen in love with.

So why was he so important to her?

What made him so special in her eyes? His charming, disarming smile? The rugged, tangled hair that Harley obviously wanted to run her fingers through? His strong angular jawline, that she would just love to hold between her fingers as they kissed passionately? His lean, powerful physique that was just born for domination?

Possibly. She wouldn't know. She wasn't attracted to him.

But she could still appreciate the human body, and while the female form was enhanced perfection, his body produced no immediate flaws that she could see.

Pamela sighed. If she could choose a man... she wouldn't.

But, if Harley could choose a man for her...

Her eyes lowered to his still stiff cock, the few veins poking angrily at her.

Her hands, with a small amount of trepidation, reached out to touch his pulsing member, and she could feel the heat pulsing against her fingers. It was hot to the touch. Searing.

She licked her lips and lowered her head once more...

Pamela took a deep breath, watching the two stand under the shower together.

She made a decision.

Harry stood there, unsure of what to do as Harley held onto his tight form. She had asked him who did this to him, and while he could have given her an answer, he didn't want to. He didn't really have to. What difference would it make?

They were all dead, anyway.

He breathed through his nose. What harm could it do to tell a couple of criminals? "I killed them," he muttered, his voice lost into the sounds of the falling water.

He had underestimated Harley's hearing. "Good."

Harry turned his head to her, surprised, his body unmoving. "That's not an answer I expected."

"I don't make idle threats; I would have killed them if you hadn't."

Harry refrained from mentioning the many times she threatened him with death, and wisely kept silent. As he had learned a long time ago; never piss off a girl when you're naked.

One of Harley's hands left his chest, and he heard her turn the nozzle for the showerhead. The water now only dripped to the smooth sandstone, in rapid patters, and Harley returned to hugging him.

"Tell me."

"There's not much to say. My last remaining relatives were forced to raise me. They didn't appreciate the arrangement."

"No." She shook her head, and her soaked, darkened hair splattered water everywhere. "Tell me everything. I want to know."

"Wait..." He gently pulled himself out of her grip, and before she could take a look at his scarred back, he turned around to face her. He eyed her suspiciously. "I didn't show you this because I want your *pity*. I just wanted to warn you what you might be getting into."

Her blue eyes lost their concern, and she shot back defiantly, "Warn me? How shallow do you take me for? You think I would reject you just because you showed me a few scars?"

Harry held his tongue. In all honesty, there were supposedly nice, lonely housewives all over Little Whinging, and it was often a deal-breaker. He couldn't use a glamour outside of school, after all. "I... I'm sorry. It's just the reaction I was expecting. It's not exactly a turn-on, is it? I wouldn't exactly be in the mood if I happened to glance in the mirror."

She narrowed her eyes. "I'd rip off this robe right now and make you *take* me if you want me to prove you're not damaged goods." She allowed herself a smirk. "Besides, whether you're into it or not, I don't have any plans to be *behind* you."

Only when Harry smiled, did she allow herself to hug him again. She was surprised that he didn't tense this time, very pleasantly surprised.

"I don't think Ivy wants me to be here, though," Harry murmured, looking towards the door entryway.

"What makes you say that?"

"She's not here."

She quickly broke Harry's embrace and looked at the empty doorway. She sighed. "Not again..."

"I've seen the way you two look at each other," Harry said quickly, "and I'm not getting in between you two."

"Not if I have anything to say about it," she growled, and looked back to grab his hand. She didn't want to end up grabbing the wrong appendage. Right now, at least. "Come on. We'll go look for her."

"Wait," he stopped her before she could move, and she looked back in impatience. "Why are you doing this? Why..." he didn't really know what to say.

"We had sex," she said matter-of-factly. "No offense to Pammy, but that was the best sex I've ever had. Never mind that you're a really nice guy, that I want to get to know. I don't make many friends around my age. Including you and Ivy, I'm at a grand total of *two*. We've been thinking of expanding our team, and while Pammy wants to get this leather-clad dominatrix, you seem like a great addition to our little group. If Pammy can learn to like you, then you're in."

Harry tilted his head at the absurd idea. "Do I really fit the bill?"

"Huh?"

"A woman. That seems to be what 'Pammy' is going for."

Harley shrugged. "You didn't fit the bill before. But when I last woke up, Red's a meat-eater."

Harry's lips quirked. He liked this girl. "So she doesn't like men, I take it?"

"We never bring it up. I suppose to her, they're nothing but procreation, and since she has all the babies she needs, they're useless to her." She bit her lip. "But, there is one thing you should know before I try to convince her."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

"How good are you with plants?"

Harry grinned.

Poison Ivy strode through the greenhouse in a tank-top and jean shorts, a little nervously.

She hadn't seen or heard from the two teens since she had left them an hour ago, and she was a little worried at this point. She had connected to her vines to feel out the entire property of her home, and she had a location.

It was the location she was nervous about.

It was the one place that was an actual greenhouse; glass ceilings and walls, a thermostat, a sprinkler system, and of course, her luscious garden of food and rare plants.

It was the largest part of her home, and was the source of all of her proudest work.

If Harley and Harry were having sex in there, she would have to kill him, just out of obligation.

The vial of crimson liquid in her hand would have meant nothing. She had been working on the vial for the past hour, combining some very potent essences and herbs, and this all would've been a waste of material if the two were stinking up her biodome with their *pungency*.

She slid open the large clay doors, and blinked at the sight.

Harley – a fully-clothed, pig-tailed Harley – looked over her shoulder and waved back at her girlfriend. “Hiya, Red!”

The redhead, from which the nickname derived, stared at the sight before her.

Harry stood and admired his work, wiping his conjured gloves on his jeans. “That should do it,” he muttered to himself, his eyes searching the flowerbed for imperfections.

“So this is what you two have been up to.” Harry turned to see Pamela, her hands on her hips, her eyes amused. “And here I was thinking I’d have to kill you for having sex in my garden.”

Harry sheepishly grinned. “The thought crossed my mind.”

She looked plainly at him. “Don’t. *Ever.*”

Harry blinked – not at the threat, but the implications. “So... does this mean what I think it means?”

Pam smiled. “You’ve proved yourself more than house-trained. These rows are impeccably tidy and none of the flowers seem to be damaged. Was it your power?” She wondered, the thought having just occurred to her. When she was in sync with her environment, controlling her plants, they always got the job done... but they were never precise. Not like this.

Harry shook his head. “I was forced to do gardening as a kid. Won several awards a year for my garden. I’ve never gotten a chance to work with lilies before, though. Gardening was really the only part I enjoyed about my childhood.” He shrugged. “That, and cooking. Especially when... never mind.”

Pamela raised her eyebrow. He looked to be very uncomfortable, as if he was going to say something he shouldn’t say. “We don’t keep secrets here, Harry. You have enough as it is, so we’re giving you a lot of leeway right now.”

The boy with green eyes turned away from her. “I was just going to say when I get compliments.” He forced a smile. “That makes it worth it.” His smile was genuine as he finished the statement.

Because it was true. He loved the compliments that he got for his cooking, and they mostly came from Hermione’s family. He wasn’t going to tell her yet that he loved cooking, especially when he actually got to eat the meal he served, which he... often... didn’t do at the Dursleys.

His smile slipped, but Ivy’s attention was already on the blonde as she bounded up to them. “Did I just hear you can cook?”

Harry nodded. “But, I’m not really sure of the diet here...” His eyes searched the landscape.

“I have a pretty normal diet, actually,” Pamela alleviated his concerns. “It’s the natural circle of life. I eat the fruit and vegetables my lovely plants supply, and the animals that eat the plants. I still have a little bit of human left, so I can’t just survive off of sunlight and water, though both helps.”

Harry hmm'ed to himself. "Alright," he agreed. "Sextoy, sidekick, gardener, chef. Anything else?"

"How good are you at repairs?" Harley asked cheekily.

"Wait, sidekick?" Ivy turned to her girlfriend. "You want him to *work* with us, too?"

Harley leaned on Ivy and put her arm around her shoulders. "Well, he does more than just look pretty. And even if that's all he's good at..." she whispered in Ivy's ear, "...he'll look *damn* good in spandex and Lycra."

Ivy rolled her eyes. He would. She wasn't going to tell them that. "You may be forgetting the point that where he's from, he's a hero."

Harry nodded to her point. "Yes. We're illegal heroes. Our goal was to one day kill the evil overlord and take his place, stronger than ever." They gave him surprised looks, and he shrugged. "Our world needed a better leader. Badly."

Harley plopped herself on the ground, and Pamela, seeing what she was doing, smiled to herself and gently sat down, sitting next to Harleen. "Sit," the blonde pointed in front of them, and Harry, confused, sat down in front of the two, his gloves disappearing.

"Before we start," Harley began, "Pammy, I'm sorry. For... all of last night, basically. I should have bitten his tongue off at the very start, if it would have made you feel better."

Ivy smiled. "Apology accepted. Yes, logically speaking, you should have. But," she glanced over at Harry and offered him a rare smile. "I'm glad she didn't. It seems she's gained a new friend."

"Right!" Harley exclaimed, jumping on the transition, "and you know what friends do? Share secrets!" She held her hand out to Harry who, after a short, awkward moment, reached out and shook it. "We haven't really met properly, have we? I'm Harleen Quinzel. My friends call me Harley. Former gymnast and ballerina. Wanted a little more... excitement out of life. Showed interest in psychology. Parents couldn't fathom the thought. On my fourteenth birthday, they took me somewhere I always wanted to go, and they hoped it would scare me straight." Pamela snorted at the choice of words. "Stop, Red! You're ruining the punch line! Anyway, they took me on a private field trip to Blackgate Prison, home of the insane, the criminals, and the criminally insane. There, I met a lot of cool people. A mutant crocodile man, a

scary smart dude who gave me a questionnaire on my way through, a man dressed as a bat...”

“He really was a bat. It wasn’t a costume. Much like the crocodile man, he was a mutant.”

“Right. So, I meet all these really cool people. When we’re about to leave, the alarm goes off. Prison break. I remember thinking it was going to be so much fun to watch a psychopath at work. Unfortunately for the studious side of me, I didn’t run into any.

“Fortunately,” she smiled, resting her hand on Pamela’s thigh, “I met the girl of my dreams. Pammy?”

Pamela smiled at Harley’s words, and her hand extended to Harry as well, who shook it. “Fine, then. I’m Pamela Isley, and I’m a cradle robber.”

“Pammy!” She swatted her shoulder. “You’re only four years older than me!”

“You didn’t tell me your age when I... attacked you, and subsequently kidnapped you,” she muttered embarrassingly. “You looked far too mature for your years, and you had a ponytail and glasses when we met.”

Harry smiled at the back and forth of the two lovers. “You had glasses, too?”

Harley nodded. “I’m wearing contacts, now. I wear glasses to school.”

“School?” Harry asked, perplexed. He looked her over. Without her makeup and colored hair, she looked very young, maybe seventeen. “As in to get your degree?”

She shook her head. “Nope! I’m a Sophomore at good ol’ Gotham High. I’m fifteen.”

“...Huh.” Harry was surprised, to say the least. He had met more developed girls at fifteen, but they didn’t quite look as mature as Harley carried herself. The many times she called him ‘kid’ never quite left his mind, either. “Okay.”

When it was clear he wasn’t going to say anything else, Ivy continued. “I’m Nineteen. When I was sixteen, I was interning for a big environmental company at WayneTech Industries. Several sexual harassment claims later, I found myself being pushed into chemicals that have made me what I am today.”

“A lesbian,” Harley giggled.

Pamela swatted at her knee. “I hated men before then. I became Poison Ivy that night. Now, I’m on a crusade to make the world a better place to live. For forest-life, at least.” She held out a vial with her other hand, and Harry hesitantly took it. “I still dabble in science. That vial... *should*... heal some of the more drastic wounds on your back.” At the unexpected news, Harley squealed and hugged Pamela to her, and she smiled embarrassingly at Harry’s look of shock.

“Th-thank you.” His voice was thick with emotion. To be rewarded so kindly by someone he had essentially betrayed...

He set his shoulders firm. He’d tell them anything. Everything he could. He had their trust, and he would do whatever he could to keep it.

He cleared his throat. They asked for it.

“My name is Harry Potter, and I’m a wizard....”

4 – Caring

“Wait,” Harley interrupted immediately. “You mean, like a ‘Wizard,’ wizard? So that wasn’t some kind of power stick you had earlier? That was a... a wand?”

Harry nodded the affirmative. “We generally call it a wand. Though, that’s a better name. Witches, wizards, we all have one, unique to us. My wand fits me the best.”

Harley cocked her head to the side. “So, there are more of you.” It wasn’t phrased as a question; more as a confirmation of her earlier guess.

Harry once again nodded. “I don’t really know how many of us, but we’re all over the world. I suppose there would possibly be about a million of us total. We’re a secret to the rest of the normal world. The three biggest schools are in Scotland, France, and... Sweden, I think. Or Norway. Doesn’t matter. Somewhere in Scandinavia. I’ve never gone there, but those are the biggest schools I know.” He furrowed his brow. “Hermione once told me there was a girls-only school in Salem...” At their confused looks, he sheepishly grinned. “Hermione. She’s my best friend, and the most brilliant witch of our generation.”

Harleen raised an eyebrow. “And where would you rank?”

Harry shrugged. “Probably top ten, if I were to guess. Among wizards? Far and beyond.” There was a small quirk of his lips as he continued. “Anyway, I went to the one in Scotland. Don’t laugh at the name. It’s about a millennia old, and they don’t like to change things very much. It’s called Hogwarts School...” he waited for the muffled chuckles to die down, smirking amusedly, “...of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

“And I guess,” Harley noted, smile still on her face, “that since there are no negative connotations with the word ‘witch’ where you’re from, and you seemed to have patched things up with Salem, you don’t have a... say, *vendetta* against the normal people.”

Harry pondered the question for a moment. “Well... yes, and no. There are those who absolutely hate normal people, or as they call them, muggles. They have taken it to heart that they are the evolved species, and normal people are the equivalent to monkeys in the evolutionary chain... if they even know about the evolutionary scale. The society I’ve been around is a bit backwards. I’d say the majority are hidden from the mundane society, and plans to stay that way. Some hide in plain sight; others just hide. Out of sight, out of mind, I reckon.” He remembered

something. "Actually, there's a funny story about the whole Salem thing. I'll tell you about it later?" The two nodded, intrigued, and he continued. "So yeah, withes and wizards don't get out much. Occasionally, a magical person is born in a normal family, and the immediate family is told of our society." He stopped to ponder to himself. "Hermione would do a much better job of explaining this. She's muggleborn, and I wasn't really given an information pamphlet when I was introduced to this world."

"Why?" Pamela asked him, Harleen mirroring her inquiry immediately.

"My parents died when I was a baby, so I went to my muggle relatives. My mum was muggleborn, and her sister was normal. She... didn't like that. I don't know if she was jealous, or just unnerved by my mum's unnaturalness, but it obviously caused a rift between them. Apparently, they weren't too thrilled when I was dropped on their doorstep. They made it their mission in life to beat the '*freak*' out of me."

The two winced at the venom at that particular word. Harleen recognized that the word 'freak' had a lot more meaning to it, and made a mental note to ask him later. "So," Harley started, wanting to take the conversation to a lighter part. "How were you introduced to magic?"

Harry smiled fondly, and the girls, out of reaction, relaxed at his suddenly easygoing position. "I was actually running from my dear cousin and his equal-minded friends when I had the sudden urge to disappear. I closed my eyes really tightly, and when I opened it, I found myself on the roof of the school." His lips quirked with amusement. "But before I could stop myself, I stumbled and fell *off* the roof."

Harley gasped in surprise, and Ivy's eyebrows rose to her red hair. "And that's when you found out you had super strength or immortality or something?"

Harry shook his head in the negative, and he smirked. "Not yet."

Her eyebrows rose even further.

He continued. "It was a one-story building, but I was six at the time, so I doubt I would have survived, or at least have been critically injured. I screamed, and I didn't even close my eyes when I appeared on the roof again. It was... a strange sensation, disappearing for the first time. I've done it quite a bit of times since then, but it's disorienting, to say the least."

"You can disappear and appear at will," Harley muttered to herself, disbelieving.

"I have to know what the general surroundings look like," Harry defended himself, as if it wasn't *that* spectacular.

"Anywhere in the world?" Harleen asked, before a thought came to her, "Like Italy?"

Harry smiled at her enthusiasm. "I've never tried to pop out of the country before, but I don't think that will work. They have methods for longer range travel, so it's either impossible to pop there, or it takes a lot more power than the average magic user can spare. I'd really have to try it. I wouldn't want you losing something of yourself behind."

She paled. "That happens?"

He nodded. "We call it *splinking*."

"It happens so much they have a name for it," she paled further. Suddenly, she felt like she'd rather take a plane.

"Not that often," Harry tried to placate her fears. "It's not like it's in the newspaper every week or something. It's just an occasional thing. They're usually drunk, and if they weren't, it's a fingernail or a shoe."

Ivy glanced over at her girlfriend and saw that she wasn't as worried anymore, and she gave the kid a point for calming her so quickly. "So," she wondered, turning back to Harry, "what did you do with your newfound powers?"

"I left."

"The roof?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope. My family. House Number Four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging. I don't know if I left Surrey, but I did get pretty bloody far. From there, I traveled, trying to teach myself new tricks. I learned a lot those few years. I conned con artists, learned how to conjure knives, and eventually, when I stole one, guns, and I regularly used shields to protect myself during sleep. I'd say the shield charm is still the fastest spell I've ever conjured. None of my friends can do it, but I can shoot a shield out of my hand and knock people to the ground with it."

"A force... shield?" Harley questioned, awed.

"I never gave it a name," Harry chuckled, "but I'll take it into consideration. Anyway, when the people got wise of my reputation, I went somewhere else. Throughout my visits, I made a few friends, and I was invited to a few rugby pickup games on occasion. I found out I was rather... gifted."

Harley snorted with laughter. Ivy smirked at her girlfriend's reaction. "I'd ask you to clarify, but I think you'd ruin her imaginative, twisted mind."

Harry stared deadpan at the two. "I don't mind if I burst your bubble. I had quick feet."

"Of course, of course," Harley waved it off, her blond hair flipping back as her laughing faltered, looking to the sky. "That was just... a poor choice of words, is all. Heh heh."

"Nope, just a poor choice of meaning," Harry grinned. "Your fault, there. As I was saying, I found myself able to run faster than all the other children. A time before that, I never played sports when I was in school with my cousin, Dudley, so I never really knew if it was my magic that did it subconsciously for me. But I didn't have any way of testing that. I'd like to think I did it on my own merit. I had to do a lot of running when I lived on my own."

"I found out pretty quickly that the easiest place to live during the day was at a local library. As long as you're taking books and reading them, and find a nice secluded corner, you're generally left alone. For the first few times, I used it as a prop to sleep. Then, after a rather rude librarian woke me up, I started pretending to read, and then I found myself immersed in the book. After that, I read a lot of books, to a point that I didn't even bother to sleep anymore. It started with fantasy, of course, but I soon found that I enjoyed nonfiction; Architecture, neuroscience, some basic math, history. It was very fascinating. I found one book on psychology on how to clear your mind, and to organize thoughts."

"It's crap," Harley pursed her lips in a frown. "I've read that book. Bettings and Wayward wrote it, right? It's called *Mind Magicks*, if I'm not mistaken. The biggest load of shit I've ever read. The mind is constantly thinking, it won't stop because you tell it to. Just thinking that is a thought in itself, and your mind is just processing more ways to shut up! You'd have to be mentally damaged in the most *dangerous* of ways to completely shut down your cognitive – " She stopped at Harry's wide grin. "Oh, fuck me."

This time, it was Pamela who laughed uproariously. Harry's smile didn't fade. "Looks like I learned something new about myself. Though, in your opinion, I suppose that's not surprising..."

Harley blushed and pulled at her pigtails, hiding her face between her pulled up knees.

It was only until Pamela's melodious laughing began to die down, and Harley's blush started fading, when Harry continued his story. "So, I learned the art of Mind Magicks. I now have near-perfect recall of all of my memories. I have the option to suppress, or even *delete*, the memories I don't want, and protect the ones that mean a lot to me. Incidentally, I also learned to protect my mind from outside threats. Wizards call it Occlumency. The opposite of that – *reading* minds – is called Legilimency, and that's an even rarer gift. I don't have that." He couldn't read thoughts without the help of a wand, as was the textbook definition. He could however, read surface thoughts and emotions by just a glance. That was more than rare, it was *unique*, and he had yet another magical creature, Fawkes, to thank for that.

Best not yet tell them that, though. He wasn't sure how they'd react to him potentially knowing how they felt at all times.

He frowned minutely. Harley and Pamela both caught it, and they knew that what happened next was going to be a rather troubling section of his life; one they were sure, was part of a few more to come. "The range of my complete memory goes back to when I was about a year old. I can easily, as if it were ten minutes ago, recall the last six months of my parents' lives." He smiled a bittersweet, regretful smile, and closed his eyes, as if he were reliving the wonderful moments right then.

Harley twitched her head at Pamela and gave her a pleading look. Ivy nodded immediately, knowing what she was about to do.

Without a word, Harley got on her knees and crawled closer to Harry, who opened his eyes at her movement and glanced at her in confusion. Before he could comprehend what was going on, she was at his side, wrapping her arms around his waist, and placed her head on his shoulder.

Harry's eyes instantly searched Pamela's, not having seen the silent conversation, and got a hesitant smile in reply. "Go on with your story," she pleaded, her voice thick.

Harry cleared his throat nervously; he was rarely this vulnerable with anyone. "I don't think I can, actually."

Harley, misinterpreting his words, squeezed him tighter to herself. "It's okay – just let it all out."

Harry smiled at the girl's attempt, and he honestly felt touched at her care. He raised his eyebrow to Ivy, who only smiled weakly and shrugged. "I believe she needs the comfort more than you."

"No, I don't," the girl whined, "I just... sometimes, people just need a hug."

Harry smiled at the notion, and wiggled his arm out to wrap around the girl. He had dealt with overly affectionate girls, and as a boy who once hated physical contact for obvious reasons, he cherished the moments now. "Now then," he continued, "I won't bore you with the details, but I had figured out why my parents died. That's when I first discovered they were wizards. I was always told by my aunt and uncle that they died in a car crash. What really happened was the Dark Overlord I was telling you about. And I heard a magical prophecy, that as I discovered later, wizards fully believe in, because psychics do exist. They've never said the full thing in front of me, but I got the gist of it."

Ivy hesitated. "And... what did it say?"

Harry smiled grimly. "He has to kill me, or one day, I could have the power to kill him. That's it. Only I can do it. No one else." He grimaced. "Not that anyone else has bothered to try."

"And the day he killed my parents... I did it. Well, partially anyway."

They looked appropriately sad, so he decided to spare them the details. "My parents were betrayed by their best friend, as he told the Dark Lord, where they were hiding. When he... when he got to me, he cast the killing curse on me."

"There's a... *killing* curse?" Harley asked frightfully, her eyes wide as she stared up at Harry.

He nodded. "It wasn't originally used for that purpose. It stops the heart and gives animals a quick death when you're hunting. The spell was then taken and evolved into a spell that's literally fueled with hate. But, well, that's how cynical the world gets sometimes." He sighed ruggedly. "Anyway, I was apparently the first person to

survive that curse; ever. The curse rebounded and hit him. And that was the start of the thirteen year absence of Lord Voldemort.”

The room was silent for minutes. Ivy stretched her long legs out in front of her, and her hands gripped the patch of grass at her side. Harley kept her hold on Harry, and he felt her hand rub up and down his back comfortingly, her hand rubbing at the uneven ridges of his scars.

“Red,” she spoke out, her head leaving Harry’s shoulder, “I think that’s enough for introductions. Would you like to help me apply some of this stuff to his back?”

Ivy raised a delicately slender eyebrow. “I don’t think so. Especially if you plan on it leading to what I *know* you’re planning.”

She bit her lip. “Come on, Red... it’s always more fun when we do things together.”

“Harley, I’m not going to argue with you about this. I told you, this morning, that he is allowed to stay. *Don’t* push it.”

Harry watched the stare-down between the two with a tinge of amusement. He had women fight over him once – the Marietta and Cho incident he had told them yesterday came to mind – but it was always one for, and one against. He didn’t particularly like this trend.

“Ivy,” he interrupted delicately, “if you need more time with Harley, I do have the rest of an apparently very strange city to explore. I know who I would choose to have more time with.” His curious eyes met Harleen’s. “Still makes me wonder why you want *me* around. I have a friend who could introduce you to a collection of toys, if you decide you miss me. I’m not the most remarkable kid in the world, Harleen.”

“You don’t see it?” She asked incredulously. When he shook his head, she frowned. “It’s amazing how you can only see the worst in you. How you can consider yourself lucky when a modicum of good comes your way, and not notice that you deserve it. How... how many lovers have you had, exactly?”

“A few.” It wasn’t said nervously, like she would have suspected. It was merely stated as a fact.

“Define ‘a few’.”

"A bloke never tells," Harry repeated his line from earlier that morning. "Only with their permission, will I ever tell you their names. I learned that lesson a long time ago, and it's never steered me wrong. I can assure you, however, that they were all safe and free of diseases. My magic tells me that, in case you were wondering."

Harleen smiled. "You see? That's it; chivalry. You're the last of a dying breed. I've met you yesterday, you tied me up, I swung a *mallet* at you, and now, you have my complete trust! I mean, you don't know me well enough, but if anyone else in Gotham had the chance that you had yesterday, it'd be all over Gotham News Network *today*. Even if I was a nobody, I'd already be gaining a reputation tomorrow."

"So you're keeping me because I might blackmail you?" He asked cheekily, his grin massive.

"Nah," she waved her free hand. "You wouldn't. Anyone else would've, and I woulda just killed 'em."

Harry quirked a brow. "Y'know, you realize you have two accents, right?"

Harleen smiled. "Call me bi-lingual."

Harry chuckled. "We've got a lot of things in common. I'll show you later," he told her, seeing her curious look. "So, what accent is that?"

"New York. Born and raised there."

"Could never fully get rid of it," Ivy muttered, loud enough for the two of them to hear.

"It helps, though," Harleen had a smug grin. "Who has two different accents? No one expects sweet little Harleen to be criminal mastermind Harley Quinn."

Ivy snorted with laughter, while Harry asked "So you go by your birth name at school?"

Harleen sent a light glare at the smiling Ivy, before she turned to Harry. "Well, yeah. I can't go to school as a jester, now can I?"

Harry shrugged. "From what I've seen so far, anything could be possible. For a second, I thought you were going to a school for criminals or something."

Harley and Ivy both shared a laugh at that one. "Afraid not," Harley giggled, "but that *would* be pretty cool." She straightened up. "Nah, it's just a regular school. There are a lot of criminals, but the good definitely outweigh the bad, by the numbers at least. There are police, and there are... super police."

"Super police," Harry deadpanned. Even with magic, he knew that this place was weirder than he thought.

"Vigilantes," Ivy said with distaste, moving to stand, "that are more troublesome than the police."

"It's supposedly one guy in a costume," Harley muttered, "but we're pretty sure it's a whole group of robots."

"O...kay..." Harry muttered skeptically. He would believe anything at this point. "Should I know what he looks like, if I'm going to join your team?"

"He's hard to miss," Ivy said with a smirk, crossing her arms. "But if you're going to 'join our team', you should tell us how far you've gone with your magical skills."

Harry smirked a very cocky smirk. He was good at a lot of things, but if there was one thing he had absolute confidence in, it was his magical abilities. "When I said I was the smartest wizard in my generation, I wasn't exaggerating. I'm usually top of my class, especially practical." He held up his hand to his right. "*Accio* Phoenix wand," he whispered, and mere seconds later, the slim object sped into his palm.

Harleen looked at the plain piece of wood with interest. "That looks... breakable," she pointed out.

"Yes, yes it does. And, as I discovered, irreparable. And without one, I'd say quite a large amount of my population would suffer greatly without a wand. But I didn't get a wand until I was eleven, when my peers usually go to school for the first time. By then, I found myself quite adept at wandless magic. I've always been forced to use it. I don't think I've been in a fight without it, actually." He pondered to himself. Then, with only the slightest of hesitations, he handed over the wand to Harley. "It's best that I not use it again. The Wizarding World is a secret for a reason. You can't tell anyone, or a bunch of our police will show up and erase your memories."

Harley took her eyes away from the wand that she was holding dearly, like an ancient scroll. "Isn't that what you said you had to do to us?"

"I wouldn't have done it," Harry stressed quickly. "I've never done it before. Messing with someone's brain in that way is far too dangerous for me to practice. The thing is; you wouldn't know if you were any good at it until you've actually performed it. Makes me wonder how they practice it, actually..."

"Nice deflection," Harley noted with a wry smile, before she shrugged. "Fair's fair, I guess. I did swing a mallet at your face."

Harry bristled at the memory; the mallet practically brushed his nose as it swung past him, as he was too busy putting on the cloak to notice her reaching for the tool at the time. "Yes, well, I suppose I'd need a weapon as well, right? Maybe a pseudonym? I'd rather wait a bit until you force me to wear Lycra."

Pamela chuckled. "I'm sure she already has a design in her head."

Harley shook her head, much to Ivy's surprise. "I'd need a more... hands-on look. The costume defines the character, and I need to study as much as I can. And I need your help, Pammy."

"And of course, she turns it back around to sex," she muttered softly, glancing up to the glass roof.

"What? You helped me design my costume!"

"I helped you make it; you designed it."

"Red," she frowned, crossing her arms, "I can take a guess at why you're avoiding this, but I don't want us to not involve each other when we share him!"

Ivy's eyes went wide. "Wait – sharing him? *You're* the one that wants to keep him. *Not* me."

"Oh, come on, Red! Sharing is caring! I thought we went over this!"

"We didn't."

"Oh – I guess we didn't. Huh."

"This is all great," Harry interrupted uninterestedly, his chin resting on his left fist, "but if we're going to talk about me as an object, can we not do it to my face? While we're at it – " He turned to a shocked Harleen, "I'm not your sidekick. I'm

your *partner*. I can promise that I'm very good at fighting and magic, enough to bring down trolls, wolves, and bloody *dragons*." He turned to an equally surprised Pamela. "I'm not separating you two. If you have a problem with me, I'll leave. No one should feel uncomfortable in their own home. I like Harley. I really do. She's a beautiful, bright, cheerful girl, and we happen to have a lot of things in common. And, well... I suppose there's a reason she's the love of your life. If a connection can happen between her and me, then there might be a chance for us as well. I'm not forcing you, just pointing out the obvious." He kicked out his legs and hefted himself up. He eyed the vial on the ground beside him.

Then, after glancing at the girls once more, he walked away. "Tell me when you're done wondering who gets to control me," he yelled behind him, and he walked through the large doors.

Before he could even close the doors, Harley was on her feet, and as she began running after him, Ivy rushed to grab her wrist.

"Red, what -?"

"He's right. We need to talk. And you know we do."

Harleen's eyes moved back and forth, towards her and back to the door. "We'll walk and talk, Red."

"Harleen, listen - "

"Red, I swear to *God*, I still love you, and I always will, but don't you *dare* give me an ultimatum. I met him *yesterday*! You know who would win. And you always will." Her eyes were now focused, and blue eyes met green. "But Harry... you've felt it. He's seen through me in a way I can't describe. He's an honest man, Pammy. How often do you see that? How often have *you* dreamed of seeing that?" She reached up and grabbed Ivy by her shoulders, and pulled the stunned redhead into a passionate embrace.

The fierceness of the kiss was a powerful rush to Ivy, and she found herself leaning in for more when Harley backed away. She looked dazed as well, but the usual goofy smile was placed with a serious expression.

"With all my heart, I love ya, Red," Harley muttered again, "and I'd let him leave if you truly want things to go back to the way it was. But... well, I don't know how to argue." She smiled slightly, and tucked her blonde hair behind her ear. "But he's a

good kid. Just like I was. Only problem is, he's a boy. And unlike any boy you've ever met. Unlike any boy you will ever meet. He's... perfect, Red. For *both* of us. And I'm not saying he had a shitty life immediately before he met us, or that his life will get better after us, but... why not see where things might go? Why not help each other feel special? Why not take that risk?

"I'm just asking you to give him a chance. Like you gave me."

Pamela was silent for a long, tense moment. She absently licked her lips, closing her eyes.

She gave a weak smile.

"I suppose he'll have to sleep in our bed. It's not like he hasn't seen everything already, right?"

Harley squealed and bounded on the heels of her feet, wrapping her arms around her girlfriend's neck. Thanks were alternated with kisses littered all over her face, which Ivy didn't mind.

Suddenly, her decision felt like an easy one. Still, it had to come to an end when she gently pulled away from Harleen. "Now get the vial. We've got someone to cheer up. Together."

"Oh hello, Harry."

"Luna," he smiled tiredly. Her familiar face always brought out a smile in him, even when he didn't want it. "You never called me back. I left a message last night. I was starting to think I couldn't reach you from where I am."

"That's silly, Harry. You're just in another universe. You made these mirrors. Of course it would be able to withstand a different dimension."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Did the Nargles tell you?" Luna nodded. And that answered Harry's question. He learned, very early on, to always trust the Nargles. "Is there any way the Blibbering humdingers can tell me how to get back?" He mentally patted himself on the back for his perfect memory, and when Luna brightened a little at the thought that he remembered another of the creatures she

mentioned and their particular uses, he smiled a little wider, and felt a little bit prouder of himself.

He needed that. And somehow, Luna was always there when he needed cheering up, even when she didn't know it.

"I haven't asked yet," she informed him, "But I'll be sure to tell them when I see them. Do you think you'll be okay until you can come back?"

"Don't worry about me," he smiled softly at the girl, "what about you? Any injuries?"

"Other than Ronald's brain injury, we're all fine. He's still in the Hospital Wing. Those of us who went to the ministry had to sit through questioning for a few hours. Pet has publicly announced going light and disowned her family. Lavender and Susan are co-writing a lovely article about the stupidity of the Wizarding World. We had to put Bitch to sleep; she was in hysterics over your disappearance. Madame Bones has confiscated the veil and they're trying to figure out where you went. To the world, you and Sirius are dead. Hermione sensed that you were alive, but she couldn't feel where you were, so she decided not to say otherwise unless you're in danger."

"Good," Harry sighed to himself. Always trust Hermione to think ahead. "Luna, when you said you put Gin to sleep..."

"Oh, we didn't kill her, Harry. Though she deserves a heavy spanking for disobeying us. No, we just put her in a magical coma." She seemed to think to herself for a moment. "Hermione and Tonks tried calling, but she found your mirror in your bag. I'm guessing you summoned another one?"

Harry nodded. "I was following a nice stranger when I found a broken shard; I didn't have time to tie it to me then. Tell them I'm sorry I've been out of touch."

"Nice stranger?" Luna queried, her eyes twinkling.

"Her name's Harleen," he explained, "and she seems willing to let me stay with her for a while."

"Ah, the *bloke never tells* rule, I see," She nodded knowingly, before brightening. "Well, I hope you save some for the rest of us. Hermione may want an interview, though."

“She would love her,” Harry promised with a forlorn smile, “Ivy more so. Just ah... don’t tell her I happen to be in another dimension right now. I don’t think she’ll react well to the news.”

“Okay,” Luna nodded, her eyes naturally wide and piercing. “What should I tell her?”

Harry frowned in concentration. “Tell her I’m in... America. A city called Gotham, apparently,” Harry noted, remembering the school Harley went to, and the GPD letters on the Police Car, putting the two together. “I haven’t managed to find Sirius yet. I’m starting to think it took him somewhere else. He doesn’t have his mirror, either. The veil is the best chance we have, I suppose.”

Luna nodded, her radish earrings shaking with her. “Arthur is now paying off his life debt to Tonks and got Bill to help our team. We’re using the Death Eaters we captured yesterday – Nine, in case you were wondering – And we’re trying to see where they lead.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “You mean – ”

Luna beamed. “We’re pushing them through the veil with a rope attached. Only Rabastan LeStrange has been sent through so far, with a steel cable. The cable snapped.” Her smile faded. “We’ve got a bit of work ahead of us.”

“It’s alright, Luna,” Harry smiled gently at the quirky blonde. “I believe in you. Who knows; if I’m lucky, I might find a wizard civilization and use their veil.”

Luna giggled. “I don’t think that will work that way, but please inform us if you happen to find and subsequently shag another version of me.”

“Will do, Luna. Actually...” He shot his hand at the door, and it opened to find a stumbling teen, quickly catching her balance. “I want you to meet someone. The nice, nosy stranger I told you about. As you’ve overheard, this is Luna.”

The shamefaced blonde rubbed her arm awkwardly as she glanced at Harry, who looked amused. She smiled embarrassingly at the blonde. “Er, hi, Luna. Sorry.”

Luna’s pixie nose wrinkled cutely. “It’s okay. If Harry didn’t want you to listen, you wouldn’t have heard a word. My name is Luna Lovegood. I’d shake your hand, but I’d reckon it would hurt if we tried.”

Harley chuckled nervously at the girl in the large shard of broken mirror. "My name is Harleen. Harleen Quinzel."

"Do your friends call you Harley?" Luna wondered, her always present smile comforting.

Harleen nodded with a giggle. "Yeah, actually – they do."

"Good," she nodded to herself. "I wish I had a good nickname. Children are so cruel sometimes. You have a beautiful name."

"Thank you," Harley blushed. "If you don't mind me asking, what was your nickname?"

"Loony," she told her, her smile still present. "Though it's been a while since I've heard that title, I don't think I ever had much to complain about, in comparison to Harry's childhood."

"He told me," Harley informed her, and her new friend raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Really? He told you something that personal? Harry? Could you please pass me over?"

"I know a girl-talk warning when I hear it," Harry muttered, getting up from the girls' king-sized bed and, concentrating, rubbed the sides of the mirror until it was smoothed down. Harley marveled at his feat of magic, but Harry was busy staring at Luna's picture. "I'll talk to you later tonight, then?" At Luna's nod, he handed over the mirror to Harley, who took it with trembling hands. "It's alright. It won't bite. Well, this one, anyway. Just look into the mirror."

"This is... really cool," Harley commented in wonder, watching the impeccably clear picture of Luna Lovegood, from her cool grey irises to the dirty blonde strands of hair. "Magic is *cool*."

"It is, isn't it?" Harry grinned, and kissed Harley on the forehead before he walked out into the hallway, not looking back. Why not give them more to talk about?

He closed the door behind him, and turned to see that Ivy was leaning against the wall, her head cocked to the side in confusion. "You still keep in touch with your ex-girlfriends?"

Harry shook his head. "Of course not. Luna isn't my ex-girlfriend. She's one of my best friends. We have an arrangement together. I'm certain she's telling Harley about it right now."

"You have this specific... arrangement with several of these girls?" Harry nodded unashamedly. "You have a *harem* at your age?"

"Hermione insists that we call it a mutual love affair; I just happen to be the only guy in it."

"And all of these girls just flock to you?" Her mind couldn't comprehend why so many women would want to... well, she very easily *could* imagine it, but he didn't *flash* them all for them to want to be with him, did he?

"Not exactly. It started with a small circle of friends. Hermione, Luna, Padma, and Susan. It just... grew, from there."

"So... they flock to you."

Harry shrugged. "If that's the way you want to see it. I love every single one of my girls, and I'd die for them. I have plenty of money, and I have a very voracious appetite that pissed off Hermione to no end, and we outsourced to the most trustworthy people I know. Neither of us regret it, and I don't think we ever will." He stepped closer to Ivy. "If this is the part where you kick me out, I understand. I wish you would give me a chance."

"A chance?" Her lips quirked. "Because you somehow turned a girl, Harry, that doesn't mean –"

"Twenty."

She stared at him strangely. "...Pardon?"

"Twenty girls. That I know of. As it turns out, males are quite incompetent, lacking in financial support and in numbers, and a fair amount of girls have turned to each other in times of need. Pretty soon, when that's all they know, they get hooked. Sometimes, they have each other as a first choice. Unfortunately, lesbians are taboo in my world, and highly punishable. We have a very small population, after all." He stepped closer, and she absently licked her lips. "Fortunately for them, I grant protection to anyone who needs it. I started doing that when I was twelve, and I

met a couple named Daphne and Tracey. The word spread, and now, three years later, I have an *empire* of girls that I would *die* for; as they would for me."

Ivy found herself pressed against the wall. Harry's hands smoothly left his pocket and lightly skimmed at her right side. "So you force yourself on *your* girls, then?" She kept her voice even.

"Am I forcing myself on you?" Harry muttered, his eyes searching her own.

"Yes," she practically growled, and before she could even think, it was over. Harry's hand had left her side, but his grin never wavered as he backed away from her body.

She controlled her breathing. "So I guess you give all the girls a choice? Is that what you're trying to convey here?"

Harry's hands returned to his pockets. "I always give them a choice. I give everyone a choice." His eyes glanced at her top, her nipples pointing through the flimsy black material. "I gave Harley a choice."

She quickly crossed her arms over her chest and scowled. "What the hell caused this? This attitude didn't happen this morning."

"Yes, I remember this morning," he said quickly, and it was a struggle for her not to look away in embarrassment. "And I know that nothing's changed. I have *every* intention of returning the favor, and you plan on letting out your sexual tension on *someone*. At this point, you don't care whether it's me or Harley."

Her eyes narrowed. "What makes you say that?"

"Should I go down the list? You've been fidgeting since I came onto you. You're not wearing a bra, and for someone who's indifferent about me, you have a lot of questions about my choice of lifestyle." His eyes went to her right hip. "I've never been in your lab, so I suppose you'd have a lab coat or an apron to cover your shorts and tank top; so I won't question your choice of dress. But the vial in your pocket..."

"What? What about it?"

Harry hmm'ed to himself for a moment, before he shrugged. "Nothing. Thank you. Unless you decide on taking it back, I'm grateful." He leaned against the wall. "So. I guess we wait for her to finish."

"I suppose so."

He crossed his arms and closed his eyes. "Alright then."

Damn her curiosity. "One more question." He hummed again. "What makes you think I'd expect you to return the favor?"

"I didn't expect anything. It's just something I like to do. It's only fair, after all."

"Really?" She licked her lips. His confidence exuded from his seemingly lazy form, but she saw his tense arms, his stiff legs.

He wanted her. Badly.

"If I told you I could read your mind," Harry muttered, his eyes still closed, "I would be blushing at the images I'm getting right now. Then I'd give you the offer to make them all come true. Think about it. We're both sharing Harley. Why not... reap the benefits?" His bright green eyes opened to meet the same green eyes, curious.

"You can read minds?"

"No. But if I could; I imagine that's what I'd see."

"Aren't you a charmer." Her smile was predatory. "With such an inflated ego. You must think you're a god."

Harry chuckled, and she shivered a little when she heard him crescendo into a soft laugh. A good shiver. "That's funny," he grinned, his eyes glinting in the hall light. "I've heard that before. I didn't have a reply then, either." He uncrossed his arms as he pushed off the wall, and the two stared at each other, his amused smirk and her appraising smile. "I've suffered through too much humility in my life to think that of myself. Though I wouldn't be a *man* if you thought of me as one. I'd be something better."

"Please," Ivy muttered, her eyes shimmering. "The moment you felt my touch, and you took another breath, I considered you to be so much more than a *man*."

“Who has the god complex here?” Harry queried, stepping closer to the slightly taller woman. “Because, Pamela, it sounds to me as if you deem me worthy of being with your lover.” His hand reached up to her side once again.

“Not my choice,” she breathed, his touch quickening her heartbeat. “It’s Harley’s.”

“Yes, it is.” His hand stilled at her side, and his smirk disappeared. “And now it’s my turn to prove I’m worthy of *you*.”

Before he could bring his hand up to her face, Ivy leaned forward and locked her lips with his, which he immediately reciprocated. He lifted his hand to cup her cheek, and wrap his arm firmly around her back.

She quickly found herself backed into the wall, lost in the embrace with the young wizard. She moaned as their tongues danced together, and for the first time, she found herself losing in a battle for dominance.

As his hands slipped under her black tank-top, his thumb circling around her right pointed nipple that had been *aching* for the past twenty minutes, she didn’t particularly care about dominance.

Her hands wandered, and her fingers slid along the hidden muscles under his shirt. To be against such a hard body was a completely different feeling, and her hands trembled nervously.

Harry pinched her nipple, and she let out an unladylike grunt, drowned out by Harry’s lips, and she was quite sure he felt a slight hint of a smirk.

As she tasted Harry’s mouth for the second time, she could faintly see why Harleen, and so many other girls, fell victim to his talents.

But not her.

At least, not this quickly.

Well, not within the first 24 hours of meeting the kid.

She let out a soft, breathy moan as Harry’s fingers slipped into the waistband of her black lace panties, and brushed against her bare slit. She squeezed harder against his waist, and found that his form didn’t budge a bit.

Her clit throbbed angrily when his rough fingers – rougher than she was used to – wiggled teasingly against her hood.

She was feeling an entirely new plethora of emotions, and as she approached her first orgasm, she made a mental note to thank her Harleen after she spanked her dear ass red for getting her into this.

Harleen sat on her bed, pondering, the now seemingly-normal, perfectly reflective mirror beside her.

Their conversation was rather... interesting.

Pulling the wand from the pocket from her jeans, she eyed the slim wood closely, twirling it in her fingers. It was so plain. So ordinary. To believe that an entire civilization thrived on this, that an evolution of humankind needed this to live everyday life...

...And that Harry was the only person in their world that would simply discard such an instrument, ready to show what he could truly do without a *handicap*.

"A Handicap?"

Luna nodded seriously. "A wand is a wizard or witch's focus. They use a wand to concentrate their magic onto a single task or target. In the last few hundred years or so, it's been the only way anyone can cast magic. He's supposed to need that. Any other magic that comes out of us is considered accidental, or vastly underpowered. Make sure he holds onto it."

Her eyes flicked to the wand in her pocket, half of it sticking upwards. He didn't seem to want it back.

"Wait." She stared at Luna skeptically. "Why are you telling me this? Why are you exposing his vulnerability to me?"

"Simple," Luna nodded to herself. "I was testing you. Harry has had a sixth sense about people worthy of his trust. You obviously fit that bill. If he trusts you, then I trust you, and I wanted to be sure. Anyone else would've taken my warning and not comment on it. He can't have us watching after him, so I leave it to you. Whether you decide to

keep him for a bit longer, until we get this ruddy portal figured out, or you two part ways, I want you to make sure he stays out of trouble. It tends to find him quite easily."

Harleen nodded resolutely. "I know the feeling. We'll watch after him. I promise."

Luna's silvery eyes carried her smile as she clapped. "Goody! Now, a bit of advice – don't be afraid to try to form a bond with him. One day, you three will love each other like the two of you always have, and it'll happen sooner than you think. It's already starting, and through the bond, I've felt a pull towards you that I haven't felt since Hermione. I can see you, and though you have no magic, I know that you felt the pull, too. So, I must stress this. It is possible to love two people. So much, that it's impossible to decide. And you love him. I know you do. Almost as much as you love her."

Harley gaped like a fish at her seemingly prophetic proclamation, and opened her lips to protest.

Then she thought of something.

"Wait." She tilted her head. "Who?"

"Who, what?"

"Almost as much as I love whom?"

"Oh. I thought that would be fairly obvious."

"Enlighten me, please."

"Pamela Isley, of course."

"...I never told you her name. I've listened to the whole conversation. Harry never told you her name."

"Of course not, silly. We've only spoken for minutes. Harry barely had any time to mention her name yet. The wrackspurts didn't need to tell me. I Saw it."

"You saw it? You saw my girlfriend?"

Luna nodded, tucking her hair behind her ear. "I See things. I'm a Seer. I See the good; I See the bad. Before I met Harry, it was very helpful for finding misplaced clothes and items that wander away from my trunk. Of all the things I've Seen in my life, for Harry

to befriend me was an unexpected event that I'm glad I never saw, because I'm really sure I would've scared the poor boy off. I've known him for four years, and I don't need to be a seer to know when he's smitten." Her grey eyes focused on Harley's blue. "But being a Seer told me who he was smitten with. I expected to See you. I didn't expect to see the both of you."

"You saw... the both of us?" Harley furrowed her brows, her mind struggling to understand the scope of magic itself. "You saw –everything?"

"No. I can't choose what I See. If you two have done anything, I didn't See that, and there's no guarantee that I will. But this morning, all I could See were two faces. Yours and Pamela's. I heard snippets of conversations. He tied you up, Pamela swallowed his seed, you hugged him in the shower, and you two introduced yourselves and told your story. I'm pretty sure it didn't happen in that order, and that's how Seeing is. Unpredictable and random."

Harleen refrained from commenting. It happened exactly in that order. In hindsight, maybe not the best way a relationship should start. "So how do you know? How I feel about him?"

"You aren't denying it. So you either already do, or it's something you thought of."

"That's not the point," she sighed, frustrated. "How did you know?"

She gave an airy smile, and Harley thought it was a smile that fit her perfectly. "He's Harry. I just assumed that time."

She shook her head and carefully placed the wand on the nightstand beside the bed, making sure it was in a place it couldn't roll off. She needed to go find Ivy. She would want to hear about some of this.

A sad sigh escaped her lips. She just knew she had taken too long talking to Luna, and her girlfriend had changed her mind about Harry's double-team oil massage, and anything that may follow.

She hopped up out of bed, and she headed to the door with a slight skip in her step, determined to find the two and bring them together. Something about Luna made her want to trust her words, and she wanted to take the opportunity she had and have her favorite people make up.

Turning the knob, she opened the door to what was easily the hottest scene she had ever witnessed.

Pamela gasped as her fingers scraped at the wall behind her, her breathing ragged. Sweat nipped at her pale green skin, her shimmery red hair plastering to said skin, her eyes shut tight. She heaved a breath.

Fuck, he was good.

She let loose another moan as his upper lip swiped along her peeking bump, and her breasts shook at the impact as her entire body shook for a moment with pleasure.

Harry, having none of it, grabbed his new lover by the waist and held on tightly. His tongue explored the depths that no man had explored before, and it began slithering as he reached a place that that no man could ever reach. She thrashed and wiggled in his grasp, but he had a firm grip, tonguing at her moist cavern.

She clenched her teeth when Harry reached her g-spot, a spot that was only reached with Harley's long, slim fingers, now being continuously assaulted by his slick, rugged tongue, scraping back and forth across her most sensitive spot.

Her neck pulsed as she forced herself not to cry out loud, her teeth gritting as only a long, slow moan escaped her lips.

Harry's index finger prodded against her back hole, and she opened her eyes.

As soon as she could gasp out a protest, it died as Harley's lips suddenly pressed against her own. She kept her eyes wide in shock as her girlfriend took advantage of her open mouth and tongued her oral cavity, and she wildly began to paw at her breasts.

There was a tell when Harley was particularly horny, and Ivy knew it. The blonde half-envied her D-Cup tits, and while she never particularly wanted them, because they would limit the mobility she had, she could appreciate them. A lot. Which was why whenever she couldn't take it anymore, her sensitive nipples were Harleen's Number 1 and 2 targets. There were a few times when before Harley's fingers could dip any lower than her navel, her legs already had rivulets of her feminine fluids streaming down her long legs.

Harley knew her bountiful tits like the back of her hand, and she proved that by rolling her nipples betwixt her fingers *ever-so-slightly*, knowing just the right amount for -

She gasped in surprise as Harry's tongue slid outside of her womanhood and attached his lips to her clitoris. He sucked and frenched at her hood with a fierceness that had her thrashing.

She made shuddering gasps, and Harley responded in kind, her hands roaming the top half of her lover's green body, her hands grazing against her sweat-slicked skin, her pale bare breasts pressing against her own.

She didn't even know Harley had taken off her shirt. She hoped she hadn't been watching the entire time, witnessing her fall to Harry's sexual prowess.

She gasped into Harley's mouth as Harry blew into her pussy, and her hands wrapped around her blond lover, her fingers grazing Harley's subtle muscles and quickly developing curves.

Harley finally broke her kiss against Ivy and smiled a goofy grin. And Ivy gave back her own contented smile.

She leaned down to kiss her dark green areola, and Ivy moaned at the contact, arching her back beautifully, leaning her head back to the ceiling, seeing spots.

When Harley switched to her other breast, Harry slid two fingers easily inside her tunnel, piercing into her for the second time with his digits.

Pamela screamed passionately to the ceiling as she shook in orgasm, her voice echoing through the hallway and the rest of the greenhouse. Harley lightly bit her nipple and pinched the other one, while Harry quickly increased the speed of his pumping digits, his tongue still swirling around her pulsing clit. Her juices quickly covered his hand, and the extra lubrication was almost needed to keep up with his furious pace. When she couldn't scream anymore, she moaned breathily, her legs quaking with the strength of her cumming uncontrollably.

Ivy hissed at the sudden absence of Harry's fingers, before moaning at the cooling sensation of the air that hit between her legs. Her knees trembled again, but her girlfriend quickly caught her with an arm around her waist. "You okay, Red? Did we break you?"

Ivy rolled her head to her shoulder and kissed her neck, making her giggle. She lifted her head up and mumbled something unintelligible.

"I don't know what you said, Red," Harley soothed her as Harry slid out from under the two. "But I'm guessing that the massage went well?"

"I knew that's why you had the vial and not Harley," Harry smirked, and Ivy gave them both a half-glare. She relented, and finally settled for smiling at the two.

"You're both going to be the death of me, you know that?"

Harley quickly lifted her suspiciously light girlfriend and carried her in her arms bridal style. "Hell of a way to go, if you ask me."

"No one asked you," she muttered, and wrapped her hands around the young blonde's neck. "Though I think I'll keep that in mind."

She placed a chaste kiss on Pamela's rosy lips. "Thanks, Pammy," she whispered against her nose, lightly tickling her. She giggled cutely, a sound she had never really heard before from the smoky, sensual voice of Poison Ivy.

"The things I do for you, Harley," she whispered. She glanced back at Harry, who was watching the couple interact with interest. "That may have been the most fun."

Harry raised his hand, and pointedly looked at Ivy as his tongue swiped across his index finger. She shivered when she saw his tongue strike out and swirl around the tip, before retreating back into his mouth. "The pleasure was mine."

Harley slowly began setting Ivy's feet to the floor. "Can you stand?"

She rolled her eyes. "You make it sound like I fainted. I can stand, dear."

"Good." She leaned Ivy against the wall and let her go. "Because I want you to watch this the *right* way."

Ivy watched as her girlfriend strut over to Harry and lifted his hand again. She allowed Ivy to get a good glimpse of his glistening fingers before her small tongue peeked out and drug against his calloused fingers.

"Mmmm... watermelon," Harley giggled, before she wrapped her lips around Harry's digits.

Harry and Ivy watched in stunned fascination as the blue-eyed girl sucked noisily at his fingers, wetting his digits with her saliva before licking it off.

Her tongue reached the sensitive spot where his fingers met his palm when Harry withdrew his hand from the hot confines of her mouth. He sneakily slid his hand behind her head and smashed his lips to hers, and she happily reciprocated with a moan and wrapped her arms around his neck.

A pair of heavy breasts pressed against her naked back, and Harleen squeaked in surprise as her jeans were shoved down. "No panties," Ivy muttered against her ear, her lips nipping against her lobe. Her fingers slid against her soft pink folds, and Harley broke her kiss to moan. "You really are a little slut, baby..." she murmured, bringing her hands up to her breasts to cup them. She glanced down at Harry, who was bent at his knees, staring straight at Harley's hairless cunny. "*Our* slut."

The green-eyed wizard smiled at the redhead, who grinned back. Harleen's eyes were fluttered closed, oblivious to the exchange. "Our slut," he whispered, before kissing the apex of her thighs.

Harley whimpered.

Maybe these two *were* going to be the death of her?

She shuddered as Ivy nipped at her ear once more, then slid her hand down to strum at her clit as Harry's tongue slithered deep inside of her.

She let out a contented sigh. *Hell* of a way to go.

5 – Parallels

Author's Note: I started writing this a month ago at the time of the release of this chapter. I vaguely remember saying that this would be a nice little smut piece to write, for a horny fan that wanted to see Harry with a Gotham Harem, similar to megamatt09's Superman-verse stories.

And now, this happens.

Harleen Quinzel, despite the last few hours, found herself awake, in the middle of their large bed, and worried.

After Harry had thoroughly pleased her with his unnaturally talented tongue, he had taken her once again, while Ivy watched, touching herself, this time under much more pleasant circumstances. After her first orgasm, she sauntered over to them and kissed her, caressing the length that had yet to explore the blonde's depths.

She fathomed that he wouldn't be able to fully penetrate her for a few years yet – she was a small girl, at five foot two, and just over a hundred pounds. She could only hope that she had more growing to do.

And that was the thought that made her worry. Well, one of them.

He wasn't going to be there, to grow with her, to be there with her and Ivy. Eventually, he had to go home.

And now, not even twenty-four hours after meeting him, she was beginning to find it hard to imagine him leaving their lives.

She remembered Luna's words; she found it difficult to think about anything else; the sight of her two favorite people 'getting along' distracting her for a few hours, but now the thought was back after a much needed rest.

How could she potentially love someone, knowing that she could never see him again after, *maybe*, a couple of weeks?

She couldn't ask him to stay – he practically had a family at home, and while she occasionally deluded herself with thoughts that she and Ivy were the most beautiful, and loveable, she wanted to be realistic.

She was replaceable, really. In fact, had she not known him as well as she did, she could very well say that this was simply a summer vacation from his regular girls, and he could very well chalk it up to another amazing experience when he went to his world, not looking back.

She could very easily see that happening.

She glanced over to him, on her left. Her head was on his arm, and he slept so peacefully, so child-like.

Pamela looked like that when she was asleep, too. She was so vulnerable around her, so safe, and Harley cherished it.

And it reminded her of the *other* reason she worried; her Pammy.

She and Harry had romped beautifully, and Pamela seemed to have just as much fun. She even went to grab the vial of medicine she had left in the discarded jean shorts in the hallway, and had sensually rubbed him across his scar-filled back while he reached out and fingered her moist snatch with as just a slow and agonizing pace. He had joked, with his head in Harley's lap as she strummed her fingers in his hair, that they both close their eyes if they actually wanted to continue.

It really wasn't a joke, in hindsight. He had said it with a laugh and a grin, but she could tell he was genuinely worried that they were disgusted by his scars to a point where the fun might stop forever.

So yes, Harley ultimately decided, Harry was a one-in-a-million gem. Tomorrow, if he had the chance to leave, he would possibly want to stay for a few more days. Hell, maybe he would ask her to come with him?

Her optimism was in full effect, and she knew it, but she didn't care. Maybe, if they could find a way to travel back and forth between his homeland and hers, she would never have to be apart from him.

She was certain that he felt something for them. If, at the least, something for *her*.

No matter how implausible (compared to the rest of his life story, she sarcastically reminded herself) it alleviated her fears of the first problem. And it only compounded to the other problem.

Harry's steady and slow tickle of Ivy's womanhood had her panting and wanting, to a point where her hands trembled against his skin. Harley had a perfect view, and she made the offer to Harry that he should do a little more than scratch her itch.

She was haunted by the look on Ivy's face. It was only there for a half-second, but it was there. She looked so... uneasy, at the thought; almost fearful. Harley was so distracted by the look, that she barely heard Harry's tired excuse. Seconds later, the look was forgotten, and Ivy went on to cum on his digits, even as he prodded her anal passage again with his middle finger, and they all fell asleep soon after, Harry on her left, Ivy on her right. Harry never saw Ivy's expression, and Ivy had never noticed her girlfriend's stare.

So, Ivy wasn't yet ready to take that step, and Harley completely understood.

And still, some part of her, maybe the selfish part, wondered if she *ever* could be ready.

She wasn't bothered by the thought of Ivy not having actual sex with Harry. If anything, that was a normal reaction to someone she had known for less than a day. She was only mildly worried at the notion that Ivy might not trust him for a few days yet, to let him go that far with her.

But she had seen the way Harry reacted before, when he saw that she felt uncomfortable around him. She did not want that to happen again.

No one should feel uncomfortable in her own home, he said. And she agreed. She did not want that to happen, either.

Not to mention, she was feeling a bit... overwhelmed by their activities. It hurt in a pleasant way before, but now... it just hurt. Being stuffed to the literal brim did that to a girl.

Her hand grazed his arm, before kissing it, and rolling over to lay against her dear Ivy.

She almost wished she had a smaller bed. This was going to be quite a balancing act otherwise.

She was going to show him the sights and sounds of Gotham tonight, and she hoped that everyone would be on the same page. Or they'd fall before they even began.

She kissed Ivy's cheek before closing her eyes into a dreamless sleep.

Minutes later, Ivy slowly blinked awake, feeling a lingering tickle against her cheek. She glanced to her left and saw her blond-haired lover close to her, her head nestled near her shoulder.

Pamela smiled the softest of smiles, and kissed her forehead. '*Goodnight, love,*' she mouthed to herself, before drifting back to sleep.

Harry watched with fascination as Harleen dipped half of her head in the bowl of red ink, her half-nude body stretching wonderfully. "You have to do that every time?"

"Uhuh," she confirmed, not breaking stride as she grabbed her can of spray. She slipped on a dirty glove to section off the other half of her hair, and sprayed generously on the red side to get the roots of her hair splashed with color. She placed the can down, and grabbed another glove for her bare hand to play with her soaked red hair, separating the strands to make sure there were no blonde strands left. She checked the mirror. "It dries quick, and it's waterproof, so it's perfect," she beamed, moving the bowl to the side and grabbing a pre-filled bowl of green solution.

He glanced over at Ivy, who was currently adjusting her leaf and vine leotard-like outfit, showing a less-than-modest, and especially eye-catching amount of cleavage. "That's one way of distracting an opponent."

She looked over to him and grinned. "Sometimes – when Harley's not just as distracted, it's useless."

"Not my fault," she muttered over the spray, expertly shielding her eyes from the green paint. "Take it as a compliment. Harry will be just as distracted – trust me."

Harry shrugged. "I can multi-task. I can try, anyways."

"And that's all we can do," Harleen sighed listlessly. Pamela rolled her eyes and slipped into her green, elfish slippers.

"We plan on running into a few people tonight," she reminded them, "so just don't be *too* distracted."

"No promises," Harry promised.

"I'll keep him in line," the now green/redhead said with a grin truly worthy of Harley Quinn, delicately applying her lipstick.

"Green, today?" Harry asked, seeing the color.

She hummed and popped her lips, before sending a kiss at him. "Yep. I like to alternate. Red, Green and Black. Ivy, too."

"Any significance to the three colors? There seems to be a theme."

Ivy straightened her hair with her fingers, fanning it around her shoulders beautifully. After flipping her hair once more, she responded. "Green is a given, and red is Harley's favorite color. Everything goes great with black."

"What's your favorite color?" Harley wondered, grabbing two sets of rubber bands from a dresser seemingly dedicated to her chosen outfit. "I'd have to use it for the suit design."

"If I'm part of the team, I suppose green and black."

Harleen nodded, parting her hair directly down the middle, between the colors. "Okay. I can work with that. You aren't allergic to spandex, are you?"

Harry wasn't sure whether to answer her. "That depends on how much spandex you plan on using."

She shrugged, her hair now in her trademark pigtails. "Not too much... just enough to show off your assets."

"I don't think I'd get the same results as Ivy," Harry pointed out, and the green-skinned beauty stuck out her tongue at the both of them in response.

"We'll worry about it when we're actually committing a crime. For now, this is just a run through of the city. You'll need to know what you're up against, and we need to see what you can do. If we're unlucky, we'll run into Night Terror."

“Night Terror? The guy you were talking about earlier?”

“Yup,” The blue-eyed girl confirmed, slinking into her red and green ensemble. “He goes by a lot of names, but this week is Night Terror, word on the street. The news is trying to hype up ‘Bat Man’, but it’s kinda silly.”

“Batman?” Harry raised his eyebrows. “Isn’t that name already taken?”

They looked at him weirdly. “Who would have the opportunity to take that name, or *want* it?” Ivy questioned, confused. “You’ve heard that name before?”

“My cousin reads a lot of comics,” he explained, “and while he never let me read them, I vaguely remember a Man with a half-mask, pointed ears, a cape, and underwear outside his body.”

They continued to look at him strangely.

“So the guy’s... a legend where you’re from?” Harleen asked. “He has a freaking comic book now?”

“He could be taking from the comic book,” Harry shrugged. “But I remember that the comic was made in Nineteen eighty-seven.”

No one moved. No one breathed. Harley’s hand stopped halfway up her sleeve, and Ivy’s lipstick dropped from her limp fingers. Harry twitched as the tube loudly clanged against the floor.

“Er...” he started uncomfortably. “I suppose if either of you don’t mind telling me the date?”

Harley hesitated before she spoke. “It’s June nineteenth... nineteen seventy-four.”

They could both see Harry’s jaw drop a centimeter or two at the news. “What day is it in your... dimension?” If he had come from a completely different year, then Ivy didn’t know what else to call it.

“Nineteen ninety-five,” Harry muttered, just loud enough for them to hear. “It was June eighteenth when I left.”

“So it’s been exactly twenty-one years,” Harley noted disbelievingly. “And you can still keep in contact with your girls as you left them...”

Everyone took a moment to absorb that information. The complexity of inter-dimensional space and time travel was such a marvel in itself, and what was only a possibility in the realm of science-fiction, to now become completely and totally non-fiction to them, was... a hard pill to swallow, to say the least.

"That's kind of a bitch," Harley said weakly, trying to get the mood back up. Luckily, Harry let out a surprised chuckle, and she felt a bit of pride.

They entered a much more comfortable silence. Harry took the moment to cast a subtle cleaning charm on himself. He hadn't really changed his clothes since yesterday morning, and he didn't pack anything for his impromptu and unexpected vacation, so he really didn't have anything else. He had banished them once, but he could easily recall them – something he was eternally grateful for when he banished his partners' clothing in a moment of impatience.

After looking over his battle-weary dress shirt once more, he ultimately decided to shed the shirt altogether. Only his white, almost pristine t-shirt remained.

"Well," Harry cleared his throat. "Are we ready to go?"

"Hold on," Ivy cocked her head to the side, "did you read any of the comics?"

Harry shook his head, and wordlessly conjured a red beanbag behind him. He fell onto the plush chair, hard. "What's the drinking age here?"

Harley and Ivy glanced at each other. "Do you really think that'd be a good idea?" Harley asked him delicately.

"No," he mumbled, "but I'd like to keep my options open. I'd be surprised if Rosmerta even has a bar right now. Dumbledore is probably still there, though. And his brother, now that I think about it." He glanced over at Harley. "Think you can put up with me for a bit longer while I try to figure things out?"

She pulled her other arm through the top half of her suit. "Depends on if you can keep up," she smiled.

"Don't sound too disappointed," Pamela chastised him as she sauntered to Harley, adding a bit of sway to her hips as she passed by him, his head at waist level. "You're only with two incredibly beautiful women while you pass the time, here."

“It’s not the staying here I’m worried about,” Harry dryly commented. “It’s the reaction I’ll get when I go back.”

Pamela slipped the zipper up to the back of her neck, before fastening the seamless clasp that hid the zipper. She kissed the nape of Harley’s neck and wrapped her arms around her shoulders from behind. She looked at Harry over her girlfriend’s shoulder, blowing the green pigtail partially out of the way. “I’ve seen men do worse to get out of a relationship.”

Harry snorted in laughter, while Harley slipped on her fingerless gloves. “You’ve got a plan, Pammy?”

She swiveled her head negatively, her chin still on Harley’s shoulder. “It’s just a night out. We wait for the welcoming committee, you show off a bit,” she stared pointedly at him, “and my vines will wrap around their legs and distract them long enough to get away. If it gets too hectic, you could pop us out of there?” She questioned him.

Harry nodded, thinking furiously. “If we want to make a statement,” he slowly stressed, “We’re going to have to make it loud. We make a display, sure, but we make it *look* like a show.”

“What did you have in mind?” Harley asked curiously, leaning into Ivy’s touch.

“A new change of clothes, for one.” He patted his cargo pants, the dark green material frayed slightly. “Not the best wardrobe to make a first impression.”

“Want to lift some bargain clothes on the way to the plaza?” Ivy raised an eyebrow. She didn’t want to admit it, but they made a *beautiful* team, her and Harley. His clothes made him seem a bit out of place. Anything in pristine condition would do him wonders.

“Maybe on the way back. I’d rather you guys pick my clothes. You should have a pretty close guess as to what I can fit in.”

“You don’t want to model for us?” Harley pouted, and Pamela felt a twinge of disappointment. She wasn’t going to lie to herself – he looked *good*, if a bit on the skinny side.

The ebony-haired teen grinned at the cute couple. “After the show I just got, I don’t think I can deny you. Maybe later tonight, or in the morning, though. Ivy, do you have a few extra vials I could borrow?”

She made a humming sound. “What *do* you have in mind, exactly?”

Gotham was a cesspool of thieves and murderers. Irredeemable, criminal scum plagued the populated city like locusts, feeding off the weak and defenseless. Streetwalkers stepped out of police cars, and back under the broken lamppost to continue advertising their flesh well into the morning, disgruntled at their pre-arranged discount with the men of the law who turned the other cheek. Weak, troubled men slapped at their arms, their skin burning, their eyes red, their lust for the fix only temporarily sated.

At the right time, usually nightfall, you could almost *see* the city sink into the darkest pits of hell, and the most disgusting sights could be witnessed – if you dared not lock your home, lie down, and hope you could still draw breath by the sun’s wake.

Or, best case scenario, *get the hell out of Gotham.*

At least, that’s how it *was*.

The Dark Knight crouched in the crevice of the shadows the tops of the buildings provided him, his breath steady, his posture relaxed, his cape flowing smoothly in the breeze behind him.

Gotham was now a peaceful city. A safe city.

The Batman’s city.

“Any available patrol units; we have a sighting on the duo known as the Femme Fatale. I repeat; Poison Ivy and Harley Quinn have been spotted in the Bowery, near the Jezebel Plaza. There is an unknown with them, and he seems to be unharmed and willing. As always, consider them armed and dangerous. Do not approach.”

The Dark Knight pondered the words on the scanner. Harley Quinn had gone solo yesterday, and had successfully robbed a jewelry shop. Bruce Wayne,

unfortunately, was in a WayneTech meeting, and by the time he could don the cape and cowl, they had lost her.

Gotham police wanted nothing to do with him – Commissioner Loeb making it clear by titling him Public Enemy #1 – so he wasn't getting any information from them. What with Gordon and Essen doing everything they could to capture him, he had to distance himself from crime scenes, and he couldn't question Mrs. Hepplewhite, the owner, about the security.

Had he been there, he probably wouldn't have lost her trail. She and Ivy made a discouragingly great team. When one was captured, the other served as a distraction, and a heavy one at that. Ivy had nature itself, and Harley had a bazooka, and *impeccable* aim. She had also proved to be an accomplished escape artist, moments after he managed to get handcuffs on her for the first and only time.

Together, they had destroyed two Batmobiles so far. And one Batwing.

So in his eyes, they were his main focus, and the biggest problem. And, if what the Lieutenant had mentioned in the briefing that morning in the bugged conference room was true, Harley Quinn was getting better.

It didn't worry him that Harley had managed to escape them.

What worried him was how quietly she broke in this time.

Subtlety and Harley Quinn didn't go together. In fact, you could say they were archrivals. She had gotten into the store completely undetected, and only when she was seen breaking out did the off-duty officer call the police.

At first, he didn't know what to take of that news. She was alone, and trying something new. Generally, that meant that she was trying to break out on her own, or Ivy couldn't be with her for some reason. Both were usually good. And now, as the announcement was broadcast through the scanner, his hopes were dashed.

He set his shoulders. He didn't expect this to be easy. He never did.

With barely a whisper, he pushed into the night, towards the Bowery.

That other presence was disconcerting, but nothing to be concerned about. Pamela hit gold when she formed an alliance with Harley; to find someone just as good to

cause havoc with would be near inconceivable. Just in case, he would make sure their guest was there of his own volition.

Then he would take them all down. He was sick of playing cat and mouse.

And if he let the most elusive team in Gotham grow, then he very well could one day be the mouse.

“You have fans,” Harry noted, staring around at the bright lights, unflinching.

“You can’t get around in this city anymore.” Harley pouted cutely, and Poison Ivy smiled at the display.

“Seems to be more than usual, though,” she muttered, her eyes curious.

They were surrounded in a circle. They had walked around the Jezebel for about fifteen minutes. Two minutes in, someone finally had the guts to call the police. The three decided to situate themselves in the middle of the plaza, standing in a small circle, and waited for all four intersections to crowd themselves with police cars.

So far, they were ignoring the mass of men and women in blue, only conversing with each other, despite the commands of the officers to get on their knees. Harry put up a shield around them, in case there was a trigger-happy officer in the crowd.

No one had dared to approach them. Not yet.

“Kinda makes me proud; that we can bring this much fear. A little flatterin’.”

“So what did you do to earn this kind of recognition?”

Ivy shrugged. “I believe this is the first time we’ve really been out in the open. I’ve attacked some places of interest, such as the Mayor’s house. I occasionally tried to bring the entire population’s men under my control and have them turn on each other. I’ve had human-sized Venus flytraps on the corner of every street, shooting poisonous spores to anyone who moved towards it. That was the first and last time I was captured. The stupid vigilante attacked my plants until I was weak enough to be brought down.”

“Since then,” Harley continued for her, “We’ve been stealing some chemicals from botanical gardens. Occasionally, Ivy’s had to ‘*haunt*’ a few forests that were being considered for chopping down. Most of our time’s been building the wonderful greenhouse we now live in, and getting the materials smuggled to just outside of Gotham with no one noticing, not even with Bat surveillance, is pretty hard work. Upstanding citizen Harleen helped, but only after Ivy and Harley robbed a few banks for her to buy anything. We’ve had to do double heists every now and then as a distraction. No one takes precedence over the hardware store’s missing tools when the Art Museum is missing some prized works. There was also that one time we rearranged the face of the Cyrus Pinkney Statue, and blew up a bridge. Other than that... I can’t think of anything else. Ivy?”

“We also may have kidnapped the former Mayor’s wife, so he could pass an environmental bill.”

“As it turns out, trophy wives aren’t the best bait.”

“I think she was perfectly willing to stay with us, though. She gave Harley her number.”

“God, that was embarrassing. Just seeing how plastic and fake she looked. It was *unnatural*. When she licked her lips at me, her tongue wiped *years* off her upper lip.”

“The entire experience didn’t really count in the end. He didn’t care, and only when we let her go did she tell everyone what happened. She said we were two nameless masked men to protect us – because, really, that’s just embarrassing – and they ended up divorcing. He was eventually impeached when his mistress spoke up about his affair.”

“And your hatred for men grew three sizes that day.”

“... Did you just compare me to a green monster?”

“What? Er...”

“Looks like we have company,” Harry noted, looking upwards. “Huh... not as dramatic as I thought.”

“Sorry,” Harley muttered to Ivy. “I didn’t mean it that way. Honest!”

“I was just joking, Harley,” Ivy smirked at her lover. “I know you didn’t think about it. After we deal with them, you cook dinner tonight. Deal?”

Harley smiled gratefully. “Deal, Red.” She turned towards the cops and twisted her fingers around her mallet, her grin now deadly. “You’ll love it, Harry. It’s to die for.”

“Not a good choice of words,” he muttered, “but oddly, tempting; considering I haven’t eaten in a day.”

“The dangers of too much mind-blowing sex,” Ivy muttered to herself, tensing her muscles. “Sometimes you forget the basics.”

Harley used her free hand to point over to the patrol car in the back. “Looks like all the major players are here. That over there would be Commissioner Loeb. Captain Gordon and Detective Essen would be right over there. The one trying to flank us would be Branden – ” She glared back menacingly at the heavily armored man with a shield, and he, along with the rest of his team, held their position stiffly, not daring to go any further. “He’s the head of SWAT. Bullock is probably somewhere eating a donut. The cute Latina in the frontline is Officer Ramirez. She’s the one that showed me around Blackgate. She still doesn’t know.”

“You were so innocent then,” Ivy pondered aloud. “A completely different person. I hope you enjoyed the change as much as I did.” Harry felt the ground shake beneath him. Harley took it in stride, and heaved her mallet to rest on her shoulder.

“Oh, I don’t think ya know how much I liked it, Red,” She grinned, her accent in full effect. “That concludes our tour of Gotham City. We hope you enjoy your stay, Harry.”

Harry took a deep breath, and he saw everything; the police standing behind the doors of their car, shotguns at the ready; the irate Captain Gordon yelling something unintelligible through the blowhorn; the lone figure on the roof watching the three with interest.

Harry exhaled.

“Oh. I think I’ll *love* it here. When you’re ready, Ivy.”

“This is your last warning! Get on the ground and put your hands behind your head or we will apprehend you!” Gordon lowered the blowhorn and turned to his command officer, the commissioner. “Proceed?”

Loeb grinned toothily. “Close in on em. We will capture them by any means necessary.”

Captain Gordon relayed the command in the radio, and hastily added that the officers do not shoot.

And the circle began to shrink. The trio now found themselves surrounded by officers with shields. Cars slowly rolled forward, the car doors wide open, giving the officers ample protection. Branden waited until his colleagues stepped closer until he trained his machine gun on them, and began stepping forward with them, discarding his shield.

The three didn’t move. Harley, Ivy and Harry stood, their backs to each other, their postures unwavering. Harley had one hand on her hip, the other hoisting her large metallic mallet on her shoulder, her green-painted grin menacing, red contact eyes haunting. Ivy grinned sultrily at the guards, her green eyes glowing, her red hair moving with some unknown force, the earth making minute cracks beneath her feet.

And Harry stood tall, his green eyes focused and unmoving, his hands clenching and unclenching, his mouth in a frown.

Ivy breathed tensely, and linked her hands with Harry.

One by one, the headlights switched off. The engines shut. Sarah Essen looked around in confusion as the neon light to the puppet shop began to fade.

Then there was darkness. Flashlights began to flicker on, and just as quickly, blinked off.

Everyone could still see each other, and quite clearly. The moon shone brightly tonight. Someone shouted that the moon could go out as well, and raised his gun at Harry.

He pulled the trigger, and nothing happened.

“*What the fuck?*” Howard Branden cursed loudly, and snarled. He clicked the gun a few more times, and threw it to the ground.

Gordon punched the hood of his car. “Branden, control yourself! Do not shoot!”

“He’s doing this, you *idiot*! He’s – ”

He kept screaming at Gordon. He kept screaming at everyone. They could all see his mouth continue to move.

And no one could hear him.

Branden choked on his voice. He grabbed at his throat and coughed. Nothing. He wheezed, and got the same result.

The audience around him were stunned into silence as he stumbled backwards, nary a whisper escaping his lips.

Someone chuckled. He looked up, fresh with rage.

Harley covered her mouth, her giggles getting louder. Then, after a few more seconds, she broke her hand away and burst into fits of laughter. “Holy *crap*, that’s funny!”

Branden yelled some choice, unspoken words, and raised his machine gun at Harley. He pulled the trigger, and it clicked once again.

“You were right,” The man behind her noted. “He *is* the hair trigger of this whole group. He’s a rabid dog that needs to be put down.”

Branden ran forward, and threw a fist at them.

THWACK.

Harry watched in fascination as Branden flew to the side like a ragdoll, his cap flying in the other direction with the impact. He twisted in midair, his body contorting hilariously. He landed and rolled several times before he went still.

Harley’s mallet now rested on her other shoulder, looking no less worse for wear. “On second thought,” her green lips twisted into a small grin, “*That* was funny.”

Harry quickly turned to the rest, and he heard the sounds of several guns being cocked and several screams of indignation, most from the rest of the SWAT team.

And then he caught on *fire*.

Everyone stopped for a moment in shock, except for Ivy and Harley. They stared in wonder and fear at the man who burned brightly in the night, but appeared to be unharmed. Not even his clothes singed at the remarkable heat that emanated from his body, and the two girls remained unaffected, even Ivy's held hand.

Then they began to notice the changes. First, it was his t-shirt, which slowly twisted from a bright white into a dark red, the color running so smoothly down his shirt that he almost appeared to *bleed* into it. The sleeves grew to his wrists, and the entire shirt thickened almost unnoticeably, strengthening and hardening. His cargo pants, slowly but surely, tore against his body, shredding and ripping randomly along his legs, and just as quickly, a leathery material weaved into existence, wrapping around his legs and torso, flawlessly following along with his cotton tears.

And then, as abruptly as it started, it was over. Everyone stared at the sight in front of them, not really believing their eyes.

Enormous, glinting green claw marks smattered against his crimson long-sleeve, three long matching slashes for each mark, accompanied by a small tear in the fabric for each green strike. His nondescript black jeans were marred as well, the tops of his jeans flowing smoothly with the bottom of his shirt, one claw mark covering his middle.

Harry Potter's piercing green eyes burned. He frowned.

"Well?"

Gordon hesitated. "We don't want to hurt you."

He glanced at the drawn guns around him. "You really could've fooled me."

"Just surrender quietly, and come with us."

Harry pondered to himself. "No."

Gordon rested his elbows on the hood of his car, his handgun trained on Harry's torso. "No?"

"I haven't committed a crime."

"You're associating with criminals."

He shrugged. "That's another way of saying it."

A whirring sound reached his ears. "Helicopter's here," Harley announced aloud, turning away from Branden to look at Harry. "Ready to make the front page?"

"You're enjoying this," he noted, and his lips quirked into a small smile.

"I could just be excited about cooking dinner later," she said slyly, before grabbing his hand and squeezing.

Harry squeezed both of his lovers' hands back. "Now you've made me hungry again."

"Then let's get out of here," Ivy spoke up, her eyes scanning the crowd. "I think we've given them enough to talk about for a while."

"You three aren't going *anywhere*," the Captain warned, his teeth set on edge. He flicked back the hammer of his gun. "Move in and apprehend now!"

"You know," Harry muttered as the group slowly closed in, "you never told me about one thing."

"Oh?" Harley tightened her grip on the mallet. "And that is?"

"Casualties."

"We avoid them when we can." The concrete shook beneath them again, and Ivy cursed. "Damn sewers. It's poisoning and wilting my babies before I can bring them to the surface; the tiny amount I need to make it subtle, at least."

"Plan B, then," the black-haired teen suggested. "Don't hurt yourself. We'll do something about the sewers later."

“What’s plan B?” Ivy wondered, part of her wondering what he meant by ‘*dealing with the sewers.*’

Harry released their hands in favor of clasping his hands together.

Everyone shook at the force, and before they could even fight it, they were all knocked to the ground. An invisible wave of - *something* - blasted them all backwards. Guns went flying, shields and windows cracked, if not broke apart, and one or two coughed uncontrollably, their chest feeling an immense pain.

Harry stared at James Gordon, whose only shield was the car door. Had the window shattered, it would have ripped into his chest. “Warning shot, Captain. Next time, I’ll just make you pop from the inside-out.” He turned slightly to Ivy, who still stood tall at his side. “I don’t think *subtle* is in the plan now.”

Ivy grinned. “I think I love you.”

Harley whipped her head around to meet Ivy’s eyes. “Red?”

Her emerald eyes bulged. “I said that out loud, didn’t I?”

“So you meant it.” Harley grinned widely.

Harry looked over to the pigtailed beauty in the tight bodysuit, who seemed to be taking the news in stride. “We’ll talk about this later,” he murmured, and got a hesitant nod from Ivy and an excited grin from Harley. He turned back to the officers, who were just now recovering.

The light shining from the helicopter was the only thing highlighting them, and one officer took advantage.

BANG!

He flinched at the sound. “Been a long time since I heard one of those.”

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Apparently, that set off the chain reaction, and that one brave, bold police officer who shot first allowed for his colleagues to unload their weapons on the target. Only three or four shot about three rounds each at the deadly trio, before kneeling back behind an intact shield or a car.

It would take about a second or two for them to realize that the three were still standing. Ivy had one hand on her hip, her opposite side's elbow on Harry's shoulder. Harley had chosen to sit down with her legs crossed, her head resting against his leg.

Gordon could almost feel his first gray hair appear. "Who are you? What do you want?"

Ivy's green eyes bored into the Captain's, her expression hard. "If you had asked us that in the beginning, it would've been a better foot to get off on. You've proved today how truly *stupid* your police force can be. How destructive you *want* to be. And I know that if I allow this to continue, this city will fall. The entire earth will be sure to follow. And I *won't* allow it.

"Gotham will be the testing grounds for what I have planned, and it will be *massive*. Treat Mother Nature with the respect she deserves, because... well," She smiled slightly, "I believe you've heard the saying. The world will know how much a bitch I can truly be."

"You're calling yourself Mother Nature, now?" Sarah scoffed, her gun trained on the green-skinned woman.

"I'm calling myself a proxy, Sarah," Ivy purred. "I cannot control the waters, the sun, or the wind. I control the earth. If anything, I would be Mother Earth."

"I suppose I'd be Daddy Nature," Harry chuckled darkly, garnering the attention of everyone back to him, "because *I can!* However, that sounds a bit like I'm Ivy's husband rather than her partner. I love her and all," he winked at her, and she struggled not to react, "just as much as Harley. But I'd like to be my own persona. Harley? What do you think?"

Harley looked up from her spot, shaken out of her reverie. "We didn't talk about this," she narrowed her eyes. "And we're gonna talk about it later." There was no doubt of what she meant by that statement. "But hey, since we're here, and you've got everyone's attention, why not sprout out a name before someone else tries to shoot you in the face. Let's give the people a name for the grave, y'know?"

Harry smirked. "They can try. Again. To see if there's any difference. And there won't be. Still; they can try. I won't stop them."

“Because you’re unstoppable,” Harley whispered, nuzzling her green ponytail against his leg.

“I’m more than unstoppable.” His eyes flashed an eerie green, and the helicopter’s spotlight surged, before blowing completely.

James Gordon squinted into the darkness, barely seeing the outlines of the colorful characters in front of him. The helicopter had blocked off the moon’s rays, and they had a very strategically placed blind spot on them.

The sparks from the blown spotlight sprinkled to the ground directly where the trio stood, highlighting their grinning visages for a brief, sudden moment.

Then they vanished.

Three seconds of pure, uninterrupted silence exploded around them, and it almost hurt, the deafening quiet. In the darkness, Sarah looked over to her partner, her face unsure as to what happened. She had the same thought on everyone’s lips, and he lowered the gun cautiously.

Before he could give a command, a familiar voice echoed powerfully through the plaza, its echoes ringing against the cobblestone, mockingly into their ears.

“I’m the Warlock.”

Batman watched the pandemonium that erupted, his eyes quickly scanning the large group for any sign of their whereabouts. He had been watching from a balcony, well-hidden from the news chopper above and the police below.

He had been watching *closely*. And he had *no idea* which direction they went.

His jaw set – the new guy was an anomaly. He had to have been a mutant, or some kind of meta-human. That, or he had something that gave him that power.

Unlikely. Zatanna wasn’t even this powerful, and she dealt in the dark arts. She certainly never lit herself on fire and did a full wardrobe change without a single utterance of a word or a wave of her hand. If there was something that could give her that strength, she not only would have sensed it, but she would have stolen it long ago.

He stood from his crouch. He would have to wait until the chopper flew away before he could move freely. The police were willing to believe anything at this point to make him earn the Public Enemy spot, and if he was seen leaving, then he would be slandered maliciously, accused of helping the group escape. He was already accused of Catwoman's crimes when she first surfaced, and most still thought that they worked together in some capacity.

Normally, he wouldn't care about what the media said, but he wasn't going to risk being seen if he could, especially if he didn't know where to start chasing them.

This... this new guy. He was different. He felt the rumble of the shockwave as all of the officers were knocked to the ground, and saw the relaxed look in his eyes. He wasn't trying. Not one bit.

This was a show. That's all it was. There was only a statement made, and his presence set the entirety of Gotham on alert. It explained why they waited until the news helicopter was here.

And he knew Harley and Ivy. He knew they would tell the young man – The *Warlock* - about him.

In hindsight, this blatant display of the new addition to their team could have been laid out specifically for him, rather than the police force.

"Right in one, Bruce."

He began with a start, struggling to spring into action, but his body was frozen stiff. His eyes were his only option of movement, and he couldn't see him anywhere. The sound came from above, but *where*?

"I'm above you. I dropped off Ivy and Harley, so I could talk to you. You can relax; I won't kill you. Not today."

He growled in response, his lips unmoving.

"Yes, I'm sure that your pride would much rather have me kill you than force you to stay like this. Still, I wanted to warn you to stay away from me. Stay away from Ivy. Stay away from Harley. I'm not talking to Batman. I'm talking to the man inside, with no trust for police, and a vendetta against hardened criminals and sadists. Leave us alone, and don't bother to pursue us. We are not your enemies. We are

enemies of the police, and you know how unwelcoming they are when someone offers to do their job for them, and they can't take the credit."

He had a point. Even the reasonable side of Batman could see that. Though the methods were questionable.

"I don't beat people to a pulp when I think someone is doing something wrong. I have a set of moral codes. I hate rapists, and I'll stop them when I can. Better yet, I can completely cover the city in anti-rape protections. The moment a woman is attacked, he'll find himself bound and gagged. Wouldn't that be an unpleasant surprise?"

He paused. Bruce was thankful for the reprieve. His muscles were still completely non-responsive, though he had gone through several mental calming techniques. He had almost phased the man's voice out completely, but before he could, his words got louder.

No, not louder. More direct. And no mental technique could block it. It was so clear, even with his hearing. Too clear.

He was speaking directly into his mind.

And the Batman felt something akin to fear.

"Ignoring me isn't helping you. Not one bit. So I'll allow you to consider my words. Look away. Or fight me. Who knows? Maybe I'll learn something. Maybe you'll learn something. Should be fun. I actually kind of look forward to it.

"But for now, I think I'll just keep you like this. Alfred can pick you up later."

A soft white glow marred his periphery, barely above his head. He paid it no mind.

'Alfred.'

'Right in one, Bruce.'

A small pop sounded above him. And the Dark Knight was left alone. His eyelids shut, then opened again in surprise.

His bodily functions were slowly returning.

After thirty minutes, however, he realized that the man had done that on purpose; he allowed him to close his eyes so they wouldn't suffer throughout the night.

As the crowd below had dispersed, and the copter flown away half an hour ago to search for the missing criminals, Batman hoped that Alfred would not notice that he was in trouble yet. He could force himself to make his heart beat irregularly, and set off alarms with his vitals, but something told him that he couldn't stop himself from tracking down this new punk the moment he was free.

And, right now, he needed to think. Really, truly think about what to do next. Because he knew what he was considering now was certainly not the answer.

The Batman's city began to crumble around him.

The white cloud of silvery strands swirled in the glass vial. Harleen, plopping herself in Harry's lap on their couch, eyed the vial with interest.

"So, *Warlock*, you're trying to tell me," she began, clearly skeptical, "that a human being's entire memory base can be contained in this small vial."

Harry nodded. "Everything he's ever had a clear memory of in a nutshell; or rather, in a vial."

Harleen glanced back at Harry, then back at the vial. "*Cool.*"

"So we'll know who he is from this," the green-skinned beauty dropped the load of clothes beside them and sat on the arm of the couch, crossing her legs as she leaned over to get a better look. "How would we view them?"

"Could we see them?" Harleen worriedly wondered. "We don't have magic, after all."

Harry nodded, resting his head on the soft cotton behind him and closing his eyes. "I'm not sure. I don't think so. I'd need a pensieve to show you anything. I'd have to look...in the morning."

"Hey," Harleen's eyes looked upon him with concern, "you okay?"

Harry opened his eyes. "Physically? I'm fine. I just have a bit of a headache. No worries."

"When did it start?" Ivy questioned.

Harry shrugged, his eyes still closed. "If it was there before, I'm just feeling it now. Hit me like a bloody truck..."

Harleen quickly removed herself from his lap and removed her gloves. Gently, she pressed her hand to his forehead. "It's not warm," she said a moment later, and looked at Red, who had gotten up from the couch. "Got anything for headaches?"

"Where does it hurt?" She asked him, double-checking his forehead.

Harry felt a twinge. Right where... "Shit. Not there again."

"Where?" Harley wondered with growing alarm. "Your temples?"

"No," Harry hissed, "not there. Where my scar used to be. She's pissed right now."

"Who?" Ivy wondered, completely befuddled, not sure if she should be alarmed for his health or worried for his sanity.

"Hermione," Harry groaned. "And she's *really* pissed right now."

Harley felt a twinge of remembrance at the Shakespearian name, and her eyes widened. "Hold on," she told them both, and sped out of the living room, through the kitchen, and down the hallway.

Harry hissed, and Pamela gasped in surprise as a light-bluish glow erupted from the right side of his forehead. Pale at first, then brighter and brighter – a distinct symbol lit his skin, almost like a lightning bolt...

Harley sprinted back in the room and froze in shock at the unexpected sight before her.

Harry grabbed at his head and grit his teeth in pain, struggling to force the pain out of his head. Had he any sense, he would have laughed at the impossible thought.

But all he could see was pain.

“Hermione, *STOP!*” He screamed, his body hunching over and falling into his new clothes.

And then, it stopped. He wasn’t expecting that, and he sat up in surprise and opened his eyes.

A pointed, dark green vine hovered over him, swaying melodiously, like a snake poised to strike.

Pamela breathed a sigh of relief, several feet behind the vine. “I thought I was going to have to hold you down,” she brokenly whispered, and the vine retreated. “What the hell happened?”

“Oh!” Harley squeaked at the sensation, and hastily pulled out a small circular mirror out of her pocket. “It just... bit me! A *mirror* just bit me!”

Harry grinned tiredly. “It does that to people who aren’t me. It’ll do more than bite if you don’t answer.”

The natural blonde quickly sat next to him and passed him the mirror, and pressed her hand to his forehead again. “Don’t – !”

“Ah! Dammit!”

“Sorry,” Harry muttered, wincing. “It does that. Curls my fringe up sometimes with the heat.” He reached for Harley’s hand, and she gingerly placed it in his.

“I think we need to start carrying a first aid kit,” Harley muttered embarrassingly.

Ivy watched as Harley’s pained look softened as Harry rubbed his thumb in circles at the back of her hand, magically soothing the pain. “I think we’ve already got one. I’ll go get a towel.” She strolled out of the room towards the kitchen.

“I’d make a sexual innuendo about you having magic hands, but I’m sure you get that a lot.” The girl in pigtails relaxed in his embrace, resting her head against the back of the sofa.

Harry purposefully looked at the screen, refraining to tell her that he had heard them all, and he would need to thank her later for not making him hear it one more time.

He took a few shallow breaths.

"Answer," he murmured, and he immediately held the glass at arm's length.

"*Shit!* Are you okay, Harry?"

He flinched. "What do you mean?"

"I can see your sweat! Your bloody scar's visible again! I'm sorry, Harry, I really am!"

Harry flinched again, for a different reason. "Wait – so you're not mad at me?"

"What? NO – of *course* not, Harry! You tried to save Sirius! How were you supposed to know that you'd be sent to wherever the hell you are? It's no one's fault but Bellatrix's, and she's been dealt with."

"If you see a woman wrapped in unicorn hair and a frayed unicorn tail," Luna sounded out of view, "then it's probably Bellatrix. Make sure it's her, though."

"We'll find you, Harry. Don't worry."

Harry brought the mirror closer, and inspected the girl in the reflection.
"Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"If you're not angry at me, why the *hell* did my head almost explode less than a minute ago?"

"I... may have an explanation for that."

"Whenever you're ready."

"There's no need for sarcasm, Harry. Honestly..."

"Ummm..." Harley interrupted, and it was disconcerting to see two different faces turn to her like a normal mirror could do. "S-sorry, it's just that... what the fuck just happened?"

"I second that," Pamela said as she sat back on the arm of the couch, gently placing a wet, cold washcloth on his forehead, and he smiled weakly in appreciation. "I think we deserve an explanation; Harley was almost in *tears*."

Harley quickly wiped at her eyes, and glared at Ivy's smirk when she realized she was messing with the young girl. "I was worried, alright! And I had no idea what the hell was going on! I still don't!"

Hermione bit on her bottom lip, and Harry took notice. "Spill, Hermione. What just happened?"

The curly-haired brunette sighed to herself. "Okay. So, Ronald was just getting out of the hospital wing, and he made a pass at me, while in the same breath, insulting you and called everyone in our mutual group your *whores*..."

Harry's eyes hardened. "*What?*"

Hermione winced. "The headache is coming my way. Please calm down, Harry."

The glass cracked in Harry's fingers. He dropped the mirror to the floor. "Shit. Sorry, Hermione."

"I deserve it. I must've given you a massive headache for you to sweat like that. Sorry."

He picked up the mirror and tapped it, and the mirror was as good as new. "So what did you do?"

Her chocolate brown eyes searched his emerald green. "Promise you won't be mad?"

"I can't promise anything if you hadn't beaten him within an inch of his life."

"Then you'll be positively ecstatic, then," Luna cheered, her cheek pressing against Hermione. "Ronald is dead now, Harry!"

"*Luna?!*"

"What?" She asked innocently. "I'm just cheering him up. He looks like he needs it."

"Harry, don't listen to Luna. Ronald is *not* dead."

“Not bloody yet,” Harry growled. “But he *will* be.”

“See?” Harley whispered to her girlfriend. “Just *like* Bats, but better! And *British*! Isn’t that insane?”

“That still doesn’t explain how he knows what you’re feeling,” Ivy deliberately ignored Harley. Lately, she’s been agreeing with everything Harley said, and she just knew something bad was going to come out of it if she encouraged it. “Is it some kind of magic thing? Does everyone have this?”

“Maybe they’re soul mates?” Harley suggested, with a sickeningly sweet smile.

Harry looked pointedly at Hermione. “Would you call it that?”

“I’d definitely call it a soul bond. I wouldn’t call you and Voldemort soul mates.”

They both shuddered at the thought.

“So, that exists? You two can literally feel what the other feels?” Harley looked excited at the prospect. “So you two are literally in a bond of true, unbreakable love?”

Harry and Hermione shrugged synchronously, and it was, once again, disturbing. “I’d like to think it’s unbreakable,” Harry grinned, “but the bond has nothing to do with that. Though it may be part of the reason it was made. We can certainly feel what the other’s feeling. Sometimes, we can communicate with thoughts.”

“And that’s how I got Harry’s distress,” Hermione explained. “When I heard him to tell me to stop.”

“Though, it may be turning *into* a real soul bond,” Luna placed her input. “You’d have to ask grandma Joan about bonds, but most bonds are weakened when one leaves the *country*.”

Harley snapped her fingers. “So *that’s* why you said she could somehow tell that you were still alive! But how come you haven’t talked to him since he got here?”

“I couldn’t. I could feel that he was alive and well, but I couldn’t do much else. He had left his communication mirror at home. And then he blocks my bloody calls...”

“I didn’t think you’d react well to the news,” Harry protested weakly.

“To the news? Yes. To you? Of course not. Tonks and Susan stopped me from running into the bloody veil myself when I saw what you did.”

“That’s so sweet,” Harleen sighed. “If I knew what a veil was, I’m sure I’d be impressed.”

Pamela beautifully arched an eyebrow at Harleen, smiling at the girl’s fascination. She was somewhat interested as well, being in the field of science herself, and listening to how everything she had ever learned about space and time being proven wrong was quite thrilling. She knew Crane would love to hear this.

And besides, if it kept them from talking about their confessions earlier that night, then she was completely okay with any distraction.

She needed to think. She really didn’t know what about, but she knew that she needed to.

“A veil,” Hermione began explaining, “is the portal Harry walked through to land in your world. It’s the gateway to another dimension, apparently, when everyone else called it the Death Arch. We don’t know if Harry’s the rule or exception. Sirius... so far, he hasn’t contacted us, and he has no way of getting in contact with us. He could be alive, and doing well, but I don’t think we will find out anytime soon.”

“Sirius?” Harley asked.

“My Godfather,” Harry explained. “He was hit by a spell, and fell into the veil. I followed him, and here I am.”

Harley absorbed that information. If it wasn’t for some freak accident, Harry would have never entered her life. “*When* you find him... I want to thank him myself.” She squeezed Harry’s hand.

“You’ve found another keeper,” Hermione smiled in the mirror. “Luna told me I’d like her.”

“Which reminds me... Luna?”

Wide, silvery eyes moved into the frame. “Yes, Harry?”

“How does Hermione know that I’m in another dimension?”

“Oh; she asked me about it.”

“And why didn’t you tell her I was in America?”

“I did. She didn’t believe me. Then she threatened to go to States herself and start searching the whole country. Naturally, I admitted that I lied. Then she started making worst-case scenarios. She also suggested time-travel. I Saw that, by the way. Twenty-one years?”

Harry sighed. There was no fooling Hermione – ever. “Yes, Luna. I’m in Nineteen seventy-four. Technically, it doesn’t affect me at all, especially since we’ve already established that this is a completely different world, and not purely time travel. If anything, I’ve got a shot to take out Voldemort here, if he’s here, and if there’s a James and Lily in this world, they get to live a full life together.”

Hermione looked worried. “Just don’t be rash about it. We have to plan this accordingly - *if* he exists there.”

“At least he’s dead here, now.” Everyone turned to Luna. “Temporarily, at least. I didn’t think you wanted to hear about that.”

“Luna...” Hermione started worriedly, “...what did you See?”

The wispy blonde wrinkled her nose. “A dead body shaped like Voldemort. More specifically, his corpse lying in a bed in a locked chamber. Not a very pleasant sight, but that can’t be helped.”

Hermione furrowed her brows. “When did you See that, Luna?”

“I Saw it earlier today, before we sent Bellatrix through the veil. I informed her of her master’s death, and she seemed fairly confident that I was lying. Then she bragged about the Horcrux in her possession. I correctly assumed it was her vault. The look of defeat on her face was quite hilarious. I didn’t want to tell you guys until the goblins send back confirmation.”

“We found a Horcrux?” Harry seemed ecstatic at the news. “Great, Luna!”

“I take it that the word ‘Horcrux’ means something more than just a hilarious word,” Harleen queried. “Sorry. It’s just... muggle here. Clueless and therefore, useless.”

“Don’t use that word,” Harry frowned. “And you’re very useful. Horcruxes are pieces of soul, born by death. Kill someone with no remorse, and it transfers half your soul into the object of your choosing.”

“With a spell,” Hermione added. “And I never discovered that spell, nor have I ever felt a need to find out. The only way to reverse it is for either the killer to feel true remorse, or to destroy the object the Horcrux is in.”

Luna giggled. “That is a funny name, actually. Haven’t thought much about it.”

Hermione shook her head, a smile gracing her lips. “So far, we’ve found four. We’re not sure how many he made, but we’re assuming six or seven. He was a bit superstitious, and seven is a very powerful number in rituals of all sorts.”

“Okay,” Harley nodded, thoroughly interested. “So how did he die?”

Luna shrugged. “If I could guess, it probably has something to do with the Horcrux inside Harry.”

Pamela and Harleen’s heads twisted sharply at the green-eyed wizard. “*What?*”

Harry sighed. “Luna, you know we got rid of that Horcrux. It’s gone.”

Luna shook her head. “It’s the only way to explain why Voldemort is dead right now, so conveniently close to you going through the veil. This is the first time we’ve destroyed a Horcrux while he’s technically alive – maybe that’s a regular reaction.”

“The proof is in the scar, Harry,” the brunette whispered, looking at the crimson mark carved into his forehead. “I think it’s been buried all this time. It’s gone now. It’s truly gone.”

The green/redhead removed her glare from the Boy-Who-Lived and focused on the brunette, her expression considerably softer. “So when you told us that you wouldn’t call Harry and Voldemort soul mates...”

The brightest witch of the ages nodded. “Yes. They were soul bonded, but it’s a bit different. Voldemort wasn’t aware of it. It was the instability of the last vestiges of his soul when he tried to kill Harry. An accidental Horcrux. Harry got that scar that night. Voldemort had so many different pieces of him out there, he couldn’t sense them anymore, he’d be almost devoid of any feeling.”

Harry lifted the soaked cloth from his forehead, and gingerly poked at the thin, jagged shape burned into his skin. "I'm not feeling anything from it. Why did it happen now? Why not when I went through the veil?"

"Maybe it did?" Harley suggested. All eyes were on her. "Maybe the horcrux disappeared when you went through the portal. I mean, that veil. The *veil of death* you called it. It sounds like it's a device that no one understands, and it has rules that are plainly impossible to comprehend. But maybe it saw that Harry had more than one soul, and took that one instead."

"That..." Hermione looked perplexed. "I don't think that's possible. Is it?"

Luna shrugged. "Maybe; we don't have any other theories."

Harry was silent for a moment. "So that would mean that Sirius is dead," he intoned monotonously. Harley squeezed his hand, and looked towards the girls in the mirror with concern.

Luna vehemently shook her head. "Not necessarily. He could have been sent to another universe like you did. And Voldemort's soul could have just been sent somewhere else, since his body didn't travel with him."

"So..." Harry rubbed at his chin. "Why are you still there, Hermione?"

"I don't know, Harry. I'd hazard a guess that our souls are more connected than Voldemort's was to yours, so it was loose bait."

Harry shrugged. "At this point, I'll take that answer. It's better than the alternative."

"Wait," Harley said, putting the pieces together. "So you mean that... you're telling me that you guys are each other's *Horcruxes*?"

Harry grinned sheepishly, while Hermione looked away in embarrassment. "Not exactly," he tried to explain, "but pretty close. It did involve the same... process."

Pamela sighed. "I'm going to go fix some coffee. I don't think we're going to sleep for a while." She slinked out of the arm of the chair, and walked past them to the kitchen.

Harry, Harleen, Hermione and Luna all watched her walk away, mesmerized at the gentle sway of her hips framed by her leafy skirt. "Sweet Merlin," Hermione whispered.

"That's my Ivy," Harleen whispered with a wistful smile. "Most beautiful girl in the world. Spend a day with her, and you can't help but fall in love." She winked at Harry. "Or less."

Harry chuckled, his arm wrapping around Harley's shoulders. "I can't be blamed. Nor can I be blamed for falling for her *equally* beautiful girlfriend."

"I've only met you for a few minutes," Hermione commented, "and I'm rather shocked that Harry met you two by chance. Granted, the make-up seems rather excessive, but I certainly wouldn't kick you out of bed."

The girl smiled at the, admittedly, stunningly beautiful brunette. "Thank you for the compliment. I wouldn't rush to leave the bed. Though, I don't think Ivy would respond well to it."

"She's watching from the chair, with my head between her knees," Luna said matter-of-factly. "Though I don't know if I saw that, or if it was my admittedly active imagination. Though I also see a very pretty pet kitty that I've never met."

"You mean Juliet?" Harley questioned, her eyes bright. "You can really see her?"

"If that's her name, yes. She's... flexible."

"Juliet?" Harry asked, before Harleen could inquire further.

"Mm-hmm," she answered him, "One of my pets. You'd get along great with her."

"You mean the one that you've trained to, uh, hit me where I'm weak."

Harley shook her head. "Nah. I've never tried to train her to do that. I've threatened it, and she plays the threatening role well, and that's intimidation enough."

Luna chose not to comment. Considering it was obvious they were talking about an animal, and while the girl in her vision was an excellent animal impersonator, she was most decidedly *not* a cat.

Though, Luna admitted, from what she had seen, she definitely knew how to attack Harry's weak spot with vigour.

Harley reached up to hold the hand resting on her shoulder, and pulled it down to rest on the middle of her Lycra-covered chest. "Pammy doesn't know what to think of this. She doesn't know how she feels. Let her think about it, and she'll come around."

"What do *you* think about it?" he asked her seriously.

She gave a heavy sigh. "I love Red, and I can't imagine a world without her. I can't imagine my *life* without her. We started our partnership on a purely sexual relationship, but we were open to see where it would go from there. I told her I loved her six days after I ran away with her. And I thought it was too soon." Her eyes focused on his. "I love you, Harry. And she does, too. If you truly meant what you said when we were out there, then I don't want you to think that you've said it too early, because I feel the same. I've seen too many relationships break apart because they don't know how the other feels, and they're stepping on eggshells."

Harry let out an uneasy breath, not even sure if he was holding it in or not. "I meant every word. I wasn't going for a one-night stand with a girl who had just broken up with her girlfriend. I wanted to steal you. I wanted you for myself, from a woman who I thought was taking you for granted. When I found out why she reacted the way she did, I felt... pretty bloody terrible. So I wanted to make it up to her." Harry grinned. "And you were right. It takes less than a day. I'm surprised it took you a week."

"It didn't," she smiled fondly. "I was in love the moment I made the decision to run away with her. I decided then that I would do whatever I could to win her over."

"Did she think it was too soon?" Harry wondered.

Her eyes shined at the happy memory. "I'll never forget her words. '*About damn time,*' she told me. '*I was beginning to think you were straight.*'"

Harry laughed. "Like that would stop any woman."

She rested her head on his chest, mindful of her pigtail, her hands clasped with his. "So we'll enjoy this; cherish it. So when you go back to Hermione, and Luna, and your family, there are no regrets."

Hermione spoke up from the mirror. "Harry?"

"I have faith in you, Hermione. You know what they say about soul mates. Even if you wanted to get rid of me, you couldn't. If you can't get to me, I'll get back to you," he whispered solemnly. "To all of you. Even if I have to try apparating there myself."

He said it with such conviction; he almost convinced himself that it was a fact. Hermione and Luna smiled at his words, and Harry gave a slight grin. "You're right, Harry," Luna murmured. "We'll find a way. If what I saw was a real vision, then we had to have found some way."

"We're not going anywhere, Harry," Hermione smiled at her boyfriend, "And we'll find a way. Bonded or not, you're not getting rid of me, Harry James Potter."

Harleen watched Hermione's eyes – the look of a strong, fierce woman who would do anything to get hers. "All I ask," the natural blonde whispered, feeling the eyes move to her, "is that when your vacation is over, that you remembered the two pretty girls that kept your stay here bearable."

The two girls felt shame at the implications of their words; making sure that Harry got to their world, away from Gotham, away from the sweet girl that seemed to attach herself to the boy they love.

"We made a statement tonight, in Gotham, Harley," Harry spoke clearly, his hand squeezing hers. "What was it?"

"That you're here," Harley said with uncertainty, almost as a question.

"I made three promises in that statement. I am here, yes, and together, we can make whatever change you want in Gotham to happen. The outline of that can be hammered out whenever we see fit; we have the time. My second promise was that I'm here to stay. When Hermione and Luna figure out how the hell I got here, it wouldn't take much more to figure out how to travel in-between. My third promise was to you and Ivy." He held her tighter to himself, and she cherished his embrace. "I'm here to stay for a reason. When I said I loved you two. That wasn't a statement. That was a *promise*; a hopeful promise. That this relationship might grow."

Harley's white teeth glimmered in her smile as she wiped her wet eyes. "I hope it grows, too," she whispered.

The four sat in companionable silence, Harley and Harry getting comfort from each other, Hermione and Luna contemplating the character that is Harleen Frances Quinzel, and how in such a short time, she had fallen completely and utterly in love with Harry James Potter. And how she didn't even know it yet.

"You know what this means, right?" the green/redhead asked him as she tangled their fingers together below her chin.

"Hm?"

"If you break our hearts, we'll kill you."

"If I break your hearts, it'd be because I'm already dead."

Harley quirked an eyebrow, her lips curled. "You used that line before, didn't you?"

"Only once; with Hermione's father. After he showed me his gun collection."

"He did that?" Hermione asked, mortified. "I'm going to... wait. He has a *gun* collection?"

Harry shook his head. "He did. For a week. Borrowed them from a friend, just so he could use it on me. It all fell apart when I was expressing interest in the types of guns, and I ended up knowing more than he did. It was kind of a bonding moment when I started teaching him about it."

"And he wasn't worried about how his dear daughter was with a boy who had an affinity for guns?"

"Antiques, mostly," Harry defended himself, "And no. Man's got to protect his own, y'know."

Hermione scoffed. "We've saved each other's arses so many times over the years, Potter. I'm hardly a damsel."

"His words, not mine. Wasn't going to point out that by then, we've been saving each other and the girls to a point where it's almost become a business."

"Potter's Protection, Incorporated?" Harley quipped, and the two laughed.

"I like it," Luna commented from the side. "We'd have to get that copyrighted."

Hermione blushed. "It sounds more like a company that sells condoms, to be honest!"

Pamela sauntered into a room with a large pot of coffee and tea, and found everyone in a considerably better mood. "Did I miss something?" She questioned the room with amusement on her features.

Harry shook his head. "No, not really. We're just about to get started, actually." He threw the mirror out in front of him, and Harley and Ivy watched in fascination as it glimmered and shimmered brightly, before landing straight on its edge, as wide and tall as the maroon sofa he and Harley were sitting on. For a glimmer, Hermione and Luna's faces were the size of Pamela's entire body, before Hermione made a sudden movement with her mirror. In a flash, the three saw the entire view of Hermione and Luna sitting together on the loveseat in what Harry knew was the Gryffindor Common Room.

"Luna? What time is it?"

Luna checked her watch. "It's three-fifteen."

"It's about midnight here," Harleen informed them.

"Good. More than four hours until classes ends. Plenty of time. Where should we begin?"

"The costumes would be a nice conversation starter."

"Luna!" Hermione looked scandalized. "Don't insult someone's customs! We don't know how their world works!"

"It's not their custom," she explained smoothly. "They're national criminals, and that's their disguises."

"I..." now Hermione looked mortified. She blushed heavily. "I-I'm sorry, I just assumed..."

"You've never met anyone from our world," Pamela waved her off. "You'd have no idea what we are. When Harry saw that we were criminals, and Harley mentioned that she went to school, he assumed that she went to a school for criminals."

“Not my brightest moment,” Harry muttered, scratching the back of his head with his free hand, and the girls giggled. Ivy took the time to lay out the mugs of coffee the vine followed her with and set the coffee next to them on the arm of the sofa.

“Well, it explains their outfits,” Hermione spoke, “but what about you, Harry?”

Harry looked down at his slashed-through crimson shirt and black cotton jeans. “Something I thought up while we were out. It’s not permanent, but it’ll give me a unique look for a while.”

“And you’re okay with the idea of him being a criminal?”

“In our world, Harry’s a hero. And so far, he doesn’t get a lick of respect from the public, or the Ministry. If Voldemort truly is dead, then nothing can stand in our way of our takeover of Britain. We’re criminals in our own right – in sheep’s wool.”

Luna smiled at Hermione’s words. “It’s quite a stark contrast to wearing a costume and making declarations of war with a city.”

“I like the costumes,” Harley pouted. “They’re flashy, and people view you with fear. Jesters will be more feared by children than mimes, or even clowns.” Her free hand rubbed up and down his long sleeve. “And I like this look, even though I didn’t get to design it. It’s got just the right amount of *spandex*.”

Ivy boldly stepped forward and pressed her hand to the material, her fingers skimming against his side, and Harry tensed lightly. “Smooth,” she whispered, and winked.

“Somebody’s done a little soul-searching in the kitchen,” Harleen grinned.

Ivy shrugged, before patting his firm abdomen. “I started thinking about it as I practically felt everyone’s eyes on my ass. Then I thought about how Harley and I confessed to each other. Never waste a moment, right?”

Harleen’s smile met Ivy’s. “Not a single second, baby.”

Ivy squeezed into Harry’s other side on the couch, mindful of the tray of coffee- and teapots and mugs on her other side. “So, I guess I’m part of your group. I’d say that it was more for Harleen’s benefit, but to quote her when she decided to run off with me – ‘*Call me curious.*’”

“We’d hope so,” Hermione started, before conjuring a glass. “*Aguamenti*,” she muttered, and the glass filled on its own. “We’ve got a bit to talk about. Normally, we’re not supposed to tell you anything about us, but it’s safe to say that you’re outside the Ministry’s reach. So, where should we begin?”

“How about from the beginning?” Ivy suggested, before pouring herself a cup of tea and leaning against Harry’s side. “With details?”

Harry settled into his seat between the two beautiful girls, and they both snuggled closer. Hermione and Luna did the same, the blonde’s head resting against the brunette’s shoulder while they wrapped their arms around each other.

And then the epic tale regarding the life of Harry James Potter began.

Author’s Note: Just so you know, my original requester didn’t even want Batman involved. So I’m not even sure why I wrote him in the story, or why I involved some kind of story at all. The requester just wanted smut, and I robbed him of it this chapter. We’ll get back on track with that, don’t worry. I repeat - **don’t abandon. More smut is on the way!**

Several things you may have noticed:

Batman: Year One, the official reboot of the Batman we were all familiar with before the New 52, was released in 1987. While that will be the generation of Batman I’ll be following along with the Animated Series, other classic story lines may affect someone at some time or another. Harry made a small mention that the first batman comic in his world was published in ‘87, so Year One was the first Batman comic, and the only iteration that ever existed in that world.

Arkham Origins took place in 1976. Considering most people consider the game as a loose interpretation of Batman: Year 3 or 4, I’m going to stick to some kind of consistency and say that in 1974, we are at the beginning of the third year of the Dark Knight’s reign. He’s faced some major threats by this point (Ivy and Harley, Penguin, Riddler, Scarecrow, Killer Croc, Bane, Falcone, Maroni, and Black Mask in the forefront), and he’s cleaned up the city well, but not the ones that most of you are waiting for, simply because the introductions should be fun to write. Keep in mind that I consider the Arkham Series part of the classic story lines.

6 – The Choices We Make

~Flashback, Pre-Veil~

“Excuse me.”

Harry, far too engrossed in his book, jumped a little in his chair, and looked towards his intruder, who had stepped back in response. “Oh. Sorry. Hello.”

“Hi,” she said meekly. “I’m terribly sorry for intruding, but I just wanted to ask you if you were done with any of those?”

Harry looked over at the pile of books in front of him, stacked neatly by the category he found them. He flushed. “Sorry,” he muttered embarrassingly, “I didn’t know the pile had gotten that high.”

“It happens to us all,” she smiled. “Well, *me*. And you, I suppose. Do you really read all of them?”

Harry nodded. “Usually by the end of the day.”

“Really?” She looked interested. “All of that? Those are some rather thick volumes.”

“Eidetic memory,” he informed her curtly, knowing that it was a believable, somewhat, stock story in comparison to him telling people about his powers. He had read more than one novel about a protagonist who runs for their lives after revealing their unknown powers.

He was *not* going to be probed.

The girl’s eyes brightened. “You do? That’s a real thing? I’ve read that there isn’t a proven case of that yet.”

Harry nodded with interest. He hadn’t dealt with someone who actually knew what eidetic memory was. They’d assume it was relating to photographic memory, and leave him be. “That’s the only rational explanation I have for why I can flip through pages and know every word.”

“Oh,” she gasped in understanding, “so you weren’t just scanning the pages?” Harry could tell she was genuinely curious; not mocking him, as someone would usually do when they see a small boy flipping through a Dickens novel.

"No, I've been reading. It's been a while since I've gone to the library, and..." his eyes glanced over the stacks. "I picked up whatever's new to me. I tend to get the bigger books out of the way." He looked over to the girl. "I haven't checked any out; they're here to take if you want to read one."

"Oh, no," she shook her head. "Miss Bryan just wanted me to ask you to put up the books. I'll tell her that you're still reading."

"I'll put them back in the right place," Harry promised, and she nodded gratefully, before turning and walking away, down the fiction aisle.

He went back to his book.

He had barely gotten two pages when a small tap distracted him, and he looked up once more to see her apologetic brown eyes. "Let me guess," he said dryly, "she wants me to put up the books right *now*?"

"It's policy," she muttered defensively, "and we can't have everyone taking all the books they want for themselves and make a fort out of them. Two books at a time."

Harry sighed. "That seems reasonable, I guess." He eyed her carefully. "So, are you the librarian's daughter or something?"

She shook her head. "I wait here after school for my parents to pick me up from work. Miss Bryan looks after me."

"So, you wouldn't object to helping me put up the books?"

Again, she shook her head in the negative. "Sorry, but she doesn't want me to help you. She wants me to make sure you put them all in the right place."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "A bit demanding, isn't she?"

"She's teaching you a lesson," she defended, with a touch of anger. "You *did* break the rules."

"I broke protocol and regulation, not the rules. I've read the pamphlet when I came in here, and it said nothing about the amount of books I can remove from the shelf at the same time."

That gave her pause. "It doesn't? Are you sure?"

"I trust my memory."

She looked lost for a moment. "Are you sure?" she asked him again.

Harry sighed. "If you can find it in the rulebook for this library, then I'll return all the books; I promise."

"B-but it's a courtesy!"

"You are the librarian's assistant – it's also a courtesy to help others when they ask for it."

She shook her head defiantly, her bushy brown hair swishing against her shoulders. "The librarian's word is *final*. Rules or not, she enforces them."

"Exactly." Harry's eyes went back to his book. "Not you."

The little girl stared at him, incredulous at his blatant disregard of her presence and the rules set before him, before she huffed and stalked away.

When the brown-haired girl returned, the librarian keeping up with the little girl's pace, he was gone.

~Post-Veil~

"Are you still mad at me for that?" Harry asked, amused.

"I'm more embarrassed," the brilliant brunette muttered, hiding her face in Luna's hair, and the airy blonde giggled as her friend's breath tickled her neck. She embarrassingly fell out of her grip into the other cushion, and Hermione laughed at the sudden movement. She turned back to the mirror in front of her. "Not a good first impression I've made."

Harry chuckled; his thumb rolling over Harleen's gloved knuckles. "Still, it was a good precursor for things to come; giving you headaches since the very day I met you."

Hermione gave an unladylike snort. "Harry, of all the things you give me on a basis, a headache doesn't come to mind."

“Irony,” Luna pointed out as she lay against the cushion, “considering when you get a headache, nothing else comes to mind *except* for the headache.”

“You didn’t give me that much of a headache, really,” Hermione admitted. “You returned the books to the shelves, at least.” She sent him a grateful smile, her straight white teeth gleaming. Harry returned the smile.

“So, that’s when you two first met?” Harleen asked with interest. “How old were you?”

“I was nine at the time,” Harry told his lovers, “And Hermione had recently turned ten. About two years from that day, we’d both get an invitation to the same school. Had we left things like that, we probably wouldn’t have even been friends for a long time.”

“I probably would’ve been dead,” Hermione noted. “Considering the mountain troll that was going to kill me.”

Pamela and Harleen held their breaths.

“Sorry,” the brunette muttered, “I’m jumping ahead. That doesn’t happen for a bit. But at least it’ll keep you interested.”

“We already were,” Pamela assured her, amusement in her tone, “but I wouldn’t mind sticking around for the troll story.”

“I’d rather not,” Hermione said quickly. “It was a rather sad moment; he died, you see. You only need to know what happened afterwards. And, I suppose the build-up to it. Had everything before not happened, it might have just been an isolated incident – a crazy circumstance with no meaning.”

Harley cocked her head to the side, resting on Harry’s elbow wrapped around her shoulders. “Everything before? You mean the development of your friendship?”

The brown-eyed girl crossed her denim-clad legs and leaned against the arm of the Gryffindor Red sofa. “Even by then, it was so much more. But we had to get over a hump, first....”

~Pre-Veil~

“Excuse me, but...” she gasped. “*You!*”

Harry winced and lowered his book. He knew this library looked familiar; he never bothered reading the names of them. “Oh... hello, again. How have you been?” he began uneasily.

“Where did you go?” She scowled at him.

“I was hiding in the nonfiction section. This whole time.”

She narrowed her eyes. “For eight weeks?”

“Fine, then; the religion section. I was trying to find sanctuary, so I wouldn’t be yelled at.”

She was aware that he was joking, so she refrained from spouting that they didn’t *have* a religious section. “Every book was in its right place on the shelves, and I was gone for half-a-minute at the most. How did you do that?” He wasn’t sure if she was angry because he had escaped her clutches, or because she couldn’t figure out *how* he did it.

“You scare me that much,” he said dryly. Seeing as she wasn’t in a laughing mood, he decided to give her a serious, never-the-less, false excuse. “My memory helped me out. I remember where every book goes, and I just went back through the shelves, putting them back.”

“That giant pile? In less than a minute?”

Harry nodded. “It’s not like you’re gonna believe anything else.”

She silently conceded to his point. She slumped as the fight left her, and gave a tired sigh. “At least you don’t have a pile of books around you anymore,” she noted with a hint of relief.

Harry again nodded. “In case I run into people like you.”

She crossed her arms. “It’s not right. In the library, you don’t hog all of the books to yourself. You just *don’t*.”

The green-eyed boy shrugged. “Alright.”

She stood awkwardly. "Alright?"

"Alright; I won't do it again. So, will we have any trouble from here on out?"

"I never wanted any trouble."

"I was never looking for it. But I'm willing to forget about it if you are."

She looked hesitant. "This isn't how I imagined this meeting would go."

"Build-up of anticipation for eight weeks does that for you," he teased, and she blushed prettily. "Harry," he grinned, and held out his hand.

She reached for it with a small smile, her overbite complimenting her smile, in his eyes. "Hermione."

"What school do you go to?"

"Were you looking for me at yours?" He wondered, his book forgotten. That happened a lot recently.

"Of course not," she huffed indignantly, her cheeks pink. "I haven't seen you in uniform."

Harry was aware of the hideous green school uniform, and had once considered copying the boy's version, but ultimately decided that he could never do that. Even he had standards. "I don't go to school."

"You're homeschooled, then?" she reasoned logically.

"I wouldn't call it that."

"What do you mean?"

Harry shook his head. "Nothing. I've just been moving around a lot."

"And that affects your homeschooling?"

"Not really. I just don't live anywhere."

She gasped. “*Really?*”

Harry put a finger to his lips. “We’re in a library, you know.”

“How do you not have a home?” she whispered urgently, her eyes showing a sense of alarm, and it could have been a trick of the light, but she looked sad at the prospect.

The boy shrugged. “Wasn’t really my choice. My relatives... hinted that they prefer me as far away as possible. I didn’t argue.”

“For how long?” she asked incredulously, her mind reeling at the boy in front of her, not living under a roof.

He looked pointedly at her, his green eyes searching. “A few years. No point in calling anyone about it, now.”

He could see the battle warring on in her features. He knew that if he had ever told her, she would call for help. In the few weeks he had spent with her, she had gone from absolutely worshipping authority figures, unquestionably obeying them, to admitting that the librarian could be a bit harsh ‘sometimes’.

He didn’t have much faith that she wouldn’t immediately run to the librarian.

However, she surprised him with her hesitant nod. “How are you living day-to-day?” she asked him, her eyes roaming him over like it was the first time ever seeing him. He looked down at his own Nottingham Forest shirt that he had seen in the store, and it looked clean and new.

He looked back up to her and grinned. “I get by.”

“You steal?”

Harry nodded unabashedly. “I can’t get a job, now can I?”

She crossed her arms. “And that’s your excuse.”

“It’s the one I’m sticking to.”

“Do you feel proud of yourself? Taking from hardworking people?”

He narrowed his eyes. "Most times, yes. It's amazing how much I can get away with."

Hermione fidgeted, and he inwardly smirked as he realized that she remembered when he had eluded her the first time they met, many months ago. "Could you do me a favor?"

Harry nodded, unsure.

"Don't get caught." Her eyes pleaded with him. "Please."

Harry wasn't intending to. And now, looking into her eyes, he made a solemn promise that he wouldn't.

~Post-Veil~

"You know," Harry remarked into the full-size mirror, "you took that pretty well. And you didn't ask many questions about it."

"Harry, I know you can't believe it, but there was actually a time where you weren't a social person. Even if I asked, I couldn't get the right answers out of you. And my mind was working far faster than you give me credit for. You may recall that *I* found your last name a few days later because I looked you up after that very moment."

"You found his last name?" Harley questioned, catching the brunette's strange words. She turned to Harry, her eyes inquisitive. "You didn't tell her your last name? Did you tell anyone else your last name, or were you really big on anonymity?"

Harry grimaced, leaning his head back. "I didn't know it. My relatives never told me. They thought I was a... er, a – "

"*Freak*," Harleen whispered. Harry turned to her in surprise. "That's why you flinched at that word. They literally tried to beat the magic out of you, didn't they?"

Pamela looked away, her eyes cold. "My plants have never been particularly carnivorous. They'll make an exception."

"They're dead," Hermione muttered monotonously. "I killed them. And I'd do it again in a bloody heartbeat." Her eyes glistened. "They reported him missing three years after he ran away. Three *bloody* years! And I bet it was on Dumbledore's orders when he found out!"

Luna wrapped her arm around her best friend's shoulders. "It's okay, 'Mione. It's over."

Hermione sniffled. "Not yet, it's not. There's still the kingpin. It'll never be over until he's dealt with."

"He will have his time," Luna promised the melancholy teen. "He'll pay for everything he's done. I promise."

Harry sighed, sitting his head back up and facing the girls in the mirror. "I would like to be there, but I'm sure he won't respond well to the fact that I'm gone for too long. He'll try to take the veil if he thinks we're getting nowhere. I hope you've hidden it well."

"We've got girls 'round the clock working on it," Luna informed him cheerily, "the best curse-breakers we have. Fleur got here this morning; her exams kept her from coming sooner. She's working well with Tonks and Daphne, especially. They're looking for spells or objects that can break the path."

"If Dumbledore or Snape give either of you or anyone else a hard time," Harry warned the girls, "do me a favor and send them through the bloody veil. If I'm lucky, they'll land in the same spot I was when I got here. I'll be waiting."

Hermione leaned into Luna's embrace. "Actually, Dumbledore's been rather accommodating, which annoys us. He's allowed Luna and me to skip classes for the week. It doesn't really matter after OWLS, so it's nothing special, but it was a show of good faith, and it's disturbing."

"It's something he's expected to do," Harry nodded. "Publicly, you two are my closest friends. Everyone would be questioning it if he didn't. I wouldn't be surprised if Septima or Aurora pushed for it, though. Still, it's going to make it seem like he's the hero in all this, because public knowledge says I'm dead, and he was the one that allowed you to grieve."

"Makes sense," Luna nodded. "I'd bet Minerva endorsed the idea. She sees you like a son."

Harry snorted. "A delinquent child you'd send to military school, maybe."

"She's right, Harry. McGonagall actually *cried* when she heard the news. I had to make her swear to an oath before I could tell her that you're still alive. She's in our confidence now, Harry. Her loyalty lies with us."

Harry's eyes showed his surprise. "Wow. That's... she really cried for me?"

The brunette nodded. "I'd save the memory in the pensieve if it wasn't so heart-breaking. She screamed bloody murder, and tore a new one into Dumbledore for not being at the Ministry."

"That works for us," Harry snickered, "considering he didn't know until we gave Tonks the message."

The girls in the mirror grinned slyly.

Pamela poured herself a cup of tea and sipped at it. "This 'Dumbledore'... is he a wolf in sheep's clothing as well?"

"Worse," Luna sighed, her fingers running over the butterbeer caps on her necklace. "He's the shepherd. And while I'm sure he would appreciate the term *goatherd* better, I liked your analogy more."

"And he's got the wool pulled over everyone's eyes," Harry muttered. He blinked. "Sorry. That one was unintentional. He's got everyone fooled, I mean. I suppose he would be the police in this world, and, no offense, Hermione, Luna, and I would be the Batman."

"Hm?" Hermione's head popped off of Luna's shoulder. "Batman? As in the comic book hero?"

Harry nodded. "It seems so. I'm, apparently, in a world where he's a real person. Everything seems legitimate about him. I haven't read the comics, but he has the same name as the Batman in the comics."

"Same name? Wait – you *know*!?" Harleen accused him.

Luckily for him, she didn't look angered that he hadn't told them yet – he was a bit pre-occupied with his headache earlier, and she understood. There was still a

certain amount of surprise, though. "Actually," he hastily explained, "I suspected you'd want to figure it out yourself when you watch his memories."

"Harry? Are you telling me that you did... *that* to a superhero?" Hermione looked shocked that he was alive, frankly. "Did you *once* stop to consider that it might not work on a *superhuman*?"

"I tried Legilimency before I took some memories," Harry said defensively. "His mind is as normal as anyone else's; a prodigy, yes, but for the most part, that's a normal man under that bat outfit."

"That wasn't a contradiction at all," Harley noted, and Pamela unsuccessfully fought a grin from sneaking onto her beautiful visage.

"Okay. Sorry, I overreacted. I just worry."

"You have every right to," Harry smiled at his best friend, "but not about me. I can handle myself."

"The more you say that, the more I start to believe it," she muttered with an embarrassed grin, tucking a strand of hair behind her ears with her free arm. "Still, if there's a Batman in your world, then logic – or whatever logic there is at this point – it would suggest that there are other things related to him in the lore. Maybe Harley and Pamela are mentioned. I'd have to do more research."

"And by that, she means she'll read comic books all day," Luna giggled cutely, and Hermione swatted at her shoulder, but didn't try to correct her. She'd been looking for an excuse to get into them, having read a few graphic novels at Hannah's insistence.

"It'd be nice to have a cheat sheet," Ivy muttered wistfully, now on her second cup. "Though, with Harry around, I doubt we'd need it. Especially considering he's changing everything with him being here."

"And actions," Harley quipped. "I don't think they were expecting that entrance." She snorted lightly. "I don't think anyone expected that!"

"That was the intention," Harry smiled, "but if you think they're going to just let us get away with... *what* are we doing, exactly? Cleaning the sewers? Create a bio-terrorism war? We need a plan going in."

“We’ll discuss it in the morning,” Ivy murmured, leaning against Harry. “But that’s the gist of it. While killing everyone in Gotham with spores was a fun idea, it was a reckless, heat-of-the-moment attack. With Harley’s help, I’ve refined my goals. We won’t stop until we get to a point where human-kind values plant-life as much as their own. They have suffered under the hands of humans enough, and I will help them calm their screams.”

“You really can hear their screams?” Harry whispered, his eyes searching hers. “All the time?”

She spared a smile at his concerned look. “Fortunately, and thankfully, no. On some level, we can speak to each other, almost like a normal conversation. I can hear screams from a plant as well as you can a human, at a moderate distance. I can’t hear a tree being destroyed in the Amazon, but this forest is loud and clear to me.” She smiled fondly. “By the way; my babies told me earlier today that they never attacked you when you first came here because you were unapproachable. You’ve hidden very well.”

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “I’ll show you my secrets next time we need it. Which reminds me; this place – how protected is it?”

Ivy looked at him strangely. “Other than deadly vines with poisonous thorns larger than your fist and sharper than a swordsmith’s proudest work? The door is locked.”

“I mean, in terms of visibility. We reach an act of terrorism, they could literally rain down fire or some other chemicals on us, and your plants might not be immune to that. Armor-piercing bullets probably won’t help, either.”

“We’re well-hidden in the forest,” Harley supplied helpfully. “At night, vines wrap up the entire place. During the day, it’s just a regular house with an attached greenhouse in the middle of the woods. We’re about four miles out of Gotham, and this is six miles of forest all around. The trees are tall and strong – they’ll hide us from a bat’s eye view. Compliments to the proprietor of this lovely green establishment.” She smiled warmly at her green-skinned lover, who flushed at the praise.

Harry nodded. “Okay. That works. When we get a bounty on our heads, we can use magical protection. But this definitely works.”

“Okay,” Pamela agreed. “We can do that, and discuss our plans, later.” She turned back to Hermione and Luna, who were patiently waiting, the blonde’s head snuggled against the brunette’s generous bosom. “But for now, I’m curious; how were you able to find Harry’s last name? Is the name ‘Harry’ that uncommon?”

Hermione shook her head, her fingers running through Luna’s sleek dirty-blonde hair. “No. A member of the royal family is named Harry, so a lot of families feel some sort of perverse connection or heightened expectation by naming their child Harry. There were quite a few missing Harrys. There was only one child, however,” her eyes moved subtly to the boy in question’s forehead, “who had such a distinct mark like that. They’ve never taken a picture of Harry, but they were able to give a fairly accurate sketch, while both putting the scar on the wrong side of his head and underplaying how dreadfully underfed he was.”

“I ate more living by myself than I did with the Dursleys,” Harry laughed at the ironic thought, while the girls’ faces around him grew darker.

“You’ve killed them in your world, and I hope you didn’t make it easy for them,” Harley said seriously, staring pointedly at Hermione, and she nodded. “But if these Dursleys exist in this world as well, then I want my shot at them, too.”

“If they even did exist here, they’d be around my age, and Petunia wouldn’t even be a Dursley,” Harry commented, before a sobering thought came to him, and he shuddered. “At this point, I’m older than my *mother!*”

“And my aunt,” Hermione added cheekily, and giggled at the glare Harry sent her way. “And while I wouldn’t object to someone taking out that dreadful family again, we may be jumping the gun. As far as we know, they’re still innocent people.”

“Vernon is a bully,” the ebony-haired teen muttered. “He’s the Dudley of his generation. At Smeltings, with that stupid cane, beating and maiming people with it –”

“*What?*” Ivy hissed loudly, her eyes beginning to glow a very dangerous shade of green. “*A cane?*”

Harry nodded. “The school assigns all their students with canes, so they can hit each other while the teachers aren’t looking. Supposed to build character.”

“Sounds like it builds more lawsuits!” Harleen was seething as well. “What the hell kinda school has rules like that?”

“A school that’s lasted at least two generations,” Harry shook his head. “Of course, Dudley prospered well at that school. He’s been a bit aggressive since he didn’t have me for a punching bag anymore.”

“Wait,” Ivy interrupted, the thought just coming to her. “How do you know all of this? Did you go *back* to them?”

Harley looked incredulous at the thought. “Those bruises on your back; that’s not from a decade ago, is it?” She whispered softly, almost fearful of the answer.

Harry smiled a bit. It may have been a bit out of place – discussing the abuse he had taken at the Dursleys’ hands, and the long-term repercussions of said abuse – but he couldn’t help but feel honored that he was surrounded by people who worried about his well-being. “He can’t hurt me anymore,” Harry whispered. “Not where he’s at. Thank you for caring, but... I don’t think I need anyone feeling sad for me right now. Anyone looking through my eyes can see my luck has dramatically changed since then.”

“Still,” Hermione started delicately, “you asked about it, and we’ll tell you. Yes, he did get sent back – on Dumbledore’s orders. Harry was twelve, and he had – *arguably* – the worst of his years in Hogwarts.”

“They were all pretty decent, considering the ups compared to the downs,” he smirked at his first girlfriend, his green eyes shining. “Still, there was a time when you were happy to go to Hogwarts. Remember when you got your letter?”

Hermione had a wistful look on her features. “Yeah, there was a time. I was naïve, certainly. One thing I’ll always cherish, though – the look on your face when I told you about it. When you realized that you could tell me everything.”

“And that was when Hermione Granger broke her first rule,” Luna smiled, her eyes closed. “Before she even read that Harry was a celebrity, she had already made the choice to tell her best friend that she had gotten an invitation to Hogwarts.”

“Are you falling asleep on me, Luna?” Hermione asked the blond resting on her chest, amused.

“I was listening, you just have such soft pillows,” Luna purred, and Hermione blushed.

“Moving on,” the brunette murmured, purposefully ignoring her boyfriend’s chuckles and the other girls’ muffled laughter, “I got the letter, and I thought logically about it. It seemed that Harry certainly qualified for having magic, what with the adventures he’s told me about, and the things I’ve seen him do, and I reasoned that he would likely be getting a letter had someone known where he went.”

“That was around the time I finally mastered Occlumency, and the memories started to come easier to me. I was sorting out my memories bit by bit for organization – a little each day, as the book suggested. I woke up one day knowing what my parents look like, the same day Hermione got that letter. She showed me the letter, and I told her... well, *everything*, really.”

“You wouldn’t shut up,” Hermione muttered, her lips curved upwards. “It was sweet. You spilled out your soul to me, secrets that you’ve never told anyone other than Luna and very few other girls, including you two. That might not mean a lot now, but here, Harry’s trust is sacred.”

Harry flushed at her high thought of him. “Well, you didn’t have to say it like that,” he murmured embarrassingly, “some things are hard to talk about, is all. Besides, you broke a rule for me; a rule with almost unimaginable consequences, just because you had a hunch about me.”

“Harry, I wouldn’t have gone without you,” she said defiantly. “I told you before I told my parents, because I didn’t want to be pressured into going. I had almost no idea if you were magical or not. I’d already made up my mind; if I couldn’t bring my only friend, then I wasn’t going to Hogwarts.”

“Hermione, you *know* that you’d still see me around even if I wasn’t invited. Even when Ms. Bryan banned me, you saw me nearly every day. I’d find my way in.”

“A haggard librarian doesn’t compare to a magical school, Harry,” Hermione pointed out with a smile, “but I’m flattered, none-the-less.”

“Still, I proved to break their defenses too, right?” Harry cheekily grinned. “Still, I’m getting off-track. When I saw that Hermione could do magic, I was over the bloody moon. What were the chances, really? I finally showed her my own power, and began teaching her some magic.”

“What did you do?” Harleen wondered, crossing her legs as she sat back against his arm once more.

The green-eyed wizard hugged her to himself. “Something simple, and rather tame, actually. I levitated a book, then I summoned a small fire in my hand. It was a cool little parlour trick I discovered I could do, but I knew it was too risky to do something like a street show, so I wanted to show off a bit.”

“He just held up his palm and blue fire hovered over it. The heat and brightness of it made me shield my eyes. It swirled so intensely, I was sure it might spin out of control.” She looked at Harley, then at Ivy, making eye contact with both. “*No one* can do that. Not Dumbledore. Not Voldemort. Not even me. And, full disclosure, we are quite easily the four most powerful people in recent history.”

“A bit dramatic, there, ‘Mione.”

“Harry, you didn’t even flinch when you summoned that fire. It was *blue*, for Merlin’s sake.”

“Merlin?” Harleen queried, having caught that name a few times. “So he’s a real person?”

“Indeed,” Hermione confirmed. “And he’s just as famous to us as he is to the rest of the world. He attended Hogwarts, actually; a millennia ago.”

“What did he look like?” Harley jumped in her seat excitedly, gently breaking away from Harry’s embrace.

Pamela smiled softly at her girlfriend’s childlike exuberance. “Down, girl. I doubt they have a picture of him.” She glanced over to Hermione skeptically. “Do you?”

“Actually...” Hermione started, “...we have a drawn picture. The look of Merlin is pretty similar to what normal people think he looks like. His picture is, I think, most accurate in *Hogwarts, A History*.”

As Hermione was finished talking, Harry gingerly removed his right arm from Pamela’s shoulders, and proceeded to wave his fingers back and forth. They watched in fascination as pages began to appear in thin air, sliding along his fingertips and stacking on top of each other, floating before them.

Hermione's face heated more and more as each page materialized in front of them. "Is that... verbatim, Harry?"

He gave her a deadpan look, the pages spilling from his fingers. "Every. Single. Word."

Luna laughed uproariously, while Pamela and Harley looked confused at the brunette's embarrassment. "And to believe – Harry's never read a page!"

"It's a good book," Hermione squeaked.

"I know it is, love," Harry muttered, dragging his finger along the spine, and Harley cooed as the leather binding wrapped around the stack. He grabbed the levitating book and flipped through its pages. "Ah, here it is; page fourteen."

Ivy and Harley stared at the Dumbledore look-alike, while Hermione tried to regain her composure. "Well, if you could conjure books, then I suppose you wouldn't mind conjuring a pensieve, then? It's a lot better than describing it."

"Would that work?" Harry wondered. "I mean, it's a magical object. At most, I'll be conjuring a kettle. I was trying to figure out a way to show Batman's memories to them. I think the only way might be to find a pensieve in this world; if it exists."

Hermione thought furiously, and turned to Luna, who still had wetness in her eyes from mirth. "Luna, do you know any way to let them see the memories?"

Luna shrugged. "Other than the obvious."

"What's the obvious?" Hermione wondered with a bright smile, knowing that it would be a thought that no one considered.

"Harry puts the memories in a quartered off section of his mind, and you can access it. Then we put it in our pensieve, and jump in there with the mirror."

"Luna; you're a genius."

She looked confused. "You didn't think of that? I thought you didn't want to suggest it because we don't really know how strong your mental connection with Harry is right now."

"I can feel it getting stronger," Harry told the two, leaning forward. "I scream in my head, you can hear me. You get pissed, I can feel it. The theme seems to be whenever we're feeling something powerful, it's loud and clear. So I don't think you'll be able to get a good connection with me for now."

"The fact that the connection is still working is impressive," Luna noted. "I've said this before, but you two aren't really supposed to put that much distance between you two. It's why all of Voldemort's Horcruxes are in Europe. At this point, he has too many, but if he had two or three, he'd feel a bit of pain if one of them left... *oh*."

Realization dawned on the two smartest witches of their generation, followed closely by the three on the other side of the mirror. "Shit," Hermione breathed. "So Harry killed Voldemort that way? By going to a different dimension with a piece of his soul?"

"Could it really be that simple?" Harleen wondered, her eyes wide. "Just getting in some distance between his Horcruxes? Shipping a package to a distant relative in the United States could kill a Dark Wizard?"

"There has to be more to it," Harry said slowly. "...Right? It *can't* be that easy."

The silence that ensued suggested that it very well could be, and just might be.

Ivy cleared her throat. "That still wouldn't explain why you and Hermione are not suffering from any negative effects."

"You have a point," Hermione muttered, before biting her bottom lip in concentration. "I'm tempted to look into it, but figuring out that veil is a priority right now."

"Killing Voldemort is always a priority," Harry pointed out. "But yeah, since he's temporarily down, getting back would be nice. I'll go back to the scene in the morning."

"*We'll* go back to the scene," Pamela corrected him. "After you model your clothes for us, like you promised. We purposefully waited until nighttime to show you what Gotham looks like. It looks so drastically different during the day."

"I'd have to disguise you," Harry remarked. "You're pretty recognizable, and I don't want police surrounding the scene I spawned from."

Ivy shook her head. "No need. Harley is a master at disguise."

"You won't even recognize her," Harleen spouted proudly. "Especially when Ivy puts on a performance. She's really good at acting like she tolerates other people."

She shrugged. "Only because I know I'll enslave them soon."

"Are we working for plant equality, or plant world domination?" Harry asked, amused.

"Whichever's easier," she smirked, leaning against his shoulder, "and knowing the stubbornness of humans... I'd say that forced slavery is the best bet."

"And that's not going a bit overboard?" Hermione asked after a short pause, seeing Harry's shocked silence.

Pamela shrugged, once again. "Maybe. Whatever it takes for them to follow my message."

"World domination..." Harleen muttered to herself, tapping her chin in thought. "It sounds fun!"

"Doesn't it?" Ivy grinned, reaching over Harry to pat her girlfriend's thigh. "The journey there should be pretty exciting, at least."

Harry scoffed and crossed his arms. "How much fun we might have is not the problem. Having a city, a state, or even the government hounding us is going to be a problem. Are you ready to have the *world* gunning for you?"

Ivy lost her smile, and her eyes focused on his. "I told you before; I told them all. Gotham is nothing but a testing ground for my plans. Then my presence will spread through the other major cities – Keystone, Metropolis, Star City. It will escalate when other nations respond, and we'll have to strike first.. I honestly don't know if Harley and I alone can handle this, but it needs to be done – someone has to do it. Whether you join us or not is your decision."

Harry looked back and forth between the two, while Hermione looked ponderous. His eyes settled on the redhead. "Would you love me any less if I declined?"

There was an uncertainty in her eyes. "I... I don't know if I do now. Is there an attraction? Of course. Sexual tension? Obviously. Could I see this relationship

between us continue? Sure. I don't... I'm not going to try to understand the depth of the relationship you have with your girls. I don't really understand the immediate attraction Harley felt towards you. I feel it towards you, only after Harley pointed it out. There's something about you – the charming, modest, intelligent person that I see, that happens to have incredible power and a streak for considering other people's feelings. It's just *refreshing*. And it's something that makes me lose even more faith in humanity, because I see you, and your friends, and I see *them*, out there, and I wonder... *are* we the worst? Is our world so *dirty*, that looking in from the outside, we're entertainment? The fucked up humanity I've seen in Gotham – it *belongs* in a comic book.

“And that's how your world sees it. And as you've said, your world is corrupt as well, and that's why you're trying to overthrow your government. And still, they have the time to read our escapades. A story of how a world is so polluted, that a man dressed like a bat does more than the police. Do you know how *easy* it was before he came along? The fact that no one could stop me is a testament to how screwed we are. No government steps in. No state police. Nothing. Maybe I'm too soft? Maybe I need to kill more? I don't know. But the facts are that if I can take over, then anyone with a modicum of power can. I've seen that there are others like me – mutants. Powerful criminals with much more nefarious plots than anything I could stomach. Just three days ago, a man held up a packed football stadium hostage with bombs, simply because it was Father's Day, and he wanted to 'celebrate' the unappreciated holiday. Everything was back to normal the next day. The people, the news, they were all bored with that story, and waited for the next – and we were the new story, that'll be talked about for days. The only thing that's keeping their attention even that long is because you're new, and unexpected. It's... maddening. Picture what would happen if Batman weren't around? The Commissioner, reportedly, never left the goddamn house during the bomb threat! The only reason he was there to meet us was for good press; a chance to say that he did something, like arrest the best team in Gotham.

“This is far beyond my babies – nature is in danger, but so is the rest of the world. So,” Ivy sighed, sitting back against the sofa. “I guess what I'm trying to say is no. I wouldn't love you any less if you didn't join us. But,” her eyes focused on Harry's, “I wouldn't love you any less if you had the sense to get out while you still can. I've made the offer to Harley.”

“As often as possible,” the natural blonde muttered, wrapping her hands around Harry's arm. “I'll stick by Red's side until the end. She knows that – she just doesn't like it. You know what I tell her? It's what people who love each other do.”

Harry nodded. "You're right. It is. But that's not the main reason I'm staying."

Harley breathed a heavy sigh of relief, while Pamela almost choked on her own breath. Harry's hand rested on her thigh. "Several months ago, I once told the world that Voldemort had returned from the grave. Not only did they all turn on me, they discredited every word I've said since, simply because the minister didn't believe me. The only authority figure who has ever publicly supported me was the Prime Minister of Wizarding France, and she was my friend. No one cared about my evidence. No one cared about my word, and I'd given them no reason to distrust me. It was then when we decided that something needed to change – that we needed to overthrow the authority, and change the world for the better. I'd be a hypocrite if I said that your idea is any different from mine. In fact, it's very much the same idea. I'm joining because I don't know much about your world, but you've given me no reason to distrust you, and I'll believe your word. I'm joining because..." he glanced at Harley, then back to Pamela, "because I'd hate myself if I didn't. I'm not worried about your well-being – you two seem to have been able to take care of yourselves before I got here. But I don't think I could tolerate myself if I didn't help make your journey to the top easier."

Ivy leaned in and kissed Harry chastely. "Thank you," she murmured, her eyes shining.

"You are so gonna get laid tonight," Harley whispered, loud enough for Ivy to hear.

"Don't you have dinner to cook?" She said loudly, refusing the rosy blush to surface on her cheeks.

"Can't cook without a menu," Harley shot back with a grin. "Besides, I'm hungry for... something else."

"Of course you are," Ivy muttered to herself, smiling. "But we do have to eat, eventually. It's been more than a day."

"It is an essential part of being alive," Harry pointed out. "My magic can sustain me for a while, as my earlier street-hopping days showed me, but I'd rather not starve myself, especially with the energy I've been burning. Why don't I whip something up quick? It'll be a few minutes."

"Are you sure?" Harleen asked, releasing his hand as he got up from the couch. "It's no problem – you really shouldn't be cooking for us on the first full night here."

Harry chuckled as he paused at the doorway. "Funny – I feel like I've been here for a lifetime."

Ivy grinned at her newest lover. "Any regrets?"

He grinned back. "Haven't decided yet. It hasn't even been twenty-four hours."

Hermione waited until he was out of sight before speaking. "So, Pamela, Harley... if you don't mind me asking... what do you two regularly look like – without the costumes?"

Ivy flushed and looked away, while Harleen giggled.

"What?" Hermione wondered. "Did I say something wrong?"

Luna smiled as she finally fell asleep against her best friend's breast.

"I thought you quit."

James Gordon breathed steadily into the air, the smoke wafting into the black night. "Yeah. I thought I did, too."

Detective Essen crossed her arms as she leaned against the doorway. "Are you going to be long?"

He shook his head, and took another drag.

After a few more seconds of uncomfortable silence, she pulled open the door and walked back into the station.

Jim sighed. Alone on the roof.

He could be with his wife and daughter right now.

Instead he had to deal with... whatever the hell just happened tonight.

Loeb was pissed about it all. Patrolling units all night long was apparently in the schedule. Even speeding tickets were ignored as they searched for the elusive trio.

Howard Branden was still being treated. He likely wouldn't be allowed to search with them, as he almost definitely suffered a concussion.

Which was a good thing. He'd rather they bring at least one of them in alive. Of course, the commissioner didn't care. He wanted answers, but he'd rather they be put down quickly, rather than given another chance to escape.

The injured were sent to the hospital. He would visit them in the morning. He had almost gotten into the back of the ambulance after a routine check-up when Barbara called, having seen the news broadcast.

Which led him to his first cigarette in months.

She won the fight, of course, mainly because she fought him with the truth. He had no idea why he continued to fight for this city. Corrupt colleagues aside, what he found himself facing was far and beyond out of his league. It was like there was an entire generation of freaks evolving into something else. Scum with the power of gods.

"Only crazy can fight crazy," the Captain muttered, flicking the butt of the cigarette to the ground, before squashing it. Right now, he didn't know what to do. It was times like this he wished the vigilante and the villains took each other out. God knows he was searching for them right now, and they were waiting for him.

He pulled out another cigarette. One more couldn't hurt.

Not as much as the paperwork would.

"You know," the gray-haired Englishman remarked, knuckles digging into the back of his employer's neck, "if you listened to me, you wouldn't be in this situation to begin with."

The Batman said nothing.

"And now," he pressed his palms into his bare shoulder and squeezed the muscles tight, "you could have been killed tonight, and without a fighting chance at all. You just happened to meet someone gracious enough to allow you to live. I'd be very thankful, Master Bruce, and count my blessings."

There was silence as Alfred Pennyworth poked and prodded along his back. “What if someone had seen you? What if someone had captured you? How were you going to explain this to anyone? What would I tell Andrea?”

Bruce winced. Of course Alfred had to involve her in this.

The faithful butler’s fingers pressed at the small of his back, and Bruce’s fingers twitched. Nodding with satisfaction, he stepped away. “You should be able to move most of your body within the next few minutes. I suggest you take it and use it wisely. I’m not telling you that I wouldn’t help you next time you get in a situation like this, because I would; I made a promise to your parents. A promise that I intend to keep. A good and human promise, that actually *meant* something to them.” His tightening fists suddenly loosened, and he joined his hands behind his back. “Batman cannot stop them. I’ve seen the news. I’ve taped it. I’ve paused it. They *literally* vanished into thin air. Batman cannot do that. And if they’re the ones who did that to you, then maybe I should be thankful. They gave you a warning – a wakeup call. Instead of the death wish you seem to be begging the criminals of Gotham for years.”

He gave a heavy sigh, watching his ward’s insistently wiggling fingers, and his pulsing veins in his body. “One day, Master Bruce, you will want to take the time to hear my pleas. And it’ll be too late for them to make any difference.”

He turned and walked away from the medical bed, moving towards the elevator. “Twenty-five minutes until dinner is served. That will give you plenty of time to ignore me. But even when he knew he had to save the world, even Jesus celebrated his last meal, sir.”

“Okay,” Pamela muttered, having just swallowed the first bite of the steak in front of her, seated at the table in their kitchen. “I’m aware that I’ve been saying this in the heat of the moment, but that’s how good this is; I think I’m in love with you.”

Harleen giggled, her blonde tresses covering her eyes. “I don’t know what I can say to top that. I’ll just have to settle for: This is *really* good.”

Harry grinned behind his fork. It really wasn’t the first time a girl had proclaimed her love for him when he cooked. “I’m glad you two love it. Hope it fills you up – we have been neglecting eating food lately.”

“Meh,” Harley waved it away, “At this point, I’m restocking energy. I have no intentions of letting it sit still. You deserve a real nice ‘thank you’.”

“If you want to show gratitude, saying thank you would be easier,” Harry pointed out, his grin full-bloom.

“Arguably,” she licked her lips after taking another bite of her fettuccine. “But a blowjob would be more fun.”

“This is the part where I’d choke on my food,” Ivy muttered, pinching the bridge of her nose. She looked pointedly at Harley. “So what is this? The honeymoon phase? What’s with the constant sex on the brain?”

“Aw,” she cooed, “that’s sweet, Ivy. Pretending that your nips haven’t been as hard as steel since we got back.”

To her credit, she didn’t blush. “They usually always are, dear.”

She looked pointedly at her green-skinned lover. “Pammy, sweetie, I look more than you do. It’s only when you’re horny.”

Harry took another bite of the casserole. Normally, the food would be much more interesting to him in awkward moments like this, but he decided to take on a more proactive role. “So which one is it, Ivy?”

She looked curiously over to him. “Which one what?”

“Which one of us kept you wet? Harley or me?”

Ivy gasped at his frankness, while Harley’s eyebrows arched delicately. “I... I don’t...”

“When you were rubbing my abs earlier, and licking your lips, were you thinking of how you couldn’t wait to tuck into bed? Or were you thinking that I might take you both in the kitchen, Harley riding me and you grinding along my stomach while you sucked on a man’s tongue for the third time today, like an addiction you didn’t know you couldn’t quit?”

Harry smirked as Ivy’s hand trembled. “Or maybe it’s just me,” he whispered, turning back to his food.

Harley rubbed her thighs together under the table as she made eye contact with her girlfriend. She looked so vulnerable – so *weak*.

Just like she herself did the first time she met Harry. And the first time she met Pamela, now that she thought of it.

Slowly, Harleen placed her fork down next to her half-eaten meal, and wiped at her chin demurely. With her other hand, she took a long sip of the glass of ice water, and she almost laughed when she saw Ivy gulp nervously.

The cloth she had used to dab at the corners of her now unpainted pink, pouty lips, slipped from her nimble fingers and fell to the floor. “Oops,” She grinned.

Pamela’s eyes widened. Surely, she wasn’t thinking...

She gasped in surprise as she felt a shock run through her. Rough hands grazed her bare thigh with a feather touch, skimming and skipping across her smooth skin. She immediately glanced over to Harry, who was calmly chewing a bite of his cube steak, one hand wrapped around the handle of his fork, the other under the table.

Doing *sinfully* good things to her. She bit her lip to hold back a moan, and closed her eyes for just a moment, feeling his fingers get dangerously close to her covered womanhood. She sighed raggedly, spreading her legs just a little bit, willing to let herself go completely.

“Oh!”

“Where did that stupid cloth go?” Harleen muttered, her breath against her thighs, her bare hands gripping her ankles. Teeth nipped against her skin, and Ivy whimpered each and every time.

Harry’s nimble fingers stroked down the middle of her gusset, gathering her wetness into her outfit, *soaking* the material sufficiently. His fingers suddenly hooked into the side of her crotch, and pulled it away, revealing her precious green petals to her Harley’s hungry eyes.

Pamela moaned long and hard as Harley’s tongue dragged up her slit, her tongue bathing in the redhead’s flavor-filled fluids as she wrapped her arms around the older girl’s legs. Her pink lips formed a light suction on Ivy’s nether lips, wiggling her talented, well-trained tongue in and about her moist cavern.

Her eyes still closed, she suddenly felt lips against her own. She quickly responded, reaching up to run her long fingers across the clean face as she leaned back in the chair. Her lips parted delicately, and he took advantage, his wide tongue polluting her mouth with the taste of broccoli in a deliciously good way, his hands suddenly grasping her left breast, covered by her strapless leotard.

She shivered into his mouth as her outfit suddenly disappeared, and she was naked, her breasts and undeniably pointed nipples exposed to the room, her juicy twat being thoroughly excavated by Harley's skilled tongue. She stretched her lithe body out and wrapped her thighs around her girlfriend's neck, placing the bare soles of her feet against her blond lover's naked lower back as she climaxed in both of her lovers' embraces.

She barely recognized that Harley had removed her shirt when Harry pinched lightly at her nipples, before rolling them languidly between his fingers. She shuddered wonderfully, squirming around Harley's tongue, and she cried out at the pleasure assaulting her, her orgasm prolonging.

Her fingers slid down his clothed chest, sliding down the abs that she had admired earlier, and periodically throughout, her fingernails lightly grazing against the cloth just hard enough for him to feel it.

Poison Ivy – known to the world as the insufferable cocktease, the look-but-never-touch beauty, seducer and destroyer, quickly and blindly unbuckled Harry's pants and wrapped her hands around his massive shaft before it could even flop out of his pants. She didn't even question his lack of underwear as she stroked his cock.

Harry broke the kiss to moan and stood fully, and she finally opened her eyes and allowed herself to get a closer look at his tool. It was even more intimidating than she remembered it, as his large ball sac could have weighed it down all on its own, his head looking bigger than her mouth could fit around.

But she knew from experience that it very well could. And it damn well *would*.

Her tongue peeked out to lick the slit of the head, and her mouth watered at the taste. Her tongue quickly swirled around his head, trying to ignore the overwhelming tongue-lashing she was getting courtesy of her over-pleasing girlfriend, and instead focused on the massive beauty of her boyfriend.

Her *boyfriend*.

She could get used to that. And rather quickly, too.

Perhaps, later, she would reflect on her life, and her utter hatred for men. She would take a long, hard look at herself in the mirror, at her sticky body, covered in the fluids of her two lovers, knowing that the night would likely end that way, and she would consider her stance against all men under one umbrella, and maybe, one day, admit to herself that there were exceptions to the rule.

Right now, though, for the second time today, and for the second time in her life, all she knew was that she needed some cock in her, and she needed it now.

She wrapped her lips around the head of his dick and spit, moistening his tool further. She released his cock from her mouth and tilted it upwards, taking only a second to watch in fascination as her spit slowly dribbled down his cock, beginning the impossibly long journey to the summit, before licking and kissing the side of his meat, trying to cover his tool with her spit.

Her lips stretched obscenely around his mast, her small, long tongue swirling around his cock like a candy cane stripe, much like the vines at her command, and he shuddered violently at the foreign sensation. If she had the space to smile around his dick, she would've, but instead, she settled for pushing further onto his large shaft.

Without warning, Harry's fingers gripped tightly into her hair, and pulled her forward, skewering her onto his stake. His head pushed past her tonsils, and her throat gurgled around his tip, painfully burning, while Harry only felt a gentle massage. Her eyes began to tear at the strange sensation, as she could hardly even breathe through her nose. She closed her eyes, and concentrating, slid forward even further, and she had to lower herself as Harry's dick travelled vertically down her throat.

Harley's mouth slowly retreated from her quivering clam and she scooted out from under the table. "*Shit,*" she gasped, her eyes wide with arousal as she saw her girlfriend swallow and gargle on her newest lover's cock, her throat visibly expanding as he forced himself – or was *she* doing the forcing? – down her gullet. She could actually see her throat muscles convulse and pulse around his luxurious fuckstick, squeezing and rolling against his dick with a passion.

The blond teen quickly removed her shorts and sauntered over to Harry's side, reveling at his expression as he tilted his head back, and rubbed her fingers along

the base of his shaft, and she was amazed at the length that was, as of yet, unexplored.

No wonder it could never fit in her. The beast was halfway to Ivy's stomach and he still had more to spare!

The first night she and Harry had made love, she had considered it a challenge to fit as much as she could in her without, if she could avoid it, killing herself. A part of her was sure that Harry was thinking the same thing. And now, as she watched Ivy's moist eyes closed, breathing heavily through her nose, practically purring in pleasure, and Harry, his head tossed back, his body tense, lost in the pleasure surrounding him, she smiled at the thought that they didn't care; they were having too much fun to notice.

With that in mind, and feeling a little bit better about herself, Harley knelt to the floor, next to her longtime lover, and gently gripped Harry's testicles in her hand.

Harry shuddered mightily, and looked down to see the two gorgeous girls worshipping his cockmeat, Ivy's lips earning the reputation she had been falsely given for years, Harley's small hands smoothly caressing his heavy hairless sac.

Harley looked up with bright blue eyes at him, and winked, before sticking out her well-used tongue and licking at the wrinkles of his scrotum.

Harry, at this point, was relatively sure he would die – of either pleasure overload, or the old legend that you usually see what the heart wants most in the world, in a mirage, before leaving, feeling some false sense of accomplishment.

This felt far too real, but he was rather willing to admit that this was supernatural enough that he couldn't really explain what was happening in words. Not that he could speak, really. He was sure it would come out in some grunt, or a girly sigh, or something.

He slowly untangled his fingers from Ivy's hair, careful not to let his ring get caught in her auburn tresses, and awkwardly kept his hands at his sides. Most of his girlfriends were okay with him taking charge... like *that*... and he was sure that they were turned on to the idea as well, but he didn't want to assert that type of dominance too soon, and much too fast.

Instead, he settled for slowly putting his hands on his girls' heads, running his hands through red and golden locks as they sucked and nipped, respectfully, at his tool.

Ivy preened at the touch, slowly leaving her uncomfortable seated position in the chair and sitting on her haunches, his dick sliding slowly out of her throat as she adjusted, and she slipped her mouth off of his steel cock. She cleared her throat – she had gotten far more comfortable with his dick down her throat than she should probably be comfortable with, but seeing as she had no gag reflex, it probably wasn't a surprise – and lifted her hands to stroke at his thickness once more.

She found herself a bit proud that her hands could barely fit around his penis, but her mouth could handle it well.

Her eyes moved over to her lovely girlfriend, whose mouth was currently bathing Harry's testicles with love and tenderness. She showed as much dedication whenever she focused on her, as she had proved mere minutes ago. Jealousy was far from her mind at this point. Perhaps mutual respect? He had managed to capture the heart of Harleen Quinzel and Pamela Isley, and he truly deserved the world for that fantastic feat.

She giggled, and kissed the tip of his gorgeous cock. Then, taking Harley's attention, she kissed the girl's cheek. Her girlfriend popped her mouth off of Harry's sac for a moment, staring lustfully at her first lover.

The two began to kiss slowly, their lips gently smacking against each other's. Their bare breasts glided together freely as their hands roamed each other's sides.

Harry quickly stood back to watch the two vixens in front of him, stroking himself as he did so. He leaned against the counter, as he witnessed a sight that very few people wouldn't kill to see.

Ivy's fingers travelled down her blond lover's stomach, and swiftly slammed two fingers into her. Harley broke the kiss to squeak in surprise, and Ivy took the opportunity to nip at her young lover's throat, kissing and sucking at her soft, supple skin.

Harley whimpered as she was assaulted by Pamela's fingers, a sensitive spot on her neck being assaulted by her loving, curious pink muscle. Normally, this was the point where her vines would come out of nowhere, when she was distracted, and

hold her down, because she tended to thrash around during their bouts of lovemaking. Her hands were free, so she decided to show her appreciation by sliding her fingers down her sweat-slicked stomach to Ivy's moist snatch and rubbing aggressively at her throbbing clitoris.

"Ah!" she moaned loudly, her private area sensitive. She whipped her hair back and continued to suck on her neck, lowering her body, leaving a trail of saliva down the young girl's neck. She grinned against the top of her cleavage, feeling her lover writhe and wiggle against her, her back arching towards her hungry lips.

"Fuck," Harley yelled aloud, her peach nub tingling as her lover wrapped her soft lips around it, and she felt Ivy curl her fingers inside her snatch, wriggling them pleasurably – and a little painfully. "No, Red," she gasped, then moaned, as she felt her knees weaken to the pleasure. "I'm – still sensitive."

The gorgeous green teen lifted her lips from the nub of her fleshy mammarys. "You wanted to take on two lovers," Ivy hissed, her index finger rubbing the bump inside her girl, and Harley squeaked loudly at the overwhelming sensation. "Don't make me feel left out, Harley," she simpered, and attached herself to her teat once more, thrusting into Harley without pause, curling her fingers at every other upstroke.

Harley moaned incoherently in response, her body rocking with her girlfriend's, grunting occasionally as the pleasure and pain melded together into an entirely new feeling of unimaginable euphoria.

She hadn't felt like this since... last night, actually.

"Still as tight as I remember you," Ivy whispered into her ear. "Even after he stretched you out – I thought he wrecked you like a cheap car."

"*He did*," She whispered guiltily, her breath in gasps as she reminded her of that very moment that crossed her mind, and the morning after. Her pussy squeezed and swallowed at her girlfriend's long slim fingers, and she dimly felt her knuckles slap against her aching bundle of nerves resting against the top of her slit.

"He'll have to try harder," she muttered, loving the feel of the blonde's tight cunt spasming around her digits. "My sweet, pristine Harleen..."

"Maybe it's because you have an audience," she speculated quietly, still loud enough for said audience to overhear. "You're putting on quite a show for him. Just like you two put on a show for me."

Harley's head lolled to the side, and she witnessed Harry slam his long shaft with his own hands, wonderful schlicking sounds meeting her ears as he pumped his hard organ, covered with her lover's spit. "Baby," the teen whimpered, her legs shaking as she bounced on her girlfriend's digits, her pale green lover's snatch forgotten. "Don't be mad..." She gasped loudly, and quivered in orgasm unexpectedly. "*Fuck!*"

Ivy quickly added a third finger, and she found it truly surprising how difficult it was to slide her digits back in. "Bouncing on me like it's his dick," she murmured softly, watching as her eyes hazed with pleasure. "You've never been more turned on in your life." She grinned sinisterly. "And neither have I."

Harley squeaked again as Ivy began to thrust even harder, her hair flipping every which way as she kept cumming, her fluids leaking onto her lover's soaked and practically confined fingers. Her mouth opened in a soundless scream as her abs tightened painfully, her legs shaking uncontrollably.

Only Ivy's strength kept her body up, her free arm wrapped around her bare waist as Harley wheezed powerfully, struggling to get her breath back. Ivy took a moment to watch her baby recover, her eyes half-open, her sweat-soaked hair matted to her forehead, her painfully erect nipples, one of them shining with her spit, resting atop her heaving breasts, her irregularly expanding stomach, heaving with every deep breath, and her blushing, pulsing snatch, doing everything it could to keep her fingers locked away inside, almost visibly pleading with her to stay.

"Love ya," Harleen whispered, her eyes shining with moisture.

Pamela Isley chuckled at her girlfriend's out-of-zone look, kissing the bridge of her nose. "I love you too, Harls."

She squirmed as Ivy slowly pulled out of her, and sighed as her girlcum gushed down her lover's arm, her clear fluids spilling to the floor. "That was... different."

Harry released his fist from his slicked hardness, groaning tiredly. "Tell me about it."

"Never seen two girls go at it?" Ivy questioned with a smirk.

Harry shook his head. "There's a difference between seeing two girls and seeing you two," he muttered, staring pointedly at their lovely, curvaceous forms. "Harley

just makes the cutest noises when she squeals, and no offense Ivy, but you have an... *exotic* vibe about you."

Pamela laughed heartily. "None taken; I get that often."

Harley weakly raised her hand. "I say it often. Green's my favorite color for a reason." She eyed her girlfriend uneasily. "Are we... okay?"

Ivy shrugged. "If you're going to ask for two lovers, you're going to have to take the brunt; so to speak. Don't worry," she smiled, "I have salves."

Harley shivered delightfully, and winced. "Don't *tease* me like that, Red. I might have to walk on my hands for the next few days."

"I'd kiss it all better, but I don't think that'll help much."

She winced again, and she lowered her hand to cup her sensitive womanhood. "Red!"

"I do remember us mentioning something last night," Harry muttered slowly, his eyes roving over her irresistible cuteness. "And I promised you later."

Her eyes widened, and she instinctively went to cover her rear. "Nuh-uh! No! *Hell no!*"

Ivy laughed at her reaction. "What did I miss? I was a bit preoccupied at the time."

"He scared the bejesus out of me, and I called him an ass." She narrowed her eyes at him. "He has an active imagination."

Pamela flushed. "At least he didn't put a finger there." She smirked at him. "So you're an ass-man, Harry?"

His steely dick pulsed imperceptibly. "Honestly? I'm just greedy."

Her lips pouted. "Greedy? Looking for a hat-trick on *our* dear Harley, Warlock?"

"No way, José!" Harleen shook her head wildly. "Not while these chairs are still cushion-less!"

"It wasn't a command or anything," Harry grinned, guessing that she probably would have allowed him if he commanded it. "Just a suggestion. Magic makes it more enjoyable. I had assumed you were more... creative with the vines in the past."

Harley *eeped* and crossed her thighs, still in Ivy's embrace. The green-eyed woman nuzzled her chin into her girlfriend's neck. "I don't have good control when I'm in the throes of passion," Ivy explained. "They're good at tying her down, but... I couldn't live with myself if I did something wrong."

"Not to mention the thorns," the blonde muttered, hiding her face in Ivy's luscious red hair. "I have no intentions of being a jester shish kebob."

"You practically were this morning," Ivy reminded her, recalling the last time they had sex.

Well, when Harry and Harley had sex.

She gently leaned Harley against the leg of her chair and turned her attention to the man in front of her, licking her lips at his still erected staff. "I suppose there's no running from it now, is there?" She wondered, a twinkle in her eye.

Harry looked down, then back at the green-skinned beauty mere feet away from his towering erection.

He stepped away from the counter, and before she could even think of protesting, leaned down to his knee and grabbed her by her waist. She squeaked loudly, louder than any of Harley's squeals, as she was hoisted into the air, her heart pounding as he pressed his lips to hers.

She moaned as he rubbed at her soaking petals once more, feeling her wetness drip down his fingers quickly. She hesitantly reached down and grabbed the shaft below her, stroking however much she could reach, which was still a rather substantial amount.

Pamela leaned back, a small string of saliva connecting their lips, and looked up to Harry. Green eyes peered into green eyes, and for the first time, it clicked.

She could trust him. She could love him. And someday, very soon, she could very well absolutely *need* him.

She used her sweat-slicked body to wiggle down onto the tip of his cock, her hand pumping and directing his tool towards her dripping canal, and she groaned at the sensation of his heat between her thighs.

Harry grunted at the teaser of what was to come, as she languidly slid her tiny crevice against his massive rod, purring quietly with each little swipe. He connected his lips to hers as he pushed inside her, two inches sinking into her writhing body immediately.

She gurgled sexily – he didn't know how she did it, but she most definitely did – and wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck, locking her fingers and rubbing at his nape. "Yes," she hissed, gyrating on his cock salaciously.

Harry lowered his hands from her waist to her curvaceous bottom, sliding over the soft, firm cheeks of her fleshy orbs. He gripped the bottom of her ass tightly, pulling apart her cheeks, and prepared to fill her to the brim.

She whimpered, needy, and closed her eyes as Harry penetrated deep into her, slipping along her tight, glorious walls and stretched out her slick cavern.

Both groaned, their breaths heaving, and it was Ivy who began to move up, hooking her arms around the back of Harry's shoulders, before dropping her light body back down.

Harleen cooed at the wondrous sight before her. She loved it when her friends got along. Standing up with shaky legs, she collapsed on the chair behind her, taking Ivy's seat. She grunted in surprise and looked down.

A padded chair; a *wonderfully* padded chair.

She chuckled as she slid her fingers gently across her sore spot, slowly bending her leg up to rest her chin on her knee, the heel of her foot on the seat.

If anyone could pull a hat-trick, it was the Warlock. And, by the lovely, mystified expression on her Pammy's face, she idly wondered who would buckle first.

She tingled unexpectedly when her pointer finger brushed against her clitoris, and she spasmed. Apparently, *that* wasn't sore.

With this in mind, the blonde sat back in her new cushioned chair and happily friggd her nub at the alluring sight of her lovely, curvaceous girlfriend being speared into by her handsome, well-hung boyfriend.

Over in the sitting room, Luna turned off their mirror, completely forgetting her question, and her congratulations to Harry for not getting himself killed for a full twenty-four hours. She shrugged helplessly, her naked breasts bouncing perkily, and retreated back into the thighs of her lovely mistress.

~Several Years Earlier, in a world a skip or two away~

The dark brown-haired boy stepped off the boat and held his hand out.

“Such a gentleman,” she remarked, giggling as she jumped off the boat, their hands linked.

Harry shrugged. “Not really. I got you those shoes; I don’t want anything happening to them.”

“Prat.”

He smiled. “No, I’m just cheap.”

“You didn’t even pay for these!”

“I’m *really* cheap.”

She laughed again. He had always liked that laugh. “Sure. You did it because you’re cheap.”

“I can’t think of any other reason,” Harry said slyly.

“Oh, get a room you two,” Daphne muttered, climbing awkwardly out of the boat. Harry quickly went to her assistance, and she gratefully smiled. She watched as Harry held out his hand for Susan and Cho as well.

“Any chance you could get me a pair of shoes, too?” Susan smiled sweetly, fluttering her eyelids.

Cho tilted her head over to the brunette. “I don’t think she would like that.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. The three had been teasing them the entire train ride, ever since they walked in on her sitting on Harry's lap, reading a book. It was something they had done for a while, at this point, and it was completely innocent, but they all found it quite funny. "Let's go. Harry, I think the sorting will start soon. You won't get another chance alone."

Harry glanced around at the children who were otherwise distracted by the magnificent sight that was Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the first time in their lives. He saw Hagrid, who was corralling the boats onto the shore. "I suppose it's as good as a time as any." He shook his head wildly, the long locks of chestnut hair spinning loosely.

"What are you – oh!" Susan squeaked, now getting a good look at his hair. The brown hair was now black, the glow of the lanterns floating around them all making it easy to see the slightly changed colouring.

"A Glamour charm?" Daphne inquired, and Harry nodded. "Why?"

"I'm trying to keep a low profile – it's something Padfoot taught me a few weeks ago. I can hide my scar easy, but people would still notice."

"Your... scar?" Cho said slowly, enraptured by the boy's bright green eyes that she was just *positive* wasn't there before.

Susan gasped. "Harry? Harry... Potter?"

The Boy-Who-Lived held his finger to his lips and winked.

"You're supposed to be missing, or *dead*," Daphne whispered, shocked that she was standing near him, let alone talking to him for the past few hours on the train.

"I am," he explained cheekily. "I've been allowed by the 'beings that are' to visit Hogwarts for one day, to see how my life could have been, with the best company I could find."

Hermione swatted his shoulder. "They've already seen a ghost. You don't need to spook them."

"So when you joked about breaking your Godfather out of jail..." Susan whispered, her skin white.

Harry shook his head. "It was a joke. He was also completely innocent. If I didn't know for a fact, I wouldn't have broken him out."

"You really did break Sirius Black out?" Cho urgently asked him, her voice pitching, her volume low. "But you just said you were joking!"

"Oh, no. I wasn't joking. I was referring to the security system of Azkaban."

Susan looked ready to faint, and Cho looked primed to drop soon after. Daphne, however, had a wide grin on her face. "You are *not* what I expected you to be."

"Last I checked, you expected me to be dead." He raised his hand. "Harry Potter."

She immediately shook it. "Daphne Greengrass. Pleased to meet the Boy-Who-Lived-Then-Died."

He frowned. "My friends just call me 'Harry'."

"I didn't know I was your friend," she feigned shock, fanning herself with her other hand.

"I'm calling you my friend, not my concubine," he said cheekily, and chuckled when her cheeks flushed.

The redhead of the group took a deep breath. "I'm Susan Bones. Nice to meet you – again." Harry gently released Daphne's hand in favor of shaking Susan's outstretched palm.

"If I may ask," Cho asked hesitantly, "Why isn't he exonerated if he didn't commit a crime? Why tell us that he didn't do anything if you didn't tell anyone else?"

Harry shrugged. "More fun this way to have it revealed when we get the real guy. Sirius is a bit of a prankster."

"We?" Cho muttered weakly.

"Harry and I," Hermione chimed in, "will be catching him. We've already seen him on the train. He's absolutely powerless and helpless right now. Especially seeing as he doesn't have a wand."

"Sounds interesting," Daphne admitted. "I hope to see you still alive when it's all said and done."

"If there's a guarantee I'll live, it wouldn't be as fun."

Hermione swatted at his arm once again, and he dodged it. "Prat!"

"This..." Susan started, as she saw the brunette chase her friend all the way to the castle, "...is going to be an interesting year."

"Certainly more interesting than last year," Cho breathed, "and I don't know if that's good or bad."

"If you knew, it wouldn't be as fun," Daphne mimicked, her grin refusing to go anywhere. "I hope he lets me tell Tracey about this!"

"I think he will," Susan speculated. "And the twins. We were all in the same compartment."

There was a small pause as they began the trek towards the school, leaving Hagrid and the gang of first years behind. They had a relative guess as to where they were headed.

"Is anyone else going to point out that he knows what a concubine is?" Daphne wondered innocently, drawing looks of recognition.

"Black is an ancient and noble house," Susan shrugged, "so I'm sure Harry's read some books. What intrigues me is the fact that he specifically asked you to be a concubine."

Daphne tilted her head towards the pair of obvious misfits, who were now struggling to out-tickle each other. "I think the role of anything higher is rather taken at this point."

Cho looked scandalized at the thought. "They're *first years*!"

"First years that broke a wanted man out of the maximum security ward of a prison that has *never* been broken out of. Your point?"

Susan giggled at Cho's fish imitation. "In her defense, I don't think they know that they like each other yet."

Cho looked over to Harry's high-pitched laughter as he was tickled mercilessly by Hermione. He hugged her close to him to lock her arms, and they fell to the ground, laughing. "It's funny," The pretty Asian girl noted. "They're in front of the most amazing castle I've ever seen, and they didn't take a second glance at it."

Susan stopped. "I didn't even take a second glance at it." She looked at the school, the glowing magnificence, well aware of the history this building represented. And she looked back at the couple; Hermione had her hands locked behind her back as Harry grinned at them, his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Caught her," Harry said happily, completely ignoring his captive's squeals of laughter. Hermione made no real attempt to escape his clutches, instead moving to whip her hair around, continuously slapping his face with her wild bushy brown hair. Harry winced every time, but he held firm, his grin wide.

"I've said it before – get a room," Daphne chuckled, watching their flushed cheeks burn with exertion. "For someone trying to be low-key, don't you think you'd try to be... low-key?"

Hermione slung her hair over to her other side once more, then craned her neck to Harry. "I blame you."

Harry grinned and blew a small breath onto her neck, and she gasped and shivered. "It's not too late. We've got an impression to make."

Unthinkingly, Hermione craned her neck and kissed his cheek. "Let's go, then."

7 – Bubblegum

~Pre-Veil~

“You know what? I think I’ll keep it.”

Harry glared at Malfoy, who tossed the glass ball in the air with little caution. “Can’t afford one on your own, then? Have to take hand-me-downs from someone you like to call a Squib?”

The blonde sputtered. “Shut it, Potter! You want it back? Come take it.” Without a word, he sped off into the sky.

After glancing towards Hermione and Parvati, who looked deep in conversation about how useless a remembrall was if it couldn’t even remind you of what you forgot, he turned back to a grinning, floating, ponce. “You know what? I think I’m good down here.”

Malfoy laughed. “What? *Scared*, Potter?”

“It’s not my remembrall; Neville seems like an okay guy, but I wouldn’t literally fly through hoops for him.”

The boy scoffed. “This is what your Golden boy is, everyone! Scared of ruddy heights!”

“That’s not a bad name,” Harry muttered to himself, before he yelled back up, “At least you’ve accomplished one of your lifelong goals; High and mighty over everyone else!”

Draco looked indignant as the small crowd of children laughed at him, including a few Slytherins. “I’ll show you, Potter,” he whispered, before he tightened his legs around his broom, and pushed himself forward.

Towards the ground. Towards Harry.

The ebony-haired child looked at the boy speeding towards him incredulously. What would he mean to accomplish if he crashed into him? It would probably hurt him more. Was he planning on only getting a fright out of him, pulling up at the last minute? He hoped he realized he was going far too fast to stop at that pace.

On second thought – no. He hoped Draco didn't realize that at all.

The children immediately around him scattered, but he stood his ground. This was Harry's true first impression. And he liked leaving a mark.

He slid his wand out of his back pocket, marveling at how easy it's been since using the frail object, before pointing it skywards. "*Protego!*" he chanted, casting a simple shield charm.

At Draco.

The boy's eyes could only widen in surprise as the small wave of energy shot towards him, and hit him in the shoulder.

He was unconscious before he fell off the broom, his body twisting and turning as he tumbled thirty feet to the earth.

He had barely fallen ten feet when Harry swooped under him, catching him with both arms as he balanced himself on his broom.

The kid was uncomfortably light, but Harry figured that – the frail boy's best friends were practically body guards, and for good reason.

Though, he wasn't sure how well they were faring if they were getting paid, because they were currently staring up at him dumbly, simply watching as Harry returned their keeper to them and dropped the boy three feet into their quick-thinking arms.

He floated back to Hermione, who had ran forward to greet him, shaking her head incredulously. "I thought you were going to keep your powers a secret?" She asked him, exasperated.

"I just shot a shield charm – incantation out loud and everything. It's got to be second year at the most, isn't it?" Harry guessed, figuring that spell wasn't all too complex to learn for anyone, really.

He really needed to start reading the titles of books instead of rushing right through the material.

"*Fourth* year," Hermione corrected him, "and as far as I've read, nothing suggests that it can be used as anything other than a shield that wraps around you. You can't *throw* it."

“But... I just did,” Harry pointed out.

The brunette huffed, but he could see the corners of her lips turned upwards. “So you did. Imagine everyone’s surprise when they find out they *can’t*.”

Harry shrugged as he hopped off the Cleansweep broom. “I’m sure if they put their mind to it – ”

“MISTER POTTER!”

Harry winced at the sound. “Haven’t heard her like that since the Sorting.”

Hermione remembered as well as he did, and she was sure she’d never forget the look on everyone’s faces when they saw the once feared dead Boy-Who-Lived. “Hopefully, she won’t force you to explain what happened this time in front of everyone.”

Harry sighed. He had decided, after he was practically forced to tell a far more dramatic tale of his upbringing to the enraptured public, that he wasn’t going to be pushed to explain anything about his life after the Dursleys. Especially with Dumbledore watching. Just looking at the elderly man gave him a headache.

“I’ll be back after class,” he muttered, turning away to follow the irate Scotswoman, and she nodded, expecting nothing less.

McGonagall’s eye twitched. Not once did she consider that he might say *no* to her deal. “Pardon?”

Harry set his eyes upon both Oliver Wood and his professor with firmness. “I didn’t agree to join the Quidditch team. We never even talked about it. I’ve barely been here a week! I can’t add practices and games to my schedule.” Not to mention how Hermione might respond if he had more time taken away from her. And, with her birthday coming up soon, he didn’t want anything interrupting what he had planned.

Still, looking into their eyes, he could tell that they weren’t intentionally forcing him into the sport, and were genuinely hurt by the thought that he wouldn’t even consider it. “I don’t want to go to practice. I just don’t have the time nor patience. And I don’t even own a broom.”

“You can own as many brooms as you want, Mister Potter,” the professor informed him after regaining her composure. “Your father was the chief investor in Nimbus.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose. He certainly wasn’t told that when he had gone to Gringotts. He made a mental note to see what else he hadn’t been told. “Still, I won’t have the time. I’ve heard horror stories about your training schedule, Wood. I want no part of it.”

The fifth year student, to his credit, didn’t flinch. “You’d be the only first-year to be on the Quidditch team in at least a century, Potter. You sure you wouldn’t at least try to go for the reserve? If you’re anything like your father, I’d try anything at this point.”

Harry winced at the abstract memory, of his father sneaking him onto a broom and flying him all across London for a day.

He didn’t know how his mother found out, but she did. It was not pretty.

“What would I have to do in Reserve?” He wondered, half-feigning interest.

“Show up for one of the practices once every two weeks, and only the minimum time. According to Professor McGonagall, you seem to be the best as a Chaser, but I’d like to test you on that myself. I just want you to come to the rehearsal trials.”

Harry weighed his options. “I’ll have to think about it,” he finally decided. “I’ve seen the bulletin. I’ll tell you by next Saturday if I show up or not.”

Wood seemed to breathe a sigh of relief – it was as good as he was going to get at the moment. “Alright. I’ll be in the fifth year dorm if you need anything. Thank you, Professor.” He nodded once, and after being dismissed, walked back into class.

The Deputy Headmistress looked like she very much wanted to say something, but the emerald-eyed boy looked firm in his decision. A part of her would be pleased to note that she may have inadvertently stolen a Ravenclaw student from Flitwick – willing to think ahead and focus on studies rather than sports. “Thank you for indulging me, Mister Potter. You may return to class.”

“Can I go back in a moment, Professor? My classmates are expecting me to be expelled, or worse, by you right now. I want to make them squirm a bit. Draco all but cancelled class for today.”

McGonagall caught herself from smiling. She'd be even more pleased to taunt Severus with the thought that the boy in front of her could have been a Slytherin. "Very well, Mister Potter. Shall I interest you in a biscuit? Lunch is next, anyway."

Harry gratefully accepted, and the two walked to her office, McGonagall subtly explaining the rules of Quidditch, and the heart-breaking tale of how the Quidditch Cup hadn't been in her house's hands in a decade.

That streak would end that very year.

~Post-Veil~

Pamela Isley stretched lazily in her bed, her beautiful lithe form on display for anyone present.

She opened her eyes, and glanced around in confusion. She was the only one in bed. Looking at the ceiling window, designed for her whenever she felt weak, she decided that she hadn't been sleeping for too long.

A part of her took note that a mere twelve hours ago, she would have easily assumed the worst, and thought that Harley ran away with Harry. It would have been a ridiculous thought, even then, but the thought would have crossed her mind, and she would have had a small panic, easily.

But, now, all she could do was laugh at the absurd idea, and fall back to sleep, wiggling her bare thighs minimally. She was beginning to realize how her girlfriend felt; in the moment of passion, their lovemaking felt unbelievably good – it had to, in order for her to orgasm four times – but she was still feeling a bit sensitive. Even her quick regeneration was taking more time than it should.

She'd have to go to the lab today. But first, she needed her beauty rest. They wouldn't mind.

Her last thought was the idea of Harley snickering, wondering which shade of green she considered healthy enough to finally wake up, and she smiled in her sleep.

"Hocus Pocus!" She whispered in the darkness. *"Kazaam!"*

Harry leaned against the wall as he spied Harley waving around his Holly wand in a battle stance, brandishing it like a sword. He was tempted to silently shoot a spell at whatever she was pointing at, but he wasn't sure she would like being indulged like that to such a degree.

"Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo!" On second thought; maybe it would be therapeutic for her.

He kicked off the wall and stepped forward. "Disappointed at what my little stick can do, Harleen?"

She jumped, and pointed the wand at him, before quickly jamming her hands behind her back. "Oh... hey." She chuckled nervously. "Morning."

"Good morning," he smiled. "Having fun?"

She pouted. "Just making sure your toy worked. Is that okay?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "At this point, it really *is* a toy. I've been using it because I've had to. It's a great focus for my magic, but I'd rather have it go straight through my hands."

She pulled the wand from behind her and inspected it closely. "So there's no, like, *abstract* magic in it?"

He shook his head. "Afraid not. It's got the feather of a phoenix inside it, but that won't react unless someone magic actually holds it. Sometimes, it still won't happen, because it's made specifically for me."

She hmm'ed to herself, somewhat fascinated to learn that the feather of the legendary firebird was in her hands, before pointing it towards a blank wall. *"Alakazam! Abracadabra!"*

The boy-who-lived winced. "You're not far off with that one from a real spell. It's pretty dangerous, though." He decided not to tell her the right way to say that spell, for her sake and everyone else's.

Actually, he didn't know if the taboo was still in effect against unforgiveable curses. Voldemort had perfected silent casting because, back in his first reign, the Unforgiveables were a taboo; one of the many attempts of capturing him that had ultimately failed.

Considering in this time, he was at his peak, he wouldn't be surprised if his own Taboo was now in place. It likely didn't reach outside of Europe, so he and the girls were safe.

Assuming, of course, that he was in Europe. Or anywhere.

Did this place even have a Europe?

"Harleen?" He queried, interrupting her chant.

"Open Sesa – Hmm?"

"This may sound like a ridiculous question, but is there a Europe here?"

She nodded, dropping the wand to her side. "Yep. You speak like you're British; aren't you?"

Harry nodded, relieved. There didn't seem to be too much of a difference between his world and theirs. Except for the twenty-one year thing, but that was a pretty minor detail, now.

"Yu Mo Gui Gwai Fai Di Zao! As-Salaam-Alaikum! Mecca Lecca Hi, Mecca Hiny Ho!"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I have no idea." She sighed, and dropped her hand at her waist again. "Well, that's it. I've got nothing. Guess I'll just have to settle for card tricks." She pocketed the wand and turned back to Harry. "So – after we go back to the place that changed my life forever, what's next for the day?"

Harry laughed at the casual way she said it, and she smirked cutely in response. "More sightseeing? Dinner and a movie? I'd like to know you two a little more, and I really want to see where I am."

"It's surprisingly bland during the day," Harley explained, "and the only good movie theatre is playing some old black and white movie with some has-been star. We could see a performance? I hear there's a magic act coming in a few days."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Right – cheap imitations.” Harleen chuckled. “Though, I think Zatanna could stand head-to-head with you. She can do magic, too.”

“Zatanna?” Harry questioned, vaguely remembering his comment about ‘stage names’ when he first arrived.

“Another super-police chick. She’s not in town, but you might’ve lured her out with your magic.” She smirked. “Should be an interesting fight.”

“Do I sense a lack of confidence?” Harry wondered, wrapping an arm around her waist.

She snickered. “More like a lack of focus, when you see her.”

“I take it she uses the ‘Poison Ivy’ approach to gain an advantage?”

“Trust me – it’s a common thing to use distraction in a fight, and the ladies like to use as much as they can. Spandex, leather, and Nylon are a super-girl’s best friend. Dudes, too, now that I think about it. You actually looked out of place – the leather was good, but your pants were nowhere near tight enough.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose at the revealing fact. “What a strange world I’ve been put in. Wouldn’t there be excessive wardrobe malfunctions, especially during fights?”

She shrugged. “I’ve never seen ‘em. And neither has the news or tabloids, and they see *a lot* of things. There are, *of course*, rumors, but I wouldn’t trust ‘em. The magazines still place Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy in their early twenties.” She chuckled. “Not that I’m complaining. Everyone else seems to believe it.”

Harry hmm’ed to himself. “Good to know. So if I were to, say, strip a female crime-fighter nude and threaten to put pictures of them on display, you think they would back off?”

Her eyes widened, and her lips parted slightly. “You somehow manage to do that,” she said incredulously, “And they’d *join us* to stop those pictures from leaking! Though you probably could have just removed their masks! Your idea is much more fun, though! Where did you get that idea?”

“Just thought of it,” he said sheepishly, “being a red-blooded male and all. Though it’s based on a regular campaign Hermione, Luna and I did, and it worked brilliantly.” He didn’t need to point out that it was Luna’s idea; the quirky girl loved

to think outside the box. “Death Eaters – what Voldemort’s followers call themselves – are one-track minded, and rather obsessed with their cause of Pure Wizard superiority. Their spouses, however, might be on the same cause, but are kept at home, because they’re mainly trophy wives, and quite frankly, just want to be associated with the winning side and a large bank vault. They are there for relief and for heirs – they have no option to fight, for their own safety, and the Death Eaters don’t trust each other, or their master.”

Harley could guess the next part. “So that leads to some rather lonely nights.” Her eyes twinkled. “To have sex with the other cause’s leader, though?”

Harry shook his head. “I’m not a miracle worker – I use glamour charms, or disguising spells, so they or anyone else don’t know who I am. I pretend to be part of their cause, and bang on their door looking for immediate shelter when I know they have another meeting – and thanks to my scar, I know exactly *who* is in that meeting. I claim that I’m from a distant part of a pureblood family, and steal traits from that family; Sirius had vetted me well on the twenty-some of the purest bloodlines, and we have a library of notable portraits from nearly every one. The rest... well, they usually instigate it. At the very least, we become very good friends by morning, so there’s no need to blackmail.” Andrea Goyle and Terry Nott helped him on occasion, even – similar to the muggle culture, Pureblood housewives tended to keep in touch and form a network of ‘friends’, while not really trusting or associating with them, but it was best to have a few sets of watchful eyes. “Seduce them, get them to cheat on their husbands, and threaten to show them the pictures I took that night. That’s how it regularly went.”

“I don’t know the urgency of defeating the ‘Death Eaters’ in your world, so I may be out of place in saying this – but doesn’t this method seem a bit, erm, inherently and obscenely cruel?” She leaned against his chest. “Not that there’s anything wrong with that. You just don’t seem like a ‘means to an ends’ type of guy.”

Harry saw her point – he was basically using them for sex and then betraying them – or so it seemed. “Their husbands are rapists and killers – two things you have to do before taking the Dark Mark, Voldemort’s symbol of allegiance – and their wives know it. Arguably, you could say that it’s plenty enough reason for what I did, but I showed them some pity – I don’t actually release the pictures. It makes for a nice little scrapbook, and the occasional calendar for my most loyal friends, but I don’t ever publicly send out those pictures. Considering they don’t know my glamourised face, they’d quite easily assume I was not a wizard, and kill her before she could explain otherwise. Best situation; they could start a blood feud with the family I

claimed to come from, or just kill the closest relative they know. I couldn't live with that. Using them, though, I'm not particularly sorry about."

He remembered something, and chuckled. "There was only one person who found our collection when she wasn't supposed to, and she was incidentally a reporter, looking for dirt on me. She tried to blackmail me, but I knew that the biggest backers of her newspaper were those wives' husbands and me, and she had no interest in releasing it anonymously. At some point, I realized that I was really the only one that could get away with putting up those pictures anyway – I already have Voldemort trying to kill me. One of his followers seeing his wife on her knees, barking happily and getting shagged thoroughly into by some unknown stranger, probably isn't going to change that much if they ever found out it was me."

"Hell of an inside job," she laughed, "but what about Hermione and Luna? Where do they fit in?"

"So to speak," Harry continued for her. When she looked confused at the comment, he explained. "They did the same thing I did. They use a more stable form of disguise, glamour potions, what we call Polyjuice, and they use it to look like me. We usually choose amongst each other to see who we want, and if there's a conflict of interest... well, it's more believable if it's more than one guy talking about how they were ambushed by Wizard Policemen, and were looking for a place to lay low."

The blonde's eyes were wide with disbelief. "Are you telling me that they get..." her eyes flickered to his crotch, "...*all* of your appearance?"

Harry smirked at her reaction. "Harleen, don't tell me you're getting turned on by the thought. Ivy and I aren't enough for you?"

The blonde smiled and pecked his lips with her own. "I thought Ivy was enough until you came along. You thought Hermione was enough until... well, *more* came along. But a girl can have fantasies, can't she?"

"Indeed, she can," Harry grinned. "I'll make sure you get copies. That'll help the fantasies along."

She almost began to drool at the thought. "This demanding and predatory side of you – Is that always there, laying dormant? Some kind of bipolar disorder? I don't care – I like it!"

The teen chuckled, and Harley preened at the rumble of his chest against hers. "I don't think I'm bipolar. The voices in my head tell me I'm perfectly normal." The two shared a laugh. "Though, as it turns out, I'm not the submissive type."

"I am," she smirked, "as Ivy's taught me. But I have never seen Pammy that submissive before. Sometimes, she gives me the reigns, but she's never – I mean, you practically had her on a leash!"

Harry nodded – he had suspected as much; that Harley and Ivy's relationship was like that. He had seen first-hand just last night. "Probably because she didn't give me the reigns; I took it. She put her faith in me the moment she accepted this relationship, and I wanted to see how far she would let me take it. I think she's more submissive than you, actually."

She almost moaned at the thought; the idea of her aggressive, compassionate, loving girlfriend wanting to be dominated and broken. "I find that hard to believe."

"Maybe," Harry shrugged, "but you saw the evidence yesterday. You saw how turned on she was when I took control. Like, whenever you get playful, and you start it, I bet she happily lets you. This was just a considerably rougher version of it."

She clenched uncomfortably. "That'll be a fun thing to bring up." She wrapped her arms around his neck. "How much time until we go to the theatre?"

"The theatre?" he wondered. "I thought you didn't want to go there? Besides, we have to check out the portal, first."

"Oh! I thought you noticed. The portal was *right in front* of the theatre, in the middle of the street. I just saw a flash, and you were there, rightly in a panic. Scared me so damn much you almost made me drop my loot. Didn't know I'd get such a priceless gem out of it." She reached up and kissed him once more. "How much time?" Harley wondered again, squirming against him.

Harry unwrapped his hands from her waist to glance at his watch, and grimaced. "Forgot to change the time." He put his hands back, and answered her question. "When Pamela wakes up, I guess. I reckon at least one of the girls are working on the veil, or at least have a monitoring charm on it, and Hermione or Luna probably told them about the time difference. We still have plenty of time, and I can still put up a notice-me-not ward around the place if people are out and about."

Harley chuckled at the unique name. "Notice-me-not..." she muttered, and giggled again.

The green-eyed boy smiled. "You haven't been reading the Hogwarts book, have you?"

"When have I had the time?" She countered sultrily, slipping her free hand in between them. "I've been *way* too busy lately..."

"You may have a sex problem," Harry muttered quietly, and didn't argue any further, nor did he ever intend to.

She shrugged. "You should've seen me and Pammy in the first two months in after she kidnapped me. We had to do it in the greenhouse just so she wouldn't tire out."

Harry recalled the comment Ivy made about her plant side half-living on sunlight and water. "In the greenhouse? What happened in there that made her ban it from any, er activities?"

The blonde sighed, a little depressed. "We found out later that it wasn't the best air for the plants to be around. I liked the fresh outdoors feel of it, and Ivy was more energetic with me. In hindsight, I'm kinda glad we left the greenhouse. She was a *machine*. I don't think I could have survived another week. Occasionally, she surprises me, and though I'm unconscious for a few hours, I love her more every time."

"You... really might have a sex problem," Harry practically forced himself to say again.

"Oh, don't worry," she muttered. "I'll peter out in a few days... couple of weeks, tops... maybe a month..."

"And after that?" he murmured, reaching up and gently cupping her chin.

She wrapped her fingers around his wrist. "Think I'll get bored of you? The most interesting alien I've ever met?" Her eyes went unfocused for a moment. "We've never really had much pillow talk, have we?" She looked back into his eyes with clarity. "We haven't even done it in a *bed*, have we?"

"Do you feel comfortable with that?" Harry asked her, concern in his eyes. "A relationship built on sex?"

She bit her lip. "That's how Pammy and I started. We admitted how we felt six days in, and that was it – not much in common, so we couldn't really tell each other anything. Our old place, for the longest time..." she glanced around the house. "It was quiet – really quiet. There was the occasional moan and groan, awkward conversations of what to do next, and more moaning and groaning. Eventually, we just... stopped talking." Her eyes went back to him. "A full week. Maybe eight days. I didn't bother counting. We eventually made up, and today, she's my lover, only second to my best friend in the world." Her eyes shined, and she grinned up at him. "You seem to be friends with all your girls. How do you do it?"

While the question was valid, Harry could easily see that it was a distraction. She would tell him the rest when she wanted to, and he would wait with Hermione-like patience; it was how she got all of the answers out of him. "I'd say the ones I mentioned *are* my friends, actually, before I ever got to know them intimately. For the few that I'm not too close with, well, they're either friends by proxy with my closest friends, or students I regularly chat with in and out of class, or it's a full-grown woman who isn't really looking for a relationship."

"You're a whore?" Harley asked aloud, and covered her mouth embarrassingly.

Harry laughed heartily, expressing that he wasn't mad at the accusation. "I suppose I am, but there's no transaction or anything. Being a target means you have a few spells going at your back at all times. In the world I live in, women are not property, per se, but the Lord of the house is just that – the king of his household. It's archaic, and it's a tradition I plan to upend, but I can't avoid it while it's still there. *Spoils of war* is very much a real thing in the Wizarding World. Luna's actually taken to calling me the Battle Master. So yes, the occasional slave may come my way, along with properties and bank vaults and... kids. I occasionally rescue girls from Marriage contracts as well – that was Daphne's idea. So while they're not looking for a relationship, they can't exactly date around with a magically binding, unbreakable contract, unless I sell them, and they happen to trust me not to use them. Hermione likes to call it a comfort service."

"Like she calls your harem a 'mutual love affair'?" she wondered, and Harry seemed surprised she knew the term. "Ivy told me. Is Hermione really okay with this entire situation? All of your girls? Her names for them seems like she's trying to cope with reality."

Harry smiled. "I really don't know what I've done to deserve her, and she knows it, while she feels the same – our mind links tell us that all the time. She knows I love

her, and I know she loves me. She knows that I'll always return to her." His eyes pierced hers. "No one can have the connection we have. Maybe, in any other relationship, I can be self-conscious about everything I do around her, even if we were monogamous, but I have access to her mind – *all of it*. We know each other's every little secret. She knows things about me I haven't even figured out yet. Believe me when I say that her idea of this open relationship is just as much her idea as it is mine."

The blonde looked confused. "So she... likes girls? *And* guys?"

Harry shrugged. "Maybe, she did, at some point. It's complicated, but from what we've figured out, reading about soul bonds, is that there is a... well, an open limit. She likes girls because *I* like girls. She's believed, that before our soul bond, I was the only one she had an inkling of feelings for, but it was nothing more than an innocent crush. So my preference, my visual images, and my preteen hormones were available to her at all times, and it eventually turned into a strong feeling. Her attraction to girls only grew as she went through puberty, and her thoughts were realigned from my reference point. Had she been attracted to boys from the beginning, I'd probably be a lot more popular with all of those housewives' husbands. And sons."

Harley took a moment to absorb that information. "Wow. You lucked out."

Harry didn't look too concerned at the thought. "Either way, my mind would have allowed me to enjoy it, because *she* probably would've enjoyed it. It's not like I'm trapped in her vision, I just have the option to see the way she sees things. My love for books have compounded, and I look at teachers and professors, and studying material with more respect than I used to. You've seen that I have a bit of a domineering side, and if we didn't have a bunch of friends by that point, we'd both probably be loners, not looking for any type of companionship but each other."

Harleen hummed to herself, playing with the tuft of hair on the back of Harry's neck. "Sooo..." she drew out the word teasingly. "If you saw the way she saw things... does that mean the good *and* the bad?"

She squeaked in surprise as Harry picked her up by her waist and forced a leg around his, the thin holly wand clattering to the floor beside his bare feet. Understanding his silent command, she wrapped her other leg and crossed them behind his back. "If you're asking what I think you're asking," he continued with a grin, "Yes, we went through puberty together. I felt some very strange, *very* painful

things, and so did she, until we learned how to block it off completely. Now, I could safely say that we have a pretty insatiable sex drive, when we're fully linked. Even after puberty, we're perpetually unstoppable when we're bored."

"I thought I had the sex problem?" She wondered with twinkling eyes, but she wasn't complaining.

"The first step is admitting it," he swiftly replied, his hands resting against her cotton-clad back, against her overly large t-shirt. "We admitted it was a problem the first time we had sex – and believe me, we shagged for hours; when we were finally spent, we realized what time it was, and Hermione fell out of bed because she couldn't move her legs. I fell on top of her when I tried to help her up, and Susan found us like that. So yeah, then we realized it was a big ruddy problem."

Harley whistled lowly. "Sounds like a hell of a marathon."

Harry shrugged, unconcerned, not willing to admit that back then, he was a bit of a quick-shooter, and it would have lasted far longer with the stamina he had now. "Have you noticed something?" Harley shook her head. "We haven't found a shortage of words between each other, have we? I doubt I'd ever run out of questions, and neither will you. We're getting to know each other, and we seem rather interested in what we have to say. Does that seem like an unhealthy friendship to you?"

She smiled fondly. "You know just what to say, don't ya?"

He leaned back against the plaster wall, and leaned forward to kiss her unpainted lips. "Just enough to keep us talking," he muttered, and she giggled as their lips connected once more.

Femme Fatale's Newest Trick up Their Sleeves!

The Warlock Puts a Spell Over Gotham!

The Ménage à Terror Debuts, with a Menacing Message!

Bruce Wayne grumbled something unintelligible as he glared at the Gotham Gazette.

"Excuse me, sir?" Alfred wondered, and cursed himself immediately. He knew where this was leading, and now the billionaire could air his grievances.

"They still haven't been caught," he growled, slapping the paper on the table next to his oatmeal. "And now their speech is the headline. I knew I should've gone after them, Alfred."

"You were in no condition to, Master Bruce," he reminded his ward, almost in a bored fashion. Of course his words weren't going to ring in his ears for long.

"They've gone into hiding, planning their next move. And I could've stopped them."

"Sir, I feel that I have to remind you that you are in no condition to stop them, and if you had attempted to, then they could have simply killed you and continue planning."

Bruce was unperturbed. "We'll never know for sure."

"Yes, sir," Alfred whispered. "That's the problem. *We do.*" He was silent for a moment. "The police department could use more funding. They could even do wonders with a new cadet, if you're interested."

"We talked about this, Alfred. The police can't do what I do. The system doesn't work."

The faithful butler sighed, and gathered his meal. "You're right, sir. If it did, then you would have never become the Batman. I admit it. And if it worked today, they would have captured the Batman a long time ago."

Bruce looked disbelievingly at Alfred's back as he stood at the sink. "I am *not* a *criminal*, Alfred!"

"Of course not, sir; what you do is perfectly legal. I'm sure the mayor is crafting a key for you at this very moment." He put his plate up in the cupboard, and turned back to face the last Wayne. "You've done a lot of good things, sir. I've seen you stop terrible, horrible things, and put away vicious, disgraceful people. But I don't think you know that there's a point where you allow the police to step in and do their job. The scanner says that they have ignored everything in favor of finding those three. Perhaps the petty criminals think they might be ignored with their crimes?"

Alfred was aware that Bruce knew what he was doing – distracting them from facing the trio again, and abandoning the job completely for the police to handle.

He'd never go for it, but he figured he should try.

After a minute of silence, Bruce calmly rose from the table and walked towards the sitting room without a word.

The Englishman sighed once more and gathered the unfinished plate and utensils from the table.

Minutes later, he peeked into the sitting room, and saw the last Wayne sitting in his father's favorite chair, with his chin resting on his knuckles, his elbows on his thighs, staring at the portrait of Thomas and Martha Wayne.

Right beside him was the bust of William Shakespeare, as of yet untouched. It was, frankly, a near-obvious spot to have a secret passage, for someone who knew what they were looking for, but he could understand – it was the same spot he made the decision to become a vigilante.

Then, without warning, he jerkily pulled back the marble head and slammed down on the button. The bookcase smoothly rolled back, and by the time it stopped, Bruce was already inside the elevator beside it, pressing the button to close it.

Alfred and Bruce silently looked at each other for a brief, tense moment, before the bookcase obstructed each other's view.

And then the sitting room was empty.

Alfred Pennyworth hoped that it wouldn't stay that way. For Bruce's sake.

Pamela Isley stared at her chocolate skin with a sense of wonder. "It never ceases to amaze me how good you are at this."

"Believe it babe," Harleen grinned, smoothing her lover's jet-black hair, making sure all the red was covered up. "I got skills."

Harry marveled at Ivy's transformation. A part of him had to remind himself that she wasn't using a glamour charm, and while the extreme change would've been a lot shorter, he was very interested in Harley's skill after she bragged quite boisterously about it.

She was underselling.

Ivy still looked beautiful, and naturally so, as her purple contact lenses blinked innocently at him, her smooth brown skin shining almost naturally under the room's light. "So real," he whispered, reaching out to touch her.

"Nuh uh!" Harley warned, not looking away from her hair. "Ink needs to dry; no touchy."

A breath rushed through Pamela's lips while her eyes rolled in annoyance. "I'm not a sculpture, Harley."

"When you're in my hands, you're a masterpiece," she muttered, running her fingers along her girlfriend's eyebrows from behind, checking for excess powder. "Perfection enhanced," she grinned as she stepped from behind her and walked to Harry's side. She inspected her work carefully before nodding. "Looking good, baby!"

She gave a small grin. "I better be."

Harley slipped on her glasses and quickly banded her hair into a ponytail, rather than the pigtails Harry had ever seen her in.

It was a damn near transformation of her entire character in a matter of seconds, that Harry was sure that Ivy was jealous of. Her blonde tail rested on her right shoulder, as she winked through her silver-framed, square-rimmed glasses. "Ready to go?" Harley asked cheerily, her smile bright and almost innocent, if the two didn't know her.

Harry nodded, when the sound of thunder rolled in the distance, far from the house.

"Shit," she deflated in one breath. "Ivy's not waterproof." She looked hopefully at Harry. "Any spell for that?"

"I don't even think the Wizarding World knows what umbrellas are," Harry considered, thinking back. "Except someone I know, Hagrid, and he probably won it in a bet." He looked at his blonde girlfriend curiously. "You okay with me messing with your glamour? You seem rather proud that I can't tell the difference."

Harleen shrugged and shook her head, her ponytail falling from her shoulder and spilling behind her back. "Nah – I just wanted to show off. Make changes as you wish – this isn't exactly a complete make-over."

Pamela looked herself over. "Except for under the clothes, it looks pretty complete to me. I'd rather you keep the ink and makeup away from sensitive places – it's pretty difficult to rub off."

"You never complain when I clean you," the perky blonde reminded her, and Ivy stuck out her tongue at her. "So, Harry, how long is it gonna take? Is there going to be some secret ritual? A rain dance? Perfect weather for it. What about – ?" She squeaked when Harry shook his head quickly, and his unruly black locks flashed brown in a single swish. "Woah! Okay, that works, too!"

The brunet smiled at her, flashing her his now grey eyes. "Sorry, but not much involved. I've been doing this for years – before I even knew magic."

He waved his hand lazily over Ivy's form and colors exploded from her body, completely engulfing her for a brief, tense moment. When both girls opened their eyes again and saw that she looked the exact same, with slightly curlier hair, the brown-haired boy crossed his arms. "I can certainly make it flashy, though. Feel any different? I've rarely gotten the opportunity to do a full-body makeover."

Pamela felt tingly all over, and she giggled at the sensation. "Full-body?" she wondered, and pulled out the collar of her red t-shirt to look down. "This is... surreal," she marveled, seeing the dark skin of her flat stomach.

Harley went around to Ivy's hair and rubbed a few strands between her fingers. "It's real fucking hair," she breathed in awe. "Is it always this easy? To just change your DNA around like that?" She sounded like she was almost in shock, but Harry could see that the idea worried her a little.

Harry shook his head. "It's not permanent – even I can't make it last forever. It feeds off my magic after a while; it's almost like an illusion I have to keep up. All the changes are physical, it's not like an eye trick or anything, but it's not your natural look, and you have to be magical for this to work, usually. Even wizards and witches normally take potions, and they're rather difficult to obtain. Even if they did masquerade as someone you know, they wouldn't be very good at it – they're pants at trying to be normal. So how do you like it, Pam?"

The once green-skinned girl craned her neck to look at her backside. "I've always wanted one of these."

The bespectacled blonde slapped her rear unexpectedly, and she *yipped* in surprise. “One to have or one to own?” she wondered, watching her lithe form closely, not seeing any differences, yet looking a slight bit more appealing right now. “Because I wouldn’t mind a few hours with my minty-chocolate goddess right now.”

The violet-eyed teen looked particularly playful as she smiled at her Harleen’s joke. “Think you can handle this, white girl? Don’t make me bend you over my knee.”

She put on an innocent face, and both onlookers had to remind themselves that this was *Harley Quinn*. “Do I look like a girl who could *ever* do something wrong?”

Ivy licked her bare lips. “You have no idea how delicious you look right now.” She shook her head wildly. “Stop that. We have things to do today.”

“I know,” she grinned. “And we’re going to be out all day. It’s going to be *so fun* teasing you!”

Harry was near-positive that it was going to be a short day. “When you two are done torturing me,” he said with a smile, and the girls grinned coyly at him.

A *very* short day.

~Pre-Veil~

“So,” eleven year-old Harry muttered awkwardly, skimming his fingers alongside the brick walls of the corridors, “I’m aware that I’m a celebrity, but I’m starting to find this a bit creepy.”

No one responded. He didn’t expect her to.

“Or maybe you’re not a fan,” he said slowly, “maybe you just find me attractive. If it helps, I find you attractive. But I honestly have no idea how that relationship would work. You can’t exactly take me to Hogsmeade without raising a few eyebrows, can you? I mean, it’s conceivable, in a year or two, but for now, it’d only be a pipedream. So I could understand why you want to follow at a distance.”

His free hand dug into the pocket of his robes for a moment, before he pulled out a small sheet of plain, normal paper. “I keep your secret, and you keep mine, okay? I can see you – I always have. My mum showed me this once. Apparently, I giggled at

the dots moving randomly around the paper, and it never failed to put me to sleep. *The Marauder's Map*, they called it. That's what my dad and his friends called themselves. You work for a man who practically raised them – You should ask about them sometime. They're a fascinating bunch; bullies with good intentions. Just like the guy you report to. Am I right?"

Silence. Harry paid it no mind as he poked the paper, watching as the animation came to life. "They all had one; it was a bit of a competition to see which one made it the best. His friend Moony won, but he got it confiscated soon after. He never tried to go after it – after all, they had three more. Filch never knew what he had. Don't tell him I said that, okay?"

The Boy-Who-Lived watched his specially-made red dot blinking on the paper, and the two dots in close proximity. "Of course, the one mum showed me went with everything else in the fire, but as soon as I remembered it, I made one of my own before I even got here. You have no idea how bloody useful this thing is. Hermione's got a copy, but I can't give it to anyone else – not until I get Wormtail." He spied the abnormally tiny red 'X' on the paper and groaned. "You'd know him better as Peter Pettigrew, I'd imagine. But right now, he's in a form that makes him harder to catch – for me, anyway."

He snapped his head sideways, towards a dark corridor, and a figure jumped back. Harry grinned. "You can come out now," he said placatingly, leaning alongside the wall and sliding down to the floor. "You've been following me all this time; you're going to have to work with me if you want this to continue. I can get away from you anytime I want. You've only been allowed to see the things you see because I want you to see it. Now that I've got it all planned out, it's time to return the favor. It's much more valuable than reporting on a kid doing nothing, isn't it?"

Yellow eyes pierced from the darkness, curious. "You don't want to catch a rat for me? I'd say he's worth quite a few meals."

The black cat padded silently and slowly towards the kneeling boy, her nose wriggling cutely.

She stopped a few feet away. Harry slowly pointed to the spot on the map.

"I imagine you've got this place mapped out in your head. You've been here enough years to know exactly where this is. On the third floor, next to the painting of the knight riding a unicorn into battle. There's a small room behind the painting. There,

you'll find the fattest, juiciest rat you'll ever see. If you get him, come back to me with the head. That's all I want – the head."

Mrs. Norris eyed the map with great intensity, her ears flickering back and forth, twitching excitedly. Then, without warning, the small cat shot forward, brushing past his leg, and quickly paced down the corridor, hissing menacingly.

Harry stood up when the cat drifted around the corner, tapping his map once again. He smiled to himself as he pocketed the folded sheet.

"If you want your cousin to be proved innocent, I'd hurry. No time to report to Dumbledore. Time is ticking, Ms. Tonks. We'll talk tomorrow at that spot, this time. No one'll know you're missing – it's Halloween, after all."

Harry walked on, smiling slightly as his sensitive hearing picked up a whispered curse.

~Post-Veil~

"Earlier," Harry started, holding the compact mirror up to the girls, "I told you about glamour charms and polyjuice potions, and how I don't really follow those rules. Ladies, I present to you the only other exception to the rule that I know. This is Nymphadora '*Don't Call Me Nymphadora*' Tonks."

The pink-haired girl grinned brightly. "Wotcher, ladies!"

"Er... Wotcher, yourself!" Harley replied, almost as a question, but with the same energy the bubbly girl seemed to exude.

The pink-haired girl's teeth gleamed. "It means hello. Old British slang, don't worry about it."

"Oh," Harley flushed. "I suppose I could have guessed that."

"Hello," Ivy said politely, smiling warmly at the teen. "Thanks for being up so late."

"I'm used to working the night shift," the young beauty explained, "so it's nothing. I'm one of the only non-students allowed in here without breaking curfew, other than Fleur, Cissy, Seppy and Ari. Luna's keeping Hermione thoroughly distracted,

and we're doing a little to pitch in, and since she knows how you are, she hopefully won't be losing much sleep. Dumbledore is looking closely at everyone right now, but I can just disguise as Snape and walk right through. He can do anything suspicious, and the old man will turn a blind eye to it. I don't think he knows I'm even here right now."

"Students go home next week," Harry said suddenly. "Where are you moving it – if you can?"

Tonks thought to herself for a moment. "I'm the only one cleared to move it, but we really haven't discussed where. The best place to hide it would be Amelia's house, I reckon. I'll start putting protections on it tomorrow."

"Why?" Harry wondered curiously. "Dumbledore still doesn't know where my house is – it's unplotable."

But Tonks was shaking her head even as he was talking. "Sorry, Harry, but the Unspeakables have a charm on it. That was their only condition when Amelia took it into custody. They know it's at Hogwarts, but they'll ask questions if it's somewhere they can't see. They've already visited this room twice since yesterday, and per our rules, agreed not to monitor us, but they're not happy about it. They still believe you're dead, and want no part in helping us. We're not telling them otherwise."

"That's best," Harry nodded. "They'll be none-the-wiser about it. They're probably not gonna tell anyone about me being alive even if we told them, but some of them could owe Dumbledore a favor."

"Speaking of," the girl continued, "he's the biggest problem. He claims to be busy, dealing with the press and whatnot, but he occasionally shows up to look at our progress, and give snippets of mostly useless advice. We've transferred all of his monitoring charms to other items in the room, but I think he's going to notice a missing archway when we take it out."

Harry rubbed his chin. "He knows I'm alive and well, and he's not in any real hurry to get me back. He just assumes I'm in a different place. He knows if he can't find me, then Voldemort can't find me." He looked back into the mirror. "Does he know that Voldemort's currently deceased? Did Snape tell him?"

She shook her head. "Unless something happened in the previous hour, Snape knows nothing, so Dumbledore definitely doesn't know. As far as Luna can tell, the door is still locked, and the Death Eaters are afraid to intrude."

Harry's eyes sparkled. "Good. Tell Snape to unlock the door. That'll keep him busy for quite a while, I imagine."

"Will do," Tonks nodded dutifully. "So... how are you holding up?" She switched to concern, her dark eyes shifting to a golden colour.

Harley and Ivy stared with interest at the slow shift, while Harry gave a slight smile. "Better than you would expect, transporting to another dimension. Nothing to complain about, certainly. How about you, Tonks? I don't want you to worry – I'll be back soon."

"That depends entirely on whether or not this bloody thing'll work," she said stubbornly, looking off to the side to what Harry assumed was the veil. "Right now, we've got Yaxley, tied up and ready to go. We've used a steel cable and unicorn hair, two things famed for their toughness, and nothing so far has worked as a good fishing line. We have no idea where they went, and while part of me knows that I don't care... well, we're no closer to getting to you. So, unless you see the tied up bodies of Bellatrix and Goyle, then we're shit out of luck for figuring what to do next."

Harry made a show of glancing to the left at the empty road, devoid of bodies. "Sorry, nothing. If they did show up, I doubt they would still be here. Push Yaxley through – if he shows up here, we'll start looking for the other two."

The pink-haired auror nodded reluctantly. "Alright. I've got the Carrows here, too, if you want 'em. We're trying to use them sparingly. Don't have many souls to go around."

"I've got an idea to try, later," Harry told her. "It's something Harley thought of. I want to see if it's possible."

"Hm?" Harley wondered, her eyes on the back of Harry's head. "When did that happen?"

Harry shook his head and grinned. "I'll show you in a moment. Tonks? When you're ready."

“Righteo,” she murmured, flicking her wand at something out of their view. “Okay, Harry. Wrapped up in iron chains and laced with unicorn hair, I’m sending this bastard through in three – two – *one*.”

She flicked her wand again. “Bloody hell! The end of the chain is still here!” She rushed forward and grabbed onto the chain. “It’s... it’s the same weight! He’s still on the other side! See him?”

They waited for seconds – in the tense silence the three watched the spot that Harry had appeared, literally dropped into their lives. The first drops of moisture landed on the cobblestone, twinkling merrily, despite the dour situation.

After a few bated breaths, Harry breathed tiredly. “Nothing, Tonks. Sorry.”

Ivy looked further down the empty road both ways. “Is there a rip into space I’m supposed to be looking for? Is a body going to be falling out of nothingness?”

“Hold on, Harry.” Tonks tossed the mirror, and in a flash, they saw the pink-haired girl tugging on the rope and chain. “...Dammit,” she muttered, staring at the listless form of Abreaus Yaxley. “I think ‘e’s dead.” She looked ponderous. “What time did you go through the veil?”

“Six thirty-nine,” he answered immediately, remembering how odd he thought the time was under the streetlights when he arrived.

“Shit,” she whispered, before her eyes lowered. “It was six-thirty two when I got to the Department of Mysteries. I remember thinking it was about five or six minutes before I saw Sirius get sent through. I don’t think there’s much lag-time. There’s a chance he might fall through within a few minutes, but it’s minimal.” She sighed, and put up a fake, cheery voice. “So, what’s your idea?”

Harry stared at the unmoving Death Eater, scratching his chin. “I’ve gotten through this once, and I can do it again,” he muttered, looking up into the watery sky, the rain lightly pattering onto the trio with abandon. “Fine, then. Plan B.”

Omake by Rihaan:

Sirius stared blankly at the infinite whiteness around him. His mind was blank; his expression calm. He stood there, his eyes passively roaming the area around him, before he let out a low whistle.

“Well, at least it’s not a dark red, or black or something. So that’s probably a good thing.”

“Wouldn’t have been my bet.”

He looked back and gasped. “J-James? That really you?”

The raven-haired young man bowed. “Of course, mate. You’re lucky – they don’t really allow welcoming committees; especially in Limbo. You must be the exception to the rule. You’ve earned it, Pad.”

Sirius reached out to touch his best friend, his hand trembling. James swatted his hand out the way, and immediately leaned in to hug him. “Thank you, Padfoot,” James, whispered, his voice gruff with emotion. “Thank you for taking care of my son. You don’t know how grateful Lily and I are.”

Harry’s godfather laughed at the thought. “Please, Prongs – if anything, he’s raised me. You shouldn’t have put me in any position to raise a child.”

“Considering how you got yourself killed, I agree.” The two shared a weak laugh at that.

Sirius stood back, and smiled slightly. “Look at you, Prongs; you haven’t aged a day. And I bet Tigerlily is as beautiful as ever.”

James tapped him on the back of the head. “We don’t need another Snivellus, Paddy. Stop ogling my wife.”

“And to believe, you could’ve stopped him from doing that at any time,” Sirius snickered.

James grimaced. “Had I known,” he corrected him. “Still; Harry put the life-debt to better use. Indentured servitude is the next best thing to ordering him to shut up forever.”

Padfoot barked a laugh. “That’s what I *said* you would’ve done!”

The latest Potter to pass on had a twinkle in his brown eyes. "I wanted him to stand out in the sun until his hair caught on fire, but when I heard your idea..."

"SIRIUS!" A scream echoed throughout the vast emptiness, quite a bit louder than an echo one would expect.

For the first time since Sirius's death, the two old friends looked worried. "Harry?" Sirius croaked. "Not you, too..."

"He's too young!" James whispered, almost in shock. "He can't be! He promised me!"

"SIRIUS!" the voice yelled once again, this time from a single source. They both turned to see a giant picture before them, Harry's scratched, dirtied, angry, wonderful face in front of them. **"NO!"**

Sirius watched helplessly as Harry ran towards the veil, full-speed. "No, Harry..." he whispered brokenly. He gasped. "Harry, **STOP!**"

Of all the things that he would have suspected to happen next, for Harry to actually stop was not one of those things. The green-eyed boy's stride was caught mid-run by time itself, and, he noticed a moment later, so was everything else in the picture. He saw a red spell whizzing by his godson in mid-cast, but Harry had craned his neck to the side to barely avoid it.

With a stray thought, the picture zoomed out, and to his chagrin, the veil was only several strides away.

"James..." he whispered, "what do we do? James?"

"He can't hear you, Sirius."

An unknown echo once again ominously rang across the infinite space, and Sirius, by instinct, looked around for his friend.

He was once again alone.

"I sent him back," the voice intoned, its smooth tenor tones calming him faster than he wanted, "but I can't move you yet."

Sirius nervously swallowed the air, not certain if he still had lungs to breath in or not, and looked back towards the picture. "Why not?"

“You know why. You’ve read the prophecy. The veil will not kill him. It will kill the tainted soul inside of him, but his own soul half and the half-soul of his love will remain together, intact. This has never happened before.”

Sirius thought furiously. “The tainted soul? Harry still had that damned Horcrux inside him? And it’s just been lying dormant?”

“A small piece of his soul had remained. It became even more complicated, actually. However, all traces will disappear.”

“Doesn’t the veil have another side? Can’t he just run right through?”

A mirthless chuckle filled the air. “I cannot. The veil must have one complete soul. It is the one constant I cannot change on the earth. Furthermore, I am not that inhumane. If he immediately walks out of that veil without a scratch, the boy will be considered a Deity or a Martyr. I cannot tell you the definite future, but I can predict the stupidity of the common man. The second he hits the veil of death, he must either leave that world behind, or he will fight the world – though it was planned, he is not yet ready. One day, he may be, but not this day. Right now, this is the only way it can be done. It is how it *must* be. For now.”

Sirius looked unsure, before he sagged his shoulders. “Okay. Am I here to watch him die? Because of my actions?”

The next laughter that rang through was full of mirth, and Sirius couldn’t bring himself to be angry – or rather, he couldn’t even *try*. “Once again, I am not inhumane, Sirius. No, you have already served your sentence for any transgressions. Nine years in prison, and almost six more in solitude; you have earned the right to live eternally alongside your friends. However, as I said, it is not your ward’s time. He and his mate Hermione have certain tools that guarantee their life – the veil, even if it wanted his soul, can never have it under these conditions. He will undoubtedly have a place next to you when he passes, along with his mates. None of them will appear here for a very long time.”

“A ‘Very long time?’ You mean he would have survived the fight against Voldemort? All of them?”

“I cannot tell you what I don’t know. However, the odds were in young Potter’s favor. But now, there will be no fight. There will be no Voldemort. To the rest of the Wizarding World, Harry Potter will die. The veil has some rather interesting

qualities to it, however. It's a... collector, you could say. When one Horcrux falls through, the others are sure to follow its mate. That's how the veil works. One *whole* soul must go through. I only have the influence to choose the soul that is accepted, though in this instance, he's made it significantly easier – now, I can choose where it can go. In a single instance, the broken pieces will be whole again, and stripped from the earth. The other soul... is why I have you here. You must decide, temporarily, where to take Harry Potter's soul."

"What do you mean? If he must leave earth, what's left?" He almost scoffed at the thought. "Another universe? Some other dimension?"

"Precisely."

The silence that followed spoke volumes.

The last Black grimaced. Harry Potter, his Godson, and Hermione Granger, his, for all intents and purposes, goddaughter-in-law, not to mention his girls – he was going to have to leave his life behind for – he didn't know how long.

A part of him didn't worry. Those two, even separate, were the most powerful forces magic had ever seen. How he would fare anywhere else, he didn't know, but he was willing to bet that he'd find his way back to her – *them* – even if it broke the rules of magic itself. They'd find a way to each other.

What concerned him most, however, was that it seemed like the old bastard really was right. Love – that's what's going to do Voldemort in. Harry running into the veil, attempting to save his Godfather, would finally kill the Dark Lord for good.

It was time to start acting like the Godfather he never tried to be. It was time for Harry to truly enjoy his life with no interruptions.

"Fine, then." Harry Potter's final guardian spoke with a heavy breath. "What are my choices?"

"You were silent for longer than I expected, actually." He sounded almost sheepish. "I had posed the question to James and Lily as well – I felt that they needed some say. Lily had a suggestion."

He blanched at the thought. "It's some place called Biblioworld, isn't it? Nothing but books as far as the eye can see?"

There was a scoff at his side. "I've missed you too, you old dog."

Sirius nearly jumped back in surprise. "*Lily!*"

The impeccably beautiful redhead really hadn't aged a day. She smiled. "No, I'm pretty sure you'll like where Harry's going. It's based on something I've read."

"Of course it is – ***OW!***" The mangy-haired man grimaced as she flicked his ear. "How does that *still* hurt so much?!"

She looked out, into the vast nothingness. "Make it so, Ignotus. At least this way, he'll have a bit of a challenge with making his harem." She glared at Sirius. "At least you weren't riding his coattails."

"Had I not been a convicted criminal, I might've," Sirius muttered. "*Ow!* Stop *doing* that! Where the bloody hell did you send him, anyway?"

The redhead had a fierce look in her green eyes. "A place where he'll be ready – a place where he'll be prepared to avenge his family. He'll go back and lay waste to Dumbledore and all that have wronged him – *us* – from the very beginning. They'll have what's coming to him, and he'll need powerful allies to make sure he stays on top. He's far too nice, otherwise."

Sirius silently conceded to her point. "Fine, then. Are there at least any companionship he can enjoy? You know his condition, Lily..."

Her smile was predatory. "We need to have a talk about that, Sirius..."

He gulped.

He was very familiar with that sinister smile. And for the first time under her scrutiny, Sirius wished he was *not* dead.

Author's Note: As you can see, I'm actively trying to avoid angst. While a terrible decision in any other story, I am *not* Canonizing Harry. Not with the lengths I've gone to make him so different. The reaction will be believable, when we get to it, and a bit sad (because I'm not emotionless, his godfather's dead for Merlin's sake), but we will not see bitch!Harry in this series.

On a more important note: I've written a bit over 400,000 words over the years, and I'm just now getting around to having Harry in a conversation with my third most favorite love interest in the HP series, Tonks. What the hell have I been doing all this other time? I don't like it. Either way, I consider it a milestone, hence the chapter name.

8 – The Steps We Take

~Pre-Veil~

Hermione breathed raggedly, her voice in hiccups. “H-Harry?”

“M alright,” the boy slurred, struggling to get to his feet. “Ah!” he gasped, and fell back to the ground. “Bloody – my leg hurts like *hell*!”

“Don’t move it!” she said urgently, forcing herself to move from the corner; she scrambled forward, pushing the rubble out of her way as she reached her friend. “Hold on,” she frantically whispered, moving to his side and giving him a once-over. She flinched as her eyes locked onto the awkward way his left leg was bent. When she looked back at his face, his eyes were closed. “Speak to me, Harry,” she muttered brokenly, her voice raw. She reached for his wand arm and wrapped it around her shoulders. “*Please*.”

“I’s sorry,” he slurred again. “Gettin’ you in this. M’ fault.”

“It’s not your fault, Harry. You know that.” She lifted him slowly, making sure he could lean on her. “I’ve got you. Let’s get you to the Hospital Wing.”

The battered, broken child didn’t seem to hear her. “How could you say it’s no’ m’ fault?” He was angry, now, and she wasn’t sure if he was angry at himself or the entire situation. “You don’t deserve this. None of it.”

She hooked her arm behind his back. “Harry – look.” She waited patiently until Harry lifted his weary head to look at the giant carcass before them, the beast’s headless body still. “This is not your fault. It is this – this *thing*’s fault! Not yours! Don’t blame yourself for this.”

“You... you almost died tonight, ‘Mione. You almost died because you followed me into this.” He looked over to her, seeing her teary face. “I... I can’t – ”

She leaned over and gave a quick, gentle kiss on his lips. “Shut up, Harry,” she whispered. “You talk too much.”

Harry was silent as his best friend led him out of girl’s bathroom, stumbling slightly. They were halfway down the corridor when he spoke again. “I’m still sorry.”

Hermione gave a weak chuckle. "I'm not kissing you again. Not until you're checked out by Madame Pomfrey."

"Worth a shot." He was silent for a moment. "How the hell did a troll get into the school?"

The brunette bookworm shrugged helplessly. "Maybe Nymphadora didn't catch Wormtail?"

Harry shook his head. "I checked the map this morning – she has him. He's still in rat form, too."

"I'll meet with her," Hermione told him, leaving no room for argument. "Tomorrow. We'll take Pettigrew and Owl him to Madame Bones."

"Not safe enough," Harry grunted, lifting his damaged leg high and holding more firmly onto Hermione, in favor of hopping at a more rapid pace. "And not trustworthy enough. The school owl will eat him. I'd need to transfigure a cage."

"I'll do it, and don't argue."

Harry chuckled weakly. "Fine. We still need to figure out who did this."

"I don't think Dumbledore would've done it," she wondered, pacing to keep up with Harry's stride. "We'll have to ask Snape about it – he might know something."

"Hope this meeting goes better than the last."

Hermione noticed that his grunts were getting steadily louder. "Harry? How's the pain?"

He shook his head. "It hurts, but it's starting to fade."

She went still. That wasn't a good thing.

Quicker than a flash, Harry was hoisted into her arms bridal style, earning a *yip* from the Boy-Who-Lived, and she paced faster down the corridors. "Hermione!"

"I'm not letting you lose a leg for me, Potter!" She growled, her eyes staring straight forward. Faster than she thought her small, slim legs could carry her, the

bookworm rushed towards the moving stairway. "Emergency!" She yelled loudly, and the staircase quickly lined up for her, leading to a more-or-less direct path to the floor she wanted.

She made a mental note to read *Hogwarts: A History* more.

Harry was silent for a few seconds, helplessly hanging onto the girl's neck. "I'd lose a lot more for you," he whispered, his eyes closing.

Hermione could practically feel him start to lose his strength, and shook him roughly as she hopped up the stairs. "Come on, Harry! Stay with me! I need you to be awake!" She had seen him fall nine feet from the troll's back to the tiled floor, head-first, and without missing a beat, summon a knife and jump on the beast's back once more. It was imperative that he stay conscious, or he might suffer a concussion, and she didn't know what cure there was for that, or if Wizards even knew what those were at this point.

Plus... she didn't know what to do. She felt as much fear now as she had facing a troll about to club her into oblivion.

Harry was jolted awake by the brunette's shaking. "I don't think you're supposed to do this to someone injured." It came out as a protest, but his voice was weak, and his breath shortened as he spoke.

More tears streamed from her eyes as she made it to the top of the staircase, and without stopping, turned left. "Please, Harry. Stay with me." Her voice was just as soft. She didn't think it would be fair to scream at him again as long as he listened.

"I'm not gonna die, Hermione," he said forcefully, and her eyes lowered to his pale skin for a moment, dubious.

She couldn't understand why, but she could feel Harry's life draining away in her arms – the danger was over, but the impending doom that had surrounded them, for some reason, stayed.

Harry had, at the *most*, a concussion, a cut on his cheek from a broken marble sink, and a disfigured leg that could probably be fixed with a bit of skelegrow.

But, for some reason, Hermione had the overwhelming feeling that if she didn't get him to the Hospital Wing *right now*, he would die.

She shook her head, slowing down minutely, her left leg beginning to cramp. This was ridiculous. She didn't even know what to tell Madame Pomfrey when she got there. *'Madame Pomfrey, please help us! We were attacked by a troll! Yes, we know we were supposed to be in our dorms, but Harry had to come get me! How the hell was I supposed to know that the name Eugene belonged to a troll? It was a dot on a map to me! I was just trying to get to Quirrell, before he went into the Slytherins' dorms. I just wanted to ask him about a man he seems to be... close to. I don't judge, it's just... it's complicated.'*

She'd rather avoid the entire conversation. She didn't want to reveal the map, or any of the answers to questions that may come with it.

Working with Harry was a chore – she had known that since she followed him to Azkaban and helped him break out Sirius. He had protested the idea every step of the way, of course.

And when he finally woke up, he would never hear the end of how honored she felt being by his side.

Her eyebrows furrowed – where did that slip come from? When he *woke up*? – and she looked down.

Harry hung limply in her arms, his jaw hanging lethargically, his hands slowly sliding off her shoulders. She could only see the whites of his wide-open eyes.

"HARRY!"

~Post-Veil~

The rain pounded heavy on the streets of Park Row, spattering loudly around the three occupants of the empty roadway. A clear dome protected them from the downpour, as they looked out onto the horizon of Gotham.

But they weren't really paying attention to the admittedly beautiful scene. No, they were more distracted by the story regaled by the currently brown-haired, silver-eyed teen.

"Wow," Harleen whispered, her eyes wide. "You fought and beat an eight foot tall *beast with a club* when you were *eleven*?!"

“And you *decapitated* it,” Pamela noted with no small amount of surprise, her voice shaky. Now she had known why Hermione was so hesitant to tell them the story – she was thankful Harry had spared the details of the actual battle.

The Boy-Who-Lived nodded with no hint of pride in his eyes. “I’ve never killed anyone before that. I mean, I’ve held guns...” he scoffed mirthlessly. “I’ve *made* guns. Whenever I was in trouble on my own, I’ve fired the gun, and my force-shield charm went behind it. I’ve never had to use a bullet. But when that Troll went for Hermione...” his eyes went unfocused, before he quickly shook his head. “It doesn’t matter. Hermione hunted down Snape, one of our professors, and explained what was going on. With his help, she *obliviated* – the memory-erasing spell I told you about – the school nurse and took me to his chambers instead. He was really the best person we could’ve gone to either way – he brews the potions that the nurse, Madame Pomfrey uses. Hermione didn’t trust her, and we had every right to trust Snape.”

“Why?” Harleen interrupted, absently smoothing down her skirt as the rain poured heavy around them. “Was he friends with your parents or something?”

Harry shook his head. “No, but he owed a debt to my dad. But now you know why I think Harley’s idea could work. That night, Hermione got half of my soul. We don’t know how that ritual took place, but it happened – after it did, she could link to me in ways we’re still figuring out. Her cramp in her leg disappeared when I fell unconscious and couldn’t feel my own broken leg. We had soul-bonded – half, anyway. It would be a bit down the road for Hermione to complete the ritual. And I had two different souls in my body. Why didn’t the veil touch those? Why specifically go for the small, tainted soul? I doubt someone with more than one soul has gone through the veil – actually, it’s safe to say that I’m the only one with *three*. Is Hermione right? Did we really just stick together, and make a whole soul? I barely know how I feel and what Hermione feels anymore – it’s one in the same, except I usually feel it in my scar. We’ll have to test that more, now that the Horcrux is gone.” He pointed to his currently unmarked forehead, to the place where his scar was, once again, hidden.

“Nym,” he looked back at the mirror, and the girl now sported a mousy brown colored hair, to reflect the tone of the conversation. “I have to take a gamble here. If two people went through the veil at the same time, you think it might trick the arch into thinking it was looking at two souls, and pick one?”

"I... don't think that would work, Harry," she said slowly. "Maybe I'm giving it more credit, but maybe the actual souls have to go through at the same time?"

"Where *is* the soul?" Harley asked speculatively. "Your heart? Your feet? Liver? Brain? It'd make sense for the brain – what with it having access to thoughts, and pain receptors, and feelings. Could be on the spine for all we know – somewhere on the nervous system." Her eyes raked over Harry's forehead. "Your creativity, intuition, and insight comes from the right side of your brain. Any hallucinations? Visions?"

Harry blinked. "Err... yeah, actually. I could see through Voldemort's eyes, sometimes."

"Oh – you told me that. Must've slipped." She crossed her arms and put her chin against her chest, thinking furiously.

Harry was in slight awe, looking at the small, care-free girl's brilliant mind go to work. "It must be in the right side of his brain as well. His soul's *got* to be there!" She looked up at the young Metamorphmagus. "So if you sent two at the same time, head-first..."

The young auror looked back to the still Yaxley, unmoving on the ground. "If it doesn't work, we can capture more Death Eaters, I guess... wouldn't mind tossing in Umbridge. Nosy bitch walked down this hallway twice. Third time's the charm." She sent a spell at the body, and the steel chain wrapped in unicorn hair uncoiled from the Death Eater. Another spell, and he was banished again into the glassy, smoky archway. "Though, that leaves the question of what happened to the body, and why you didn't see it."

Harry shrugged. "Can't answer that until someone makes it to the other side and can tell us. Better get some Veritaserum ready."

"Already got some left," the auror grinned, her bubbly persona returning, her hope renewed. "Daphne's idea. We've been interrogating some Death Eaters while we had them – It's how Bellatrix admitted that Luna's guess about her hidden Horcrux was right." Tonks's hands went to her sides, and she pouted at something off to the side of the mirror's view. "We haven't had the chance to do the Carrows, yet... and we don't have enough for two."

Harry frowned. "They're pretty high ranking, last I checked. They might know something useful." He sighed. There was always a hitch. Dark Marks protect Legilimency, so that wasn't an option.

Hold on...

"Tonks?" Harry inquired. "Check their arms for the Dark Mark."

She looked somewhat confused at the request – they knew, after all, that the two were Death Eaters – but she did it anyway. She walked off to the side, out of Harry's view, and his hearing picked up some shuffling.

Seconds later, the metamorph's boots signaled her approaching as she walked back into frame, and the confusion on her heart-shaped face doubled. "Err... Harry, is there something you're not telling me?"

"I take it that it's fading then?" Harry wondered, his grin widening.

"Fading?" The metamorph shook her head. "No, mate. *It's green*. The whole bloody tattoo is green! The veins sticking out around it... it's colored green as well! It's really weird!"

Ivy could see, by the look on Harry's face, that he wasn't expecting that news. "I suppose his tattoos have never done that before, then?" she wondered, recalling what Harley was telling her when she finally awoke about the Dark Mark.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. "I don't know what the hell..." He looked up. "When Voldemort was defeated the last time, the Mark was faded. Usually, the more powerful he is, the darker it gets. It's never acted like a bloody mood ring before."

"So he could be alive?" Harley wondered, her eyes alight with curiosity. It wasn't particularly good news, but she wanted to see this Dark Lord.

The brunet gave a heavy sigh. "I don't know," he admitted. "But this *fucking* veil is really grating me."

The former redhead hummed softly. "Eddie would consider this a wet dream."

"Eddie?" Harry and Harley asked at the same time, setting their eyes on the currently ebony teen.

“Eddie,” she repeated, “you’ve met him, Harls. He’s the one that gave you that questionnaire the day we met. He prides himself on his riddles, and quick wit. We got along well enough at Blackgate – insulted my intelligence on occasion, but he messed with the others equally. He knew he was the smartest in the room.”

“Is he at Blackgate?” Harry wondered, half-curious. He wasn’t too keen on telling everyone his origin story, but it wasn’t like telling anyone could have any negative effects on his own world.

She shook her head. “Last I heard, he broke out months ago. He developed the security for the damn place, so I guess he knows the weak spots. He used to work for the police department,” she answered their unasked question. “Cybercrime division. It’s really the only reason I would trust him, after what you did to the police.” Her violet eyes went to Harry. “Not saying that you should. He’s an information junkie – always looking for blackmail material and gossip to exploit. Just a thought for if we really needed the help. He helped me break out, so giving him a brain-teaser like this should keep him turgid for a few days, at least.”

Harleen giggled loudly, while Harry nodded. “I’ll think about it if nothing works. If there’s anything magic taught me, is that everything’s a riddle. I wouldn’t be surprised if the veil is one giant ruddy puzzle.”

“Never finished that questionnaire,” Harleen whispered to herself. “I should get back to it sometime. Think I still got it around somewhere.” She noticed the three looking at her with amusement. “What?”

Harry smiled mischievously. “Harley... you want to have fun today?”

“Depends on the fun.” She licked her lips. “You suggesting we go back to the house after just getting some fresh air?”

Ivy shook her head. “Can we please try some sort of interaction instead? I’ve opened the windows to air the house out – we have plenty of time to stink it back up.”

“I’ve been told that I’ve got a rather pleasant scent,” Harry huffed, and Harleen giggled.

“One day,” Ivy pleaded half-heartedly. “Just one day without trying to rip each others’ clothes off. I’d rather we actually get the chance to have breakfast again.”

“Chocolate syrup and whipped cream doesn’t sound like a balanced breakfast to you?” the ponytailed blonde asked innocently, her eyes roaming her two lovers. “If not, I can think of a place to stick the sausage.”

“I blame you for this,” Ivy smiled, looking over to Harry.

Tonks spoke up from the mirror. “Considering it’s about three in the morning, and we finally got Hermione asleep, how about we pick this up later? Gives me time to talk to Fleur.”

Harry nodded. “Alright, Tonks. Be safe... and... if Sirius... I mean... If something happened to him – ”

“Honestly, Harry?” she interrupted softly, her frown marring her features. “I considered it. I thought about it the moment he went through. I considered it the moment *you both* went through. I’ve learned to never count you out – you always find a way to make it through, breaking the rules of magic and physics along the way. We both know there’s only one way to check if he’s truly gone, and I’m willing to bet you haven’t tried it. I’m betting you don’t want to, either. Hell, I won’t want you to.”

Harry was quiet for a couple of beats. “Maybe,” he admitted. The two girls beside him had distracted him since he had arrived from really thinking of a solution, and quite wonderfully so, but he knew that there was a way to check – if he lost all hope for getting back. “If he is, then we still have the stone. I don’t know if it would work without a body, though.”

Tonks shrugged. “Essentially, we won’t need a body. As long as the soul exists *somewhere*, that’s what we need. We can transfigure a body.”

Harry swallowed roughly. “Alright. That’s what we’ll do. If he’s dead.”

Both girls chose not to speak at the entirely somber conversation, their mood deflated.

Then Harley’s mind finally caught up with the words she just heard.

“Hold on!” She looked at the mirror, her blue eyes wide. “You can bring back people from the *dead*?”

The pink-haired auror gave a weak grin. "It worked on a friend we know – Myrtle. And Pandora, Luna's mum. We haven't really done it to anyone else, though."

"Try it," Harry started. "Use it on Ron. Bastard needs to be taught a lesson."

"If we tried it and it doesn't work," Tonks muttered hesitantly, "then it would point too many fingers to us at this point. He's been rather... mistreated, you could say, by most of the girls at Hogwarts. Apparently, someone overheard Ron's comments. I suspect Hermione told you what he said, then?"

Harry nodded, his scowl expressing his anger quite adequately. "I'm not letting him get away with those comments. Tell Fred and George to test every single product they have on him. Especially the untested ones."

"You doubt the temerity of the twins, Harry," the punk girl smiled. "They've been setting up traps all night. You have no idea how many hallways I've avoided to get here. They're triggered to Ron, but I'd rather be safe."

The Boy-Who-Lived felt solace, once again. "Good. So – problem solved on the veil front?"

"Other than Dumbledore and Umbridge, we should be – " She snapped her fingers. "Umbridge! I'll use her for the veil and try to bring her back! We don't really have ties back to us – everyone hates her!"

"Or Dumbledore," Harry shrugged, and Tonks looked at him in surprise. "You know – if it comes up. Should solve a lot of problems – especially if Voldemort's gone for now. Could bring him back later rather than sooner, really."

She grinned deviously. "You want me to try to take down Dumbledore 'if it comes up?' I knew there was a reason I keep you guys close."

"You couldn't live without us, Tonks," he said cheekily. "You'd probably be Head Auror without us around but hey – one less Dark Lord to take down, right?"

She childishly stuck her tongue out. "Thanks for taking out the challenge, mate. Makes it real boring from there on out."

Harry scoffed. "I wouldn't say that..."

A piggish laughter, deep and boisterous, rang through the black car. "The Burning Man! I like it!" He slammed down the morning paper on the seat next to him. "Looks like the two dykes have picked themselves up a pimp!"

Candace, sitting on the opposite side, glanced at the photo and licked her lips. "Hell of a sugar-daddy, though. I wouldn't mind a taste."

He grimaced. "What? I'm not good 'nough for ya?"

The dark-skinned girl peered down her rectangle glasses. "*Good enough* implies that you're better than decent, honey."

His beady eyes stared at her for a good, long moment.

Then, without warning, he laughed loudly, and she winced at the nasal sound. "Well said, Candy!" He paused, and eyed her up and down, and she crossed her legs in response. "How would you know what you 'aven't tried?"

It was her turn to grimace. "Tracey won't shut up. Good or bad, she's got to keep me informed."

He grinned. "Yeah. She's got a gob on her, doesn't she?" A wistful look appeared in his eyes. "Got its uses, certainly..."

"Oi! I can 'ear you!" the blonde driver complained from the front, turning back for a short moment. "This gob can also bite yer 'ead off!" She turned back to the road, checking her cap in the mirror before focusing on the two individuals behind it. "And I'm talkin' about the one growin' hair, not losin' it!"

Candy made retching sounds while Oswald frowned. "That's *not* funny."

She stuck out her tongue at the mirror, and focused on the road. "Wha' can I say? I've got a gob on me."

Candace tapped her crossed legs and smoothed down her skirt as she looked over to the schedule at her side. "You have a new shipment of ammunition coming in today. Usually takes a week to unload, but you might be able to move more than a usual shipment today, what with the distraction the Femmes made last night. The pigs will be busy dealing with that."

Cobblepot nodded. He knew there was a reason he kept her around – her secretarial skills were the only perks she put on the table when he hired her, and despite his efforts, she didn't change her resume. It was difficult to find ladies with a mind like hers that could turn to a life of crime, so he didn't really have much of a choice hiring her. And she was easy on the eyes – that helped. "A'ight, then. Send three trucks. Make 'em take different routes, in case." He seemed to remember something. "and put a few zeroes on the next check to our lovely clients, will ya dear? I'm running out of cigars."

She nodded, making a note on her clipboard. "Anything else, hun?"

The short, stout man glanced at the paper again as he absently reached over to pick up his top hat, recognizing the car's turn into his establishment – the Iceberg Lounge. "Yeah. Water the plants this mornin'. I wanna make a good impression."

She paused. "They're coming by, sir? They're not on the schedule this week."

His monocle glimmered in the nondescript automobile as he grinned toothily. "We'll just have to make 'em an offer they can't refuse, won' we?"

"Did we find them yet? I'll *kill* that bitch! Doesn't she know who she's messing with?!"

Jim groaned from his desk. It seemed that Howard, despite all odds, had suffered no concussion. "Officer Branden – I see you've recovered."

The SWAT leader in his trademark cap turned to him and sneered. "Gordon – the hell are you doin' here? Thought you'd have found those punks by now. It's been a whole night. Gotham's Golden Boy's got a reputation to uphold."

Jim went back to wiping his glasses clean. "I went home, to my wife and kid. If anyone's reputation needs protecting, Howard, it's you. That mallet to the face is the headline photo."

He sputtered. "What? Where the hell did they get a picture?! Did you send it to them?"

He shook his head. "Unfortunately, no. I didn't have a good angle. But the people behind you did."

He was silent for a good long moment – then he stomped away. Gordon assumed he was going to look for the nearest newspaper. He didn't have to look far; it was on every desk in every cubicle. It would be a matter of time before he figured out that the perfect angle to see him get clobbered like that had to have come from his own division.

He slid the paper back under his book and leaned back.

He briefly wondered how Branden would respond to the pseudo-meeting he had today – The one-sided conversation he had with their mutual enemy in his car.

He opened the drawer and eyed the circular speaker / receiver with no small amount of dubiousness. This was probably a bad idea. He could get fired for this, or imprisoned. But the 'anonymous' voicemail left on the thing promised that it was untraceable, and would become a useless piece of junk in twenty-four hours.

If it wasn't, he'd take a hammer to it and refocus his efforts on the damned Batman again.

The voice in the speaker had a point. Not even the police could take on this threat alone, and if they didn't want any federals pitching their tent in Gotham, then they would have to work together. Just this once.

"Alright. I hope you're listening, because I'm only going to say it once." Plausible deniability – if no one heard him rambling, then the conversation never happened. He looked at the police report in his lap, pointedly ignoring the picture of the woman with red and green hair grinning sheepishly, hiding a mallet behind her back as she posed for the camera, several decimated cars behind her.

He leafed through the file. "Here's what we know. Harley Quinn, real name unknown, approximately aged twenty-two to twenty-five..."

Fifteen-year-old Harleen Quinzel yawned. Loudly.

No one took offense. The theater was empty. She, Harry, and Pamela were the only ones there, sitting together, in the middle seat, middle row – the best way to watch a movie.

Or this one, at least. The movie was obviously made when they were just looking into the magical marvel that was *color*. It was far too bright and blurry to sit up front.

Though the plot was probably good – she remembered her parents liking this movie, especially this actor, Carl something – she found herself disinterested.

She looked over to her left, past Harry, to Pammy, who looked just as bored. Honestly, she didn't know why this movie was playing – it was a mom-and-pop theater, but they had to have rights to something younger than her, right?

She yawned again.

Harry looked over to her. "You're the one that chose this place," he whispered, chuckling.

She would've giggled at the thought that he was respecting the rules of the theatre in an empty room. "It's thundering outside," she defended herself, her voice just as soft. "Where else could we have gone? I'd rather not get wet, and we'd have to be to fit in with everyone else. Gotham usually shuts down on thunderstorms. This is all we got."

Harry shrugged. The nice old couple who owned the shop next door to the theatre set up the reel, and happily so when given several gold bits, courtesy of his mokeskin pouch, one of his few obvious links to the magical world. Gold was worth far more than wizards suspected, and shaved, broken galleons, with no description or hint to their previous value, made them rather priceless to any other currency. "We probably could've just gone to a café. I could have summoned an umbrella."

She shrugged helplessly. "Didn't consider that."

Ivy quirked her lips upwards. "I think she just wanted to take us to a nice, quiet, dark place."

She stared at her lover innocently, her square-rimmed glassed accentuating her wide sky-blue eyes. "Why would I wanna do that? I just want a nice, quiet peaceful time with my two bestest friends." She turned back to the movie. "Besides, I'd never give it up on the first date. Mama didn't raise no fool."

They both chuckled at the irony of that sentence. "Second date, actually," Harry pointed out.

“Oh,” she squeaked, mentally chastising herself for almost forgetting their outing last night. “Well...” she pondered, eyeing him up and down. “I guess some over-the-clothes stuff is alright.”

Pamela twirled her curly, luscious hair in her finger as she glanced away from the screen once more. “I knew you couldn’t last...”

“In my defense,” the blonde said quickly, putting up her index finger to emphasize her words, “...I knew I couldn’t last either.”

Harry wrapped his arm around Harley’s shoulders and pulled her close. “You know what? I think I’ll let you keep me.”

She giggled cutely. “I’ll allow you to think that.”

Pam shook her head, amused, and turned back to the film. She squeaked in surprise as Harry’s other arm wrapped around her. “I only let Harley because you let me,” he grinned roguishly.

Her lips pressed against Harry’s cheek. “Of all the men I’ve ever met,” she whispered sensually, “keeping you was the... easiest.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” he murmured, kissing the side of her head.

She grabbed his chin and guided his lips to hers. “I meant it as one,” she whispered, licking her own lips, before kissing him.

Harley fanned herself at the sight. “Intermission time,” she said hurriedly, and no one argued with that.

The three popped out of the Monarch theatre, and out of the sight of the unblinking eyes upon them.

~Pre-Veil~

“I never read that pamphlet.”

“Huh?” Hermione asked eloquently, looking through her new favorite book. The amount of things she discovered about the school were fascinating. She made a

note to tell Harry about the more useful details, like the idea that every founder left a piece of themselves behind with a hidden room / private study. Just the idea of a large room of books collected by Rowena Ravenclaw tantalized her to no end.

“That pamphlet,” Harry muttered again. “I never read it.” He shrugged weakly. “Just assumed that’s what it said. I mainly wanted you to leave so I could get out unnoticed. I couldn’t have an adult looking into who I am.”

Her mind’s eye showed a vivid recollection of her first conversation with the boy in front of her. “Harry – I already knew that. I tried looking for one after you left. We didn’t have an informational material of any kind at that library.”

“Oh.” He laid there, staring at her blankly. “Thanks for not hating me.”

She smiled softly. “Who says I didn’t hate you? You’re the bane of my existence, Harry. I’ve been waiting until this very moment to take you down when you least expect it.”

Harry closed his eyes. “Make it quick, then.”

“My pleasure,” a voice sounded behind them, and they both jumped. “If only that was a command,” the thin, pale man intoned silkily, looking down at them over his hooked nose. “Ah, to dream again... I highly doubt it was, so I suppose I still find myself a *peon* to the Boy-Who-Lived.”

The small boy smiled weakly. “Good to see you too, Snape.”

He frowned at the lack of respect, but otherwise ignored it. “A troll, Mister Potter? You skipped the feast so you could go fight a troll? If there was ever a banner for Gryffindor...”

Harry sighed. He was going to go against his word on giving Severus free speech one day; he just knew it. “No, *Snivellus*. Hermione went to meet Tonks to pick up Wormtail. I was preoccupied dealing with the most annoying boy in the world. He seemed quite gleeful at the thought that I lost my parents ten years ago today. Remind me to kill his parents when I’m feeling better.”

Snape raised an eyebrow. “An eye for an eye, Potter? I suppose it’s *always* worked before...”

Harry's fingers twitched. At the very least, he would one day make sure he couldn't speak in sarcasm. "Enough, Snape. How am I?"

He started without further encouragement. "You don't have a concussion, and you seem as normal as you could be."

Hermione seemed pleased, and hugged Harry gratefully. "You're alright," she whispered, her lips pressed against his cheek. Harry wrapped his hand tightly around her back, and the two shivered at the touch they felt.

Their eyes opened, and Hermione jumped back.

"W-what was that?" Hermione gasped fearfully. Harry sat up, glaring at Snape, who held his hands up placatingly. He looked back to Hermione, who seemed to be trembling, lost in her own world. "Hermione?"

"I see v-visions," she whispered frightfully, visibly shaking, and sweat broke out on her forehead. "Harry, *help me*," she whimpered. She looked around frantically. "Where am I? I've never – " Her head whipped around to a dark corner in the chamber. "Who are you? What – Ah!"

Harry scrambled out of bed as he saw his friends head whip back.

"Stop! *Stupefy!*"

Harry dodged the spell, and without thinking, sent his own stunning spell back. Severus wordlessly dropped to the floor. He ran to Hermione's side, and his magic pulsed in his fingers as he grabbed both her arms. "*Hermione!*"

"Help me," she whimpered again, not really looking at him. "It's dark. I can't see anything." Without warning, she started struggling to escape his grip, and Harry squeezed her to himself as she thrashed around.

She screamed something, and Harry, with a thought, stunned her in his arms. She fell limp against him.

Harry collapsed to the floor, his rear hitting the green carpet, holding Hermione close. He looked over to his professor, meters away from him, lying on his side as he was blown back from the spell.

He looked back to Hermione, then to the professor, and it clicked for him. Snape was trying to knock Harry out so he wouldn't get to Hermione, because she began getting the... visions, or whatever she had, when they touched.

He looked down to Hermione's peaceful face. He brushed the sweat from her brow, and kissed her forehead.

He spent the rest of the night, rocking back and forth, cradling her head in his lap. When Severus finally awoke, that was the sight that greeted him. With Harry's command – or rather, plea – he forewent carrying her to the transfigured medical bed, and cast the appropriate charms on her right there, with Hermione's head in his lap.

He couldn't find anything; absolutely nothing. She seemed to be perfectly normal, mentally.

Harry was about to fall asleep, when she whispered something unintelligible.

Well, mostly unintelligible. He was able to hear the tail-end of the statement.

"...Dudley...kill you..."

Severus paused and looked away from the image projections his wand gave him. "What? Who is Dudley?"

"My cousin," Harry said, confused. "I've never told her his name. She knew about the Dursleys, but I never told her Dudley's name. His name was never in the search report for me."

Snape was silent. "The troll; is he dead?"

Harry nodded. "What does that have to do with anything?"

Severus sighed heavily, and for the first time in his life, he felt something akin to sympathy for a Potter. *"Everything"*. She has developed a knack for Legilimency. Suddenly, she seems to be at your level of proficiency. Her mental barriers before were menial, at best. Now, her shields are impenetrable for even the Dark Lord. And she knows something that you've never told her." He allowed the boy a moment to absorb the information, before moving over to his desk and picked up a small black book with empty, well-worn pages.

The book crashed on the floor in front of Harry, and he looked up in surprise at the frowning professor, who now stood in front of him. "Tell me, Potter," he said silkily. "You seem to know many things – things you aren't supposed to know, things that even I have yet to find out. *What* do you know about Horcruxes?"

"I'd lose a lot more for you," she whispered brokenly. "I'm not gonna d-die, Hermione...."

~Post-Veil~

"*WHAT?* You're telling me this whole time – this *whole fucking time* we've been talking – he's been listening to us and – *where the hell is my bazooka?!*"

Harry and Ivy winced at her tone. "He wasn't there the entire time," the buxom raven-haired teen weakly defended. "I don't know how long he was there, but I noticed about the time Harry closed the connection."

Harry rubbed the back of his head shyly. "Yeah... sure, let's go with that."

They both stared at him, and he stepped back in response. "What do you know?"

He looked over into Pamela's violet eyes. "He was there. He was always there. In the alleyway, behind the theatre. He didn't notice us there until we went to find the couple who let us in."

"You sound so sure about this," Harley noted, narrowing her eyes. Combined with her square spectacles, Harry felt a chill up his spine at the intimidating sight. "You're telling me you knew *exactly* where he was and didn't kill him when you had the chance?"

Harry shook his head. "No. We can use him."

She tilted her head, her glare still in full effect. "How the hell are we gonna use that guy? He's a freakin' enigma!"

Pamela sat down on the sofa and let out a heavy sigh. "Alright. I guess we're gonna do this now." She looked up to the now raven-haired teen. "If I'm close, tell me."

Harley looked confused. "Tell you wha- OH! His identity!" She looked embarrassed. "Slipped my mind for a sec. Lots of information I've had to go through recently – very busy."

Harry directed her to the seat, and she sheepishly followed. "Alright, ladies," he smiled, "What's your guesses?"

"It's Harvey Dent," Ivy said instantly, conviction in her voice. "It's gotta be. No one is that obsessed with catching criminals as that guy. Plus I get a creepy vibe from him."

But Harley hmm'ed negatively. "I don't think so. I don't think it can be someone who actually has legal power like that, yet go to such lengths to capture them. I think it's someone who would rather not take any legal route to see justice served. I don't think he – if it even *is* a he – has any faith in the justice system we have, and he only delivers thugs to the cops because he doesn't want to be seen like a criminal, or even a cop, himself." She grinned at Ivy's expression. "Public school libraries, Right? They give too much info for our own good."

Harry pressed his finger to the side of his nose and winked.

Harley pumped her fists in the air in victory as Pamela glowered. "So now we're playing charades?"

Harry refrained from mentioning that he had never played that game – or any fun party game that families do, really – but he didn't want to bring them down. "I don't know how that might work. I don't think I can act out his life in front of you."

"Ooh!" Harley clapped her hands happily, her grin wide, "We could play Twenty Questions!"

The game was familiar to him. He searched his mind for the name, and he found a memory – Hermione and her parents playing the game after returning from Hogwarts for the very first time. She was feeling absolutely miserable at the time, and as Harry found out later, it was not because of the actual game itself. "Alright. Pammy. You're first."

It wasn't lost on her that it was the first time he had called her by that name, and she smiled a little at how natural it sounded coming from his lips. "Fine, then. Was he born in Gotham?"

“Ooh, good question!” Harleen praised, and Harry nodded the affirmative.
“Harleen?”

She chose her words carefully. “Does he have a certain position of power, where he probably could make a difference if he wanted to?”

Harry nodded.

It was Ivy’s turn. “Is he rich?”

Harry nodded again, grinning.

Harley sat back, and leaned against the arm of the couch. “Is he really that muscle-y? Or is it all padding?”

Harry considered her words. “He has single-digit percentage body fat, and looks quite intimidating, but yeah, there’s padding and armor in that suit. To answer your question, he doesn’t look like a body-builder at first glance, but you’d notice if he flexes.”

“Alright,” Pam nodded. “Narrows down the list considerably. Rich, but in shape.” She looked down at her crossed arms, and glanced back up at Harry. “Could you turn me back? I feel a little out of my skin right now.”

Harry nodded, and when she looked back down, her skin was green again. She knew she shouldn’t be surprised by now, but she couldn’t help but feel a sense of awe.

Harley took the distraction to steal a question. “Is he a hermit?”

Harry paused before he answered. “You see him on television, occasionally. He’s a public figure. You’d never see him outside of his obligations.”

“She asked two, I get two,” Pam argued, and the bespectacled girl giggled.

“You only get twenty either way,” Harry pointed out. “You’ve got fourteen more.”

“Hold on... hey!” Harley shouted. “We only asked five!”

Pamela recounted in her head. “Oh, you didn’t dare...”

Harry grinned evilly. "You probably shouldn't be asking questions in a game about questions unless it's relating to the topic. You asked, and I answered by turning you back to normal."

Harley folded her arms while the now-green vixen pouted cutely. "Dick."

Harry laughed out loud at the unexpected response by the redhead. "Maybe," he admitted, "though that would make for an interesting prize..."

Harleen adjusted her glasses. "Shit just got real."

Pamela ignored her in favor of asking another question. "Have I seen him on the news recently?"

Harry shrugged. "I wouldn't know that." He didn't even think they had a television. He certainly hadn't seen one.

She blushed. "Oh... sorry, forgot. If I turned it on right now, would he be?"

Harry pondered to himself. "Late-night, usually. But he wouldn't be a regular."

Harley snapped her fingers. "Does he go to Social Functions?"

"Yup," he confirmed, falling back into a freshly conjured chair that went into focus right as his butt hit the seat. He smiled at the girls' reaction. "You have no idea how many times I've fallen on my arse to get that trick right."

Ivy scooted uncomfortably on her suddenly hard seat. "Could you – " she started, before she stopped herself. "Never mind. I'll ask after, or you'll cheat again."

The green-eyed boy grinned, and she felt herself sink further into the cushion. She sighed in happiness as magic itself weaved beneath her curvaceous form.

Harry sat back as the two settled into the couch, seemingly forgetting about the game. That is, until Harleen's head shot up. "Oh! I almost forgot about his freaky tech! Does he buy it from somewhere in Gotham?"

Harry shook his head. "He doesn't buy it. You're close, though."

Ivy could see the twinkle in his eye as he said those words, and had the overwhelming feeling that he just dropped a huge clue. Or Harley did. “He doesn’t buy it...” she heard her girlfriend mutter to herself. “So how the hell am I close...?”

“Maybe he doesn’t buy his tech, because he already owns it?” Ivy wondered.

“He owns it?” Harley repeated questionably. “Like he has a high tech hardware store or something?”

Pam shrugged. “He’s rich. Maybe he’s the CEO of some giant technology conglomerate.”

“Oh!” she snapped her head up to Harry “It’s *Roman Sionis*! It *has* to be!”

Harry tilted his head a little, his face impassive. “Why would you think him?”

“He fits every description,” she argued. “Born here, rich as all hell – he owns a *bank*, for God’s sake – at social functions, you never see him in public, he owns a freakin’ Steel Mill, and,” she cleared her throat. “Being a psychiatrist, I know that the Batman is clearly a victim of either criminal abuse or a deep-seated childhood trauma that somehow involves bats.”

“Childhood trauma?” Pam wondered. “And Sionis suffered from that, I guess?”

She nodded. “I read somewhere that his parents died in a fire; he’s gotta be it. No one should be that socially balanced without a closet *bulging* with skeletons. He always looks like he has something to hide.” She turned to Harry with a triumphant smile. “Right?”

He tapped his fingers against the arm of his chair nodding along with her points. “You’re right on most points, actually. Hell, every point except one. Sorry to say that he’s *not* Batman.”

Her face visibly fell. “Wait, but...” she scrunched her eyebrows together. “How did you know who Roman Sionis is?”

“Batman looked it up and researched him extensively. Sionis has an identity, but it isn’t Batman.”

“There’s more of them,” Ivy fretted, looking weary. “I’m sick of dealing with masked crusaders.”

Harry did nothing but grin. Harley got the message. "Oh! You didn't say anything about him being a good guy, did you?" She narrowed her eyes. "You know, we're not playing Twenty Questions: Gotham Edition. We can't guess every masked citizen in the stupid city, because, sadly, we're going to be here a while."

"Oh, alright, then. Would've gotten bonus points for guessing, though. He's the Black Mask."

"No fucking way!" Harley yelled, sitting up straighter. "That guy? The Black Mask? The guy that has homeless shelters named after him, owns the biggest drug-smuggling business in Gotham?"

Ivy looked just as unconvinced. "I met him once. When I was all-human. He seemed nice enough. He didn't leer at me, at least. There was a short time where Sionis was interested in buying the biochemical wing of WayneTech Industries. In hindsight, he could have been interested in improving his drugs with biochemical and such. Maybe he wanted to invent a new strain that he could sell exclusively, or lace his regular drugs with an addictive chemical?"

"Didn't he and Wayne have a falling out?" Harley wondered. "Like, a decade ago?"

"Five years ago," Ivy corrected her gently, "And Roman, at that point, was buying all of his companies back that Wayne had bought from him, like Janis cosmetics. Within about two years, Sionis went from bankrupt to a multi-millionaire."

Harry nodded. "Yup. With the hope that he might get rid of his life of crime if he had a legitimate business to run again, Wayne gave him his old company for a marked down price. You probably would've ended up working for Sionis had he been more subtle about using that company for a front."

"More subtle?" Harleen questioned. "What? People knew? This is the first time I'm hearing about it! Seems like the only one who had any idea about it was..."

Ivy blinked. "Bruce Wayne."

Harry wordlessly pressed his finger against the side of his nose. "We've got a winner."

"Holy shit!"

It was a general summation of everything the two girls felt at the moment. The idea of the richest aristocrat in Gotham, the *playboy*, the seemingly bored heir of the most recognized name in Gotham's history was... *that guy*.

Harleen's head hurt – not because of the startling revelation – she was young, but even she knew of the Wayne family's impact on their society today – but the fact that neither she nor Ivy said anything just now.

She was getting really fucking tired of people spying in on her conversations.

The room kept silent, almost unsure of where the mysterious voice was. It was most decidedly a woman's voice, and somewhat familiar....

"Selina?" Ivy wondered, looking around curiously. "Where the hell are you?"

Harry's eyes lost focus for a moment, before he looked up towards the skylight in the ceiling. "No point of sneaking away now. I can see you."

They heard a whispered curse. "I guess you really are the real deal," the voice lowly murmured, before a shadow peeked into the open skylight. "Give me a break, alright? I just found out that I flirted with Bruce Wayne like, a week ago."

Harleen rolled her eyes. "Is there a reason you decided to not announce yourself? Did you think we would stop playing a *guessing game* because you showed up?"

She shrugged. "Call it a defense mechanism. Information is valuable. And that may be the most priceless thing in the world I could steal."

She slowly leaned forward, and fell down into the room. Harry blinked in surprise, seeing her absolutely calm face as she fell at least twenty feet, but more importantly, the absolutely salacious uniform she wore as she flew gracefully, even sneaking in a roll before she landed nimbly on her feet, her motion stopping in a crouch.

Her yellow eyes sparked with mischief as she laid her eyes upon the trio, rising from the ground. "Girls," the curvy woman nodded, resting her hands on her hips. She eyed Harry with heavy curiosity, her ruby red lips fixed in a permanent, cocky smirk. "*Warlock*."

Harry raised his eyebrow at the sensual tone. "Kitten," he replied, spying the ears on her skintight jumpsuit, and focusing on her cat-eye irises. "Quite an entrance," he remarked. "Trying to impress?"

She scoffed, and smirked. "Make one good appearance, and you think you're the hottest thing in Gotham."

"I was on fire for a good moment there," he countered, crossing his arms.

"Hold on," Harleen interrupted. "Were you really planning on stealing from us?" She looked almost upset at the thought.

The woman known as Selina seemed to ponder to herself, but faltered a little to the cuteness that was Harleen Quinzel being upset at anyone. "No, sweetie. It was only a joke. But," her eyes fluttered to Poison Ivy, "I would hope that you would've eventually told me. After all, I apparently lost a free room."

Pamela rolled her eyes. "Boarding is still open. We still have a free room available, should you agree to the terms."

Harley looked uncertain, before she shrugged it off. "Eh, doesn't matter. I got the roomie I wanted out of this."

A black, buckled boot stepped forward, and the blonde felt herself sinking further into the cushions. "Oh, you don't like little ol' me?"

"I'm more afraid of the metal-looking whip at your waist." She giggled nervously. "Not sure if you're looking at me like you wanna make me lick faster or assigning me a slave name."

That got a genuine smile out of the masked woman. "We'll work on safe words, dear."

"First of the terms are: hands off of Harley," Pamela droned, and Harry got the distinct impression that it wasn't the first time she said that to her.

"You said nothing about flirting," she purred – literally *purred* – and her eyes roamed over Harry's form once more, and he felt akin to a ball of yarn. She suddenly narrowed her eyes, and glanced back to Ivy. "What about him?"

The green-skinned beauty leaned back against the arm of her chair, stroking her chin not unlike a 1920's villain stroking their pencil mustache. "A tease like you? Talk about pussy-whipped..."

But she was already shaking her head. "Oh *please*, Ivy. I wouldn't be asking *permission*. What I want to know is how come he and Harley have each other's scent slathered all over each other?"

Harleen's nose wrinkled, before she lifted her arms and sniffed. "I showered just this morning!"

Harry snickered. "Yeah; with me. I don't even remember us *using* soap."

Pamela laughed at Selina's expression. "He's not a tenant, here, Selina. He's a partner."

She pouted. "And I can't be? I thought you guys were looking for someone to work with?"

Ivy grimaced. "We were. And we found him instead to work with. And he became our... *partner*."

The leather-clad seductress looked confused, and Harley poked her lover in the side. With a meaningful look, Ivy relented. "Okay, okay, I get it. I shouldn't be afraid to say it. I've just never had one before. He's our boyfriend."

The cat-like girl blinked owlishly at the two. "Really? You're both hooking up with him?" She blinked some more. "So that shitty *Ménage à Terror* name they're coming up with? It's legit?"

Ivy tilted her head. "What do you guys think?" she asked the room.

Harley's tongue ran across her lips. "They could do better. They called me a clown when I first got on the scene. Me; a freaking clown! Could you see that? I don't even have face paint! Not a big red nose! Nothin'!"

Selina still looked perturbed. "Seriously? What kind of magical dick made you guys turn?"

Harry snorted as Harley and Ivy gave each other knowing glances. "It has its properties." He held a leather-like skullcap in his hand, and inspected it closely. "I could use something like this for my new costume. Mind if I borrow it?"

"Borrow...?" her delicately maintained eyebrows furrowed, before her eyes widened. She grasped at her bare, flawless face, and ran her fingers through her short-cropped ebony hair frantically. "How the fuck did you – ?"

"Magic," he said simply. "How's that for information you can steal?" He turned the face of the mask towards her. "That wasn't a parlour trick yesterday. If I had an inkling of encouragement to, I could steal the clothes off your body."

She eyed him delicately. She wasn't sure if he was telling the truth, but she wasn't going to take any chances. "I'll be good; I promise. Scout's honor!"

The Boy-Who-Lived smiled disarmingly. "Good kitty."

She frowned. "I'm pretty sure I'm older than you."

He eyed her form appreciatively. "Not by much."

Her cheeks colored at his frankness – usually, she was the forward one. "Alright, well, asking you about your boy toy is not why I'm here." She turned back to Harley. "Did you get the gem?"

Harley nodded, pushing her glasses up her nose. "Yup. It's in the kitchen. I don't think I moved it since I stole it, actually. Been a bit distracted."

"Gem?" Ivy wondered, moving her red hair behind her ears. "You mean the heist two nights ago?"

She nodded. "Yup. Selina gave me the code. Got me in and out pretty quickly. Of course," she tilted her head to her other green-eyed lover, "you saw what happened when the heist didn't go exactly as planned."

"And why couldn't you steal it when you got the code?" Pamela wondered, curious.

The ebony-haired beauty shrugged. "I was busy. Had some eyes on me that I'd rather keep away from the jewelry shop, and I found out it was just sold in auction. I didn't know who bought it, and I didn't know when they'd get it. She volunteered, alright?"

Harley allowed herself to push out of the couch and stretch her legs. "Damn, that's comfy," she sighed. "So, how's my babies?"

"Yeah, I've been meaning to talk to you about that..." Selina started slowly. "They're scaring my cats. They won't come near me, now. I don't like it."

"I could talk to them," Harley tried to compromise. "You wouldn't be able to move in if they couldn't get along; that's why we tried this. They need to learn how to make friends. You were supposed to teach them how."

"Yeah, I thought I *could* do that," she muttered, and she almost sounded disappointed in herself. "I've never domesticated a fucking *tiger*, though."

"They're not all tigers; at least *one* of them should be trained by now! And you dress like a cat dominatrix! You should be the *perfect* teacher!"

"She has a point," Pamela agreed. "You are basically calling yourself the Cat Queen."

"I'm a wildcat who domesticates humans, Ivy," she simpered, glaring at them both.

"I'm beginning to see a trend, here," Harry muttered, sitting back in his seat. "I'm starting to believe that all humans hate each other."

"Nah," she disagreed, moving to sit in his lap. "Just us crazy ones."

Selina ignored them. "Cats just tend to like me. I can't promise they'd all like each other." She looked back at Harley. "Weren't you supposed to be getting my gem?"

"You're the thief," she countered. "I wouldn't be surprised if you already took the damn thing."

She shrugged. "Fair point." She slid her gloved fingers into her ample cleavage, held only by the silver zipper that kept her suit together, her smirk firmly in place. "I was actually on my way out when you guys showed up... you had the windows open, so I let myself in...."

The smirk somewhat faded seconds later, as she awkwardly kept fishing through the deep pocket between her breasts, three sets of eyes on her. "Where the hell...?"

Harry, successfully amused by her confusion, reached behind his girlfriend's ear, and pulled a quarter-sized jade rock from between his fingers. "Didn't even need magic for that one."

The black-haired woman covered her pale chest, suddenly feeling violated. "Hey!"

The Boy-Who-Lived wordlessly tossed the gem towards her, and she fumbled before she caught it. "I was referring to the behind-the-ear trick. It was boring those first few years before Hermione. I had to learn a few tricks of a few trades." He nodded towards the stranger. "Like how to distract enemies to getting what you want."

She looked indignant as she pocketed the gem in her actual pocket, not willing to give them another show. "Whatever. I can see I'm not welcome here."

"Someone's had sour milk this morning," Harley muttered, leaning back against Harry's chest. "Relax, Selina. We're just messin' with ya. Harry, this is Selina Kyle, Gotham's resident Cat Burglar."

She crossed her arms, unintentionally lifting her ample bosom. "Fucking Vicki Vale couldn't even try with my name."

"Selina," Harley patiently interrupted. "This is Harry Potter, otherwise known as the Warlock, and wizard extraordinaire."

"Charmed," Harry said brightly, and Pamela laughed unexpectedly at the pun.

"Uhuh," the ebony-haired girl said sourly. "I'd say it was nice to meet you, but you just saw how it went." She turned to Harley. "So, do you want your cats back or what? I think they've been away from their mother long enough."

She looked towards Ivy, who tilted her head, as if to say she didn't care either way about the manner. Then she turned to Harry. "So, how do you feel about a few giant beasts roaming the halls at night?"

Harry shrugged. "Nothing I'm not used to. As long as none of them go for my bits."

"They don't actually bite your junk off," she said exasperatedly. "Maybe, if they're curious, they'll take a whiff. Ivy woke up that way, and she's had a vendetta against Bubbles ever since. But they're not particularly violent to the male anatomy. I'd

never risk that on you. It – *you* – mean too much to me.” She smiled impishly at her Freudian slip, but Harry knew she was joking.

“Juliet and Bubbles?” Harry re-clarified.

“And Twilight,” she added. “Cutest little pets you ever saw.”

Selina snorted. “A fully-grown tiger, a lion, and a fucking *snow leopard* aren’t little, Harley. So, are you taking them off my hands?”

Harley looked up at the skylight, and saw the cloudy weather. “It looks like it might rain again, soon. Wanna take the express?”

Ivy stretched her long, smooth legs before standing up from the couch. “Other than bombing Wayne manor, I wasn’t planning on doing anything today.”

Harry set the light blonde on her feet before he stood up. “I also have to check with Tonks again in about an hour. And, of course, I have to talk Pam into *not* killing Wayne yet.”

“I look forward to your argument,” she said dryly, moving over to hold Harry’s hand. She reached out with her other arm and grabbed Selina’s whip at her side. “Huh. It really *is* metal.”

“Because it’s a *weapon*,” Selina muttered, rolling her eyes. “I’d be some kind of freak if I was trying to take down enemies with actual leather whips.” She glanced around. “Can someone tell me why we’re holding hands like a Kumbaya?”

“Popping over to your apartment,” Harleen said happily; she might have been getting addicted to the rush she got when being squeezed in a tube, much like flying.

“Oh.” She was silent for a moment. “Are we bursting into flames to do that?”

Harry blinked. “You want to?”

“*NO!*”

“No need to shout.” He closed his eyes and concentrated on a picture. “Harleen, are there snow leopards in the zoo?”

“Uh-uh,” she shook her head. “I took their only cub. They’ve never replaced them after they got endangered.”

“So is it a safe bet that you’ve got the only one in Gotham?”

“Yup yup. I’m unique like that.”

Selina gave her a look. Before she could say anything, Harley spoke without opening her eyes, “Not a peep, *cat lady*.” The black leather-clad thief’s mouth audibly snapped shut.

Pamela Isley looked over to her newest lover, and saw him trying to hide a ghost of a smirk on his lips. “You’re *loving* this, aren’t you Harry?”

He squeezed both of their hands. “Far from hating it.”

“It gets worse.”

“Counting on it.” With a thought of a black-spotted jungle-cat – something he was very familiar with – he popped out of existence, taking the group with him.

Author’s Note: Clarification of the last chapter – I didn’t mean I was writing without an end-goal in mind. I meant to express that this story was going to be quite a while, and the end-game is a ways off. Harry had shown up in the story shortly after midnight, so this is now Day 2. Of course, the story will progress faster soon enough.

Note about the names of Harley’s ‘cats’: Juliet, Bubbles, and Twilight. No offense to Arleen Sorkin. Let’s see how many people get the reference, shall we?

Those looking for action; you heard the lady. It gets worse. Action feels unnecessary in this fic, but it’s Batman, so dammit, let’s do it!

In the meantime:

A thin wooden cane struck the floor with gusto, and sparks emitted from the steel tip at the bottom.

"Riddle me this," the holder announced impatiently, leaning against the cane with the curved handle with both hands, propping himself up as he stared into space, his teeth bright and gleaming. "What tries to evolve, to adapt with the environment, yet also tries to stay the same?" He grinned mischievously, his eyes twinkling. "Oh, don't worry. I'll wait."

9 – Thunder! Thunder! THUNDER!

In the edge of the shadows of Park Row, Bruce Wayne reflected on the past several minutes – the unbelievable moments that had transpired before him.

What happened the previous night – the fire, the command Warlock held, the deflection of the bullets, the fierceness of the duo at his side as they almost begged for a full-on battle, and their teasing smiles as they vanished into thin air; all of it proved that he was facing a new league of opponent.

“I’m more than unstoppable... I’m the Warlock.”

Bruce closed his eyes, shaking his head ruefully.

What happened before paled in comparison to what he had just seen minutes ago.

Now... he was unsure as to what to do at this point, as stubborn as he was to admit it. The previous night, he had discovered, in a rather unpleasant way, that The Femme Fatale – the Divas of Destruction – had a new member of their group. And he was more dangerous than the both of them combined.

Though, he probably wasn’t giving Harley and Ivy enough credit. There were certainly enough missing and misplaced assets in WayneTech’s funds to prove that they were, quite possibly, the deadliest people on earth. On the streets, they really didn’t do much – small jobs, a few statements made, and a few other crimes that he suspected, but ultimately couldn’t accuse – but when they did strike, they did it with a ferocity that brought out the best in the Batman.

And whenever he attacked one, he always brought out the best in the other, more than ready to defend, for their partner’s sake.

Now, he could see exactly how close they really were, and why they fought so fiercely for each other. And as he discovered that fact, a new ripple appeared in the form of Warlock. Now he knew what he was truly dealing with.

Nothing could convince him more that he was facing a very dangerous man – a man that could seemingly talk to a different country without any technology, raise the dead, and has a seemingly endless supply of his power and influence. Any of those alone would be a daunting task to overcome.

But it didn't matter. None of it mattered. The information coming in from Captain Gordon was something that could be very useful. He needed every bit of information if he hoped to track them down. By the sound of things, they were living in the same home. Unfortunately for him, it seemed very unlikely that he would ever be able to follow them.

He had to have a history somewhere else, likely in Europe; he also had to have done something to catch the duo's attention in the first place.

He paused. The heist. It had to be it. It was so outside of Harley's character, the act of sneaking in and out completely undetected, that she had to have learned it from *someone*.

He was with her that night. It would explain how she quickly escaped their sights.

He needed to go to the crime scene – the police may have gathered what evidence they could, but he had more to work with now.

He could see what they were becoming, and they needed to be stopped. He had a great deal of planning to do.

But first, he had to find Nigma – and quick.

"What...? What am I looking at?" Selina asked the uncomfortably silent room carefully. "Pam? Harls? Can someone tell me what I'm looking at?"

No one responded. She probably wouldn't have been able to hear them, let alone be pleased by whatever answer she got. Already disoriented by the uneasy feeling of popping from one place to another, she didn't need another disconcerting moment in its place.

Juliet leaned forward on her front paws, before slowly strutting forward. Her piercing red eyes were on the new presence, tense and ready, while her ears perked up at the sound of her followers staying close. She began her slow inspection of their subject, her tail twitching in excitement as she started to circle her newest... inquisition.

She stopped abruptly as Twilight bravely marched forward, and looked into the subject's eyes with her own steely grey.

The mysterious black cat didn't flinch – it just stared back curiously, its entire form relaxed, yet intimidating, as it looked down at the smaller, by comparison, form.

Juliet licked a striped paw as she waited impatiently for the staring contest to finish, before looking up to her owner.

Harley was knocked out of her transfixed stupor by her tigress's stare, and looked away from the green-eyed panther. "Did somebody say something?"

Ivy flinched in surprise as a tail brushed against her bare leg, and her head snapped towards the golden lion peering up at her with icy blue eyes. "I missed you too, you little squirt."

"Hey!" Harleen complained indignantly. "I don't hear her calling you anything!"

Selina's eye twitched. "Maybe because you don't speak cat."

"I'm not even pointing out the irony," Ivy muttered, leaning down on one knee to brush her hand against Bubbles's soft golden coat.

They heard an unmistakable growl, which came out more like a chuckle, as the large black cat was licked on the side of his face by the snow leopard beside him.

"I think they like him," Harleen noted, amused. "More than me, I think. Though, if I had the powers of a *Manimal*, I think they'd be more receptive to me, too."

Ivy tried to make sense of the sleek, large, black panther with familiar green eyes, still absently petting the purring lion. "When... when we get back. I want you to write down every single trick you have. It's okay to surprise others – *I don't like surprises.*"

The panther did an equivalent of a shrug, mindful of the leopard's head resting against his shoulders, and looked back over to Juliet, whose eyes were back on him.

She began circling him again. His eyes followed her imperiously, a relaxed confidence in the air while he was being stalked upon.

In the end, she stopped at Harley's feet, and her nostrils flared. She looked up at Harley, and back at the imposing figure.

"Hah!" Selina boasted. "She smells him all over you!"

Harleen reached her hand down to pet her youngest feline. "Note to self – sex and hygiene aren't best friends. *Isn't that right, Jules-y?*"

There was a groan, and everyone's head snapped back to the green-eyed wizard, who now had a relaxed Twilight across his human legs, stroking her gently from head to tail with his human hands. "A baby voice? Really? I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, but..." he made a tired groan again, conveying his feelings on the matter.

"We can't all be Catboys," she said scathingly, narrowing her eyes. "Was that a trick you learned ten minutes ago? What the hell was that?"

"I can transform my hair, my eyes, and my own skin," Harry explained, scratching lightly behind the leopard's ear. "If I tried, I could look like *you*. An animal transformation doesn't sound too impossible."

Harley shook her head, trying to make the headache go away. "Trust me – it does."

"I've just got the one," he said quickly. "You know – if that means anything. I'm not going to turn into a cockroach in bed or anything."

"Oh, that's cute," Ivy giggled, standing back up. "You still think you have bed privileges."

"You guys sleep in the same bed?" Selina wondered, grinning like her namesake. "Well, at least he's housebroken."

Harry looked around at the three mildly irritated women. "I feel like I'm being ganged up on."

Juliet purred lazily under her owner's fingers, and Harry chuckled. "Well, yeah, I suppose the 'good way' is out of the question, now, isn't it?"

"A book," Harleen muttered. "It's going to take an entire fucking book, isn't it? To list all the powers you have."

Harry shook his head. "Actually, Hermione's been keeping detailed notes. It's kind of emasculating, just writing down what I can and can't do."

Bubbles, feeling ignored, moved over to Harry, calmly tucking her head into his outstretched palm.

Ivy leaned against the chair in the sitting room, trying to absorb the astounding sight before her. "Why? Because it's just not impressive enough?"

"It's not that," Harry tried to defend himself. "But it kind of is. I mean, she's just going for the basics. I can turn into a Shadow Panther, I'm a Metamorphmagus, I can do wandless magic – but what about the other stuff? No mention on how I can cook, or how good I am with my hands, or how well I can sing. Okay, I can't really sing, but a mention of the things that aren't so... strange, helps. I mean, most of the things that I do weren't things I could do without a lot of help."

"What do you mean by that?" Harley wondered, sitting with Juliet, rubbing her upright back. "Magical rituals or something? Virgin blood and frog tongues?"

"We tend to use salamander tongues more, actually. And virgin blood doesn't mean much in rituals, from what Daphne could find. No, it's more to do with me being bitten by quite a few magical creatures. After I found out I had a Horcrux, I began to lack in inhibitions. It wasn't until I met Fawkes, my phoenix, when I really started taking drastic measures. When you have a dark lord after you, and you're partially immortal, you do anything you can to get a leg up." He looked down to the white mountain cat; she seemed to have fallen asleep on his legs. "Unfortunately, I don't have powers that would stop my legs from falling asleep. Or super-strength."

Harley looked around awkwardly. "Well, whaddya want us to do about it? Twilight isn't exactly portable."

"How did you get them here?" Harry inquired. "Wherever here is?"

Selina fished out her jade stone and put it on her shelf, before turning back to the two trios. "We're in an old building complex that I spruced up a bit." At Ivy's raised brow, she frowned. "Remember when I was looking for a room?"

Pamela looked around the dark room some more. It had a lot of high-end furniture, in a low-end shack. The television set upon a polished oak cabinet, which sat upon a Persian rug. The dusty floor below it, however, discredited the otherwise elegant view.

The green-skinned girl sighed. "Harley, what do you think?"

"She keeps the whip and claws away from me, and we don't have a problem," she said simply, scratching the young tigress's chin.

She eyed her boyfriend warily. "Harry?"

"Your house," he said simply. "I'm a visitor. Sorry for not telling you before about my form. Just thought it would be a pleasant surprise, is all. The moment I heard you had a pet, I made the decision not to mention it."

She could tell that he was genuinely upset at their reactions, and her voice softened. "It was a surprise. We just had an overreaction. It was... unexpected."

Harleen laughed heartily. "As opposed to everything else you've done since you got here."

"Here?" Selina looked at her weirdly. "He just got here. You mean here in Gotham?"

Harley shook her head. "Nope. America. As you can tell by the accent, he's not from around here."

"And don't ask how we met," Harry quipped. "We're still thinking of a cover-story."

The ebony-haired beauty opened her mouth; then closed it silently. "I don't want to know. So, do I have a room?"

Pamela nodded. "Sure. Fair warning – Harley's in heat."

Her girlfriend blushed furiously. "Well y-you don't need to say it like that! It's not like you two are helping!"

"We're actively *not* helping," The raven-haired teen supported her claim. "We're encouraging it, really."

"As if I was saying it like it was a bad thing." Pamela smirked. "So, while the walls are soundproofed, there will always be a standing 'Knocking Before Entering' policy enforced."

Selina nodded vigorously, grateful. "No problem. I won't even knock – I'll just stay the hell away."

"I should probably be insulted by that," Harry muttered nonchalantly, still scratching the purring lion's head between the ears, "considering you had a completely different tune before you met me."

The spandex-clad thief hummed to herself. "And then I met you."

"Play nice, kids," Harleen chastised the two, before hugging her pet tiger to herself. "I've missed you so much, Jules-y. Yes I ha-ave!"

Harry shrugged at the tigress's pointed look. "Yeah, I guess it's something I have to get used to."

"Oh, shut it! She likes the way I talk to her. She thinks it's cute! Don't you, *Julesey Woolsey*~~"

"I think it's time to go now, Harley," Ivy interrupted, pinching the bridge of her nose. She was starting to think that she liked it better when the dear girl was sexed out. "To *our* home," she said pointedly to Harry. She hadn't forgotten that '*visitor*' nonsense. "We can pick up this stuff later."

He looked around. "I've never shrunken any electronics before. I don't want to risk it. I can handle the furniture, though."

"I'll handle the more... personal items," Selina purred, "and I could always steal more furniture. Though it would be a pretty good challenge for me. Getting all these things to the outskirts of Gotham..."

Harley still had a pressing question to pose – "What about Selina's cats? They don't get along with my babies. I don't think that arrangement's gonna work long."

"They'll get along," Harry assured her, subtly slipping out of the massive weight of the snow leopard on his legs, having successfully put the cat to into a near comatose sleep. "They were just rather defensive of Juliet's... cravings."

The three girls stared at him weirdly, and he felt a sense of déjà vu. He nervously cleared his throat. "She's in heat."

After a few moments of silence, Harleen looked at her dear tiger, looked at Harry, and spoke. "You're not fucking my cat."

Harry laughed; a rich, pure laugh. "I didn't even consider that thought!"

She raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Really? Why? She not good enough for you?"

He let out a mirthful scoff. "I wouldn't know – I'm human."

Harleen eyed the shape-shifter incredulously. "So was that another illusion?"

"No," he explained, "I was an actual panther. I could talk to them and everything, if they bothered to speak. Every witch or wizard has at least one form. Hermione's is an eagle and a lion."

"And your other form?" Ivy wondered, and Selina would be lying to herself if she wasn't a little curious.

"Just the one," Harry shrugged, "and it seems that no matter what I do, the one form is all I can achieve. Since our magical cores are linked through our spiritual core, I can do her forms and she can do mine. With a twist."

"Of course there's a twist," Harley smirked, expecting no less. "Let me guess? With the powers combined, when the blue moon rises and the stars are in the shape of a lightning bolt, you can turn into a dragon?"

"That would be pretty cool," Harry said wistfully, before he shook his head, his loose ebony hair swishing against his ears. "No. I don't really need a dragon. I've had enough of dealing with those. What happens is Hermione's eyesight, in her eagle form or not, can see miles ahead. My panther form can run faster than Hermione's lion form. Little indiscretions like that."

Selina nodded knowingly. "Okay, that's odd. Lionesses are the second-fastest cats in the world. I'm also assuming that you both can speak to animals even when not in that form?"

He nodded. "Not very useful unless you're looking for someone."

"Speaking of which," Selina inquired, "Who is Hermione? Your sister?"

"Close," the Boy-Who-Lived admitted slowly, "Or rather, closer. To the outside eye, she's my best friend."

"... Am I still considered an outsider?" She wondered incredulously after a few seconds of silence.

The green-eyed boy took a moment to consider. "Yes," he said in the end. "I don't know much about you, nor you about me. I don't know your intentions, nor do you know mine."

Her black gloves rubbed her chin. "Fair enough, I guess." She grinned. "But I'm going to guess that she's your friend with benefits."

"Huh," Harleen said plainly. "Never considered that term before."

"I've always thought it the same thing," Pamela argued, shrugging. "Friends who have sex. The only thing missing is the monogamous commitment. Technically, I guess, that's a term that describes us."

"You wouldn't consider us committed?" Harry asked them curiously.

"In the classical sense – no," the blonde admitted, "though I can tell you quite a few psychiatric treatment doctors that might argue with that. Still, I suppose in a more modern era, it's a less relevant term. Commitment is overrated."

"Says the girl who was in a one-girl dedicated relationship two days ago," Ivy pointed out with a sly grin. She looked over to Bubbles and Twilight, who were purring under Harry's gentle hands. "Though you make it very difficult to regret our actions – so far."

"So far," he confirmed. "You don't know how bad my luck can run most times."

"Hot blonde, smokin' exotic redhead, and a dominatrix that takes her role too seriously," Harley ticked them off. "All in about thirty-six hours. I look forward to seeing what you consider good luck."

"Don't involve me in your little stable," Selina held up her hands. "I plan on paying for my room with *money*, thank you."

Ivy rolled her eyes. "You done pimping out our man, Harley? We've still got an appointment for today, and we need to go get dressed."

The young blonde patted the tiger once more on the head, then jumped up. "Where to, Red?"

"Well," she began, "if we're going to murder Bruce Wayne, I'll assume we need some reinforcements. Getting into his mansion probably won't be easy."

"It won't be," Harry shook his head. "Which is one of the many reasons we can't kill him yet."

She crossed her arms, lightly frowning. "I'm listening."

"Yeah," Selina agreed, leaning against the wall. "I kind of want to hear this."

Harley tilted her head. "I can see why you wouldn't want to kill him now, but you said that he could be useful. How? Do you see him joining our side anytime soon? Or are we talking mind-control here?"

He raised an eyebrow. "You have a very active imagination," he smirked.

She waved it off. "It's always the crazy ones." She crossed her arms, much like her girlfriend, with the exception of a soft smile on her lips. "Well?"

"I'm not going to lie; I'm betting the idea is tempting to you. When Hermione gets back to us with the comics, it's going to be even more tempting. We'll know everything that happened, and everything that could potentially happen. I'm betting I won't be in it, so I can only imagine that there's going to be a lot of changes starting *today*."

"Did I miss something?" Selina raised her hand.

"You're supposed to raise your hand *first*," Harley pointed out.

She shrugged. "I never went to school. So what's all this about a comic? Everything that could potentially happen, you said? You're telling me that you can see into the future?"

"Even where I come from, soothsayers are widely considered skeptical," Harry chuckled, "Including me. I get the occasional bad feeling of impending doom, but other than that, I couldn't tell you what you're doing tomorrow. Long story short, you've probably been catalogued in a series based on the adventures of the guy you fight on a weekly basis. He's the star, and you're all the antagonists."

"Which is bullshit, by the way," Harleen sniffed. "He's a guy in a costume. That's generic. It's not like he's the world's only superhero or something, and he's not even super! It shouldn't be a comic, it should be a movie, and *I* should be the star. [Cecilia Sunbeam](#) stars as the world renowned Daring Demoness Harley Quinn!"

"You put thought into that," Pamela said slowly. "Do I get a part in your feature?"

"*Trilogy*," she corrected her, "and of course. The Seductive Siren, Poison Ivy, played by [Roxanne Snow](#)."

Her lips quirked. "Siren?"

A glimmer of playfulness sparkled in her eyes. "In my world, babe, you're a *screamer*."

"I don't think I'd mind that," the Boy-Who-Lived slowly admitted with a grin. "But before we get to your own movie trilogy, we're going to have to get to a place where we're in control. Police will be a problem, yes. And so will Batman. But what about the others?"

"Others? You mean the other superheroes?"

He shook his head. "They're a much bigger problem that we'll have to deal with later. I'm talking about the guys who want to do what we're about to do. We try to take this city, the ones who already have it, or are looking forward to taking it, will be threatened by us."

Ivy and Harley seemed to absorb that information, while Selina still looked confused. "You still haven't told me about these comic books." Irritation seeped into her voice. "You telling me we're all being recorded or something? Somebody else out there knows who all of us are?"

Harry frowned. He knew she would have to be introduced to his world sooner rather than later. "I don't know. Not yet. I only know of his lore, and that he seems to be a popular figure where I'm from, and no, it's not from this world."

She blinked. "You're an alien?"

Harry, not really having any other reference, nodded.

The spandex-clad thief shook her head wryly. "Now things are starting to make sense around here!" She looked over to Harleen. "So how's the... probing?"

She didn't show a hint of embarrassment. "Really? That's the best pun you could come up with? *Probing*? What do you expect me to say? 'Out of this world?' You can do better, Kyle."

The ebony-haired girl flushed. "Give me a break, alright! I've never met an alien before, when the fuck am I gonna get the chance to say it again?"

The blonde only rolled her eyes. "Kind of my point."

Ivy had by now approached Harry, and was leaning against him, watching the two bicker. "We could just leave them here, for a while," she suggested with a whisper. "She sent her cats here so they would get acclimated to Selina and her pets. I think Harley should get the same treatment as well."

"I can hear you," Harley whispered to her girlfriend, just as lowly, as if keeping the same secret. "Whispering only helps when we're yelling."

"Then how come no one heard me when I asked if we were ready to go?"

Selina whistled through her teeth a calm, low whistle, and a second later, a brown-spotted tabby zipped from behind the television and leaped into her waiting arms. She began stroking its harried fur delicately, before looking back at Harley. "Believe it or not, this one was the least afraid of my cats. Sasha will be my only carry-on."

The green-eyed wizard nodded approvingly at the useful skill, before reaching down to rub his hand across Twilight's vast spine. "Everybody hold hands – you know the deal."

After some confusion on the jungle cats' sakes, and a final look at the run-down shack, Selina nodded, and the significantly larger group disappeared.

~Flashback, Pre-Veil~

Harry caught himself as he almost slammed forward onto the business end of his fork.

"You okay, Harry?" Parvati asked worriedly, putting her quill back in the inkwell next to her essay, her half-eaten meal forgotten. She eyed him carefully. "Did you get any sleep last night?"

"I'm alright, Pad," He slurred, "was just up a bit late. No problems."

She frowned. "Is it about Hermione?" she asked softly, eying the Great Hall for any onlookers.

"Hermione?" Susan wondered, sitting across from Harry. "Is she alright? I assumed she went to class early."

Parvati shook her head. "There was a family emergency – she had to go home for the weekend. That's what Lavender told me, anyway."

"Oh," Susan gasped. "Harry, do you know what happened?"

He shook his head, not trusting himself to speak, considering that it was a cover story he had convinced Lavender to spread. Hermione, physically, had gotten better, but she still wouldn't awaken. It was the only thing he could think of, and had been thinking of for the past three days.

He had told her a lot of things that had happened at the Dursley home, and his journey abroad, but now, she knew... everything. She knew the worst of the worst, now.

Harry didn't know if he would ever tell her about 'Harry Hunting'. He didn't think he would ever explain that while Dudley got bored of any new toys he had very quickly throughout his lifetime, his favorite toy, that lasted for an astonishing three months, was the fire-poker, that was only discarded when it was far too bent – of course, Harry was to blame, for not being fragile enough. He never wanted to tell Hermione about the breaks, the snaps, the internal bleeding that he had to endure on his sixth birthday, when he innocently asked his aunt what day it was, literally not having a clue as to what day it was.

But if there was one thing that he had promised never to tell *anyone*, it was the ruddy *cupboard*.

He honestly didn't know what point he had stopped worrying about his friend's well-being, and started worrying about his own secrets revealed to her, and he felt ashamed of himself for it. But it didn't stop him from worrying, never-the-less.

He still felt her lips on his three days ago – their first kiss. It was out of nowhere – and, for a moment, he thought it was truly just a ploy to get him to shut up. But he knew her.

However, it now seemed that she knew him better than anyone else. Maybe she knew that he wanted a kiss? Could she have done that just to appease him? Could it have been pity? A spark of emotion, generated from his soul half in her body? Could anything she try to feel in the future simply be an extension of his own emotions? Could she never have her own feelings expressed again, and she would be nothing but a vessel?

His mind had been in turmoil for the past three days with these pressing – *exasperating* questions. And now, on a Monday, he had to deal with classes.

He had ordered Snape to go on sick leave, so he could spend all of his time on looking over Hermione, but it would be suspicious if both he and Hermione were conveniently sick.

On the plus side, he finally had confirmation from Tonks – The rat was floored to Madam Bones the previous night. In a matter of days, Sirius would be free. He seemed to be relatively comfortable inside Potter Mansion, but Harry was sure he'd like the idea of stretching his legs a bit. Maybe get a place of his own. Sirius, bless him, could never be much of a father figure. Harry had been more of the parent in their relationship during the times he wasn't walking Padfoot, or when Hermione was at school and he needed a friend to play with.

Perhaps it was best if Sirius went off and lived his own life – the life he was never allowed to have. He seemed particularly pleased when he read that he was merely a *national* criminal.

Harry Potter – all alone, once again. As it probably should have been from the beginning.

"You're not alone, Harry."

He didn't bother to react. He had been hearing Hermione's voice all night, in short statements, once or twice an hour, and he resolved to himself to take a dreamless sleep potion tonight.

"Harry," Parvati said quietly, and he lifted his head weakly to meet her brown, curious eyes. "Would you rather take the day off? I'll take your notes for you."

He wanted to shake his head, but it was far too heavy to put it in such a motion. So he just stared.

She bit her lip nervously. "You and Hermione have the highest marks in our year so far. I don't think they'd mind if you played hooky once."

Susan, unbeknownst to Harry, had gotten up and stood behind him. "Let's take you back to the common room," she said gently. Harry, unable to do anything, allowed Susan to lift him to his feet. He swayed a little, and Susan caught him, and he quickly righted himself. He quickly decided that having someone carry him everywhere was not something he wanted repeated anytime soon.

He wildly shook his head and sleepily thanked Susan, before stumbling towards the doors of the Great Hall, ignorant of the murmurs and whispers around him.

The Fat Lady's portrait was finally in his sight when he noticed that Susan and Parvati was behind him – and he only noticed when they began talking to a third person.

"Are you sure you should be with us right now?" Susan said carefully, her eyes glancing back and forth between Daphne and Harry's faltering walk.

The platinum blonde had her arms crossed as she eyed the boy in front of him. "They won't be a problem. Is he alright?"

Parvati shook her head. "He called me Padma earlier. He must be out of it."

Daphne tried not to show her surprise. Sometimes, even she got the two confused, when not looking or listening for the tells, but Harry had never mistaken one for the other – he made it look easy. "Does this have to do with Hermione's absence?"

"Word spreads fast," Susan admitted. "So you know about her family emergency?"

She frowned. "Makes more sense than what I heard."

"What did you hear?" the redhead inquired.

"I heard that she was injured when she and Harry battled that troll together."

The two girls were in a shocked silence when Harry murmured the password to the Fat Lady ("*Lionheart*"). He carefully leaned against the swinging portrait passageway and turned back to the girls. "Thanks," he muttered tiredly and awkwardly. He had no idea what they were talking about, but he assumed it was something big by the way they were looking at him.

“Did you...” Susan tried to phrase her words carefully, knowing how private he and Hermione were about some things. “Is Hermione okay, Harry?”

Even through restless eyes, he could see the sincerity in hers. “She’s better,” he promised, yawning as he did so – not bothering to cover his mouth.

The girls took no offense, but they did look concerned. “You should get some sleep, Harry,” Parvati said gently, but firmly. “You look a wreck.”

“I am,” he promised again, before he promptly fainted dead, not hearing their shrieks of surprise and worry.

“You’re never alone. We’ll take care of you.”

~Post-Veil, Hogwarts~

Severus eyed the misty archway before him with disdain.

“Such power,” he murmured in reverence, almost admiring the ancient artifact. “A doorway into another world. The Dark Lord is now gone, and dear Harold taken into another life. The mysteries you hold...”

Daphne cleared her throat. “It’s not that mysterious anymore. Fleur and I figured it out, with help from Tonks and Harry.”

Tracey leaned against the wall with her arms crossed, eying the veil with pure hatred. “I don’t know whether to destroy the bloody thing when we’re done with it or use it against the rest of the followers.”

Severus joined his hands behind his back. “I wouldn’t put it behind some of them to have a Horcrux of their own.”

“That’s the thing that we discovered,” Daphne told her Head of House, before pulling out a chain attached to a locket. “A week ago, this locket was heavy. Now, it’s noticeably lighter. And that was our first clue.” She pushed some light strands of blondish blue hair from her eyes as she handed him the locket, which he took with minutely trembling hands. “It’s gone. The Horcrux is completely gone.”

His fingers ran over the emerald stones that laid an 'S' form, feeling a chill up his spine at the serpentine design, before he sneered. "Did it escape?"

She shook her head. "It's always a possibility. But the more likely answer is that it's gone. Gone with Harry's soul. It couldn't take that degree of separation, and it was ripped from Voldy himself."

Snape cringed. Even now, it was strange to hear a Slytherin call the Dark Lord by the name 'Voldy'. "What of Mister Potter? The same should have happened to him and Miss Granger."

"Yes, it should have," a slightly accented voice agreed with them. They turned to see Miss Delacour stalk into the room with purpose, her eyes locked on the veil. A brilliantly gleaming tiara sat askew upon her head, loose strands covering her stunning visage. It didn't ruin her beauty, or mar her tired stare. "Harry and Hermione would have died two days ago, if he had gone through this veil unprotected." She closed her eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. "However, thankfully, they are protected by Death itself."

Snape tried not to show his confusion, but Daphne seemed to pick up on it anyway. "When I was a child," she began, "I read a story about three brothers, and how they managed to trick Death. One of the prizes awarded was a cloak of invisibility that lasts forever. The other was a stone that communicates with the dead. The last was a wand that made the castor unbeatable." Her eyes flashed dangerously. "I was there when it happened at the Ministry. Hermione was setting traps for the Death Eaters. 'Expelliarmus Wards', she called them; Domes that could disarm you the second you stepped through, leaving you open to attack. That way, if any of us got caught in the almost unnoticeable ward, we could still protect ourselves, but very few others could use Wandless Magic to that degree. Dumbledore walked through that room, saw his wand fly out his hand, and I've never seen him so grave before. He looked straight at me and asked me who put up the ward. I was rather busy fighting Rodolphus, but I don't think he believed me when I told him that I didn't know. He picked up his wand, and I saw him struggle as he performed simple charms on the ward. The fact that he never found out who cast it is evidence enough that Dumbledore's wand, oddly, became useless to him."

Her eyes burned a hole through the back of his head, and Severus, had he not been an accomplished Occlumens, would have felt violated at that very moment. "He still doesn't know that Hermione is the true owner of that wand – the Elder Wand."

He took a moment to absorb that information. "And the Resurrection Stone?"

"The ring," Fleur murmured with confidence. "The Gaunt Ring. That's not their coat of arms etched into it. It's the symbol of the three hallows. I don't know how it can be activated, but it should. Harry and Hermione cannot be touched as long as one or both of them have that protection. Even death's portal knew that."

Severus blinked. "And what of the Dark Lord?"

"His soul was a leech," Daphne spat, "and it was treated as such. It was always sucking off of Harry and Hermione's soul, never actually being a part of it. It was never truly connected."

"That's our thoughts, anyway," Fleur disclaimed, sighing tirelessly into her hands. She seemed to remember something, and removed the familiar diadem from the top of her head. "Hermione will be pleased to know that this works."

"We'll have to tell Hermione about Sirius," Tracey said depressingly. "She'll probably take it better than Harry would."

"The ritual will take more than a few days." She looked pointedly at Snape, once again. "Which is why we summoned you here."

He raised an eyebrow. "I am no alchemist, Miss Greengrass. I would not have the slightest idea on how to use the Stone."

She shook her head. "I figured as much. No, we need a distraction for Dumbledore. The press will provide that for us. We just have to give them the bait. Unlock Voldemort's door. Let everyone know what happened to their precious Lord."

His throat tightened. He would have to do it quick; he'd rather not be there for any reactions. "And how will that get back to the media?"

"Lavender already knows the story. All she needs is a picture. Or a pensieve memory."

"And what of the Alchemist?"

She shook her head. "We'll have to talk to Hermione about it."

"Flamel?"

“Maybe. If he’s willing to help.” She shrugged. “We don’t have him on a payroll or anything. We’d probably have to give him an artifact in return. We left on good enough terms.”

Severus eyed the veil one last time before stalking out of the room.

Tracey sighed tirelessly in the silence. “We’ve been holding up rather well. Daph?”

“Better than I would’ve ever thought,” she chuckled. “I suppose when we signed up for this, we should have suspected something to happen. This year has been rather uneventful.”

A soft glow emitted from Fleur’s delicate hand. “Lucky you. I’ve had to deal with nosy classmates. And Gabrielle would not stop talking about her upcoming maturity.”

The younger girls eyed her pulsing hand. “Fleur?” Daphne started slowly.

Her sights were set on the archway in front of her. “This thing; what have you done with it?” She inquired testily.

Daphne considered her words. “Nothing too experimental. Just seeing who can go in and out, and where they might lead.”

“So you’ve never tried a spell?”

“Objects? Yes. Spells? No.”

Flames flickered into life in her palm, before a raging ball of heat swirled between her fingers. “No time like the present.”

~Present Day, Outskirts of Gotham~

“Seriously, though. You’re not having sex with Juliet.”

Harry feigned sadness. “What’s the point of turning into an animal if I can’t move to the jungle and assert myself as the king?”

Ivy snorted. “You practically did when you came here.”

Harley got the hint, and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I get it. You're not as into being a cat as Selina, I guess." She laughed at the irony.

"If anything," Harry shrugged, "Sirius would be your biggest problem. He's sort of looked down upon in my world, which makes it difficult for him to get any attention from the fairer sex. His animagus form is a dog."

Ivy slipped off her flip-flops and sat on their bed, groaning as she did so. "And to think, we were only going to see a dinner and a movie today."

"We still can," he suggested. "Or we could cause some havoc and draw out Batman again. We need to talk."

"Don't bother," she shook her head. "He only shows up at night."

Harry looked confused. "Then who shows up during the day?"

"Er – the police?"

"That's a bit... odd, don't you think?"

Harley moved over to her drawer, where Harry remembered her dedicated outfits to be. "I've stopped trying to make sense of this city a long time ago. Makes things easier. So, where to?"

"Actually..."

Pamela raised an eyebrow at his mischievous grin. "Last time you looked like that, you showed us the Warlock." She began to smile. "What do you have planned?"

"Any idea where Eddie might be?"

"He told me – in a riddle. Why?"

"And we're live in five, four, three, two - "

A short pause. "This is Vicki Vale from GCTV News, reporting live from the scene of Gotham's latest chaotic rampage. Until now, we haven't been able to give you any close-up footage of the crime scene since the now infamous bird's eye view of this very spot – The spot where a new criminal mastermind infiltrated the city of

Gotham working with Poison Ivy and Harley Quinn – there isn't much information we can gather, but for now, he is known simply as the Warlock."

She brushed her shoulder-length hair back, looking perturbed as she glanced behind her. "No information has been released to the public as of yet. The police are struggling to find answers to the mysterious appearance and disappearance of the new threat. Behind me, you can see the taped off scene, including the police cars inside the tape. Those cars were the ones destroyed beyond repair in what appeared to be a shockwave caused by a clap of the Warlock's hands. There is no trace of gunpowder or radiation, so we don't have any other choice to believe that there was no other – "

"It was an earthquake," Harvey grunted, walking past them towards the scene. "Nothin' to see here, people."

"Really, Bullock?" She put her free hand on her hip, not amused. "Do you really expect the people to believe that?"

"I don't expect you to believe anything! Get that camera outta here!"

"So I'm guessing you're not willing to answer a few questions for us?" She looked towards the camera. "Detective Bullock, in his ever-reaching wisdom, does not believe in freedom of speech."

"I believe in free speech," he snarled. "You just need ta' shut up when you do it!"

She huffed into the mic. "As it appears we won't be getting any information from Gotham's finest, especially while he's busy with his donuts – "

Bullock scowled and held the bag of confectionary treats to himself, stalking off to the team.

" – we will now take it back to the court house, where the newly elected District Attorney Dent will address this matter. Hopefully he will have more answers on who – or what – we are dealing with, and if he doesn't, we will certainly find something for you, the viewers."

"We're clear."

She flicked off the microphone and pocketed her weapon of choice. Glancing around, she noticed the sheer... inactivity of the policemen involved, and sighed heavily to herself. "We're all screwed."

"Maybe," the cameraman agreed, rubbing his shoulder, "but I don't think that's the info the people want."

"They could use a dose of reality," she grumbled. "Is it me, or is the fact that an insane woman threatening to essentially eliminate mankind until the plants are left is the one is starting to make sense?"

Before the cameraman could respond, he winced in pain. "Ah! Damn thing!" He removed the offending equipment from his ear and eyed the small earpiece with disdain. "I think the whole damn radio's broken again. These are new."

She rolled her eyes. "I told them to get this fixed. We can't continue if you don't know when to turn on the camera."

"We still got yours," he reminded her. "I'll call them and tell them to give you the signal instead."

She looked displeased, but couldn't really argue to his point. She pulled her radio from her jean pocket, what the earpiece would have been plugged to, had she not gotten rid of them months ago, and turned it on. "I'll do it myself. Got a spare?"

He checked his carry-on bag and pulled out a spare wrapped cord. "Hopefully, this won't pop in your ear."

"And you wonder why I don't use them," she grumbled, but gratefully took the offered buds. "Live stories don't need breaks. Why do you have breaks?"

"Everyone loves the new DA," he muttered, picking back up his camera. "That's when our ratings are at the highest. Nothing but..." he trailed off as he realized who was talking to.

"Hopeless housewives and teenage girls who need a strong man to tell them everything is okay?" She fluttered her eyelashes.

He laughed heartily. "Something like that!"

“Then fuck that,” she scowled. “Pretty boy can’t arrest anyone without any evidence, or hell, even proof of existence! Let’s look deeper. There’s got to be something here, and I’m going to find it.”

“Well, you did make that promise.”

She furrowed her brows, her fingers pressing into the hearing device embedding in her ear. She tried to recognize the voice. “Hello? Can you hear me?”

“Yes, yes I can.”

She narrowed her eyes. “How? There’s no mic on this thing.”

“Magic.”

She glanced around subtly, ignoring her co-worker as her keen eyes scouted the area. “Warlock? Or some wannabe?”

“You fuckin’ serious?” her co-worker muttered in surprise, but she waved him off, waiting to hear his response.

“Either way, I don’t think you want to find out the answer to that.”

“I’m an investigative journalist; of *course* I want to know.” She shifted on her feet, and glanced back to the police, who were all sitting on the hoods of the decimated cars and sharing Bullock’s donuts on their lunch break.

“Don’t bother, honey,” a different voice soothed in her ear, unabashedly female. *“The ones doing any work are either at the station or elsewhere, actually looking for us.”*

She was familiar with that voice, through the echoes of Gotham as she threatened the livelihood of men everywhere. *“Pamela?”*

“You read my file.” She sounded surprised.

“Journalist.”

“And a good one at that. If I recall correctly, you were the one that actually broke the news of the Mayor’s wife going missing, and found his mistress.”

She walked off from the scene, running her fingers through her blond hair as she steadily collected herself, conversing with one of the most dangerous women in the world. "She was a friend, and I thought he had killed her. That was a technicality. Wait – how do you know about that?"

"About her being kidnapped? Well, it was on the news – you reported it after all."

"No," she shook her head, a part of her knowing that someone was looking at her, "why do you bring up that specific case? Did... did you kidnap her?"

"Clever girl."

"What did you do to her?"

"More like what she threatened to do to us. She wanted my dear Harley's number. Poor girl had nightmares for weeks."

She frowned. She wasn't sure what to believe, but she knew she was getting some kind of truth. As she talked to her friend about the case, there were so many inconsistencies in the descriptions and the chain of events that she had to let the story go, not wanting to put her friend in a bad light. She swore up and down that she couldn't tell her what really happened, but that it was nothing dangerous or harmful.

Vicki could only guess that it was something as simple as a getaway or an affair, as there were no bruises anywhere except for rope burns on her wrists. She had to make up a story herself, to cover the mayor's wife, and in the end, got a promotion from the story with the description and events that she 'acquired', along with breaking the story to begin with.

And by the way Isley talked, she had no doubt that she knew the entire story was false. "Alright," she muttered. "Is this blackmail? I'm honored."

There was a chuckle on the other line. *"No. This is an opportunity. You promised those people some more information. And lucky you; you get to follow up."*

"You praise me for my journalism, and spoonfeed me?"

"No – I'm rewarding you. You could be useful to our cause. We need a mouthpiece."

“At least you’re not sugarcoating it.” She leaned against the news van. “What’s the message?”

“Our message,” another familiar voice chimed in, in her damn near trademarked accent, *“is a simple one. We’ll relay it to ya when you’re live.”*

“And I don’t get the privilege of knowing what I’m going to say?”

“The resources you get now aren’t much,” the male voice sounded again. *“If you’re fired tomorrow, you’ll only bat an eye at the easy access to tech equipment. But in two minutes, you’re going to be the face of this crisis. You’ll be a household name. We plan on making the headlines a lot in the following weeks, and you have direct access to it before it even happens.”*

“What does that mean?” She bit her lip. “Like an attack? I won’t be used for that.”

“We don’t need to announce an attack. We just do it. No, we want to give Gotham a chance, first. A fair chance.”

“More of a chance than they deserve,” The voice of Harley Quinn continued. *“Still, we’ah nice people. Eliminating mankind ’til the plants are left is an option ‘B’.”*

She was very aware that Quinn was using her own, mostly sarcastic words, against her. “Why relay the message through me? Why not Ryder, or anyone else?”

“Because you’re one of tha good ones.”

She was confused by that statement. “What, Jack’s crooked?”

“No. But he’s not here, either. He’s snug in tha studio, waitin’ for tha story ta fall on his lap. You’re willin’ ta’ get the scoop no matter what. The fact that you can see this city’s flaws is a nice bonus.”

“I’m sure,” she sighed. She had accepted a long time ago that her big mouth was going to get her into trouble, but this was a long reach. “How long until I go live?”

“According to your boss – one minute.” The Warlock made a humming sound. *“Don’t expect the feed to be cut off. They’ll be experiencing technical difficulties. How many Towers are in this city?”*

“Eight,” she replied instinctually. The massive towers were a gift from Roman Sionis to counteract Satellite Television failure, which was, incidentally, also provided by Sionis.

“Good. Just making sure they’ve all been marked on the map.”

She breathed a deep sigh, before kicking off of her van, as she had done many times before, and a part of her knew that it would be her last.

She rested her hand on the free shoulder of the still befuddled cameraman in front of her. “It’s been great working with you, Jerry.”

He looked flustered, but still confused at her smile. “Ms. Vale?”

“I just got an offer I couldn’t refuse. Might work out, might not. But I probably won’t be standing in front of this camera for a while after this. If you want to back out now, then this is your chance.”

“Was that really the Warlock that contacted you?”

She nodded solemnly.

“Are you being forced to do this?”

She shook her head. “Maybe I’d feel better about myself if I was.”

“Paid?”

She flushed. “I probably should’ve asked about that.”

He chuckled and adjusted the heavy camera on his shoulder. “Talk business with him after. If not, I’m sure my dad will give you a job in reporting. The Gazette could use a new face.”

“I’m sure they’re doing well enough with Lane’s,” she rolled her eyes. “Still, you don’t need this in your record. Intern or not, the things I might say on camera could lead to a scandal.”

“Then I better get your good side. DVR isn’t kind to the prettiest of women.”

She chuckled and kissed him on the cheek. "Good man. We're on in fifteen seconds. Don't get pissed at me when you find yourself deported back to Metropolis." She backed into her marked spot.

"That's the best thing about being a Cameraman, Ms. Vale." He focused the screen and uncovered the lens. "Nobody cares."

"Please," she smiled, clicking on her microphone. "Call me Vicki."

~An Hour Ago~

"Man."

Edward blinked. "Excuse me?"

Harry pointed to the thin wooden instrument the man leaned on. "That's a cane. The concept of it has existed for centuries. It's always been a cane. It's been reinvented, re-circulated in different shapes, forms, and such, but it's always meant to act the same – to prop you up. It's a cane, and it always has been. Mankind did that. Same for the chairs we sit in, the clothes we wear, and the instruments we use. Obviously, the objects can't do them on their own. They don't try to be anything different. Humans do it for them. It's human. They try to change, and adapt, but they will always be... human."

He pouted. "Lucky guess."

Harry didn't expect him to believe the story of a stone eagle testing him on a near daily basis, never allowing him to just pass through to converse with the 'Claws, so he didn't bother telling him. "Either way, it was right. Please activate the towers."

He let out a sigh. "Black Mask won't like this."

"No, he won't. Just make sure to emit the only signal in Gotham when we give you the signal, in an hour. We'll hide you after."

The man tipped his bowler hat and raised an eyebrow at Ivy. "Where did you get him?"

She smirked. "Wouldn't you like to know the answer to that?"

The camera clicked rapidly as she leaned against the building, hidden in the alleyway. She grinned, proud of herself. None of the police, or the small news team, could see her. She figured she shouldn't push her luck too much, so the bespectacled redhead didn't have a choice but to do it at a distance.

She sighed to herself. She wouldn't be having this problem if her father would just give her access to the evidence. Any information about this case in particular was coming in dangerously slow, and the GPD building had been locked down, so she couldn't access it directly. She was getting fed up of all of it, and considered the possibility of hacking into the database herself. They were using her firewall – something they *should* have been grateful for.

She sighed, refocusing on her task and clicked away again. When she saw the cameraman remove the lens of his own expensive equipment, she knew when to get out of there, not wanting to be captured on the news, plain as day.

"I don't think you're supposed to be here."

Barbara jumped, and her camera crashed on the cobblestone steps. She turned around. "Oh God, it's you!"

He waited a second, wondering if she was going to scream. She had a mix between awe and terror as she eyed him slowly. "So you've heard of me."

The teen stumbled backwards. "Crap!" Her hands felt behind her, looking for anything she could use.

Harry took a hold of the camera that she had dropped and inspected it closely. "Seems simple enough," he muttered to himself, before the lens zoomed out. "There. Good as new." He tossed it to her.

On instinct, she caught it, confused. "W-what – ?"

"You won't find much of anything here, but..." he pondered to himself for a moment. "I'll tell you what. Take a picture of me."

She was stunned at his words as he shook his hair out, and dusted off the imaginary grime on his black pants. She noted with surprise that he was far younger than she would have guessed – maybe around her age. "Why are you doing this?"

“I haven’t done anything yet,” he looked unconcerned, “but I won’t lie. I will be.”

She frowned. A villain worried about lying? Just who was he? “What are they paying you? To do this for them?”

It took a second for him to realize she was referring to Harley and Ivy. He snorted. “Wouldn’t you like to know? There are far richer people in Gotham that could use my services, but unfortunately for them, they won’t be around much longer. Things need to change, and as you well know, the Justice system can’t stop me.”

“What do you have planned?”

He nodded his head over to the News Reporter, and she, smartly, didn’t turn away to see where he was looking. “You’ll have to wait for the news, like everyone else.” She flinched as he pulled out a small device and spoke into it. “Kill the towers.”

She gave a frightful whimper, not fully understanding the meaning of his words, and he seemed to read her mind. “Not any skyscrapers,” he said tersely. “Radio Towers. I’m not stupid – there is a such thing as too much attention in too little time.”

Barbara eyed him carefully, and took a moment to recognize that he had a brain to go with his... power.

She didn’t like it.

“Considering we’re going live in seconds,” he told her, “I think we should skip the interview, and go straight for the photo shoot. I prefer headshots.”

She glared at him, slowly rising from her seated position, and threw the camera to the ground at his feet.

His eyes only followed the camera as it stopped twisting and rolling on the ground. “Clumsy,” he muttered, and before she could blink, the camera smashed under his boot. She gasped at the sight – the camera itself was not very durable, but it shouldn’t have been possible to crush into pieces with a single stomp.

“I hope your dad isn’t too mad with the equipment failure,” he shrugged, kicking the scraps to the side.

“He’s going to catch you,” she spoke with confidence.

"I'm talking to his daughter, and he has no idea," he clarified the situation for her. "Don't take it the wrong way when I say that I'm taking the threat lightly."

"I wasn't referring to my dad."

"At least we're both not giving him the vote of confidence," he concluded with a nod, which only seemed to incense her further. "I'll cross that bridge when I get to it." He nodded, and stepped back into the shadows of the alleyway. A bright flash ruined her intense stare, and she blinked away the lights in her eyes. She quickly looked back, and as she suspected, he was gone.

"This is Vicki Vale live, with some new information regarding last night's events." Barbara quickly remembered where she was, and ran to the alley wall to avoid getting on the camera. She looked at her broken, smashed-to-bits camera with a grimace – a camera she had 'borrowed' from the GPD. It would take a long time for her to fix it, and it looked like quite a few expensive replacement parts were necessary.

As carefully as she could, she scooped up the pieces and poured them into her hoodie pockets. With a last glance around, she pulled her hood over her head and walked out of the alley, her head down, on her way back to the house.

Or, at least she would have.

Until she heard the actual words Miss Vale was saying.

"Alright, *Vicki*," he grinned, "We're on in five, four, three, two – "

She took a deep, steadying breath. "This is Vicki Vale live, with some new information regarding last night's events." On cue, her earpiece buzzed to life, and Poison Ivy relayed to her what she had to relay to Gotham. "Right here, in the intersection of the Jezebel Plaza, two known assailants and one unknown were seen wandering about the stores. Their descriptions are mostly unconfirmed, as this was a rare public sighting for them, but we are the first to capture them on camera." She could only guess that homemade pictures were actually appearing on their feed on television screens around Gotham. "The Femme Fatale is known as one of the most elusive teams in Gotham. Pamela Isley, known as Poison Ivy, aged twenty-seven, surfaced alone as a legitimate threat three years ago, and is the only reported case in Gotham to be legally claimed as a living, breathing, walking Biological Weapon.

Her mental powers of Nature itself has been demonstrated extensively in the past three years, and some buildings are still covered in moss as a reminder of the devastation she could bring to our city, were it not for the good police of Gotham and the caped crusader himself, who this reporter has, maybe too conveniently, named the Batman.”

She didn’t know it at this point, but in every home in Gotham, people gasped as they saw the first ever clear, close shot of the legendary Dark Knight in mid-flight. So much detail was in the picture that some might suspect if he posed for it himself. Still, everyone who had glanced at the story in passing were now glued to the television. “Her vines were known to destroy streets and cars, and the superhuman strength, combined with thorns, and the occasionally mind-controlled police officer, cemented her as one of the most dangerous forces Gotham has ever seen.” She licked her lips. She could say, with all honesty, that she wasn’t over-dramatizing that statement in the slightest.

“Poison Ivy disappeared shortly after she broke out of Blackgate Prison, and resurfaced with a partner just as deadly as herself. Harley Quinn, aged twenty two, appeared out of nowhere, but has proven to herself to be a natural when it comes to crime. Her favorite weapons of choice are her trusty mallet and a bazooka, but she has proven herself to be very adept at any weapon she comes across. She is a very capable fighter, and, in her past life, was very likely an accomplished gymnast before she turned to a life of crime.”

She blinked rapidly. Even she wasn’t able to discern this information from past cases. They were revealing all of these details on purpose. “The two are rarely seen, and this photo, discovered recently, is the only recorded clear shot of them.” She wisely paused, allowing the audience to take in an extended, clear look at the couple. “Their rampage is unmatched by many, and the times that they are out and about, they almost always prove to Gotham the many flaws that this city has, whether they successfully destroy the bridge that leads to Metropolis, or steal valuable items from Gotham’s most protected museums with far too effective smash-and-grab operations.”

As per the instruction, she looked behind her, and pointed to the crime scene, and gave the camera a moment to focus not only on the decimated cars, but the policemen still on lunch break. When Jerry gave her the thumbs up, she continued. “Until now, there has never been a clear message for their acts. They all seemed to make some kind of statement, alluding to their power, or pointing out the flaws in our justice system. Until now. Viewers at home, you may remember that last night,

we were only able to get a glimpse provided by the GCTV News Channel 7 Copter. Now, Ladies and gentlemen, new footage has surfaced of the incident. Courtesy of the dashcam of the police car closest to The Femme Fatale and Warlock, and the listening device of one of the officers at the scene, I present to you the unedited footage of what happened last night, complete with sound."

"You're offline right now." Ivy informed her over the bud. She made the motion to Jerry to cut the broadcast and breathed a sigh of relief. *"Don't get too relaxed. The video is playing now, and it's about three minutes."*

"Just three minutes?"

"It's amazing how much of an impact someone can make in three minutes."

She was silent for a moment. "Any chance I could watch it?"

"Oh, you'll get plenty of time to see the video," she teased. "It's playing on every channel Gotham can broadcast right now. All of the Towers have been redirected to that camera's video stream. You can thank the Riddler for that. You can also thank him for blocking the signal from all of the officers behind you, or they would have gotten the call that evidence had been taken directly from their crime scene. It will be about ten minutes before outside officers can get to you, though. We'll have you out of there in no time."

She bit her lip. "So I'll be a fugitive. I'll get a prison sentence."

"Or a Pulitzer."

"I don't see that happening anytime soon."

"I don't see you getting arrested anytime soon. Just one more part, and then go into the alley behind you, at your four o' clock. Your friend will be delivered back to Metropolis."

"And me?"

"Well, you were talking about pay earlier. How would you like an even better arrangement?" She paused for a moment. *"Think about it. Now, let me give you the rundown of what to say next...."*

“Hmmm.”

“What?”

The man in green raised his necklace, which showed a blinking question mark pendant. “Apparently, someone’s breaking into my lair.”

Harley sighed exasperatedly. “I’ll handle it.”

“Hold on.” Harry frowned. “Wasn’t expecting him to be out around this time. He should have been at home watching TV.” He looked over to Riddler, and his eyes looked particularly haunting over the green glow from the monitors around him. “I suppose you have a lot of monitors in your lair?”

Edward nodded wordlessly.

“And you can control them remotely?”

He shook his head. “They’re connected to the towers. If he bothered to look at the monitors, he’s seeing the same thing everyone else is seeing.”

Harry smiled. “Good. He won’t be in your lair for long, but I suggest checking for any devices.”

Riddler grimaced. “He wouldn’t dare; not around me.”

“He had to have caught you once, right?”

He turned to Ivy, his face sullen. “I don’t like him.”

She momentarily turned off the connection to Vicki and shrugged. “Not my problem. You want a place in the future, you work with us. Feelings have nothing to do with respect and trust.”

His lips quirked. “I suppose.” He winced when Juliet purred, just feet away from him, under the ministrations of Harley. “Fear helps.”

She winked at her precious cat. “Goddamn right it does.”

“Behave,” she said absentmindedly, before pressing the button on her headset. “Fifteen seconds.”

“As you have just seen, the events that played out last night were, in a way, frightening. He clapped his hands, and as Detective Bullock brilliantly pointed out, it was a powerful earthquake, albeit short. A shockwave cracked the ground below them, and while Ivy and Harley didn’t even flinch, the police cars’ windows shattered and tires were blown, and several officers had to be rushed to the emergency room. Fortunately, there were no casualties.” She paused for dramatic effect. “This time. As you could see, and by the many cameras facing them all at the time, there is no conceivable way to discern how all three of them managed to disappear in front of them. Due to the convenient surge of all lights in the surrounding area, including our chopper a hundred feet above them, their actual disappearing act is still a mystery until we can lighten up the image. However, considering the surrounding officers and SWAT team, the hovering helicopter, and the evidence that they had managed to leave that spot in less than a second and leave no trace of ever being there, other than the destruction they caused, leads me to ask this question.”

She took a breath. “Who in the hell is the Warlock? What does he want? And what will he, and the young women beside him, be willing to do to get it?”

She smiled into the camera. “This is Vicki Vale, with GCTV News Channel Seven. I hope I’ve enlightened you and informed you. If you haven’t gotten the message yet, then I will sufficiently give you that time. For the next twenty-four hours, this broadcast will be played in its entirety. I urge all of the viewers at home to really consider what is at stake here.

“We here at GCTV News believe in second chances. And we are all hoping that Warlock and Femme Fatale are willing to forgive Gotham, for our past mistakes. We can all only pray that he believes in second chances as well. Have a nice afternoon.”

She tapped her foot once, and that was the cue for Jerry to cut the feed. “I think that went well.”

Sirens sounded in the distance. “Maybe too well.”

Jerry looked towards the alleyway that Vicki had told him about, and his eyes widened. “Holy shit.”

She looked around to his eyesight, and gulped as she recognized a large black panther staring at them patiently. After holding eye contact for mere seconds, the large jungle beast turned away and padded slowly back into the alleyway.

Vicki knew that it wanted them to follow, and, oddly enough, felt calm about the thought. She felt herself walking forward, and heard Jerry step in line with her soon after, gently placing the large, heavy camera on the ground.

Her eyes met Harvey's as she turned her head once more to look at the scene, and he had a smug grin of satisfaction on his face as he winked at her.

She gave a grin of her own, and winked back, before dropping her mic on the ground next to her, never losing her stride.

Vicki Vale didn't need money – she didn't even plan to make a career out of journalism, but she was glad to get recognition for her hobby – but she, more than ever, hoped that the Warlock could really perform magic, just so she ask him if she could see the look on Bullock's face the exact moment he found out what happened during his extended lunch break.

She ripped the bud out of her ear as she stepped into the alleyway. "Wouldn't want to get shocked again."

"I'd hope not." His voice was light, and friendly. "I blew the first bud out. Sorry about that, Jerry."

Her former cameraman rubbed the back of his neck. "What the hell can I say to that? 'Don't do it again?'"

He chuckled, and stepped forward, and brilliant green eyes pierced into her shining blue.

She made the connection instantly. "You were that panther."

"I was." He held out an obscenely thick roll of bills. "In twenty seconds, this will take you back to your apartment room, in Metropolis."

He only seemed to consider it for a second, before tipping his invisible hat to Vicki, and gratefully accepted the roll. "Hope they pay this much in Keystone," he chuckled. "Hope it turns out well, Vicki."

She smiled fondly and reached out to shake his hand. "If I'm ever looking for another intern..."

He shook his head. "Dad doesn't like me dabbling too much in the competition. Spend too much time in Gotham, he'll think I betrayed him."

She snorted. All the horror stories she had heard about Barry were apparently true. "Good luck, Jerry."

"Try to avoid prison, Miss Vale." He quipped before a color beam of light flashed, and all that remained was the mysterious man, patiently waiting. He held out his hand.

"What?" She asked, amused. "No money?"

"Did you think about our offer?"

Wordlessly, she reached out and shook his hand.

"I find it rather intimidating to see how many of you are willing to break the rules to see a different future."

"A good story is a good story."

"That would be a massively stupid reason if that were the entire truth."

"Then I guess we've both got stories to tell."

"Take a deep breath," he muttered, "and hold tight. I've been told the next part isn't pleasant."

"By who?"

"The Cat Burglar."

As they popped away, Vicki couldn't help but think that she made the right choice.

Or a very, very terrible one. Still, she wasn't the most daring journalist in Gotham for nothing.

Suck it, Lane.

10 – Fate

“Oh yeah,” Harvey bragged, leaning back against the hood of the car, the last doughnut in hand. “She wants it.”

His partner snorted. “Yeah, sure.”

“She just winked at me,” he whined, his eyes narrowing. “I can’t believe you all missed that.”

Detective Flass rolled his eyes, dusting his hands of the yellow dust on his car. “Sure Harvey. We all, at the same time, missed her winking at you, while we were staring at her ass the entire time she was over there. I’m so *sorry* we missed it.”

DeCarlo snickered. “I think you had too many doughnuts.”

Bullock looked him in the eye when he took a large bite of the glazed baked good.

“Get ready, guys,” Flass warned everyone. “In a couple of minutes, we’re gonna be really sorry that we just missed him getting a blowjob!”

The team laughed, and Harvey blinked at the sight before him. “Fuck. I’ve had too many doughnuts.”

Arnold Flass laughed harder. “Hopes she gets to the base!”

“I imagine that wouldn’t be too difficult.”

The laughter stopped. The echo hung through the air, similar to the one Warlock held before. The rest finally realized where Harvey was looking, and their eyes instinctively followed and turned towards the News van.

Despite her green skin, it was always her hair that attracted everyone first. Her long red tresses shimmered in the daylight, frequently in motion even as the air kept still around her. Her skin in itself, usually pale and human-like in texture, was almost glowing with radiance, pulsing in random places on her body as it absorbed the rays of the sun. Her eyes, however, caught all of their attention.

Poison Ivy’s burning eyes gleamed with carnivorous glee at their squirming, and she sauntered forward.

"You boys liked the doughnuts? I imagine they were good. I hope you saved one. I'm *starving*."

Their throats tightened. Flass noticed first that he couldn't reach for his gun, or really move much at all. His hands shook violently, and he suddenly felt cold.

Her shiny black lips gave a mischievous grin. "Do you think you've had too many? You don't really know when you've had enough until it settles. Bread tends to expand."

"Frosting is no slouch, eithah." They couldn't move their heads, but they heard a gentle tap on the hood of the patrol car behind them. "That outta really slow ya down. I never trusted artificial sugah."

"You shouldn't." Her green irises flashed with playfulness. "Nor would I trust the cars you're sitting on. It's a bit too late in the year for pollen, isn't it?"

Bullock's hands trembled against the dusty patrol vehicle, and only his eyes could express his pain when a well-placed boot smashed his digits into the hood.

A gloved hand tickled the side of his neck, and lightly squeezed his chin from behind. "Cat got your tongue? Or are you just petrified in the presence of beauty?"

The jester leaped off the car and landed in front of them, the TV News camera on her small shoulder seeming like a light prop in her hands. She steadied the camera onto Bullock. "Nah. I think he just pissed himself."

He could feel the edge of the gloves break his skin as her claws gripped tighter. "That could be arranged."

"We need him in control of his bodily functions – for now," Ivy warned. "He'll have plenty of chances to soil himself, but not anywhere near me."

The woman behind him sighed. "Fine." She pressed her boot to the middle of his back, and violently pushed forward, with a force on his wide frame that he didn't think she, or anyone else, had.

He forced his legs to move, and he was only able to lumber a few feet before he fell forward into Ivy's waiting grasp.

She gripped his light overcoat tight for a moment, glaring at him through half-lidded eyes, before her lips curled into a cold, callous grin.

“Oh, yes – we could *use* you.”

She pushed him back, and he felt a cold, metallic coil around his neck. He wheezed – it was the only thing he could do – before he passed out, standing there, frozen.

Catwoman laughed, keeping him embraced in her cold whip before she took a deep breath, and they both vanished.

The rest could only stare in shock; not that they had any choice in the matter. They found that they had just enough mobility to gulp nervously.

“One,” Harley muttered. She turned the camera to the redhead, her green and red hair swishing about her shoulders. “Need any more?”

She shrugged. “Warlock promised he only needed one. Just one, and he would know all of Gotham’s secrets.” She paused, and eyed her girlfriend strangely. “Is that camera really recording anything?”

“Nah. What’s-his-face left it heyah. I picked up Vicki’s mic, too, if you want it. The signal’s blocked, compliments of Eddie, and there’s no tape. Could be useful in the future, though.”

Ivy wasn’t sure where Harley’s mind was when she said that, but the teasing smile gave her an accurate guess. “Hope you’re not camera-shy.”

“Oh, you know how much I like to put on a show.” She turned her head away from the eyepiece and glanced back to the six officers there. “Whaddya say, boys? Ready to get this party started? It sounds like your friends are almost here!”

Harry knew something was wrong the moment he apparated onto the scene.

The Riddler’s lair – what he supposed looked like an abandoned warehouse with a very sizeable basement for underground work – had a missing door.

The raven-haired teen could only guess that Edward would have had the common sense to at least give the option for a potential enemy to knock, so he could safely

assume that something was amiss. His eyes swept the building, and his lips curled in a frown.

"It's not just Batman in there," he warned his partner.

"Good," Catwoman purred beside him. "I need to blow off some steam, anyway."

"Sorry for that."

"Just stay out of my way, and you'll be forgiven." She stretched out her arms as she stepped forward confidently into the shack. "Roomie."

Harry removed his cloak from his black cargo slacks and wrapped it around his shoulders. With a dip of his head, he was gone from the face of the earth.

He gave a grim smile. Oh, whoever was in there *wished* that would happen.

With a thought, black gauze wrapped tightly around his hands, the wiry mesh thinly separating from his skin, giving his hands an armor that he could barely feel. The wrapping moved across his body, covering every inch of his skin below his red and black uniform, the hint of it showing through the green claw marks adorned on his torso and legs.

He really, truly felt naked in this uniform, for good reason – the wire surrounding his body, only a millimeter thin for each layer, was always separated from his body by *micrometers*. The hairs on his body brushed against the material, and it gave him a tingle that always kept him alert.

It was a cheaper and a more flexible defense compared to Basilisk skin, as he had discovered the hard way. The thin wires could be enhanced and separated, and could cut through trees whole.

A fact that he wouldn't be telling Pamela anytime soon.

He squeezed his hands, testing out the armor; he hadn't used it since battling Voldemort himself, and he was rather worried that he might not be able to use it, due to the constant magic he had to pour into the suit. It subconsciously fed off of him, and he didn't want this suit freezing on him. The results would be rather disastrous. Hermione didn't approve of it, but he needed it.

He needed to make another good impression. At this point, his character called for it. The Warlock liked to show off.

With nary a whisper, he blew into the building, and Catwoman didn't even notice him breezing past her, inches away from her leather-clad form. Skipping over the fallen door (mystery solved), he made his way to the basement.

"Who in the hell is the Warlock? What does he want? And what will he – "

A bullet between the eyes prevented her from asking any further questions.

Or, at least, that's what he would have done; what he wished would have happened to Vale. But for now, he had to settle with unloading his gun into a television screen.

Four shots in, he held his fire, willing to wait until Riddler got back.

"He had *one* job," he grimaced, straightening his blue tie. "One simple goddamn job."

The crew was silent. He didn't expect them to respond, lest they wanted to feel his wrath.

The wooden mask was impassive as ever, as anyone would expect it to be. But shooting repeatedly at a television would give anyone a different impression. However, the only impression he wanted, at the moment, was a very deep one in Edward's far-too-smug face.

"Can I help you?"

His men jumped at the voice, and carefully looked around, but he didn't bother looking for the voice – it sounded like it was coming from everywhere at once. What he did know, and truly cared about, was that it wasn't Edward's. "Yeah. Bring me Poindexter."

"May I ask why?"

"Business."

"Oh." The silence echoes the admittedly large shack for a moment – nothing but the whirring of mechanical fixtures and the static of radios, until he spoke again. *"No."*

“No?” He chuckled deeply. “And can I ask why?”

“Business.”

“Good. So you’re the punk I’m looking for.” He nodded to his henchmen. “Strip the room.”

“It’s bold of you to assume that I’m in the room.”

“My guys checked the room for bugs. All recording devices are as dead as you’re gonna be.”

The voice scoffed. *“I imagine you would feel the need to check again. You obviously missed something the first time.”*

Roman growled. “What?”

“Look up.”

His Beretta gleamed as he pointed it directly above him, and he was only able to see a blur of a shadow before a sharp pain struck his wrist.

The gun slid away harmlessly on the floor, further away from him; but the batarang rested at his feet, staring up at him reproachfully.

Black Mask let out an angry howl. “*Kill* that sonovabitch!”

Harley gently sat the camera down behind the patrol car and picked up her weapon of choice. She hoisted her weapon on her shoulder and waited. “Come to mama...”

The green-skinned teen’s eyes glowed, and the leaves of her skirt blew back and forth as the wind around her gathered. “Let’s make this quick.”

The sirens got louder and louder, but they had dealt with them enough to know *exactly* how close they were. Cars rushed into the intersection – at least five – and, thankfully for them, the decimated cars blocked all three lanes but one of them.

They were still surrounded, again, and it was a new feeling for them to be out in the daylight like this, but it felt... freeing, in a way. To do something so daring, out and in the open.

Ivy just hoped they didn't get shot. Fidgeting with one foot, then the other, she kicked off her elfish slippers, leaving her bare feet to touch the concrete floor. She wiggled her toes a little, feeling the heat against her skin (it was odd that extreme temperatures could never affect her since her transformation, but she could feel the slightest change of temperature around her) before she narrowed her eyes at the police wordlessly getting out of their cars and taking out their guns. "You never learn."

Captain Grogan flicked on his bullhorn. "This is only a formality. Step forward with your hands in the – Where's Bullock?"

"Really?" Harley looked dumfounded, her red eye blinking into the sights. "You kiddin' me? We have six of your men hostage ovah heyah, and you want to know where the *stooge* is?"

He cleared his throat. "We don't make any deals until we see Bullock."

"We're not in a deal-making mood." Pamela narrowed her eyes moving slightly over to get a direct vision at the man, blocking Harley from his sight. "You probably missed our message on the way over here, but I just wanted to clarify on a few things."

He stepped out from behind the door, his jaw set. "We do it your way when we fucking feel like it. Until then, get on the fucking ground and hope we don't handle you too roughly when we take you back to Blackgate!"

"That escalated quickly," Harley muttered with a giggle. "Oi, Captain Jack! You forgot ta take your meds today?"

Grogan growled and lifted his gun. "I'm sorry I wasn't here last night; you two are far too much trouble than you're worth." He cocked his head. "*Far* too much."

"Be that as it may," Ivy continued smoothly, "we feel that if you're not constantly reminded of our presence, then you'll forget about us. And then you'll forget our warning."

“Honestly,” the grizzly man spoke into the megaphone, waving the policemen to get closer, “I already forgot the warning. You should probably put it in writing.” He squinted at Harley, who was practically hidden behind the car. “You done taking a piss-break, girly? That’ll be the last time you’ll get in any private time. Make it count.”

Harley’s weapon beeped. “Oh. I will.”

Ivy’s hands, which were resting tensely against her hips, balled into fists at the sound of that beep. She slightly bent her knees, and closed her eyes.

The Captain fumbled as he pulled back the hammer of his gun, allowing himself a grin as he prepared to take down the most violent team in Gotham – and he would give the order. “Duck and Cover! Shoot to kill!”

“Yes Sir!”

That loud chant confused the officers for less than a second at the unusual shout of confirmation from the villainesses’ side, for the very earth to tremble beneath their feet. In that second, the ground cracked and shifted, and a large mound burst into existence beneath Poison Ivy’s feet.

She extended her legs, and she gracefully flew into the air in a perfect summersault, before landing next to a petrified DeCarlo in a crouch. Her hands, in fluid motion, waved and *pushed*, and the men on their side were suddenly thrown towards them, flying not as gracefully into the air, their petrified bodies launched by the springy coils that spiked from the ground.

So busy trying to refocus their guns on the elegant beauty, and more considerate officers attempting to catch the corrupt men, they didn’t notice the sudden exposure of a terrifying visage, lying in wait behind her lover.

Harley Quinn, her mouth twisted into a wide smile, rested one elbow on the hood of the cop car, and extended her middle finger towards the sky, pointing it at the group of officers in general.

The other hand pulled the trigger of the candy cane-striped bazooka in the same direction.

She quickly turned the weapon to another car, and she pulled it *again*.

And again.

The ground erupted powerfully before her, and an explosion of green was all she could really focus on before her girlfriend grabbed her shoulder. She moved her knee over to touch the camera, and with two taps of her offending finger, the two felt a pull at their navels.

She knew that would give them something to remember.

“Why am I not surprised to see you here first?” Ivy wondered, dusting herself off after the two collapsed to the floor, returning from their trip.

“Because you don’t like surprises,” a non-wired Harry gently informed her, still holding Harley’s hand as he pulled them both up. “How well did it work?” he asked nervously, looking at the still-smoking instrument of destruction on the ground.

A sound kiss from her answered any questions he had.

Still, after they parted, she answered his question anyway – “Like a fucking *charm*.”

“And you get on me for my puns,” A voice behind them grumbled, and Ivy and Harley looked back to see Selina lying across a couch they were sure weren’t there before. Her leg was bare, the leathery garment cut cleanly from the rest of her full suit, and she was once again unmasked. “Don’t ask.”

“She was shot,” he told them quietly.

Her ears twitched. “Damn you.” She could provide no further defense – she looked exhausted, and for good reason. “So, if you three don’t need me anymore, I think I’ll just go to sleep...”

Harley turned to Harry as the ebony-haired girl drifted off. “So... you also heal gunshot wounds?”

Harry shook his head. “Not really. I have a vial of phoenix tears. Doing it myself would take much longer, and we just got here.”

Pamela leaned against Harry’s other side. “It’s been a long day. I’ll get an explanation out of you after my nap.”

Harleen eyed her girlfriend carefully. "Hey – you alright?"

"Déjà vu," the redhead muttered, before she shook her head. "I'm alright. That really took a lot out of me. I've never done so much in so little time. I made my babies grow as much as I could with as little time as possible. I just hope my penmanship is legible." She smiled weakly at Harry. "No headaches or anything."

Harry wordlessly pressed a hand against her forehead. "Just making sure."

She gently removed his hand and kissed his knuckle. "When I was out there, I haven't felt that ... *challenged* ... in a long time. We should do that more often." She grinned against his palm, and forced a tingle through his arm. "I've never felt more with nature than at that point. I feel stronger, now."

"Ditto," Harley agreed happily. "Today was fun. We should do it again, sometime. I think we were really productive." She moved to Nigma's empty chair in front of the monitors, and swiveled the chair to Harry. "So, what happened on your end? Is Batman so afraid of us that he finally started packing heat?"

The Boy-Who-Lived shook his head wryly, taking Pamela's hand in his own. "Well, you know what they say about curious cats..."

The first thing Harry noticed when he got downstairs, ignoring the elevator in favor of the grates, was that the basement was... deceptively large.

He was aware that it was a warehouse, so he supposed that it probably should be this big, but a part of him couldn't help but theorize exactly what was in here that required so much space.

He shook his head, and carefully jumped onto the steel beam that was in front of him. He hung high over the group below, and he noticed the man dressed in white first. Black Mask. Roman Sionis.

He thought to himself for a moment – what gain did they make from giving away his identity? Probably not a lot. Black Mask had been arrested many times, and they let him go before they could even remove his mask, thanks to his lawyers. Or maybe the police knew who he was, and just looked the other way? But if the people knew who he was, then he'd just go to being the Black Mask full time, after taking all of Roman's immediate assets, which was probably a considerable amount.

He shelved the thought – maybe another time.

Jumping from beam to beam, he spotted the items that Edward had told him about – the items that he absolutely needed from his base, after recognizing that Batman might not be the only one looking for him, and that his life would likely end short if he stepped in the base after tonight.

If the Batman was here, alone, then he would have a better chance of retrieving the items. But now, in a room filled with armed henchmen, and one pissed off mob boss, he figured that apparating around *really fast* probably wasn't the best strategy.

He spied Selina on the floor level, pilfering a few hard drives and any data that looked important to her. She moved around like liquid, right under the guard's noses, and Harry thought it was hilarious. The warehouse wasn't well-lit, and she was abusing it well. He admired her lithe form squirming in and out of places, sneaking into guards' back pockets and taking their ammunition.

When she finally decided to get to the actual items they were here for, Harry would have some respect for the thief. Still, at least she was having fun right now.

He, on the other hand, was almost positive that Batman was here, at this very moment, staring holes through both of them.

He tilted his head, and at first glance, he could see nothing up here with him.

And then he looked up – past the ceiling lanterns, in the darkest part of the room, were a pair of pure white eyes staring straight at him.

Harry, for a moment, was paralyzed.

There was a time, he remembered, when he was four, and he got his first glimpse of the vigilante on the cover of Dudley's comic. He had considered his choice of dress amusing – that anyone could be intimidated by the garb seemed like a joke to him. Upon reflection, he could even see himself thinking that it would look perfect on a villain, who desperately tried to be terrifying, but ultimately failed.

That was no longer the case. Now, Harry didn't feel so intimidating in front of the black-clad hero.

Rationally, he knew it didn't make sense to worry. They weren't going to fight in the ceiling, right above an armed room. He was simply observing, as he had done last night. He clearly wasn't expecting Black Mask to be here, and was now waiting in the wings for Edward to return so he could save him and promptly interrogate him. Batman, for the moment, was not a threat.

But looking at him, close-up, he desperately wished that the vigilante would join their side, or at least, stay out of their business. He did not look forward to making a true enemy out of him.

Well... maybe he did, just a little bit, look forward to their fight for dominance over Gotham. But it didn't hurt to make one last plea.

He tapped the ceiling beam feverishly, a small light blinking from his steel fingertips in irregular patterns, being sure not to make too loud a noise.

I see you have ignored my offer.

For a brief moment, there was nothing. Then, his buckle began blinking.

There was no offer. I ignored your threat.

Harry felt an annoyance begin to blink in at the pit of his stomach. He was a reasonable guy, he thought, but he rarely met someone this stubborn. This man was a special breed.

He tapped again. *And what was your reply going to be if you had caught me unprepared? "Heed my order to stop, or I will beat the holy hell out of you and send you to prison?"*

There was a slight pause. *Not if you surrender quietly.*

Harry contemplated his logic; it wasn't very sound. Maybe, in his world, it all made sense. At some point, Bruce realized that he was more than an authority figure – he was The Law.

You don't control our actions. He tapped very slowly – deliberately. You control no one. Stop pretending that you can do anything about it.

He leaped, and dropped gracefully onto the beam to confront him. "We're done with this conversation."

Harry flinched at the quiet tone. He seemed to have hit a nerve, especially since he was no longer using Morse code. His whisper didn't carry, but Harry damn sure heard it.

He was ten feet away from him, head-on, and it gave Harry a new perspective. The two stared at each other.

The wiry mesh moved slowly around his head, and the black material covered a hundred percent of his body. Sans his clothes, he was shrouded in darkness. "Fine, then. *Can I help you?*"

Even the caped crusader looked flummoxed as Harry raised his voice significantly, and it echoed along the walls.

Out the corner of his eye, he saw Selina steal the last item on their list before slinking into the corner, out of view.

"Yeah." The Black Mask's voice boomed from below. "Bring me Poindexter."

Harry groaned in frustration. "I don't know which one baited whom. I put most of the blame on Batman, while making Black Mask think that I'm on his side, so I suppose it was better for me. A stray bullet hit Selina before I could get to her; nothing too serious. I cleaned up her blood before I got to pop out of there. As far as I know, the gunfight is still happening."

"Really?" Harley asked incredulously, her eyes wide. "So he could be dead or something right now?"

"Doubt it. He's crafty. He was knocking out the lights as I got to Selina. My guess is he's taking them out one by one. I wouldn't be surprised if Roman is in prison by tonight."

"And freed by his lawyers tomorrow," Ivy guessed. "I always wondered how he got out of prison so fast."

Harry tapped his thumb against his chin. "That won't happen again. I need to add protections to Blackgate Prison. And your home."

“Our home,” she replied with a raised eyebrow. “You’ve proven yourself as a big part of this team, and our family. Enjoy it.”

Harry smiled weakly. “I’ll try.”

Harleen checked one of the monitors with a timestamp on it. “We still got time for that dinner. I think we’ve deserved a little break.”

On cue, Harry’s stomach grumbled. He chuckled. “Not the worst idea I’ve heard today.”

“If we really want to see a good movie, we’d see the footage of the cops and their... predicament.”

Harley picked up her liberated news camera. “Ready to make the headlines? Again?”

Harry sighed dramatically. “Well, if I *have* to...” He smirked. “I think I’ll do the report this time. Vicki’s still getting used to all this.”

“Where is that reporter, anyway?” Harley pouted. “I always wanted to meet a celebrity.”

“Right now, she’s with Eddie, filtering through the hard drives. Selina scared her off – I don’t think she forgave her for naming her the ‘Cat Burglar’. Plus, I suppose she was a little agitated, being shot and all...”

“Huh.” Ivy pondered to herself. “We’ve got a lot of people we need to hide. Think they’ll all fit under one roof?”

Harry smiled personably, having the simple answer for the simple problem. “*Magic.*”

Harleen squealed a little. “I just get a little jittery every time you say that!”

Pamela smiled, watching her girlfriend act her age for a moment. It was a rare, truly beautiful, sight. “What did you have in mind?”

“Expansion Charms and Protection Wards,” he answered immediately, “especially the latter. We’ve got their attention. Now we just have to make sure it’s only when we want them to. Hiding your house might be enough, but I don’t take risks when I

don't have to." Well, when it was just him, he was rather dangerous in his aloofness. The Tournament proved that. Still, his girls needed protection. "I'd have to talk to Hermione about a few things, first."

"Sounds good," Ivy admitted. "If it's really that simple to renovate a house that Harley and I've been working on for a long time now, then could you also expand the garden? We've been meaning to make the place bigger."

"Of course. The whole house would be to your liking. A blueprint might be helpful."

Harley spun around in her new favorite chair and handed him the mic. "Gotta wait 'til Eddie gets back. I can't work that computer. What speech are you going to give?"

Harry eyed Pamela with a smirk. "A Lesson on *Respect*, and why it should be so important. I should probably tell them before someone tries to chop at the vines."

"Don't want things to get too messy," Ivy grinned back. "I absolutely *have* to know the plant that you based that magic on."

"*Devilarium Dracinus*," Harry remembered. "The Devil's Snare. It may be a gamble to say that this world hasn't seen it yet, so rename it at your leisure. My friend Neville actually grew a strain that makes it more resistant to light. My spell only strengthens it." His eyes moved to the microphone in his hand. "We should probably go back."

Both Harley and Ivy scrunched their eyebrows in confusion. "Because we didn't hammer the point home enough?" Harley asked jokingly.

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I just feel like something's missing. Batman is occupied, and this is as good a time as any to strike. You said it yourself, Ivy – they have a *vastly* short attention span."

Ivy weighed her options. "Well – *honestly* – there isn't much left to do at this point but to wait for a response. Until something noteworthy comes up, we're at an impasse." She looked up. "Maybe try to recruit someone else?"

"Who?" Harley wondered. "We've got the main players that want anything to do with us. The rest don't seem like they're willing to work *with* us, yet alone *for* us."

Harry snapped his fingers. "Ivy, you said something about the sewers last night, and how toxic it was. Did you have any problems with it just now?"

She shook her head. "I was trying to bring up just enough to trip them up before. Now, I used everything I had to make my babies grow and overpower them. It was more *sludge* than toxic."

"I could use a few spells and clean up the water a bit. At least around that immediate area, to make sure it doesn't miss with the... er... sculpture."

Harleen bit her lip. "Now that I think about it, I don't think the sludge is going to be the main problem. But the last time I checked, Croc is still in Blackgate. Don't think he'll appreciate us renovating his home."

Harry blinked. "Anyone else in Blackgate?"

The three looked at each other.

"I can't believe we didn't think of that before," Ivy admitted. "A mass breakout would cause the panic we need."

"It doesn't have to be mass," Harry countered. "Just some people we could recruit. Henchmen?"

Ivy let out a sniff of disdain. "Let's try that again."

The side of Harry's mouth quirked upwards. "Not all of us guys are bad."

She only stared at him.

Harry pouted, and Harley giggled. "Trust me; you don't want to fight this." The jester tapped her chin. "Ya know, if we really want to make a statement, why not disappear for a while? Make them think that we're planning something big."

The raven-haired teen weighed the options in his head. "And what would we actually be doing?"

Harley couldn't contain her mischievous grin, and Ivy rolled her eyes, but said nothing.

They all turned as a door slammed, and saw Vicki step through the door in a huff. She stopped abruptly at the villains in front of her. "Er... hi."

Harleen, the dirty ideas in her head being discarded easily, blinked rapidly at the woman in front of her. "Wow... you're *hot*. I thought that was all TV makeup."

The blonde struggled not to self-consciously brush her hair back behind her ear. "T-Thanks. Coming from you, that means... I don't know what that means." She took in the sight of the three superpowers standing together. "So, is this the part where my services are no longer needed, and I suffer a painful parting of ways?"

"We were actually considering just shooting you in the face as you entered the door," Harry deadpanned, "but you didn't give me time to reload."

She was silent for a few beats. "Mind if I get in a quick interview, first?"

Harry let out a surprised chuckle. "This whole bloody world is insane."

Ivy and Harley sent each other knowing looks, while Vicki gave a little smile. "Not the first time I've heard that. But I usually hear that from the even less sane." She let the comment hang in the air.

He shrugged in reply to the reporter. "I've got no proof to the contrary."

"The first step is admitting it," the blonde smiled, not sensing either of the three to be particularly deadly in this mood. "So what were you saying earlier about a business proposition? A chance to be the face of the new crisis that is the Femme Fatale and the Warlock?"

Harley refrained from mentioning what a nice face it would be, resting her head against her girlfriend's hips from her chair. "Need anything picked up from your house?"

She shrugged indifferently. "All of my valuables are in storage. I like to move around. Job hazards and all. Don't need my house on the public record, after all."

"Clever girl," Ivy repeated, and Vicki frowned as she looked closer.

"You... you look younger than I am."

"But I couldn't be," Pamela informed her innocently. "I'm twenty-seven. Don't you look at the news?"

Vicki suddenly laughed, realizing what they did. "You confirmed a lot of false rumors, and now Gotham is taking them as fact. Now they have no idea what to look for."

"Actually," Harleen countered, "they know *exactly* what to look for. They're just *wrong*."

"How good are you at keeping secrets?" Harry wondered in an innocuous tone. "Regular secrets, I mean. Not the ones where we *have* to threaten with death."

"Err," the blonde stuttered, "it's not usually a good mix with my job, but I can keep a secret."

Harry nodded approvingly, and twirled the mic in his hand. "We've got a little problem here, and we need your expert opinion on something."

"Oh – alright." She visibly relaxed. "What can I do for you?"

Ivy pursed her lips. "How big of an impact do you think we made so far?"

Vicki pondered to herself, and chose her words carefully. "Honestly?" They nodded. "No one does that anymore. No one expresses their intent. Yes, usually there is an impressive display of powers, and some vague announcement of taking over, but what you three did was effective. You've got their ear, at least."

Harleen grinned toothily. "Perfect. Hope they get the message."

"For their sake," Pamela agreed, nodding with a full-fledged smile – a rare sight for Poison Ivy.

Harry shrugged in defeat, somewhat amused as he handed the mic off to Harley. "I know when I'm beat. You're right; I think we've done enough for a while."

"Aw, don't feel so bad," muttered Harley, exuberantly wrapping her arms around the green-eyed wizard's torso. "I'm sure we'll run into Bats again. I'm sure Tonks and Hermione would like to talk to you again. Why don't you give them the update, and see what they think? I'm curious to see how far they've got along, too."

Harry, taking her advice, was half-way through pulling out his mirror when he gave her a strange look. "Really?" Harry didn't know how to take that statement.

“Well...” she began slowly, “the faster they figure out the veil, the closer they are to figuring out all of its secrets. I imagine if it takes any longer than a few months to get you to find some way back, then the code to everything might be nearly impossible, if only a percent figured out. And then we’d have to find the portal, because I’m not really sure if it stays in the right place. Then there’s the chance of multiple universes, and other threats that could step out of your veil if someone starts tweaking with it and – ”

“What if I was pulled here?”

Harley stopped abruptly. “Wha?”

“What if,” Harry conjectured, “and I mean, this may be a big ‘if’, but what if I was meant to be here? There isn’t a portal in front of the Monarch Theater, unless it was specifically looking for some other type of ‘Arch’. If this world had magic, then why did I not step out of the *veil* here? Why not in any other world with that arch? It’s got to exist somewhere else, right? This can’t be the only other place. I don’t see, in any way, how I was chosen to be here. Twenty one years ago. In The United States. In Gotham. Right next to where you were robbing a Jewelry Store.”

He looked away, feeling uncomfortable in the extended silence. “Fate and I... don’t get along sometimes. I like to think I forge my own, but I can’t imagine that the good things that have happened to me was by my own merit. As far as I see it, this cements it. This could be a meeting of fate. Maybe I was sent here because I was supposed to. To see this through with the both of you. Maybe... maybe I was fated to not go back.”

Harley didn’t blink. “Then change your fate again.”

Harry scoffed light-heartedly. “Saying it and trying to believe it are two different things.”

“Then believe it.” She grabbed his hand. “Don’t think for a second that you’re not wanted, here or there. Fate or not, you’re going back, and whenever you want to, you can come here. Or we can go there. Fate put you with Hermione, as it has me with Pammy. Maybe that much *is* true. Might also be true that fate made you a hero, like it made me a villain. But you forged the rest of your path. You chose the dark side. No matter how much pressure you felt to be good, like I did, you chose the darker path. In a lot of ways, we’re on the same path.” Her lips quirked. “Maybe, in some kind of fucked up reality, I’m supposed to be the parallel version of *you*. The

fact that you bumped into me might be what you call fate, just as much as when Ivy broke out of her cell the only day I visited Blackgate, where it's just too beautiful to be coincidence. There's nothing beautiful about leaving a family behind. Your girls are also your fate. If it was never meant to happen, then it wouldn't have."

She looked over to Ivy, who blushed under her appraisal – another rare sight for the green teen. "I don't have the best understanding of fate – I'm more into logic, myself – but I can't imagine my life without Pamela. Maybe I would have gone on and never shown up at that prison, but to know any other life, knowing that this is what could have been, isn't a life worth living." She looked back to Harry. "You still have the means to make that mirror. You still have the link to her. You still have the memory of her. If you think Fate would send you here with the full memory of another life, and just expect you to tough it out here, then it's time to fuck Fate right back. You can bring people back from the *dead*, Harry. You are fate. You could be his or her worst nightmare. You could have more power than they ever could. There are two people that can decide what happens next – you and Hermione. Fate might've put you two together, but breaking you two apart? From what I've heard so far – Literally. *Impossible*."

Harry snorted again in the light-hearted sense. "You might be right, Harley." He smiled softly at her, and she returned the gesture. "Alright. I'll keep that in mind. Thanks."

"Any time. Keep in mind the next time you have doubts like that again, I might just kick your shin or somethin'. Gets the same message across."

He leaned down and caught a quick kiss. "I wouldn't worry about those doubts again. Thanks." At her nod, he stood back up and looked over to Ivy, who was leaning against the console, giving them space, and smiled in her support at every word Harley had said. Probably including the last part. "If anything, I'm glad that I'll never have to compete for a place in Harley's heart like yours. I've got my own one true, thanks. In case there were any lingering doubts."

Pamela easily shook her head. "You've snuck into my heart just as much as Harley's. I don't consider it a place, or an order. You can love someone in different ways, or you hate someone in different ways, or there's indifference. I love Harley in every way that there is. And while you've only been here for a matter of days, I can easily see why, even with your bond, it's not too hard to fall in love with you. Even with my bond with Harley – even in the more spiritual sense – that I find myself falling for you almost as hard. That's what confused me – the ability for you to love so

many girls. I couldn't understand how you could undermine such a relationship that, to be blunt, usually dilutes when the number of partners increase. The line between love and lust is wide, but hazy. But now, I see it – you've always known the difference – you love those girls. And you love us. As equals. And while Hermione may hold a special place, you'd die for any one of us, wouldn't you?"

Harry nodded soberly. "As would Hermione."

She glided forward, and kissed him tenderly.

When they parted, sparkling green eyes met deep emerald hues. "As would we."

"Ditto," Harley agreed, as eloquently as she could put it without tearing up. In her opinion, watching the two embrace was even sweeter than their reunion last night.

The Boy-Who-Lived cleared his tight throat. "Let's hope it doesn't come to that."

Ivy handed Harry the mirror that he had put down earlier. "Come on – let's call Hermione, and see what everyone's up to. I'd like to meet more of the girls I said I'd risk my life for."

Harry chuckled. "I'd need another book for that; Volume One for Hidden Powers, Volume Two for Girls."

"I want my own chapter," Harley responded immediately, with a teasing smile.

"You're certainly not a footnote," he muttered, and stepped back to lean against the console. The two followed, Harley spinning in her chair all the way.

She took note of the crack in the door that the reporter had gone back through earlier, presumably to give them some privacy. She really hoped the older blonde could keep secrets.

She also took note of the catsuit-clad thief turned away from them as she was lying on the sofa. While the back view was impressive, there were more pressing matters – like the fact that she was lying on the once-injured leg. She was lying like that because it was the one way she could lay comfortably to hide her face from them.

Selina didn't have a good track-record of secrets, but hell, no one yet knew the correlation between Harleen and Harley, so the girl gave her some credit.

Hell, if any of this leaked, she'd honestly be looking at Eddie first. God knows how many cameras must be on around here, if only for insurance purposes.

Let the test commence. There shouldn't be too many secrets on a team anyway. If anything got out, then it wouldn't be too big a deal. Best to find a weak link now, when everyone is still new.

As she rested her elbow against the console, she smiled innocently at Ivy's silent question and nodded her head at the Cat Burglar. Pammy smirked and nodded over to the door. She had a good view of the door the whole time, so she must've known something Harley didn't.

They smiled conspiratorially at each other, completely missing Harry's innocent chuckle before he spoke Hermione's name into the mirror.

~Pre-Veil~

"You should get some sleep, Harry," Parvati said gently, but firmly. "You look a wreck."

"I am," he promised again, before he promptly fainted dead, not hearing their shrieks of surprise and worry.

The sound of a baby's cheerful laughter was the first thing that penetrated Harry's senses when he awoke. Absently reaching for his glasses, he squinted as he sat up.

The laughter stopped, and soft cooing noises began to gurgle forward. Harry's eyes stared blankly ahead, numbly aware that even without his glasses, he could see the shelves of books before him very clearly.

The plain white books on the plain white shelves, in a vast expanse of whiteness. Plain whiteness.

He turned his head towards the sight, and choked back a gasp.

Hermione Granger was there, smiling as radiantly as she had always been, as if she herself didn't know what happened to her. Her two front teeth bit into her bottom lip with anticipated glee as he noticed her, and Harry found himself, just a little bit, forgetting about the previous days he had to endure.

But, oddly enough, it wasn't his best friend that his eyes had dwelled on first. It was, rather, the small baby shifting backwards and forwards in her cradled arms.
"Dada!"

Hermione had a preciously nervous grin as Harry looked on in wonder. "Hello. Dada."

Harry slowly stood up, disjointed to say the least. He couldn't even see the white floor he was standing on, it blended so well into the rest of the nothingness.
"Hermione? Is this another dream?"

"I asked myself that when I got here." She looked down at the baby in her arms, reaching for his 'father'. "Even as I lived your life, I tried thinking that it was all some sick nightmare." She gently removed her hand and cradled the child with the other, and held her finger up. The little one, easily, reached out for the dangling finger. "At first, it was your parents. Context aside, I'm really glad that I met them. It was short, but it was lasting." She watched the tiny child suckle on her finger with a serene smile. "Then it was *them*. I won't say much. Nothing you already don't know."

Harry felt himself tremble as he stepped forward, towards the illusion, unaware of the robe wrapped around him. Even as she talked so plainly about the Dursleys, smiling at the young infant, she looked distant – cold. Trying to detach herself from her emotions.

The baby began to cry. Hermione was quick to begin rocking the infant, whispering encouraging words into his ear. "*Shhh*; it's okay, darling. Mummy and Daddy are here. You'll never have to worry again. You'll never have to be afraid. You'll never be forced to be alone. You'll never yearn for love again. I promise you." Tears fell from her eyes, the salty wetness dampening her smile.

Harry tenderly pressed his palm against her cheek, and it sent a shock through him as he felt her skin – it was so *real*.

"Am I..." He cleared his parched throat. "Are we in purgatory?"

She looked up and her smile now looked genuine. "That was my first thought." She leaned into his hand. "My parents were Catholic – notwithstanding the concept of witches, they tried to raise me the same. I kept myself firmly in the realm of logic – meaning, I couldn't really decide what decision to come to, for my sake or my

parents’.” She stepped closer, and the child, enveloped in a gray blanket, had since stopped crying, and looked to both with curious eyes.

Deep pools of curious green eyes.

“At this point,” Hermione muttered, looking down into the beautiful orbs, “I still don’t know what to believe in. I’m not dead – my body is adjusting, I think. To your presence. Your Horcrux. So I came to see you. It wasn’t too hard to find you. You were always right next to me.” She motioned towards the teething baby boy. “And then I found... a shriveled, grotesque, spawn of a child. It was hideous. It was deformed. It was almost unbearable to look at.

“But,” she muttered, almost to herself, “above all else, it was suffering. It was abandoned. It was in pain. Had I known beforehand what it was, I probably wouldn’t have picked it up. But I’m so glad that I did. And even after I found out that this was once a piece of Voldemort, I didn’t regret it. I just took it in my arms, and it stopped wailing. And then... it changed. Into this.” She gently plucked her finger out of the newborn’s mouth, before cradling it with two hands again. “And then,” she sniffed, “he called me mummy.”

“Mummy!” The baby repeated on cue with enthusiasm, wriggling in his blanket, his beautiful green eyes attached on the flustered girl.

Harry had tears in his eyes as he saw the happiness in Hermione’s – the eyes that he had thought, for a moment, that he would never see again. “It seems that he likes you.”

The infant remembered the other person in the room. “Dada!”

Harry felt a wave of emotion hit him, and his eyes clouded over. “Dada,” he repeated softly.

“Dada!” the child reiterated, smiling brilliantly. His messy brown hair was smoothed over gently by Harry’s fingers as he stroked his head tenderly.

Hermione was gleaming as she watched the two interact, before she suddenly frowned. “You’re going to be woken up soon, Harry. He’s trying to get into your mind. Don’t trust him.”

Harry nodded, feeling a small ache at his temple, but ignored it for now. “Can... can I hold him?”

Hermione slowly handed the newborn over, and Harry felt awkward as he cradled the infant in his arms. He had never held a child before, but some part of him felt that no matter how he was holding it, it felt – *right*.

Harry didn't have a particular religion in his life – his relatives were church-goers, but he wasn't going to go by their standard for anything – but, seeing the child swaddled in his embrace, and the girl in front of him, he was sure that while he hadn't prayed, someone had answered them.

"Fate, Harry," Hermione whispered, even over the pounding in his head. "Maybe even some type of destiny. We've already connected in the spiritual sense. A divine intervention?" She wiped her sleeve against her eyes, and grinned a happy grin. "I don't want to question it. Just don't think for a second that I like you any less than before this all started."

Harry desperately wanted to believe her – and surprisingly, he did.

"Good," she muttered, gently gripping onto the now-sleeping baby and holding it against her. "I imagine we're going to have a lot to talk about when I wake up," she grinned.

Harry smiled back over the splitting headache. "I just might look forward to it."

She tenderly hefted the child so the chin could rest on her shoulder. Tentatively, she leaned forward to kiss the ebony-haired wizard, and Harry could only respond by kissing back. It was chaste, much like their last and only kiss before, but they were both excited about the things to come – their future together.

"Embrace it, Harry," she whispered when they parted. "And... it might be too late. For the actual Horcrux from Voldemort. But while we can – we can embrace it. See what it has to teach us. See if it can be changed. Molded, somehow." She nodded towards the baby. "You'd be surprised what can happen when you realize you're not alone."

Harry gave her a quick kiss, and grunted over the blinding pain. "Especially," he breathed, "when you're with someone you love."

With a *snap*, he felt his mind put together again, and into place. And he was gone.

His eyes fluttered open, and he groaned.

“Are you okay, my boy?” The first thing Harry noticed was the kindly smile. The second was a pair of twinkling eyes over half-moon spectacles.

Harry’s head began to throb again, and he quickly focused back on the nice smile.

“I must say, Harry, you gave us all a fright. I hope you had a well-deserved slumber.”

“Thank you, Headmaster,” Harry muttered in what he deemed a grateful tone.

“What happened?”

The wizened wizard stroked his impossibly long beard. “Why, you fainted, dear boy. You’ve been out for a couple of hours. Your vitals read normal, but we were still concerned at the prolonged hibernation.”

Harry refrained from snorting. They had it far easier than he had it in the past few days. “Where am I?”

He made a show of looking around. “The Hospital Wing. I imagine that this is your first time here, yes?”

He nodded.

Dumbledore’s hand waved, and the curtain pulled open from around them. Naturally, Harry was more focused on Dumbledore’s other hand, behind his back. Still, he made a show of looking around as well, mimicking Dumbledore. “You will find that Madame Poppy Pomfrey is the best medical healer around, even if,” he chuckled to himself, “the medicine is not quite as appealing in taste as one would hope. But very effective, so I would hope you can down them all.” He motioned towards the headstand next to his bed, and Harry sat up to look at the four small bottles of heinous looking fluid. “Take your time, Harry. Now, do you mind telling me what happened for you to faint? Do you remember anything?”

Harry’s mind was working hard for an excuse, and threw caution to the wind. “I don’t know, sir.” He absently reached for his glasses, and realized with a start that he could see perfectly well. Still, his face didn’t betray him, and he nonchalantly slipped his glasses on. He eyed the headmaster curiously, marveling at how the glasses blurred his new vision spectacularly. He had no idea how truly blind he once was. “Much better.”

Dumbledore's whiskers glinted in the light as he smiled. "The guardian of the Gryffindor Tower – you may very well recognize her by her other endearing title, the Fat Lady – warned me as soon as she saw you collapse. Miss Patil and Miss Bones graciously escorted you to the Hospital Wing, with a rather impressive use of the Floating Charm." His eyes twinkled in Harry's direction, and Harry felt a niggling in the back of his mind. "Poppy had a fit – she thought they would drop you. I am proud to say, however, that nothing of the sort happened."

Harry outwardly breathed a sigh of relief, while mentally thanking the girls, and making a note to personally thank them. "So, is that it? After the potions, I'm free to go?" He was very, painfully aware that Dumbledore had not yet even tried to call for Pomfrey, and even probably disabled the wards from alerting her when he woke.

Albus frowned minutely, knowing this private conversation was over, as what Harry was aiming for. "I'm afraid that you will have to inquire to Madame Pomfrey about any other tasks she needs to perform on you." He flicked his wand again, and while Harry wasn't ready for it before, he noticed it now; Dumbledore's magic flared as he reenacted the ward, and the immediate pulse that flared confirmed Harry's guess of the ward announcing to Pomfrey that he was now awake.

"Some advice, my dear boy," Dumbledore murmured sagely. "Please eat. And it is imperative that you get a good night's sleep every so often. You're still a growing lad, yet. Miss Granger will be back soon enough. You two have been inseparable ever since the first day of school, and I admit, that may be because you knew each other far before." He began to stroke his beard again. "I also admit; you are far different from what I expected you to be, Harry Potter. Ever since you ran away from your family, everyone looked for you, and you did a very good job at staying hidden." He saw Harry visibly wince at the word 'family', and refrained from mentioning any future summer plans to the boy. It was best to wait until after the potions fully kicked in, which could be in a matter of days. "I'm just happy that you're safe and alive, my boy. Perhaps, you could regale me with your adventures abroad sometime?" His eyes sparkled merrily, and Harry had to give him credit – the man did not seem to give up when it came to getting information.

Harry nodded. "Of course, Headmaster." Harry needed to work on his improvisational story-telling anyway. He would be the perfect test. "Anytime. If Hermione would like to, I would prefer her to come with me."

"Of course I would, Harry." She spoke from the doorway; even Dumbledore looked back in surprise, not expecting her to be there. "Greetings, Headmaster. I have

returned. Please send along my thanks to Professor Snape for allowing me a few days absence."

"I will pass on the message, Miss Granger," he murmured, slipping back into his impassive face. "Just please, contact your head of house first if there is an emergency."

She nodded. "I will keep that in mind, Headmaster." Her chocolate brown eyes turned to Harry, and the gleam in her eyes was a sight that Harry welcomed openly. "Parvati told me what happened. Are you alright?"

Harry only grinned in reply, not really sure if he was still dreaming again, as the matriarch of the Hospital Wing bustled into the room, and her eyes roved over Harry's relaxed form before she breathed a sigh of relief.

"I only hope to see you in this bed once this year, Mister Potter," the motherly matron said in a clipped tone. "I've seen you play Quidditch. This does *not* need to happen out there, with the stunts that you do." Her frown softened. "It's nice to see that you are alright, and you were merely famished. Please come to me if you find yourself unable to eat more than a few small portions of food a day. I estimate that you'll be able to eat normally in a few days..."

Harry was half-focused on Pomfrey, more focused on Hermione's grinning visage. Nothing else mattered. All was right with the world.

It was only minutes later that he found himself alone with his best friend. She sat by his bedside, holding his hand as they sat together in silence. She twiddled with her thumbs in concentration, and while Harry had so many things to tell her, he would wait until she said her peace.

Finally, she said something – it was quiet, and Harry almost asked her to repeat it, but his logical mind quickly caught up to her mumbled words.

"I love you, too."

Hermione squeaked in shock as Harry hugged her to him, barely noticing him even moving, and she tightened her arms around him.

She smiled against his neck as she breathed deeply. "Sorry for scaring you."

Harry shook his head. "Sorry for making you think you had to apologize."

She laughed heartily and kissed the side of his neck. "Apology accepted." She stood against him, and gently pushed him away. "Now go apologize to those girls for trying to push them away when they were trying to help you."

Harry awkwardly rubbed the back of his head. "Want to come with me? They'll be happy to see you."

Hermione slipped her hand in his. "Of course." With a quick spell behind her, the bottles of murky fluid were all empty. She winked, and Harry chanced a quick peck on the cheek, before the two walked on, oblivious to the next drastic tear in the fabric of reality.

The two went to search for Parvati, Susan, and Daphne, their lives unknowingly changed more drastically than they ever thought it would.

~Post-Veil~

~Scene of the Crime, Gotham ~

Gordon stared incredulously at the writhing mass of vines and its captives. "What the hell happened here?"

"Poison Ivy," Bullock grumbled, rubbing the back of his head.

"Whaddya *think* happened? Bitch got the drop on us and had us wrapped tighter than a freakin' Christmas gift."

His red mustache wiggled in annoyance. "Let me guess – you didn't see them escape?"

"I was unconscious! They left me for dead and went on their merry way!" The entire situation seemed to upset him more than anyone else. "I can't believe she knocked me out."

Gordon looked back at the aggrandized memorial to the green vixen's power. "And she was alone."

"Nah. The clown was with her, too, like always. *He* wasn't there this time, though."

Gordon snarled. "I doubt him and they already parted ways. Warlock must've been up to something else."

He had no idea how to describe *this* to the communicator, but he was sure Batman was looking at this, from... somewhere. It wasn't too hard to miss.

Oversized, tree-sized vines had completely taken over the intersection, writhing and slithering about, daring anyone to come close. Their baseball-sized thorns made the circle of relative safety even wider, ensuring that no one would come within reach.

Bullet-proof. Or rather, an invisible shield preventing any bullets to get to the vines. That alone would make this an isolated, quarantined incident, provided that the vines could not escape the dome.

But hidden, in its sprawling thorny depths, were thirty-seven officers who were lost in that *thing*.

James turned away from the pit. They needed to be *stopped*.

And he was finally beginning to accept that he alone couldn't. The entire damn department probably couldn't.

He paced away, about to make the call, when Sarah ran up to him. "Jim! The Monarch Theater! It's been burned down!"

"Call the fire department!" He didn't understand why Essen was telling him about an abandoned theater when they were dealing with this serious issue.

"It's too late. It's gone. We think it was Warlock."

"Warlock? How? And what do you mean, '*gone*'?"

"Thirty minutes ago – around the time Poison Ivy was seen here – the Monarch caught on fire. No one saw who did it. It collapsed and burned to a crisp in seconds. The fire was *blue*, James. No other building was even affected. Not a scorch mark. Just – just ash."

Not even Firefly could do that. Gordon admitted that as The Warlock was the only unknown, and he seemed to have an affinity to fire, this could very easily be his handiwork.

But what was the purpose? Why destroy a random theater? Was he sending a message? He sent a bigger one here. He couldn't understand it.

But he'd be damn sure to figure it out. Something must've happened there.

"I need to go." He pointed to Bullock, who was roughly adjusting his neck. "Harvey! You're on point tonight." He took a chance and guessed. "Hit it with fire. See if that doesn't get past the dome." He turned to Sarah. "He's been acting strange. Keep an eye on him."

She nodded resolutely, and he ran off to his patrol vehicle.

This wasn't going to go on any further. Warlock, Femme Fatale, even that damned newswoman – all of them would be brought in for this; he swore, then and there, this chaos would stop.

Selina stalked out of her brand new room in a green t-shirt and blue jeans, her petite bare feet not making a sound as she roamed the vaguely familiar hallway. She brushed a stray strand of her short-cropped black hair from her eyes, as she looked for everyone.

Eddie was on his laptop in the kitchen, lamenting at the loss of his lab as he watched the footage of the carnage that took place hours earlier. She made sure to sneak past him, or he'd be lamenting non-stop about how it was the *perfect* place to hide (and as Harry pointed out, he was captured at least once, and Batman had found it immediately) and that Batman, and Black Mask, would pay for this.

She managed to sneak into the Living Room, where she found the rest of the group. An elaborate wooden block set welcomed her – an impressive looking sculpture was slowly rotating in seemingly mid-air.

"What do you think, Kyle?" She blinked and looked over to Harley, who noticed her first.

"Uh...." She prided herself on her quick wit, but she had just woken up and got changed into her civilian clothing. Still, from what she heard earlier, she could take a guess at what the group was doing. "Maybe a basement for Eddie? He won't shut up. Or a Prisoner of War cell?"

Harry slapped his hand against the house, and it spun a little faster. When it slowed down, looking significantly taller than she remembered, he looked to the couple for approval.

“Looks good,” Ivy leaned forward with her chin in her hand, sitting on her new favorite sofa, “but we’d have to dig carefully if we want to go that deep. I don’t exactly have, uh, *conventional* plumbing in this house. It’s all a well-pump connected to a cache of water underground.”

Harry nodded, understanding. “I can take care of that. Anything else? Vicki?”

She shook her head. “A newsroom? Just a small one. With a green screen? That way, it could look professional. It’s all about the presentation.”

Harry clicked his tongue at the sculpture. “We could add that to the gym, maybe? Put it under a *Silencio* ward. Or maybe in the war room?” Harley really liked the idea of a war conference chamber. She was firmly convinced that she was just the only one unafraid to admit it.

“This place is getting pretty big,” Harley admitted, sitting back on the arm of the sofa, next to Ivy. “We could just put it in one of the guest rooms? Or in one of the guest cabins.”

“This might be too much,” Ivy muttered worriedly. “I can’t believe that even in the scope of magic, that someone couldn’t see this.”

Selina, while having seen what he had been able to do so far, had her fair share of skepticism as well.

Harry did – *something* – with his hands, and the wooden blocks exploded outwards. Everyone in the room, sans the Warlock, flinched at the incoming barrage, until they looked carefully.

The entire landscape of the property was laid out before them. The trees were voluminous in size, even on the scale model. He lowered the model, and they marveled at the detail of the inviting expanse. The house was the most prominent – arguably – and the guest houses could be seen as well. At this point, the house could be considered more of a mansion, and the guest houses were part of the massive estate.

Then, one by one, the houses disappeared, and more trees took its place.

“*Fidelius Charm*,” Harry spoke, and the girls all looked towards him. “If you don’t know what exists in these forests, then you will never find it. That’s how the human mind works – I’ve always believed that wizards have been able to pick apart the

brain so well, they can't comprehend it themselves. The charm tricks you into seeing more trees, since that's all you saw before. That's all you can see. Just trees." By the time he finished speaking, the trees were expansive and vast across the scale, looking uniform and perfectly... plain.

A small wooden crow squawked loudly, flying up from the middle and flapping its wings across the tops of the trees. It flew away from the sculpture and glided gracefully towards Ivy. Stunned, she held out her finger for the small bird, and it landed on the tip, before pecking affectionately.

Pamela looked up to Harry, who was smiling confidently. "Remind me to eat my words next time I doubt you." The big grin on her face took away the embarrassment of her situation.

Harry chuckled and eyed the crowd. "So... anything else?"

Selina winced at the stray thought, but decided to voice the idea, anyway. "Maybe... maybe a cat palace?"

She felt all eyes on her, and for once, she didn't like the attention. "Just a thought," Selina muttered.

"It's a good idea," Harry admitted. "What with the multitude of cats around. I doubt your cavalcade of felines would come to the forest, but..." he shrugged, "stranger things can, and will, happen. What does the room say? Cats get their own mansion?"

Harley pouted. "I prefer that my cats stay in their room with their mommy."

"I vote for the cat palace," Ivy said easily, missing the glare from her girlfriend in favor of focusing on the little bird in her palm. "They can spend the night whenever, Harleen. But just imagine cleaning after them in such a large house – the hidden places that we could never find, that they can come and go to. I imagine they'd be quite pleased with a play pen and a house-sized litter box."

Harley didn't stop pouting, but she could see her point. "Alright," she grumbled. "But I just can't help but imagine you sending me there if I misbehave."

"Doghouse, sweetie," she simpered, and finally looked away from the bird to her girl. "Unless you want to adopt a wolf or something?"

Harley blushed. She had considered that, once. "I'm more of a cat person, thank you." She crossed her arms, and looked away. "I'll get back to you on that."

Vicki felt that she had to say something. "I'm allergic to cats," she told the room.

Harley's eyes shifted. "Don't look down."

The adventurous reporter, normally non-compliant towards a villain's demands, regretted it when she immediately looked down.

Bubbles, her eyes an eerie icy blue, stared up at her, transfixed, from the side of the chair. As soon as the blonde saw her, she rested her chin on the woman's jean-clad knees.

There was a slight slump as Vicki fainted in the chair, and the massive lion began licking her limp hand affectionately.

Ivy, Harley, and Selina all stared at the sight for a few moments, before Harley pat her thigh. Bubbles quickly turned her head and skipped over to her blond companion. Harry raised his hand to *Enervate* Vicki, but thought better of it. "It's best to let her sleep it off," he muttered to himself.

"I'll take her to her room," Selina sighed, moving across the room to gather the girl in her arms. Her lips twitched in amusement; the woman who penned her that horrible name was now unconscious in her clutches. While she had imagined the scenario, the events leading up to it were significantly drastic from what she had envisioned.

She raised her eyebrow at Harry as she walked past him. "Where's my gifts?"

Harry only smirked in response. "You mean the stuff you stole from Eddie? I gave it to him."

"What is this, the House of Hypocrisy? We're all criminals, here." Even as she tried to sound indignant, the small smile she had ruined her serious tone.

"We're a team now," Harley gently informed her. "Besides, where's your spirit of giving?"

The ebony-haired thief scoffed. "Only on Christmas, dear."

The bespectacled girl shrugged. "It might be *somewhere*."

Selina looked flummoxed. "I have no idea how to respond to that."

Harley waved it off. "Pair it with the whole conversation you were peeking in on, and it'll all come together." She smiled sweetly.

The thief rolled her eyes. Either she was losing her touch, or they just *knew everything*. "Whatever. Good night."

They bid goodnight to her before she left the room with the reporter, before Harley turned to Harry. "Selina seems to have softened up to you – I guess being shot really made her think about the allies she shouldn't try to push away. But can we trust 'em?"

Harry nodded. "I think so. I think we can also trust Edward. Magically binding contracts are out of the question – no magic to bind – so we'd have to go on their word alone."

"They live here now," Ivy reminded them. "It's a long trek back to the city. We can keep an eye on them for as long as we need to. If any of our secrets are spoiled, then we just figure it out from there."

"I think we don't have anything to really worry about when it comes to what we're planning – there's nothing to really gain on that. We have far more dangerous secrets that they don't really need to know. And once the property is built, and hidden, no one is able to tell anyone else where the house is. So we're safe on that front. But," Harry eyed the two curiously. "Were there any more team members you'd prefer?"

Ivy eyed the small wooden crow circle above her head like a makeshift halo. "I can think of one. But he's in Blackgate."

"Partners," Harley muttered to herself, "Can't think of one. But a good pet? Refer to the 'sewers' comment." She smirked at her girlfriend. "Think *that* dude could be domesticated?"

Ivy only scoffed in reply, her eyes on the green-eyed wizard. "So Blackgate is our next target?"

Harry nodded. "After the renovations, would probably be best. Gotta look the part of a major crime organization, right?"

Harley clicked her tongue. "Got a *lot* of people here," she murmured, prolonging 'lot' for effect. "And just a few days ago, we were living in isolation." She looked up at Harry. "Don't get me wrong – it's for the better, and I don't regret how we got to this point, it's just, I feel like we're running a hotel, here."

Harry could see her point. There was a time that Hermione, Sirius and he lived alone in the Potter Family home, and that was now far from the case. By that time, Sirius had been banished to Grimmauld Place by Dumbledore. Harry sometimes missed the solitude – the quiet moments of escape and blissful detachment, with his Godfather and his best friend.

"I'll work on that," Harry told her sensitively. "Sometimes, you need your space. You two need some time to be alone together. I could make something I'll think you'll love."

Harley smiled at the thought, but frowned at the implications. "I wasn't including you on the visitors' list."

Ivy stretched her legs out and stood up, gently pecking Harleen on her soft lips as she rose. She sauntered towards Harry, and lifted her arms to lock around his neck. "What do you say we get to bed? The *three* of us; as fate intended."

Harry had no problems with that, and his heart swelled with emotion at her proclamation of what he meant to them now.

A part of their family. Not the worst thing in the world to be, he was sure of it.

The platform of building blocks slowly floated down to the sitting room floor, the crow wordlessly flying back into the vast land, as Harry took his lover into his arms and showed her how grateful he was for the invitation.

The Batman loomed over Park Row, looking over the setting sun of Gotham City.

He only spared a glance at the ashes that was once the Monarch Theater, before he abruptly turned and set off.

It was time to put these criminals ***down***.

To Be Continued....

Go to <http://rihaansfics.com/HandH/chapter-11.htm> for the continuing parts of the Harry and Harley saga. Thank you for reading.