

Harry hadn't made his penis any narrower, and Barbara shivered at the thought of how much he was going to stretch her out, but he no longer looked like old depictions she'd seen of the Greek god Priapus, so that was a plus.

"You can actually take his dick as it was?" she asked, looking at Koriand'r, who grinned. "I know you're a lot taller than me, but still..."

"Tamaranean women seem to have a far greater capacity for dick than human ones," Koriand'r murmured. "Harry and I have watched porn since arriving on Earth and found that even among the women who do this for a living, there are still pretty hard limits."

"*So hard,*" Barbara thought to herself as she stared down at Harry's rigid shaft. It looked so heavy, even having been shrunk down a bit, and yet it stood completely up, something she imagined he owed as much to how he'd enhanced his form with his powers as his youth. "*I should check his vitals some time just to see how superhuman he really is.*"

"This shouldn't be too much for you, though if it is, I can reduce it more," Harry murmured. "Of course, if it turns out you can take more..."

Barbara shivered at that, her insides clenching hard at the thought of just how full she was about to be.

"*He's going to reach as deep inside me as he physically can, fill me in a way no normal man likely could, and probably even change his shape to make sure I know only ecstasy from it,*" Barbara thought to herself, gasping when he moved closer and planted his long, thick cock on her belly. "You're going to ruin me for all other men. No one else will ever be able to satisfy me by the time you're done."

"You didn't come here for anything less," Harry grinned, leaning in and cupping her face as he stared into her lust-darkened eyes. Moving even closer, until his lips were so close to her ear she could feel his warm breath, he whispered, "You want to feel what you heard that night every time you checked in on us, don't you?"

"Yes," Barbara gasped. "God, yes."

"If Harry does completely destroy you, Barbara, ruining you for all others, we'll be more than happy to make you ours permanently," Koriand'r purred in her ear, kneading her breasts as she embraced her from behind. Leaning in to whisper in her other ear, she said, "We're going to be very, very good friends, I'm sure."

"Do it!" Barbara cried, more turned on than she'd ever been in her life. "Fuck me until I'm yours; fuck me until I can't think straight; fuck me until I can't wa..."

She trailed off there, and he chuckled, kissing her softly.

"I promise I'll be careful, but if I do fuck you until you can't feel your legs, we know I can heal you again," Harry quipped, and before she could reply, he pushed forward, making her cry out.

His girth was immense, and even as soaked as she was, it was hard to take him, yet the bulbous head of his cock popped inside her, stretching her inner walls wide. Her jaw dropped and her eyes went wide as saucers at the feeling, the pleasure of feeling him scrape against her inner walls made all the more intense by the burning protest of her inner muscles.

“Fucking hell, you’re tight,” Harry groaned. “Do you need me to make myself narrower?”

“No!” Barbara cried. “Just...just go slow.”

“He feels amazing already, doesn’t he?” Koriand’r whispered in her ear, teasing the shell with her tongue. “The way he’s stretching you open, filling you up. You’re going to feel fuller than you thought possible tonight.”

“Holy fuck,” Barbara moaned, her insides fluttering at the other redhead’s words. “More, Harry, give me more.”

Harry nodded and pushed forward gently, burying another inch inside her and making her breath hitch. She leaned back against Koriand’r, feeling the soft warmth of her breasts around her head, and moaned loudly as he started fucking her with short, slow strokes. Bit by bit, inch by frighteningly thick inch, he stretched her around his massive cock, conquering her depths in ways no one else ever had.

“Feels like you’re splitting me half,” Barbara moaned. “Fuck me, it’s so intense.”

“Do you need me to slow down at all?” Harry asked. “You’re the first human woman I’ve ever been with so...”

Barbara laughed at that, cutting him off, only to blush as he stared down at her in confusion.

“Sorry, it’s just...I hadn’t thought of that,” she replied. “I’m the first human woman for you, and you’re my first superhuman lover.”

“Truly?” Koriand’r asked. “You’ve been around superheroes for years now, and you’ve never taken one to bed?”

“To be fair, most of them are way older than me, and I was practically still a kid when I started working with Batman,” Barbara replied. “I’ve also been very, very boring in this regard throughout my life. I never imagined I’d have a threesome, to be honest.”

“And now?” Koriand’r purred, cupping her cheek and staring into her eyes.

“Now I’m in the arms of one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever met while her boyfriend’s stretching me open with his massive dick, and I’m loving every second of it,” Barbara grinned, and Koriand’r smiled widely before kissing her hungrily.

Harry watched the display eagerly, both because it was the hottest thing he’d ever seen in his life and because he’d come to genuinely care for Barbara. Smart, witty, direct, and stunningly beautiful, the redhead wasn’t as bubbly as Kori was, or as unceasingly positive, but she was grounded, realistic, and one of their first true ties to this world they were making their home. She had become a good friend of theirs, and as Harry buried the last inch of his cock inside her, feeling the back of her tunnel as he deftly avoided her cervix, he wondered just how much more she’d become.

“Holy fuck, you’re so deep,” Barbara whimpered, panting as she looked down and gasped at the sight of the bump in her muscular stomach that he’d caused. Reaching down, she palmed that bump, marveling at how she could actually see and feel him inside her through her skin, and she shuddered when he moved slightly within her.

“How do you feel?” Koriand’r asked.

“Overwhelmed,” Barbara breathed, staring up into his eyes. “I swear it feels like you’re up against every sensitive spot inside me at the same time. You’re so big, and you’ve stretched me so taut, I can actually feel your bulging veins.”

“If you need a moment more, let me know,” Harry murmured, leaning in and kissing her softly.

She probably did, as she knew she wasn’t quite used to his size yet, and the way he’d stretched her open still burned a little, but she was dying to know how it would feel to have him fuck her properly, and after all she’d been through, she knew she could endure a little soreness, especially when it would come with so much pleasure.

“Fuck me, Harry,” Barbara whispered. “Make me scream for you like I heard Kori do that night.”

“Be careful what you ask for,” Harry rumbled, and she shuddered, feeling her insides clench around him involuntarily at his words.

He pulled back, easing inch after inch of his thick shaft out of her depths, and she moaned at the feeling of him brushing against her inner walls. She was stuffed so full, stretched out so much, that it felt like every nerve ending inside her was hypersensitive, making even the slightest movement of his cock more intense than she’d thought possible.

“Fuck!” she cried as he thrust back in, and he grinned down at her.

“If you need me to slow down or ease up at all, tell me,” Harry murmured, and she nodded, her whole body shaking as she felt him hit something at the back of her pussy that made her see stars.

“Oh, God!” Barbara moaned, nearly screaming as he hit that spot again.

Koriand’r kneaded her breasts more firmly, teasing her nipples with her thumbs, and started trailing hot kisses down along her neck. She’d never felt more overstimulated in her life, could barely fathom how intense Harry’s every thrust was, and when he moved her legs up onto his shoulders and picked up his pace, all she could do was cry out sharply.

“Harder!” Barbara screamed. “Fuck, yes!”

“By the time I’m done with you tonight, you won’t remember your own name,” Harry rumbled, his eyes, nearly black with lust, boring into hers, and Barbara swore his every word made the pressure in her core even more maddening.

She was barreling towards orgasm in a way she never had before in her life. Always one to need at least some clitoral stimulation to cum, she hadn’t thought that she’d ever get off on penetration alone, much less quickly, but as she lay trapped between Harry and Koriand’r, feeling him split her open again and again with his shaft, she swore she was losing her mind.

“Fuck me!” Barbara screamed, clenching the sheets on either side of her so tightly that her knuckles turned white. “More, more, yes!”

“You’re going to cum already?” Harry chuckled as he felt her start to flutter around him. “Careful, Barbara, or you might just end up addicted to me.”

Her eyes rolled back into her head as his words filled her head with fantasies she hadn't thought she'd ever imagine, much less enjoy. The image of her, completely mind-broken by pleasure and desperate for more, willing to do anything at all to feel Harry inside her again, appeared in her mind's eye, and she let out a pitiful moan. That wasn't who she was; it wasn't who she'd ever been. She was Barbara Gordon; she was Batgirl, a crime-fighting bad ass who had helped lock away countless criminals over the years, and yet as she pictured herself submitting entirely to Harry and Koriand'r, being their mindless little sex pet, she didn't think she'd ever been so aroused in her life.

"You're as flexible as I am," Koriand'r beamed, pulling Barbara's legs back until she was practically folded in half. "You really do have beautiful legs, you know."

"I, gah, fuck!" the other redhead cried, her legs spasming as Harry hit something else inside her that made her vision go blurry around the edges. "I'm so close; don't stop! Please don't stop!"

"I wouldn't dream of it," Harry grinned, shifting his tongue inside his mouth as he continued fucking her with long, hard strokes. "Cum for us, Barbara. I want to hear you scream."

His tongue darted out of his mouth, looking frog-like, and the second he swiped it across Barbara's clit, the redhead's vision went white.

"FUCK!" she wailed, cumming harder than she ever had in her life.

Even the orgasms he'd given her before with his vibrating tongue seemed to pale next to it, and as she writhed on the bed, completely helpless as Harry and Koriand'r continued to hold her in place, a geyser of fluid erupted from her pussy, soaking Harry's balls and the bed under them. She convulsed, drowning in pleasure the likes of which she'd never known as it radiated through her entire body from her head to her toes.

"Ow, ow, ow," she muttered, panting for breath as she felt the toes of her right foot cramp, and Koriand'r chuckled, spotting the problem.

"I've got you," she murmured, taking her foot in her warm hands and gently stretching her toes backward to relieve the cramp.

"That was...insane," Barbara panted, only to look down in wide-eyed shock as she realized that Harry hadn't cum. "You didn't..."

"Oh, it takes quite a bit to make him cum," Koriand'r purred, letting her foot go and leaning in until her lips were right by her ear. "Don't worry, though, if you pass out before he does, I'll just finish him off."

Barbara looked at her in shock, feeling simultaneously aroused and insulted by the suggestion, though she quickly realized that the alien princess meant it sincerely, as if it were entirely possible that the man who'd just fucked her to the most mind-melting orgasm of her life might make her pass out from pleasure before she managed to make him cum.

"*I might be in trouble,*" she thought to herself, gasping as Koriand'r effortlessly moved her legs off of his shoulders and rolled them both over.

"Try riding him for a while as I sit on his face," she beamed. "I want to watch how you do it."

“If you need another moment to catch your breath, that’s fine,” Harry chuckled as he watched his girlfriend float over until her dripping quim was hovering right above his eager mouth.

“No, I’m good,” Barbara replied, shuddering as she rolled her hips forward and felt him scrape against every overstimulated nerve ending inside her pussy. *“He joked earlier, but I swear I might actually need healing in the morning if I’m going to be able to walk straight. It’s gonna be worth it, though.”*

With that, she started riding him, still marveling at how full she felt, and as she heard Koriand’r moan, already grinding her dripping wet pussy on Harry’s face, she snaked her arms around the taller woman’s neck and pulled her in for a searing hot kiss. This was the wildest thing she’d ever done in her life, but she somehow doubted it would stay that way for long.

“Yes, yes, yes, X’HAL, YES!” Koriand’r shrieked at the top of her lungs, and Barbara’s eyes fluttered open as she awoke and immediately groaned.

She was sore in places she hadn’t been sore in a very long time and in a few she’d never felt before in her life. Blinking until her vision cleared, she looked over at the clock on the side table, and her eyes went wide as she realized what time it was. She didn’t know when they finally finished for the night or when she’d passed out, but she’d clearly slept through the night, something she was dearly hoping they’d done as well.

“Tell me you two haven’t been going at it this whole time,” Barbara chuckled, sitting up just as Harry let out a groan, cumming inside Koriand’r, who slumped down on her face, her whole body shaking with pleasure.

“We...did,” Harry panted. “This one’s just insatiable...and woke me with a blowjob.”

“He still tasted...like your pussy,” Koriand’r panted, smiling widely at Barbara. “You taste so good.”

Barbara shivered at that, licking her lips and tasting the other woman’s fluids on them. She and Koriand’r had eaten each other out repeatedly through the night as Harry went back and forth between them, switching each time he made them cum. The redhead had lost track of how many times she’d cum as she spent much of the night drowning in ecstasy and had managed to just barely stay awake long enough to feel him cum inside her, filling her up with what felt like gallons of thick, warm seed. She reached between her legs without thinking and whimpered when she felt how swollen and sore her still-gaping pussy was.

“The bed must be completely ruined,” she thought to herself, recalling just how soaked through it had seemed by the time she lost consciousness, and as she went to ask them about whether or not he was able to clean it with magic, he pulled out of Kori, and her jaw dropped at what she saw.

“You...you have two of them,” Barbara stammered, and the Tamaranean beauty giggled.

“I did say last night that you’d not felt half of the pleasures we could show you,” Koriand’r purred, flying up and turning around in the air to show off her gaping pussy and asshole.

They both looked swollen and bright red, doubtlessly sore from the hours of sex they’d had the night before and what they’d done that morning, and Barbara shivered as she saw the thick white semen dribbling out of her pussy.

“How could you even want more this morning?” she asked, and Koriand’r chuckled.

“I mostly recovered in the night, and I remembered that we never got around to double penetration and decided to fix that,” she replied. “You can’t imagine how full you can feel with two of him inside you.”

Barbara whimpered as her insides clenched at that, reminding her just how battered and bruised she felt. Despite that, she couldn’t even begin to regret anything that she’d done the night before. It had been everything she’d imagined ever since that night where she overheard them and more, and the idea of anything being even more intense than that was enough to make her drool.

“I’ve never even had anal sex, though,” she said, and Harry chuckled, pulling back one of his cocks until he had only one again and walking towards her.

Her eyes locked onto his swinging member, and as she finally looked up and saw him smirking at her, she blushed lightly.

“If you don’t want to try it, that’s fine, and if you decide that you do, you know that I can shrink down as small as you need me to,” Harry assured her, and she sighed happily.

“That ability is even more perfect for anal than it is for vaginal sex,” Barbara chuckled, wincing as she got out of bed and felt her muscles protest.

“Here,” Harry said, wrapping an arm around her and pressing his hands against her swollen labia.

He cast a couple quick healing charms, and she moaned in relief as the pain disappeared almost immediately. She leaned on him, smiling as she stared up into his eyes, and he caressed her cheek softly, looking at her so tenderly she swore she felt like her heart was going to melt.

“Feeling better?” he whispered, and she nodded. “Good. Now, our shower is probably just barely big enough for three of us if you want to help us save water.”

“I somehow doubt that a shower with all three of us will save much water,” Barbara teased, “but why not?”

“Last night was wonderful,” Koriand’r sighed, wrapping her arms around the both of them. “I never knew how wonderful sex could be with three people all happily enjoying each other, and it makes me all the more eager to learn what it can be like with even more!”

“How many more are you thinking?” Barbara asked, having heard enough about Koriand’r’s plans for her ‘k’nabtah’ to know that she was practically plotting to build Harry a harem, something that the idea of turned her on in ways she never would have imagined even a day ago.”

“Keep in mind that I am still mortal, luv,” Harry chuckled, and Koriand’r grinned.

“I promise not to bring in more women than you can satisfy, darling,” the orange-skinned beauty cooed, “though we will need to see just what your limits are before I can say how many that will be. At the moment, I’m fairly sure that M’Gann is attracted to us both, and I think she could be ever so much fun, and of course, Kara and Galatea are gorgeous while Raven...”

Harry groaned at the mention of the Kryptonians, and Barbara smirked at him.

"I figured those two would excite you," the redhead chuckled. "Not only are they insanely beautiful but they're practically twins too."

"This is true," Koriand'r nodded, "and I have read enough about human sexuality online to know that the idea of doing it with twins excites all human males."

"Galatea is still...adjusting to everything, so I'd advise against making a move on her for a good long while, but Supergirl might be interested," Barbara replied. "She and I go way back, so I could try and gauge her interest if you li..."

Before she could finish that sentence, Koriand'r kissed her, and she giggled at the other redhead's enthusiasm.

"Okay, I've slept with two women now, and both have decided afterward to try and hook me up with other women," Harry said. "Just to be clear, you two don't feel...compelled to do this, right?"

"You didn't actually fuck my brains out if that's what you're worried about," Barbara chuckled. "I enjoyed myself last night even more than I expected and...let's just say I have some history with Supergirl that makes the idea of sharing her with you two really tempting."

"History?" Harry asked, his cock twitching, and Barbara snorted at the sight.

"And you said Kori's insatiable," the redhead chuckled. "It's not x-rated or anything, but let's just say that she and I share a mutual attraction we've never fully acted on, and I think we'd have a lot of fun together, should she be interested. We really should shower now, though, because we could easily get a new assignment today, and I really don't want to be up here if Batman calls."

"I really can't believe this is my life now," Harry thought to himself as he watched Barbara and Kori enter their bathroom.

"Wait, why is this the first we're hearing of her?" Robin asked, staring at Green Arrow in confused suspicion as the young woman next to him tried her best not to fidget. "Speedy's not been gone that long; are you saying you had time to find and train a whole new sidekick in the past couple months, and you think she'd already be ready to join a team?"

"She's my niece," Green Arrow lied, "and I've been training her for a while in anticipation of Speedy joining your team. As he chose not to and to strike out on his own, I figured that she could."

"We understand that your team has already grown beyond what we originally envisioned, but we think that Artemis here will be a good fit," Batman replied. "We were going to introduce you to her during your last missions but felt that they would actually make good tests for you instead, tests that you passed well, by the way."

"You could have warned us you were bringing someone by," Wally muttered, intimately aware that he was wearing nothing but swim trunks, having been about to invite the others to join him on the nearby beach.

"You could change in a flash," Kaldur'ahm pointed out. "Pun very much intended."

“I, for one, think your uniform is great,” Artemis grinned, only to falter as Wally scowled.

“Is this why Speedy really went off on his own?” he asked, glaring at the young blonde. “Did he know he was being replaced?”

“Speedy, or Red Arrow, as he prefers to be called now, had craved independence for a while,” Green Arrow sighed. “I held him back longer than he wanted, wanting to be sure that he was ready to strike out on his own, and he has yet to forgive me for that. Artemis here had nothing to do with that, I assure you.”

“He’s telling the truth,” Raven murmured. “I’d know if he wasn’t.”

“We don’t have any assignments for you today, and I only came in person because I had something to take care of in the area,” Batman said.

“We have heard rumblings of something that you all could be well suited for, though, and if we confirm a couple things, you’ll receive word at once,” Green Arrow added.

“Welcome to the team,” Batgirl smiled. “I look forward to seeing what you can do?”

“I’ve read about you...all of you, really, but you, Batgirl...” Artemis said, looking simultaneously eager and wary. “You’ve overcome a lot.”

“I have,” Batgirl replied, “and I’m as good now as I ever was. If you’d like to demonstrate how well Green Arrow and, I’m assuming, Black Canary trained you, I’d be more than happy to spar.”

“I’d love to,” Artemis grinned.

“Well, if we don’t have any missions to get to, I’m heading to the beach,” Wally muttered. “Any of you want to come with?”

“I’ll rarely say no to that,” Kaldur’ahm replied.

“Yeah, I’m down,” Robin added.

“Out of curiosity, where are the others?” Batman asked.

“The four of them are in the most durable part of the cave testing one another’s endurance,” Red Tornado replied. “I will fill them in on everything we discussed he...”

Before he could finish that sentence, an earthshattering crash echoed through the room as Harry was sent flying through the rock wall and fell in a heap at their feet.

“Oh, my god!” Barbara exclaimed. “Are you alright?!”

“Fine,” Harry chuckled as he stood up and dusted himself off. “I seriously can’t believe how nigh-indestructible I am like this.”

“Testing out Krypto’s powers?” Batman drawled.

As if drawn by his name, the dog bolted and knocked Harry back down, licking at his face.

“Um...” Artemis went to ask as three others flew in.

“Are you okay?” Koriand’r asked, looking relieved when Harry just chuckled and nodded.

“Krypto, get off of him!” Kara exclaimed, blushing as she spotted Batman and Green Arrow. “Sorry, he came across our training and thought it looked like fun, so...”

“Come!” Batman growled, and Krypto jumped off of Harry immediately, standing by the cowed man’s feet and staring up at him. “Sit.”

“How...how the hell are you doing that?” Kara asked as she watched her dog obey Batman’s command, sitting down and staring at the ground.

“It’s all in the tone of voice,” Batman rumbled. “You lot are lucky that isn’t a supporting wall.”

“Oh, yeah, I’ve got it,” Harry replied. “*Reparo.*”

They all watched as the rock wall reformed before their eyes, looking like nothing at all had happened to it in mere moments.

“That’s handy,” M’Gann breathed as she flew inside, carrying bags of groceries in her hands. “What did I miss?”

A while later, as Robin, Wally, and Kaldur’ahm went out to enjoy the nice day, Kara took Galatea up to experience flying in space and work on holding her breath; Barbara took Artemis up on her offer to spar while the others watched.

“I’m surprised you’re not out with the others soaking up the sun,” Raven muttered, watching the sparring session with genuine interest.

Physical combat wasn’t her specialty, and it wasn’t exactly something she’d seen much of on Azarath, so to her, it was downright fascinating.

“I would much rather get to know our new teammate,” Koriand’r replied. “The day will likely still be as warm and lovely later.”

“If only the others had been so thoughtful,” M’Gann mumbled under her breath, genuinely weirded out by how the others had seemed. As she watched Batgirl sweep Artemis’ legs out from under her, sending her falling on her back, she asked, “So you’re Green Arrow’s niece?”

“Mmhmm,” Artemis replied, jumping to her feet and grinning at the redhead in front of her. “You’re good.”

“So are you,” Barbara replied, licking her split lip from where her sparring partner had managed to hit her earlier. “You don’t fight much like Green Arrow, to be honest.”

“I...to be honest, a lot more of my training came from Black Canary and a few others,” Artemis replied. “He always held back with me, you know?”

“I can imagine,” Barbara murmured as Raven furrowed her brow.

“I’m fairly sure she’s lying,” she thought to herself, generally having a pretty good sense of such things. *“Green Arrow seemed to be lying every time he brought up their relation too, though he seemed honest about everything else. Neither one seemed to be under any kind of compulsion, so, odd as it is, they presumably have genuine reasons for it, if I’m right. I’ll keep an eye on her and only bring it up if I think I need to.”*

“So, I heard about your injuries and what you recovered from,” Artemis said as the two of them circled each other, having gotten a pretty good idea of how the other moved by then. “Is it true that you were wheelchair-bound?”

“I was,” Barbara replied. “I was shot, not in costume, and the bullet shattered one of my vertebrae. For more than a year, I couldn’t feel anything below my waist.”

“How did you recover?” Artemis asked. “My uncle said it was magical but didn’t go into specifics.”

“That was Warlock’s doing!” Koriand’r exclaimed proudly, beaming at Harry.

“How, though?” Artemis asked, signaling for a break and looking at the young wizard.

“My superpower, as it were, is an ability to mimic the powers and capabilities of animals, including magical ones,” Harry replied. “In my world, suffice it to say I come from another earth; there are birds called phoenixes whose tears have healing properties. I cried into a cup; she drank it, and her spine knitted itself back together.”

“You have magic healing tears?” Artemis asked incredulously, and he chuckled.

“I actually can cast minor healing spells as is because I’m a wizard originally, but for more serious damage like what Batgirl suffered, those spells just aren’t enough, and I had to get creative,” Harry replied.

“Wow, that’s...wow,” Artemis said, and Raven, while keeping her face utterly blank, looked more closely at the blonde.

“There’s desire there and a hint of hope buried in a well of reluctance,” she thought to herself, her empathic abilities letting her pick up on Artemis’ feelings. *“Presumably she knows someone who’s badly injured and just isn’t sure yet if she should ask about it. The mystery surrounding this one grows by the moment.”*

If Batman and Green Arrow hadn’t vouched for her and seemed to be in their right minds, the half-demon would have sounded the alarm on her immediately, but they had, and Batman, at least, seemed to be incredibly level-headed, so she figured it was worth seeing how things progressed with her without interfering, at least for the time being. She wouldn’t have paid such close attention to her at all if feeling her out wasn’t a most welcome distraction from what else she’d been stuck feeling since she got there.

Side-eyeing Harry and Koriand’r, she suppressed a scowl and leaned back into her hood. *“I’ve been around actual animals in heat who weren’t as bad as those two, and now they’ve managed to ensnare Batgirl too? I’d worry he was an incubus if I hadn’t gotten such a good feel for him by now.”*

She did everything she could to feel as little as possible and keep herself under control so that her father couldn’t pick up on where she was and try to use her as a beacon and a gateway, but her

empathic powers meant that, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't help but pick up on the feelings of those around her. It made cities infuriating, for obvious reasons, and the relatively remote location of their base was one of the biggest benefits of it, but it didn't come without drawbacks.

She could block the others out for the most part; their hopes, fears, and insecurities seemed so utterly normal that they were more like white noise to her by then, but Koriand'r was so utterly alien and just felt things so intensely that she was like a beacon that it took all her willpower to look away from. Even the other non-humans there seemed more normal to her, with Galatea feeling recognizably insecure and uncertain; M'Gann feeling hopeful for her new home with a tinge of ever-present fear, as though something might take it away; and Kara feeling her desperate need for purpose surrounding a deep well of grief.

"In truth, Koriand'r has that same grief and rage at her core," she thought to herself as she subtly eyed the redhead. *"Perhaps that's why her emotions are so annoyingly loud. Maybe like Kara, she seeks distraction above all else and is simply better at losing herself in it."*

Raven wished that she could distract herself so that focusing on other things could be all it took to keep her wretched father at bay, but she knew better. That required control, and control she maintained by keeping her own feelings locked away and doing what she could to avoid focusing too much on the others. She was getting better at not letting Koriand'r emotions affect her, though last night had been particularly bad, and she'd spent more of it meditating than sleeping as a consequence.

"Spending more time around her like this should help me get used to her," she thought to herself as Artemis and Barbara restarted their spar.

"That was amazing," Galatea breathed as she and Kara landed just outside the team's headquarters. "I had no idea I could hold my breath for that long."

"That's the amazing part for you?" Kara teased, and Galatea slapped her shoulder playfully.

"You know what I mean," she chuckled. "I'm just constantly surprised by what I can do. The...Cadmus' instructions were clearly more an overview than anything."

"With practice you'll find that you can hold it for hours at a time," Kara replied. "So long as we're properly empowered by the light of a yellow sun, the vacuum of space cannot hurt us and we can survive up there."

"We should race to the moon sometime," Galatea suggested, and Kara chuckled.

"Yeah, we should," she replied. "For traveling long distances, a ship of some sort is a far better idea, of course, but sometimes I go up there just to enjoy the peace of it."

"I can believe that," Galatea sighed. "I've loved getting to experience the world as I have since the others found me, but...parts of it are so loud."

"Clark feels the same way sometimes," Kara whispered just barely loud enough for her to hear. "He grew up on a farm in rural Kansas, and while he does enjoy living in Metropolis, cities are always loud."

“Hence the Fortress of Solitude,” Galatea murmured.

“That is one of its benefits, yes,” Kara smiled.

“I guess cities don’t bother you,” Galatea murmured. “You grew up in Argo City, after all.”

“I did, and they generally don’t, but like I said, I still occasionally enjoy flying off and just enjoying the peace I can find out there,” Kara replied.

“Kara...” Galatea went to say, only to look away.

“What is it?” Kara asked.

“Why don’t you resent me?” Galatea forced herself to ask. “I’m a clone of you made by people whose identities we still don’t know at all, without your knowledge, and I’ve read enough human literature at this point to know that that is even weirder than I first thought.”

“I’m not human,” Kara replied. “Outright clones would have been strange on Krypton, and I was weirded out to begin with because of just how you were made or, moreover, the fact that I don’t know exactly how you were, but artificial conceptions and births like yours were quite normal. You’re my sister, simply put, and speaking as someone who doesn’t have much family left, resentment is the last thing I feel for you.”

“You have Superman,” Galatea murmured, and Kara chuckled.

“He’s almost twice my age, even if I was born first,” she replied. “By the time I found him, he had a whole life, two of them, really, and I hadn’t factored into either of them at all. He’s been good to me, don’t get me wrong, but we’re different, and having a relative closer to my age and one that I can teach at that has been...nice.”

“I can’t imagine how weird it was coming here looking for a baby and learning that he’d grown into a man older than you are,” Galatea muttered, and she chuckled before sighing.

“It was sad more than anything,” Kara said. “The last thing my parents asked me to do was to find him and raise him, teach him about our people, our history, the wonders we’d created, and the tragedy that consumed us, and I didn’t get to do any of that. We’ve talked about Krypton before, but...the average person here would be shocked to learn just how human he truly is, even with all his powers.”

“We’re all products of our upbringing, I guess,” Galatea said before scowling. “What would that make me, then?”

“We’re not just what our upbringings make of us, Tea,” Kara smiled, “and you’ve become quite the hero, I would say.”

“Thank you,” Galatea whispered, “for that and for today. Now, I think I just heard Krypto wake up, and I think I’ll take him for a wa...”

Before she could even finish that sentence, a furry missile bolted right in front of her and started wiggling his tail as he panted up at them.

“Go ahead,” Kara giggled, kneeling down and scratching behind his ears. “I’ll see you later.”

“See you then,” Galatea replied before running off to get Krypto to chase her.

Kara smiled and went inside, her smile widening when she saw Barbara almost immediately.

“I saw you and Galatea just now,” the redhead said. “You two seem to be getting along well.”

“I’ll admit it was a little strange to learn, as I did, that I have had essentially a twin sister, but I’ve come to really like her,” Kara replied. “I heard you reach the entrance and start waiting a moment ago. Were you looking to speak with me?”

“Yeah, do you have a minute?” Barbara asked, and when Kara nodded, she gestured for her to follow and led her to her bedroom. The moment they stepped inside, she closed the door behind them and said, “I’m guessing that’s not all you’ve heard from me in the last several hours.”

“I wondered if this might be about that,” the blonde murmured, her cheeks reddening just slightly. “For the record, I do try to tune out things that are best left private. Took you long enough.”

“What?” Barbara asked, looking at her in surprise. “What do you mean? I didn’t mention...”

“Your heart rate has spiked every time you’ve looked at either of them since I got here,” Kara replied, and Barbara just closed her eyes slowly and shook her head.

“You’d make a great detective, you know,” she muttered, sitting down on her bed, and Kara chuckled as she joined her.

“I know you well enough to know that this isn’t something that you sought out,” the blonde said, “so how did it happen?”

“We were hanging out together in their room, having a glass of wine, and I decided to demonstrate that I had built my strength up entirely by dancing around...” Barbara began.

“I will point out that you’ve been on numerous missions with us,” Kara smirked, and the redhead chuckled.

“I was in an exceedingly good mood,” she replied. “I tripped and pulled something in my ankle, and as Harry healed me, he started massaging my foot, and then Koriand’r sat down and started asking how I felt about them. One thing led to another, and then another, and well...”

“I really can’t express how happy I am that you’re recovered,” Kara murmured, looking inside her friend and smiling at the sight of her fully recovered spine. “When I saw the damage that psycho clown caused you, I...”

“I still can’t believe you went out into space trying to find a way to heal me,” Barbara murmured, hugging her. “I had no idea.”

“You’re my friend,” Kara breathed, “one of the first I made after coming here, and you just sounded so...broken the last few times we spoke. So last night...is that going to be a one-time thing?”

“No,” Barbara replied immediately, blushing when Kara cocked an eyebrow. “I...well, you heard me.”

“My cousin might have heard you,” she teased, and the redhead squeaked.

“Kara!” she exclaimed before huffing and looking away. “He’s so good...they both are, but...you know how he can shapeshift?”

“Yeah,” Kara nodded.

“Well, let’s just say that there are certain...uses for those abilities that don’t have particularly great combat purposes,” Barbara smirked, and Kara laughed.

“I should hope not,” the Kryptonian chuckled. “So how big can he make it?”

“Bigger than I could take,” Barbara replied. “Fuck, you should see what Kori can.”

“How big are we...no!” Kara breathed as Barbara held her hands about a foot apart. “How many of her stomachs does he have to move out of the way for that?”

“You’re awful,” Barbara giggled.

“I mean it in good fun,” Kara replied. “Kori’s really sweet, and it’s been nice getting to know her and Harry. I’m happy for you, though I hope you are on the same page as them as far as this little arrangement is concerned.”

“That’s...actually what I wanted to talk to you about,” Barbara replied. “According to Kori, among her people, it’s traditional for the wives of men who are truly phenomenal warriors and lovers to bring other women into their homes.”

Kara blinked slowly, struggling to ascertain whether or not she’d just heard her properly. “What?”

“They’re called nabtas or something like that,” Barbara replied. “As far as Koriand’r’s concerned, I’m welcome to not just join them in bed now and then but actually try...dating them.”

“I see,” Kara said slowly, “and you’re interested in that?”

“It’s odd, I’ll allow, but...I like them,” Barbara replied. “They’re good and kind, heroic and caring, and despite everything they’ve been through, they’re happy. I love Batman, and I’ll forever be grateful to him for taking me under his wing, but...I don’t want to be him, and he doesn’t want Robin or me to be him either. I’ve been through so much shit in my life: losing my mom as a kid, my distant relationship with my father, getting shot...and yet all that pales next to the nightmare that those two lived through. If they can get to the other side of what they did and be so happy...”

“You could too,” Kara nodded. “I certainly see the appeal.”

“You would,” Barbara whispered, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “You’ve lost so much more than any of us.”

“Not that it’s a contest, but it is rather hard to beat losing a whole planet,” Kara laughed humorlessly before sighing. “Harry’s planet still exists, though it is lost to him.”

“Kori’s such a beam of sunshine, and Harry, you can tell her influence is why he does as well as he does despite losing so much,” Barbara said. “I’m not going to jump into anything, and even joining

them in bed again is probably something I'll hold off on for a few days, but I want to see what that could be. I think you might like them too."

"Me?" Kara asked, taken aback, and Barbara smiled.

"It's been a while since you tried seeing anyone, unless there's something you haven't told me," she murmured, and Kara shrugged.

"It's been a while since I met anyone I was interested in," she said simply. "They were really that good?"

"That was, hands down, the best sex of my life," Barbara replied. "You haven't been with anyone that strong before too, so that would be a novelty for you."

"Did he wear the armband last night, or did you end up needing healing?" Kara asked, and Barbara snorted.

"Yes to both, actually," she replied. "He wouldn't need it with you, though."

"That's true," Kara murmured.

"And, if both ended up seeing them, even just casually, we could always join them...together," Barbara murmured, and the blonde looked at her in surprise for a moment before smiling softly.

"Perhaps I wouldn't be quite as good a detective as you think," Kara replied, making her chuckle.

"I think about that night now and then," Barbara murmured, curling a lock of the blonde's hair around her finger as she stared into her eyes. "Do you?"

"I do," Kara replied. "You pulled away."

"I was surprised," Barbara said, "and I wasn't yet fully convinced of my bisexuality."

"Did I help convince you?" Kara asked, leaning in slightly and grinning when Barbara swallowed thickly.

"You were really convincing," the redhead whispered, remembering how the Kryptonian's lips had felt on hers. "You do seem content staying around here these days."

"I have a fair bit to stay for," Kara smiled, ghosting a hand over the redhead's hip and smirking when she felt her rapid heartbeat, "and it seems I could have far more."

"You could," Barbara whispered, leaning in and capturing her lips with her own.

The kiss was soft and tentative, not like the frantic, spur-of-the-moment thing their first makeout session had been like, and they both smiled, closing their eyes and continuing to kiss just as languidly. When Kara felt Barbara's tongue brush against her own, she opened her eyes in surprise and replied with her own before pulling back and staring into the redhead's eyes.

"I'm guessing you're still exhausted from last night," she murmured, and the other woman nodded.

"Probably best to leave it at that for the moment," Barbara said.

“Right,” Kara replied, “for the moment.”

“Batgirl, are you there?” Batman’s voice came in over her communicator, and she furrowed her brow as she reached for the wristband.

“Yeah, I’m here,” Barbara replied. “Is this about that mission?”

“No,” Batman replied. “Harley Quinn escaped from Arkham Asylum two hours ago.”

“I see,” Batgirl sighed. “Do you need any help?”

“Probably not, but in case she manages to get out of Gotham, I figured that you and the team should be aware,” Batman replied.

“Because of Warlock,” Batgirl nodded. “I’ll let him and the rest of them know. Robin and I can pop over if you think you could use some backup. You are rather low on sidekicks right now.”

“If I don’t find her soon, I’ll consider it,” Batman replied. “Either way, you’ll likely hear from me tomorrow.”

“...I’ll speak to you then,” Barbara sighed as he hung up.

“I’ll go see if I can find him and Koriand’r,” Kara replied, and Barbara watched the blonde speed off, passing by a different blonde who was still wondering what the hell she’d felt a moment ago.

“*That was harder in a crowd,*” Harry projected as he and M’Gann returned from their walk through the streets of Happy Harbor together.

“*You stayed focused on me the whole time, and you were fine,*” the martian girl replied. “*You’ve improved dramatically since we started practicing like this.*”

“*I haven’t reached out to the wrong mind in weeks,*” Harry chuckled. “*I really can’t imagine living in a place where this is just a universal thing. It must be so quiet, given how much more convenient this is than speaking.*”

“*Physically, yes, but we can reach out to each other from far greater distances than sound can travel clearly, so ‘quiet’ isn’t necessarily the word I’d use,*” M’Gann chuckled.

“*Do you miss Mars?*” Harry asked, and she stopped, peering up at him.

“*I do, though I’m glad I’m here,*” M’Gann replied. “*Living on Earth and getting to know how humans live has been a ton of fun. How does this world differ from yours?*”

“*Mine looks a lot more boring on the surface, though that’s far from true in reality,*” Harry replied. “*My Aunt and Uncle would drop dead if they were forced to live in a world where aliens and magic users were just a normal part of life.*”

“*Hmm?*” M’Gann asked.

“They didn’t care for magic or anything even slightly abnormal in their view,” Harry replied, and she cocked an eyebrow.

“But you...” she went to ask.

“Yeah, we didn’t get along,” Harry replied. *“That wouldn’t have mattered much if we weren’t forced to live together after my parents died. Let’s just say that’s one part of my world I don’t miss.”*

“I’m sorry,” M’Gann murmured, and he smiled.

“I’m over it,” Harry replied, shaking his head as they reentered Mount Justice. *“We can speak out loud again in here.”*

“Yeah, I guess we would look rather weird just staring at each other in silence,” M’Gann chuckled. *“That’s all that looks weird about me, right?”*

“You look perfectly human,” Harry said, and she smiled. *“No one we ran into reacted at all.”*

“I just didn’t know if I made my skin too pale,” M’Gann replied.

“It suits your hair,” Harry nodded. *“Your abilities really are amazing. There isn’t a person here who wouldn’t want to be able to look however they liked.”*

“I can imagine,” M’Gann replied, smiling. *“I like keeping my skin green normally, but I realize that I stand out a lot when we’re in public like that, so I figured it would be a good idea to work on more human disguises.”*

“I like the green too, for the record,” Harry said, and she looked down, forcing herself not to blush.

“Are you sure it’s wise to compliment other girls like that?” she asked mentally. *“I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble with your girlfriend.”*

“Kori’s not the jealous type,” Harry replied with a grin. *“Trust me there.”*

“I...see,” M’Gann nodded.

As she was doing her best to avoid invading the others’ privacy, she wasn’t entirely sure what was going on with them, but she’d seen how Batgirl had acted around them that day and knew that something odd was going on. Part of her wanted to ask about it, but she didn’t want to appear too nosy, so she’d kept quiet. The questions were burning within her, though.

“Harry,” Koriand’r called out, and they turned to see her flying towards them.

“It’s a shame she can’t be inconspicuous,” M’Gann murmured, returning her skin to the shade of green she typically kept it as and wondering how many more strange looks the exceedingly tall, orange woman got than she did even with her green martian look.

“Kori, is something wrong?” Harry asked.

“Yes, though not in a way that should affect us just yet,” his girlfriend replied. *“Do you remember the clown girl that I spanked for being a bad girl before the others told me that wasn’t a proper form of punishment?”*

“You did what now?” M’Gann asked incredulously as Harry just chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck.

“She apparently quite literally asked for it,” he replied. “Yeah, though I’m blanking on her name just now.”

“Harley Quinn,” Koriand’r supplied. “She’s broken out of the asylum she was being kept in.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked. “How bad is their security? Our big break into heroism came because of a breakout from that place.”

“Apparently quite bad,” Koriand’r replied. “Batman reached out to us because he figures she might come for you.”

“We’ll deal with her if she does,” Harry shrugged.

“She could easily learn that you live around here,” M’Gann murmured. “More than a few posts online have mentioned seeing Koriand’r in Happy Harbor.

“My identity isn’t secret; you can look however you like, and even Harry here only bothers with disguises when they’re absolutely needed,” Koriand’r shrugged.

“One of the benefits of having no non-hero connections in this world is that I don’t have much reason to hide who I am,” Harry murmured, “and it’s not like Koriand’r can disguise herself anyway.”

That was undeniably true, given that she was well over six feet tall with orange skin and glowing green eyes.

“I saw your disguise as you came in,” Koriand’r beamed, looking at M’Gann. “You looked very human, which I’m assuming is what you were going for.”

“It was, and thank you,” M’Gann smiled. “I can take the guise of anyone in particular, but forming my own human look lets me experiment more.”

“That’s even more useful than my powers,” Harry whispered, and she looked at him bashfully.

“I don’t know about that,” M’Gann replied, and Koriand’r smiled, seeing the way she was looking at Harry.

“You know, M’Gann, I’ve noticed how you look at Harry and...” she went to say, making the Martian splutter and step back.

“I haven’t...I mean, I wouldn’t...you two are together, and I wouldn’t dream of coming between you,” M’Gann assured her.

“Really?” Koriand’r asked, pouting. “That’s disappointing, because I think you’d look wonderful between us.”

“You...what?” M’Gann asked as Harry sighed and rubbed his forehead.

“Kori, we really should have a talk about subtlety,” he said, making his girlfriend look at him in confusion.

“These young heroes are becoming a problem,” Brain muttered. “They’ve done more to hinder our efforts in these past few months than the Justice League themselves.”

“We managed to keep our more subtle operations away from them for a time,” Ra’s Al Ghul said. “With them having spun their young sidekicks off as a junior branch, however, they’ve given themselves a weapon they can send against matters they’d have deemed too minor for them to waste time with before.”

“It’s infuriating,” Queen Bee hissed. “What happened at Cadmus Labs was bad enough, but the loss of the Fog and the Kobra-Venom. We had plans for both of them, all of which went up in smoke.”

“It is particularly infuriating that our operatives failed to secure so much as a sample from either project,” Lex Luthor scowled. “This is exactly what I feared would come to pass when we first learned that the League had formed a new team.”

“They prove us right at every turn,” Vandal Savage muttered. “They interfere in everything, disturbing the natural order and ensuring that mankind will stay stagnant in perpetuity.”

“If not outright degrade,” Lex hissed. “We have the potential, as a species, to dominate the galaxy. We can, with enough innovation, match any alien species out there, but if we stay as we are, if we do not evolve, and if we are kept from that by the ever-protective hand of these so-called heroes, it will be our ruin.”

“We need to do something about them,” Brain muttered. “Our plans cannot keep getting disrupted like this.”

“I often find that the best way to take care of problems is to eliminate them,” Klarion grinned.

“They are not without significant power to call on,” Brain tittered. “I’d like to remove them from the equation as well, but that will be no easy task.”

“Their greatest weakness is their most annoying trait,” Ocean Master said. “They are heroes; where there is heroism to be done, they will go. We’ve seen enough examples now to know what sort of missions the Justice League sends them on so we can use that to lay a trap, though I’d personally like to have more intel on their individual abilities than we do so far.

“We still have numerous projects in the works that will aid us in neutralizing our foes,” Ra’s al Ghul murmured. “For the time being, we should focus on better obscuring our actions from the Justice League while we continue to gather intel on them.”

“Agreed,” Vandal rumbled. “Moving with haste here would be a mistake, and we can, after all, afford to be patient. I...”

Klarion disconnected from the call, rolling his eyes as he saw the numerous white lights on his screen go blank, and sighed.

“That was a waste of time,” the ancient figure in the guise of a young boy muttered. “Meetings generally are, though, as are most things that don’t involve screaming.”

He smiled as Teekl, his familiar, jumped into his lap and started lazily petting her ginger fur.

“I have far more important things to do with my time than listen to how this tedious organization is going to *not* just slaughter their enemies,” he continued, closing his eyes and recalling in perfect detail the report one of his underlings had sent him earlier that day.

He had the potential here to crush one of his greatest foes, and if he happened to do so in a way that drew in these meddling kids for him to deal with, well, that would just be a bonus. Chuckling to himself, he stood up, making his familiar jump off of him in annoyance, and floated off further into his lair, eager to prepare for the battle to come.