

"I'll trust your judgment if you say you truly think this is wise, but I must ask," Batman murmured, and Robin sighed, rubbing his forehead.

"For the record, I do," Robin replied. "Rachel, or Raven, as she's decided her codename will be, seems very sincere in her warning about this extra-dimensional demon out there..."

"Her father," Batman interjected.

"I will point out that she's not the only 'daughter of a demon' we've ever worked with, and at least this one seems to actively detest her father," Robin said before he could stop himself, and Batman grumbled in response. "Sorry, but you know I have a point."

"Just as you know that working with Talia has ended poorly more than once," his mentor said.

"We're playing it by ear," Robin murmured. "Why did the League turn her down? I thought you, of all people, would see the benefit of prior warning about an upcoming threat, especially one of this apparent magnitude."

"I did, and I argued that we should take her in," Batman replied, "but Zatara was more fearful that Raven could become a problem, even if she didn't mean to, and the majority of the others chose caution. I ask if you're sure about this because we don't know the full extent of this girl's abilities and, capable as you all are, you are still young."

"So's she," Robin sighed. "Look, with Supergirl here, Galatea learning more by the day, and Warlock having taken on some of Krypto's strengths, I think we have the power to contain her if something goes wrong. I believe she means well, and more than that, I think she really needs our help."

"Then I'll trust your judgment for now, as I said, though I suppose we should be speaking about Aqualad's judgment," Batman said, and Robin reddened slightly in annoyance.

"My reasoning there is sound," he replied. "I think I have what it takes to be a leader, and I know you agree, but I just don't believe I'm at that point yet. You did a lot for me on missions, and it's going to take me a little while to learn how to be..."

He trailed off there, and Batman's expression softened.

"Don't try to be me," he sighed, "you have the potential to be so much more."

"Huh?" Robin asked.

"We have a lot in common, as you know," Batman rumbled, his face tightening, "but you haven't let what happened to you harden you in the same way that I did with what happened to me. You do have the potential for leadership, and the fact you were able to see that you still had much to learn is a credit to you. I'll speak with Batgirl later to reiterate this with her, but I want you to keep a close eye on your new ally. I think you can trust her, and if her warnings are accurate, we'll need her down the line, but I also trust Zatara's experience, and I've never been one to disregard his warnings outright."

"I wish we had someone around here who understood magic better," Robin sighed. "Warlock has some magical ability, and he was able to ask a few questions earlier that we didn't think of, but it seems to work quite differently in his world, so the extent to which he can help us there is limited."

“That’s something to consider,” Batman nodded. “Anyway, I need to get going, but before I do, Black Canary is going to be over tomorrow morning to assess where you all are in your training so she can work with you down the line.”

“I’ll let the others know,” Robin nodded. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” Batman said as he ended the video call.

“X’hal, I’m still sore,” Koriand’r sighed the next morning, and Harry grimaced, making her giggle. “I wasn’t complaining about that, Harry.”

“Sorry if I got a bit...enthusiastic,” he replied, reaching between her legs and casting a quick healing charm. “I’m still getting used to my new strength.”

“As I said, I’m not complaining,” Koriand’r purred. “As much I did enjoy being stronger than you to an extent, knowing that you can just pin me down and fuck me into a screaming, mindless mess now is very, very nice.”

She grinned and flew over to their window, opening the curtains and sighing in pleasure as she felt the sun’s rays beat down on her nude form.

“Bloody hell,” Harry sighed, stretching his arms over his head and joining her at the window, “that feels so...good.”

“I’m not surprised,” Koriand’r grinned, moving behind him and wrapping her arms around his waist as she rested her head on his shoulder. “According to Kara, Kryptonians absorb solar radiation in ways similar to how my people do, though the effects seem to be quite different.”

“She did figure it would take me a little while to match her strength even with me having altered my body to use Krypto’s powers,” Harry mused. “That’s actually rather inconvenient, because it means I’ll have to restart every time I return myself to a more baseline human.”

“Why would you?” Koriand’r asked, furrowing her brow. “If you end up as strong as those two, you’ll be bullet-proof, which will make me feel a lot better generally.”

“Kori, strengthening myself in ways based on regular animals, even magical animals, was one thing, but like this, I’m so much stronger than I’ve ever been before; it’s utterly mad,” Harry replied. “I don’t want to accidentally hurt anyone.”

“It will just take training and careful practice,” Koriand’r murmured. “It means we’ll have to hold off on seducing Barbara for a while, but other than that...”

Harry snorted at that and turned around, hugging his girlfriend to him and kissing her softly.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he whispered, and she smiled.

“You’re not that much stronger than me,” Koriand’r grinned, “and I am still the superior combatant.”

“That, I can’t deny,” Harry murmured, lowering his hands until he cupped her plump, round bum.
“Maybe we...”

“*Harry, are you awake?*” M’Gann’s voice rang through his head.

“*Yeah, M’Gann, what’s up?*” Harry asked.

“*My uncle’s on his way here along with someone else from the League,*” M’Gann warned him.
“*You two will want to get ready.*”

“*Thanks, will do,*” Harry replied, sighing.

“What is it?” Koriand’r asked.

“We’re about to have company,” Harry replied. “We should shower and get ready.”

“Aww, and I was hoping for one of our...longer showers,” Koriand’r whined, her green eyes looking more amused than anything.

“Didn’t you get enough last night?” Harry asked teasingly. “My insatiable girlfriend.”

“Oh, you satiate me just fine,” Koriand’r purred, leaning in, “and I’ll point out that you’re still holding my ass.”

“It just fits my hands so perfectly,” Harry grinned.

“You changed your hands to make them a perfect fit for my ass,” Koriand’r laughed.

“Semantics,” Harry grinned before sighing and letting her go. “Come, we should get ready.”

“I wonder who they sent,” Koriand’r murmured.

“I was doing just fine,” Galatea all but growled as she walked in with Kara.

“You nearly destroyed that bridge, landing as you did,” the other Kryptonian argued. “It felt like someone dropped an elephant on the damn thing as I was trying to fix the problem under it.”

“How is that even possible?” Wally asked. “She looks like she weighs a buck twenty, max.”

“I really wouldn’t suggest commenting on the weight of an already angry Kryptonion woman,” Kaldur’ahm sighed.

“But that’s a compliment,” Wally replied defensively.

“I panicked when I saw that bus about to fall over and landed to grab it,” Galatea huffed. “I was about to fly it away when you decided to waste time taking over.”

“I reacted in the moment, unsure as to whether or not you had it, that’s all,” Kara sighed. “Look, I...I was pissed about the mistake there, but I didn’t grab the bus because I thought you were outright incompetent. Like you said, you panicked and moved in haste, but people as powerful as

we are can't afford to do that under pretty much any circumstance unless you're dealing with someone seconds from death."

"It's not a matter of weight but speed," Batgirl explained. "I'd think you'd know that better than most."

"I'm not Kryptonian levels of durable, so I guess I've just learned never to land heavily lest I turn my bones into meal," Wally murmured. "What happened, anyway?"

"I was showing Galatea Metropolis when a bridge nearly collapsed," Kara explained. "We managed to get to it in time, and no one got hurt."

"Thank goodness," Batgirl smiled.

"I'm glad you guys got back in time because...Uncle J'onn!" M'Gann exclaimed, rushing over and hugging the Martian Manhunter.

"Black Canary," Harry smiled. "Long time no see."

"Warlock, Starfire," Black Canary nodded, smiling slightly. As she walked forward, he noticed her holding her right arm stiffly and walked up to her.

"Need help?" he asked, gesturing to it, and she shrugged, taking off her jacket and revealing her bandaged bicep.

"No, but I won't turn you down either," Black Canary replied, sighing in relief as he managed to heal the gash on her arm.

"What happened?" Koriand'r asked as she removed the bandage.

"The job," Black Canary replied flatly. Seeing Galatea turning to leave, she called out, "Do stay; training is mandatory. Today will mostly be an assessment, as I see just where you all are with your combat abilities. Warlock, Starfire, and Supergirl can all skip that part, as I am quite familiar with you all already, but I would ask that you stay."

"Is there really much you can teach us?" Galatea asked challengingly. "I read your file, and I know you're nowhere near as strong as me or as fast as I am or Kid Flash is."

"Superpowers give you an undeniable advantage, but that doesn't make proper technique a bad idea," Black Canary replied. "You are not a goddess, and your power can be sapped from you."

"Yeah, trust me, you don't want to end up having nothing to fall back on if you end up weakened by a red star or worse," Kara murmured, giving her clone a pointed look.

"As for my qualifications to teach you," Black Canary continued, "Kid Flash, spar with me."

"As you wish," Wally replied with a grin, walking up and taking his stance.

She attacked first, striking with a jab to the face, which he blocked easily, and a sweep of the legs, which he did not. With a grunt, he landed square on his back and chuckled as he stared up at her.

"Flash wasn't kidding about you," he replied as he jumped to his feet.

“As for you, Galatea, during our sparing sessions, you’ll wear this,” Black Canary said, pulling out a rather sleek-looking, large metal armband. “It emits red light, which mimics the solar energy of a red star.”

“You want me to weaken myself for you?” Galatea scoffed.

“A strength that can be taken away from you is not a strength you can rely on exclusively,” Black Canary argued. “Learn to match or even best me while wearing this and you will be a far more rounded combatant.”

“Take it from me, Tea, our most annoying enemies are well aware of our weaknesses and more than able to take advantage of them,” Kara said. “Black Canary’s right.”

“Fine,” Galatea muttered.

“Where is your new guest?” J’onn asked.

“I’m here,” Rachel said as she teleported in. “I wasn’t sure if I technically qualified as part of the team.”

“You might benefit from observing the training sessions anyway,” Black Canary replied. “Now…”

Before she could say what she intended to, Batman’s face appeared on the screen next to them.

“Batman?” Kaldur’ahm asked.

“We have a situation,” Batman replied. “Five hours ago, Green Arrow and Black Canary were attacked by an android that overpowered them. They called in reinforcements, which turned out to be a remarkably bad idea, as the android proved able to duplicate the powers of those it fought.”

“It ended up with all your powers?” Wally asked in horror.

“It took the eight league members who fought it hours to finally dismantle the android,” Batman grumbled.

“Do you want us to infiltrate the place it was made?” Harry asked, figuring that that sounded like the sort of assignments they’d been given so far.

“Hold on, do we even know yet who made it?” Kaldur’ahm asked.

“We have reason to believe that it was Professor Ivo,” J’onn replied.

“Ivo?” Batgirl asked. “He’s been dead for over a year now.”

“So we thought, though this does call that into question,” Black Canary replied.

“We need to study this android’s remains at length and to ensure that it is not reassembled, we’ve decided to transport them to two separate Star Labs facilities,” Batman explained, showing them on a map under his video. “Your job will be to safeguard the…”

“Wait, why not just get me to teleport them?” Harry asked. “I may not know where those labs are yet, but I could be introduced to them easily eno...”

“...decoys,” Batman finished. “Ivo or whoever is behind this is likely to try to recover the remains, of course, and we can’t let them do that. You are to report to the site where they’re being held after the Martian Manhunter shows you to the two facilities and handle that for us. We’re hoping that someone will take the bait with the trucks we’ve pretended to load with the parts and strike them en route to the labs. If that happens, you are to capture them.”

“Understood,” Kaldur’ahm nodded. “We’ll split into two groups, with Galatea and Supergirl each being on one to ensure we have sufficient firepower for anything that might come our way and guard the trucks.”

“Excellent,” Batman said. “You have our full trust in this matter. Warlock, when you’re done, report to the Hall of Justice; I have an additional assignment for you.”

“Will do,” Harry replied as his video disappeared, wondering what exactly that would entail.

“We’ll continue your training afterward,” Black Canary murmured.

“Stay safe,” Harry whispered, kissing Koriand’r, who smiled at him.

“You too,” she said before going off to join Kaldur’ahm, who was actively dividing them up for the mission.

“Oh, Black Canary, could I get one of those?” Harry asked, pointing to the red light bracer.

“Why?” Black Canary asked.

“I recently augmented myself based on Krypto’s physiology,” Harry replied. “I’m getting more and more of the basic Kryptonian abilities now, and I...”

“Don’t trust yourself not to hurt anyone,” Black Canary replied. “I’ll give you this one before the end of the day, and you can use it as needed. We have others like it.”

“Perfect, thank you,” Harry replied.

Noticing that J’onn was already in the air, he flew after him, taking one look at the rest of the team before leaving their base with the martian.

“So, where to first?” Harry asked.

“The two facilities are in Boston and New York, so we’ll go to Boston first and then New York, and then finally rendezvous with Superman,” J’onn replied.

“He’s overseeing this personally?” Harry asked.

“That android represents a unique threat to us and not just because of who we think made it,” J’onn replied.

“What’s that Ivo guy’s deal, anyway?” Harry replied. “I didn’t read about him during my initial training.”

“You wouldn’t have, given that we thought he was gone,” J’onn replied. “He’s a madman and an unfortunately brilliant one. His work with robotics would be impressive on Mars, much less here. I am hoping that we will learn much by studying the remains of this android.”

“Do you know what Batman’s other mission for me is?” Harry asked.

“It’s similar to this one,” J’onn replied. “We received word of a scientist in need of rescue. She’s apparently been forced for some time to work for an organization we oppose and for good reason. She needs extraction, and, given your unique abilities, you are quite suited to this task. Your team would have been given that assignment, but given Ivo’s apparent resurrection, we needed to focus on this first.”

“To be clear, you don’t mean that literally, right?” Harry asked, and J’onn eyed him curiously.

“You say that like you think physical resurrection is possible,” the martian commented.

“Let’s just say I’ve seen weirder stuff,” Harry replied, trying not to think about that night in the graveyard.

“*Man, the villains in this world love their evil island lairs,*” Harry thought to himself as he descended towards his target.

The facility before him looked largely harmless, a compound of sorts, but nothing that screamed evil on the face of it. The dozens of heavily armed men patrolling it also didn’t necessarily mean anything nefarious, as armed guards were common enough at any sufficiently important site. The only indication that there was anything untoward going on here was the simple plea for help that his target, Dr. Serling Roquette, had managed to get out to them. Held against her will by the League of Shadows, she hadn’t said exactly what she was being forced to work on, merely saying that it was a weapon of some kind.

“*Are you sure you don’t want me to try and get more intel on this project?*” Harry asked before he left the second Star Labs facility.

“*No,*” J’onn replied. “*Your first priority is getting the doctor out. Should you succeed, she will provide all the intel we require. If you can get this weapon out too, do so, but she is your mission.*”

“*Understood,*” Harry replied.

He hadn’t heard from the powerful telepath since, something he was hoping was more a sign of confidence from him than proof that Ivo’s goons had managed to track the components down. He knew that there hadn’t been an attack on either truck and that the rest of the team were being tasked with guarding the Boston lab while the League put other resources towards the New York one, but that wasn’t his mission and it wasn’t what he needed to focus on just then.

“*Little more, little more...there,*” Harry thought to himself, having successfully shifted his body to make him cold-blooded.

The warmth of the tropical island he was tasked with infiltrating took care of the sudden chill that overtook him, and he grinned at his own brilliance. He could make himself invisible, and he could

fly, so there was no chance of anyone hearing footsteps from him, but he was still warm and figured that he'd set off any infrared sensors out there. By making himself cold-blooded, he figured he'd be far less likely to set off anything. He would later learn that this idea was stupid and had been entirely pointless, but for the moment, he felt very, very smart.

Flying around the facility, he took full advantage of his invisibility to carefully peer inside each window, looking for anyone who matched the driver's license picture that the League had sent to him, and after a solid couple minutes of searching, he finally found her. She appeared to be working frantically on some sort of device, due certainly in part to the two armed men watching her like hawks.

"The files on the League of Shadows didn't mention any particular fondness on their part for AK-47s," Harry thought to himself as he identified the rifles in their hands. *"Mercenaries, perhaps? Curious, but irrelevant."*

He quickly landed, having seen enough of the room she was being held in to teleport over, and the moment he was on solid ground, he grabbed a pair of syringes from his pockets, flamed in, and immediately jabbed the two men. The sedatives did their job almost immediately, and he had to gently lower them down to the ground, while his target gaped at the two men in shock, wondering why her guards had suddenly fallen unconscious.

Before she could breathe a word, Harry revealed himself and said, "I'm with the league; you're safe."

"Are you the advanced guy?" she asked.

"I'm the guy," Harry replied. "Take my hand and I'll teleport you out of here."

"Teleport?" she asked, sounding relieved. "That makes more..."

An alarm sounded then, and Harry looked up in surprise, wondering how he'd been spotted until he saw the camera in the corner.

"Shit," Harry muttered. "We need to go now."

"Can you teleport this and my equipment out too?" she asked, pointing to the sizable metallic cylinder next to her and then at the computer across from them. "It's very important that these people not get any of this."

"Wrap your arms around my neck from behind," Harry sighed as he gathered everything else together so he could touch them all at the same time.

She did what he asked, and just as men outside started to try to bash in the door, he disappeared in a plume of flame.

"No!" the first mercenary exclaimed, knowing full well that the men he worked for were going to be murderously angry when they learned of this.

"That's that guy from the Hall of Justice," Roy Harper thought to himself from outside, having been about to make his move. *"Well, at least the job got done."*

With that, he made a run for it, knowing that the place was going to be locked down in mere moments. In all the chaos, he wasn't even spotted and got to his well-hidden rental boat before anyone noticed him.

"So there weren't any goons?" Harry asked a little while later as he tended to a well-bruised Robin.

"No goons, just lots and lots of robots," Wally sighed.

"It would have been one thing if Ivo himself had shown up, but he seemed content to just exhaust his forces against us, giving up once he realized that he wasn't getting the android back," Kaldur'ahm replied. "The Starr Lab facilities are secure, though, and the League hopes that studying it will let them prepare for whatever he throws at us next."

"Thanks for that," Robin sighed as he felt the soreness in his back disappear. "Getting thrown into a metal door hard enough to dent it, I wouldn't recommend it."

"I'll keep that in mind," Harry chuckled. "Do any of the rest of you need anything?"

"I just need peace and quiet," Rachel replied. "Excuse me."

With that, she was enveloped by darkness and disappeared, retreating to her room.

"Not big on the post-mission cele, that one," Wally sighed.

"How'd she fare?" Harry asked.

"Quite well," Koriand'r replied, "though the more we faced, the more tense she grew, and I don't think it was because of fear or exhaustion."

"We do know what she's dealing with," Kara murmured, and Harry nodded, remembering how his first conversation with the half-demon had gone.

"I'm sorry, let's back up a bit...what?" Harry asked, and Rachel sighed.

"My father is the demon Trigon," she replied. "I've already explained it to the rest of you, so to keep things short, he's exceedingly powerful, lives for conquest and destruction, and will inevitably come here eventually to lay waste to the planet. I...need to stop him, but I can't do that alone."

"Who's your mother?" M'Gann asked.

"She is...possibly was...human," Rachel replied, her blue eyes dimming as she looked down. "The specifics aren't something that she ever got into in great detail, but from what I know, she didn't have the best upbringing, and when she was a teenager, she ran away from home. She ended up falling in with a cult whose leaders thought she'd make the perfect bride for a powerful demon they wished to summon. By the time she realized just what sort of people she'd been taken in by, it was too late, and I was the result. She fled to the dimension of Azarath where she had me and tried to raise me in peace."

“You said ‘possible was’,” Kara murmured. “You don’t know?”

“I realized that Trigon was getting close to finding me there and fled, hoping to prevent his invasion in the process, but I can’t know for sure whether or not I succeeded,” Rachel sighed.

“How did he find you?” Harry asked.

“Let me preface this by saying that it took him years to reach a point where I came to feel his presence looming,” Rachel replied before taking a deep breath. “We’re connected in a way it would be hard to explain, and he will eventually find me unless I flee again.”

“Wait, so you being here is putting the Earth in danger?” Galatea asked bluntly, and more than a few of them looked at her flatly. “What?”

“It’s a fair question,” Rachel sighed. “The truth is that the Earth is already in danger from him. He was summoned here, given a bride here, albeit an unwilling one, and sired a child here. I came here in part because I didn’t think he knew where to find Azarath, but mostly because I knew he did know this world. My mother was born here, grew up here, and I will be damned if I let him destroy this world without a fight.”

“So his arrival is inevitable, and we need to prepare for it either way,” Robin surmised. “How do we fight him?”

“That I honestly don’t know,” Rachel admitted reluctantly. “My mother knew more of him than she ever wanted to, but she still didn’t know much other than the fact that he’s insanely powerful and the people of Azarath are not warriors. I need to learn more before I can even start to come up with a plan.”

“We might know a guy,” Harry replied. “Could you give us a few minutes to discuss this?”

“Of course,” Rachel nodded. “I’ll wait outside until you make your decision.”

“What’s there to discuss?” Koriand’r asked. “She needs our help, and it sounds like her father is going to attack us anyway.”

“I’d like to know more about this connection between them,” Kara murmured. “Magic isn’t exactly my forte.”

“This is a little beyond me too,” Harry sighed. “Red Tornado, are you still here?”

“I am,” Red Tornado replied, flying back in.

“What were Zatara’s primary concerns?” Harry asked.

“He feared that Trigon’s influence might eventually overwhelm young Rachel even if her current intentions are as good as she claims,” Red Tornado replied. “He said that at the end of the day, she is Trigon’s daughter, and that isn’t something we should just hand wave away.”

“We can’t just condemn someone for being related to someone evil, though,” Koriand’r protested, noticing how fervently M’Gann nodded at that. “My sister is terrible and I’m not.”

“I believed so as well, as I think holding someone accountable for the actions of their blood relatives is illogical, but I also acknowledge that when it comes to magic things can often be illogical too,” Red Tornado reasoned.

“She also doesn’t seem to know much about the guy,” Wally murmured. “I think we should help her out, but we don’t need to take her warning seriously if you guys think it might be a bad idea.”

“Even if she doesn’t know everything there is to know about this Trigon, she’s his daughter, and that might make her a powerful weapon against him,” Robin said. “If she inherited his power, even a lesser version of it, that might be very helpful.”

“She seems incredibly guarded, but I didn’t notice any deception while she was speaking,” M’Gann murmured. “Her desperation to stop her father seemed particularly genuine.”

“We need to know more about her father, but I think we should take her in for now,” Harry argued. “As Robin said, she could end up being helpful against him down the line, and if none of you think she’s being deceptive, then why not?”

“Batman would urge us to be cautious,” Batgirl said, “but if he was terribly concerned, he would have warned us about her the moment she left the League. Trying to find someone else to help her wasn’t exactly difficult to predict.”

“Kaldur’ahm?” Galatea asked.

“I say we offer her our aid for now but make it clear that we will need to learn more before making any permanent decisions,” the Atlantean replied. “Harry, who was this guy you mentioned?”

“Constantine,” Harry replied. “He seemed pretty knowledgeable about all things magic, but he also seemed to have a rather...flexible moral bent, so if Zatara’s objection was based more on him rigidly opposing anything connected to beings like Trigon rather than anything else, we might get a very different perspective from him.”

“I can contact him easily enough,” Batgirl nodded.

“Then we have at least the beginnings of a plan,” Kaldur’ahm nodded. “Wally, could you let her know?”

“On it,” the speedster replied, disappearing in a flash to tell Rachel the good news.

A moment later, they reappeared together, having been teleported, and Harry smiled.

“It will be nice having another teleporter around,” he murmured.

“Another...” Rachel went to ask, only to go still as he disappeared in a flash of flame and reappeared next to her. “Light magic...how?”

“One of my many abilities,” Harry replied. “I’ll explain more another time.”

“If you’re going to join the team, you will need a codename,” Kaldur’ahm said. “Most of us use our actual names around here, but on missions it’s prudent to have something else.”

“A codename?” Rachel asked, thinking about it for a moment. “I’m tempted to use Azar but...I think Raven would work better.”

“Raven?” Koriand’r asked.

“So, I assume you have spare rooms here,” Rachel asked, not explaining.

“We do,” Robin replied. “I can show you to one of them.”

“How did your mission go?” Koriand’r asked, wrapping her arms around one of his.

“It sounds like it was a lot less eventful than yours, though what I was dealing with ended up being worse than that android,” Harry muttered.

“What could be worse than an android capable of copying superpowers?” Kara asked.

“A swarm of nanomachines capable of destroying all matter in their path, organic or otherwise,” Harry replied, and their eyes all widened. “I managed to get the scientist being forced to work on that, her notes, and her prototype out of the building she was being held in without much trouble.”

“Holy crap!” Wally exclaimed.

“I’ve had months less exciting than today,” Robin sighed. “Did the League send someone over to capture the people responsible?”

“I heard there was a team on the way, but I didn’t get much more than that,” Harry replied. “All in all, a good day.”

“This calls for a celebration,” Wally grinned. “What do you say I run into town and grab us some pizzas?”

They all thought that sounded like a good idea, and as the team worked out exactly what they wanted, M’Gann looked at Harry.

“Rachel should join us for this,” the Martian argued. “Celebrating our wins is important for team building.”

“She seemed pretty adamant about going to her room,” Harry replied, “though it’s possible these Azarathians had a pretty strict ‘no fun’ policy.”

“Exactly,” M’gann beamed. “I want to try to talk to her, but I’d like someone who knows about magic with me in case there’s an actual reason she needs to be alone. Come with?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. Turning to Koriand’r, he kissed her cheek and whispered, “Back in a moment, luv.”

She smiled at him as he left with M’Gann, she sat down next to Barbara, who sighed and stretched her arms over her head.

“How are you feeling?” Koriand’r asked.

“I’m fine,” Barbara replied. “One of these days I’ll stop fearing that every back injury is going to put me back in that damn wheelchair.”

Robin wasn’t the only one who had gotten hurled up against a wall by one of Ivo’s irritating creations, though her injuries had barely needed any tending.

“You know, if you want to really celebrate getting out of it, we could set it in a field somewhere, rig it with tannerite, and blow it up,” Robin offered with a grin, and she snorted.

“I already donated it,” Batgirl chuckled, “and I wouldn’t waste something so potentially useful to someone else just because I loathed it.”

“It was just a suggestion,” Robin chuckled, sitting down.

Koriand’r watched the interaction with a smile, thinking, *“I adore how close we’re becoming to each other. I haven’t had friends like this since I was a child, and I don’t think I’d realized how much I missed it.”*

Looking over at Galatea and Kara, who were actively arguing about pizza toppings, she realized that there was work still to do, but all in all, things within the team seemed to be good.

As they worked that out, M’Gann and Harry made their way up to Raven’s room, and he froze when he felt the sheer power emanating from it. Holding up a hand to stop the martian from knocking, he enhanced his hearing and tried to pick up on what was going on within.

“Azarath metrion zinthos,” he heard Rachel say, repeating the chant over and over again slowly in a calm, measured voice.

“I think she’s working on a spell,” Harry whispered. “Maybe we should...”

“In case I wasn’t entirely clear before, I’d prefer to be alone,” Rachel sniped, and the two of them went still as her door swung inward, revealing what she was doing.

The pale young woman was floating in the air, sitting with her legs crossed and her hands resting on her knees as wave after wave of dark energy billowed outward from her.

“Sorry, but we’re having pizza to celebrate how well our missions went, and we wondered if you might want to join us,” Harry said, and Rachel’s eyes flashed open, glaring at him.

“I hardly have time for pizza when I...” she went to say.

“You’re focusing on quieting your mind,” M’Gann murmured, noticing how the red jewel Rachel kept on her forehead pulsed randomly. “Is that how you keep him from finding you?”

The half-demon rolled her eyes, realizing that she wasn’t going to be left alone for the moment, and lowered herself down to the ground.

“I’m surprised you two didn’t pick up on it sooner,” she murmured, “given what you can do.”

“I’ve been actively trying not to poke around people’s minds for weeks now,” M’Gann replied.

“While I’m still getting the hang of it,” Harry replied. “What exactly did you expect us to pick up on?”

“My father will require time, possibly even years, to learn where exactly I am, but his presence in my mind and his wretched voice are things I need to guard against constantly,” Rachel replied.

“You can hear him?” Harry asked.

“Off and on,” Rachel sighed. “Even when I don’t, though, I still need to guard against his power and that of my inner demon. After missions, I’ll probably always want to return here to meditate on my own and regain my inner peace.”

“You could try leaning on us as well,” M’Gann offered. “You did good today; you helped us fight against an evil lunatic and stop him from regaining something he could have used to hurt innocent people. You’re a hero, Rachel.”

“Thank you,” Rachel murmured, keeping her face blank, “and actually, I think I prefer Raven.”

“Hmm?” Harry asked.

“Today was...nice,” Raven replied. “For a good while there I felt different, like I wasn’t just a creature of that monster who needed to stay on guard constantly lest I draw him in. When I came to you for help, I hoped that you’d give me a place to stay and prepare for Trigon’s coming. Actually becoming a functioning member of the team and being allowed to act as a hero was unexpected and quite pleasant. It was like being someone else for a little while.”

“You can be a hero while still being who you are,” M’Gann said fervently. “It doesn’t matter who you’re related to or what they’ve done. You’re you, and only you get to decide the sort of person you get to be.”

“That’s...thank you,” Raven murmured, eyeing her curiously and wondering just where that came from.

She knew better than to ask, though, as did Harry, who said, “I know a little something about having a connection to someone evil.”

“Oh?” Raven asked.

“In my case the connection was destroyed, and the guy in question is still on my old world, hopefully dead,” Harry muttered. “When I was a baby, a dark wizard killed my parents and tried to kill me. His efforts failed, due likely to something my parents did, and while his body was destroyed, he didn’t fully die and eventually came back.”

“I’m sorry,” Raven breathed, not knowing what else to say.

“As I learned when I got flung from my universe into this one, I ended up with a piece of his soul sort of grafted onto mine,” Harry continued. “That created a connection between us that plagued me for years, especially after he came back and learned how to manipulate it, so trust me when I say that, at least on some level, I know what that’s like.”

“How did you deal with it?” Raven asked softly.

“Someone tried to teach me how to block him out, sort of like what you do, I imagine, though he was a terrible teacher and that didn’t work,” Harry replied. “It’s gone now, because the piece of his soul was ripped off when I was sent here, so I can’t really tell you how to deal with it, but I can say that, especially during the last year I spent on my world, the more I withdrew from other people and let myself wallow in how shitty my situation was, the easier it became for Voldemort, the evil bastard I mentioned, to get into my head.”

“I may not know exactly what you’re dealing with, but I am quite the telepath, and I’d be more than happy to try to help you lock him out for good,” M’Gann offered, “and who knows? Maybe this Constantine guy will have some ideas too.”

“The monks of Azarath did a lot to help me, and it was one of their techniques I was using just now, though I’d be willing to listen to any other ideas,” Raven replied. “Did you happen to learn more about when Constantine is likely to become available again?”

“All Batman could tell me was that he’d said, be away for a little while and he’d let the League know when he got back,” Harry grumbled, still annoyed by that.

“It is what it is,” Raven shrugged. “I need to get back to meditating, but I might teleport down for a slice or two in a little bit, okay?”

“We’ll save you some,” M’Gann beamed, turning around, and Harry followed her out, pleased by how that had gone.

“Black Canary said that she’ll be back tomorrow and instructed me to give you this,” Red Tornado replied a couple hours later, handing Harry the high-tech bracer he’d seen before.

He strapped it on his wrist immediately, wanting to see if he’d feel anything immediately, and furrowed his brow when he didn’t.

“Is it working?” he asked, and Robin stood up.

“Just a second,” he said, running into the kitchen and returning with a spoon in hand. “Whack yourself in the back of the hand with that. If you break the spoon, it isn’t working, but if...”

“Ow,” Harry muttered, earning snickers from both Robin and Wally.

“It will suppress the enhanced strength you gained from taking on Krypto’s powers,” Red Tornado replied. “Unfortunately, it cannot be scaled up and down, so you won’t be able to gradually adjust.”

“It will work for in here when I’m not actively trying to train,” Harry said. “Thank you.”

“If you’re keeping that on, you really don’t want to come anywhere near us for the foreseeable future,” Kara murmured. “We’re going to be giving a certain someone a b-a-t-h and he can object rather forcefully to it.”

“Do I have to help you with this?” Galatea grumbled.

“It will make it go faster, and I’ve already said I’ll owe you one, okay?” Kara muttered.

“I wish we could put one of them on him,” Galatea sighed, eyeing the bracer covetously, as even Kara’s rather whitewashed description of what they were about to do had left her rather apprehensive.

“Sadly, they are not water-proof,” Red Tornado said. “Good luck you two.”

As the two kryptonians went to collect Krypto and take him outside to try and bathe him in the ocean, Harry chuckled and teleported up to his and Koriand’r’s bedroom, only to be surprised by the appearance of a very topless Barbara. She was lying on her stomach on their bed, clearly trying not to moan as Koriand’r rubbed warm massage oil into her tired muscles, and Harry couldn’t help but lick his lips at the sight of the two beautiful redheads together.

“Ah, Harry,” his girlfriend said happily, earning a yelp from Barbara, who looked over at him in shock.

“Sorry, I haven’t bothered using the door to our room when I’m on my own since we got here,” Harry chuckled. “I can give you two privacy if you’d like.”

“No, no, it’s your room,” Barbara replied, blushing slightly in embarrassment at her reaction. “I was just surprised.

“Barbara here said that she felt a little tight, and I offered to show off some of the massage techniques we love,” Koriand’r beamed, digging her thumbs into Barbara’s lower back on either side of her spine.

“Oh, God, that feels so good,” the other redhead sighed. “That’s around where I got shot, and as much as the damage all seems to have been healed, I swear that spot is still sensitive for some reason.”

“It might be that there’s still a little scar tissue that the phoenix tears didn’t get rid of,” Harry suggested.

“Honestly, I think it’s psychosomatic,” Barbara muttered. “I expect that area to be sore or at least sensitive, and so it is.”

“So it’s all in your head?” Koriand’r asked.

“It’s distinctly possible,” Barbara replied, sighing as Koriand’r pulled back. “Thank you for that; I feel much better. Harry, could you turn around?”

“I can do you one better,” Harry replied, and her jaw dropped as his eyes disappeared.

“Did...did you just blind yourself?” she asked incredulously.

“There are variants of Mexican tetras that live with entirely empty eye sockets,” Harry replied. “Utterly useless for mission purposes; this is something I’ll likely keep for Halloween costumes or scaring people for fun.”

“You can regrow your eyes now,” Barbara chuckled. “I’m dressed.”

Harry did so and smiled as he saw her stand up, wearing the simple black halter top and skirt he’d seen her in earlier.

“I’ll get going...” Barbara went to say, only to pause as Koriand’r stepped in front of her.

“You don’t have to,” she said. “We have a bottle of Champagne in the fridge that we could split between us, but splitting it three ways would work just as well.”

“Are you two...never mind,” Barbara replied. “Sure, why not?”

As Harry went to find glasses, Koriand’r pulled the bottle out of the small fridge they kept in their room and carefully removed the cork.

“I learned the hard way that popping them like you see on TV can end poorly,” the Tamaranean murmured.

“Luckily it turns out that reparo is one of the spells I can do without a wand,” Harry chuckled. “Wonder Woman happened to be over at the Hall at the time and was less than pleased to learn we’d broken a window.”

Barbara snickered at that as she accepted a glass and sat down on one of their chairs as the couple sat on the bed.

“We did good today,” she smiled.

“To doing good,” Harry rumbled, holding out his glass, and she paused.

“I guess with that thing on your wrist, this is safe,” Barbara smiled, clinking her glass against his and then Koriand’r’s. As they toasted, she brought it to her lips, and her eyebrows rose at the taste of the dry sparkling wine. “This is nice.”

“Something I picked up the other day,” Koriand’r sighed. “How did you and M’Gann convince Rach...Raven to come by?”

“I think we just reassured her that we don’t think she’s a danger to us,” Harry replied. “I was also able to relate to her being connected to someone truly evil as well. Barbara, how much do you know about M’Gann?”

“Not much more than you two do,” Barbara replied with a shrug. “Why?”

“I don’t know, but she seems particularly bothered by the idea that being related to someone awful has an impact on how people see you,” Harry replied. “It didn’t just seem like that was something she believed, even believed strongly.”

“You think it was personal?” Koriand’r asked.

“I do, and I don’t know her well enough yet to poke and prod about it,” Harry replied.

“Like I say, I’m not particularly familiar with her, and it’s not like her uncle is one of the League Members that I’m closest to,” Barbara said. “She doesn’t seem to be all that closed off, though, so we could just try asking.”

Harry nodded and leaned back against the headboard of his bed, saying, “Speaking of things I should probably just ask the specific people about, I’m curious: if the light of yellow stars

empowers Kryptonians and the light of red stars weakens them, what does the light of white or blue stars do for them?"

"To my knowledge, it makes them even stronger," Barbara replied. "Why?"

"I'm just wondering if it might be a good idea to create one of these capable of emitting blue star light," Harry said. "Given the way Raven talks about her father, making the Kryptonians here even stronger might be one way we could counter him."

"It's an idea I can bring up the next time I speak to Batman," Barbara nodded, figuring that her mentor's take on it would be informative one way or another. "I swear I didn't get to relax like this for a solid year."

"Other than slight tenderness in the area that you think might be in your head, have you noticed any other lingering symptoms from your injury since you were healed?" Harry asked.

"No," Barbara smiled. "It took me a little while to build my strength back up, but I've been good since I finished that. See?"

She stood up then and made a show of dancing around giddily, failing to notice the way that her chair had upturned a corner of the carpet as she pulled it forward, and she gasped when she caught her foot on it and fell forward. Harry was in front of her in an instant, catching her with ease, and she held still for a moment, staring into his eyes, only to wince when she put weight on her right foot and her ankle protested.

"Shit," she muttered. "Robin can never learn of that; he'd never let me hear the end of it."

"Your secret's safe with me," Harry chuckled, helping her stand up straight and furrowing her brow when she winced again, clearly favoring one leg over the other. "Come, I'll heal it for you."

"You really don't need to tend to our every scrape and bruise, you know," Barbara chuckled, hopping forward with him as he led her to their bed.

"I hardly mind," Harry smiled. "When I first started trying to use spells without my wand, I found that I got a headache every time I cast any of the few that I could pull off, but by now, I've gotten enough control over it that there's no pain."

"He also just likes healing people," Koriand'r murmured, moving behind Barbara as she sat down and resting a hand on her shoulder as Harry moved her feet into his lap.

"Shit, that's such a great ability," Barbara sighed as he cast a quick healing spell and the pain in her ankle disappeared. "Do you think you'll ever be able to cast all the spells you could back home?"

"I don't know," Harry replied, checking her entire ankle to see if there were any tender parts left. "I never cast anything without a wand back there, not intentionally anyway, so this was an entirely new skill I had to develop."

"I guess you couldn't just make a wand for yourself either," Barbara said, gasping in pleasure when he started massaging her foot. "That's really not necessary."

"Are you asking me to stop?" Harry asked, her eyes darkening as he stared into hers, and Barbara instinctively looked over at Koriand'r, who grinned wickedly down at her.

“Barbara,” Koriand’r purred. “Is my Harry not the most handsome man you’ve ever seen?”

“I...what is this?” Barbara asked, feeling heat pool in her core as she looked back and forth between them.

“At the moment, it’s just one friend massaging the feet of another,” Harry replied, and she swore just the sound of his deep, rumbling voice was enough to make her insides clench needily. “It could just stay that way, though if you’d like, it could become far more.”

“We’ve seen how you look at us,” Koriand’r whispered in her ear, her hands gliding down along her toned arms as her heart fluttered in her chest. “Tell us what you want.”

“I...you’re together,” Barbara breathed, moaning as she felt Harry dig his thumb into a spot on her left foot that had been aching off and on for days.

“We are, but we’re also both attracted to you, and I think that’s mutual,” Harry replied as he started gently tugging on her toes one by one, something that felt absolutely marvelous. “Tell me, am I wrong?”

“No,” Barbara replied breathlessly. “You’re not wrong. I’ve wanted you both ever since...”

She trailed off then, her eyes going wide as saucers as she realized what she was about to say, and Koriand’r, sensing weakness, grinned and leaned in, resting her head on her shoulder and grazing her lips against her neck.

“Since what?” she asked.

Grinning wolfishly, Harry moved forward, crawling between Barbara’s legs as she spread them instinctively and said, “I’d have guessed you were going to say ‘since you healed me’ but given the way you’re blushing, it’s something else, isn’t it?”

“I...oh, fuck,” Barbara moaned, reaching behind her, and digging her fingers into Koriand’r’s curly red hair as the orange-skinned beauty sucked on her earlobe. “I overheard you two having sex.”

“I thought I had perfected silencing charms,” Harry said, frowning his brow.

“It was before,” Barbara shuddered. “That night you two spent in the safe house, it was full of listening devices because we wanted to hear what you spoke about, but all you did was fuck.”

Harry’s confusion turned to devilish glee at that, and he reached out, brushing her hair behind her ear and staring into her eyes.

“How long did you listen for?” he whispered.

“I...oh, fuck...I didn’t...or I didn’t try to,” Barbara moaned as Koriand’r started trailing kisses down along her neck. “I just kept checking in...to see if you’d finished and...”

She trailed off as he leaned in, his face right by hers, and cupped her cheek.

“That’s why you blushed at the hospital when you saw us, isn’t it?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Barbara admitted. “I’m sorry...”

“Oh, we’re not offended,” Koriand’r grinned. “In fact, we’d be more than happy to give you a show up close.”

“Oh, fuck,” Barbara moaned, feeling more turned on than she could ever remember.

“I don’t think Barbara wants a show, though,” Harry grinned. “Tell us what you want, Barbara.”

“You,” Barbara breathed. “Both of...”

Before she could finish that sentence, he captured her lips with his own, and she moaned into his mouth. She’d had a couple boyfriends before, boys she’d dated back in high school before the Joker shot her. Her most recent boyfriend had broken up with her and gone away to college a couple months before that, and she hadn’t bothered dating since. Her paralysis had left her with little feeling down there as well, so sex seemed largely pointless, and between that and how terrible she felt about herself in general, there seemed to be no point in even trying.

In the months since, she could have dated, or just hooked up with someone, but she’d been hyper-focused on her recovery in the immediate aftermath and then focused on the new team afterward. All that was to say that it had been a long, long time since she’d been with anyone, but even if it hadn’t been, kissing Harry would have lit her soul on fire anyway. He was just so confident, so utterly sure of himself, and so obviously well-practiced. Pressed between him and his girlfriend, she felt utterly trapped in the best way, and by the time his tongue was brushing against hers, her panties were completely flooded.

Koriand’r was far from idle while Harry and she made out. As their tongues dueled for dominance in their mouths, the alien princess slid her hands along her abdomen, feeling the taut, firm muscles she’d worked so hard to build back up, and cupped her breasts under her halter top, making her gasp and shiver.

“You’re so beautiful,” Koriand’r purred. “I would have wanted you even if I hadn’t determined that Harry is a k’nabtah.”

“A what now?” Barbara asked, breaking the kiss and looking at Koriand’r in confusion.

“A Tamaranean term for the sort of man whose lover or wife allows him to take other lovers,” Harry replied.

“Only the most incredible lovers and warriors are ever afforded the privilege, and Harry more than qualifies,” Koriand’r purred, “as you’ll see soon enough. Help me undress her, my love; I want to watch you drive her mad with pleasure.”

“Holy fuck, I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Barbara breathed as Koriand’r pulled her top over her head and Harry reached out to unhook her bra.

She’d had a very, very vanilla sex life thus far, and the most adventurous thing she’d ever done was oral. She’d known for years that she was attracted to women as well but hadn’t acted on that attraction once, aside from one drunken kiss with Kara that both had agreed never to bring up again in the awkward aftermath of it. The idea of having a threesome, much less with a couple, wouldn’t have ever occurred to her before, but they were both so insanely hot, and the memory of all she’d

heard that night had driven her nuts for so many months by then that she wasn't just willing but eager.

Her skirt came off next, and only when Harry leaned in towards her simple cotton panties did she remember one very pertinent fact that made her go cold.

"Oh, God," Barbara gasped, clamping her thighs shut so fast she nearly hit in the face with them. "Um, I..."

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"I kinda haven't...shaved in a year and a half," Barbara replied, blushing as she looked away. "If you want, I could go..."

"Barbara, I don't care," Harry chuckled, digging his fingers under her waistband and pulling her panties down. "Fuck, you're beautiful, and you smell so bloody good."

"I..." Barbara trailed off, gasping and mewling in pleasure as Harry spread the forest of ginger curls between her legs apart with his thumbs and gazed at her slick, fleshy pink folds.

Neither of her exes had ever liked her having so much as stubble down there, and she'd figured that shaving wasn't exactly much of a hassle, so she'd done it without complaint. The idea of a guy not minding her having a full, unkempt bush at all, much less being willing to go down on her anyway, was completely at odds with that, and as Harry started trailing hot kisses along her thighs, inching closer and closer to her soaking wet pussy, she realized that was exactly how he felt.

"You have such a beautiful body," Koriand'r purred, cupping her large, full breasts from behind, and Barbara looked over at her, her eyes nearly black with desire.

"I have a beautiful body?" she asked incredulously, her eyes trailing over the princess' form. "Have you seen you?"

"It's not a competition," Koriand'r smiled. "Before the night is over, I'm going to explore every stunning inch of you."

Barbara moved without thinking, kissing Koriand'r deeply, and the other redhead grinned, returning the kiss. Unlike the awkward, aborted thing that her kiss with Kara a few years ago had been, this was deliberate and passionate, and Barbara moaned into her mouth when Koriand'r's long, dexterous tongue slipped into her mouth. It was different than a human's tongue, longer and seemingly prehensile, and she shivered at the implications of that.

"Fuck," Harry groaned, the sight of his girlfriend and Barbara making out making his cock throb almost painfully in his pants, and he had to force himself to look away.

Barbara's pussy was different from Koriand'r's, her labia being light pink rather than red and somewhat fuller and fleshier. Her clit was smaller too, just barely peeking out from behind its hood despite how sopping wet she was. The scent was similar, being slightly less tangy and a little muskier, and he felt his mouth water as he moved in to find out how different the taste was. Her bush was different, but it was easy enough to move the hair out of the way, and he figured even if he got some in his mouth, it wasn't like he couldn't pick them out. With the flat of his tongue, he brushed up along her entire sex and grinned when she gasped and cried out.

“Oh, fuck,” Barbara moaned.

“Mmm, you taste so fucking good,” Harry grinned. “I’m going to enjoy this.”

“Holy shit, you’re perfect,” Barbara breathed, and Koriand’r laughed.

“That’s what I say,” she grinned. “Feast on her dripping little pussy, baby; I want to hold her in my arms as you make her writhe and scream in pleasure.”

“It won’t take long,” Barbara moaned. “It’s been so long since I had sex; I swear I’m on edge already.”

“Really?” Koriand’r asked.

“Let’s just say I’ve had other things on my mind for a very, very long time,” Barbara replied, and Kori’s expression softened.

“Well, we’ll just have to help you make up for lost time,” she whispered. “Harry, why don’t you show her my favorite trick? If it’s been as long as I think, Barbara here could really, really use a few dozen good orgasms.”

“Dozen?” Barbara asked, “What are you AHHHHH!”

Pure, raw ecstasy thundered through her entire body, making her vision go white and robbing her of her senses all at once. How on Earth he’d made her cum so hard so quickly was something she might have wondered about if her brain was still working. What that bizarre buzzing was was another such thing, but as she was, her brain was completely shut off. Wave after soul-searing wave of ecstasy rocked through her, from her head to her toes, making her writhe and convulse.

She squirted all over him, soaking his face and shirt, and yet he didn’t relent for a moment, continuing to devour her. One orgasm fed into another and then another, as she completely lost herself in the all-consuming sensation. She felt like she was drowning in the best way, lost in a maelstrom of ecstasy so intense it had to be illegal. How many drug operations had she shut down producing substances that couldn’t make the people who took them feel half as good as this?

It was a high beyond any she’d ever heard of, much less experienced, and as it went on and on, she began to wonder if it would ever end or if Harry had worked some spell on her that she’d be lost in forever. In that moment, she wouldn’t have cared, and as it finally ended and she came back down to Earth, she found herself sobbing uncontrollably.

“Shh, shh,” Koriand’r soothed, wrapping her arms around her and kissing her forehead softly. “I think you might have overdone it, Harry.”

“You know, you might have a point,” Harry replied as he looked down at his utterly soaked shirt and chuckled. “I swear I could wring this out.”

He opted to use a drying charm instead and tossed it away as he finished undressing. Barbara continued to shake like a leaf and cry, more overwhelmed by what she’d just experienced than she’d ever been by anything in her life, but that ended, and she was left feeling like she was floating in space. That made her giggle for a reason that eluded her for a moment, and only when her eyes fluttered open and she stared up into Koriand’r’s fully green eyes did she realize what was so funny.

“He made me float in space like you,” Barbara giggled, and Koriand’r laughed.

“He’s made me feel like I was floating before,” she whispered. “Amazing, isn’t it?”

“So amazing,” Barbara sighed, looking over at Harry.

Instantly it was like someone had thrown a bucket of water over her, and she came back to her senses in an instant. He was incredibly gorgeous, tall, broad, and muscular in a way that made him stand out even among the veritable gods she’d been working with for years, but that wasn’t what drew her attention. What made her sober up and stare in muted shock at him lay lower than his broad shoulders, thick, muscle-corded arms, or chiseled abs, and as she stared at the pillar of flesh standing up in pure defiance of gravity, only one thought occurred to her.

“That’s...that couldn’t possibly fit,” Barbara breathed, feeling her pussy clench at the sight of his massive cock, and he chuckled.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot I was going to need to shrink this for a human,” Harry replied, and she blinked at him in confusion for a second before snorting.

“Oh, right, shapeshifter,” Barbara giggled, watching him reduce the foot-long, forearm-thick monstrosity between his legs to something still significantly larger than anything she’d taken before, but not seemingly impossible.

“Worry not, Barbara,” Koriand’r purred in her ear. “He’ll find your perfect fit just like he found mine.”

She shuddered at that and watched him climb onto the bed, wondering if she was ever going to be the same again after the two of them were done with her that night.