

Sitting on the couch in the apartment that had become his little headquarters since arriving in the states, Harry was idly rifling through some papers on the coffee table as the TV droned in the background. The papers amounted to every shred of information he was able to acquire on one, Mr. Clinton Walpole.

The wizard he was now hunting for was only twenty-seven years old. He was of a middling height, dark-haired with a neatly trimmed beard, at least at the time of the most recent pictures he'd had taken. It also seemed he preferred to wear a bowler hat and an immaculately tailored suit.

He came from a prominent magical family in the states. There was a great-grandfather of his that served on the Magical Congress and had been a candidate to serve as its president. And a hundred years later, Clinton's uncle was an actively serving member.

It seemed that Clinton was rather the black sheep of the family. There were almost two dozen reports sitting on the table in front of him where there were heavy suspicions regarding his involvement in various untoward activities. Whether it was because he was circumspect enough to never be caught or because his family always found a way of getting him out of trouble, none of the accusations had ever stuck.

They ranged from things as mundane as breaking the Statute of Secrecy and starting a duel without proper authorization in a public space to being as dangerous as Muggle-Baiting and use of the Unforgivables.

In the three days since Harry made himself a guest at the cult's ritual, there'd been no further disappearances. *If I had to wager, Walpole knows that someone else has gotten involved and intends to be more cautious moving forward.* But Harry was confident it was only a matter of time until he made his next move.

As Harry rifled through the papers again, something on the television caught his attention. "There was chaos at a Lexcorp owned pharmaceutical lab today thanks in no small part to Supergirl." The reporter was standing outside of the building, in the background police could be seen interviewing employees, "Reports indicate that the heroine discovered illegal experiments being conducted in secrecy by an undocumented division of the company. The details of these experiments have yet to be revealed to the public, but we'll provide all details as they become available."

They panned out to show the condition of the building and Harry could only shake his head in amusement at the gaping hole in the side of the wall. *She certainly knows how to leave an impression.* Considering she was able to tear through magically reinforced walls and doors, he could only imagine that whatever was between her and their now not-so-secret lab had been like tearing through tissue paper.

There was a sudden wooshing of air outside his window, the curtains billowed and half of his papers went falling to the floor. As though the television report had summoned her, Kara was standing there in his apartment. Of course, he had the good sense to put wards up around the place, even if it was only temporary, but since they'd agreed to work together in dealing with Walpole, he'd decided to give her access if she needed it.

She looked much the same as the first time he'd met her, though it was obvious that she'd had some sort of confrontation. There was a small tear in the right sleeve of her suit, and there was a bruise that he could just make out on her neck that probably started somewhere on her collarbone. Her suit was stained with some sort of liquid that had an odd odor that he would associate with a muggle hospital.

Glancing at everything that was now strewn about the floor, she gave an apologetic smile, "Sorry about that."

Waving his hand, she watched, fascinated as they all arranged themselves in a neat pile on the table again, "Hello to you too, Kara. Can't say that I was expecting you." That was only half true. The alien heroine had been to his apartment every day since they met, and he had no reason to think that she wouldn't pop up again.

"Right, sorry about that, too, but yours was closer so..."

"You thought you'd just pop round and kip off me rather than go back to your place." He was teasing her, but before she could take him too seriously, he put her at ease with a smile, "I know how it is. You're already getting used to making yourself at home so there's no reason to stop now."

"If you don't mind... I think I'm going to grab a shower first." She grabbed a lock of her blonde hair and brought it to her nose, "I smell of smoke and... I don't even want to know what else was in those tanks, but I definitely want to get it off of me."

"Go for it."

"Thanks." The apartment wasn't particularly big, he didn't need it to be. It was only ten strides from the window over to the bathroom. Kara started stripping off her suit before she even had the door closed behind her. He got a glimpse of her bare back before it clicked shut. The sound of water hitting the shower floor started a few seconds later.

Deciding that he'd had enough of staring at reports for the time being, Harry stood up and made his way to the kitchen. While he'd never call his time with the Dursley's anything close to pleasant, cooking was one valuable skill that he developed thanks to it. He enjoyed doing it a great deal more for himself than he ever did for his ungrateful uncle and aunt though.

He set some water to boil, pulled out some pasta, guanciale, eggs and parmesan and got to work as he waited for Kara to get out of the shower.

His back was turned when he heard the shower turn off and the door click open. He was tossing the pasta through the sauce as he heard her padding toward him from behind.

“I don’t suppose you have anything for me to wear, do you?” In her decision to come to his apartment, she’d forgotten that all her clothes were elsewhere, save her suit which she really didn’t want to put back on. Harry served up a portion of the carbonara onto two plates before turning around.

Knowing that Kara was going to be in nothing but a towel and seeing it for himself were two completely different things. The young woman was undeniably sexy, and there was no ignoring it. She squeezed water out of her long blonde hair as Harry set down the food. From nowhere, a set of comfy trousers and a simple shirt appeared on the table, “I don’t know if they’ll be quite the right size, but they should be close.”

“Neat... and thanks again.” She was quickly getting used to the things he could do with magic, at least some of them. Grabbing the clothes from the table, she made the most uncalled for use of her incredible speed as she darted to the bedroom, changed, and ended up sitting across from him with a fork in her hand all in the blink of an eye.

At his quirked eyebrow, her tone made it seem like her reasoning was obvious, “What? I didn’t want the food to get cold.”

Harry snorted out a laugh, “There’s a thing called a Warming Charm, Kara. I would’ve been happy to put one on the food.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that’s true. But that wouldn’t have stopped me from smelling it and I’m hungry, Harry.” To prove the point, she twirled some of the spaghetti onto her fork and took a bite. It was obvious that she enjoyed it from the way her eyes widened slightly as she glanced down at the food and then proceeded to devour the rest of it.

Harry ate his own meal as he watched, but he hadn’t finished by the time she placed her fork into her bowl, “That was... delicious.”

“Glad you approve.” It was nice to have someone around who appreciated his cooking. He couldn’t remember it ever happening before.

“I’m going to have to become a regular dinner guest.”

“I forgot you’re never supposed to feed the strays. They just come back for more.” Kara only grinned at his cheekiness, knowing that he wasn’t the least bit upset by her company, “So, it looks like you had a busy day?”

“I did, yeah.” Kara leaned onto the table with her elbows, “I wasn’t sure what to expect when I got to the lab... mechanized guards strong enough to leave a bruise weren’t all that high on the list.”

“What were they actually doing?”

“Oh, you know, the usual villainous sort of thing.” Kara waved it off, but at his curious look she explained, “They were developing a formula to improve the human body... probably in the hopes of matching the likes of me or my cousin.”

“By itself, that doesn’t actually sound all that bad, so I’m guessing there’s more.”

“Right in one.” Kara winked at him, “If you’re going to create what amount to super soldiers you want to be able to control them. They were intending on doing it with a mutated fungal virus, it affected the synapses and would give them total control over the people they infected.”

“Ah yes, there’s the villainy.” They shared a laugh, no doubt both thinking back on former plots thwarted, “They always do love unfettered control and power. Though, I feel like this might be a bit more on the nose than some of the people I’ve encountered in the past.”

Nodding her head sagely, Kara added, “I think that’s what gets them into the business to begin with.” Then she had a thought, “Is that something you can do?”

“What?”

“Can you control people? With your magic I mean.”

Harry didn’t think she meant with a mutated fungal virus, “Thanks for the clarification.”

“Or would that be Kara-fication?”

He couldn’t help but bark out a laugh, “That is... absolutely terrible.”

“But it made you laugh, so...” She shrugged her shoulders unrepentantly.

Shaking his head, he ran his hand through his hair as he decided how much to tell her. *Honesty is probably best since she was going to be coming face to face with magic some point down the line.*

“Yes, there’s magic that can influence and control the way that people think or behave. There’s the Confundus charm which isn’t too terrible. It confounds as the name suggests. It can make someone forget a plan, or fail at task, or simply lose track of where they’re going.”

“But there’s something worse, isn’t there?”

“There are certain compulsions that can be cast as well, but they’re usually put on cursed objects.” He could still remember the appearance of Dumbledore’s decrepit hand after the curse on the Gaunt ring had nearly killed him, “They make whoever touches them want to put them on.”

“To initiate the curse?”

“Exactly. There’s one more and it’s certainly the most sinister.” She was listening with rapt attention, “The Imperius Curse, it’s one of the three Unforgivable Curses. It puts the victim under complete control of the caster, though there are rare cases where it can be overcome with enough strength of will.”

“Have you ever cast it?”

“Twice, during the Second Blood War,” Kara looked understandably intrigued at that, “It’s a long story, one that you might hear at some point if we spend enough time together. For now, you’ll just have to trust me when I tell you that I only ever did it out of necessity.”

“Since our first meeting was you saving me and a handful of other people from cultists, I think you earned the benefit of the doubt.” Her curiosity on the matter was sated for a grand total of three seconds, “Has it ever been cast on you?”

“Plenty of times, yeah.” She didn’t seem surprised by that answer, “Though I’m fortunate enough to be one of those people that has the strength of will necessary to break the curse.”

That left her in a thoughtful silence for about fifteen seconds before she said something he really wasn’t expecting, “I want you to cast it on me.”

“What?”

“Not just that either,” She seemed to be getting excited at the prospect of having spells hurled at her, “I saw some of the magic that you can do, but other than the... runic circle, none of it was actually cast at **me**. I want to know what I can expect, and what it will do to me.”

Harry could see her reasoning. Better that he be the first one to hit her with a spell than someone who was actively trying to kill her, “You’re sure?”

“Positive.”

“Alright.”

“Wait, really?” She beamed at him, “I thought you’d take more convincing than that.”

“I was putting myself in dangerous situations when I was younger than you. I got along on luck far too often. I would’ve been better off being prepared. Besides, you’re not a child. If you want to do this, it should be your decision.” Something about that really resonated with her, “It’d be irresponsible of me not to try and help you.”

“Great! Is there somewhere we can go now?” Her eagerness was rather infectious, “I’ve already done my villain thwarting duties for the day, after all.”

Harry chuckled, “Yeah, I can think of a place.”

Suddenly, she looked skeptical, “But none of that ‘popping’ thing you showed me...”

“Of course not, I told you that’ll only ever be in case of an emergency.” Standing, Harry made his way over to his trunk, “Besides we don’t have to go that far.” There were a series of clicks as Harry placed his hand on the lid.

As it opened a set of stairs appeared that led down into the trunk. Kara was hovering at his shoulder staring in fascination. Stepping into the trunk, Harry made it down a few steps before he offered his hand to the blonde, “Shall we?”

His voice broke her from her stupor and she took his hand, “It’s going to take some time before I finally get used to all of this.”

“If it makes you feel better, you’re doing better than most.” At the bottom of the stairs was a simple training room. If he called upon them, weights would appear for conditioning, or dummies would appear for target practice. With Kara, he had no need for either of them.

“You can just take this with you wherever you want?” At Harry’s nod she whistled appreciatively, “That’s awesome!”

“It certainly comes in handy,” Harry agreed with her, “And it means that I don’t risk leveling the apartment finding out what magic does to a superhero.”

“Right... so, how do we start?”

“I suppose I start throwing spells at you and find out what sticks.” He’d never seen anyone half as excited at the prospect of being charmed, cursed, jinxed and otherwise bombarded with magic in his entire life.

“You mentioned something about the Unforgivables, would that not be a good place to start?”

Harry mulled that over. There was only one of the three that he was willing to cast on her, but it would be best if she knew what the other two looked like as well, “The Cruciatus, or Torture, Curse causing indescribable pain and I really can’t bring myself to cast it on you.”

“No, I want to know what it feels like.” Kara protested, “How will I know what to expect otherwise?”

Harry sighed but had to concede the point, “Fine, but if it affects you the way it affects others, I’ll only hold it for a second.” At her nod of understanding, he pointed his finger at her. It was spell that he rarely cast considering it still required the incantation. “*Crucio.*” The angry orange spell hit Kara and she screamed out in agony as every nerve in her body was on fire at once. It was impressive that she managed to stay on her feet.

He cancelled the spell as quickly as it began. Waiting for her to catch her breath, she said through gasps, “Right... definitely... avoid... that one.”

“I can tell you from experience that would be for the best.” He could tell that she wanted to ask him for the story but decided against it, for now at least.

She recovered quickly and looked at him expectantly, “And the next one?”

He’d already given her the description of the Imperius so didn’t bother with a reminder, “*Imperio.*” There was no flash of light but he felt as she fell to his will. Much like Barty Crouch Jr. in his fourth year, he had her start bouncing around on one leg, then she did a pirouette, then she yelled at the top of her lungs. The last wasn’t a good idea as if not for some quick thinking it likely would’ve busted his eardrums. That was enough to cancel the spell.

Kara shook herself and looked genuinely disturbed, “I didn’t even feel the spell take hold. There was just this... pleasantness and then your voice and I couldn’t say no.”

“It’s awful, I know.” He walked closer and rested a hand on her shoulder, “So long as I’m around, you don’t need to worry. And we’ll see if you can learn to fight it in the meantime.”

She gave him a firm nod before asking, “And the last one?”

“The Killing Curse.” Her eyes widened slightly, and only got bigger as he explained, “For obvious reasons, I refuse to cast it on you. The spell rends the soul from the body and instantly kills anyone unfortunate enough to be at the receiving end... with two exceptions.”

“Two exceptions?”

He pointed to the scar on his forehead before pulling the collar of his shirt to reveal a similar one on his chest, “Thanks to fortunate circumstances and my mother’s love, I’m the only person to ever survive the curse.”

Kara stared at him for a moment before something clicked, “I guess that explains why you’re famous in your world.”

“That’s part of it, yes.” He pointed at the wall to their left and incanted, “*Avada Kedavra.*” The sickly green light that had been one of his earliest memories left his hand and left a black burn mark where it impacted, “It can be deflected by any solid object, but no magic can stop it.”

Her eyes still fixed on the spot, she nodded, “Right, definitely avoid that one.” She turned to meet his eyes, “Now what else?”

He started with a Sticking Charm on her feet. While the spell worked perfectly fine, she was able to overwhelm it with her strength without batting an eye, “That one doesn’t seem to do much.”

The next was a Slowing Charm. While it certainly slowed her, it was rather less effective than it would be against the average person. She could still move faster than any normal human could hope to match, she just wasn’t quite as fast as a speeding bullet anymore.

The Severing Charm was no more dangerous to her than your average sword, though the Cutting Curse left a faint line where it managed to break the skin. He knit it back up in a jiffy though. Understandably, he refused to show her the Entrail Exploding Curse, but he did attempt a Bone Breaker only to have it fail miserably.

There were some rather funny results as the Bat Bogey Hex worked perfectly well on her. She splattered the annoying little things against the wall before Harry had a chance to vanish them though.

The Stunning Spell smacked against her chest... and she went tumbling to the ground like a marionette that had its strings cut. He cast a quick *enervate* and she awoke with a gasp. As she pulled herself back up to her feet, she still had that bubbly excitement, “Alright, so definitely look out for the bright red ones. Seems that one can take me straight out of the fight.”

They continued, spell after spell jumping from him to her trying to determine what would harm her and what wouldn’t. Within a half hour of their little experiment, Harry had a working theory, “Spells that are meant to affect your physical position or are meant to physically restrain you don’t seem to work all that well. Where spells that affect your nervous system work perfectly fine.” Her inability to walk properly thanks to a Jelly-Legs Jinx at that very moment served as a fantastic example.

The only reason he hadn’t ended it immediately was because Kara was giggling at her current predicament, “Right... I suppose that makes sense. I think we should keep going just to be sure though.”

She was enjoying herself entirely too much to want to stop. And something about seeing that wide, carefree smile of hers made Harry want to continue too, “Right better to be sure.”

He attempted to do a human transfiguration on her but found that the spell had no effect whatsoever. There was a possibility that it had something to do with her physiology and his lack of understanding of it, but that was unlikely. From all appearances, Kara was human, and any differences internally were unlikely to cause an issue with the spell. Instead, it was because her body was made of far stronger stuff than the average human. It would be like trying to manipulate diamond, or a precious metal, only far more difficult.

“*Depulso.*” The Banishing Charm smacked into Kara’s chest, and she wobbled backward only slightly, though the same couldn’t be said for what she was wearing. There was an audible ripping as both the trousers and shirt that he conjured for her were ripped right off her body only to fly back and thud against the wall.

Harry was left speechless as the gorgeous young heroine was left standing there completely naked. Her breasts were perfectly perky, and big on her petite frame. She had small areola that were no bigger than a sickle, capped with rosy pink nipples that he was sure were stiffened in arousal. Her legs were long and slender, and led invitingly up to her perfect slit. Her lips were plump and formed a thin line where he could see just a hint of pale pink. There was a small tuft of neatly trimmed hair just above her womanhood.

The sight of her sent a deep, burning need right to the pit of his stomach and lower as well. He could feel his cock stir in his trouser. It was only his command of occlumency that allowed him to keep himself under control.

Kara made no move to cover herself, quite the opposite. Instead, she giggled, sending her soft breasts giggling in a truly jaw-dropping way, “You know, if you wanted to see me naked you could’ve just asked.”

Considering they’d only known each other for four days in total, he wouldn’t have really thought to ask. *Not that the thought of her naked hasn’t crossed my mind. Kinda hard not to after you see her in her suit.*

She didn’t seem to realize just what an effect she was having on him, or if she did, she didn’t care in the slightest. As he made to wave his hand to summon and mend the clothes that he’d accidentally torn from her body, there was a woosh of air and he suddenly found himself feeling a whole lot colder.

Her breath was hot against his ear as she whispered, “There now we’re even. Doesn’t seem right that I’m here in my birthday suit and you’re not.” She glanced down at him, “Very nice, by the way.” He felt the loss of her warmth as she spun on her toe. He was enthralled by the

sway of her hips and the slight bounce of her perfectly toned bum as she sauntered away from him far slower than she approached.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Her little smile was deviously sexy as she turned back to face him. From the look in her eye, she knew exactly where his eyes had been.

This hadn't been what Harry was expecting in the slightest when he brought them down into the trunk, but he wasn't foolish enough to question it. He kept throwing spells at her and if each one caused her to bounce, jiggle, hop, turn and even bend over, no one could really blame him. Kara had happily put herself in this situation and he was only doing as she asked.

His focus on his occlumency slipped little by little and his body reacted accordingly. From the moment she turned back around, her eyes had never left him. Looking pointedly at his protruding pillar, she wiggled her eyebrows, “I didn't know that's what stories meant when they were talking about a wizard's wand...” From the glistening light between her thighs, it was obvious that she wasn't unaffected either.

Unable to take anymore of the sweet torture, Harry dropped his hand, “I think that's enough for today.”

“Agreed.” The word had barely left her lips before she was standing right in front of him. Her soft hand tickled at his collarbone as she told him softly, “But I think there's some stress we should both work off before we finish.”

He hissed at the back of his throat as he felt her other hand wrap around his swollen shaft. One of his hands drifted back to cup one cheek of her heart-shaped arse. He pulled her closer to him as her other hand drifted down to join the first and she started stroking him.

Knowing that Kara was beyond human, he didn't hesitate in what he did next. Magic poured into his finger as it parted her plump pussy lips. It stimulated every one of those pleasurable nerve endings that it touched as it delved into her tight tunnel. Her thighs shook and her pussy gushed around his finger, “Oh... oh my fucking god!” Her first climax overwhelmed her after just the three plunges of his digit.

As she humped against his hand, her grip on his length grew firmer... impossibly strong to the point that would surely harm any ordinary man and most wizards as well. Luckily for him, he wasn't the average wizard and his command of the art meant that he only felt the epitome of pleasure.

Kara seemed to realize exactly what that meant as she stared into his eyes in utter awe. Her voice was wanton as she asked, “Do you like that, Harry? Does my... slick.... little hand feel good on your fat cock?”

For a few glorious minutes, they just touched and tantalized each other. Kara tested his limits, but never went too fast or too slow. All the while enjoying the sensation of what his magic finger was doing to her.

But then she got this mischievous glint in her eye between cute gasps of pleasure, and her movements became faster until her hand was an actual blur. It didn't matter how much precum his cock was producing, it wouldn't have been enough to hold up to the sheer speed of her. Magic could be put to so many wonderful uses though, and lubricant wasn't a difficult one to manage. Her hand glided at incredible speed along his swollen cock-flesh, and it took every ounce of his self-control not to explode on the spot.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as he split her tiny twat with another one of his fingers. She'd been valiantly riding the wave of her first orgasm, but it rolled over into a far more powerful second. Her head lolled forward, her forehead resting against his chest as she started to shake in extasy. Her thighs quivered around his hand as he pumped back and forth slowly, and then her whole body jolted as his thumb strummed along her swollen clit.

The scream she let out was inhuman, from somewhere deep within her soul. Her juices squirted out around his fingers, far harder than he could stop and he was forcefully pushed out. He could see her abs flexing as her pussy twitched around something that was no longer there. Thankfully, she released his cock as she held onto his arms to stop from falling to the ground. He was sure that it would be enough to bruise.

Her body twitched with the aftershocks as she pulled away, her eyes were adoring as she looked at him with her mouth open, trying to catch her breath. Then she noticed that he was still hard and desperate. Without a word, her hand found his slick shaft once more.

"Cum for me, Harry... right now... I want to get all your warm cum out of your balls... Fucking cover me!"

There was no amount of concentration, resilience, or even occlumency that could hold back the tide of pleasure that her tiny hands pulled from his body. His words rumbled low in his chest, filled with an undeniable need, "Fuck... Kara... I'm..." She didn't need to hear the word to know what was coming.

She pointed his throbbing crown right at her belly as the first rope of thick, white semen fired from the tip. Giggling giddily, she kept stroking as rope after rope covered the lines of her abs and dripped down toward her pussy. A few managed to stray upward and cover the slopes of her impressive bust. When he was finally spent, she swiped the last bit of cum from his tip and brought it to her lips. She cleaned her thumb looking him right in the eye.

Harry was sure that he could go another few rounds off that look alone. Kara glanced down at his still-hard cock, and at the mess that he'd made of her and said with a smile, "I think we could both use a shower now, don't you?"