

Harry Potter and the Trademark Dispute Trademark Dispute

A/N: I own none of this. Honest. Nope, not me.

Harry Potter and the Trademark Dispute.

Harry Potter was an angry young man.

As usual, he was trapped for the summer in his usual cell at #4 Privet Drive, but that wasn't what was making him so angry.

As usual Albus Dumbledore, leader of the light, Headmaster, Chief Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, Holder of the Order of Merlin First Class, and all around clueless schmuck had restricted him to his customary cell at #4 Privet Drive and had decreed that he receive no communications from his friends, but that was not what was making him so angry.

As usual, his only living relatives Vernon and Petunia Dursley as well as their son Dudley were being right bastards. Abuse was screamed at him, food was infrequent and in short supply, and the chores assigned that would make a galley slave refuse to show up for work. However, that was not what was making him so angry.

As usual Tom Riddle was attacking him mentally every time his defenses flagged, like when he attempted to get some sleep. Even that was not what was making him so angry.

The source of his anger was Riddle's latest outrage directed toward Harry. Harry had been experiencing one of the few true joys of mid adolescence, the happily hormone driven sex dream. In this dream, during his happily unexplained and unexplainable dream of the Hogwarts All House All Time Sweaty Naked Wrestling Championship match with Hermione Granger, Padma Patil, Hannah Abbot, and Daphne Greengrass, the girls all suddenly had Bellatrix Lestrange's face and they all started taunting him in her silly baby talk way. All the while Riddle was laughing at him in the background. 'Little Harry' was instantly much less happy. What kind of unspeakable bastard would do that?

Needless to say, Harry Potter was pissed. Tom Riddle was going to pay for this. Oh, he was going to pay.

It was time to show that Snake faced bastard just who he was messing with. It was time for the Big Guns. It was time for Hermione Granger to finally be let out of the box. It was Dark Lord Hunting season, and Hermione would have no bag limit. May God have mercy on Riddle's soul, because Hermione most certainly would not. Harry sat down at the damaged card table (yet another of Dudley's trashed cast offs) and started in on a letter to his best friend. Hedwig would enjoy the exercise.

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"My first thought was to try and find a spell to kill him, but then the thought occurred, since he's more or less immortal, why not let him live and make him suffer." Hermione was getting into her groove. Harry could tell that this was going to be a long one. The Hogwarts Express was pulling out of the station, and as they all knew, Hermione's summer research projects tended to be exhaustive. "So with that in mind, I figured, why not tie him up in court until we're all old and grey?"

"You want me to sue Voldemort?"

"Maybe eventually. First, we are going to make him suffer. I checked, his Death Eaters aren't unionized. I've let the International Brotherhood of Minions, Underlings, Thugs, and Enforcers know all about Tom and his merry men."

"I.B.MUTE?" asked Luna Lovegood from behind her copy of the Quibbler.

"That's them." Hermione smiled evilly. "They make the Coal Miners look easy going and cooperative."

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Tom Riddle strode into his throne room and was startled to see a near total absence of his usual hoard of fanatically dedicated Death Eaters.

"Bellatrix, where is everyone?"

"Organizational Meeting My Lord"

"Organizational Meeting for what? We have no pending missions."

"The International Brotherhood of Minions, Underlings, Thugs and Enforcers are attempting to organize your Death Eaters My Lord."

"Someone is going to die!"

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"This is the standard Minion contract Mr. Voldemort," the short balding man said.

"LORD Voldemort," Riddle growled as he looked over the seventy four page document.

"Oh holding yourself above the common working thug are you?"

Voldemort pulled the wand from his sleeve and held it in a threatening manner.

"Using a wand during a negotiation is a violation of the HENCHPERSON ACCORDS OF 1964 Mr. Voldemort, cast a single spell and you'll find every union and guild you have any dealings with suddenly forgetting you exist."

"I use no unions!" Riddle insisted.

"Clean your own robes do you? Clean your own lair? Who cooks your food? Local 204 of the Caterers of Evil that's who. Cast a single spell and you'll be eating your own cooking for the next decade."

Riddle's red eyes narrowed. "Fine." He read the contract. "What's this? No crucios except for cause?"

"Yes. You are entirely too free with that curse. You routinely curse underlings when you screw up, their only mistake would be working for an incompetent with blame issues."

"Fine." He read on "No killing minions? What kind of Dark Lord will I be if I can't kill my minions?"

"One who actually achieves his goals occasionally?"

"Fine. 'Sexual Harassment Sensitivity Training? This is an evil organization, not a tea party!'"

"You and your entire Inner Circle are just too easy with your Imperius curses on your female and occasionally male Death Eaters. The work place is no place for angry women or crying men."

"Fine! Wait, what's this? They expect to be paid for the honor of wearing my mark?"

"Of course they want to be paid! How else will we collect the Guild dues that pay my salary?"

"This would put my pay roll at over 3 million Galleons per year. What if I were to make a 'donation' to the International Brotherhood of 1 million Galleons per year and forget about the payroll?"

"I would say that would be the kind of forward thinking that makes a great and powerful Evil organization."

"Excellent." He read on. "A dental plan?"

"I'm afraid that is nonnegotiable Mr. Voldemort."

"There will be no 'dental plan'."

"That is part of every contract the Brotherhood is involved in."

"You forget, we are a BRITISH Evil organization."

The Union rep blinked. Twice. He then looked embarrassed. Reaching across the table, he picked up the contract and redacted the dental plan from its verbiage.

"Terribly sorry, I forgot."

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"His Death Eaters are on strike for the 4 day work week!" Ron was rolling on the floor laughing his ass off. "Wormtail is their shop steward! Lucius pulled Malfoy out of school to walk the picket line for him! Make them stop! It hurts to laugh this much!"

While Ron was on the floor in the fetal position giggling incoherently Harry and Hermione were in a strategy conference. A strategy conference that involved her massaging his tonsils with her tongue, and he massaging her breasts with his hands, while Ron was otherwise indisposed. They both considered it to be good strategy.

Ron sat up, Harry pulled his hands from under Hermione's jumper and started searching for his glasses, Hermione wiped her and Harry's chin and pulled a sheaf of parchment roughly the size of the New York City phonebook from her bag.

"In the small amount of research I've managed to do since yesterday, I'm ready for the next step in **Operation Dork Lord**. I've discovered that the term 'Dark Lord' is a trademarked title, owned by **The Guild of Evil Overlords, Criminal Masterminds and Malevolent Sorcerers** who among other things control the world's major Drug Cartels, International Terrorism, Telemarketing conglomerates and San Francisco Street Mimes."

"Whoa" said Harry, having found his glasses and was in the process of attempting to untangle them from Hermione's suspender-belt (the article of clothing that had caused Harry to declare her 'The Best Girlfriend in the World') "They ARE evil." He shuddered. "Mimes. Ugh! All silent and stuff."

"There, there." Hermione comforted him while extricating his glasses from her undergarments. "Any way, my research indicated that they protect their trademarks rather jealously, so I wrote them a little letter about a guy named Tom Riddle..."

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Riddle had finally resolved his labor problems, his Death Eaters were ready to lay waste to Wizarding Britain (at 24 Galleons per hour.) when the door to his throne room suddenly burst open. A man wearing armor and a green cloak strode in as if he ruled the world.

"How dare you enter my presence unbidden? Crucio!" the spell arced its way across the room to the armored man, who never broke step on his way to the throne.

"Doom dares anything he desires" thundered the armored man. I am looking for the insignificant minor magician Tom Riddle."

"I am Lord Voldemort!" he put his wand into the armored man's face. The wand was snatched away. Doom examined the wand, waving a diagnostic tool over its length.

"An interesting minor magic technology." A panel opened on his gauntlet, and he put the wand into it. A light flashed and the wand was ejected. He pointed his finger at Riddle and intoned 'crucio'. The spell impacted on Riddle before he could move and he fell screaming. "Interesting, but not terribly useful. He extended his other hand and a force bolt shot out impacting on the wall of Riddle's throne room. The resulting explosion destroyed the entire wall along with much of the house behind it. That is power weakling."

"I am Doom," the armored man continued, "Chairman of the Technomage Division of the Guild of Evil Overlords, Criminal Masterminds and Malevolent Sorcerers. You and your minor powers have been found wanting. You are not deserving of the title 'Dark Lord' of the Technomage Division of the Guild of Evil Overlords, Criminal Masterminds and Malevolent Sorcerers. You have four reviews remaining, the Mage Division, The Science Division, The Criminal Division, and the Division of Conquest. Should you fail to qualify for the title you have taken for yourself in any of those divisions, we will take appropriate action.

"You will sue me?"

"Silly magician, we will kill you."

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"What have you learned of this 'Guild?'"

"A most dangerous organization My Lord," Bellatrix LeStrange said. She referred to her notes. "Its membership is made up of rustlers, cut throats, murderers, bounty hunters, desperados, mugs, pugs, thugs, nitwits, halfwits, dimwits, vipers, snipers, con men, Indian agents, Mexican bandits, muggers, buggerers, bushwhackers, hornswogglers, horse thieves, bull dykes, train robbers, bank robbers, ass-kickers, shit-kickers, and Methodists." Bellatrix looked up from her notes, a bit frightened. "It might be best to avoid annoying them My Lord. They have a reputation for going forth and doing the Voodoo that they do so well."

"Potter. It had to be Potter who set them on me. Fine, two can play at that game. Bellatrix, contact our best forgery expert. Harry Potter is going to apply to the League of Heroes!" Maniacal laughter rang throughout his stronghold.

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Harry and Hermione were spending a warm Saturday afternoon busy with another strategy conference, under a tree by the lake, with a couple bottles of butterbeer by their side.

"Hey guys, what you doing? Wrestling?"

"Yes Ron, Harry and I are wrestling." Said Hermione sitting up. "Unfortunately its tag team and you don't have a partner, so you can't play. Here." She dug into her book bag. "Some string!"

"OOOHH String! I love string!" Ron ran off to show off his new 'friend' to others.

"You know, it's amazing he can even play chess." The Brunette shook her head sadly.

"That was mean Hermione. You know that string won't distract him for more than an hour."

"No problem, I've also got some aluminum foil. You know how he likes shiny things. Come here you." She growled, taking his hand, which was resting on her knee and raised it under her skirt until it was in a very happy place indeed. "Going commando today." She said in a throaty voice.

"Whoa" said Harry, not quite believing his luck. "You are the best girl friend EVER."

"I thought I was best girlfriend in the world."

"It's a promotion, covering all times and all universes." He pulled his father's invisibility cloak from his book bag and threw it over them.

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At dinner in the Great Hall, Harry had just started in on his favorite dessert when the doors flew off their hinges; the doors were immediately followed by a very tall muscular man in a blue body suit. The man in the blue body suit was followed closely by a much smaller dumpy man in a white body suit.

"Oh, great."

"It might not be about you Harry."

"I don't think either of us believe that Hermione. It's always about me."

"Brsiuk, u,ldiulld prit 'efmionme!" said Ron helpfully.

The blue man strode to stand in front of Headmaster Dumbledore, and said in an extremely loud voice "Greeting kind Ancient. I seek the great Hero Hairy Potter."

"And who might you be?"

The large blue man looked at the headmaster unbelievably. "I am.... THE TICK!"

"The Tick?"

"Yes."

"As in the blood sucking arachnid?"

"No, as in the Big Blue Bug of Justice!"

"And what would the Big Blue Bug of Justice need with Harry Potter?"

"I'm sorry kind Ancient, but the recruitment policies of the League of Heroes are Top Secret!"

"Ah Tick..." Said the smaller Man in white, "I think the fact we are here representing the League is also secret."

"Right you are Arthur, Right you are."

Harry stood. Might as well get this over with. "I'm Harry Potter."

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The big blue man strode over. "Hail and well met young fellow! As you no doubt heard, I am... The Tick."

"Yeah, I'm Harry, this is Hermione, that's Ron."

"Well done young Hero, already you have Sidekicks!"

Hermione and Ron looked around to see who he was talking about.

Anyway young Hairy, I am her to perform your first interview for membership into the League of Heroes!"

"I don't want to join any League of Heroes."

"Ah, it is refreshing to meet a Young hero with such modesty. Come now Young Hairy, I need to see your BattleForm."

"BattleForm?"

"The Form you take when you remove your clever disguise." Harry looked perplexed. "Your glasses" the large blue lunatic stage whispered.

"Without my glasses I take the form of a bloke who can't see his hand in front of his face."

"Well then, what is your BattleCry? Mine is SPOON!" the lunatic said confidentially.

"Uh, Go Away, Leave Me Alone!?"

"That's not much of a BattleCry."

"I'm not much of a fighter."

The lunatic started to look desperate. "At least let me see your costume. He grasped the front of Harry's robes and tore them open, shirt and all displaying for all to see his bare well muscled though hairless chest, and the hickey on his left shoulder, a memento of that day's strategy session with Hermione. Both Harry and Hermione blushed, several girls started drooling.

"Why, you aren't Hairy at all."

"I think I see the problem. His name is Harry, as in H-A-R-R-Y, not H-A-I-R-Y. He's a student, not a superhero." Said Arthur, speaking for the first time.

"A Hero named Harry? Not possible." The Tick looked horrified. "You're not a Hero, You're a Sidekick! You can't get membership in the League as a Sidekick."

"I don't want membership in your league."

"It's too late for that, you're rejected."

"Good."

"Fine!"

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"And then the Big Blue Muggle takes hold of Potter's robes and tore them open, shirt and all displaying for all to see his bare chest, saying "Let me see your costume" but all that's there is the hickey he probably got from his Mudblood." Draco was rolling around on the floor laughing.

"Then what happened?" asked his Dark Lord, really getting into the story.

"The Big Blue Muggle says 'Why, you aren't Hairy at all.' It turns out he though Potter was a Muggle superhero named Hairy like hair." The leader of the Jr. Death Eaters of Britain chapter at Hogwarts wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes. "He was rejected for membership in the League due to being a 'sidekick'."

Riddle steepled his fingers. "Excellent. I love it when a plan comes together!"

Laughter flooded among the assembled Death Eaters. Cheers of "Well Done My Lord", "You showed Potter", and "You showed that 17 year old who's boss!" rippled throughout the chamber.

Then the doors and windows blew in.

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"COBRA!!!!" was the cry from the hordes of men in blue uniforms, blue helmets, and red face scarves who burst into the room firing all types of automatic weaponry. The assembled Death Eaters stopped laughing at the Dark Lord's humiliation of Harry Potter and started to die.

When the gunfire ended a scant nineteen minions remained, they were lined up against a wall stripped to their grundies. A tall man dressed all in black wearing a silver full head mask strode into the chamber.

"What kind of conquering army was that supposed to be? You had no sentries, you had only a few perimeter sensors that my techs took down in seconds, and your men were completely unprepared for an attack. Pathetic."

The man in the mask leaned forward to look Riddle directly in the eye. "I am the Destro, Chairman of the Division of Conquest. Your application for Dark Lord Status in my division is denied. You have three chances left."

"Cruc..." There was the sound of a beating off to Riddle's left. He slowly turned his head away from the masked man, there was Bellatrix being savagely beaten by a tall raven haired woman in a black leather uniform, stiletto heels and glasses.

Bellatrix lay bleeding on the floor unconscious. "This amateur attempted to attack you with her stick Destro."

"Was she as little challenge as it appeared my dear Baroness?"

"I've had more of a fight from putting my nieces to bed."

The masked man fixed Riddle with his thousand Meter stare again. "Pathetic!"

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"How did you get rid of Ron?"

Harry pulled his face away from Hermione's "He needed to take a whiz, I told him all the cool kids pee in the corner up on top of the Astronomy Tower."

"He's looking for a corner atop the round Astronomy tower? Harry, he could starve to death."

"I'll get him when we're done here. Do you ever wonder just how long the Purebloods have been inbreeding?"

"Less Talk, More Strategy!"

Harry looked up into her chocolate brown eyes. "Is this why they call you the Head Girl?"

She looked down into his green eyes, ran her fingers through his hair, and undulated her hips tickling Harry's nose. "You bet your ass"

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Hermione's rules were strict, but fair. Three hour of homework entitled one to one hour of Strategy Sessions. All he had to do was another foot of his charms homework, then 18 inches on the inadvisability of transfiguring basset hounds into wolverines and he was done.

Unfortunately Ron had misunderstood the assignment and HAD transfigured a basset hound into a wolverine.

Fortunately Harry had seen him do it, so he had plenty of material for the assignment.

Unfortunately Ron was in the Hospital wing having major portions of his anatomy reattached.

Fortunately that meant that he and Hermione wouldn't need to distract the doofus during their Strategy Session.

"Ah Mr. Potter."

"Can't talk, doing homework."

"Your dedication to your school work is to your credit Mr. Potter, but you seem to have another visitor from the League of Heroes. Might I introduce Miss Zantanna?"

"Not interested. Not a hero. Doing homework." He dug into the transfiguration essay.

"Oh come on Harry, surely we could find SOMETHING to talk about."

He looked over and saw a pair of very nice feet in stiletto heels. The feet became legs. Very long well toned legs in fishnet stockings, which went all the way up to... her body suit cut like a swim suit, but looking like a tuxedo, complete with long sleeve shirt, bow tie and cufflinks. The shirt covers a most impressive set of ... lungs. Atop her raven hair was a top hat.

"Homina, Homina" said Harry intelligently.

"Could I help you?" Hermione asked placing herself between the visitor and her addled boyfriend.

"I'll leave you three to it then" said Dumbledore retreating to his office to activate his Harry monitoring charms and watch the fun.

"I'm here to offer Harry membership in the League of Heroes," the heroine said.

"I believe Harry was quite clear when he told your large blue associate 'No'," the bushy haired Genius countered.

"The Tick is a special case, he's really not right. We at the membership committee wanted to make sure Harry knew that he wasn't representative of the League."

"You dress like that in Scotland in October and HE'S not right?" Hermione mocked triumphantly.

"If you've got it, flaunt it." Zantana said sticking her chest out a bit more.

"If you've got it, you don't need to flaunt it." Hermione said with a smirk.

The two women were giving each other death glares when Draco Malfoy, recently healed from the previous chapter, walked by.

"Hey Scarhead! Aren't you getting enough from the Mudblood, you've got to hire a hooker?" The blonde Slytherin strutted away chortling to himself in amusement at his own wit.

Zantanna looked to Hermione. "Scarhead?"

"He means Harry, on account of the curse scar on his forehead. That's just Malfoy's idea of being witty," Hermione explained.

"Mudblood?"

"That would be me, because my parents weren't magical, that means I have impure blood,"

"And the hooker?"

"That would be you. I'm guessing on account of how you are dressed."

"I'm a respected stage magician!"

"I'm sure you are. The dressing like a whore is just a coincidence."

"That little punk!" She gestured. "Ereh emoc yoflaM!"

Malfoy found himself levitated and propelled back to the woman in the fishnets

"Any chance you're going to apologize?"

"Let me go you stupid bint! My Father will hear of this!"

"I didn't think so." She sighed. "Yeknom redips dedrater a emoceb!"

Malfoy shrank down to become a spider monkey. As soon as he was released he ran face first into the tree trunk when attempting to climb it.

"You did that all wrong."

Zantanna turned to the bushy haired girl. "What do you mean by that? That's some first class transformation."

"Oh please. Your gestures were excessive and imprecise; you didn't do the incantation properly. You only spoke the words backwards, forcing yourself to use far more power than absolutely necessary, and you changed him into a spider monkey when everyone knows his transformation meme is a ferret. Watch and Learn." Hermione drew her wand. "Accio Snape!"

The potions professor had been in the shower, and found himself naked, clad only in soap suds and a flowered shower cap, flying through the air stopping in front of the mudblood Granger and a Muggle woman dressed like a whore. "What is the meaning of this? Five Billion Points from Gryffindo..."

Before he finished, Hermione waved her wand and Snape was transfigured into a large greasy bat.

"See? Proper gestures, proper incantation, minimal energy usage and he is transformed into his proper meme. You only get work because you dress like that, don't you? It demeans us all."

"Why you little..."

"Ladies, Ladies." Said Harry, suddenly with the best idea of his life. "Why don't we retire to a quiet place and get out of these uncomfortable clothes and have this discussion like reasonable adults? I happen to know a room in the castle with a large vat of chocolate pudding..."

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Three hours later:

"So you see Harry, the League NEEDs magic users. We used to have lots of them, but they've all either become 'Sorcerers Supreme, or the Hands of God, or other things like that and don't have time to deal with the magical needs of the common man." Zantanna explained while wringing the pudding from her hair.

"Mmmm Chocolate." Said Harry licking it out of Hermione's navel. "Don't care. I'm a lover not a fighter. Don't want to join the League."

"That's kind of selfish isn't it?"

"Yep, what's your point?" He spotted some pudding slightly south of Zantanna's navel. He pointed to it. "You gonna eat that?"

"No, go ahead. WHOA!" She looked over to the pudding covered Hermione. "He like this all the time?"

"Pretty much."

Zantanna shuddered. "You must be the second luckiest woman I know."

"Second? Who's first?"

"Sue Richards. The guy she's married to can't lick the small of his own back."

"Oh, so that's why they call him Mr. Fantastic."

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Tom Riddle has an unhappy Evil Wizard. That damned Potter kid had really done it this time. He was actively thinking about going out and collecting his horcruxes and just calling the whole thing off. He had nineteen Death Eaters left, and only 6 of them could cast an unforgivable without hurting themselves. Maybe if he'd selected for intelligence rather than blood status...

There was a small pop and a cloud of smoke and a man in a blue burmose was standing in front of him.

"Are you Tom Riddle?"

"Yes."

"I am Felix Faust, Master Mage of the Magic Division." The man gestured and a chair far fancier and more comfortable than Riddle's throne appear. "The Interview starts now. Impress me."

"uh Crucio!" Nameless minion #8 fell to the ground screaming.

"Pedestran." Said Faust.

Just then a spider-monkey fell from the rafters. It landed on its head. After a few seconds it shook its head and discovered a banana, which it skinned and then attempted to insert in its ear.

"What's this?" asked Faust, scooping the tiny beast up. "An adequate transformation. It's natural meme seems to be a Ferret, but making a retarded spider monkey out of it isn't bad. Hmm, the incantation was just wrong; apparently the gestures were imprecise and a bit excessive. This transformation only worked because the caster forced quite a bit of energy into it. Who did this?" Then a bat swooped down and fluttered in front of Riddle, Faust snagged it out of the air. "Now THIS is more like it. Proper gestures, proper incantation, minimal energy usage and he's transformed into his proper meme, though I'm wondering where the grease comes from. THIS is the work of a potential Dark Lord. Who did this one?"

"I did" said Riddle in a quiet voice.

"Lying? To the Guild? An interesting career choice. Well Riddle since you obviously have little talent beyond doing harm to your own minions, I suppose I could offer you an unpaid position as a Dark Intern, assuming of course you survive the punishment for violating our Trademarks..."

"Wonderful. Thank you."

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"Morning Hermione!" Harry said as he sat down to his breakfast.

"Hmph." She huffed.

"What's wrong?"

"You and your damned pudding. Three showers and I'm still sticky in very odd places."

Harry suddenly perked up and paid much closer attention. "What places?"

"Never mind"

"Tingly places?"

"I said never mind. No more pudding."

"Spoil sport." He thought for a moment. "Jello?"

"Not that either. Where's Ron anyway?"

"Still in the Medical Wing, Poppy's not done reattaching his left butt cheek."

"Yeah, that was one pissed off Basset Hound." She got an odd look. "Harry, meet me in the Room of Requirements in an hour."

"Now?"

"In an hour."

"Damn."

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"Hermione?"

"Come in Harry."

He entered the room of requirements and looked around for her. A roaring fire in the hearth, a plush leather sofa, and reclining on it, was Hermione.

Hermione.

His mind went off line for a moment.

He regained cerebral function after a few moments and rushed to her scooping her up in his arms.

Hermione. In a Zantanna costume. Wow.

"Best! Girlfriend! Ever!"

She giggled and waved her wand. The body suit disappeared, leaving the fishnets and the hat, She reached up to doff the hat, he stopped her.

"The Hat Stays!" he growled.

She kept giggling... Until she started screaming.

Thank Merlin for Silencing charms.

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Harry cruised quietly on his broom far above the Quidditch pitch. With the craziness that had taken over his life recently, he just had to get out and just fly. Hermione tried to help him relax, (she was after all the best girlfriend ever) but sometimes a bloke just needs to get out and fly.

On the plus side, Tom hadn't been bothering him since Hermione brought him to the attention of the Guild, and classes this year were a hoot. Someone decided that all 7th years had to become intimately knowledgeable with the family trees of not just their own, but their class mates families as well. Malfoy's looked like a knotted rope. No one in the Malfoy clan had married anyone who wasn't at least a 2nd cousin for more than 800 years (Pansy was heartbroken, and for some reason decided that Ron would be the next best choice, which horrified the Ginger Gryffindor), this allowed Harry to abuse the hell out of the Amazing Bouncing Ferret, since his return from what everyone was calling his "Retarded Spider Monkey Sabbatical" by offering to explain the big words in class. He was pleased when his own family tree showed that the Potter's regularly married into half blood and Muggle families, still it were a bit weird to realize that he was related however tenuously to all of the purebloods...

Snape wasn't as lucky. When he was returning from his "Greasy Bat Sabbatical" he had accidentally fluttered into a Muggle badminton game. Since then, he spent the majority of his time huddled in a corner in the fetal position sucking his thumb, and whimpering. It was so sad that Harry had laughed himself into incoherence.

Harry pulled into a hover to watch Ron do a couple of loops. Ron may have the IQ of a canoli, but he sure could fly. Hopefully Ron wouldn't get distracted by the 'pretty clouds' again.

"Excuse me." asked a very young, very hesitant little girl voice behind him, "Are you Harry Potter?"

He turned and almost fell off his broom. There hovering, riding absolutely nothing, was a tiny little girl. She had no hands or feet, her legs and arms ended in gently rounded nubs. Her head was completely out of proportion with her body, with large blue eyes that would make Dobby look positively

quinty, her hair was yellow blonde and tied into twin pig tails. She wore a blue sun dress with a black belt.

He swallowed. "Uh, Yes, I'm Harry Potter."

"Oh! msogladifoundyou. Blossomsaidthatshe'dbetheonetofindyouandButtercupsaidshewouldfindyouandkickyourbuttbecauseyoulookedlikeasissyinyourpicture, butsaidthatwouldfindyouandwewouldbefriendsandyoucouldflywithmeandbemyboyfriend."

"Wow. All that without taking a breath. What's your name then?"

"I'm Bubbles."

"Ok Bubbles. What are you?"

"I'm a Powerpuff Girl." She giggled.

"No, I mean WHAT are you. I'm human and a wizard. What are you?"

"I'm a perfect little girl. Professor Neutronium made us with Sugar and Spice and everything Nice." She hovered a little closer and whispered "Plus a little Chemical X. That's what made us super!"

"Ok Bubbles, lets continue our talk on the ground, ok?"

"Ok"

Harry landed and Bubbles zoomed down to ground level, when she flew she left a blue trail in the air. Weird.

Hermione ran up to him with her wand drawn, Harry gestured for her to lower the wand. "Bubbles, this is Hermione, my Girlfriend."

"Ooh, you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes I do. Hermione, this is Bubbles, she's a perfect little girl."

"Nice to meet you Bubbles."

Two more of the tiny flying creatures rushed up to them. The red headed one spoke with a bossy voice that Harry found oddly familiar.

"You found Harry Potter and didn't call us and tell us Bubbles? Didn't I tell you to tell us if you found him? Didn't I?"

"Yes Blossom. I'm sorry."

Harry spoke up in defense of his new little friend. "In all fairness to Bubbles, who I would make my girlfriend if I wasn't dating Hermione, only just introduced herself and told me about her two beautiful sisters. She didn't have time to call you yet."

Blossom blushed, but Buttercup, the little dark haired Powerpuff in Green flew up to him, took hold of the collar of his robes and lifted him bodily off the ground.

"Who you callin' Beautiful bub?"

"Uh, you?" he leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. The dark haired perfect little girl was shocked for a moment, then lowered him to the ground, then zoomed behind her sisters blushing and giggling.

"Nice save Potter."

"Thanks Hermione." He sat on the ground so as to be eye level with the girls.

"So Ladies," more giggling. "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Potter." Blossom started.

"Please Blossom, I'm just Harry. I hate it when pretty girls call me Mr. Potter."

"Harry," she began again, giggling. "We have been asked by the League of Heroes to ask you again to join. It was suggested that perhaps the representatives who have seen you so far are not the best that the League has to offer. Mr. Tick is a little silly, and Miss Zantanna kinda looks like a nasty lady. So everyone thought that we would be better representatives."

"Blossom, I'm afraid that there has been some kind of mistake. I'm not a hero, I'm a school kid. I'm not super strong, I can't fly without my broom, I'm not real fast. And frankly there's a mean nasty man who is trying to hurt me and my friends. So I can't join the league or be a hero."

"A mean man?"

"Yes Bubbles, a very mean man. His name is Lord Voldemort. He killed my Mom and Dad when I was little, and he's been hurting me ever since."

"Why don't we go kick Moldimort's butt?"

"That's a good idea Buttercup. Are you coming Bubbles?"

"Just a sec. Are you sure she's your girl friend Harry?"

"Yes I am Bubbles."

"Really sure? I mean she's REALLY old."

"I'm only 18 Bubbles" said a smiling Hermione.

The tiny girl's huge eyes got even wider. "Wow, you're older than I thought."

Hermione wasn't smiling anymore.

"Bye Harry, bye Old Lady!" Said Blossom.

"We're going to take care of that Goldsnorts for you and then tell the league that you have too much homework to join!" added Bubbles.

"We'll kick his butt for you!" concluded Buttercup.

They flew away, leaving trails of pink, blue and green behind them.

"Old Lady?"

"Perspective Hermione, 18 is positively ancient from a 5 year olds point of view."

"Old Lady?"

"From my perspective, Young sexy goddess who walks the Earth."

"And don't you forget it Potter. You know you're probably going to go to hell for siccing them on Tom."

"I've been there. Hell is the Dursley's house in the summer."

====ooo000ooo====

Riddle was leaving the WC with a news paper under his arm when he was suddenly assaulted by three blurs, he fell to the ground having been hit several thousand times in 2 seconds, with each blow capable of shattering steel. When he fell, his arms and legs were broken and he was bleeding profusely from the nose and ears.

He was lifted bodily from the ground by a tiny blonde haired girl in a blue sundress. "And if you don't leave my boyfriend Harry Potter alone, I'll REALLY get mad, Mr. Poopypants!"

He fell to the ground when he was released and quickly lost consciousness.

====ooo000ooo====

"Hello Hermione." Said Luna, when she came up behind the bushy haired witch in the 3rd floor girls' Lav.

"Hello Luna." Hermione said, brushing out her hair in preparation for her evening 'Strategy Session' with Harry. "What are you up to tonight?"

though I'd join you and Harry." She reached over and plucked a hair from Hermione's brush, and stuffed it into a vial of potion. "I saw how that Zantanna woman was walking after her 5 hour 'conference' with you and Harry and I said to myself, I gotta get me some of that." She tipped the vial back and took a sip. In a matter of seconds Hermione found herself looking herself in the eye. "I've got enough for about 6 hours. AND another vial with one of my hairs. Wanna be me?"

"Not this time, let's see what Harry thinks."

They found him in the room of requirements, where they dropped their robes to display they were wearing matching suspender belts and, stockings and Stiletto heels. Before the door closed completely so that the silencing charm could take effect the entire castle heard his reaction:

"BEST GIRLFRIEND EVER!"

====ooo000ooo====

Hermione was finished with classes for the day and having left her book bag in her Head Girls suite, she was heading down to the Great Hall for dinner. As she was passing a classroom, she was hauled through the door. Inside she was confronted by most of the 7th and a good portion of the 6th year girls.

"What is it?"

"We want in Granger," said Daphne Greengrass.

"What do you mean in?"

"You've been sharing Harry," Explained Hannah Abbott. "First with that woman who dressed like a whore, then with Luna. We want in."

"Sorry Hermione, I just couldn't quit grinning. That told my fellow Ravenclaws something was up, and they wouldn't let it go until I told them."

"Harry isn't a piece of meat to be traded back and forth. Besides most of you have Boyfriends."

"Pureblood Boyfriends." Complained Pansy.

"Who are either too simple to know what to do, or are too self absorbed to do anything more than worry about themselves and ignore our needs." Added Susan.

"Damn it Hermione." Said Padma. "There are only a few guys who know what they're doing here, and most of them would freak totally out if any of us brought another girl with us. You've got to share, it's only fair."

"Fair? How is it fair?"

Most of us are bound to marriage contracts with these clueless wonders, meaning that after we leave school, we end up with them forever without ever getting anything like you've been getting. Oh and By the Way, work on your silencing charms. They seem to fail when you get real loud."

Hermione attempted to look shocked and embarrassed by this news.

"I still don't see what this has to do with..."

"We'll pay," interjected Lavender.

Something inside Hermione's head went *click*, followed very shortly by a loud ***cha-ching!***.

"How much?"

====ooo000ooo====

Riddle entered his throne room to find a tall thin man in a butterfly costume. Riddle pulled his wand "Cruc..." He suddenly felt the metal barrel of a pistol pressed against the back of his head.

"Monarch, it's the clown who's currently using this lair" said an extremely deep gravelly voice.

"Look Ruppel... It is Ruppel isn't it? The Guild has you slated for termination, and good lairs are hard to come by, I filed for intent to assume residence after you, uh shuffle on, so I'm just here taking a few measurements. I'll be out of your way in an hour or so."

"He's clean, just a stick of some kind." The speaker was a woman, a woman in a pink suit with a pill box hat that reminded him of the wife of a past American president with a voice that could easily be mistaken for a 60 year old 5 pack a day smoker.

"Look buddy, don't start any trouble, I borrowed a little muscle for security on this gig, and believe me when I tell you that starting trouble is the very last thing you would ever want to do."

Riddle's eyes burned with fury "Listen Butterfly"

"Monarch."

"What?"

"You said 'listen Butterfly'. I am the Monarch."

"Fine." What was he going to say? Oh Yes. "Listen Monarch, you've made the greatest mistake of your life. Also the last!"

"Ok, fine. You want trouble; you'll get the Walking Swedish Murder Machine. Oh Brock."

"Yeah Monarch?" A tall man with a blond mullet stepped out of the shadows wearing fashions at least a decade old, a cigarette hung from his lips.

"This tool is looking to start trouble, you mind dealing with it?"

"I laugh at your security Butterfly man. Crucio!"

The sickly yellow beam leaped from his wand and struck Samson in the chest. He didn't fall, he didn't scream. He did develop a facial tic as his left eye blinked uncontrollably. From a scabbard on his hip he drew a 14 inch K-Bar combat knife, and bad things started to happen to the few remaining Death Eaters.

"Oh my god!" said Dr. Girlfriend in her signature gravelly baritone.

"Yeah. It's good not to be on the receiving end of that for a change. You got the measurements Pookie?"

"Yes. Let's go."

Bellatrix entered the room quietly while Brock was otherwise occupied. She raised her wand and cast 'Avada Ke...'

"I do not think so" said the tall woman with the heart shaped eye patch as she broke Bellatrix's hip with a kick. She continued in heavily accented English "Brock Samson is far too perfect a man to fall to one such as you." She knelt next to the screaming woman. "Something tells me you have killed far too many innocents to be allowed mercy. Goodbye." She drove her sai through Bellatrix's temple, and the screaming stopped.

Brock had finished with the last of the Death Eaters and lobbed the man's head into Riddle's lap. "I'd kill ya, but the Guild has claimed that for themselves, wouldn't do to piss off the Guild."

"Stay out of the Monarch's way, and don't even think about bothering anyone at the Venture compound, or I might get upset with you."

For the first time since he was 4 and still living at the orphanage, Riddle soiled himself.

====ooo000ooo====

"Ooh, blind folded. Whatever will you do with me Hermione?"

"Just a new little game love. You'll like it a lot."

"The only thing bad about the blind fold is I don't get to see your new outfit, it looks good on you... Though the cane and the hat with the big feather is a bit odd."

"Just experimenting with a new look." She guided him to the door. "I'm not feeling well tonight, but I found you some playmates." She smacked him on the butt as he went in the door.

Three Hours Later:

"Well ladies?"

"That was amazing" marveled Daphne Greengrass. "You're a lucky girl."

"Glad you liked it." Hermione smiled. "I believe we agreed to 50 Galleons, each."

"Well worth it," Pansy said as she paid. "We've only one complaint though. It's hard to get into the "Female Death Eaters torture the Chosen One" game when he keeps yelling "Yippee!", "Woo Hoo!" and "Best Girlfriend Ever!" Ask him to work on that."

====ooo000ooo====

2 months later:

"What have we learned?"

Hermione was deeply embarrassed. Who would have thought that Harry would react badly to discovering his new playmates were paying for the privilege? "Harry Potter is no one's whore, and he isn't going to risk his amateur status in his favorite sport just to keep me in hats with big feathers."

"And?" Harry was quite enjoying this.

"I am not always right."

"Hermione," Harry said sternly. "We are not here to discuss what you were not; we are discussing what you were."

She hung her head. "I was wro... wro... wro... Look, there isn't all that much research available on the subject of gigolos, I looked and looked. Then you seemed to enjoy it, and it wasn't all that much money..."

"Hermione. It's been 2 months. I know I haven't had anyone in that time, but several of the girls have been suggesting a 'party' and frankly it's starting to look inviting. I suppose you could always go with Ron for a while..."

"Ok, I was wrong. I admit it, I was wrong!"

"Now was that so hard? I assume you've repaid everything you collected?"

"Yes Harry. I've paid it all back." She looked at him with heavily lidded eyes. "I've been a very bad girl. Are you going to punish me?"

"Hmm. It wouldn't make much sense to give you the spanking you deserve for being so naughty through that heavy robe..."

Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott were walking by the Room of Requirements when Hermione's scream rang out.

"BEST BOYFRIEND EVER!"

Susan looked envious. "You know, I think she does that on purpose."

"Damned braggart." Hannah agreed.

====ooo000ooo====

Spring had come early to Hogwarts, they were having a wonderful spell of weather for March. Warm enough to abandon the cloaks and depend on jumpers, dry enough that the grass was available for sitting on in the sunshine.

Harry and Hermione were enjoying a pleasant Saturday afternoon by the lake, when an ungodly amount of noise came from the general direction of the castle. There hovering 30 feet off the ground was a large black Muggle Jet. This wasn't supposed to be possible. The Jet's landing gear extended, and the huge machine settled on the ground. Predictably, the purebloods were going spare.

"Oh Hell, what now?"

"You've got 15 minutes to get rid of them Potter. I've got needs you know."

Harry smiled. Cut her off for 2 months and she was horny as a brass section. Life was good. He walked over to the jet, as it extended a stairway to the ground, and possibly the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen walked down the stairs and smiled at him. She was tall with flowing Red Hair, green eyes that bored into his soul. She wore a flowing green dress with a scarf around her neck.

"Hello Harry Potter."

"This the kid Jean?" She evidently had a companion who had come down the stairs without Harry noticing. Tall dressed in black leather with odd red hued glasses.

"Yes Scot, this is Harry Potter."

"Come on kid, the League of Heroes wants you, time to suck it up and do your duty."

"Duty to whom Mr. I'm so cool I wear sun glasses when it isn't all that sunny?" asked Hermione transposing herself between Harry and this 'Jean' woman.

"Duty to humanity little girl. The kid's needed, so he goes."

"What is the meaning of this Potter?" Snape was feeling better and decided that if something happened within 300 miles of Hogwarts it was Harry's fault. "What have you brought these filthy Muggles here for?"

"I didn't bring them Professor, they brought themselves."

"Filthy Muggles? The red head's eyes suddenly started flaring a green fire, her hair crackling with static electricity. "What do you mean by that 'Professor'?" She levitated the struggling man to her. "Let's see what you're thinking about, shall we?"

"Stupid Muggle Filth! I am a master Occumens!"

"How cute, magical defenses against magical mind reading. I'm not magical little man. I'm a psi. Your defenses are NOTHING."

Snape's mind opened to her. "You slimy bastard. How could you treat children like that? Power? You think he has power? Let me show you power you pathetic little worm."

She opened his mind to the universe. She showed him what power was. She showed him a full size three dimensional map of the universe with a tiny arrow point to his location in the universe labeled 'you are here'. A strong mind could handle that level of perspective.

Snape didn't have a strong mind.

"EEP!" Snape said intelligently.

He was once again in the fetal position, sucking his thumb and whimpering.

Harry saved that image to laugh at later, now he was busy.

"Wait. You're Jean Grey aren't you?" Hermione said.

"Yes I am." The redhead agreed.

"Haven't you died like 3 times?"

"Well, sort of, not really, well... Yes."

"In fact, aren't you currently dead? Didn't Magneto fry your brain with a magnetic pulse?"

"That sounds familiar."

"If she's Jean Grey, then you're Scott Summers."

"Yeah."
"And haven't you died like 3 times as well?"

"Well..."

"And didn't you just die when the shuttle you were piloting broke up in orbit and dumped you into vacuum?"

"Yeah."

"Well you two dead people go back to your bosses and tell them that Harry Potter said he doesn't listen to pushy ghosts. Don't make us go get the Bloody Baron!"

"Alright, alright. Pushy Witch."

The pair reboarded the jet and it lifted off vertically.

Hermione looked at him and lifted one eyebrow.

"Best Girlfriend Ever?"

"Damned Straight!"

====ooo000ooo====

Riddle was in trouble. The situation has required he call in his Ladies Auxiliary Death Eaters, Emergency Backup Death Eaters, and the Hogwarts Branch of Future Death Eaters of Great Britain. The response was less than enthusiastic. Draco Malfoy had just shrugged and said "At least we get work credit."

"My Death Eaters."

"Here it comes."

Riddle ignored Draco's jibe. His time would come soon enough. "We must prepare for a threat to our way of life. We will be attacked by Muggles. We must stand firm and defend ourselves."

The sound of a pair of hands clapping echoed throughout the lair, every eye turned to the large bald man dressed all in white.

"Excellent start for a speech. Will you be fighting on the beaches, fighting on the landing grounds, fighting in the fields and in the streets, fighting in the hills; never surrendering, even if, you were subjugated and starving?."

He strode forward. "I am Wilson Fisk, Chairman of the Organized Crime Division, I'm here to judge you, you pathetic excuse for a wizard. You fail. That leaves only our Chief of the Science Division, and he is the hardest of us all."

Riddle raised his wand "Avada Kedavra!" and nothing happened.

"Idiot." Fisk spat. "I have faced your kind before, not to mention people of real power, dangerous blind men, and annoying fools who dress like arachnids." He displayed an amulet inlaid with dozens of runes. "Magical dampening field. You are a fool and unfit to rule. Make peace with whatever you hold high, you are doomed. I would end your life now, but the Guild has rules. Rules that even such as I must follow."

"Kill Him!" screamed Riddle.

Goyle and Crabbe stepped forward, flexing their muscles and cracking their knuckles. Fisk just stared at them in open mouthed disbelief.

"Is that what you consider to be threatening?"

The Hench Trolls rushed the larger man, who grabbed them both by their necks, lifted them bodily from the ground and snapped their necks with his hands, allowing their lifeless bodies to fall to the ground.

"Pathetic. Treasure what time you have left Riddle. I would advise you not to run; you wouldn't want to make our chief scientist angry."

---ooo000ooo---

Harry and Hermione were lounging by the lake on another sunny Saturday. She had just finished performing a thorough check of his tonsils and was contemplating moving on to a hernia check when it became obvious that something was burrowing toward them.

Whatever it was, it pushed up a furrow in the ground like the world's largest mole.. An exit hole was pushed up. Then a beach chair flew out of the hole, followed by a bucket full of ice and carrots. Then a 5 foot tall Gray Rabbit, wearing a 1910 style men's swimming outfit.

"This ain't Pismo Beach." From a back pocket the Bunny drew a map. "I knew I should have turned left at Albuquerque." He turned and spotted Harry and Hermione. Pulling a carrot from his other back pocket, he took a couple of bites from it and said "Ah, What's up Doc?"

Harry removed his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose. "No".

"No what Doc?"

"I'm not doing this. Go away or else."

"Or else what Doc?" He took Harry's head in his hands and delivered a loud wet kiss. "I only want to be friends Doc."

Harry wiped his face. "You know of course, this means war."

"Hey Doc, that's my line."

"Last Chance."

"Doc, the League NEEDS you."

"I warned you. You wouldn't listen, but I warned you. Oh Ron!"

"Yeah Harry?"

"Look Ron, a bunny."

Ron's eyes went wide in delight; he swept the startled rabbit into his arms and began manhandling it. "A BUNNY! I always wanted a bunny. I will hug him, and kiss him, and pet him and feed him and I will call him George. Come on George It is time for me to hug you and kiss you and pet you and feed you and I will call you George, George."

"HELP ME!" screamed the terrified rabbit. "FOR THE LOVE OF MEL BLANC, HELP ME!"

But it was too late.

"Well, that was cruel."

"I know Hermione, but if we had fought with conventional weapons it would have taken years and cost millions of lives."

"Oh I quite agree. It was still cruel. Funny, but cruel." She smiled. "Now then, about that Hernia check..."

---ooo000ooo---

March had become April, April became May. It was starting to look like the League had forgotten all about them. No one had heard anything from Tommy boy in months, and Hermione was still in her "Best Girl Friend Ever" mode coming up with new and interesting ways to get Harry to scream her name and title. She had thrown herself into the study of sex the way she had thrown herself into everything she studied. Harry strongly suspected that one of these days her experimentations would go too far and he would be found dead with a smile on his face they would have to sandblast off, but he wasn't complaining. In short, life was good. True, Ron was still tearfully dragging around the carcass of a large gray bunny he called George, but the bunny had been warned. The Bunny had brought it upon himself. All Harry had asked was to be left alone.

The N.E.W.T.s were still a month away, but Hermione's new method of preparation (3 hours of study equated to 1 hour of 'Strategy') ensured that Harry was more prepared than he had ever been for any test in his life, and Hermione was much too mellow to do her normal pre-examination hysterics. Definitely a win-win situation.

Yes, life was good, at least until Harry and Hermione were walking back from a lovely Saturday afternoon at Hogsmeade, eschewing the carriages

for the quiet time together when a Helicopter was suddenly hovering a meter off the ground 10 meters in front of them. Over the noise of the engine and the whipping of the blades they could hear a shouted conversation.

"Thanks for the lift Mr. Macgregor."

"Ach, it's the least ah could do after you stopped ma sheep from stampedin' Lass"

"It's no big!" a red headed girl in cargo pants and a black belly shirt yelled as she dropped to the ground.

"AHH! KP!" yelled her similarly dressed companion as he fell face first onto the ground. Shaking his head, he picked himself up dusting himself off, and stood next to her as she waved to the copier's pilot as he flew way.

Harry and Hermione shared a look. Harry shrugged and approached the pair.

"By any chance are you looking for Harry Potter?"

"Actually, I believe we've found Harry Potter." The red head responded with a 10,000 watt smile

"You have. Would it save time to tell you that I don't want to join the League of Heroes?"

"You would think it would, but it won't. I'm Ron Stoppable, and this is Kim Possible. She can do anything."

Harry grinned. These were the least weird people to attempt to recruit him yet. "And this is Hermione Granger. She knows everything."

"Everything eh?" this Ron Stoppable got an odd look in his eyes. "What's the secret to the crunchy-tangy taste of the Naco?"

Hermione blinked "Potassium sorbate."

"She's right. She's a Witch!"

"Of course she's a witch Ron; this is a school for Witchcraft and Wizardry."

"Oh, yeah, I forgot. Hey Harry, what's the difference between Witchcraft and Wizardry?"

"Wizards do it standing up." That got him hit by both Hermione and Kim.

"Standing up. Brilliant!" The blond man laughed.

"Well if you're going to hang around and fail to talk me into joining, we might as well head up to the castle."

"I love Castles." Kim said.

"Not me, spooky things happen in Castles."

"Don't worry about it Ron, most of the ghosts at Hogwarts are friends."

====ooo000ooo====

"Hey there's Food!"

"Yeah, this is the Great Hall, where we eat Ron. Hungry?"

"This is nice Harry, is it ok if we join you?"

"Sure Kim, no problem. This is the Gryffindor table; this here is my best mate, Ron Weasley. Ron, this is Kim and Ron."

"Won? Haw can be noddr Won?" asked Ron Weasley while feeding himself.

"Ron? 2 Rons'? That can't be right! KP! EVIL TWIN CHECK."

He's not an evil Twin Ron."

Stoppable covered his eyes with his hands "Are you sure? Does he have a goatee?"

"No beard at all, Ron. It doesn't look like he can grow one."

"HEY!" objected Ron Weasley.

"Do I have a goatee?"

"No Ron." Kim sighed

"Ok, then. What's for dinner Ron?"

"The Sheppards Pie is good Ron."

"Thanks Ron," he poked at the left thigh pocket of his cargo pants. "Hey Rufus! Chow time!" An eager little creature scampered onto the table top.

"Bloody Hell Ron, what's that?"

"That Ron, is my buddy Rufus. He's a naked Mole Rat."

"Mo Watt!" Rufus agreed.

"I had a hairy traitor rat. But he ran off to join the bad guys."

"Dith ith good Won!"

"I know Won, the fud ith alwath gud here Won."

"My god, there's two of them." Hermione was horrified.

"Three if you count Rufus." Kim Possible sighed. "Can we go somewhere else and talk before my Ron starts describing the culinary perfection that is the naco?"

====ooo000ooo====

"Hot hot hot." Called Harry as he settled into to the large tub in the Prefect's bath.

"I'm not sure about this" said Kim looking in the full length mirror as she examined herself wearing the bikini Hermione had given her.

"Oh, come on, it's just a swim suit."

Harry smiled as the girls approached. "It's hot." He warned.

The girls settled into the tub, while agreeing with his assessment.

"So, Harry, why don't you want to join the League?"

"So many reasons. I've had a bad guy trying to kill me since I was 15 months old when he killed my parents. It got old real fast. He's almost done it more times than I care to remember. That hurts. A lot. I haven't heard from him in months, I do believe that Hermione, who is by the way, the best girl friend ever, has managed to get rid of him for me. Why would I want to go actively looking for another maniac who would want to kill me? I'd rather finish up at school and make out with my girl friend." He reached over to one of the bottles of Butterbeer he had brought with them and took a sip. "A better question is why do you do it? Is it really worth it to risk your life when our elders blithely ignore the dangers around us?"

Hermione took a bottle for herself and passed one to Kim, who took a deep draw on hers. "It started by accident, but if I can help, I figure I should. Whoa, this is good stuff." She drained the bottle. "Got any more?"

"Sure" Harry passed her another bottle. "Go easy with that stuff, it has a low alcohol content, but you didn't really eat much..."

"Oh hush. It's weird, I mean, here this is a school for Wizards and Witches, I expected to see magic everywhere, but I haven't seen any yet." She took another hit on her butterbeer and stared deeply into his eyes "Show me something."

"Magic is based on intent. I don't know if you want to see my intent."

"I knew it. It's all fake isn't it?"

"Hermione?"

The bushy haired witch shrugged, "She's asking for it."

Harry picked up his wand and silently cast. "There."

"What? I didn't see anything; you just waved your stick."

"Look down." He took another sip.

"Where's my suit?"

"It's with Hermione's." Harry indicated the dripping bits of cloth on the hook across the room.

"Neat trick." Kim pouted. "It hardly seems fair that you've still got yours."

"Easily fixed." Hermione waived her own wand, and Harry's suit was also on the hook. Hermione when moved over to sit on Harry's lap.

"Hermione," said Kim. "I spend almost every day saving people and hanging out with my best friend Ron. I have a fulfilling life, good friends, and loving family. And I'm with Ron Every Day."

"Every Day."

"Yes. Every Day. He's quite a bit like your Ron isn't he?"

"You poor girl." She got off Harry's lap. "Harry!"

"Yes Hermione?"

"You take care of this poor girl right now!"

"Oh thank you Hermione, I was so worried you wouldn't... share."

====ooo000ooo====

"Come on Ron!"

"Where are we going Ron?"

"To the kitchens Ron."

"What's in the kitchens Ron?"

"House Elves are in the kitchen Ron."

"Why are we going there Ron?"

"You are going to do the most important thing you have ever done Ron."

"What's that Ron?"

"You're going to make us some of those Nacos Ron."

"Nacos!" said Rufus.

"Great idea Ron, but how is making a batch of Nacos the most important thing I've ever done Ron?"

"When you make them for us, the House Elves will learn how. You're introducing Nacos to the menu at Hogwarts Ron!"

"Wow Ron"

"You said it Ron, what could be more important than that?"

====ooo000ooo====

This time the visitor came at breakfast. The doors to the Great Hall burst open and the tall blond man strode in, each step sounding vaguely like a person walking in soaking wet sneakers. He approached Dumbledore at the Head Table.

"Greetings, I am Arthur Curry of Atlantis. I seek Ha..."

"Harry Potter, yes, we've figured that out by now. He's over there." Dumbledore never looked up from his Daily Prophet and gestured vaguely with his fork in the direction of the Gryffindor table.

The man in the green and gold body suit squelched his way over to Harry who was trying to ignore him while eating his breakfast.

"Ahem."

"Yeah, yeah. League of Heroes. Like I told the last 16 guys, not interested."

"I am Arthur of Atlantis."

"Really?" Harry looked up. "Didn't you talk to your King? Namor was here two weeks ago, I told him no, he went away." Harry gave Curry an apprising look. You don't look like Namor. Are you sure you're from Atlantis?"

"Don't mention that pretender to me! I am the king of Atlantis."

"You are? He could fly, breath water, and had super strength. What can you do?"

"uhh... I breath water and speak to sea creatures."

"You talk to fish? Really?"

"Yes. A most useful power I assure you." He stared at Harry's plate. "Is that Murray?"

"What? This kipper?"

"That IS Murray. You barbarian surface dweller!"

"Yeah. Ok then." Harry noticed the puddle at the man's feet. "I hope that's just water that dripped off your outfit there. Filch is gonna be pissed."

"Would you PLEASE quit eating Murray while we're talking?"

"Wait, I remember you. Don't you hang out with a young boy who wears short shorts?"

"He's my Ward."

"Yeah, right. Why don't you just wander off now Puddles? My girlfriend is coming over and we've got business to discuss."

Dejected, the Sea King squelched out the door. The hour he could spend out of the water was about up anyway.

"Who was that?" asked Hermione staring after the departing man.

"Called himself Arthur Curry King of Atlantis." Harry said, reaching for some more bacon. "Said he talked to fish."

"King of Atlantis? Another one?"

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It had been a long day. Following the appearance of the second King of Atlantis in two weeks, there was a collection of five 'heroes' (the term used very loosely) A powerless individual in a Jesters costume, A flying puffball who drifted along at approximately 3 miles per hour, an Archer frightened of his own shadow, an extremely clumsy strong man who felt the need to demonstrate that he could breath water, and an extremely beautiful,

extremely well dressed, extremely strong, extremely stupid blonde woman dressed for some reason in a rabbit-sque costume. It wasn't so much that he had to tell them 'no', it was he had to explain what 'no' meant. Several times.

Then Hermione wouldn't make an exception in her 'no dumb girls' policy, even after Harry noted that she (Hermione) was smart enough for all of them.

Then after lunch Harry had been enroute with Hermione to the Greenhouses for Herbology when he was suddenly confronted by a blonde man in a blue body suit that had a stylized number four on the chest.

"Hi there Harry, I'm Johnny Storm, damned glad to meet you." He pumped Harry's hand, and then spotted Hermione. "Well hello! Do you believe a man can fly?"

"Not interested in joining."

"That's too bad, see you later." Storm slipped his arm around Hermione's waist. "So, what do you do when you're not escorting the little guy here to class?"

Hermione actually giggled.

"I said, I'm not interested in joining your league."

"Yeah, heard you kid, run along to class ok?" He took Hermione's hands in his and gazed deeply into her eyes. "You know, I've been on hundreds of worlds and dozens of universes, I've never met anyone quite as beautiful as you." Hermione giggle some more as he led her away.

Harry just stared after them open mouthed. Then he shrugged. He pulled out his wand and flicked it in the direction of the blond man twice. The first applied a sticking charm to his briefs causing them to adhere to his body. The second, a shrinking charm, reducing said underpants 4 sizes. "How fantastic you feeling now buddy?"

Harry went to class. Hermione joined him minutes later, still laughing.

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That was the end of the parade of Heroes for the day. That evening Harry and Hermione were in the heads suite common room. She was on his lap, both of them had taken their shirts off, spit was being swapped.

"Hi there." They looked up from each other to see a dark haired woman in a leather bustier, suspender belt, fishnet stockings and stiletto heels leaning against the door jamb to Harry's room.

"How did you get in here?" Hermione asked.

"The portrait is male. I always get what I want from men be they flesh and blood or otherwise."

"Are you from the League?" Harry asked.

"Yep" the woman stretched her arms over her head, particularly nice happy parts threatened to escape the bustier.

"I don't want to join."

"Too bad. Oh well, since I'm here, my name is Nasty Girl." She licked her lips slowly. "Wanna see my power?"

Harry and Hermione shared a look. "Hell yeah!" said Hermione.

Best girlfriend ever! Thought Harry.

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It was a beautiful May Saturday afternoon. In anticipation of the rush of League recruiters (It appeared that the League's official motto was "We never take 'No' for an answer") Harry had conjured a "Now Rejecting #" sign and had Luna, Ginny and Neville handing out numbers to the spandex wearing loons as they arrived.

"Look Jordan," Harry was explaining to the tall man with the green domino mask and what Harry assumed to be a glowing decoder ring, "I've already told three of you guys with the rings, No. Please go away. NUMBER 17!"

The man in green slunk away

Before Number 17 (a tall massively muscled man with shoulder length blond hair, a winged helm and a large battle hammer) could get to the table where Harry and Hermione sat a tall blue-black haired man landed. In a blue body suit with a red cape and a stylized S on his chest, he quickly twisted the spit curl on his forehead to an S shape.

The line of assembled heroes was silent except for a huge Green individual who started bellowing about 'no cuts' and 'smashing'. The hulking figure was silenced by a death glare from Luna. When the heroes saw the 5'3" blonde facing down the 8'7" green goliath they shuddered. The poor fool didn't stand chance.

The line cutter extended his hand. "Harry, it's good to meet you, I'm"

"No."

"But Harry, we at the league"

"Evidently didn't teach strange visitors from another planet that it's rude to cut in line. Or how to take no for an answer."

"But I"

"Wear your y-fronts outside your trousers, yes we noticed."

The Man in blue turned to Hermione. "Miss could you talk some sense into him, the world needs him."

"You aren't fooling anyone you know."

"Excuse me?" The Kryptonian was confused.

"The Glasses as a disguise. Everyone knows you're Clark Kent. You've got blue in your hair for Merilin's sake."

"I don't know what you're talking about." The Hero huffed.

"Let me demonstrate." She turned to Harry, "May I borrow your glasses?"

"Certainly Hermione." She put them on. "Wait, who are you? Where did Hermione go?"

"See? No one would be confused by this 'clever disguise'. You put your 'secret identity' on book covers and in the newspaper. How did you expect to fool anyone?"

As the Kryptonian opened and closed his mouth like a beached fish, Ron strolled up munching his way through a large plate of Nacos. "Oi, fresh meat. What houses do you think you'll be sorted into?"

Harry took his glasses back.

"Oi, Harry! Where did those two new kids get off to? And where did you and Hermione come from?"

"Ok," Hermione shrugged. "It might fool the dangerously inbred, but other than that?"

The man of steel slunk away. He was followed by the rest of the assembled heroes.

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Riddle sat alone in his lair. Abandoned by those few followers who still lived, he waited for the end. Potter had won. He had the slim hope that the Guild didn't know about his horcruxes, and that he would return, but without followers, how was he to regain his body? Damn Potter anyway. Sometimes he thought that the biggest mistake of his life had been listening to Snape when he brought him that damned prophecy. If he had just allowed Potter to grow up untouched, would he be the threat he is now? Actually he wasn't all that much of a threat; it was those damned friends of his. Each of them adding to Potter's power. But it was all too late now.

"This is the place Lex"

"Thank you Mercy." A tall bald man strode into the throne room, dressed in a black Muggle suit. Beside him stood a tall woman in the uniform of a chauffeur.

"Tom Riddle I presume? I was led to believe that you had followers, yet here I find you all alone."

"Your counterparts took great pleasure in killing them."

"Ah, yes. They tend to be a rather dramatic group." Mercy handed the bald man a file. "Tom Marvolo Riddle. Born 1926, died October 31st 1981 at the hand of one Harry James Potter age 15 months. Reborn June 24th 1995. Has personally faced and failed to kill Harry James Potter four times, failing each time. Has the temerity to call himself a 'Dark Lord' despite being a trademarked term."

The bald man shook his head sadly. "We cannot allow individuals of minor abilities and the unfortunate habit of losing to his opponent to misuse our trademarked titles. You failed to obtain the blessing of any of the applicable divisions within the Guild."

"You haven't tested me yet."

"Fine. Solve for a cube root." He paused for a moment while the Riddle gave him a blank look. "Math is the basis of all science, if you cannot perform a high school level math problem; you are rejected by the Science Division."

"I know you. You constantly fail against your main opponent as well."

"I do. That is a fact. My opponent is an Alien with god like powers. Yours was an infant, a child, and now a 17 year old boy with more interest in bedding his girlfriend than fighting you. Does that sound comparable to you?"

"I am immortal. I cannot be killed."

"Ah yes, your 'Horcruxes'. An interesting technique, though the effect it has on you is not to be envied. Our technomages collected them over a two week period, and destroyed them. They were quite entertained by the defenses you constructed around them. Several of that team are still giggling."

The Bald man checked the watch on his wrist. "Time to go. Mercy?"

Riddle's hope soared for a moment, and then the pistol behind his left ear fired. The mass that had once been Tom Riddle collapsed.

"Anytime you're ready Lex."

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Following dinner Harry and Hermione were walking hand in hand along the lake, when a tall raven haired woman in a red, white, and blue swim suit approached. She wore a gold tiara and two silver bracelets. Her body was toned and tanned. Harry's mouth went very dry.

"Hello Harry Potter, I bring you greetings from Themyscira."

"Uh, sorry. I really don't want to join the league."

"I'm sure given the chance I could convince you otherwise..."

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"Harry."

"Go away."

"Harry, quit being silly," Hermione recentered her new tiara, and clinked her new Amazonium bracelets together. "What do you think?"

"Go talk to your new girlfriend." Harry moped

"Diana's left Harry. She's very disappointed you didn't join."

"Disappointed? She wouldn't let me. Every time I tried, she threw me across the room!"

"Not join us in bed, silly. Join the League. What are you so mad about? We let you watch."

"It's not the same. Plus after the 4th hour, just watching got a little old."

I've got an idea that will make it up to you."

"You do?" He did his best to appear only slightly interested. It wasn't easy, Hermione's ideas tended to be lots of fun.

She leaned close and whispered in his ear.

"BEST GIRLFRIEND EVER!"

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"Mr. Potter?"

Harry looked up; the speaker was a tall bald man in an expensive muggle suit. He was accompanied by a very tall, very beautiful, very dangerous looking woman in a chauffeur's uniform.

"Hi there. Don't recognize the outfit, but I don't want to join the League of Heroes. Good Bye.

"My card Mr. Potter."

Harry accepted the card. This was new; none of the costumed loonies had cards.

Lex Luthor

Lexcorp International

Metropolis, London, Tokyo, Christs Church.

Chief Scientist

The Guild of Evil Overlords, Criminal Masterminds and Malevolent Sorcerers

Science Division

More Evil Than You

Since 1932.

Sweet Merlin's Baggy Y-Fronts!

"I'm sorry Mr. Luthor, I didn't recognize you. I meant no respect."

"I quite understand Mr. Potter. If I had been hounded by the costumed idiots you have had to deal with I would probably react the same way. I come bearing news of your primary adversary, Tom Riddle. He will not be bothering you any longer. I was wondering if you would be interested in applying to the Guild for a replacement arch foe?"

"Good lord no. No disrespect intended Mr. Luthor, but your Guild is dangerous. I want no part of the hero business. I just want to finish school and mess around with my girlfriend."

"A wise decision on your part Mr. Potter. As senior member of the Guild's board in the area I was obligated by the International Good vs. Evil parity act of 1963 to make the offer. Really too bad, there are several young up and comers in our Magic Division who were quite looking forward to their crack at you. Well we won't be keeping you from your studies any longer."

"Mr. Luthor, before you go, could I ask a question?"

"Certainly my boy. How can I help you?"

"I was wondering why you put up with Superman's Secret Identity?"

Luthor was perplexed. "I'm not sure I understand what you are asking."

"Well I mean he uses a pair of glasses as a disguise. I mean the man has blue hair. I know you've just been humoring him for years, but I was wondering why? From what I read, he's as much a thorn in your side when Clark Kent writes his newspaper articles about you as when he foils one of your plots as Superman."

"Kent?" The Bald man was stunned.

"It was just something that I always wondered about; I mean you'd have to really be a moron to think that a pair of glasses would work as a disguise, so obviously he isn't all that bright. And it would take an even bigger moron to be fooled by it."

"Of course Mr. Potter." He had to get away from this kid.

"So I was right? You are just humoring him?"

"It's hardly fair to abuse the mentally disabled Mr. Potter. I really must go. Good Day young man."

Walking with Mercy to his waiting VTOL aircraft Luthor kept muttering "Kent. Of course. Blue Hair. Kent;"

"Good Lord Lex, talk about being too close to the problem. You really didn't know? I thought everyone knew. I mean a pair of glasses?"

"Shut up Mercy."

"Yes Lex..."

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Harry reported to the room of requirements at exactly 8pm as directed by Hermione. She had promised that he would enjoy the evening. He opened the door and found a small crowd in waiting for him. Above a padded are was a sign:

Hogwarts All House All Time Sweaty Naked Wrestling Championship

On the pads Hermione, Padma, Hannah, and Daphne were in various states of undress coated with a thin sheen of perspiration and flexing at him. Susan, Parvati, Lavender and many other girls were warming up. With a flick of her wand Susan caused his clothing to vanish, as Hermione hit him in the chest with a flying drop kick, Padma put him in a scissors hold around his head and Daphne was pinning him with an assist from Hannah.

"eh gefnfbahl!" said Harry from inside Padma's thighs.

"What was that Harry? I didn't quite catch it."

"BEST GIRL FRIEND EVER!" chorused the girls.

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The following day Lex Luthor made his way to the Leaky Cauldron, and was directed to a private room. His appointment was waiting for him.

"Congratulations. When you outlined your plan to eliminate Riddle I didn't think you could pull it off. I underestimated you. It won't happen again."

"So my application is accepted?" asked the cloaked figure.

"Most assuredly. Your method of eliminating him without expending any of your own assets is what I saw as the flaw in your method, using my own organization to do it for you was a stroke of genius, my fellow department heads had no clue. Well done indeed."

The cloaked figure raised the glass of fire whiskey in a salute and drank. "Your people are quite effective, if easily misled. So I have absolute dominion of the British Isles for the next 100 years?"

"As per our agreements." Luthor sat back. "Are you sure Potter and Dumbledore won't be a problem? I met with Potter after the elimination of Riddle, power just flows from him. He's just a boy now, but will grow into his power in a short period."

"Let me worry about Potter and Dumbledore. I am in complete control of the situation."

"As you wish." He extended the paper work for the required signatures. "The Guild will have no operations covert or overt in the British Isles for the next 100 years. During that time you will be allowed a free hand in making yourself the supreme ruler of the land." The man had an odd look. "I hope you know what you are asking for. Ruling sounds good, but the actual doing it can be a thankless task. You are certainly calculating enough, but are you cruel enough to do what you must do?"

"Mr. Luthor, I am the only child of not one but two BRITISH Dentists." Hermione Granger lowered the hood of her cloak, her eyes flashing. "Cruelty is in my genes."

Luthor paled. How long would it be before this girl came for him?

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AN: On the off chance that you didn't like the original ending, consider this your emergency backup Scooby Ending, because after all, Tommy would have gotten away with it if it weren't for those meddling kids:

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The Bald man checked the watch on his wrist. "Time to go. Mercy?"

Riddle's hope soared for a moment.

"Anytime you're ready Lex."

Luthor handed Riddle a slip of paper. "Report to this address Monday morning for orientation."

What?"

"Your punishment will be an unpaid internship in our magical division. You will perform adequately or find yourself a test subject in the science labs."

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Orientation was interminable. After the classes were over he was handed his ID badge, name tag, rubber gloves and paper hat. Thus began his penance as an unpaid dark intern.

It turned out that being a dark intern has many similarities to being a janitor. The major difference being the weekly paycheck that those of the janitorial staff received. The worst of the insults showed up on July the 31st.

"Hey Tom."

"Potter." He hissed.

"Janitor huh? I bet that's a letdown."

"Dark Intern if you please. There's a difference."

"The paycheck?"

"Pretty much." Riddle admitted. "What did you want Potter? Come to gloat?"

"Now gloating would be pretty immature wouldn't it? I'm here because my Wife, you remember Hermione, right? My wife gave this meeting to me as a birthday present. Today's my birthday you know."

"The Mudblood gave you a meeting with me for your birthday?"

"No. She gave me THIS!" And he kicked the former dark lord square in the balls.

Riddle fell to the floor and vomited.

"You know Tom, when she gave me the certificate, I thought 'why would I want this?', but I'll be damned if she wasn't right. That was fun. Thanks a lot. See you next year!"

And Potter returned every year on the anniversary of his birth to kick Tom Riddle. Much fun was had by all. Except Riddle.

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"I was the most feared Dark Wizard Europe had known for 500 years. I had hundreds of followers willing to die at my whim. I had women on their knees before me every day, willing to sacrifice their own children for the opportunity. I was a hairsbreadth away from total domination of all of Europe. And I would have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for those meddling kids!"

"Yeah" said Andy his supervisor, starting to regret asking 'how's it hangin'?' when Riddle had entered the room. "Well there's a clean up in the Recombinant DNA labs. Someone fed the 80 foot Gorilla 600 kilos of banana, not knowing that bananas give her the trots. Better take two mops, it's a mess. Oh and watch your back, she's in heat and a little randy..."

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