

Harry Potter and Obscenely Ultimate Powerups of Utter Wrongness Voldemort's a knocking...

A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters mentioned herein. But you knew that.

A/N2: Ok, this is dumb, but it wouldn't leave me alone. I can only offer my apologies to any and every one whose creation I use in this. This is a story of Harry Potter, and what he achieves, with, or perhaps despite, a little help from his friends.

Harry Potter and Obscenely Ultimate Powerups of Utter Wrongness

Harry Potter stood in front of the entrance to Hogwarts Castle staring out at the massed crowd just beyond the castle's wards, his mouth dry, and an all consuming fear gripping his mind. At the edge of the wards, there were scores of Death Eaters clad in their black robes and white masks. A dozen Giants were assaulting the wards by of all things, throwing boulders at the magical barriers. More trolls than he could count at this distance milled about. Dementors and Harpies filled the sky, Werewolves and Vampires prowled the perimeter of the wards. Near the forbidden forest a horde of Banshees waited.

There he was, pacing back and forth behind the small crowd of curse breakers chanting and pulling at the wards. Voldemort was here. Here to kill Harry Potter.

Harry felt a hand take his own, the delicate finger intertwining with his calloused ones. He didn't need to look, it could only be Hermione.

"So," His bushy haired Soul Mate said. "What's the plan?"

Harry turned to face her, shocked. "Plan? Since when do I make plans?"

"See, I was hoping that you would reveal your super secret plan that involved coming up with something that would turn out to be the power Riddle knew not." The Brunette said.

The wards pulsed; half the curse breakers fell to the ground convulsing, while Voldemort occupied his time by alternating between screaming at the fallen curse breakers and throwing random crucio's around.

"I've got nothing." The raven haired savior of the Wizarding world muttered shaking his head. "Tom is attacking with more troops than we've got students. We need to start getting people out of here."

"Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall are working on making portkeys. The Headmaster projects that the wards will last another twenty minutes at most." Hermione explained.

"Good. When they're ready, I want you to take charge of the first group out."

"Like hell I will. I'm not leaving Harry Potter, if Tom Riddle wants to get at you; he has to go through me first."

"Hermione..."

Harry found himself suddenly holding an armload of weeping woman. "I won't leave you Harry. I won't. No matter what."

Draco Malfoy watched the exchange from where he was leaning against the castle's wall and shook his head. Whatever else he was, Potter was a brave. Faced with overwhelming odds, Potter was thinking of others. Granger was terrified, but would not leave her lover. Draco turned his attention to the hordes just beyond the wards. From what he could see the estimate of the wards lasting twenty minutes was optimistic.

Tasked with doing what he could to assist the bringing the wards down and preventing Potter from escaping, Draco reached his decision, at some level he had always known it would come to this. Draco heaved himself away from the wall and made his way into the castle, his robes billowing about his body as he moved. He needed to retrieve a few items from his trunk before the wards fell.

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The wards lasted another seventeen minutes. Surprisingly, there was no mass stampede of that dark army toward the castle, instead the amplified voice Harry knew only too well boomed out.

"Your last defenses have fallen Potter. You cannot hide from me any longer. Today you die."

Harry raised his own wand to his throat and cast Sonorus. "Isn't this like the fifth or sixth day you claimed I was going to die Tom? Have you finally found enough lackeys to actually manage it?"

the only challenge to that challenge was in inarticulate scream of fury. Harry canceled the Sonorus and turned to face the crowd of mostly DA members between him and the castle.

"We've got to buy the Headmaster time to evacuate the youngsters. Everyone be careful. You've got your portkeys, use them."

"What about you Harry?" Padma Patil asked.

"Tom's come all this way and gone to all this trouble just to see me." The raven haired Gryffindor said with a grin. "It would be rude to disappoint him."

Neville Longbottom stepped out of the crowd and moved to place himself between Harry and Voldemort's hordes. "Harry, I found something last summer that I thought would help with if it came to this." He gestured toward the mass of dark beings just now crossing the ward lines. "This seems to be as good a time as any." Neville reached over his shoulder and pulled, seemingly from nowhere, an oddly shaped sword. Raising it over his head, the Scion of the Longbottom line turned to face the invaders, threw back his head and shouted **"BY THE POWER OF GRAYSKULL!"**

From the cloudless sky a bolt of lightning leapt to the raised sword, and Neville's entire body began to glow in a blinding incandescent light. From within that light Neville's voice rang out again. **"I HAVE THE POWER!"**

The light hiding Neville slowly faded, revealing a man who was obviously Neville, yet massively, perhaps even grotesquely muscled. The seventh year's school robes were gone, replaced by a loin cloth, leather boots and a strange bandolier like harness over his upper torso. This new Neville pointed his sword at Hermione's cat Crookshanks, and a bolt of energy leapt from the sword to the large orange cat.

The cat's body was suddenly incandescent, much as Neville's had been moments before, but the transformation was much more extreme. The cat's body lengthened and grew until a huge green tiger like animal stood where the half kneazle had been before, complete with what appeared to be a saddle and a battle helmet. The new beast's roar split the air, shaking the very foundation of Hogwarts castle. Neville leapt onto the saddle on the huge cat's back.

"Don't worry Harry" He said in a thunderous echoing voice. **"Battlecat and I will thin out Voldemort's herd a bit for you. If anyone sees Bellatrix LeStrange, she's mine!"** He pulled back on the reins and the gargantuan green tiger reared back on his hind legs. **"Let's go Battlecat! Let's teach Voldemort and his armies what war is all about!"**

With yet another earth shaking roar, the warrior and his mount sprang toward the minions of evil.

Harry Potter and Hermione Granger stared after the pair in open mouthed amazement.

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"I've got a surprise too Harry," Dennis Creevey piped up breaking the silence that followed Neville's transformation. "Neville won't be out there alone. I know a little something that'll even the odds a bit." So saying, he pulled out a very odd-looking throwing knife and hurled it down towards the grounds.

"How is that going to help?" Hermione asked.

"Like this," Dennis replied, muttering a few words under his breath, the small boy vanishing in a puff of vapor.

Hermione knew this wasn't the time to point out that 'Hogwarts, A History' said that you can't Apparate on Hogwarts' grounds, but she was going to have words with Dennis when this was all over.

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Dennis' disappearance caused the remaining students to erupt into conversation.

"Everyone settle down." Harry shouted down the chaos. "I don't know what's going on, but we've got to stay calm and plan our defenses properly!"

"You can't expect the Weasleys to stay out of the fight Harry!"

Harry turned to see Ron, Ginny and all of their brothers standing in a group a few paces away. What now? This day wasn't insane enough without Ron... doing what ever the hell he was doing. Hopefully the twins brought some of their more... interesting inventions.

"Ron!" Hermione said shrilly. "This isn't the time for..."

Harry's eyes widened as Ron pulled a very short sword from his robes while the other Weasley siblings and oddly Colin Creevey crowded in close. Harry pulled Hermione to stand behind him, just in case Ron had come completely unhinged.

Ron Weasley held the short sword out in front of his body at eye level. Harry could see his best friend's blue eyes as the red head stared at him through the hilt. Ron then raised the sword above his head with the blade pointed skyward.

"Thunder!" he said. The sword seemed to pulse, and Harry would have sworn it doubled in length.

"THUNDER!" Again the sword pulsed, and doubled its length. Somewhere in the back of his mind Harry felt a tickle of recognition. He had heard this before... somewhere. While he was in his...cupboard?

"THUNDERCATS! HO!" The Weasleys (and Colin) disappeared in a burst of white light. When the light faded the Weasleys (and Colin) were

gone, and in their place stood eight humanoid... cats.

"Thundercats?" Hermione asked almost hysterically. "He-man and the Thundercats?"

"We'll deal with Riddle Harry!" boomed the tall lionish catman. **"You explain everything Colin!"** The six of the seven former Weasleys leaped into a large white treaded vehicle, while the female raced ahead on foot at incredible speed.

The smallest of the transformed group, a being seemingly of mixed reptile and cat heritage waddled over to Harry and Hermione dragging his tail on the ground. "Don't worry Harry (snarf!) We've been waiting for this day (snarf!) for years! V-V-V-Voldemort (snarf!) doesn't stand a chance. (snarf!)" The odd creature turned and waddled after the rapidly departing vehicle holding the Weasleys. "Wait for me Ron-O! (snarf!) I can help!"

"Wait a minute." Hermione said. "Wiley Kit and Cheetara were both female. If Ginny became Cheetara, then which of the twins is Wiley Kit? That would mean..."

"Hermione." Harry interrupted. "With all the insane things that are happening THAT'S what bothers you?"

The young woman thought for a moment, the manic look fading from her eyes ever so slightly. "You make a good point. I'll be quiet now."

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At the edge of the fallen wards, Voldemort looked disdainfully at the figure that was riding some sort of animal as he approached. Slightly behind the rider was another group of Hogwarts defenders in what appeared to be some kind of Muggle vehicle. In a sudden puff of vapor a small blond haired third year boy appeared at the gates and began walking directly toward the Dark Lord while shedding his school robes to reveal an orange boilersuit. "And who are you, little boy?"

"I'm Naruto Uzumaki, shinobi of the Hidden Village of the Leaf, on an S-rank mission to protect this school. I've been here for three years, waiting for you to attack, in a country with NO RAMEN. For making me wait in such barbaric conditions, I am going to beat you into the ground, and then I will laugh at you. BELIEVE IT!"

He made several gestures with his hands, and shouted "TAJU KAGE BUNSHIN NO JUTSU!"

Before the Death Eaters' bewildered eyes, the very air wavered across the whole frontage of Hogwarts' grounds, before a veritable army materialized out of thin air. An army where every member looked exactly like each other, and exactly like the boy who had summoned them.

Lucius Malfoy cleared his throat and stammered, "Wh-what are you?"

As one, every one of the identical thirteen-year-olds crossed their arms and said, "We are called Legion... 'cause there are a whole lot of us."

With that, the battle was joined.

Lucius cast a cutting curse at one of the horde of boys in orange jumpsuits, only to see his intended target cartwheel out of the path of his spell, sending a throwing knife back Lucius' way. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted the Dark Lord Face palm himself while muttering "It had to be Japanese Magic. I fucking HATE Japanese Magic. If one gigantic, pipe smoking, talking, toad shows up, I'm so out of here!"

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Daphne Greengrass rushed out of the castle to stand in front of Harry.

"Daphne, it's dangerous out here. Get back inside and get evacuated with the others."

"Hermione Granger." The Tall raven haired beauty put her right fist into the palm of her left hand and bowed slightly. "In 1216 Amicus Granger happened upon a cloaked traveler being attacked by highway men. Without concern for his own safety Amicus waded into the fight with his sword and assisted this unknown traveler against her attackers, taking an arrow meant for her. That traveler was my adopted mother, Queen Hippolyta of Themyscira. Amicus died saving my mother's life. Themyscira owes a debt to the House of Granger, since that day the women of Themyscira have protected those of the House of Granger, waiting for the opportunity to repay the debt we owe. Today is the day that debt is finally paid."

The young woman's robes fell to the ground revealing a form fitting black body suit that appeared to have a moving sparkling star field covering its expanse. (and provoking a gasp from a majority of the observing males) Each forearm was encircled by a silver band from the wrist to half way to the elbow.

"I am Troia. I am tasked by my mother to fight your battle Hermione. The fact that I will enjoy it is just icing on the cake." The young woman leaped into the air, and amazingly flew toward the battle that roiled at the edge of the fallen wards. **"For Themyscira!"**

Hermione looked to Harry. "Daphne is an Amazon?"

"Don't look at me." Harry said shaking his head. "This one is all on you. I had nothing to do with that."

Out of the corner of his eye Harry caught some movement... Was that Dean Thomas in a blue trench coat flying on a... dustbin lid? What the hell was going on?

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Neville riding astride a very transformed Crookshanks approached a cluster of Death Eaters and Werewolves at a gallop. A sickly yellow crucio arced toward them, only to be absorbed by Neville's sword.

Neville dismounted from the huge cat in a smooth motion. **"Werewolves Battlecat! Sic 'em! If you kill 'em you can eat 'em."**

The cat unleashed another ground shaking roar, and was among the Weres with a single leap claws and teeth slashing.

"It's time to pay the piper little Death Eaters, but if you point me to Bellatrix LeStrange, I'll let you surrender!"

The Death Eater in the front of the formation reached up and removed her mask. Her actual face a mask of astonishment. "Longbottom? What happened to my ickle Nevie?"

An evil grin crossed Neville's face. **"Happy Birthday to me!"**

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"We're here too Harry."

Harry turned his attention to Filius Flitwick. "Professor?"

"Wait until you see what Ravenclaw can do lad!" The small man raised his wand and twirled it above his head. "Ravenclaws! To me!"

Members of Ravenclaw house rallied to their Head of House's side. They began to chant in unison with the small man as his raised wand began to emit a strange blue mist. After a few moments the mist obscured the students of Ravenclaw house, then as quickly as it appeared the mist dissipated, revealing the Ravenclaws to be very changed.

The 'claws now appeared to be universally male, and to be very short, no more than three apples tall. Their skin was blue; from the waist down they wore a white body stocking, with holes in the rear that exposed a short blue tail. Atop their hairless head were white Phrygian caps. A few wore spectacles. They were rallied around a single noticeably different individual. His skin was also blue, but his body stocking and cap were red, and his tiny chin was covered with a white beard.

Harry glanced over to Hermione; she was staring at the transfigured 'Claws in open mouthed amazement.

"Is the one in red Flitwick?" He asked.

"I have no idea." She shook her head as if to clear the insanity of the situation away. "You know what they are, right?"

"I wish I didn't."

The small red clad blue man began to speak. "You all know why we're here. We fight evil for Hogwarts, for Ravenclaw, and for all those perceived to be too small and weak to fight for themselves!" The small man gestured and a cigar appeared in his right hand. He clenched the lit stogie between his teeth and ran toward the pitched battle, stopping at the edge of the crowd of transfigured Ravenclaws and looked back at them. "Come on, you mother-Smurfers! You wanna Smurf forever? Let's go, and let the forces of Darkness hear your battle cry and know that blue death comes for them!"

The assembled mass of tiny blue hominids began to skip toward the battle and their battle cry rent the air.

"La la la la la, la te la te da!"

Harry and Hermione again exchanged looks. Hermione's eyes were wide and very nearly hysterical. Harry just turned away from the battle and walked to the castle wall, where he sat down with his back against the castle. Hermione followed him, and sat down next to him, again taking his hand.

"This sounds stupid to ask, but..." she paused. "What's wrong Harry."

"I was bugged by what Neville did. Dennis just weirded me out. I flat out refuse to believe what Ron and Ginny and the rest of the Weasley's did, and don't get me started on Colin. I saw it, but I don't believe it. Daphne was weird and the rest of them... But what the 'claws did... That was just..."

"Smurfed up?"

"Yes damn it. Completely Smurfed up." He looked Hermione in the eye. "I swear to God and Merlin, if the Hufflepuffs change into Snorks, I'm going to kick someone's ass."

Hermione nodded her understanding, and then started to giggle uncontrollably. "The 'Puffs wouldn't be Snorks. They'd be Care-Bears." She gasped out between fits of giggling.

"Oh, please. Don't give them any ideas."

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Riddle was near panic. The flying woman had cut a swath through his dementors and harpies and was now bearing down on him. She parried every spell he cast with the bracelets she wore on each arm as she swooped in to attack. Worst of all, her attacks were not magical, despite the magic he could feel was part of her. No, her attacks were physical. The last time the woman had flashed by him she had landed a punch that had broken his

jaw in three places and cost him four teeth. How could a woman hit so hard?

Finally Riddle could hear the screech of the banshees as they arrived to defend him. The woman actually laughed and moved to intercept the Irish deamons.

The Dark Lord cast a quick healing charm on himself, and then gathered his strength to prepare for apparition to anywhere that wasn't here. It was then he noticed that it had suddenly become very dark.

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The young woman known around Hogwarts as 'Daphne Greengrass' urged a bit more speed out of her power of flight. She hadn't tussled with banshees for a while. They were always fun. She noticed that there was a figure suddenly flying in formation with her to her left, she glanced over to find Seamus Finnegan clad in a green and white body suit. The cheeky Irishman winked at her, then cut loose with a piercing scream and dropped three of the Demon Banshees to the ground.

"You're good." Daphne shouted. "We'll talk after."

Seamus winked again, and then focused his sonic scream on his next target.

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"**Harry!**" The Lionized Ron called out as the oddly transformed Hogwarts defenders came running back to the castle. "**We did it!**"

"**We sure did Harry!**" The pumped up Neville added, tossing a pale leathery mass at Harry's feet. "**This is what's left of Voldemort !**"

Harry looked down at the crushed wheezing form of the former Dark Lord. "What the hell happened to him?"

"Sorry." Dennis said with a shrug. "Daphne beat on him for a while, and then, well, Gamakichi sort of stepped on him."

"Gamakichi?" Harry asked.

"Oh, he's just this giant Toad I've got this deal with."

"A giant toad? Ok, given all that has happened today that makes perfect sense. Why is he still alive?" Harry asked.

"Because 'either must die at the hand of the other' Harry. Remember?" Hermione said breathlessly.

"So he can't die until I kill him?" Harry asked kneeling down beside the murderer of his parents. "Hello Tom, you're a mess."

The wheezing form managed to whisper. "Damn you Potter..."

Harry reached out and laid his hand on the man's head, attempting to whip the blood from his enemy's eyes. He wanted Riddle dead, but couldn't kill him while he was like this. As soon as his fingers touched Riddle's homunculus, the body convulsed and collapsed.

"He's dead." Harry said standing away from the body in horror. "I didn't do anything, I just touched him!"

"Wow 'either must die at the hand of the other. That's awfully literal for a prophecy." Hermione observed.

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That night, the parties were still in full swing. But Harry had begged off, retreating to the Gryffindor Head's suite where Hermione was waiting.

Breaking the kiss he shared with the bushy haired Head Girl, Harry said, "I'm actually free Hermione. We can have a future together."

"Believe me I know Harry." She said standing up. "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable"

Oh hot damn! Harry thought as he watched her enter her bedroom of the suite. "You know it's funny, just about everyone but you and me ended up having some kind of weird secret power."

"Actually, just you Harry. I got my own powerup." Hermione's voice drifted out from her bed chamber. "It's just mine didn't have any combat applications."

"You did? What was it?"

Hermione appeared in the door way to her bed room, dressed in a black leather bustier, G-String, fishnet stocking and stiletto heels. "I'm Nasty Girl." She said. "Wanna see my power?"

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In Order of appearance:

- Unless otherwise noted, all of the crossovers are products of my own sick mind.

He-man : Property of Mattel Toys (If it's Mattel, its swell) and Filmation Television Productions.

Neville/He-Man Because Nev never got the respect he deserved in canon.

Naruto: Property of Masashi Kishimoto and Viz Media. The Dennis Creevey/Naruto scenes suggested and mostly written by II

Thundercats : Property of Warner Brothers Entertainment

Weasley/Thundercats

Bill/Panthro, Charlie/Tygra, Ginny/Cheetara, the Twins/Wily-Kit and Wily-Kat (techie pranksters both of them). Percy/Jaga. Ron/Lion-O, Colin/Snarf.

Troia: Property of DC Comics

Daphne/Troia. Just because you know she's look hot in the outfit.

Static : Property of DC Comics

Dean/Static... Why not?

Banshee : Property of Marvel Comics

Seamus/Banshee... Well because he's Irish.

Nasty Girl : Property of Jim Valentino Productions

Hermione/Nasty Girl, because you know she would be.