July 6th 2016 Castle Wolfenstein, Munich, Germany, 10:00 A.M EDT

I threw a fireball. I didn't know how much good it would do, but it couldn't hurt. A black flaming orb (I'd imbued it with plenty of negative karma) sailed toward the bastard, and he smirked, lashing out with his spear and severing the attack in two, dispersing it harmlessly into the air around him. His eyes glowed golden as they fixed on me.

"Well, well, well." He said in lightly accented english. "It appears we have intruders. How…unexpected. I-" He was cut off as a blast of angry red light emerged from above and sent him smashing into the top of the uncovered crypt, demolishing the stone it was made of.

I turned to see Kara floating above and behind me, eyes still blazing from using her heat vision. "Hardcore." I said admiringly. "I didn't think you Superpeople did sucker punches."

She shrugged. "He's a nazi." Which was fair. I turned to start toward the crypt, planning to kill him and take the spear. Sadly, there was a grating and he emerged unharmed for the stone. I grimaced. Spear of unending victory. Gods damn it.

"You…you animals!" He snarled. "You would strike the owner of the Spear of Destiny? Would strike the wielder of a holy relic?"

I snickered. "The religion card? Dude, I'm pretty sure I've broken all ten of the commandments and I commit at least one of the seven deadly sins every day." I paused. "Wait…no, I've never borne false witness against a neighbor. Still, nine out of ten is solid."

Kara nodded. "And I'm descended from an alien sun god, so that pretty much puts me on the naughty list right there."

"Well, lets be honest." I said with a grin. "A LOT of the things we did last night would have gotten you in trouble anyway. Plus I'm married, and even if she doesn't care I think that still counts. I'd say we're both going to hell, but I've already been and I think I technically own part of it now."

The red haired asshole sputtered, and I took the time to finally appraise him, just to see what we were dealing with.

[Appraisal function activated. Treasure detected. Baron Bedlam- A rank empowered supervillain. Frederick DeLamb, also known as Baron Bedlam. A minor Markovian noble and nazi collaborator who staged a coup in the 80s but failed. After undergoing a mysterious experimental process, he received powers of geokinesis, gravity control, density control, and pyrokinesis, though due to his lack of Markovian royal blood these faded to almost nothing until he was empowered by the Spear of Destiny.]

I whistled. Damn, that spear had some kick. This guy had been such a joke he failed to conquer a no name backwater like Markovia from the inside. Turning him into an A-rank threat was a nasty trick.

“Don’t let him stab you.” I told Kara bluntly. “That spear is magical as fuck, and it’ll punch right through you.”

I wondered if my karmic consumption had anything to do with us ending up here. Finding an A rank spear in the possession of literal nazis while I had a kryptonian with me was more luck than even I was used to. It was possible the excess karma I consumed was being cleansed by my dark karmic attacks and making me luckier. That was pretty neat.

Since Kara was vulnerable, I shifted into my hundred foot dragon form and blasted Bedlam with a burst of draconic karma breath to draw attention. He just sneered, swiping his spear through my breath grandiosely…and then going flying into a wall when he only manage to blunt the initial impact.

I just snickered. “I’m and A ranker AND a god myself dipshit. Just because you banished a half assed fireball doesn’t mean you spear is some sort of unstoppable force.” I blurred forward, spinning midair and lashing out with my tail to swat him as he floated off the wall. I roared in pain as my tail hit and he drove the spear through my scales, but it didn’t get too deep.

Feeling some sort of attempted surge of divine power, I flooded the wound with bad karma, and the two conflicting energies boiled off, burning my injury like I’d poured rubbing alcohol on a big dirty slice.

While he was distracted by my pain, Kara appeared behind him, and I grinned as I saw her hammer a punch into his kidney. She was probably going to follow up, but almost on contact a surge of gravity smashed the area around him, taking her down into the dirt. Luckily his abilities weren’t magic, and she bounced right back up from whatever psychic gravity bullshit he’d pulled.

The other nazis were running and screaming, some having died in the exchange as my breath caved in part of the cavern and his gravity crushed some. I resumed human form, focusing on some of the stuff my mom had taught me.

Spell forms, including some that she’d seeded throughout the other world. More specifically, I was focusing on something extremely nasty that the enchanted forest had learned to fear. Curses.

Unlike the hacks over there, my curses didn’t need a sacrifice or to be kindled by the death of my very soul. They just needed bad karma, and I had plenty. Planting my feet I INHALED, siphoning the horror and death of more than a half century or residence by the most twisted, ruthless, subhuman garbage that humanity had to offer.

Experiments, torture, some things that could probably be considered a bit of both, awful things had been done in this place, and it had seeped so deeply into the bedrock that anyone but me would have been unable to even begin to cleanse it. I took it all, ate it up and shoved every ounce of pain, resentment, and torment into the form of the nastiest curse I could make. Then I hurled it right in Bedlams fucking face.

Opening my mouth, I erupted with the nastiest burst of negative karma I could and breathed it right through the spell form, supercharging the curse and focusing it into a blast that smashed into Bedlam, sending him spinning backwards in the air, screaming.

It wouldn't do shit to the spear. That was a weapon that was pretty much equal to me, if not slightly stronger. What it WOULD do was flood his body with negative karma and dark magic. His little pinprick into my tail had shown me the spear's energy and my dark magic didn't play nice, and he was stuffed to the gills with it.

He righted himself from the attack, eyes blazing, and turned to rush at me, but stopped midair. His face went white, choking and doubling over in the air. "What is this?" He demanded. "What have you done?"

My flesh was durable. Draconic bodies were famously tough, and even I'd had trouble containing that mix of energy. Bedlam might be technically A rank because of the spear, but he was A rank like Kara was A rank. All focused in one spot. He was pure offense, and the spear couldn't protect him from the spear itself.

The rampaging energies of the curse and the spear went to war inside his body, ripping through him wherever they went, and he dropped to the ground, screaming. He twitched and jerked as his skin started to crack open, purple and gold light strobing through the fissures as his body became a battleground for sacred and profane.

It was curious. I wondered where exactly the spell form for that curse came from, because while bad karma was bad, this seemed…unholy. Not exactly demonic, more like a perversion of light magic. It didn't really matter, it had done the job. I walked over to the twitching man and kicked the spear out of his hand as I resumed my normal shape.

As he lost his grip, the purple overpowered the gold and he screamed, body consumed in darklight before vanishing in a puff of purple smoke that billowed outward, flooding the entirety of the castle.

Kara floated over, intrigued. "Wow…that was." She trailed off. "What was that? Exactly?"

"Curse." I said matter of factly. "My mom taught it to me. I don't know who the fuck designed it, but it's a nasty bit of magic. She didn't mention where she got it, but its done some terrible shit."

She stared at the spot he'd been in. "Is he going to come back?"

“Probably not.” I said with a shrug. “Last time that curse got cast, it was over an entire kingdom, and the universe had to manufacture a hero to counter it.” I gestured around us. “The rest of the ones that didn’t die went with him, though it wasn’t as dramatic. Couldn’t have happened to a nicer bunch.”

The idea that somewhere out there, a garrison of actual nazis were stuck in some kind of curse like Storybrooke, suffering for eternity and most likely never to escape, made me smile. Leaning down, I grabbed the spear, lifting it carefully, expecting to be attacked or damaged.

To my surprise, it didn’t try to empower me or smite me. I just sat there, harmless. I felt my points tick up to seven billion, and I grinned as I stuffed it in my pouch. It might come in handy later. I looked around with a sigh. “Well, this was a giant ass waste of time. I was supposed to be finding Kyra Arg’s base.”

Kara smiled at me brightly. “I think we helped lots of people by getting rid of these guys. That’s never a waste. Where are we off to next?”

“Svalbard is the next spot to check.” I said with a sigh. “But I should probably bring you back to the Hall. The girls will want to meet the new baby mama and probably yell at me. Also I’d love to introduce you to my daughter. She’s adorable.”

I expected some reaction to that, but apparently Krypton was pretty permissive. She just smiled and shrugged, and I laughed as I led us outside.

When we reached the exit, I grimaced at the castle. “Shit.” I said with a sigh. “I sucked all the magic out of the walls faster than they could refill with that curse. No more cloaking. The place will fill with magic, but without the enchantments on the stone it won’t do anything.”

Kara shrugged. “I can call it in to the League. They’ll make sure no one does anything bad with the magic.”

That annoyed me. I wanted to keep the damned castle, but I didn’t have time to sit around and claim it, so I’d just have to let the goody goody’s do their thing. This was going to be noisy and there was no way Arg wouldn’t hear about it soon. If I didn’t find her lair she’d either move or prepare, and either one would be a bad thing.

Kara called in the castle, telling them that the nazis ‘Ran away after a big fight with Baron Bedlam’ who had killed all the ones who died, and then we left. As we flew away, I smirked at her. “You didn’t mention the curse.”

“You didn’t kill anyone.” She said smugly. “That’s what the League is all about. Finding alternate means of punishment. Your curse seems like the perfect compromise for people like that.”

I laughed, spinning in the air as I flew toward Brightedge. “I knew I liked you.” I said happily.

Kara just giggled, and then words were lost as I picked up speed, breaking the sound barrier at an altitude high enough not to cause problems. This hadn’t really been productive, but it had been kind of fun, and I needed that sometimes. Vacation was over now though, after I introduced Kara to the others I was back on the trail of Kyra Arg. Only three more A rankers until I could enact my plan.