

William Day sat at his CatCo desk twirling his pen and looking out the window towards the horizon, as if he was trying to peer into the future. He scowled a bit, an expression that was two parts forlorn to one part fear.

From across the room, Kara Danvers couldn't help but notice. She didn't need her Kryptonian super-powers to know her friend was hurting. If she was truly about hope and compassion for all, she would see what she could do to help. It didn't hurt that this was William, someone she knew she was crushing on.

"Hey William," she said as she sidled up to his desk. "Why the long face?"

His head snapped up at her, as if he was surprised that his feelings were so obvious.

"Oh, hello Kara," he replied, his face quickly brightening, but in that false way that people know you are hiding something. "Why, I don't know what you mean. I'm just ... um ... thinking about an article I am trying to write."

Kara did that half smile she did, cocking her head a bit to the right, like a puppy. His heart pounded a bit. He liked Kara, liked her a lot. And he could tell she wasn't buying that flimsy excuse.

"Yeeeahhh" she said back slowly, disbelievingly. "Except, I don't buy it. So get up and let's go get coffee and a treat and you can tell me."

He started to shake his head but she cut him off.

"Nope." she said shaking her head. "I won't let you say no. That new pastry shop has peach jam doughnuts like Eliza used to make. And you need to let me in." She pulled on his wrist, maybe just a bit too strong. He practically flew out of his chair. She blushed. "Oops ... sorry. You know how excited I get about doughnuts."

For the first time in days, he smiled.

"Okay okay," he chortled. "I know there isn't getting you to back down when your mind is made up. Off we go."

They walked a couple of blocks making chitchat until they came to the shop. With coffee and sugary sweets in hand, they continued down the road and into National City Park.

"All right," Kara pried. "Enough small talk about Midvale and journalism. Tell me what is going on."

William sighed. He loved Kara more than he cared to admit. She was sunny and bright and tenacious. She cared about people. He knew he was smitten. And, incredibly, he knew he could trust her.

"Well, I won't be surprised if you say you don't believe me when I'm done. I'm not sure I believe it."

Kara smirked. As Supergirl she had been part of many things that most would consider impossible, from 5th dimensional imps to grass bringing people back to life. "Try me," she said, her smile beaming at William.

He took a deep breath and led her to a park bench.

"This is a long story so we better settle in," he said.

“Remember when Reign threatened the planet?” he asked.

Kara nodded. How could she forget? Reign was one of her deadliest foes as well as one of her best friends.

“Well,” he continued. “Remember how the world first knew about her because she flash fried her symbol all over the city.”

Kara nodded again. The ‘Mark of the Beast’ was the first sign of Reign’s coming.

William shook his head as if he didn’t even believe what he was about to say.

“She blasted that symbol from the sky, into buildings and roads and the earth. Would you believe one of the things she blasted it into was me?”

This did take Kara by surprise. Reign had Kryptonian heat vision. The Mark of the Beast scorched metal and stone. If it hit William, he’d be ash.

He saw her expression.

“I know,” he said. “I should be dead. But that mark was tattooed on me, like a burn. But then it faded. Like my body absorbed it.”

He looked up at her, peering into her blue eyes.

“These last few weeks I have been having nightmares. Three women, witches really, are screaming at me. They say that mark is theirs. That I have stolen it from them. And that rather than a mark, it is a curse.” He choked a bit, as if he was reliving something frightening.

“Hey hey hey,” Kara said, instinctively grabbing William’s hands in her own, lovingly. Now it was her turn to look into his eyes. “These were silly dreams. And I’m here for you.”

“Oh Kara,” he said. “I wake up in a cold sweat, my heart pounding. The dreams are getting more vivid. They keep saying the curse is happening. And I feel ... well ... I don’t know why. But I feel like that Curse of the Beast ... it’s coming today.”

Kara moved closer to William on the bench, holding his hands tighter. She felt her heart race a bit. She cared for William. She hadn’t felt this way about someone since Mon-El.

“Don’t worry William,” she cooed, bringing her face close to his. “Those witches are gone. Supergirl took care of them.” She leaned in and kissed William’s lips, first softly then more fervently, the veil covering her passion pulled away.

William leaned into the kiss, a kiss he had been wanting for months.

But then ... his body was wracked with pain, a burning. His shirt burst into flames, revealing once more the Mark of the Beast, the Kryptonian sigil again emblazoned on his chest.

“Arrrgghh ...” he screamed in agony. “The Curse ... the curse !!!!”

He fell away from Kara and on to the ground, on his hands and knees, his body glowing while he shrieked in pain. Kara seemed frozen in her place. The others in the park stopped and stared.

His body suddenly contorted and stretched. His bones shattered, the eerie cracking audible to all around. And then his twisted limbs seemed to stretch and reset. His face elongated from a humanoid face to something of a muzzle. And his whole body grew.

“Kara!” he screamed as the last vestiges of his humanity melted away. “Help meeee! Help meee ... neeigggh neeeigggh!”

Within seconds, the man named William Day had vanished. And there in his place, was the new William, a white stallion. The mark of the beast was present just below the start of his mane, now warped into something more comet shaped.

Kara sat there incredulously. It had all happened so fast. But what happened? And then voices boomed from the heavens, the voices of the Kryptonian Witches.

“Kara Zor-El,” they screeched. “You may have defeated our agent Reign. But our foul magic still vexes you. We didn’t mean for our power to be imparted into this man. But we couldn’t believe our luck when he entered your life. And we could see how the two of you were growing together. So we decided to use our magic within William as a curse. A curse you brought on with your kiss of love. That brought out the Mark of the Beast, turning your love into a beast. And now you both shall suffer!!” They cackled loudly, like thunder in the clouds, until their laugh faded away.

Kara walked up to William, now a horse nickering in the park. She stroked his face.

“Don’t worry my love,” she whispered into the steed’s ear. “I’ll find a cure and we’ll be together.” As if he understood, he whinnied loudly.

“For now,” she said, running her hand over the symbol on his brow. “For now, I’ll call you Comet.”