

[Wonder Woman - Injustice POV]

I walked down the hall of the Regime's base to meet with Clark, my boots echoing on the hard floor with each step I took. As I walked, I couldn't help but wonder deep down why Clark had decided to offer that man... no... that monster our mercy.

By his own words, this unknown had proven to be a threat bigger than anything he had ever faced, and yet, despite that acknowledgment, he had decided to approach this beast and his army, which were a clear call for war, with peace.

No matter how much time I spent analyzing this. It just didn't make sense to me.

Perhaps Clark was starting to falter in his resolve.

Perhaps my involuntary absence had opened room for weakness within him, and because of that, he was beginning to doubt whether or not this war was worth fighting. Or maybe he was just getting too soft.

Either way, I still couldn't fathom what had led him to make such a rash decision, especially without confiding in me first.

Regardless of his state of mind right now, this had been a terrible move in more than one way. If Hal failed, our enemy would undoubtedly take his life, meaning we would lose valuable allies, and that was something we couldn't afford to pay right now, not when war was brewing in the air.

At this point, I could only hope that Hal would make it out alive, even though I knew the odds were stacked against him. With the limited number of soldiers Clark had given him, there was simply no way Hal would be able to defeat a beast of such terrifying power and strength, no matter how valiantly he fought.

This was out of my hands already.

I hadn't been consulted about this decision, and by now, even if I wanted to help Hal, I would be too late to do so.

At this point, the best I could possibly do is prepare for war, like Clark should've done the moment we received notice of this monster coming back.

"Diana," The unmistakable and insufferable voice of Lex Luthor, the snake amongst our ranks, interrupted my thoughts as he walked out of a room that connected with the hallway.

"What is it that you want, Luthor?" I said without turning to face him. If I had my way, I would've ripped his head off, but for reasons I had yet to understand, Clark had decided to spare him. "And make it quick. Unlike Clark, I have no tolerance for you."

Unfazed by my comment and unspoken threat, Luthor stood next to me. And with his eyes drawn to a point in the distance, he spoke. "Your concerns about the threat coming to earth were correct, Diana. Hal died. In a pretty gruesome way."

I felt my heart sink for a moment at the loss of our friend. Never before had I wished so hard to be wrong at something, but alas, I had been right.

Hal was gone, and it was all because of a terrible decision on Clark's part.

Clark had failed to stand against this monster that threatened our world and the people we cared about the way he should've. Instead, he had offered up Hal as a sacrificial lamb in an attempt at peace, only to have his own efforts backfire like I knew they would.

Luthor smiled as if enjoying my reaction. "It seems this time... Clark's vision for peace was ... rather misguided," taking a deep breath, he continued. "We better prepare for what is to come. No matter how much we try to avoid it, war is inevitable now."

[Raven - Rachel Roth POV]

[Young Justice]

As I walked into my room, I could feel the magic begin to stir. The air was thick with tension and power as the shadows seemed to lengthen in anticipation. After months of hardships and more, I was finally almost done collecting the ingredients I required to rescue David.

There was simply one thing left I required, the blood of a powerful familiar.

Klarion's familiar.

Those two had taken David from this world, and If I could just get the blood of that accursed cat, then I was sure without a

doubt I would have more than enough power to open the gateway I needed to reach David.

I just needed to forcibly summon Klarion, and the rest would fall into place alone.

"Today, today I bring you back, I promise," I muttered under my breath, as all of a sudden, I heard a knock on my door. From the magical signature alone, it was easy to tell it was Kaldur, the one behind my door.

Knowing what he was doing here, I opened the door with a wave of my hand.

"I know why you're here, and as I have told you before, I am not interested in going back to the team nor in talking about my problems," I said coldly as Kaldur entered the room.

"Raven, I know you have been through a lot, and we all understand why you don't want to talk with us about your problems," Kaldur replied with a concerned look in his eyes, his tone soft. "We all miss him, but it's been more than a year."

I glared at him in anger. "And because of that, you want me to give up?!" My voice echoed in the room as my magic intensified.

Kaldur stood his ground, unflinching, even though he could clearly feel the power emanating from me. "I didn't say that." He said calmly. "I would never say that. He's our friend, and he will always be, just like you are. But doing this alone, it won't end well for you."

Their friend... they knew nothing about him, they didn't know him as I did, no one did. They only knew the man he wanted them to know, not who he really was. I knew his fears, his hopes, his strength, and his weaknesses.

Taking a deep breath, I looked away, tears threatening to start streaming down. "Goodbye, Kaldur." With that said, I opened a portal and walked through it, leaving Kaldur standing alone in my room.

Today, I would bring David back. No matter the cost. I would do it.

[Kaldur'ahm POV]

[Young Justice]

I watched as Raven stepped through the portal that she had opened, and all I could feel was a heavy sense of dread on my shoulders.

I knew what she planned to do, and I also knew it was foolish. She had no idea what she was getting herself into, and even her magic, as vast as it was, wouldn't be enough to protect her. No one should ever attempt a magical ritual like this alone; it was too dangerous.

Especially considering she had to face Klarion to achieve her goals.

What Raven didn't seem to understand, though, was how much we cared about her, about Black Bolt, and that, just like her, we were willing to put our lives on the line for him if necessary to bring him back.

"I told you she would react like this," Robin murmured as he stepped beside me. "She blames herself for what happened to Bolt, and because of that, she feels she has to do this alone... Believe me, I would know..."

Swallowing down my apprehension, I nodded, knowing he was right.

"With her powers, we have no way of following her," I said, and Robin shook his head.

"We don't... But maybe there's someone who can," Robin suggested, and almost immediately, I understood what he was proposing.

"Dr. Kent Nelson," I concluded, and he nodded in response.

"That's not a bad idea. As we are right now, we lack the tools to follow her effectively, but Mr. Kent doesn't. If anyone has the magical dexterity to aid us in this, it's him."

"Exactly," Robin said with a determined expression.

"Call the rest of the team," I said firmly. "We'll need all hands on deck if we want to succeed."