

## [David Lance POV]

We followed the team of young heroes as they made their way out of the base, hiding behind the cloak of Raven's power. Just as in the original story, Superboy had released the trio from their pods, meaning that so far, the events of the story remained the same, even with the alterations Raven and I had provided to the script.

As we followed them from a relatively close distance, we witnessed Superboy's first struggles as he came to understand his shortcomings vs. Who he was supposed to be.

Until eventually, the team came to a halt, finding themselves cornered by a large group of Genomorphs. Nevertheless, Raven and I remained still, watching the events unfold without much worry for the heroes because we knew if push came to shove, we could save them.

However, I was also calm because I knew the Genemorphs weren't the ones they would have to face. Soon enough, they would rebel against Desmond, putting their hopes and dreams in the one who they consider their brother and beacon, Superboy.

As it happened in the story, Guardian, the superhero I had not at all forgotten, was here moved to subdue the team but stopped before he could take more than two steps.

His mind clearing from any mind control that was in place before, completing the events of the Genomorph revolution.

“I’ll deal with Desmond,” Guardian said, his hand gracing his helmet ever so lightly.

“I think not,” Desmond spat, coming into view right in time.

So, this was Blockbuster’s birth.

No need to repeat it.

Giving Raven a look, we moved behind him.

“Project Blockbuster will give me the power to restore order to CADMUS,” Desmond continued with a smile, pulling a vial full of liquid out of his lab coat before drawing it to his mouth.

However, before he could do such a thing, I snatched the vial out of his hands, Raven and I coming to view, her spell dissipating.

“Wha- Who are you two?!” Desmond spat, taking a few steps back, finding himself truly cornered.

I said nothing, turning to Raven, not even acknowledging the man at all. *‘Can you portal this to our base?’*

Raven nodded. *‘I can.’*

I nodded, sealing the vial before giving it to Raven to move as she opened a small portal.

“Black Bolt and Raven,” Aqualad said, his voice cutting through the air. “What are you two doing here? Did the League send you?”

I shook my head, tossing a tasing projectile at Desmond, who was about to make a run for it, electrocuting him in place, effectively rendering him silent for the time being.

“Then why are you guys here?” Kid Flash asked.

“Selling cookies,” Raven replied in a deadpan.

*‘Hahahaha, I love you sometimes,’* I inwardly laughed.

*‘Sometimes?’* Raven replied with a scoff.

“Not cool goth chick,” Kid Flash mumbled, crossing his arms.  
“Not cool.”

I turned back to them, giving each one a look; Superboy looked defiant, almost as if wanting a fight with me for whatever reason, Aqualad looked thoughtful, analyzing the situation, Kid Flash looked confident yet insecure, and Robin he looked scared, flinching at my gaze.

I sighed, giving Raven a look. Our job here was done.

“Good luck,” Raven said to the heroes before turning around and opening a portal with a move of her hand. And just like that, we left the team of young heroes at Cadmus.

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We stepped through the portal back to the safehouse we had moved the original Roy to, finding him just like we had left him in a bed, breathing but not conscious.

“I almost feel bad for leaving them to deal with the League alone,” Raven said, cutting our mental connection the moment we stepped out of CADMUS.

~No, you don't,~ I replied, rolling my eyes at her as I made my way to Roy. The situation, as it was, was very complicated,

meaning that taking him to a hospital would bring more problems than solutions to our table.

Contacting Oliver about this was out of the question. As much as I loved him, I knew without a doubt that his hotheadedness would unavoidably turn this into a liability for everyone involved.

My sister, on the other hand, would provide a better stand, at least one more logical in action, but telling her would put her in a complicated position when the truth about Roy was revealed.

I didn't want to be the reason for her relationship with Oliver to falter.

Meaning there were only two people I could trust with this.

Martian Manhunter and Batman.

Both had the skills, and tools, to help me deal with this discreetly.

"His mind... is in a coma of sorts," Raven said calmly. Her eyes fixed on Roy.

I nodded. That much I now remembered.

That was another problem. My memories; if it wasn't for the pain I had felt when I encountered Roy, the memories of him rushing back to me at all once, I would've brushed the fact I didn't remember him under the fact I have been here for years, and that before becoming David, my memory wasn't the best.

I could have legitimately forgotten a thing or two here and there; after all, who the fuck can remember what they ate for breakfast sixteen years ago?

But the pain I had felt. It shouted external intervention.

This alone opened a window of possibilities I didn't like at all. Because, until today, I was confident in my mind being able to protect me, or at least warn me when someone was trying to mess with me.

Which meant; that if my suppositions were right and my memory had been tampered by an unknown force, I wasn't safe at all.

After all, if they had locked some memories away, what was to say they hadn't changed other things?

For all I knew, I could have memories and feelings that are not my own inside of me, and I would never suspect a thing. Those possibilities, those what-ifs... scared me.