

[David Lance POV]

As Artemis scolded Kid Flash for his behavior, I focused on inspecting the ground beneath us.

The floor was hard and cool beneath my knees, and from between the cracks on the ground that formed on the floor, the unmistakable stark aroma of the wind of winter tickled my nose. Taking that cold air in, I ran my fingers over the floor for a few moments, finding a groove that would release what appeared to be a secret door.

Giving Aqualad a look, who was the only one helping me find a way out, I tugged, and the door swung open with a soft creak blasting me with a cold blast of wind, revealing behind the secret door beneath the floor a tundra of white snow, and desolation.

"From lava to ice," Aqualad said as he looked at the view behind the door.

I nodded, noticing the team had gone silent with their discussion about Wally.

At the door, snowflakes danced in the stream of light that poured through the opening as the howling of the storm behind it all pushed around. Taking a deep breath, I leaned forward to peer into the new room. It was difficult to make out any details, especially considering the cause of such a place, but it appeared to be some sort of pocket dimension hosting an ice storm.

Options were presented in my mind as I tried to figure out our next course of action. The current room had no escape, and the tundra didn't seem to have an end. Both paths were or at least seemed like dead ends in their own way. Meaning I had to take a leap of faith again by following the tower's machinations. Hopefully, the tower will see we are not threats to Kent.

-There's no other path. Let's go,- I said as I stepped into the tundra, followed by the team.

Without a clear path, we walked through the icy tundra aimlessly, Artemis fighting with Wally and the fact his actions had almost killed us while everyone ignored them. While it was true, I wanted nothing more than to scold Wally when this was over, we had other priorities in place.

Suddenly as I was about to ask Raven to scan the place again, a cane appeared in the middle of the tundra. It was floating eerily in the air as if it had been placed there deliberately. Noticing this, we all stopped in our tracks, staring at the mysterious object.

It was clear that this was no mere coincidence. Perhaps Kent was sending us a message.

-Raven?- I asked, turning to face her.

-There's a lot of magic in that cane. It feels safe, though,-
Raven said after a moment of silence.

I nodded in understanding as I reached for the cane, only for Raven to shout in alarm. Without questioning why she was alarmed, I jumped back. However, even though I had reacted as soon as she had made her dismay clear, I could feel a vortex of energy pulling me in, in every direction, yet to none at the same time as a red whirl of darkness enveloped me whole.

The last thing I saw was the look of horror on my friends' faces as they watched me being swallowed whole, as Raven glowed positively, trying to save me from whatever this was before everything went black for a moment.

"We finally met," An unfamiliar voice said as I regained my bearings.

Klarion, The Witch. The Lord of Chaos.

I tried to get up to avoid direct confrontation with him, knowing I had nothing in my arsenal to deal with him, but my body wouldn't respond, no matter how much I willed it to. It was as if my body had been frozen in time by magic. The only thing I could move was my eyes, which darted around the room wildly, trying to take in my surroundings for a way to escape.

"Rejoice! you're in my presence now. You should feel honored. Not many people get summoned by me," Klarion said, his voice sickeningly sweet as he circled around me like a vulture.

I tried to follow his movements with my eyes, but it was difficult to keep up. He seemed to be teleporting around the room randomly.

"Klarion! Kent has escaped!" I heard someone shout.

"What?" Klarion said, his voice suddenly laced with anger as he teleported to the person who had spoken.

I couldn't see who it was, but from the sound of their voice, it was clear that they were terrified of Klarion. If I had to take a guess, I would say it was Abracadabra; his accent and speech pattern matched what I knew of the guy.

"You imbecile! I'll deal with you later. For now, find Kent and capture him!" Klarion shouted before turning his attention back to me. "Now then, where were we?" He said with a sickeningly twisted smile on his face. "Oh yes, perspective. I was about to give you perspective."

Perspective? What the hell was he talking about? And why did I feel that whatever it was, I would not like it, not even one bit?

"Azarath Metrion Zinthos," Raven roared, snapping out of my train of thought as Raven's astral form appeared behind Klarion, blasting him head-on.

"That's adorable," Klarion snorted, blocking her attack with one hand, swatting Raven's astral body aside as if it was a mere fly. "Sad, but adorable."

As Klarion mocked Raven, I realized the hold he had on me was gone as I was able to move, so, without delay, I jumped back, muttering. "Begone!"

"Be silent, will you," Klarion said, waving my attack away with a dismissive flick of his hand.

I looked at Raven, and without words, we both came to an understanding. Klarion wasn't an enemy we could face alone as we were right now; we needed to regroup, lest we wanted to play his sick games any longer.

"Azarath Metrion Zinthos!" Raven said, opening two portals, one for her and one for me.

"Don't worry, Bolty, we will continue our talk soon," Klarion chuckled, not even bothering to stop our escape.