[David Lance POV]

It had taken me a while to translate L-Ron's code into something I could fully comprehend, however, thanks to that, I had been able to confirm how much of what L-Ron was saying was true.

For the most part, most of what the little robot had been saying so far was nothing but the absolute truth. There were a few things here and there that didn't quite fit, but otherwise, L-Ron was loyal, for as long as I remained undefeated that is.

Needless to say, I changed that little piece of his code, alongside other parts of his programming.

As humoring as I found some parts of his code. I had no need for a robot whose allegiance could switch in the direst of moments.

After all, if I was to use him, I needed to make some adjustments, and adjustments I did.

I had been lucky the little guy wasn't a real AI, otherwise changing what I wanted from him would've taken a lot of effort, an effort that in the end wouldn't be worth the rewards.

He was just a program, a very well-coded program, that almost felt like a real AI.

He was programmed to feel fear, anger, and many other emotions just for the sake of making him a more interesting companion so to speak.

But that's neither here nor there.

Time to wake the robotic sleeping beauty.

As I connected him back, L-Ron's eyes slowly widened and glowed blue as a whirring sound emitted from deep within his toaster-sized body. He tilted his head and uttered in a metallic voice, "Master, have you completed the maintenance I was assigned?".

I nodded. "How do you feel?"

L-Ron's body remained still, electricity crackling from his metal fingertips and his digital eyes whirring as he ran

diagnostics on his own code. "It seems some parts of my code have been altered," he said, his voice distorted from the static of the circuitry in his body, "or replaced altogether. Be that as it may, I am operating at one hundred percent capacity!"

"Good," I replied. "That will be all for now." I added, dismissing the robot.

Now that that was done, I needed to focus on other matters. Finishing my tests on Despero.

I still had to collect the big guy from Waller's hands, but the samples I had collected had been more than useful to run the test I had wanted, alongside a few extras that had only come to mind after a few ideas came to me.

From what I could discern so far, his body created a unique type of cell that reacted... in a very interesting manner when Magic came into the picture.

The cell in question worked like a... lightning rod or a conductor so to speak, whose sole purpose was to protect the body from magical energy. In short, once an attack of magical properties managed to strike the target, it would be immediately dispersed and conducted out of the body

and back into the environment, instead of actually hitting the target as it was intended.

I had run a few tests on that, by hiring the Mazikeen of this universe, to use her demonic magic on the samples I had, and for the first few tries the samples would always disperse more than ninety percent of the energy they were receiving.

That result would eventually decay after a few extra tests, showing there was a limit to how much the cells could redirect and disperse before entering a state of cellular death.

This hadn't come to me as a surprise.

After all, there was only so much a cell can take outside the body before it ceases to do its job.

Happy with the results, I paid Mazikeen for her work before leaving her alone in the bar.

I have to admit though, I find it... hilarious that she didn't even question why I knew who or what she was, the moment I made my intentions known to her, she made her price clear, and complied once I agreed to pay her.

I would if Lucifer told her about me.

Or is it perhaps all iterations of Mazikeen just don't give a general fuck about things?

I suppose I will ask Lucifer if I ever see him again.

[Conner Kent - Superboy POV]

First, we had been attacked by an unknown, who later had identified himself as Despero. With overwhelming strength, he had almost immediately proved to be more than we could handle head-on without a strategy.

Then, before we could do anything, another unknown came into the picture.

Wearing a full suit of armor. There wasn't much I could say from what I had seen, other than the tech on his suit seemed so advanced, that it almost looked alien.

I had no doubts he had weapons in him he could've used, yet he didn't use them, for all it took him to defeat the one that had toyed with us, was two well-placed punches.

Was he a friend? A foe?

I didn't know, and that concerned me.

Nightwing had said that we would be on high alert for him now, but that didn't make me feel any better.

The way he had moved, the way he had dealt with Despero.

Were we even ready to face him if he proved to be a foe?

I wasn't one to run from a fight or to be scared of any threat. And I wasn't, but I wasn't so arrogant as to not see the clear difference in our skills, he was faster, stronger, and more skilled in combat than anyone in our team.

I guess in the end it doesn't matter whether or not we are ready, but how we tackle the situation if it ever arises.

"Friend or foe," I muttered, clenching my fists. I really needed to train harder.