

## [David Lance POV]

As I was sleeping in my new room at the base, I felt something moving toward me in the darkness of my room. Ready to defend myself, I snapped my eyes open and reached out, grabbing the intruder by the arm before it could move any further.

Only to find immediately after that the one that had entered my room was no intruder but Raven herself.

Taking a deep breath, I relaxed, releasing her from my grip. ~I'm sorry... But honestly. You pushed my body into a fight or flight response by sneaking up on me, and by fight or flight response, I mean fight or flight response.~

“There’s an intruder in the base,” Raven replied, her tone and words snapping me out of whatever drowsiness I still had circulating in my body.

~Where? How many?~ I asked, quickly grabbing my utility belt from my nightstand.

“One,” Raven replied. “An imp-sized Genomorph, one that seems to be interested in Superboy only.”

I frowned. I didn't remember this from the show, so this was either a canon divergence or an event that happened but was never shown; either way, we needed to take care of the problem.

~How strong is the enemy?~ I asked, trying to gather some information about the threat before dealing with it in order to do it more effectively.

“Weaker than all of us,” Raven replied, and she didn't need to say anything else after that reply.

Raven hadn't woken me up because there was a threat in the base, but because of our second mission. Keeping an eye on Superboy closely.

~Seeing as the Genomorph is still roaming the base to his leisure, then it must be safe to assume Miss Martian is not aware of this unknown, meaning we can observe Superboy without interfering, at least for now,~ I replied, trying to make some workable theories with what I had so far, as to why a Genomorph of all creatures had come here.

Was the Light trying to complete Superboy's programming to ensure he was the weapon; they had wanted him to be? No, that didn't fit their behind the shadows approach to most things.

This was something else that lacked a clear line of logic or motive. Or at least that had a line that I simply couldn't see yet.

In the show, the Genomorphs had rebelled against their makers in the hopes of a better future, a future they had decided Superboy would make for them.

That had been the conclusion of their entire character arc, as far as I knew.

Be that as it may, there's a fine line between a show and reality, even if both share a shocking amount of similarities. Realistically, canon knowledge was bound to fail, especially considering my entire existence within canon shatters what that word stands for, making my knowledge most of the time situational and a glass cannon that, at best, would provide me with an edge here and there.

But just like with the internet, trusting blindly in any type of knowledge was nothing more than a tactical suicide.

Taking that into account and what I had discovered from CADMUS files. There were two possible explanations as to why a Genomorph was here.

One, emotional attachment. For the Genomorphs, Superboy was one of them, their brother in every meaning of the word, if I was to believe what I had witnessed so far, canon knowledge aside.

They had let Superboy leave by allowing him to choose his own path, betraying in the process their entire purpose, which was to serve.

Two, The Light. While this was out of their way of operating, at least from a first glance, it wasn't that farfetched to connect them to this.

In their eyes, Superboy was a weapon, one they had lost and perhaps, were now trying to recover.

Out of the two options, I personally inclined towards the first option because, while The Light being behind this could explain the Genomorph being here, it still left too many holes as a whole.

They valued Superboy as a weapon, sure, but they valued their privacy and secrecy even more. And a move like this was too much of a risk for the reward they were playing.

Compared to that, emotional attachment felt more in place when it came to this particular picture.

~Raven, can you feel the Genomorph's emotions from here?~ I asked, turning to glance at Raven.

“I could, but I would have to focus on it. Unless the emotions are strong, or from someone I know very well, my range without concentration is limited,” Raven replied, getting her body pushing into the air a few feet above my bed level without so much of a sound as she got into a cross-legged sitting position or Sukhasana, folding her legs so that each leg rested on top of the opposite foot.

A moment or two later, her eyes started glowing white, with her body glowing in a soft hue aura of black that had the faintest line of white across the edge of it.

“The Genomorph... feels... happy,” Raven said, finding the information strange apparently if her pauses were anything to go by. “I can feel it felt lonely, it missed Superboy, and because of it... it decided to come here, to be with him.”

I was right then. Emotional attachment. Good... this team is too young, too new to effectively work against The Light; for that, we needed time, a lot of time.

“Superboy is hallucinating,” Raven said, her tone back to normal. “The Genomorph seems to be the reason for this. Do we interfere?”

Hallucinations. Well, that didn't seem like something you would make someone you missed have to show any type of appreciation.

~How does Superboy feel right now?~ I asked. From his emotions, I would be able to deduce what the Genomorph's intentions were by having Superboy hallucinate.

“He’s angry, confused, scared... and full of doubts,” Raven replied. “We can take his anger out of the list, seeing that is his average state of mind.”

Indeed. He had a lot of anger within him, anger that in time he would erase, but right now, it was there, gnawing at him, at his insecurities, begging him to snap.

I nodded.

This was good enough for now.

~This will suffice for now,~ I said, making Raven break out of her focus state. ~Can you open a portal behind the little guy so that I can snatch it into my room?~

Raven nodded, her lips twitching upwards, having found my comment apparently amusing in some sense. “I can, ready?”

I nodded.

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[In an unknown location.]

In an unidentified location, inside a dark, dreary room. The only light that came to view in the scene came from the screens that were inside the room, making a circle, each one glowing an eerie white. The figures on the screens were blurred and indistinct as they talked to one another, their voices clear and conspiratorial.

“Can the Light afford to leave Guardian in charge without the G-Gnomes?” One of the figures spoke.

“We have subtler means of control. What concerns me is the children. We now know the League is willing to employ young heroes to do their dirty work...” Another replied, as an image appeared on one of the empty screens, showing Superboy, Aqualad, Kid Flash, and Robin running through Cadmus.

“That's a dark twist. But not one that personally concerns me. What does concern me is the other children,” A new figure added, as the image on the screen changed to show Raven and Black Bolt, leaving the place through a dark portal.

“They managed to infiltrate the facility with ease, bypassing every security measure we had in place, finding the last level as if it was the guest bathroom in the place. Not only that, but they managed to defeat the Kryptonian failure down there with insulting ease,” Another replied, showing some images of Black Bolt and Raven fighting Project: Match. “Not only that, but they discovered Speedy, the real one, and took him from us, only to come one hour later to steal Match as well... if you ask me, those two need to be eliminated before they become a thorn in our side.”

“It’s true that they have done more damage in a day than anyone has done to us in decades, but this is a situation that can be played to our advantage. Even the temporary loss of both Kryptonian projects may prove useful. After all, eventually, everyone sees the Light.”