

[David Lance POV]

I was lost.

Not literally, no.

I was lost in the sense I had no idea how to prove Rachel's innocence to the League. I mean, how could I? I honestly had no solid evidence to back my word up.

Sure, she was my friend, but to the League, that meant nothing.

"You don't have to do this," Rachel said softly.

~I don't, but I want to,~ I signed, smiling at her. She was my friend, and I would be damned if I allowed the League to hunt her, without any reason.

"I'm honestly not concerned about the League," Rachel said unconcernedly.

~I am,~ I admitted with a tired sigh.

"Why are you helping me?" Rachel asked calmly, her violet-blue eyes resting on me.

I paused for a moment, before answering. ~We are friends, friends help each other...~

“Friends...” Rachel muttered under her breath as if the word was foreign to her in more than one sense.

I nodded.

“You are doing more than any normal friend would...” Rachel replied coolly. “I read about... friends, but none would risk everything for one they have known for so little time... like you are doing... why?”

I paused again, she was bringing up a good point, I mean, why was I doing this? Was it our friendship that pushed me to go on the lam with her? Was it the knowledge I had about her? Or was it something else entirely?

I sighed, musing over her question before answering. ~To be honest, I don't know... I guess there are questions without logical answers, all I know is that I care about you and that I want to help you, I know you are not a bad person, and therefore should not be treated as such.~

“What... what if I was a bad person?” Rachel muttered, each word carrying more hesitation than the last. Her body dropping ever so lightly, as her lips quivered for just the briefest of moments, with her breath coming to a complete halt. “What then?”

I paused again, knowing very well what she was thinking right now, or at the very least having a pretty good idea of what she was thinking. Her parentage, her powers, and all this meant haunted her.

I could relate to that, to some level. Her demons were unimaginably bigger than mine, the weight on her shoulders was so massive, that mine barely held a dying candle to it.

Be that as it may, I could relate. I could understand some of her pains, and struggles, not all of them, but some.

So, I knew very well what she was thinking.

Because more than once, I would be thinking just that.

~You are not a bad person,~ I replied with a calm smile, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

“You sound sure of that,” Rachel muttered with just the hint of a smile dawning on her face for the briefest of moments.

~I am,~ I nodded.

“Thanks,” Rachel replied, going back to her usual self. “By the way, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask...”

I smiled, taking a seat in front of her on the ground of the cave, giving her a nod to proceed with her question.

“Do you know who Trigon is?” Rachel asked, eyes on me, scrutinizing me from head to bottom.

I froze, having no idea how to answer that without lying.

“Let me rephrase that, how do you know who Trigon is?” Rachel asked again, with the same look on her face. “When we were fighting that demon, I felt your emotions spike for a brief moment at the mention of

his name, emotions one could only have if knowledge of it was in the way.”

I sighed, trying to find a way to word my answer out, without sounding absolutely crazy in the process. ~I... I have heard of him, I really can't explain how, but, yes, I am aware of him.~

“I see,” Rachel said, calmly.

~I apologize my answer is not that satisfactory,~ I smiled, my fingers fidgeting.

“It's okay, you answered my question honestly,” Rachel replied.
“Besides, I know very well there are questions one can't answer, simply because they lack a clear answer.”

I nodded, that was, after all, pretty much my case when it came to canon-related answers I knew without previous interaction.

“Are you afraid I'm his daughter?” Rachel asked her eyes on me once again.

I shook my head. Was I afraid of her dad? Sure, I was, who the hell would not? I mean, I was pretty sure he was one of the selected few that I could scream at, and not only survive, but punch me back twice as hard.

Sure, it depended on the version of Trigon this Trigon was, but still, regardless of the iteration I was dealing with, more than not, most iterations were strong enough to solo Superman with frightening ease.

“You are a weird guy,” Rachel smiled, amused by my answer.

~I am,~ I nodded, with a smile of my own. ~I mean, I am the literal definition of a walking nuke...~

“Your voice didn’t seem to carry nuclear qualities,” Rachel muttered, tilting her head to the side.

I blinked, perhaps the use of literal in a not literal sense was too confusing for her still. ~I know, it’s a way of speaking, or in my case, signing. It’s also the best possible example I can think of.~

“Oh, I see,” Rachel nodded.

I smiled, scratching the back of my head.

“You can’t control it... right?” Rachel asked softly.

~My powers? No, I can’t... I mean, I’m sure I could control them to some level if I trained more, but even if I learned, they would always be lethal to most of my day-to-day targets...~ I replied, wondering if it was even possible to control my powers to a non-lethal level.

“I can help you...” Rachel replied, violet blue eyes looking at me expectantly. “I am well versed in a situation similar to yours, so if control is what you seek, I might be of assistance, if you want that is...”

Well-versed in a situation similar to mine. I guess that was her way of sympathizing with me.

~I would be honored,~ I smiled, accepting her offer.