

[In the mystery of the unknown.]

In the distance, the sight of a young pale woman with dark hair could be seen, slowly approaching a clearing with a faint smile on her face.

The woman walked slowly, her feet sinking into the soft earth beneath her with each step until she came to a stop reaching the edge of the clearing, where a mysterious man in robes was sitting.

“It’s been a while, don’t you think?” The young woman said, smiling at the man fondly.

“It has,” The man replied without looking at her.

The young woman smiled, turning her gaze to the clearing, allowing herself to take in what was in front of her. The sun was setting, and the light was casting a warm glow over the scene before her.

In the center of the clearing was a small pond with a few ducklings swimming by, and right on the other side of the pond, casting a small shadow, there was a tree. The woman

smiled warmly, giving the man in tattered robes a look before walking towards the tree, sitting down at its roots.

The man, without a word, followed the woman, revealing a book in his hands that before could not be seen.

The pale woman hummed softly as she leaned back against the trunk, closing her eyes.

“Why are you here?” The man asked.

“You know why,” The woman replied, keeping her eyes closed as she ran her fingers over the roots of the tree as if admiring them.

The man paused at her response.

A soft breeze stirred the leaves of the tree, and the pale woman's hair blew gently in the wind.

“He writes his own chapters,” The man replied as if that explained whatever question was left unanswered.

“He does, doesn't he?” The young woman smiled, opening her eyes to look at the man. “I find it beautiful, honestly. He might very well be the perfect example of free will.”

The man in tattered robes paused once again before replying. “He’s altering destiny itself. I do not intervene, but I feel like I should....”

The young woman chuckled. “I can see why, but don’t you think the old guy would’ve done something already if this kid was a problem?”

The man sighed. “Perhaps you are correct.”

“Besides, isn’t it exciting?” The young woman chuckled again. “After so long, something new is happening.”

The man sighed once again. “Fun or excitement is not part of our job.”

“No, but it’s not something we are forbidden from having,” The woman shrugged. “Tell me, brother, how old are we?”

“Older than those whose footsteps are long vanished,” The man replied without missing a beat.

“Has anything in our long life happened without his approval?” The young woman asked, her eyes now on the clearing, watching the ducklings swim and play.

“No star, no life, no universe exists without his approval,” The man replied, no sign of emotion in his words.

“Then, let the kid be,” The woman smiled, turning her gaze back at him.

“He’s altering destiny; he’s writing his own chapters in the book,” The man replied after a few seconds.

The woman tilted her head. “What do all stories have in common, dear brother?”

“They all end,” The man replied.

“Exactly,” The woman smiled.

“Very well, sister, I shall do as you ask and let him be, but I won’t rewrite what I wrote already,” The man replied, his tone firm.

“I didn’t ask you to,” The woman smiled. “Thanks, brother.”

[David Lance POV]

I looked around the pods with Raven for a while, inspecting each and every single one of them in order to confirm there weren't any other clones we should know of before sending Roy, the real Roy Harper, to a safe house through a portal.

"Now, what do we do?" Raven asked.

I paused. That was a good question.

I honestly had no idea. My plans had been derailed from the path I wanted them to follow the moment Roy had appeared, bringing back some of my memories about this world.

~Are they still captured?~ I asked, and Raven nodded. ~Make a telepathic connection again, and let's move to a different area.~

"Are you sure?" Raven asked, worry clear in her eyes and tone. "We closed the connection because it was making your headache worse."

It was, but I can deal with a migraine. ~I'll be fine, don't worry.~

Raven nodded, clear doubt in her eyes as she made the connection back again. *'So, now what?'*

'We wait for them to escape the pods and help them,' I replied through the telepathic link, struggling to hide my increasing headache from Rachel.

'Need I remind you that I'm an empath?' Raven said, giving me a stern look.

'Leave the scolding for later. Right now, we have a mission,' I replied, trying to focus on the task at hand before anything else.

'I will,' Raven replied, leaving a message clear, that message being, we will talk about this shit later. Without another word, Raven covered us in her magic before moving us out of the place to the top levels of CADMUS, where Robin, Aqualad, and Kid Flash were.

Once there, we started waiting.

But considering Superboy was already refusing to go into his pod, well, it was safe to assume the wait would come to an end soon enough.

'He will help them,' Raven commented, giving Superboy a look as he walked towards the room where the young sidekicks were being held at.

I nodded. *'Magic sure is handy, is quite impressive how no one can see us.'*

'It is until it isn't,' Raven replied with a nod. *'Right now, they can't see us because every telepath in this place is weaker than us when it comes to our telepathic capabilities. You have an unbreakable mind or the closest thing to it, and I have years of experience keeping my mind shut and alert to intruders. Were any of these... Telepaths strong enough; they would notice our minds with time.'*

I guess that makes sense.

I nodded, turning my attention back to Superboy as he entered the room to release those he had captured.