

## [David Lance POV]

Without wasting time, I rushed to the vans that were a few hundred meters away, catching a glimpse of the robots taking the containers that held Amazo in parts. -Raven portal!-

At my command, Raven opened a portal in front of me, one that connected with the path the droids were taking to make their getaway; leaping out of the portal, I punched two robots out of the way as I positioned myself to the right, making sure to not have anything in front of me, but the droids.

There, I took a step forward and whispered. "Enough."

My whisper, carrying the destructive force one would expect, destroyed the droids that held the container, leaving nothing behind but a damaged container falling to the ground.

-Holy crap,- Kid Flash muttered through the telepathic link, seeing the destruction my voice had caused.

-You can marvel at my power later! Stop the other container!- I ordered as I sprinted toward the damaged container, I had just avoided from getting away. Taking a deep breath, I

reached the container with one hand before ripping it open to see the upper part of Amazo inside.

Knowing Batman would never destroy this weapon and that whoever was after Amazo would not stop going after the android either, I grabbed the upper part of Amazo with one hand before tossing it high into the air, as I looked up and spoke. "Goodbye." In turn, releasing a powerful sonic scream that caused the upper part of Amazo to explode in midair into nothing.

-I did what had to be done,- I replied coldly. I told Batman that leaving Amazo be would only bring problems in the long run, but he didn't listen, so it was only fair that I didn't listen to some of his orders right now, like keeping Amazo in one piece if possible.

-Good riddance,- Raven said, approving of my choice. -We should've done that the moment we defeated the android the first time. The League was asking for problems when it allowed that thing to remain.-

-Black Bolt! What are you doing?! Our mission was to protect the android, not to destroy it!- Kid Flash exclaimed.

I nodded, turning my attention to the droids that remained, who now seemed to be at a loss. Turning their collective heads toward me, before they spoke in one voice that echoed

through the empty road. "You will pay for this Black Bolt. Mark my words."

"He won't," Raven said, appearing behind the droids before crushing them with her magic. As for the other drones, they escaped before Raven could get to them, taking flight into the horizon without a clear destination.

"So that's your voice," Superboy said, walking toward me, his eyes locked in the destruction my first whisper had done to the road and cornfield, leaving nothing but desolated dirt for miles into the distance.

I looked at him and nodded.

"If that's a whisper, what can a scream do?" Superboy asked, mostly to himself, possibly picturing me in a whole new light now. Whether that light was good or bad was yet to be seen.

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Later in the Batcave, I waited in silence with Alfred for Batman to arrive. The room we were waiting in was small and cramped, with a single table and two chairs. The walls were lined with shelves, each stacked with boxes and files. The only source of light came from a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling.

"Cookies, Master Bolt?" Alfred offered, putting some cookies on the table.

I smiled, grabbing one, before I sat back in my chair, hands clasped in front of me, while Alfred simply stood at my side. Within a moment or two, the door of the room opened, and Batman entered the room.

His cape billowed behind him as he strode to the table and took a seat opposite me. His eyes were cold and hard as he looked at me, and I could feel the weight of his scrutiny bearing down on me, as well as his clear dislike of my recent actions during the mission.

Calm and collected, I waited for him to speak first, knowing very well that whatever he was going to say wasn't going to be good by any means.

"You destroyed Amazo," Batman said, his voice as hard as his eyes.

"~I had to," I replied calmly. "~You know very well that Amazo is a threat that we should've destroyed a long time ago. I told you so, didn't I?~"

"You did. But now I ask you, did you consider the effects this action will have later on? What if whoever made Amazo makes another one now, one stronger, better, and harder to put down than the last," Batman asked, his voice laced with anger.

"Or did you not even bother to think about that before you decided to take matters into your own hands and destroy him?"

~I did think about it,~ I replied coolly. ~And I came to the conclusion that if whoever made Amazo could make more, he wouldn't have bothered to send simple drones after this one. He would've sent an army of Amazos, or maybe just one.~

"That's a supposition of possible events at best," Batman replied in a low tone.

~Maybe, but it has a better ground than your theory about a stronger Amazo so far. We both know Amazo's creator is dead, just as we also know that replicating Amazo is nearly impossible,~ I replied, grabbing another cookie from the tray Alfred had brought a few moments prior.

Batman was silent for a moment before he spoke again. "I understand your reasoning. But that doesn't excuse your actions. You should've followed the orders you were given or, at the very least, consulted me first before taking such drastic measures."

I nodded in agreement. ~You're right; maybe I should've. But sadly, it wasn't within my options to follow that path. I mean, it was just a matter of time before the droids succeed in their mission. As you like to say, sometimes you have to make decisions in the heat of the moment, and that's what I did.~

Batman, at this, said nothing, simply gazing at me.

~Besides, if I didn't stop Amazo from coming back online, I would've put the team at risk, and as their leader, it is my ambition and objective to avoid putting them at unnecessary risks,~ I continued, knowing very well that while the team's safety had been one of the reasons behind my actions, it hadn't been the main one, I had my personal chips on the entire thing.

A long silence followed my words, during which Batman simply stared at me. Finally, after a moment, he broke the silence by sighing as he rubbed his temples with his fingers.

"It's like looking at a mirror from the past, Master Wayne," Alfred chuckled, giving Batman and me a fond look filled with nostalgia.

Batman, trying his best to ignore Alfred's comment, spoke. "I can't say I agree with your actions. But the fact that you put the team's safety over the mission is admirable."

I nodded.

"You are dismissed," Batman said, his voice tired, like that of a father being done with an argument.

At this, I stood up from my chair and, with a last look at Batman, left the room.