

[Rachel Roth - Raven POV]

David and Superboy faced off in the training area. It's a wide-open space, with plenty of room for the two of them to fight. For a few seconds, they circled each other, looking for an opening, until Superboy seems to have had enough and lunges forward.

A foolish mistake.

With a calm expression, David dodged out of the way, planting a right hook that connected with Superboy's jaw.

The hit made Superboy stagger a few feet back, leaving him with an expression of complete utter shock, his emotions shouting to me his clear confusion as to why David's attack had hurt him.

Growling, he lunged at David again, this time with a flurry of punches trying to overwhelm David. However, instead of being overwhelmed as he wanted, David took a step forward, meeting Superboy's approach head-on.

With ease, David weaved under Superboy's assault, deflecting and parrying his punches like a children's game, before kicking him away.

"Stop dodging!" Superboy growled, slamming one of his fists on the ground as he stood up.

"Wouldn't that defeat the purpose of... this?" I replied, a deadpan expression in place.

Smiling at my comment, David rushed at Superboy, with Superboy doing the same.

In a series of movements too fast for me to fully appreciate, David dipped and weaved around Superboy, moving with unimaginable grace, while landing attacks on the Kryptonian clone that he never seemed to notice on time.

~We can stop, if you want,~ David offered, coming to a halt in front of Superboy, who simply growled at the offer, throwing a hard punch at him.

Clearly expecting this, if David's emotions were anything to go by, David dodged, and swiftly punched Superboy in the solar plexus right as he was relaxing his muscles to breathe, knocking the wind out of the Kryptonian, and stunning him for a brief moment.

Seeing this blow had opened Superboy up for another attack, David obliged him, putting a simple upward kick into the Kryptonian's chin, before quickly following that up with a knee strike to his stomach, doubling him over.

Still not over, David followed that up with a quick rising uppercut that lifted Superboy into the air, making Miss Martian wince for the man.

~We are done here,~ David said, as Superboy stood up, looking angrier than ever.

“I haven't even started,” Superboy growled, trying to hide how winded he was. It was like David said, punch left in the air tires more than one that connects, and Superboy had so far only punched the air.

David smiled, pointing at Superboy's chest.

I blinked, just now realizing David had planted several explosives on the Kryptonian. Just when did he do all that? I couldn't help but wonder.

“This won't do anyth-” Superboy didn't get to finish his sentence as David detonated the explosives, all of them going at the same time.

“This... this is getting out of hand,” Miss Martian muttered in worry as the smoke from the explosions cleared, revealing Superboy on the ground kneeling, gasping for air.

I frowned. Explosives of that size, no matter how powerful they were, shouldn't have done so much damage.

David smiled, winking at me.

It was here that I realized what he had done, remembering something that had happened a few months ago. Two to three months ago, David had asked me to enhance some of his equipment with magic.

Today, he had used some of that equipment. I'm impressed; I didn't even realize those explosives had magic, though now that I'm aware, I can feel some residue around Superboy.

It seems I'm quite good at concealing magic.

“W-what was that?” Superboy said, glaring at David.

~Magic,~ David replied, offering Superboy a hand to stand up.

Superboy, even though angry, took David's hand, much to my surprise. “Magic?”

~Yes, Raven over there buffed some of my equipment for situations where a bit of extra punch was required,~ David replied, with a small nod.

“Whatever,” Superboy replied, crossing his arms.

~Now that I showed you what a bit of skill can provide, let’s start training, shall we?~ David replied, brushing Superboy’s aggressive demeanor.

“You won because you cheated, that’s all; in a real fight, I would’ve-” Superboy began, but I stopped him, using my magic to freeze him in place.

“In a real fight, all he needs is a well-placed whisper, and you are done,” I said, floating toward him. “One close enough to your ears should be enough to liquify your brains, killing you instantly.”

“Guys... maybe we need to talk this out?” Miss Martian said, trying to break the tension off.

I paid her no heed, my gaze fixed on Superboy. “Even the likes of Superman can be defeated with ease with the right tools and strategy. What makes you think you are any different?”

At this, David frowned, giving me a look that said, drop him, please.

“In a real fight, the odds will never be in your favor unless you make sure they are. Brawn and natural skills can only take you so far,” I said, releasing Superboy from my grasp.

~Raven is right,~ David said, looking at Superboy and Miss Martian. ~This, however, doesn't mean you should feel bad or angry at your shortcomings. Because we all have them, even the big heroes.~

Superboy said nothing, simply staring at David.

~For miss martian, all you need is heat to defeat her, or any martian,~ David said, making Miss Martian flinch. ~For me, all you need is magic, a weakness I share with you. With Raven, she lacks any powers that could translate well to a physical fight. We all have our weaknesses.~

“And training will make them disappear?!” Superboy scoffed, glaring at him.

David smiled. ~Oh, no, that will never happen; I mean, some weaknesses are there to stay. What training can do, is help us to better prepare for when enemies try to exploit our weakness; training will help us compensate them in ways you can't even imagine. You are stronger than me, faster, yet you can't land a hit; with training, you might even give Superman a run for his money, even without all of his powers.~

Superboy froze, his emotions going between angry and hopeful. "I need a drink." With that said, he walked out of the room, a turmoil of emotions erupting within him.