

## [David Lance POV]

After dealing with the Genomorph by sending him to CADMUS, after Raven had scanned his mind to make sure its purpose for being here wasn't a concern, I went back to sleep, waking up around six in the morning, ready to start some training with the members of the team currently within the base in order to see what I was working on.

Going over my morning routine, I walked with Raven to the kitchen to find M'gann and Superboy already there, in the process of making their breakfast.

I inwardly smiled at that. As Raven moved to the kitchen to get a drink, an iced coffee.

"Hi Bolt!" M'gann beamed, waving both of her hands at me very enthusiastically. "I'm about to make some pancakes; want some?"

I looked at her, seeing how eager and hopeful she was about me accepting her breakfast offer, that I couldn't find a reason to say no. I mean, it would save me the time of cooking something for myself.

“Great! I’m on it!” M'gann beamed, somehow even more than before, moving around the kitchen like a poltergeist on crack. “Do you want some Raven?”

Raven paused at the mention of her name, turning to face M'gann. “Sure.”

“Awesome! What about you, Superboy?” M'gann asked, turning to face Superboy, locking her gaze on him as she continued moving around the kitchen, grabbing ingredients for the pancakes.

“Sure,” Superboy replied, sounding unsure of his answer but finding the offer of not having to cook too enticing to simply ignore.

I smiled, turning to M'gann to see her levitate a bag of fifty pounds of flour into the kitchen counter, a big smile on her face.

I have a feeling this will end poorly somehow.

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[A few moments later.]

I was absofuckinglutely correct.

For God knows what reason, M'gann hadn't made a decent SFW amount of pancakes, like anyone would've done, even after I told her she was making too much, and she said she would cut back.

"I'm sorry! I... Just got excited and wanted to make the perfect pancakes, and... sorry," M'gann said, her voice growing higher and higher in tone as she continued.

All while I struggled to do the most basic human functions, like breathing.

She had served me and Superboy no less than two hundred pancakes each, she had tried with Raven, but she walked out after the second without a care for the world.

She didn't understand. It was a man thing. A man must never, ever! Under any circumstances, admit defeat in the face of a plate with food still on it.

Superboy knew that I knew that, and we made a non-talking pact to eat the pancakes.

"I told you that eating more pancakes was a stupid choice," Raven said, holding an open book in her hands, using her magic to pass the page.

~I'm fine,~ I replied, taking labored breaths in and out. ~Isn't that right, Superboy?~

Superboy, who was stoically trying his absolute best not to show any signs of the pancakes affecting him, nodded. "It... was a good breakfast, M'gann." However, his absolute best didn't account for him lying on the floor.

"But... you are on the floor..." M'gann muttered.

"I like the floor. Do you have a problem with that?! I find it very comfortable," Superboy, true to his character, growled at her, defending his stance on the pancakes and floor through victorious labored breathing.

I nodded. The floor was indeed comfortable. Especially for back aches, no need to pretend on that.

"Oh, I see, then I'm sorry," M'gann sighed in relief, and I could almost hear Raven's hand slamming against her forehead at this.

"Well, this is too much for me. Call me when training starts," Raven said before levitating out of the room.

"Wait! I wanted to ask you something!" M'gann called after her, chasing after Raven. Leaving us alone.

“She must never know,” Superboy spoke after a moment or two, each word feeling like a Herculean feat. “None must.”

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I think I’m gonna like hanging out with him.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed myself up and nodded.  
~Never.~

Superboy said nothing, but I could almost see a smile somewhere there. Granted, it could have been the labored breaths or my body going into a diabetic coma, but I saw something there.

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Two hours of painful digestion later, I summoned the team, the ones inside the base, to the training room.

~Before any of you ask, I know Black Canary is the one Batman responsible for our training,~ I began as Raven translated, only for M'gann to smile as she raised her hand, asking for a turn to speak.

“Yes?” Raven asked.

“I learned sign language yesterday. I downloaded a few dictionaries and other books and memorized them,” M'gann announced with a proud tone. “I... I still can't use the signs myself very quickly, but! That's not an immediate problem, as my brain still translates what you say automatically. As for talking like you... I will do it in time; I just have to practice it, as it requires a lot of muscle memory more than anything, and... Well, I can't speed that up.”

One day?

It took me a lot more than that; even Robin took more than that. I'm both impressed and jealous.

~That's impressive nonetheless, very impressive,~ I replied, feeling somewhat touched that she had learned sign language just for me.

“Thanks!” M'gann beamed at the praise. “T-that was all; you can continue; sorry for interrupting.”

~Well... As I was saying, I am aware that Batman assigned Black Canary to be in charge of our training. However, be that as it may, we will still train outside her schedule to better improve our skills and powers, as well as creating an understanding of our individual shortcomings in battle in order to improve teamwork and our individual performance as a whole,~ I said, taking my speech back from where I had left it.

“I don’t need training,” Superboy scoffed, arms crossed.

~You don’t?~ I asked, tilting my head at his rather confident remark.

“No, all I need is my strength. With that, I can punch my way out of anything,” Superboy replied, his eyes daring me to say the contrary. “Just as you only need your voice to end most fights, for us, training is pointless.”

~Pointless, care to prove that statement?~ I asked, inviting him to the ring.

“I could kill you by mistake if you don’t use your voice,” Superboy replied with a low glare at me.

Talk about tooting one's own horn.

~Is that you conceding the match to me?~ I asked, smiling at him with my eyes, doing my best to show nothing but complete confidence in both my body language and the words I signed, all in order to get a rise out of him, to teach him a lesson.

Force is meaningless without skill.

“Your call,” Superboy scoffed, walking towards the ring.