

[Dinah Lance POV]

Recovery can sometimes feel like a never-ending process. For me, this was the case, and how couldn't it feel this way when your little brother could heal most wounds exponentially faster than you or any other human being without powers.

My broken bones and injured body slowly healed, or rather healed at a human rate with the best technology available; I honestly couldn't complain. With each day that passed, I felt a little bit stronger, a bit better.

But even though my physical injuries had healed, I was still left with the bitter memory of what had happened, or rather what hadn't happened.

I had left my baby brother to fight that thing alone.

Once again, he had to face another challenge without me to help him.

I knew it was silly to think this, but even though I was aware of how foolish I was being, my mind couldn't help but wonder in the world of what ifs.

What if I had been there?

What if Amazo hadn't knocked me out cold?

Had I been there, could I have prevented my brother's wounds?

These thoughts were exhausting because I knew the entire situation had gotten out of my hands, out of Oliver's hands, and David had simply taken control of the ship, saving me, Oliver, and the city when we couldn't.

But as Oliver said, don't focus on the dark shadows of a fully lighted room. As much as the situation had gotten out of control, David had managed to come on top.

I needed to see the bright side of the events in order to finally put the whole ordeal behind me.

He had won, Rachel and him had defeated the impossible, broken bones or not, and they both had survived, that's all that mattered, and that's all I should be focusing on.

I guess doubt and self-inflicted guilt runs in the family deeper than I thought, which is why I had to show my baby brother we couldn't let these faults eat us.

“You have that look that says, I will be a successful kick-ass woman today,” Oliver said as he limped toward his bed.

I chuckled, tilting my head to the side. “Don’t I always have that look?”

Oliver pressed his mouth into a tiny dot as he blinked rapidly. “Ehmm... I refuse to answer that on the grounds that it may incriminate me down the line.”

I rolled my eyes; I was about to marry such a dork. And I wouldn’t have it any other way.

[David Lance POV]

It had been a little over a week since I had recovered from the aftermath of my fight with Amazo. When Batman contacted me, asking to meet and discuss the battle, I agreed.

Taking a Zeta tube, I met Batman at the designated location, and it became quickly apparent that he had done his

homework, even having on display on his screen the strategy I had used to defeat him.

~Hi,~ I waved, taking a seat.

“Black Bolt, I’m glad you came,” Batman said, turning his attention toward me.

~Well, you called me,~ I replied.

“I did,” Batman nodded. “I wanted to see if I had everything that happened in the battle in an accurate manner.”

~Ask away?~ I nodded. Lesson 6 of Batman’s method, always triple check all data at least ten times.

“Very well,” Batman replied, taking a seat in front of me.

For the next following minutes, Batman asked me a series of questions, and answered each one honestly and directly, giving him all the information, he wanted.

When the questions were done, we talked, exchanging information and ideas as to how we thought Amazo operated and united we came away with a greater understanding of Amazo.

“Thanks for your assistance,” Batman said, our talk coming to an end.

~It’s nothing; had you not called me, I would’ve come here to talk about Amazo anyway,~ I replied with a sigh. ~I still think the idea of keeping the android will bite us in the back sooner or later.~

“I know,” Batman replied. “I fully understand your concerns, and the truth is, you are right. Chances are Amazo will be used against us again, sooner or later...”

In short, meaning that he wanted to study the thing for as long as possible before that happened.

~I know what your goals are with Amazo, but you are playing a risky game there,~ I sighed, running my hands down my hair.

“I know. But, Amazo is a threat that we weren’t prepared to deal with, as Amazo itself wasn’t prepared to deal with you, had we engaged with the android, we would’ve had a much more difficult time than you had.”

I had my theories about why Amazo hadn’t made quick work of me, my theory being because I was a total unknown, and so was Raven, for that matter, meaning that Amazo’s programming only had countermeasures against the core members of the League.

Based on the strength of the Android, whoever had programmed it, had simply deemed any other possible encounters as inconsequential for Amazo, deeming the machine's ability to copy powers, as well as the ability it already had in store to be more than enough to deal with any extras.

~Fair enough,~ I sighed.

“By failing to prepare, you are preparing to fail. The next, when a threat like Amazo comes around, the League will be ready,” Batman replied, his tone carrying total confidence about what he was saying.

~I will hold you up to that,~ I replied as I stood from my chair.
~Now, if you excuse me, I have things to do, so I'll take my leave.~

“Wait,” Batman said, his body language changing for the briefest of moments before he composed himself, showing during this brief break of character an emotion one only sees in a father concerned for his child.

Seeing Batman didn't see me as a son, I had my answer as to why his body language had changed. Whatever he was about to say, or ask, was about Richard Grayson.

~You know he's the one that ghosted me, right?~ I asked, going straight to the point.

Batman said nothing, and I had to admit, it felt good leaving the Dark Knight speechless for once, using his own weapon of choice, deduction. "I am aware, but you two need to talk."

I raised an eyebrow at that. ~About what, it's clear he doesn't want to talk to me, and I won't force him.~

"About what happened during the Joker incident," Batman replied after a moment of silence.

About the Joker incident... It's been a while since I had a talk about that. Now, what exactly do I have to talk with Richard that Batman feels we need to talk about?

I had long ago concluded Richard blamed himself for what happened that day, so... did Batman want me to tell Richard not to blame himself for what happened?

No.

That didn't fit Batman's way of thinking.

If it was such a simple thing as dealing with unwarranted guilt, he wouldn't have asked me to talk with Richard just now. No, this was about something else.

But what?

...

Unless...

The guilt Richard was feeling wasn't one without merit.

I froze in shock, giving Batman a look, seeing his back, quickly connecting the dots, finally getting the entire picture of what had happened and why Robin had ghosted me.

Batman had never sent us to that facility.

It was all... Robin's doing.