

[David Lance POV]

As I walked past the confused heroes, the random guy, and the robot, Despero darted towards me with a battle-hungry expression on his face, unleashing a flurry of attacks, prompting me to weave through his strikes with ease, before flipping backwards, landing in a crouch.

"Not bad, you might even give Superman a run for his money," I said, deciding to take this little duel to study his physical prowess.

It would be most valuable data before I put him in a pod.

There's only so much you can figure out from someone without seeing them in action.

Without a word, Despero proceeded to walk up to me as I stood up from my crouch, his eyes staring into me showing nothing but happiness for the challenge I was giving him.

As for the heroes present, they were planning something.

If I take a guess, they were waiting for an opening to take in order to capture both Despero and me.

"Azarath Metrion Zinthos!"

I guess not.

Seeing the massive wave of black energy loom over us, I jumped back calmly, avoiding Raven's attack, while using Despero's position as a general point of reference to shield my path from the attack.

I was confident I could avoid Raven's attack without using a meat shield, but I wanted to test Despero's magic resistance a little bit more.

The wave of energy, as I had expected, consumed Despero in its entirety, but much to Raven's surprise, his eyes remained unmoved, almost as if her attack was nothing, showing he was completely unaffected by her power.

"Not bad," I said, overwhelmingly satisfied with the results.

Despero locked eyes with me one last time before shifting his gaze to Raven. His third eye glowed a deep amethyst before a wave of energy emanating from it, paralyzing

Raven in an instant and sending her into a deep trance, a world of dreamless sleep.

I can't imagine Raven didn't know by now that looking at his third eye is a bad thing.

Meaning, one, she didn't know, which I find very unlikely, or two, she knew and had willingly let Despero put her in a trance in order to figure out how to counter it.

Out of everyone here, she's the best suited for that kind of work, seeing as she works with the astral side of the mind.

If that was the case, I had to admit that I had a very clever girlfriend.

Pushing my theories aside for the moment, I watched as Superboy rushed Despero, fists clenched ready to take on the threat in front of him as Miss Martian carried Raven into safety.

However, just as Superboy was about to reach Despero, the alien glowered at him as he lifted his hand and brought down an unstoppable force, swatting Superboy away like a pesky fly.

I guess he's not happy others are interrupting his fight.

Not that he has much of a chance.

Superboy gone, momentarily, Despero turned toward me, tightening his fists, before throwing a simple punch towards my face, which I deflected by slapping his arm away, causing the purple giant to stumble back.

"Go on," I said, motioning in a condescending manner for him to continue the fight.

Taking the challenge with a smile, Despero dashed forward, unleashing a flurry of attacks that rained down on me.

I smiled under my helmet at his attitude, before proceeding to redirect all of his blows with one hand, in a very laid-back manner. With every unsuccessful attack, Despero continued to increase the strength of his attacks more and more.

Yet for all the efforts he was making, he wasn't taking any ground.

I continued redirecting his blows for a bit, scrutinizing the alien from head to toe, trying to assess if this was his best or not. Eventually, however, it became painfully evident that this was all there was to get from him.

“I guess it’s time this experiment ends,” I sighed as I dropped my guard and ducked under his incoming punch. With no time to react, he was unable to stop my vicious strike that struck his gut with enough force that it sent him stumbling backwards, the shape of my fist still embedded in his stomach.

As he skidded backwards, I jumped forward, appearing behind him in the blink of an eye, this time pulling back my fist and punching him in the back, knocking him into the ground creating a large crater, knocking him out.

Calmly, I walked over to his still form, looking at him with a neutral expression on my face.

Alright... Time to move him out of here before the Reach and more heroes arrive.

"M-master?!" Mr. Robot exclaimed in shock.

"Oh, Mr. Robot! Would you be a darling, and lower the force field?" I asked in a friendly manner, not that I expected the little robot to actually comply. But you know what they say, you don't lose anything by asking.

"Of course!" Mr. Robot replied, his tone taking a 180 turn.

I blinked in disbelief as the rippling red energy that had surrounded the entire area flickered and died away. Then, before I could process another thought, the tiny robot approached me, his mechanized head tilted as if greeting me. "Is there something else I can do for you, Master?"

Master...

Oh... I think I know what's happening.

"Master?" I asked, tilting my head.

"By gladiatorial rules paragraph eight, sub-section nine, the winner of a single combat bout takes it all! And you defeated Despero! Therefore, everything in his possession is now yours! Including but not limited to me! L-Ron!"

I was right.

Well, that's... mighty convenient .

I... will question it later.

In the meantime, I will take advantage of this

"Very well, tiny one," I replied, patting the robot on his metallic head. "Let us go, take us out of here with the ship."

"Understood!" L-Ron replied, before approaching me to put something around my wrist.

"Wait!" Superboy shouted, rushing towards me alongside Miss Martian.

I waved at the duo approaching me before the air around me crackled with energy as L-Ron, Despero and I were swept away in a bolt of white light, teleporting us in the blink of an eye inside the warm confines of the starship.

"Now what master?" L-Ron asked, floating around me in a way that reminded me of... a certain fairy from a certain game. "Do you wish to mount Despero's head on your new study? Or do you perhaps seek a new challenge?!"

"No," I replied, turning to face the tiny robot, only to see behind him from one of the many windows around nothing but a sea of stars, instead of the Hall of Justice or the city for that matter. "Where are we exactly?"

I had assumed the ship was camouflaged above the force field, but it had never occurred to me that it was in outer space.

L-Ron's eyes blinked in response to the question. His metal frame clanked and whirred as he stepped forward. "In sector 2807, Master," he said with a robotically excited monotone.

Sector 2807? That's several light years away from Earth's solar system, even with a Lantern Ring it would take me hours to reach Earth from here.

If L-Ron wasn't lying, which was still a very likely possibility, then it meant that Despero had at some point in his life acquired technology similar to that of the New Gods, allowing him to travel between locations with ease as long as the coordinates for said travel were accurate and there wasn't anything stopping him from teleporting.

I must say... if that's the case I have truly harvested more than I originally expected to. A lot more.

"Is everything okay, Master?" L-Ron asked, tilting his head.

I smiled under my helmet. "Let's talk about what you can do, and what exactly I have earned by beating your previous master, shall we?"

Even if Despero's riches only extended to his robot and his ship, which I had my reasons to believe they didn't, I already considered today's winnings quite substantial.

I mean...

A test subject.

Teletransportation technology, functional at that.

And a spaceship.

And... I guess a tiny robot as well?