

## [David Lance POV]

After Batman had completed his speech about the base and the purpose of this team, everyone left the place to allow the League room and time to restore the base back to its operational state.

Leaving Raven, Superboy, Miss Martian, and me alone on the base.

“Do any of you know sign language?” Raven asked, her body still hovering about the air in a sitting position.

Superboy, at this, turned toward Raven, nodding with disinterest.

“I... I don't, but I could learn if needed. Why?” Miss Martian asked, her tone switching between excited, confused, and shy in the span of her sentence. “Oh! Right! I'm so sorry!.. Hello, Megan! Uncle J'onn told you were mute.”

I nodded, smiling a bit under my mask at her antics.

“He’s not mute,” Superboy said, arms crossed. “Not really. He can’t speak because he would blow everything up.”

I nodded once again. It was a bit of an oversimplification of my entire thing, but it was accurate, nonetheless.

“Then, until you learn sign language, I will translate for him....” Raven said, breaking out of her sitting position mid-air to stand on the ground.

~Welcome to the team. You can call me Black Bolt or simply Bolt if you feel my superhero name is too long or tedious to say out loud. Starting today, we will train together, work together and, in our individual cases, live together for the foreseeable future, so let’s try and make this an enjoyable and productive experience.~ I said, as Raven translated what I was saying with an emotionless expression in place, her tone ever calm and even.

“You guys will stay here as well?!” Megan beamed at that, her eyes sparkling in sheer uncontainable happiness.

~We are,~ I nodded as Raven translated.

Superboy, on the other hand, remained stoic and without much of a reaction to what I had said, remaining true to his edgy persona that wanted to pretend he didn’t care about anything.

~Today, however, we won't do anything, so go ahead and pick a room, any room in the base, and make yourselves at home. If you need anything for your room or yourself, feel free to reach me in my room, which is located at the end of the living quarters, and I will get you what you need.~ I finished, smiling at them with my eyes.

“But... how will you buy that, I mean, whatever we need?” Megan asked, sounding concerned, probably thinking I would be the one to pay for the stuff. It seems J'onn taught her nothing about the earth or how hero teams work.

~I have access to the League funds and control over them to a certain extent, so most things should be within my power to obtain within measure,~ I replied, leaving out the fact I actually had no limit on how much money I could use from both Batman and Green Arrow.

“Hello, Megan!” Megan replied, comically slapping her own forehead like I now remembered she used to do on Young Justice. “Of course, the League would give our team leader control over that!”

I nodded at that. Making a mental reminder to try and ease her out of this Megan persona she was playing in order to hide her insecurities.

On that same note, I also needed to find a way to ease Superboy into controlling his anger, which if I remember correctly, was his biggest weakness for most of the show.

~Indeed, now go and explore, and if you have any questions, feel free to knock at my door,~ I nodded, letting them go to explore the base at their own leisure, before turning around with Raven, making our way toward our rooms.

“You were right,” Raven said after a few moments of silence as we entered the hall that led to our respective rooms.

I glanced at her, tilting my head.

“The girl, she has a lot of... power in the psychic arts. I haven’t seen anyone like her before today,” Raven continued with a calm tone, clarifying what she had meant a few moments prior.

I nodded. ~She does... All she needs is a bit of training to polish the edges of what’s already there.”

Megan, or rather M'gann M'orzz, was quite possibly the strongest psychic this iteration of the DC Universe had to offer. Her powers were insane, leagues above all other Martians for seemingly no reason.

I knew that because she was a White Martian, her powers overall had been enhanced, at least in the psychic arts, but for

her case specifically, her powers were leagues above even other White Martians.

I wonder if such power has a reason to be, other than genetic luck.

“I will have to meditate more from now on,” Raven said, snapping me out of my long reverie.

I smiled, knowing just why she had said that just now. ~To train your mind?~

Raven nodded, glancing at me, her violet eyes connecting with mine. “You should do the same. As strong as your mind is against attackers, there’s a limit to everything. And I feel that she will reach the limit of your shield sooner than we think.”

I paused. That was a good point. While I didn’t see myself in a situation where M'gann would try and enter my mind by force, it was always best to prepare for the worst, even if the worst seemed unlikely.

~Will do,~ I nodded, taking her advice to heart before asking.  
~Do you think she will try to breach our minds?~

“Who knows... I don’t know her. But I rather prevent where I can,” Raven replied with a calm tone, her lips forming a thin line.

So, the same reason I have.

It's comforting to see we think alike most of the time.

~That's a good reason. Trust is earned, not given, and they have yet to earn our trust, as we have yet to earn theirs,~ I replied with a nod.

“Wise words, from the hands of a leader,” Raven replied, smirking ever so slightly.

I frowned, narrowing my eyes at her. She had made a mute joke again. From the hands of a leader, I swear to God, sometimes it feels like she makes her mute material beforehand just to have teasing replies here and there.

~Careful, if you smile too much, your emo/gothic card will be revoked,~ I replied with a smirk of my own. Proud of my joking reply.

“Good try, but I have access to the internet, and in there, I have found you could dress a manic pixie dream girl in goth clothes, and even with her hyperactive personality, constant annoying laugh, and more, she would never lose the ‘Goth’ card,” Raven replied, in a serious tone.

I blinked, looking at both sides before asking with narrowed eyes. ~Why... Why did you research that? That's... seems oddly specific.~

Raven turned, her right hand reaching for my hair as she started patting me like some kind of kid. "It is oddly specific." With that said, she entered her room without elaboration any further.

Hm...

Well okay! I will pretend that's not at all concerning and go to sleep.