Lost Canary

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12940911.

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by Vespers_Reign

Summary

From the time Sara Lance leaves Nanda Parbat, Nyssa Al Ghul has to make sense of her world again. Sara has to adjust to being without the love of her life, even if it was her decision to leave.

Follows both Sara and Nyssa from the time Sara leaves the League of Assassins, through both of their eyes.

Will they be able to ever be together again? Or is Sara's betrayal too big to be forgiven?
Leaving

Sara Lance pressed one more lingering kiss to her lover's forehead as she slept in the bed they had shared for nearly four years before she slipped out of the room. She had over her shoulder a plain black backpack containing a couple of sets of street clothes and her League issued weapons as well as her Canary battle gear. Sara liked to think of it as a costume but Nyssa Al Ghul, Heir to the Demon had insisted it was battle gear.

Sara was dressed in a League training robe as it provided her with an excuse to be skulking around the halls of Nanda Parbat at one o’clock in the morning.

She needn’t have worried though, as the only living creatures in the halls were the few cats she’d kind of adopted from the village way below the mountain fortress and brought back up with her. As she made her way to the kitchen, where she would leave the place that had been her pseudo-home for the last five or so years, the most demanding of the cats, one she had named Larry, was following her, meowing every few metres or so.

“Shh, Larry, go back to bed.” she told the cat, but he wasn’t having a bar of it.

It was as if he knew this would be the last he would see of his carer.

When Sara finally made it to the kitchen, it was with a heavy heart that she made her way into the large walk in pantry at the back and stood in front of where the large sacks of rice were kept.

At the start of their relationship, when they were keeping it under wraps, Nyssa had brought Sara to this exact spot and shown her a secret passage she had found that no one else knew about.

When asked how she knows about the passage, Nyssa informed Sara that she knew this fortress intimately, in a way only a child who grew up here could.

As Sara quietly shifted the four sacks of rice to the side, she looked for the particular rock on the stone wall that acted as a door handle when pushed in that will allow a section of the stone wall to swing into the passage and let her through. As the door swung open, Sara returned the sacks to their rightful place and checked to make sure she left nothing behind before starting her journey through the tunnel that led out to open air nearly two kilometres away from the fortress.

When Nyssa and Sara travelled the tunnel, they were disappearing in order to have some quiet alone time together; this tunnel had nothing but good memories for Sara.

Until now.

Until now that she was using their secret tunnel to abandon her lover, her master and her oath to serve him.

Sara knew her punishment for leaving would most certainly mean her death. It was the price to be paid for deserters.

She would pay it, however, for the chance to see her family in Starling City one last time and check they were okay after the earthquake set in motion by Malcom Merlyn.

She could not however, turn back. She was now committed to making it back to Starling City. She would be killed for even going this far.

It broke Sara’s heart that in order to check on her family, she had to leave Nyssa behind.

The woman who held her heart, the woman who had saved her after the Amazo went down. The woman who’d shown Sara that she was capable of loving again.

When Nyssa found her, Sara was alone, starving and terrified. Nyssa protected her, nursed her back to health and forged her into the warrior she now was.

Sara could only imagine the pain she would cause Nyssa when the latter awoke in their bed to find her gone, vanished with her belongings.
Sara wondered how long it would be before the alarm was raised that she was AWOL. Would Nyssa try and keep her beloved’s desertion a secret for as long as possible to give her time to get to Starling? Or would she raise the alarm immediately in her grief to spite Sara.
Sara honestly did not know.
She figured, however, that she would find this all out in due time.

For now though, she kept her head down, trudging along the tunnel to what she was sure would be a short held freedom.
The first ray of sunshine made its way through the open balcony and into the room of the Heir to the Demon. Rays fluttering across the Heirs face, she awoke to the sounds of birds chirping on the balcony. “If only Sara had not started feeding the bird that she found most mornings at the window, I would not have to listen to their chirping this early in the morning,” thought Nyssa, refusing to yet open her eyes.

She rolled on to her back towards Sara’s side of the bed to wake her to feed the birds. Despite the fact she did not find Sara in their bed, and the bed sheets had long ago lost their warmth, Nyssa was not concerned. Sara would already be in the dining hall collecting their food to bring back to the room for breakfast. It was not unheard of for Sara to surprise her love in this way.

Nyssa decided to get into the shower to pass the time as she awaited her beloveds return.

Fifteen minutes passed by the time Nyssa was dressed in a training robe and walked into her room, eager for food. The first thing she noticed though, was that the birds were still chirping on the balcony. Had Sara not yet returned from the dining hall?

Nyssa looked around the room and saw that one of Sara’s training robes were missing and deduced that Sara must have been delayed in her return. She decided she would head down to the dining hall and locate Sara herself.

Nyssa had grown up in Nanda Parbat and so knew every passage way, every corner, every room of the fortress, and so when she made it to the dining hall, she was flummoxed that she could not locate her beloved in the lines of assassins, patiently waiting their turn for food.

“My child,” a deep voice intoned behind her after she had stopped in the doorway of the hall to search the gathering inside, causing her to turn around and face her father, the great Ra’s al Ghul. “It appears today to be a good day for outdoor training. The sky is clear and so we shall undertake stealth training in the mountain. Ta-er al-Safer will lead one legion against a legion of yours and a legion of mine. It is time she ought to learn how to lead the legions if you insist on naming her as your beloved.”

“Yes, father, I will locate Ta-er al-Safer and inform her of today’s schedule.” Nyssa stated, ignoring her fathers jab at her beloved. She swiped some food she could eat on the go before returning to her quarters to continue her search for Sara.

Once more, Sara was not in their quarters and the birds were still chirping away. “I’m not feeding you all, that’s Ta-er al-Safers job, wait for her.” She said to the birds.

Opening their closet to get changed into her battle gear for stealth training, Nyssa got her first inclination that something was not alright within Nanda Parbat. Next to her battle gear, where Sara’s black leather gear should be hung was an empty space.

Not only was one Sara’s training robes missing, but so was her Canary battle gear. A bad feeling settled in the pit of Nyssa’s stomach, causing her to feel nauseous.
A quick but thorough sweep of the room revealed some of Ta-er al-Safers street clothes and weapons, such as her collapsible bo staff and sonic Canary cry devises, as well as a backpack were also absent.

It became abundantly clear to Nyssa at that point.

Sara Lance had fled the League of Assassins.
She had made it. Sara had made it to a cargo ship that would transport her to the America’s where she would be able to make her own way back to Starling City.

She was happy that she was not yet being tailed by the League but she was sure it would not be too long until they - she - would be on her tail.

Sara had swiped a pair of overalls from one of the cottages by the docks in Hong Kong and a baseball cap, and was currently masquerading as a deck hand on the cargo ship that would set sail for America in two hours time. This provided her with a cover to be able to move somewhat around the ship. At least enough to get food and shelter. Despite her pale complexion, she had managed to find some dark foundation to change said complexion, and was able to hide her blonde hair up in the cap to make herself less distinguishable should questions be asked.

Sara kept a vigilant look out as the ship left port. She was confident that in the time she had been gone, even if the alarm had by now been raised, she was safe enough for the time being. It would be a different story when she got to the mainland again in a weeks time.

As the ship was leaving port, Sara managed to stow away out of the way in one of the shipping containers on deck in which she would remain for the duration of the journey.

She had found herself a furniture container, quite fortunately, as she was able to stretch out on a couch being transported and have a rest, the first time she had stopped moving since she’d left the fortress in Nanda Parbat.

It would be just past lunchtime now there. Sara couldn’t help but think of the woman she’s left behind.

It had taken about three months after Nyssa had rescued Sara for her to get her strength back and back to a healthy weight. It was at that point she started training, League style. Sara was given six months to be fit enough and be in good enough health to go through her trials to be accepted into the League or face certain death.

The six months flew by in the blink of an eye. With Nyssa, with Al Owals begrudging help, Sara was able to pass her trials and was accepted into the League. She gave her Oath that night.

For Nyssa, it was a proud moment. She’d found Sara, nursed her back to health and had managed to convince her father to let her train. At first, Ra’s al Ghul thought it was a waste of time, caring for Sara, he allowed it though, because Nyssa had seemed most determined that this stranger be given a chance.

Little did Ra’s know, Nyssa had already started falling for the blonde American and was adamant she would make a valuable member of the team.

Ra’s al Ghul did not approve of his daughter having emotional attachments to anyone, let alone enough to take a lover. A paramour, yes, a lover, no. Love is weakness. He didn’t need love, and neither should his daughter. It was the way she was raised.

So when Sara Lance, by now Ta-er al-Safer, was brought before him by his daughter and Heir, said Heir declaring her to be her beloved, he was not the most supportive of fathers.

Sara had listened to him, saying he was only allowing Nyssa the grace of calling Ta-er al-Safer her beloved because she would then one day learn that love is weakness. That day now rang out truer.
than Sara ever wanted it too.

She had left her beloved, the League equivalent of a fiancé, and had proven Ra’s al Ghul right. And it would tear Nyssa apart.

Sara was concerned of what the fall out from her desertion would bring, from both the Demon and his Heir, but there was nothing she could do for that now.

She had made her bed, now she had to lay in it.
Nyssa’s Search

“Heir? Are you in there?” Talibah asked, knocking on the large wooden door that separated her from the Heir to the Demon’s chambers.

After hearing muffled movement, Talibah knocked again and received a muffled, “Enter.”

The large door swung open into the room as Talibah stepped inside. She saw the Heir leaving her bathroom and walking towards the balcony that overlooked the valley below. Talibah followed and stood a metre behind the Heir waiting for her to acknowledge her presence.

It took a few moments but eventually, the Heir turned around to face her underling.

“Talibah, you have been sent by Ra’s Al Ghul to locate me, have you not?” the Heir asked her.

“I have, my Heir. The Great Ra’s requests your presence immediately in his throne room. He also requests Ta-er al-Safer be present as well. You both missed training this morning.” Talibah relayed the information she was provided.

“You can tell my Father that I will be in attendance in a short while. I have an urgent matter I must attend to.”

“Yes, my Heir.”

Talibah left the Heirs chambers and returned to the throne room, delivering the relayed message to her Master.

Nyssa took a deep breath as she prepared to leave her chambers. After discovering the initial items missing, she conducted a deeper search for any other items Ta-er al-Safer had taken with her.

There were not many other items missing from their - her - room. At least what Ta-er al-Safer had taken were essentials, even if she had stolen her League issued weapons as well.

Walking out into the hallway of the East wing of the fortress, Nyssa made a bee-line for the kitchens.

There is only one way her beloved would have been able to escape from Nanda Parbat without being seen and raising any alarms.

The tunnel behind the kitchen.

Nyssa, dressed as usual in her battle gear when not in her training robes, swiftly made her way down to the kitchens in the South corner of the fortress. When she arrived, the kitchen staff were starting the preparations for the evenings meal.

She did not care.

“Out! Leave me.” she ordered.

Knowing it would mean certain death to disobey a direct order from the Heir to the Demon, all kitchen staff left the room immediately.

Once the door was finally closed, Nyssa stalked through the kitchen to where the walk in pantry store room was, heading straight for the sacks of rice. Using what light was available to her, Nyssa saw the bags had recently been moved. Before she followed through the steps her beloved had taken hours ago and moving to go through the wall, Nyssa returned to the kitchen to observed what food
was being prepared. It was just as she suspected, there was no rice yet cooking. She knew rice was not served at breakfast or lunch today as the assassins would have caught wild game in the forest near the fortress and cooked it on open fires to sustain them for the afternoon.

After confirming her suspicions, Nyssa then finally moved the rice sacks and found the rock door handle, opening the tunnel entrance. The dust that covers the tunnel edges and ground were also disturbed and smeared. There was no further evidence needed to prove to Nyssa that her beloved had left her in the middle of the night.

There was no note. There was no goodbye. There was no explanation. Were there even tears?

Despite the inner turmoil raging inside, Nyssa could not afford to break down and grieve over the loss of the love of her life, because make no mistake, that is what Sara is - was - to her. Her beloved, her to-be-betrothed, her everything, had just signed the equivalent of her death warrant for abandoning the League of Assassins. To make the situation worse, she had also stolen valuable League gear on her departure.

Instead of falling to the ground and crying her eyes out, like she wanted to do on the inside, Nyssa al Ghul, Daughter of Ra’s al Ghul, Heir to the Demon, held her head high and left the kitchen for the throne room.

It was time Ra’s al Ghul learnt of the betrayal.
Sara Reflects

The first few hours on the ship were spent sleeping inside the shipping container filled with furniture. Sara had long ago learnt to function on very little sleep. Thanks to the League, she learnt to sleep whenever possible on whatever was available.

By the time she awoke, the sun had been long set, the sea air was chilled with only the stars and moon above providing light as the outside of the ship was in darkness.

Sara donned her stolen overalls and cap, bundling her long blonde hair up inside it.

She quietly exited the shipping container and followed the line of containers to the door that would allow her inside the ship. Whilst she was dressed in the working clothes of those legitimately on board, she would rather not bring attention to herself and so kept quiet and in the shadows. After taking numerous wrong turns, remembering which way she had come from, Sara was able to find a kitchen, which was blessedly devoid of workers.

As she entered the kitchen, she saw the clock on the wall said that it was 10:00pm in Hong Kong, which means that it was also 10:00pm in Nanda Parbat.

Not stopping to think of what Nyssa would be doing right now, Sara focussed on her current mission. Obtaining enough food for a few days so she would only need to leave the container for toilet breaks.

She looked around the kitchen and saw various canned food including various fish and meats as well as some vegetables. Although the food would likely be disgusting to eat cold straight from the can, there was no other option, it’s not like she could take a heating plate into the container if she could even find one. In retrospect, she had eaten worse on Lian Yu.

She also found a couple of chocolate bars and bottles of water. There were muesli bars that she also took for breakfast.

Feast bagged into a rubbish bag, providing a cover of rubbish disposal should she need one, Sara left the kitchen, swiping a couple of apples on her way.

She bit into one of the apples as she started walking back to the container.

She was lucky enough not to bump into anyone on the way and made it safely back to the container where she ate one of the cans of tinned fish and half of a chocolate bar before laying back down on the couch she would be calling home for the next week.

It was only as she lay down to sleep that Sara finally allowed herself to grieve for her now ruined relationship with Nyssa, ruined by her own actions. There was no one to blame but herself.

She thought of Nyssa and how she would be handling her desertion. Sara knew that on the outside, Nyssa would remain stoic, head held high and would continue on training new recruits and running missions. She knew that on the outside, Nyssa would conceal her true feelings, if only to try and prove her father wrong, that whilst she did - had - did? - love Sara, it would not make her weak now the woman she loved was no longer by her side.

What Sara felt most guilty for, was that, on the inside, Nyssa would be crumbling to pieces on the ground. She knew Nyssa would wait until the cover of darkness, whether in her room or on the top
of the mountain, and cry her heart out. She could see in her minds eye Nyssa wailing, beating her fists against her chest and cursing the name Sara Lance. All to be hidden away come day break, not to reemerge until the sun had again set.

Although Sara knew Nyssa would also grieve their relationship privately, it was what Nyssa would do in the eyes of the League that worried Sara.

Would Ra’s command the mission to have Sara returned to the League himself, or would he send people in his stead to attempt to return her? Would Nyssa herself be drawn to Starling City to retrieve her Beloved and return her for her execution?

It was these unknowns that made Sara uneasy. She knew she had a League bounty on her head and so had to be careful.

As Sara drifted off to sleep, she dreamt of the first time she had met Nyssa on the beach on Lian Yu after the Amazo went down.

Nyssa had found her after five days being stranded on the beach with a broken leg, sustained when she had been ripped from the lower decks of the ship where she had last seen Oliver Queen.

When Sara had amazingly resurfaced from underneath the sinking ship, she clung onto a piece of flotsam that made its way to shore. It was not until Sara felt the sand beneath her feet when she could touch in the deep water that she even realised her leg had been broken. All of the adrenalin that had been coursing through her veins had numbed the pain in the leg but now faced with the prospect of having to get out of the deep water and to shelter on the land had bought the pain to the surface.

Sara barely remembered the next five days as she waited to die in the shade of a tree on the north side of Lian Yu. Although she had manage to get to a tree next to a berry bush to at least give her something to eat, Sara had no access to fresh water and knew she did not have long to live.

Sara had closed her eyes on the afternoon of that fifth day on the beach and only opened them when she felt a presence above her, noticing a shadow fall across her face. Little did she know, the owner of the shadow would one day own her heart.

Nyssa immediately felt a connection to the small female in the shade of the tree. Even though her League training was telling her to leave this girl behind, she found her moral compass spinning out of control before deciding that it would not allow Nyssa to leave Sara to die on that beach.

Sara continued dreaming as she slept on the couch, dreaming of all the good times, and sometimes the bad times, she and Nyssa had shared over the years.

So when she awoke hours later after having cried out in her sleep to the point of waking herself, once more grieving the loss of her love, Sara had no one but herself to blame.
“You are late, my child,” Ra’s al Ghul stated in an even tone, giving no emotion away.

“Yes, Father,” Nyssa replies as she takes a knee before the dais upon which her father stood.

“Explain yourself.”

“Father, it is with regret that I must inform you, Ta-er al-Safer has left Nanda Parbat under the cover of darkness this night gone. I do not know where or why she left but she has taken with her a number of possessions. I do not know what time she left.”

There was no point in lying to her father, he would find out the truth soon enough. Nyssa braced herself for the fallout.

To Nyssa’s surprise, Ra’s did not immediately turn straight to anger at the desertion of someone who was rising the ranks well within the League, despite her title of Beloved of the Heir.

“Leave us,” he ordered, commanding Nyssa to stand at the same time. “Why have you waited this long to report this to me?” he asked when the room was clear of all assassins.

“I did not want to report a desertion until I was confident it was true. I did not want to raise an alarm if Ta-er al-Safer had been elsewhere in the fortress or down in the valley below, and returned to the League hunting her for an apparent desertion. However I am now satisfied that she has indeed left the League.” Nyssa was careful to end her sentence with the right word, there would be no way she would utter the phrase, ‘left me’. At least not in front of her father.

She need not have worried though, as Ra’s immediately amended the missing end of his daughters proclamation.

“Your Canary left you as well, daughter of mine. Do not forget that. You have taken her as your Beloved, against my advice. She left you also. Is that the reason why you did not report to me as soon as you noticed her missing?”

“No, Father, as I said, I needed to confirm her absence. That is now done. I have no further reasons for not coming to you before now.” Nyssa finished.

Ra’s started pacing up and down the dais, thinking hard about what to do, where to go from here. After about five minutes of thinking, he turned to his Heir. “I want you to lead a taskforce to have Ta-er al-Safer returned to Nanda Parbat. Preferably alive.”

“Yes, Father. I will put a plan together come sunlight.”

“Nyssa, you know I am not supportive of your attachment to the Lance girl, even more so now, but I will allow you this eve to yourself to grieve the loss of your chosen one. You know the price for desertion. You know this will not end well for Lance.”

“Yes, Father. Thank you.” Nyssa bowed, acknowledging her fathers generosity in giving her this night. It was more than she was expecting.

“Before I dismiss you, I do have further matters that need your attention.” Ra’s stated.

Ra’s al Ghul commanded his daughters attention for a further hour prior to dismissing her to deal
with her grief.

When Nyssa left the throne room, she returned to the kitchen for sustenance as she had barely eaten this day.

Meal obtained, Nyssa made her way back to the quarters that, until last night, she shared with her Beloved.

Now, Nyssa had to return to this room alone, recommence living alone and resume her previous life of loneliness.
Passing Time on the Ship

Crash!

Sara was awoken by the hull of the ship crashing down on large waves, the size of four storey buildings in the middle of the ocean.

She had been stowed away now for about three days and was half way across the ocean to home.

Since the Queens Gambit went down, since the Amazo went down, sailing had, understandably, been Sara’s least favourite mode of transportation.

The League however favoured sailing as you can stow many assassins on one ship to get to a destination off radar.

And so it was that, slowly, Sara regained her sea legs in the League. That still didn’t mean she liked travelling by boat.

Having eaten the last of her stashed food now that she was awake, Sara decided it would be a good time to obtain more supplies.

Again donning the overalls and baseball cap, Sara made her way through the ship to the kitchen, remembering the path from a few days ago.

Her luck on being unnoticed however ran out just as she was about to leave the kitchen.

“What are you doing in my galley, sailor?” the chef asked coming into the room.

Sara motioned to her throat and tried to indicate that she had lost her voice. She spotted a notebook and pen sitting on the bench and picked them up, writing a note saying she’d missed breakfast and was getting some food, that she was leaving immediately.

As the chef read the note Sara had scrawled, she took her chance to slip out of the kitchen and return to her container.

She knew it was too risky to assault her way out of the kitchen, despite the fact she could easily render the chef unconscious, and so opted for the course of action she had taken.

Sara stashed the food onto an upturned table on top of a table at the back of the container.

She walked over to the couch she was using as a bed, next to which was the backpack she’d brought with her, and opened the bag.

In the very bottom of the backpack was a photograph, the only memory possession Sara had brought with her on her escape.

The photograph depicted a half asleep Nyssa, laying face down on their bed wearing nothing but a dark red sheet wrapped around her waist.

It was Sara’s favourite photo of Nyssa, not that she had many, but of the few she did have, this was her favourite.

She had taken it on Nyssa’s League issues SLR camera after the first time they had slept together.
Sara sat down on the couch, staring at the photograph.

When she had taken it, she had just come back into their bedchamber from the bathroom to see Nyssa wrapped in the sheet. Sara distinctly remembers thinking how beautiful Nyssa looked half asleep watching her move about the room. When Sara saw the camera sitting on Nyssa’s desk, having just returned from a recon mission, Sara couldn’t help but snap the photograph of her girlfriend.

Sara had had the photograph developed herself whilst the photo lab was empty so no one else in the League would know of the existence of the photo, she was sure Nyssa would kill her if the photograph ever made it into someone else’s hands.

When Sara presented Nyssa the photo a few days later, Nyssa was unable to wipe the smile off her face.

A tear slipped from the corner of Sara’s eye, remembering that time.

Although their job was demanding, horrific, and in some few cases, rewarding, Sara and Nyssa always found the time to appreciate each other and love each other.

When Sara was brought before Ra’s al Ghul and her execution and countenance weighed, she could tell Nyssa was proud to display her before her father. She could also sense that, when she laughed at a demonstration of the power of the great and powerful Ra’s, Nyssa was apprehensive as to her fathers reaction.

Although he was taken a back at the genuine laughter he received to his display, Ra’s decided to give the blonde American girl a chance, as outsiders rarely ever entered the League. Even to have brought her back with her, Nyssa must have seen something in this Lance girl. He was willing to allow Sara the chance to prove herself worthy of being in the League.

Now though, Sara had failed the League, had failed her lover and had failed her master.

Pressing her lips to the photograph, Sara slipped it back inside the backpack, wiped her eyes and started exercising as best she could in the container, sit ups, push ups etc. to assist in keeping her fitness up and chasing away the boredom of this journey, as well as to fight further tears from falling.
Entering her chambers, Nyssa allowed the first tear to fall from her eyes.

Though she had to remain strong in the eyes of every assassin, medic and IT boffin, just to name a few of those in the Leagues employ, she did not have to remain stoic in the safety and privacy of her own chambers.

Just making it to her balcony before the tears started to fall in earnest, Nyssa slid down against the outside wall and rested her head on her arms crossed on top of her knees which were pulled up to her chest.

Nyssa knew Sara was having trouble accepting the murderous side of her job but it is in the job title. She knew what she was getting into when she swore her allegiance to the League of Assassins.

Nyssa also knew that after receiving news from Starling City that the former League member Al Saher, also known as Malcom Merlyn, had devastated a suburb of her home town, that Sara was having a hard time not knowing what had become of her family. Though she never said anything specifically, Nyssa could see a difference in Sara after this news was received.

Nyssa could only suppose Sara would make her way to Starling City to see to her family’s welfare before going off grid to hide from the League.

Even though Nyssa’s mission was, as of day break tomorrow, to track, hunt, and return Sara to Nanda Parbat, secretly she was glad Sara had a days head start.

If checking on her family was important enough for Sara to desert the League, Nyssa would at least give Sara the peace of obtaining that knowledge before returning her against her will to the fortress that was Nyssa’s home. This much, she vowed.

As Nyssa wept the night away, the cats Sara had brought up to the fortress with her from the village below (if you were to ask Sara, she would vehemently say they followed her), walked around and kept her company, Larry even coming so far as to sit in her lap.

Nyssa thought on the good times she and Sara had shared, especially the night she proposed Sara become her Beloved.

To Nyssa, a Beloved is the equivalent of a western cultures engagement. Although she and Sara were not married in the Leagues eyes, by Sara laying claim to being Nyssa’s beloved, the League saw her as Nyssa’s chosen one, her next of kin, so to speak, her Heir should anything happen to her once she ascended the position of Ra’s al Ghul. It was an esteemed position within the League, one of great honour.

By leaving, Sara disrespected that honour. This Nyssa knew, but she still could not help but love Sara.

Nyssa knew also that there was no way for her to communicate with Sara anymore. And she needed someone to talk to right now.

Being the Heir to the Demon however, Nyssa would never let anyone bare witness to her being weak and crying.

And so she did the next best thing.
She found an empty journal with an invisible set ink pen.

In this, Nyssa poured her heart out to Sara, writing down everything she wished she could say in person.

‘Why did you leave me Beloved? My heart breaks for you and what has transpired. I took you into my heart and I love you with all my soul. I know you must be in extreme emotional pain to pull a stunt such as this and leave the League (again she couldn’t bring herself to say ‘leave me’) knowing it will mean your death.

I grieve for what we have - had. I know I can no longer call you my Beloved whilst in the League, whilst in Nanda Parbat. In my heart though, you will always be my Beloved. I will always love you. You knew by leaving it would bring about your death. And you did it anyway.

If I had known you were in such emotional turmoil within the League, I would have done something, anything, to prevent you from running. Running is suicidal Beloved, and I am torn apart knowing you were in that much pain.

I wish you would have spoken to me Sara.

I love you, Sara’

By the time Nyssa had stopped writing in the journal and secured it in her quarters, the first ray of light was breaking over the mountain top, emerging was the break of day.

It was time to set grieving Nyssa aside.

The person who walked from Nyssa’s quarters ten minutes later was Nyssa, daughter of Ra’s al Ghul, Heir to the Demon, ready to accept the mission of returning Ta-er al-Safer to Nanda Parbat.
After six and a half long days at sea, land was finally in sight for Sara, very soon, the cargo ship would be docked and Sara would be able to start her journey towards Starling City.

She knew by now the League would be tracking her, or at least trying to find her to track her.

Sara had used the last week to form a plan to avoid the League. She figured the first place they would go to to find her would be Starling City. And so, for the first few weeks, she would find an abandoned house in Central City and research everything she could on the masked vigilante that had been running around Starling City for the last twelve months.

From her own time stranded on Lian Yu, she knew it was Oliver Queen underneath the hood, even if the Starling City Police Department had unfounded their case against him being vigilante.

Although members of the League have access to top level surveillance and tracking computer software, they were unable to use said software to track people from their past as they renounce their past self upon swearing their Oath.

As such, Sara had not kept up to date with Starling City’s vigilant problem. This would all change however as soon as she had a laptop and an internet connection.

Once Sara had her safe house and equipment in Central City, she would then research ‘The Hood’ as well as track down her family.

There was also one more person Sara would have to locate in Starling City.

Whilst on Lian Yu, Sara vowed to look out for a young girl whose father perished on the Island. Although Sara had been so far unable to do that whilst in the League, she would now make good on the vow and protect this young girl. A young girl who went by the name of Sin.

Sara spent the last few hours on the ship figuring out how to take care of Sin. Moreover, how to allow Sin to let Sara take care of her. Although Sara have never met Sin, she had promised her father she would. Sara would just have to figure it how.

“Add it to the to-do list,” thought Sara as she packed away all of her gear that had been spread throughout the shipping container.

That morning, before the crew awoke, Sara had made one last trip into the kitchen to steal some food to take with her onto the mainland. As she didn’t have any money at the moment, she would have to make do with what food she could steal until she was able to obtain funds.

Her experience in the League taught her that all League safe houses have large sums of money hidden within them, as well as large armouries, but she would be unable to gain access to a safe house without alerting Ra’s to her whereabouts.

Although Sara had taken her Canary battle gear and a few select weapons, she did not bring with her any computers or reconnaissance tools. She will have to rely on her own skills to obtain the necessary money and intelligence.

Not too long after, Sara heard the ship dock and could feel the deck hands and dock stewards tie the ship alongside the dock. She made her way out onto the deck, backpack slung over her shoulders
wearing her stolen overalls.

Using her honed skill of stealth, Sara was able to offload from the ship by sliding down the bow line that had been tied off on the dock at the front of the ship, so as to avoid any customs the crew would have to go through when they walked off the ship. She made her way to the docks secure parking lot, knowing she would not be able to go through security at the front gate to leave the secure area.

At the parking lot, she hid away in the tub of a pick up truck closest to the building, deducing it would be one of the first to leave the port.

She was right to hide away in the chosen truck, she had only to hide in the tray for an hour before she heard the engine start and feel the truck shift into drive.

It only took five minutes for the driver of the truck to clear the port security and gain speed on the road.

Sara was now free in her home land, ready to start her next mission of getting to her home town.
Planning

Foregoing the dining hall in favour of the kitchens, Nyssa picked up an apple, a muesli bar and a bottle of water on her way through to the fortress’ War Room on the top level of Nanda Parbat.

Despite the foreboding name of the room, it was generally used in the planning of missions instead of wars, unless a war was currently involving the League.

As one of the largest rooms in Nanda Parbat, the War Room contained multiple large square tables on one side for the laying out of maps, plans, charts and any other large documents flat for all to see.

In the middle of the room was a large long table with high backed chairs that seated thirty people. This was the conference table at which missions and such were discussed. At the end of the table facing the door was a high backed ornate chair, the largest at the table. It was clear that this was the presiding chair for Ra’s al Ghul. At the other end of the table was a slightly smaller, but still larger than the other chairs, ornate chair in which the Heir to the Demon sat for conferences.

On the other side of the room there were darkened windows that overlooked the valley below the fortress as well as the lower levels of the fortress and its training grounds. Underneath these windows were the only computers and technology permitted in Nanda Parbat. There was a bank of seven computers with every bit of software known to man downloaded onto them. A personal password and username was required to gain access to these computers, less than fifteen persons in the Leagues employ had the required access for them.

Nyssa entered the room and, seeing she was the rooms sole occupant, she placed her food down at her end of the table before collecting the tools she needed for the planning stage of her mission to return Sara.

Nyssa went to the rear of the room to the large cupboards on the left hand side. These cupboards contained stationary needed by the League. From the cupboard, Nyssa obtained an A4 legal pad of paper and a pen, along with a clear plastic sleeve in which to keep her notes of this mission together.

Nyssa returned to the conference table however did not take a seat where she’d placed her food. Instead, Nyssa looked longingly at the chair to her seats right.

Sara’s chair.

In an uncharacteristic move, and only because she had the room to herself, Nyssa ignored her designated seat in favour of the former seat of her Beloved.

She knew it was a risk sitting there should someone else come into the room but she could not help herself. Even if it was only this small gesture, Nyssa still felt a bit closer to Sara just by sitting in the woman’s chair.

Eating her breakfast, Nyssa got to work planning the mission to return Ta-er al-Safer to Nanda Parbat. Unable to falter in this duty bestowed upon her, Nyssa mapped out a plan starting with available League members she could commandeer for this mission.

She thought about where Sara would go after leaving the League. The first thought Nyssa had was that, obviously, Sara would go to Starling City to see her family, however she scratched that plan almost immediately.

Nyssa knew Sara, just as Sara knew Nyssa.
Nyssa figured that Sara would hide out somewhere for a while, knowing the first place the League would think to look for her would be her home town. From this Nyssa made a note to check the city’s and towns around Starling City as possible places in which her Canary might nest.

Further notes were made to work out how Sara got from Nanda Parbat to where ever she now was. Nyssa would have to come up with another suggestion of how this was accomplished as she did not want to reveal her only escape from the fortress also.

Nyssa has been working on her notes for about an hour by the time Ra’s al Ghul stepped into the room.

Immediately sensing his anger at seeing his Heir not in her spot, the Heir to the Demon stood immediately and took a knee before her father.

Without instructing her to stand, Ra’s demanded and answer, “What is the meaning of you sitting in the chair of a betrayer instead of the chair befitting an Heir of mine?”

Sensing this was not the time to play happy family, the Heir to the Demon responded, “My liege, I mean no disrespect by taking the seat of another. I wished to have more space to spread out my notes on the mission of returning said betrayer.” Knowing her father would not accept this answer, she added, “I also wished to have a moment of closure, Father, for the loss of my Beloved. I did not adequately grieve that loss last night and saw no harm sitting in this chair whilst I was unaccompanied in this room.”

The Heir observed a near discernible softening of Ra’s al Ghul’s features at the additional information she provided him when she looked up to him, awaiting his response.

“Whilst I do not agree with you sitting in Ta-er al-Safer’s former seat, I suppose I understand. Rise, my child.”

Immediately Nyssa rose from her kneeled position.

“I will lock the doors to the War Room when I leave, you may then continue, for this day only, to make use of this chair as you will not be interrupted or observed to be sitting here. You know Ta-er al-Safer had numerous people believing she did not belong in this League. It would not do for those to see you, my Heir, sitting in the chair of a betrayer.”

“Yes, Father. Thank you, Father.” Nyssa knew she was getting off easily. “Have you come to look over my plans?”

“Not today, my Heir. I did not see you at the dining hall this morning and merely wondered if you would attend to your tasks today, as you did not yesterday.”

Knowing that she probably earned that jab at her nonappearance the previous day, Nyssa still felt the sting of distrust portrayed by Ra’s’ comment.

“I will leave you to continue your planning in peace. Do not allow any member to see you sitting in the betrayers chair. It would not do to raise further questions.”

“Yes, Father. Have a pleasant day, Father.” Nyssa bid Ra’s al Ghul goodbye, bowing once more, only returning to her former activity upon the doors to the War Room being locked shut behind him.

Nyssa skipped lunch in favour of working on her mission plan. By the time dinner approached, she’d mapped out the basics of said mission plan.
Nyssa went to the dining hall for her evening meal, accompanying Talibah who, though she would never admit to it, worried for the Heir to the Demon after not seeing Ta-er al-Safer in more than forty-eight hours.

Nyssa did not hang around the dining hall once her meal was complete.

Instead, she returned to her chambers, seeking out the leather bound diary she’d started the night before, immediately going out to her balcony to start writing the words she so desperately wishes she could say to her Beloved in person.
Using League honed skills, Sara deduced she had been in the bed of the pick up truck for two hours before it stopped. She listened for the driver to exit the vehicle, closing the door and locking the vehicle behind him.

Sara counted to ten before she slipped out of the trucks tub, taking in her surrounds.

The truck had parked at the back of a gas station in an open field filled with semi-trailers and other large haulage vehicles. There were no people around in the dark surrounds of the trucks parking spot and no other trucks had any lights on.

Making a quick decision, Sara quietly broke into the trucks cab and hot wired the engine, starting it and climbing in.

Without drawing attention to herself, Sara drove out of the gas station and made her way out onto the highway.

Finding a dark quiet park with an empty parking lot about half and hour later, Sara stopped the truck to do a complete sweep over it, removing anything that might possibly have a tracking device in it.

Looking in the centre console, Sara found a black permanent marker and was able to change the registration plate from 010UIO to 868OTQ, so the plate won’t draw attention as a stolen vehicle.

Also inside the the centre console was a wallet containing various credits card and cash. Ignoring the credit cards that can easily be traced and cancelled by the banks upon being reported stolen, Sara swiped the cash, $187 in total, and put it at the bottom of her backpack for later. That amount of money could sustain a League member for a couple of weeks.

Before placing the NavMan GPS under the back tyre to reverse over and destroy, Sara quickly looked up Starling City so she would know which direction she would have to be travelling in to get to where she wanted to be.

Despite not wanting to appear so soon in Starling City, Sara did want to go somewhere she could be nearby. She decided Central City would be a good place to be able to disappear in for a while, all the while maintaining observations on Starling City and trying to locate Sin, as per her fathers request.

Even though Sara only knew Sins father for a few hours at most, she felt compelled to stand by her word to find Sin. She would take care of Sin from afar before attempting to contact the girl and reveal who she was and what she was doing.

With her heading mapped out, Sara now knew the path she had to take to get to Central City.

Reversing over the GPS and few other electronics she located inside the truck before throwing the remains in the nearest trash can and leaving the park.

From where Sara was, it would take her three days to get to Central City.

Though there was still no sign of a League tail, Sara knew she could not keep the truck long, despite clearing out the electronics. The League might not be tracking the nondescript white truck but the local Police sure will be if they weren’t already.

It was near midnight by the time Sara came across the next town and found there was a camp site on
the outskirts of town, about a mile away from the town's water source, a dam.

Choosing to ditch the truck in the dam, Sara collected her belongings from it before finding a slope on the bank of the dam to leave the truck in neutral and take off the hand break.

Although it was a waste of a perfectly good vehicle, Sara could not risk it being sighted by any law enforcement with her driving it. Ditching it in the dam will also obscure any DNA she may have left behind in the truck as it will deteriorate rapidly being submerged in dam water.

With her belongings safely on the slope away from the truck, Sara put it in neutral and, with the door open and her just sitting in the side of the driver's seat, removed the hand break.

As the truck started its slow crawl down the slope into the dam, Sara simply leapt from where she was sitting on the side of the seat and managed to close the driver's door as the truck rolled away from her.

Sara watched in the dark as the truck rolled its way into the dam and slowly submerged below its surface. She had left all four windows down so water rushed into the cab of the truck assisting its decent into the murky depths.

Just because she could, Sara waited and watched until the entire vehicle had disappeared and the surface of the dam evened out again once there were no more air bubbles to be let go from the now sunk truck.

It took Sara a leisurely half hour to walk from the dam to the camp site.

She once more stole a vehicle, this one being a small little hatch back car she'd seen close to the entrance of the camp.

Sneaking into the cabin the car was parked in front of, Sara quickly located a purse from which she gained $59, and the keys for the car before taking it back to the dam and going through her stripping of the vehicle procedures she'd completed with the truck.

Once it was clear and its number plate modified, she was once again on her way to Central City.

Instead of reflecting on Nyssa like she'd been doing in her down time over the last week, Sara felt guilt creeping into her system for the two people who have lost their vehicles and cash she had stolen. She knew that stealing was wrong, her father is a police officer for crying out loud! But Sara also understood the difference between stealing for survival, as she was doing, as opposed to stealing for fun or for the sake of it. That still didn't help her feelings of guilt.

Sara Lance was learning there were many types of guilt, but all guilt took a toll on a person's conscience. It made for a lonely travel buddy as Sara spent the next few days on the long road home.
A Distraction

Nyssa was awoken from sleep two hours before the sun rose by the loud sounding bell being rung from the top of the fortress.

Whenever the bell sounded, all League members within Nanda Parbat were to immediately without delay kit up in their battle gear and report to the throne room in their ranks and file.

The bell was only rung in emergent situations.

This morning was no different.

The attending Assassins filed into the throne room before the great Ra’s al Ghul who was observing the scene.

Nyssa took her place at the front of the ranks and file, directly in front of her father. This was the position befitting the Heir to the Demon.

A week prior, a short blonde would have been standing to Nyssa’s right side, half a step behind her.

Once all Assassins were present, Ra’s addressed the assembly.

“Namir has fallen.”

At once, the League collectively took a knee and bowed their heads as a sign of respect for their fallen comrade.

No one moved a muscle of made a sound for a full minute.

When the minute of silence was up the Assassins rose and Ra’s once more addressed the assembly.

“He was killed by an unknown assailant whilst on a mission in Kandahar, a full contingent will be sent to locate the rebel group that felled Namir and we shall eliminate them.”

As Ra's himself had only received this news not ten minutes before hand, he had yet to furnish a plan for the mission to Kandahar. As such, he dismissed all League members before him with immediate tasks to take care of.

Senior League members were to meet in the War Room in ten minutes time after each obtaining their bags that always remained packed and ready to go at a moments notice, usually referred to as 'grab bags'. The more junior Assassins were to also collect their grab bags and attend the armoury, collecting all available weaponry and readying said weaponry for deployment. After this, they were to ready all of the troop carrier vehicles the League would employ to get their people to an airport for the flight to Kandahar. Once all tasks were completed, they were to await further orders in the mess hall where they would find a last meal prepared for them prior to their departure.

Nyssa let out a sigh of relief as she entered her chambers to get her grab bag before heading to the War Room at her fathers request.

Although Nyssa was sad over the death of Namir, a good Assassin whom she’d known well for
many years, she was relieved this would provide Sara with more time to seek reassurance about her family. Although Nyssa realised this was an odd reaction to a League death, she still felt relief for her Beloved’s plight.

This would be the last time Nyssa would have a moment spare to think about Sara whilst the hunt for Namir’s killers was on. Nyssa owed it to her friend to avenge his death, and to do so without the distraction of personal heartache.

Walking into the War Room a while later, Nyssa took her assigned seat at the opposite head of the table to her father.

It did not take long for a basic plan of attack to be mapped out with the available Assassins spilt into three teams, each with different jobs. Ra’s al Ghul would lead one battalion of Assassins, The Heir would lead the second with Al-Owal leading the third team.

This would be one of the rare time Ra’s al Ghul himself would enter the field of play. With some good work and luck, Ra’s would be the one to swing the sword that avenges his Assassins death. Even as the Head of the League of Assassins, it was not often Ra's found himself actively taking part in missions instead of running the League from the relative safety of his fortress.

The rest of the day was spent by the heads of the League discussing the inner workings of the plan of attack with the subordinates coordinating and packing the gear that would be needed during the mission.

By daybreak the next day, there was only a skeleton crew left to man the fortress, the last Assassins shipping out in the hour before daybreak, making their way to Kandahar.
Meeting Sin

After only a week in Central City, Sara decided to move along to Starling City and keep an extremely low profile.

She found an abandoned clock tower that she fashioned into a safe house, complete with safety devices. Although small and only a few storeys tall, the clock tower had a bathroom at its base that was fully functional as well as a kitchenette nearby that would have been a break room when the building was occupied. The top floor of the tower, the floor that housed the broken clock face was set up like a fortress to ensure maximum safety to the bedroom Sara had fashioned in the lofty roof of the tower.

Over the next two weeks, Sara kept abreast of the situation in Starling City first hand and had managed to locate Sin.

Although she had still yet to meet this mysterious young lady, Sara had made sure that, from afar, Sin was sheltered, had clean clothes, fresh food and was generally being cared for, not that Sin would know.

Sara was beginning to make the moves to show Sin that she could be safe with Sara looking out for her, at least from the scum in Starling City.

Sara’s timeline to meet Sin was moved up one night though when, four weeks after being back in the country, Sin was being attacked by a gang of thugs, all dressed in baggy black clothes, trying to kidnap Sin whilst she was walking through a tunnel to a motel she knew never locked the door to the staff quarters of a night time (Sin never knew that it was Sara making sure that the staff quarters were always unlocked).

Sin had felt the four gang members closing in on her but had been powerless to avoid them.

They only got one good punch on Sin, leaving her with a large black eye, when Sara, dressed in her full Canary gear swooped in and attacked the attackers.

Using her bo staff, Sara systematically disposed of the four gang members who, the three that could, ran away with their tails between their legs. The fourth member would take a whilst before regaining consciousness and making his way home.

It was only when the three other gang members were running away that Sara spared a glance over to the side of the tunnel they were in at Sin, standing against the wall of the tunnel, hands held with open palms in a sign of peace.

With her voice disguiser activated, Sara finally spoke her first words to the girl she’d been watching over for two and a half weeks.

“Are you alright? Did they hurt you?”

Ignoring the question Sara had posed, Sin replied, “Please don’t hurt me, I won’t say anything.”

Although Sara could tell the girl wasn’t pleading, she figured it wouldn’t take long before that happened.

Wanting Sin to feel more comfortable in her presence, or at least less terrified, Sara collapsed the bo staff and deactivated the voice disguiser.
“I will never hurt you, you have my word. Are you hurt?” Sara repeated, her voice normal.

It seemed to have the desired affect on Sin as she let her hands fall to her side before lifting one hand up to touch her left cheek where one of the thugs fists had connected.

“One of them hit me in the face, but I think I’m okay.”

“Let me help you, please? I have a safe place where we can go and I can check over your cheek, I do have some medical training.”

“Why would you do that?” the teen asked, cautious of anyone who would want to help her for no apparent reason.

“Because I used to be like you.”

“What?”

“I was alone in the world, hurt and dying, until someone took a chance on me and nursed me back to health. I’m not saying you’re dying but you are hurt. Please let me help you.”

Although still wary of the strange blonde woman in a mask and leather costume before her, something was telling Sin that she could trust this woman.

“Will you take that mask off?”

“When we get back to my safe house. If you can swear to me you will not reveal my identity to anyone.”

Sara sounded stupid stipulating those terms but it had to be done.

“Okay,” was the whispered reply Sara was waiting for.

Although Sara had only been trailing the young woman for a short while, she knew Sin could be trusted to hold her tongue.

The trip back to the clock tower did not take long as the pair kept a brisk pace.

Entering the building attached to the tower from the rear door with a jemmied lock, Sara led Sin through into the kitchen area of the tower.

“I will tend to your injuries before I remove my mask, you need to get ice onto your cheek so it doesn’t swell up too much.” Sara commanded.

Sin nodded silently, gathering she would not be able to change the blondes mind on when to remove the mask.

Sara made quick work of looking after Sins injuries before handing her an ice pack to put on her cheek.

“So are you gunna tell me who you are and why you trust me enough to bring me back here and tell me?” Sin asked, trying to keep scepticism out of her voice.

Sara, who’d had her back turned to Sin at that point slowly turned around, removing her blonde wig and domino mask in the process, revealing to the first person in Starling City that the long thought deceased Sara Lance was alive and well.
Passing Time - League Style

It took four weeks for the League to finish their mission in Kandahar.

When the League arrived to avenge Namir’s death, they discovered a child smuggling ring that Namir had uncovered but never had the chance to report to the League due to his untimely death.

The League spent two weeks scouring Kandahar for Namir’s killers, executing all.

It took a further two weeks to shut down the ring and take out the major players, returning as many children as they could to the families, if not, orphanages.

Whilst in Kandahar, Nyssa was every bit the ruthless assassin she was prior to Sara entering her life. Not that she wasn’t ruthless whilst she was with Sara but Sara had had a way of making feel more human, less machine during and after missions.

Kandahar was exactly what Nyssa needed to help her move on from Sara’s absence. Running a mission left little to no time to one’s self to dwell on matters not pertinent to the current situation.

After four weeks away from Nanda Parbat, Nyssa was given a small legion of assassins to take with her back to the fortress to continue her previous mission. The rest of the Leagues company would remain behind to assist returning Kandahar to some semblance of normality, a mission that was predicted to take up two weeks, three at most.

It took four days for Nyssa and her legion, consisting of ten assassins, including Talibah, Al-Owal and Sarab, who’d joined just under a year after Sara had, to make it back to their fortress base.

By the time they all had reached Nanda Parbat, night had well and truly fallen. Dismissing her subordinates to dinner then bed, Nyssa returned to her chambers with a small meal for some much needed alone time.

Sara’s cats greeted her as she made her way out to the balcony, journal and meal in hand.

Sitting down and eating her first hot decent meal for a long while, Nyssa picked up her pen and wrote to Sara in her journal for the first time in a month.

“Dear Sara,

Though I still love you more than you will comprehend, I have to get used to not calling you ‘Beloved’ anymore.

I have had nearly six weeks now to come to terms with your departure.

I do not want to write to you and dwell on the past all the time, though I still feel compelled to write. So instead, I have decided I am going to write you letters of what I have been doing in between how I feel. I shall keep them despite knowing that you will never get the chance to read them.

You will not know this, but Namir was killed on a mission in Kandahar over a month ago. We have spent the last four weeks avenging his death and shutting down a child smuggling ring he had stumbled across, resulting in his death.

Talibah and I worked hard to return as many children to their homes as possible but sometimes this was not possible, leaving us with no alternative but to place the children in orphanages.
My father and most of the available League are still in Kandahar and its surrounding provinces settling the situation after the League slaughtered a large amount of evil in the area.

I am now tasked with returning you to Nanda Parbat. I think I shall try subtle methods first, Sara, but if you do not return, I shall have no choice but to attend wherever you are and return you myself.

I do not want it to come to that, I have too much love and respect for you to bind you and return you against your will.

I will however uphold my duty to the League, Sara, you have always known this.

Hopefully we can sort this out without having too much bloodshed.

Goodnight, Sara.”

Nyssa closed the journal and hid it once more in her room. She returned her meal dishes to the kitchen, stopping to thank the cook as she did so.

Even though she was the Heir to the Demon, Nyssa was not above washing her own dishes, especially when the chefs had finished their cleaning and were closing up the kitchen.

It was an odd sight for the cook to observe the Heir doing dishes but was pleased to see she was happy to do little things herself. Once her dishes were cleaned and dried, the cook put them away for her and bid the Heir goodnight.

Nyssa went back to her room for her first real sleep in a month, sleeping solidly until the break of day.
As far as revealing her identity went, it was underwhelming for Sara.

Sin looked at her for a while, not knowing who she was for a few minutes. When it clicked though, Sin asked as if to confirm, “Aren’t you that girl that went on Oliver Queens boat that sunk?”

“Yes, my name is Sara. Sara Lance.”

“Yes, that’s my dad. Quentin, his name is. How about your parents?” Sara asked, trying to bring the conversation around to Sin herself.

“No parents to have.”

“You must have someone who looks after you, cares for you?”

Sin immediately tensed up at Sara’s light pushing at the question. After all, this was a stranger whom she’d followed, despite that fact that Sin immediately felt safe around Sara.

“Why are you asking me this?” Sin demanded.

“You’re father, or the man I though was your father, asked me to look out for you.”

Sin’s face changed a multitude of times in a matter of seconds. From the quizzical look she was sporting whilst questioning Sara, it rapidly changed from anger, to hope then quickly to confusion.

Without Sin needing to prompt the blonde for more information, Sara offered it willingly, “About eighteen months after the Queens Gambit went down, I was marooned on a island in the South China Sea. During my time on the island, a helicopter crashed. There was only one survivor of the initial crash. I nursed him for a while, but he succumbed to his injuries. For a while though, he was conscious. He didn’t say much, but he left me with one request. Find his daughter, look after his daughter. The man handed me a photograph of a little girl with short black hair. The photograph had a name on the back, Cindy.”

“No one’s called me ‘Cindy’ for four or five years.” Sin whispered, tears in her eyes, “So my dad is dead.”
“I am sorry, Sin.” And Sara meant it, she knew what the loss of a loved one felt like, although her current pain was her own doing.

“I know, or you wouldn’t have found me.”

Sara let Sin sit in silence to process the news. After nearly ten while minutes, Sin provided some answers to the questions running through Sara’s mind.

“I was eleven when my dad adoptive dad left on a business trip. He and his wife, my mum I suppose, adopted me when I was nearly one but she died about a year later, so it was just my dad and I. He gave me everything that he could. He’d taken me to a baseball game the day before he left as an apology for having to go in the first place. I never knew what happened to him, he was never found. I was put into a group home then, just before my twelfth birthday, because the babysitter my dad had hired for the week he was supposed to be gone had to leave.”

Despite the fact Sara’s read on this young woman was that she would not be receptive to sympathy or physical touches of comfort, Sara felt she had to do something as she watched a number of tears roll down Sins face.

She moved closer to the other woman, the girl, and placed her hand on her knee, more to let Sin know that Sara was there for her, no matter what.

“I hated that group home. I managed to get a job when I was thirteen, cash in hand, all off the books, and managed to save a decent amount of money. I worked as much as I could when I wasn’t at school as a way of avoiding being at the home with all the other unwanted kids. I started out unwanted, had it good for ten years and there I was - am - unwanted again. I managed to save enough money that I could rent out a dingey back room if the pizza shop where I work. I ran away from the group home when I was fifteen, packed my few belongings into my school bag when I left for school and never went back, either to school or the home. I’ve managed to avoid being sent back for a year now. Sometimes though, I don’t feel like staying in the back room, I find other places to sleep.”

Realising that her adoptive father sent this mysterious blonde woman to look after her, thinking that would mean being sent back to the home, Sin added hastily and pleadingly, “Please don’t send me back, I hate it there!”

“Hey, I’m not gunna send you back to the home you ran away from, you’ll just runaway again. I have an idea but I need you to answer a couple of questions first, if that’s alright?” Sara offered, hoping to have gained enough trust from this girl in the last two hours that she would be open to her plan.

“Um, okay, what do you want to know?” Sin questioned.

“Do you still go to school? Where is this shop you work at?”

“No, I’ve not been to school since I left the home, the teachers would have found out and sent me back themselves. And I work at the pizza shop in Tank Avenue, in the Glades. It’s a block away from that nightclub Thea Queen took over from her brother, ‘Verdant’, you may have heard of it.”

Yes, Sara has heard of Oliver’s, Thea’s now, club.

“Okay. I have an idea that you may be amenable to, I have two conditions though.”

“What?” Sin asked, confused at what this virtual stranger could offer her.

“On the proviso you quit the pizza shop and go back to school, focus on your schooling, I’m offering
for you to move in here with me. It will be a safe roof over your head, you will never go hungry, I have funds to provide us with food, and I will train you how to defend yourself, so what happened this evening, will never occur again. What do you think?"

“Can I think about it for a few moments?”
Although it wasn’t a lot Sara was asking from her in return for what she’d be receiving, it was still a big change in Sins life. A change, and a chance, coming from a lady she’d met only hours before who’d beat the living shit out of four blokes twice her size.

“Certainly. I’ll run out and get us burgers from ‘Paddy Shack’ on fifth and Brewer, it’s the best burger place in the city. Whilst we eat, you can let me know what you decide.”

“Alright.”

Sara left Sin to think, trusting that the 16 year old would not go snooping throughout the clock tower. Even if she were to try, the door to the upper levels was locked and only Sara had the key.

It took half an hour for Sara to return with their hot dinner.

It was then that Sin decided the accept Sara’s offer, and move in the the clock tower.

Sara wasn’t lying when she said she had money. Whilst in Central City, Sara managed to sell the second car she’d stolen to a less than reputable pawn shop. Having taken multiple items to the same pawn shop over the week she’d spent in the city, Sara had enough money to last her a while in Starling City.

At least, she mused, she’d accomplished one thing so far on her to do list.
Today was the first day since she started planning the return of Ta-er al-Safer to Nanda Parbat that the Heir to the Demon had to deliver the mission plan to other members of her team to be discussed.

Gathering her team that consisted of Talibah, Al-Owal and Sarab, as well as Hamza Abdullah, Malaq, Tigris, Afra Ra’d, Nizam, Sabi and Masuma, the Heir delivered a three stage plan to return Ta-er al-Safer.

“Malaq, you will travel to Starling City and scope the area for Ta-er al-Safer. Should you find her, do not immediately engage. You will return to the Starling safe house and relay a report straight back to me. I want to be kept abreast of the situation. After relaying a SitRep, I will then give you further orders.”

“Yes, my Heir.” Malaq accepted his part in the mission.

“Al-Owal. You trained Ta-er al-Safer as much as I did. Should Malaq fail in his mission, it will be up to you attend Starling City and engage Ta-er al-Safer. You will take Tigris and Nizam with you. Without resorting to lethal methods, your mission will be to subdue her and return immediately to Nanda Parbat. As with Malaq’s orders, first seek and report on Ta-er al-Safers movements and whereabouts prior to engaging her.”

“Of course, my Heir. With pleasure, my Heir,” Al-Owal was one of the League members who was opposed to Sara being given a place in their Order. If he had the opportunity to engage her in the field of battle, Al-Owal would only be too happy to acquiesce. His appointment in Nyssa’s team was not her decision but rather that of her fathers. Al Owal had orders from Ra’s al Ghul to return the missing Canary at any cost, dead or alive. This information was not imparted on the Heir to the Demon.

Ignoring the unsettling feeling settling in Nyssa’s stomach from Al-Owals words, Nyssa continued with her briefing, “Should Al-Owal and his team, as well as Malaq, fail in their missions, I myself will then make the journey to Starling City to return Ta-er al-Safer, taking the remainder of this team with me. Should this happen to pass, I will formulate a more direct plan of action.”

Indicating for any questions, Nyssa answered the handful of questions asked before running through with the team the possible locations in and around Starling City that their wayward Canary might be located in.

These included her father and sisters addresses, her fathers place of work and of course, a number of addresses linked to Oliver Queen, with whom Sara was shipwrecked.

From there, the team mapped out details of where Malaq would start his hunt if he was unable to locate Ta-er al-Safers’ associates addresses.

It took until well into the afternoon for the mission plan and contingencies to be thoroughly explored. By that time, Nyssa was itching to get outside into some fresh air and conduct some training with Talibah, her new protege.

Outside in the training yard, Nyssa pushed both herself and Talibah to extremes. Having taken the darker skinned woman under her wing as her protege in the weeks prior to Sara’s disappearance, Nyssa had to make sure that Talibah had the potential to keep up with Nyssa, making sure her now number two had her back at all times.
After running themselves ragged for three hours, Talibah suggested they stop for a few minutes for a drink at which time she asked a question of her mentor.

“With all due respect, my Heir, may I be permitted to ask a question of you?”

“Permission is granted.”

“Are you okay?”

This was not the question Nyssa was expecting. It is one of the only times in her life within the League when someone, other than her Beloved, has asked her if she was ‘okay’.

“Of course I am, why would you ask such a question?” Nyssa states, hoping she sounded nonplussed at the abnormal question.

“Excuse me, my Heir, but if I may request further permission to speak freely without fear of personal repercussion?” Talibah knew she was pushing her boundaries with the Heir to the Demon but if she was to explain her concerns without express permission, things might not end well for her.

Curiously, Nyssa replied, “Granted.”

“My Heir, since Ta-er al-Safers’ departure, I have noticed that you will retire to your quarters immediately following meals, you have not expressed opinion as freely as before hand. And when you are alone, or think you are not being watched, I have noticed a number of times a sullen disposition fall across your features. I hope I am not over stepping my mark, but I am genuinely concerned, both as a protege, and as, I hope, a friend.”

At the end of her speech, Talibah bowed her head as a sign of respect, indicating she was genuine in her words and meant no disrespect.

Nyssa mulled over her proteges words for a moment before nodding her head once. She then quietly said, “Come with me.”

Nyssa led the way from the training grounds to battlements on top of the fortress. With there still being a skeleton crew, there was only one guard up there that evening.

Nyssa dismissed him for one hour to have a break before returning.

With the battlements to themselves, Nyssa sat on the edge of the fortress with her legs dangling over the side of the flat roof top. It was something she and Sara did at night to watch the stars.

Indicating for Talibah to join her, she started the conversation when her protege took the empty space next to her.

“Whilst permission is granted for the next hour to speak freely and without fear of repercussion, every word uttered here is to go no further.”

Nyssa did not feel the need to add a threat to the end of the sentence as she knew Talibah would not betray the confidence in which she now found herself.

“Of course, my Heir. I would never speak of what is said between you and I.” Talibah confirmed.

Taking a breath before speaking her mind, Nyssa started to speak openly about her feelings about losing her Beloved.

“Sara, because to me, she is Sara above Ta-er al-Safer when not on a mission, is - was, my world
away from my world. She was the first person to show me what love really is. I barely remember my mother, I was too little when she died to remember her much, I’ve never felt fatherly love from my father for obvious reasons and my sister left when I was a child. Since Sara has gone now too, I feel a part of me is missing. I know that I should be putting my feelings aside and focusing on the League and missions but I still feel such a pull towards my Beloved that I want to go to Starling City myself and bring her home to me, not to the League.”

Nyssa took a few moments to gather her thoughts once more before continuing, knowing this will probably be one of the only times she will openly talk in this fashion.

“I know I’m making it sound like Sara belongs to me, like a possession, in saying that I want to bring her home to me, but my love for her is unrivalled by any I know. I know in what is left of my heart that Sara must miss me too. I feel terrible that she chose to flee, knowing it will mean her death upon being returned to Nanda Parbat, willingly or otherwise. I feel horrible that she chose that fate without feeling she could talk to me about it. There are so many things I wish I could do and say to her to let her know I forgive her leaving.”

Nyssa’s last sentence surprised her when she heard herself speak those words. She realised that it was true, she did forgive her Beloved for leaving. It had taken writing in her journal and talking out loud to Talibah to realise this, this major revelation.

“I forgive you, Ta-er al-Safer.” Nyssa whispered into the darkness.

Talibah let her Heirs words sink in, realising that this was a momentous occasion to have the Heir to the Demon confess these things.

Thinking carefully about her words prior to speaking them, Talibah eventually responded, “I’m honoured you are speaking to me of this, my Heir. I do believe that talking through ones problems and thoughts with a safe person assists in developing answers to ones questions. I am glad to hear that you forgive Ta-er al-Safer, even though you know she is facing execution. You should tell her, somehow, sometime, when you can. It would help you both.”

“Thank you.” Nyssa answered, unsure of anything more she wanted to say. She did feel better for having talked to Talibah.

Now though, she was exhausted.

Returning inside the fortress, Nyssa bid Talibah a goodnight prior to returning straight to her chambers for a well earned sleep.
The First Attempt

For the next week whilst Sin was at ‘home’, Sara wouldn’t go out on patrol, as she had taken to doing.

Sara would patrol the streets, keeping and eye on the women of Starling City, intervening when she felt men were harassing, abusing or assaulting them. She tried to keep them safe. After all, it was how she found Sin.

Now though, the 16 year old was safe, being looked after by Sara. It was amazing what three square meals a days and a safe, secure roof over your head will do.

In addition to Sin picking up her education at school, she has also started learning self defence from Sara.

For an hour every evening before dinner, Sara would teach Sin how to defend herself, both armed and unarmed. Never again would Sin be put in a position in which Sara found her.

After that first week, Sara returned to patrolling the streets of Starling City, wondering when it would be that the League would make their first move on her.

Would they attempt subtlety and send one or two Assassins, or would they put in one all our mission to return her?

It had now been nearly six weeks since she left Nanda Parbat.

Six weeks she had gone without the comfort of her lovers embrace. Six weeks since she’d stared into chocolate brown orbs radiating love, love for her alone.

Now, Sara could only imagine the hurt and disappointment that would be reflected back at her if she were to be standing in front of Nyssa.

Although Sara was still ruminating over her lover, it didn’t stop her from her original goal when she left Nanda Parbat.

In the past week, Sara had found a wealth of knowledge in relation to the lives of her family since she’d been reported missing all those years ago.

Her mother, she now knew, lived in Central City, having divorced her father. Sara cried for the lost marriage the night she’d figured out why her father was only ordering enough takeaway for one person. That and the fact she hasn’t seen her mother at all near either Quentin or Laurel.

Laurel. Laurel was now working in the District Attorneys office and doing well, from what Sara had seen, taking on some big name criminals.

Sara was proud of her sisters accomplishments.

From afar, Sara learnt her mother was a professor at a university on Central City, living with her new man.

Sara wasn’t angry at her mom for moving on, she was relieved actually, that her mother had found someone to share her life with after the trauma of losing both a daughter and a marriage.

A couple of nights a week, depending on what they were doing, Sara would watch over her father
and sister from a distance.

This vow was tested one afternoon when Laurel was kidnapped by Barton Mathis, who turned live women into creepy real-life porcelain dolls. When Sara saw her sister hooked up to the machine that would pour the life killing foam down her throat, she saw red attacked him before she fell victim to some falling steal poles. By the time Sara managed to free herself, the Arrow had shot Mathis in each shoulder and was telling him he would be going back to prison.

Sara knew if Mathis went back to prison, he would find his way out somehow and would again be on the hunt for women to kill. More specifically, he would be hunting Laurel to finish what he started. This would not be happening.

“No,” she said to the Arrow, whom she knew to be Oliver, “he’s not.”

With that, Sara through one end of her bo staff at Mathis’ chest, killing him instantly. She would retrieve and clean that half when Laurel and Oliver had left the scene.

On the trip back to the clock tower, Sara was on high alert, this was the first time she had revealed The Canary to the Arrow. She knew that at some point, the Arrow, Oliver, would be coming and asking questions, she made sure to double and triple the route protection she normally placed upon returning to her makeshift home so that the Arrow would not be able to follow her home.

She didn’t know when, but she knew it would be soon, that she would have to reveal her identity to Oliver. For now though, it was enough to know that Laurel was in the safe hands of her father. This was the closest she had come to either of them since she’d returned, it was a thrill to be so close and yet so far. Sara knew she wouldn’t be able to make herself know to her father or sister for fear they would be targeted by the League but to be so close to them and protect them was all she could ask for at that point in time.

When Sara finally made it inside the clock tower, after climbing in from the outside of the very top of the roof, she went to take off her domino mask and blonde wig almost immediately.

As she reached her hand to her face though, Sara felt an unsafe presence in the room

Turning on her heal, Sara got saw her first glimpse of a League of Assassins uniform for the first time in two months. Immediately recognising the stance as being that of Malaq, Sara warned him, “You shouldn’t have come here.”

Malaq stepped closer and, in his modified voice, informed Sara, “I had no choice. Ra’s al Ghul has ordered your return.”

“I’m not going back,” Sara replied simply, “I can’t.”

Removing his mask, and therefore his voice modifier, Malaq told Sara that the decision to return was not hers to make.

Prior to leaving the League, Sara had spent some time on the training field with Malaq, attempting to appeal to the better nature she knew he possessed deep down, Sara told him to hide her presence from the League.

Upon his refusal, and then threat of harm by knife, Sara took that decision out of Malaq’s hands.

With a knife to Malaq’s chest, Sara survived her first encounter with the League after her desertion. It was a subtle attempt to get her to return, Sara noted, not an all out attack.
Though Sara felt slightly bad for Malaq’s death, she did what she had to do to survive.

Taking Malaq’s corpse to the League safe house she knew of in Starling City, Sara dug a fresh grave in the back yard in which to place his body. Should the League wish to give Malaq a League funeral, they would easily be able to find his body and return it to Nanda Parbat.

Before leaving the freshly covered grave, Sara offered Malaq a prayer for a better life in the afterworld.

By the time Sara returned to the clock tower, and confirming there were no more Assassins waiting for her, Sara stripped of her Canary gear and climbed into bed, having nightmares about Laurels ordeal for the remainder of the night.
Nyssa had sent Malaq to Starling City with little hope he would be able to convince her Beloved to return. She knew of their connection from the training fields and thought that may influence either of them to reach a harmless conclusion.

For the first three days of his absence, Nyssa knew there would be no contact as it would take Malaq that long to get to Starling City undetected. Nyssa spent those days training with Talibah.

Ever since Nyssa’s conversation with Talibah the week before, she had felt lighter than she had in weeks, and Talibah had noticed the difference in her leader.

They trained everyday, whether the training be on the fields of sword play, archery, tracking or other physical aspects of becoming a warrior assassin or in the War Room teaching Talibah the basics of mission plans and such.

Talibah was progressing extremely well in Nyssa’s eyes, she was most impressed by the young woman tenacity when it came to her League education.

When Malaq had finally contacted Nanda Parbat, it was to inform them of his arrival at Starling City and that he had made it safely to the safe house. Malaq added that he would be spending the next three days searching for Ta-er al-Safer and so might not be in contact until then.

And so it was that there was another three days of radio silence from their man on the ground.

On the evening of the first day of silence, Nyssa took out her journal and sat in silence on her balcony and wrote to Sara.

“Dearest Sara,

By now, I know not if Malaq has found you and spoken to you, or if he is still attempting to locate you in Starling City. What I do know, is that it will not be long if he has not.

I wanted to let you know I have stated training Talibah as my new second. You will remember I started personally training her in the weeks before you left as I saw - see - a spark of something special in her eyes. She will be a great warrior one day.

Since you are no longer by my side, I need to have a second to take my place should that become necessary. I have decided that Talibah should be this person.

I do not know if I will ever bear an Heir of my own blood, you and I know how hard that would have been for you and I to accomplish, given the fact neither of us have the requirement equipment to produce an Heir of both our blood. However I feel that should it be necessary, Talibah could make a worthy Heir of mine.

I know we had never spoken of our producing children of our own, nor had we discussed having our union formally recognised as marriage in the eyes of the League. I would like to think this was because my father would never give his approval to our marriage, let alone recognise an Heir to his throne that was not blood related to him, and not because either of us was too scared to take the step.

I know my father will now probably be looking for male suitors to give me away to to produce him blood heirs, the very thought makes my skin crawl. It makes me angry that you have left me in this position, Sara, but I do know there is nothing I can do about it.
Know this though, in the future, should I ever bear an Heir of my own, her name will be Sara, or his name will be Lance. With this, I honour the impact you have - had - on my life, even for just those few short years.

I still love you, dearest Sara, with all my heart.”

Nyssa had not sat down prepared to write to Sara about her own future and what it may bring, but that was the way it goes when Nyssa started to write in her journal, she would just write what came, propriety be damned.

Nyssa was about to get up to go to bed when a messenger came and knocked on her door.

A message had arrived from Malaq to say he had located Sara in a clock tower, giving the coordinates, and that he would be confronting her the next evening under the cover of darkness.

Nyssa thanked the messenger and sent them off, mulling over the news she’d received.

So Sara was in Starling City, and Malaq had found her. This was good, it meant that Sara would be given a chance to return willingly to the League.

Nyssa had a feeling, though, that this would not be the case.

Her gut feeling was proven correct when, a week after Malaq’s last message, there was still nothing heard from their Assassin on the ground.

Nyssa sent Sarab to Starling City on a reconnaissance mission only, to gather and collect intel on Malaq’s whereabouts. Sarab had been gone the three days necessary to travel to the City when he contacted the fortress to inform them he’d located Malaq’s grave in the yard of the League safe house.

Nyssa gave the order for Malaq’s corpse to be returned to Nanda Parbat for a proper League funeral as he died on an active mission.

The remaining team knew it could only have bee Ta-er al-Safer who had killed their comrade and buried his body where she knew they would find it. It only increased Al Owal’s desire to eliminate the blonde even more.

Upon the return of Malaq’s body, Nanda Parbat fell into a day of mourning prior to his body being entombed in the Nanda Parbat graveyard a mile away from the fortress.

Nyssa decided to give it another week before sending Al Owal and his two men to Starling City to attempt their own mission.
Unplanned Parenthood

A few days after dealing with Malaq, Sara was keeping watch over Laurel when she heard an arrow shoot past her.

Running across the rooftop away from Laurel's apartment building, Sara ran into a trap set by The Arrow knowingly. She'd decided it was time to show her face to Oliver, let him know she was still alive and watching over her family. Although he'd already worked out the last part.

"Why are you following Laurel Lance?" were some of the first words she'd heard in a voice she never thought she would hear again.

"I could ask the same thing of you." Sara rebutted sarcastically.

Soon though, Oliver worked out who she was, and revealed her face. The shock written across Olivers face was evident, "Sara?"

Choosing then to take her leave, Sara bid him farewell before exploding her sonic device and escaping across the rooftop once more, this time, not being followed.

When she returned to the clock tower, Sara pondered her situation whilst looking out of the clock face to the sprawling city below.

When she heard a noise behind her, she instinctively deployed her half bo staff, nearly hitting Sin in the face.

Without offering an apology to a startled Sin, Sara reiterated to her where the best burgers on town could be found.

Sin however refused to go down to 'Paddy Shack', as it was in the Mayor's territory. Another gang leader terrorising the Glades.

Although Sin had only been living with Sara for nearly three weeks, she felt a connection with her blonde saviour. It was because of this that Sin could tell something was bothering Sara.

Attempting to make her laugh, but it failed.

Finally, Sara admitted she'd run into an old boyfriend. This started a conversation between the pair in which Sara admitted to Sin to having more family in Starling than just her father. She admitted her fears of Oliver telling the Lances of her return.

Sara admitted to Sin about being a lot like her, which Sin found saddening. When Sin attempting to justify Sara’s current self to Sara, Sara responded with a piece of advice imparted upon her from Nyssa, a piece of advice that Sara lives, and fights, by.

“No women should ever suffer at the hands of men.”

Sara could see Sin mulling over her advice, could see it striking a cord. The pair finished their meal in silence before Sara went to bed and Sin went to find her friends.

Soon after waking, Sara made her way to Verdant to talk to Oliver about their past.

When they were interrupted by her father, Sara listened to how far her sister was falling. She
couldn’t take listening to her father about the time after Sara’s disappearance, and so fled Verdant before Oliver returned.

Instead, Sara decided to attend the rally for guns to watch over things but before she could get there, she’d found out that the Mayor had gone there too, and shot the place up.

She’d heard from Sin’s friend, Roy, that Sin had been shot in the abdomen during the hail of bullets.

Angrily, Sara made her way to the hospital, and, after donning a brown wig and baseball cap, went straight to the nurses station.

“I need to know what condition a young girl called Sin is in, she was brought in here with a gun shot wound to her abdomen,” Sara said to the nurse behind the counter.

“I’m sorry, Miss, but I can only give that information out to her family,” the nurse informed Sara.

“I’m her sister,” Sara tried.

“Alright then, what is her full name, date of birth and social security number?” the nurse inquired.

Not knowing these details as they would be on the nurses charts, Sara realised she would not be gaining access to Sin or her records at that moment in time.

Growling, Sara stormed out of the hospital and made her way back to the clock tower to get changed into her Canary suit. If she couldn’t be by Sin’s side, she would at least watch over her.

Sara did not know for how long she stood out on the building watching Roy and Sin through the large open windows of the Starling City General Hospital. After a while though, she heard The Arrow loose an arrow into the wall next to her with a zip wire. She was invited to a fight, to fight the man who put her charge in this position.

Following Oliver across town, she found the Mayor stealing truck loads of weapons with the help of his foster brother.

Immediately, Sara walked up to the Mayor, his brother and his brothers men, and started laying into them with her bo staff, taking her anger out on the men responsible for Sin’s condition.

Oliver joined in shooting arrows around the place and taking out men of his own.

Half way though the fight, after being knocked to the ground and loosing her bo staff, Sara picked up Olivers compound bow to use. It immediately reminded her of Nyssa, the bow and arrow being her Beloveds weapon of choice, second only to her sword in close quarter combat. It was the first time since leaving Nanda Parbat that Sara had held a bow. Swallowing the emotion rising in her from the moment, Sara shot an arrow into the back of the Mayors brother, saving Oliver. The pair swapped back to their rightful weapons with a smile.

Sara located the Mayor skulking around the back of a truck. Taking him to his knees and holding her bo staff against his neck, Sara said to him, “You hurt a friend of mine.”

Whilst Oliver was trying to negotiate for the Mayors life, the Mayor sealed his own fate, uttering the one word Sara could not stand above all others, before goading her.

“She. I knew you didn’t have it in you.”

Even Oliver knew at that point the Mayor had signed his own death warrant. Sara however,
surprised both Oliver and herself.

Instead of snapping the Mayor's neck, she knocked him out and kicked him to the ground forcefully, before storming off.

Oliver managed to convince Sara to get changed into some nondescript clothes and go with him to the hospital to see Sin.

Thankfully, Roy and Thea had left the hospital shortly after Sara saw Sin for the first time in the hospital bed. She spoke to Oliver, who revealed he’d paid Sin’s medical bills. After hearing a passionate plea from Oliver to reveal herself to her family, Sara let him lead her from the hospital, back to the Queen mansion.

She stayed long enough to have a hot shower and food before going back to the hospital and breaking in to see Sin.

Waking Sin gently, Sara confirmed there would not be any lasting injuries from the bullets trajectory, it had missed all of the vital organs, Sin would make a full recovery.

“I wanted to talk to you about something important, Sin,” Sara said after a while of sitting in silence with Sin. “The hospital staff wouldn’t tell me anything of your condition, or how you were, or any information what so ever, because we’re not related. I couldn’t be here for you when I should have been.” Sin, seeing this was upsetting Sara, tried to comfort the blonde, “It’s okay, you did everything you could, it’s not your fault.”

“I haven’t done everything. There is one way we could guarantee we can get each others medical information in an emergency.” Sara said, leaving a moment of silence.

“Wait,” Sin said, nearly connecting what Sara was going on about, “are you asking me to marry you? Is that how we are going to become family? That’s a huge commitment, I don’t know if I like that idea.”

Sara chuckled at what Sin thought she was suggesting, “No, I wasn’t proposing, I love someone else, sorry.” At this, Sin raised an eyebrow, it was the first time Sara had ever mentioned anyone she had a relationship with, other than her immediate family. “What I was suggesting was, let me adopt you. That way, as your adoptive mother, I will be able to protect you more, you will have someone forever there for you, and, you will be able to have my information in return. I don’t need an answer now, but just think about it, please.”

“Would I have to call you ‘mom’?” Sin sarcastically asked.

“Hell no, I’m way too young to have a teenage daughter!” was the immediate reply.

Sara left shortly after her proposal, leaving Sin to mull the decision over on her own time. She had to leave the hospital before the nurses completed their rounds shortly anyway.

Sara returned to the Queen Mansion, receiving a text from Sin, accepting her proposal to be formally recognised as family.

She would get onto it somehow in the morning, for now though, Sara went to sleep with a smile on her face for the first time in a long time.
Nyssa kept her team at Nanda Parbat for another week after the day of Malaq’s funeral. Al Owal was itching to leave the fortress for Starling City with Tigris and Nizam, this was evident to the Heir to the Demon.

The day after the funeral, Nyssa and her team once again sifted through the information available to them. They also went through the new information Malaq reported back to the fortress prior to his demise.

After learning about the clock tower, the team was able to formulate a list of every clock tower in the city, a starting point for Al Owal’s team. There were only eight that they were aware of, it should not take too much time to locate the one being used as a safe house.

By the weeks end, however, Nyssa was unable to hold the second mission team in Nanda Parbat any longer. With explicit instructions to report every movement back to the fortress prior to engaging Ta-er al-Safer, she sent her team on their way.

As per the previous three days of travelling for the Assassins abroad, Nyssa planned to spend it training with Talibah, adding Sarab to their training group for something different.

Nyssa was still finding her feet with trusting Sarab, he was an outsider to the ways of the League, much like her Canary was. It was only this that allowed Nyssa to give the man the benefit of the doubt as to his place in the League. In Nyssa’s eyes, he was still yet to prove himself. It was for this reason Nyssa decided to train with him, all the better with which to get a read on the man, and to test his mettle.

One the second day however, Ra’s al Ghul returned unannounced to Nanda Parbat with his contingency from Kandahar.

He immediately called his Heir to his private office, wanting a briefing on the situation with their fly away bird.

“Father, I trust you return in good health?” she started out with pleasantries after the heavy stone of the office door closed behind her.

Ra’s offered a slight tilt upwards of the side of his mouth, the closest he comes to smiling, “Yes, my child, I am well. My men followed my orders without question or failure, all is well once more in the middle east. Now, on to important matters, where do we stand with returning Ta-er al-Safer to Nanda Parbat?”

Standing at attention in front of her fathers desk, as was her position when reporting matters of importance regarding the League to it’s leader, Nyssa stated, “Malaq has fallen in the quest, my Liege, he has been given a proper farewell, the fortress observed a day of mourning for his sacrifice. I had sent Malaq to Starling City, to locate Ta-er al-Safer. He reported back to say he had located the space she was using as a safe house, a clock tower in the city. Malaq then located Ta-er al-Safer after reporting, we did not hear any more from him.

“I sent Sarab to Starling City to retrieve Malaq, however upon his attendance of the League safe house, Sarab located Malaq’s grave, dug in the rear yard. The only person in the City who knows of the safe house is Ta-er al-Safer. She buried him where we would find him to allow him a proper burial. Of this, I am sure. I ordered Sarab to return to Nanda Parbat with Malaq’s corpse to proceed with the burial process. I assure you, Father, this was done as the League demands.
“After reassessing the situation in Starling City for a further week with the information Malaq was able to procure, I have deployed Al Owal, along with Tigris and Nizam, to Starling to return Ta-er al-Safer.”

Ra’s listened in silence whilst his daughter spoke. After it was clear she had finished speaking, he then probed the plan, “What should happen when Al Owal and the others get to Starling City?” “They will locate Ta-er al-Safer, one will track her whilst the other two report back to me. Once the report is complete, Al Owal will reveal himself to Ta-er al-Safer, and will have her return home.”

“And in the unlikely event that Al Owal is unsuccessful?”

“They will locate Ta-er al-Safer, one will track her whilst the other two report back to me. Once the report is complete, Al Owal will reveal himself to Ta-er al-Safer, and will have her return home.” Nyssa stated.

“Then I myself will attend Starling City and bring Ta-er al-Safer home.” Ra’s looked over at his daughter, as if studying her, for a few moments before he spoke, “Why did you not go in the first place? Of all people under this roof, surely you would be the only one to have a chance at getting Ta-er al-Safer to return of her own free will.”

Nyssa took a subtle breath before honestly answering her fathers question, “I do not believe she will return willingly, Father. Ta-er al-Safer, Sara, she fled under the cover of darkness, has remained away from home for three months now, and has killed a member of League. These are not the actions of a person looking for forgiveness to be welcomed back into the League. She knew upon leaving that the penalty would be death, and she chose to go any way.” Ra’s was slightly surprised at the honesty shown by his Heir during her speech. Whilst he had reasoned the same, he was surprised Nyssa would admit it out loud, and to him. “This is true, daughter of mine, I can see you are hurt by her actions. As I have always told you, love is weakness. Ta-er al-Safer signed her execution the moment she left the fortress with the intention to never return. I cannot think of a reason to stay her execution, once she has been located. It is best you come to terms with this now. The moment she comes before me, I will put her on trial, as a matter of course, before performing the execution. As my Heir, you will be expected to stand beside me for the duration of both the trial and execution. Just because Ta-er al-Safer had laid claim to being the Beloved of the Heir, does not mean she will be excused. I trust you know this.”

Without missing a beat, because she could not show weakness in front of her father, Nyssa immediately responded with, “Yes, Father.” “You may be excused, I have had a long journey this day, and now wish to rest.” Ra’s al Ghul dismissed his daughter without a second thought.

Once more brimming with emotion, Nyssa made it to her quarters before she allowed tears to make their tracks down her cheeks. She knew everything her father had said before hand, had known it to be true, but there was still something about hearing it come from his mouth, in a callous, matter of fact way, that reduced Nyssa to tears. She was only able to manage five words in her journal before her eyes welled too much with tears to be able to see properly.

‘Dearest Beloved, I love you.’
"It's Me, It's Sara"

Oliver had spent the morning visiting with his mother and the suits at Iron Heights, dealing with his own family issues. After Oliver had finished at the prison, he’d sent Sara a text to meet him at the Queen Manor, he had something to discuss with her.

Sara arrived first and was staring at the photographs kept on the table in the entrance way of the house when Oliver walked in to find Sara deep in memory.

The pair spoke for a while before they were interrupted by the breaking of glass.

It took but a moment for Sara to recognise the League figure who had burst through a glass window on the second level of the Queen Manor.

Oliver and Sara worked together, using anything they could get their hands of to fight the Assassin as a team.

Sara could tell from his fighting style that the masked Assassin was Al Owal. She also knew of his dislike towards her, and knew he would stop at nothing until she was dead. She had been knocked to the ground and was laying slightly stupefied when Oliver managed to throw Al Owal to the ground himself, throwing him through a wooden coffee table.

Oliver ripped the hood from Al Owal’s face, confused to not find Malcom Merlyn underneath the black distinct robes.

Oliver yelled at Al Owal who remained calm and in control whilst Sara watched on, making eye contact with the cold dead eyes of a man who lives to kill.

Al Owal threw a hand knife at the chandelier above where Sara was laying on the ground as a diversion to escape. It worked, seeing as how Sara had to roll away from the falling glass light so as not to be crushed.

When Sara and Oliver turned back to where Al Owal had been leaning against a couch where he’d been thrown, they saw the Assassin had fled.

Angry and confused, Oliver conducted a sweep of the mansion for any clues that would lead him to the identity of what he was calling a ‘Merlyn copy-cat’, before driving over to his hideout underneath Verdant.

Inside, Sara met the two other member of Team Arrow, a strong dark man called John Diggle and a cute looking short blonde woman called Felicity.

Felicity greeted Sara politely but awkwardly, Sara found it cute the way Felicity appeared to be easily flustered.

It was soon after Sara revealed herself to Oliver as a member of the League of Assassins. She briefly mentioned the deed of her Beloved before informing the curious trio of what Al Owals objective was.

It wasn’t long before Felicity was able to use the evidence gathered by Oliver to track down Al Owal to a pesticide factory.

She was able to establish Felicity was a smart cookie who could be trusted and was extremely smart.
Despite her insistence that she fight Al Owal alone, Oliver demanded that he fight with her against the Assassin.

And so it was that together, The Arrow and Ta-er al-Safer located Al Owal in the pesticide plant, sharpening his sword.

Oliver verbally engaged him for a while before revealing Sara lurking in the shadows.

Al Owal’s immediate response to laying eyes on his target was to goad her into a fight, “The child of Ra’s al Ghul awaits your return.”

For the second time, Sara informed the League that she would not be going back, and was again told that it was not her choice to make.

Al Owal then revealed to Sara what she already know, but it was news for Oliver, “I have orders to return you, alive or dead.”

Sara bluffed, “You’re not going to kill me.”

Internally, Al Owal scoffed at the presumption of the Beloved, “You over estimate your importance.”

Al Owal also reveal that he too did not come alone. Tigris and Nizam descended before Sara and engaged her in battle whilst Al Owal fought with the Arrow. It was clear that in this environment, two was no match for three.

At the first opportunity, Oliver loosed an arrow tied to grappling line into the rafter to provide them with an exit point. On his ascent, he grabbed Sara around the waist and they were both lifted through to the roof of the pesticide plant.

Al Owal yelling after her, “If you will not return willingly, you will stay to bury your family!”

Oliver returned them to his lair, stitching a deep gash in her back, freaking out Felicity.

Taking charge, Oliver directed Sara to stay behind whilst he went in search of Laurel and Felicity in search of Detective Lance, in order to keep them safe.

Diggle left Sara alone in the lair whilst he went to get a feed for dinner, leaving Sara with access to Felicity’s high tech computers.

Sara decided to use the opportunity to hack into the government database and formally name herself as Sin’s adoptive parent. Using hacking skills she’d learnt on the few League computers available, Sara was able to make it happen, and in less than an hour, held in her hand a printed certificate of adoption. She took a photograph of the certificate and texted it through to Sin, before stashing the certificate with the few belongings she had in the cave. Sin replied with a message of smiling faces a few minutes later.

Diggle returned, having eaten his fill, Felicity walking in flustered ten minutes afterwards. She could not get Detective Lance to believe he was in danger and to leave town for a few days. Hearing Felicity speak with Diggle, Sara made up her mind to speak to her father herself, revealing she was alive.

When Diggle tried to stop her, Sara threatened to put him down should he not listen to her.

When Diggles acquiesced saying it would be her funeral should something happen, Sara couldn’t help but snidely reply, “Wouldn’t be my first.”
Sara left the lair and travelled to her father's apartment, keeping an eye on him from the roof top across the road. She wasn't dressed in her League attire, preferring street clothes for the evening. She watched as her father got ready to leave the apartment. Bolting downstairs, Sara watched as Quentin jumped at the sounds of children playing, obviously he was taking on board some of what Felicity had said.

Sara decided to make her move, walking up slowly and quiet behind her dad. Probably not the best move to pull on someone who routinely wears a gun, Sara thought in hindsight, seeing her father pull a gun on her.

Sara watched his face changing in confusion to joy at realising his baby girl was alive. Sara lowered her father's gun as she swept him into her arms for the first time in over six years. Sara took in a deep breath with her nose buried in her father's jacket, reveling in the smell that was purely Quentin. He began repeating her name and weeping into her hair as he pulled her tighter in his grasp, accepting that his daughter was really alive and touching him.

After a few minutes, Sara broke the embrace and took her father to a Chinese restaurant away from her father's apartment to talk.

She surprised her father with her skill of the Chinese language whilst they discussed the past, Quentin reaffirming that it was not Sara's fault for his failed marriage, just happy to have his baby back.

When the waitress dropped a napkin dispenser, Sara's immediate response was to grab a knife and face the danger, breathing hard. Her father recognised this was not normal and asked her if she was in trouble. It was then Sara revealed that her dad was in danger, in turn revealing her connection to the Arrow and Felicity Smoak.

Quentin, being a smart man, put two and two together and worked out Sara was the Canary, kicking the crap out of creeps in the Glades.

Quentin was stunned when Sara casually informed him that the Assassins Felicity warned him about wanted to kill her.

Sara then demanded her dad returned with her to the clock tower, sending a message to Sin to flee the tower to somewhere safe for the night.

Sara returned her dad to her safe house, discussing as much of the past as she was comfortable with. Mostly, Quentin just talked about himself and Laurel and how they had been doing.

When Sara made it to the clock tower, Quentin said sarcastically to her that would not have thought to look in the tower for her.

Sara shrugged off her jacket whilst preparing the tower for the attack she knew would come, making the standoff on her soil, giving her the advantage.

Sara spoke briefly of the League, revealing her League name honoured her father's gift from long before.

It was whilst she was hugging her dad that Sara heard the Leagues entrance to the clock tower, Al Owal trying to scare Quentin with his first words.

With Al Owal attempting to undermine Sara's position she told him she'd baited the Assassins to her hide out. This commenced the standoff however, due to the traps Sara had already laid, Nizam was immediately strung upside down in the air whilst Tigris flipped his way to Quentin, Al Owal
engaging Sara in sword to staff combat.

Sara led Al Owal toward the rear of the room, hitting the trigger for nails to shoot out of a pre-laid nail gun. The nails embedded themselves in Al Owals leg, causing him to drop to the ground. Sara imparted his own wisdom back to him, “You should be mindful of your surroundings.”

Al Owal rose again and was able to trap Sara’s neck against his sword as Nizam freed himself from the rope.

Removing his face mask, Al Owal held Sara a sword point for a moment before The Arrow burst in to defend her.

Meanwhile, Quentin had shot Tigris in self defence whilst The Arrow stunned Nizam. Sara managed to overpower Al Owal and hold his neck with her full bo staff, kicking out his knees to lower his body weight.

Knowing death was inevitable in this position, Al Owal accepted his fate whilst taunting Sara, “You think because you are the Beloved, you will be granted your freedom?”

“There is only one freedom, let me grant you yours.” Sara replied before snapping Al Owals neck, killing him before he hit the floor, shocking her father.

Stalking over to where Nizam was laying on the floor, Sara picked him up with her bo staff by his neck, The Arrow yelling at her to not kill him.

Instead, Sara imparted a message for Nizam to return to Ra’s al Ghul, “Tell Ra’s al Ghul that my family is off limits, his quarrel is with me.”

Throwing Nizam aside to jump out the window and her staff to The Arrow, Sara apologised to her father for having to watch her actions. He forgave her immediately and hugged her.

Sara insisted to her father that she had to leave to protect them. Walking away from her father was physically painful to her, especially listening to Quentin crying into her shoulder that he couldn’t let her go.

Sara’s parting word to The Arrow was to keep her family safe.

When The Arrow told Quentin he had to keep his daughters secret, he responded, “It’s already the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do.
Further Failure

Over the next few days, Nyssa awaited news from Starling City nervously, a bad feeling settling in her gut.

With Ra’s returned, there was even more pressure on Nyssa’s men to succeed where Malaq had failed.

Ra’s al Ghul watched Nyssa’s every move whilst running her operation, planning for the next contingency as they had not heard a word from her either Al Owal, Tigris or Nizam since they went to confront Ta-er al-Safer at the clock tower.

Finally, after days of anxious waiting, Nizam hobbled into the forecourt of the fortress, having broken his ankle from his jump out the clock tower window.

Talibah was the first to spot him, calling out for her master and mentor. Nyssa came running, Ra’s came strolling.

“What news do you bare, Nizam?” Ra’s queried, as casual as if he were requesting a weather report.

“My Liege, Ta-er al-Safer has a message for you. She says, ‘your quarrel is with her, her family is off limits’”

Ra’s openly laughed at the Canary’s naivety at her statement. Nobody, no family is off limits to him.

“And what of Al Owal, Tigris?” Nyssa asked.

“Dead. Ta-er al-Safer snapped Al Owal’s neck with her bo staff, Tigris fell to the cowards weapon wielded by her father. She allowed me to live, to deliver her message.”

Nyssa put her arm under Nizam’s and around his shoulders as Talibah did the same to his other side. Together the two women helped him hobble to the infirmary to have his ankle checked out.

Whilst walking, Nizam gave the full story of how they first battled at the pesticide plant then at the Canary’s nest.

Nizam was unable to report on the current whereabouts of the bodies of their comrades, fleeing the clock tower at the first opportunity given.

It took nearly ten minutes to get Nizam to the infirmary, plenty of time for the Heir to obtain all the information she needed to know the task now fell to her to return Ta-er al-Safer.

Once Nizam was safely in the hands of the medics, Nyssa and Talibah returned to the War Room. Safely ensconced inside, Nyssa deliberated over the best way for her to return Ta-er al-Safer.

From what she knew of her little yellow bird, Sara would protect her family at any cost, Nyssa knew this could mean Sara would leave Starling if she felt that was the only way in which she could save her family.

Nyssa decided she would run a mission to Starling City to have Al Owal and Tigris’ bodies returned to where they should be laid properly to rest. During this, she would scout the city to ascertain if Sara had decided to leave or remain within the city limits.

Nyssa knew her father would be watching her every move and she would not be able to take any
liberties in this mission within a mission.

She selected the remainder of her issued assassins to complete this mission, taking them with her to Starling City on another reconnaissance mission only.

At least with Nyssa and her team travelling to Starling City, she would be out from under the direct gaze of her controlling father for a short time.

She did not feel much hope for locating her Canary after the message delivered but it was all she could do.

Arriving a few days later, the assassins immediately made their way to their safe house, checking the rear yard before doing anything further.

Sure enough, there was a fresh grave next to the one Sarab exhumed Malaq’s corpse from. Nyssa had four of her team, Hamza, Masuma, Afra Ra’d, and Abdullah return to Nanda Parbat with the bodies of their fallen for their respective funerals.

This left her with both Talibah and Sarab, as well as Sabi, another member of the League of about Talibah’s vintage, in Starling to assist her.

The four left over assassins each took a target from Sara’s life to follow for three straight days to log any intelligence gained of Sara’s whereabouts.

Sabi took Laurel, however it was clear within 24 hours that Laurel was still unaware of her sister’s alive status.

Sarab took his old friend, Oliver Queen, and was happy to see Oliver living up to his goals. He was, however, unable to identify any information relating to Sara that would be helpful to the League.

Talibah was charged with overseeing Ta-er al-Safer’s charge, Sin, having sighted the teenager at the clock tower they knew to be Sara’s. Sin was only able to show the League her dismay at Sara’s departure, but no more new information.

After seeing the clocktower her Beloved had lived in, Nyssa decided she would track Quentin, knowing how close Sara was to her dad. Nyssa saw the older man looked like someone had kicked his puppy for the three days Nyssa watched over him. She saw that he would spend a large amount of time gazing upon a photograph of his daughter he kept in his living room. It was amazing how many people didn’t realise how much information they provided by leaving their curtains open.

Nyssa understood from watching the man why Sara adored her father, not just because of his relation to her. It caused Nyssa some emotional pain at watching the grief play across Quentin’s features when he looked at the photograph.

After three days of following targets, the team spend the rest of the week making further inquiries throughout the city however were unable to pick up a trace of the lost Canary.
The Disappearing Bird

Before Sara left Starling City, she tracked down Sin and spoke to her, much like she’d spoken to her father.

Finding the girl hanging out with Abercrombie and his girlfriend, Sara waited in the shadows for an opportunity to discreetly beckon her new daughter over to her secreted position.

“Hey Mom!” Sin joking greeted Sara as they made their way behind the burger bar the three teens had been holed up in.

“Hey kiddo,” Sara greeted back before starting a hard conversation, “I told you once, that I had left a dangerous place filled with dangerous people,” Sara started, “well, they’ve found me here, and will target my family. That includes you.”

Sin smiled at that.

“I need to do what is best for my family, that means I have to go away, I have to leave Starling City. I don’t know where I will go, or when or where, or even if, I will settle, but please know, that if I do settle somewhere, I will contact you, and you can come and live with me if you wish. The clocktower is yours, if you want to stay there. I will give you burner phone so you can always contact me if you need to. I am so sorry, kiddo, that I have to leave you so soon after finding you, but I have to keep you and everyone safe. It’s not safe for me here.”

“It’s not safe for anyone here,” Sin rebutted, downcast.

“I know. If you want to move to Central City, I can set you up in a safe area and a new school. I feel bad leaving you but in this, I have no choice. I know these people will stop at nothing until they find me. So they cannot find me. I will give you phone as I said, but don’t contact me for at least a month, at least until the heat dies down from what I’ve done.”

“It’s okay, I understand,” Sin replied to this emotional apology. She realised too, that she wasn’t lying when she said she would understand. Sin didn’t have much family, but after meeting Sara, Sin knew she would do anything she could to help keep her new ‘mom’ safe. “I’m so glad I met you, and that you have helped me out with everything. Let me know if you ever settle, I would love to come live with you. That is, if you still want me too.”

“You know I will, kiddo. I have to go now, but thank you for understanding.”

“You’re welcome. Stay safe - or at least as safe as you can be.” Sin waved goodbye to Sara as the blonde left the burger bar.

And so it was that Sara Lance was once more travelling on her own, trying to save not only her own life, but those of her family too.

She decided to run to Gotham, bypassing Central City where she knew her mother to be living, so as not to raise suspicion on her mom.

As it turns out, Gotham City is worse to live in than Starling City. Although no longer carrying her Canary persona, Sara still felt compelled to help women, although on a much smaller scale now.

The time spent getting to Gotham, Sara spent thinking about the conversations she had had with her father in the brief few hours she had spent with him prior to her departure.
The way his singular scent lingered on her clothes, the tightness of the hug he’d wrapped her in when she announced she had to leave, the brokenness of his voice as she heard him saying ‘I can’t let you go’.

Tears were spilt for the emotional pain she was causing her father, however she knew Ollie would keep his promise and take care of him and Laurel, even if she wasn’t really accepting of his assistance.

Sara figured that by the time she arrived at Gotham City, Nizam would have made it to Nanda Parbat, delivered the message and the League would be sending assassins to Starling City to retrieve their dead and hunt more for any trace of the wayward blonde.

Arriving in Gotham, Sara was careful to avoid any scenario that would put her in the same circles or on the same path as Bruce Wayne, or as the people of Gotham knew him, Batman. The League knew all about the Batman, thanks to Nyssa’s sister, Talia, although she had left the League when Nyssa was but a child herself.

Sara was unsure if Bruce was still in contact with Talia and so was making sure not to cross paths so that her being in Gotham would not be reported to the League.

Sara found it to be very boring hanging around Gotham City, not knowing anyone or having any vigilante-ing to do.

She decided to pick up a job as a barista in a cafe on the outskirts of town, just for something to do. At ‘work’, Sara went by Sin Drake, preferring not to use her real name, for obvious reasons.

When Sara would finish work for the day, days wages and tips in hand, she would go home to a small crappy apartment she was staying in and attempt to keep herself occupied by reading books and watching television.

A far cry from her life as a the Canary.

Ah, Sara thought, the things I do for survival.
Finding no trace of Ta-er al-Safer in Starling City after two weeks of combing every inch of the vast city, Nyssa and her two remaining team members returned to Nanda Parbat, facing a disappointed Ra’s al Ghul.

In punishment for not finding the assassin of his assassins, especially one of whom he would even call a friend, Ra’s tasked the three with training the five new recruits to Nanda Parbat and getting them ready to face their trials by the end of the next month.

Training recruits was exhausting, as the trainers had to do everything the recruits were doing, but better. From sunrise to sunset, the recruits would be put through their paces in a variety of League situations and scenarios, teaching them the arts of hunting and tracking, stealth, hand to hand combat as well as armed combat, just to name a few. At night time, they were trained in non-physical skills such as mission planning.

Most senior League members hated training the recruits, and so it had fallen to Nyssa to take care of several times. It took nearly two months to be able to train the newbies to a level where they were competent enough to face their trials, each different for every potential member.

These five were no exception.
Two months later, four of the five were facing their trials, three of whom were successful.

The new League members were then to train under a new assassin for a further month until they were deemed ready to be available for missions.

In the two months that Nyssa, Talibah and Sarab were training, Ra’s had decided not to continue pursuing Ta-er al-Safer, deciding his daughter was to take care of the matter once and for all.

On Nyssa’s first day back after seeing three successful trials, Ra’s ordered her to return Ta-er al-Safer within the next month to Nanda Parbat, or he himself would track her down and kill on sight.

She sat down with Talibah to brainstorm how to bring Sara out of the shadows, and back to Starling City where they would be able to capture her, as no League assets had heard word of her since she fled Starling City nearly three months ago.

It was Talibah who suggested poisoning someone Sara was close to to bring her out.

It was decided for Laurel Lance to be the victim of a poisoning as Nyssa wanted to at least leave her Beloved with a father, if not a sister.

Whilst Nyssa was talented in her knowledge of poisons, Hamza was an expert. Nyssa relied on the older woman’s expertise as to dosage amounts of specific poisons and venoms to use. Hamza recommended using a League special, Tibetan Pit Viper venom.

The smallest trace of the venom would render the older Lance sister unconscious for a few hours, enough to make her sick but not enough to kill her.

The difficulty with using that particular venom is its hostility during transportation and extremely short shelf life.
The venom would have to be procured less than forty-eight hours before it is needed.

With the trip from Nanda Parbat to Starling City taking at least three days, Nyssa had to look for a
source of the venom closer to the city. Researching any animal enclosures in Starling, Nyssa was able to establish the Starling City Zoo had exactly the snake they were looking for.

Hamza offered to go to Starling City with Nyssa to procure the venom from the Starling City Zoo and administer it to Laurel Lance, as she knew the correct procedure for procuring the venom, storing and then administering it.

Nyssa agreed and ordered her team to meet her in the War Room the next morning to go over strategies for their mission.

Should Ta-er al-Safer not be willing to return with Nyssa upon the latter reaching out to her Beloved in Starling, it was decided they would use Sara’s mother as persuasion to have her return.

From their investigation whilst in Starling City months ago, the team knew Dinah Lance lived in Central City. In order to get Dinah to Starling, Nyssa organised through the League tech geniuses to send Dinah a letter stating she’d won a radio competition with free air tickets to and accommodation in Starling City, dated for the following week.

Nyssa did not know if it would work to get Dinah there however she was willing to place that bet. She could not see that Dinah would miss the opportunity to see, what Nyssa assumed she thought, her only remaining daughter on a free junket.

Once the letter was sent, it was a waiting game for Nyssa and her team until they could get to Starling City to return Ta-er al-Safer.

The day before the team was due to leave for Starling, Nyssa, being the Heir to the Demon, had to assist her father with important League business that could not wait until her return, the important issue having only arisen the night before.

Nyssa sent her team ahead of her, informing them to continue with the plan, informing Hamza to go ahead with the poisoning of Laurel Lance, that she would get to Starling City as soon as she could.

It was four days later that Nyssa was able to finally start her return journey to Starling City, having received word from Hamza that morning that Laurel Lance had successfully been poisoned, and that, as predicted, Sara Lance had come running to her aid.

No one from Nyssa’s team thought how strange it was that Ta-er al-Safer had arrived just in time to find her sister loosing consciousness, when she was supposedly gone from the city.

All Nyssa knew, was that she had to make it to Starling City as fast as she can. This meant she would be flying to Starling on commercial planes, going through airports, customs and such.

Nyssa al Ghul was wanted by ARGUS, Nyssa Raatko however, though still wanted, would not raise too many flags too early.

Boarding her flight in Hong Kong, Nyssa got through with no trouble. Getting off the flight in Starling City, Nyssa had trouble, but not before she was able to make a little boy’s day by winking at him, showing her playful side.

When a gun was put to her head, however, the ever calm Nyssa al Ghul, daughter of Ra’s al Ghul, Heir to the Demon, was anything but playful.
Sara was finding it hard to be away from Starling City now that she had finally returned - to a point.

She was missing her father, even if she’d only spent a few dreadful hours with him. She was missing her adopted daughter, not that they thought of each other as mother/daughter, but it was the company and someone there for each other that counted. Sara had spoken a few times to Sin since she’d been in Gotham, Sin was staying in school as promised, and doing well.

Working at the cafe as ‘Sin Drake’, Sara met some interesting people, all hiding something, just like she was. She doubted though that any of the other barista’s and wait staff were on the run from Assassins.

Work gave her something to do to fill in the weeks since she’d been gone. There was even one girl she worked with that was trying to convince Sara to go out on a date with her.

Depending on how lonely she felt, Sara would occasionally think that it could be a bit of fun to pass the time, but most of the time, she was still felt like it would be betraying her love for Nyssa should she go gallivanting with another woman whilst the one she actually wanted was hunting her.

It was a confusing and depressing situation for Sara to be in, in love with the woman tasked to return her to face her death because she ran away from living with said woman because she couldn’t handle the death their job encased.

Sara knew she had no one but herself to blame, maybe if she had stayed and spoke to Nyssa about the way she was feeling, she would have been able to find another position within the League that didn’t deal with killing as their main job. She could have been a League medic, or strategist, or, or something.

None of that mattered now though, not when she received word from Oliver that her sister was hitting the bottle and prescription medication hard, to the point of nearly losing her career over a drunk driving incident.

Not really sure of what she would do when she would get there, Sara felt compelled to return to Starling to be by Laurel side, League lookouts be damned.

It took Sara four days to get to Starling City from Gotham City whilst keeping under the radar.

Upon arriving, she immediately went and greeted Sin, who was happy to see her again. In the five minutes she was sparing for Sin, the latter told Sara as much about her life in the last three months as she could.

Too soon though, Sara left her charge once more and made her way to Laurels apartment.

From the outside, Sara watched as Laurel stumbled into the apartment building. Even from the distance of one building to another, Sara could see something wasn’t right.

Throwing caution to the wind, Sara ran as fast as she could over to Laurels apartment, finding the door unlocked. Sara let herself in in time to see Laurel collapse onto her couch.

She didn’t know whether or not Laurel realised Sara was there, but as soon as Sara looked into her sisters eyes, she knew Laurel was not well, and called an ambulance.

When the ambulance arrived at Laurels apartment, they too found it open with a collapsed Laurel on the ground, the only difference was, there was no blonde in the apartment either, just a note stating
the type of poison used so they would be able to counteract it’s effects.

From her previous position across the road, Sara watched as the ambulance pulled away from the brownstone building shortly after, lights and sirens blaring, in the directing of Starling General Hospital.

Sara returned to her nest in the clock tower to pass the night, heading to the Arrow Cave in the morning for a workout, being unable to go to the hospital to check on Laurel, knowing her father would be there with her the entire night.

She received a phone call from Oliwer's phone not long after arriving, telling her about her sisters condition in hospital. She informed Oliver that she was the one to find Laurel, surprising him with her reappearance.

When Oliver walked into the Arrow Cave over an hour later, she immediately stopped working out on the Salmon Ladder and pressed him for details.

Her relief was evident when he said she will be okay.

Oliver's phone rang just before she was about to leave, forcing her to talk to her father, organising to meet with him at their Chinese restaurant again.

Quentin tried to convince Sara to stay in town, but Sara was having none of it, hugging her father being walking out without another word.

There was no way she would keep her family in danger, not for her sake.
"I've Had Better Greetings"

Having escaped the airport and met her team at their safe house, the Heir to the Demon received a briefing on the successful poisoning of Laurel Lance, informed the Heir that the Canary’s mother was also in town, another successful side mission.

Nyssa slept for a few hours before donning her League attire and scoping out the city once more, on her own.

She located the bar acting as a front for Oliver Queen’s (not-so) secret lair, hoping to gain a lead to follow to locate the Canary.

Watching the back alleyway used to access the lair, the Heir’s breath was stolen from her lungs when a vision of blonde in leather exited the club, climbing onto a motorbike and screaming away.

Having seen her Beloved for the first time in months was more gut wrenching than Nyssa would have thought. She still looked the same old Sara, however there was something about her stature that gave her an appearance of sadness. It didn’t take much for Nyssa to work out what it’s cause was.

The Heir followed her target through the streets of Starling City, watching as she entered a Chinese restaurant, meeting with her father and leaving less than five minutes later, this time on foot.

She followed Sara through the City for half an hour, deciding when the best time would be to make her appearance, wanting to first meet with Sara without her team right behind her.

When she saw Sara heading underneath an overpass, the Heir took the upper level, tying her acrobatic ribbon to the side of the concrete structure on which to repel down.

Making her move, the Heir gracefully tumbled down, as she has trained to do since she was six, landing five feet away from her Beloved’s feet, shock written on her pale face.

Her ceremonial knife in hand, Nyssa stalked towards her Canary, unsure of what she intended to do, now she was faced with the cause of both their pain.

Surprising the both of them, and their observer Nyssa had scoped out four blocks back, Nyssa cupped the back of Sara’s head, pulling her in and initiating a deep kiss, full of longing, full of despair, full of love.

Although it did take a couple of moments before Sara kissed back, she did, before stepping back.

“I’ve had better greetings,” Nyssa said simply.

Sara spluttered a reply, stating she didn’t know Nyssa’s intentions when she walked towards her.

Replying honestly, Nyssa sheathed her knife as Sara suggested they talk.

“Do we need permission from your boyfriend?” Nyssa said, Sara looking confused, not having notice the Arrow following her.

Turning around to face whom she knew to be Oliver Queen underneath the green hood, she intimidated, “I am Nyssa, daughter of Ra’s al Ghul, Heir to the Demon.”

She answered his questions before Sara asked for a moment to deal with him.
“Take your time, goodbyes are never easy,” Nyssa politely said, adding, “Is that why I didn’t get one?”

Nyssa knew her words would cut Sara to the bone, but found she couldn’t care less, her pain at being left masking any qualms she had to Sara’s feelings at that moment.

Waiting for Sara to finish talking to Mr Queen felt like it took forever, but in reality was only a few moments.

They walked together to a roof top of a nearby building on which to talk. Just chatting together felt right, even if they were trying to guilt trip each other.

They spoke on the rooftop for about ten minutes, about this and that, both feeling as content as they could be, considering the last few months.

Nyssa plead with Sara to come home, Sara rebutting, saying she couldn’t.

Nyssa tried cajoling Sara, reminding her of the Oath she took, and her own role set forth by her father to bring Ta-er al-Safer home to Nanda Parbat.

“We both know the real reason why you came here,” Sara intoned, causing Nyssa to look away in guilt, leaving Sara to stare at her gold eye shadow.

Nyssa spoke of the time she found Sara, remembering better times, attempting again to guilt Sara into coming home.

Sara, however, reaffirmed her love for the brunette, trying to make Nyssa understand how much Sara loved her, leaving Nyssa to conclude, wrongly, that Sara no longer loves her.

Nyssa scoffed when Sara attempted to convince her speak to her father about releasing Sara from her Oath, stating point blank it will not happen. It was something Nyssa had not even considered before now, it being such a non-option.

Being pulled into a hug by her Beloved, with said Beloved giving her permission to do what she had to, that she will not come back, was gut wrenching for the Heir to the Demon. When Sara reached out to tuck a stray hair behind her ear, Nyssa could not help but lean her cheek into Sara’s touch, just to be nearer. Just breathing in Sara’s smell without being able to action her desires was driving her insane.

Unable to control herself any longer, Nyssa took one last breath of Sara’s scent before ripping herself out of Sara’s embrace and stormed off the roof top, realising that she was unable to save her Beloved from any further harm, knowing she would have to take drastic measures to secure the fly away bird for her master.
Family First

Chapter Notes

This chapter is written as an overall view of the events, not from specific view points.

Watching Nyssa walk away from her on the roof top caused Sara to realise that it would not take long for the League to now take serious action to secure her return, especially since she basically gave Nyssa permission to do her worst.

She stalked around the city for about half an hour to clear her head before heading back to the Arrow Cave.

Storming in, she decided to flee the country, but was stopped by Diggle revealing Laurel was poisoned by the League, which caused her to collapse.

Realising her family was in danger already, Sara worked with Oliver to form a plan to save the Lances.

…

Under watch at the Starling City Hospital was one Dinah Lance, overseeing the care of her ‘remaining’ daughter. With the intention to collect a jug of water for Laurels room, Dinah left to walk down the hall.

She never made it to use the water cooler. Abdullah was waiting for her to reach the cooler before knocking her out with Chloroform, rendering her unconscious. He picked Dinah up and placed her on a nearby gurney before wheeling her to the back loading dock where the Heir to the Demon was waiting with Afra Ra’d to drive the unconscious woman to a safe location.

…

The Canary and the Arrow were heading towards the hospital to scope out Laurels room when they observed a black van driving erratically away from the hospital. In the front seat were two distinguishing League robes, those unmistakably belonging the Heir and those worn by nearly all other League members.

They followed it, hoping to pick up a lead, when the Arrow was able to attempt to cut them off going through a bridge.

Sara knew everything was on the line when her love started shooting arrows at Olivers bike, causing him to pop a wheelee to deflect them. Oliver was able to get her close enough to climb onto the roof of the van at which time, Nyssa started shooting arrows into the roof, trying to get Sara off.

What Sara didn’t know, was that the Heir to the Demon was not actually aiming for her Beloved, but rather beside her enough to try and get the Canary off the roof without (major) injury.

Sara rolled over the side of the black roof top, onto the side of the van, clutching the empty window, the glass having been shattered out by her sonic cry device earlier.
Nyssa allowed Sara a moment to observed her mother, captured and bound, unconscious, in the very back of the van, before punching her Beloved to dislodge her from the vehicle.

Sara fell from van and rolled safely to a stop before making a start to run after the van. When she realised it was impossible to catch the van on foot, the Canary let out a blood curdling scream that was heard by the Heir, causing the Heir to have a moment of regret as she was sped away.

...

Whilst looking out for his eldest daughter in the hospital, Quentin received a call from Sara, informing him of Dinah’s kidnapping. He met her in the rear alley of the hospital, knowing it was the League who’d taken his ex-wife.

Shock was on his face when Sara informed him it was her ex-girlfriend who had taken Dinah, in an attempt to get Sara to return to her.

“Oh,” was the only thing he said.

At least, Sara thought, it wasn’t a negative reaction upon finding out about his daughter’s bisexuality.

Whilst speaking to her father, Sara was contacted by Nyssa. Sara could hear the pain in her love’s voice, just as the Heir could hear the anger in her Beloved’s voice. Both being strong willed women, they each levelling threats to each other.

Sara informed the Arrow of their deadline before Quentin had to return inside.

...

Inside the dock warehouse, Nyssa was keeping a watch over who once would have been considered her mother-in-law, not that the woman before her knew that.

The gag had been removed from Dinah’s mouth a while before to offer her a drink of water, despite the offer being refused. Although Nyssa was angry at Sara’s leaving, she wasn’t lying when she said she did not want to hurt Sara’s mom.

“Why are you doing this? Who are you? Where am I?” were all questions being repeated by the captured mother.

Nyssa wasn’t answering Dinah’s questions but rather stated, “This will all be over by tomorrow.”

...

Having worked out a possible address being used by the League, the plan was for Oliver to lead any Assassins to where Sara and her father would be lying in wait.
Whilst waiting for Oliver to do his part, Sara admitted to Quentin that she loved Nyssa, that she had someone she cared for.

When her father accepted her for who she was, it meant so much to her.

Soon though, the Arrow had run the Assassin right into their trap. The ensuing fight was only ended when Quentin punched the masked man to the ground.

Sara stepped behind him, scooping him to his feet by her bo staff against his neck, screaming for him to tell her where Nyssa was at the same time Quentin drew his gun and yelled for the location of his
ex-wife.

In the process of lifting the Assassin up, it dislodged his mask, revealing the man to be Afra Ra’d.

It took too long for Sara to realise Afra Ra’d was praying that by the time he had the vial of poison to his lips, it was too late to do anything to stop him. The Assassin fell to the ground, dead before he hit the deck, killing himself, and their lead to saving Dinah.
Time's Up

Chapter Notes

This chapter is written as an overall view of the events, not from specific view points

After losing the lead they had in Afra Ra’d, Sara left Oliver and her father in the alley, sullenly making her way back to her Canary Nest.

She sat there looking out the clocktower window, thinking, pondering. After a few hours, Sara came to the only conclusion she saw that was viable. Calling Sin, Sara said goodbye without actually saying goodbye.

She went to her sisters hospital room whilst Laurel was asleep, again to say goodbye, but found her sister had been discharged and taken home. Sara went to the apartment building across the road and saw Laurel in the window. She took the opportunity to see her sister again for the last time before making her way to the Arrow Cave.

There, she took the last vial of Tibetan Pit Viper Venom and made her way to the grave that was dug in her honour in 2007.

It was nearing nightfall by the time she got to the grave, ten minutes before Nyssa’s deadline.

Kneeling down before the grave, Sara was reflecting on her life when her phone predictably rang, Nyssa informing her that her twenty-four hours were up.

When Sara told Nyssa she would indeed return with her to Nanda Parbat, the relief was clear in Nyssa’s voice. Nyssa told Sara where to find her and her mother.

Sara immediately called Quentin after she had hung up from Nyssa and passed along the information.

…

After confirming Ta-er al-Safer would be returning with her to Nanda Parbat, Nyssa let out a sigh of relief.

She contacted her team to inform them to return immediately to Nanda Parbat without her, that she would take care of returning the Canary.

…

In the Arrow Cave, Oliver called out for a blonde woman who wasn’t there. The blonde who was there though, immediately saw the snake venom they had managed to procure was missing.

Oliver deduced that Sara was going to kill Nyssa and activated the tracker he’d embedded in her phone.

Whilst it was tracking, he changing into his Arrow outfit and grabbed some herbs from Lian Yu that would be able to cure the snakes venom.
As Nyssa untied Dinah and informed her of her freedom, Quentin burst into the building, gun drawn, yelling at his ex-wife to get away from her captor.

In a hug with Quentin, Dinah laid eyes on her youngest daughter for the first time in over six years.

She wrapped her daughter into a hug whilst Nyssa watched on, appreciating the emotional reunion for what it was, happy at least that her Beloved was finally hugging her mother, something Nyssa would have like to have done once more with her own mother.

After what felt like an eternity, Sara pulled away from her parents, demanding her father remove her mom from the area as she looked Nyssa in the eyes.

Nyssa had a smile on her face for the first time since Sara left, knowing that she would be able to spend a little bit more time with her Beloved before she faced trial at Nanda Parbat.

As Sara stepped closer to Nyssa, she collapsed as one leg went out from under her. Nyssa rushed forward and caught Sara before she hit the ground entirely. Helping Sara into a kneeling position, Nyssa swept the blonde fringe out of Sara’s eyes, looking straight into what should be baby blue eyes.

Instead, Sara’s eyes were swirling with gold, indicating she had ingested the snake venom.
"I Release You"

Grief consumed the Heir to the Demon as she cradled her dying Beloved in her arms. Once more, Nyssa was reminded that Sara would rather commit suicide than return to her vow in Nanda Parbat, to return to her.

A heart wrenching, blood curdling scream erupted form deep within Nyssa’s chest as her grief made itself physically known.

Nyssa cradled Sara until her parents came back into the warehouse, stepping back without thinking, allowing Quentin to kneel next to Sara. He was quickly joined by Dinah, calling out for her daughter.

Blinded by grief, consumed by the rage Sara’s suicide built within her, Nyssa told the nearly unconscious woman, “If you want to be with your family so badly, they can join you in eternity.”

Nyssa fought the gun from Quentin’s hands as he threatened her. Before she was able to respond in kind though, the Arrow appeared and also threatened to kill Nyssa.

The pair fought for a while inside before making their way out. She did not believe him when he offered a way to save Sara in the midst of their battle. It was impossible, nothing could remedy the Tibetan Pit Viper Venom.

Nyssa had to admit, the Arrow knew what he was doing. He was a decent match to her skills, she realised as they went back and forwards over who had the upper hand in the conflict.

It was only by sheer brute strength that the Arrow was able to overpower the Heir to the Demon in a way to hold her in a submissive position, one she never really found herself in.

Sara’s voice calling out to Oliver not kill Nyssa caused the Arrow to forget all about the Assassin as he rushed forward to the once again collapsed blonde.

Nyssa caught her breath as she watched the Arrow put something in Sara’s mouth, crying over her prone form.

It seemed like an eternity later, which in reality was only a few seconds, but Sara regained consciousness and sat up, with the help of the man in green.

Sara looked into the Heir to the Demons eyes, and pled her case one more time.

Even though she knew she would been for a great punishment from her father for her actions, Nyssa knew her heart left her with only one option.

Breathlessly, Nyssa uttered the words that would change the life of her Beloved forever.

“Ta-er al-Safer, in the name of Ra’s al Ghul, I release you.”

Sara heard the tremble of Nyssa normally steady voice as she said the three words she had wanted to, but never dared hope, she would hear.

As soon as Nyssa released Sara Lance from the employ of the League of Assassins, she left the docks, unable to stand being in their vicinity any longer.
Sara and her mother both rode in an ambulance to the hospital to be checked over by doctors before returning to Laurels apartment, Quentin having found his older daughter watching her sister seemingly return from the dead.

The hospital gave both mother and daughter a clean bill of health, the herbs Oliver gave Sara completely eradicating the poison Sara took.

In the few moments Sara had had alone in the hospital, she thought of what she wanted to do, now that she was ‘back from the dead’ and free from any League responsibilities and obligations.

She decided she would hang around with Ollie for a while and see what help she could be to his team whilst she thought about what she wanted from her life now.

Back at Laurels apartment, the elder Lance child was not so happy to see the younger. After a short fight, or rather, angry words from Laurel, Sara was thrown out of her sisters apartment.

Walking out the front door of the apartment building and into the night, there was really only one person Sara wanted to be with at that moment.
Having already sent her Assassins home, when Nyssa returned to the League Safe House, it was eerily quiet.

Walking through the house as if in a trance, Nyssa checked all rooms to ensure no equipment was left behind.

She collapsed on the couch in exhaustion a little while later, the events of the evening taking their toll.

The Heir to the Demon knew she would be facing severe sanctions upon her return to Nanda Parbat. Ra’s al Ghul did not abide any person who went against his wishes, no matter if that person was blood related to him or not.

Somehow though, Nyssa could not care less what her father thought of her releasing Sara Lance, Nyssa knew in her heart it was the right decision.

Filled with the confidence of an easy conscience, Nyssa realised how hungry she felt. The Heir opted to run down to a local pizza shop, having taken a liking to the BBQ pizza’s Sara introduced her to during their time abroad.

Pizza in hand, Nyssa returned to the safe house to see a short blonde figure sitting on the front steps. “Hi,” Sara said quietly from her position on the top step of the dwelling, making no move to get up.

“Hi,” Nyssa returned in a whisper, sitting beside her Beloved, their shoulders just touching, “you have been crying,” Nyssa noted, taking in the slightly puffy red eyes of the woman she still loved.

“I was happy to know I still could.”
“Are you okay?”

“Laurel wasn’t as thrilled to see me back, not as much as I would have thought.”

Without saying a word, when Sara glanced at the pizza box, Nyssa opened the box and offered the blonde the first slice, as a way to try and make her feel better.

Sara grinned at the big tough assassin princess offering her pizza, thoughts of her sister leaving her mind. She took a slice out of the box and folded it in half, pointing it in the direction of Nyssa’s mouth, offering her love the first bite.

Nyssa, unconsciously, slipped her eyes closed when she bit down, humming appreciatively.

Sara was flashing her trademark smile at her when Nyssa opened her eyes, the blonde woman using her finger to wipe a smudge of pizza sauce off Nyssa’s lip before sucking it off her own finger.

Watching her Beloved then eat, Nyssa took out her slice before asking not unkindly, “What are you doing here Sara?”

Sara ate for a few moments without speaking. Nyssa didn’t push her, she just sat patiently waiting, eating her own pizza whilst Sara took her time.

“I wanted to see you. I wanted to thank you for what you did. I know Ra’s won’t be pleased with what you did, or why you did it. You put yourself in danger, just for me, after I treated you so badly. I also wanted to apologise for how I left. I am so sorry I didn’t speak to you prior to leaving. I was horrible to you in doing that, I can’t imagine what you felt when you worked out I was gone, using our tunnel to leave. But most of all, I wanted to let you know, I forgive you for what happened to Laurel and my mom, I know you were telling the truth when you said you didn’t want to hurt my mother.”

Sara finished her small speech by leaning her head on Nyssa’s slightly higher shoulder, turning her face inwards and placing a small kiss on the clothed shoulder she could reach.

Nyssa leant her head down to be resting on top of Sara’s blonde hair, returning the favour in kind.

“I love you Sara, I was devastated when you left, I could not fathom how you were able to just leave without saying anything, without leaving a note. You just disappeared. I realised quickly you would have to have used our tunnel, that hurt, a lot. But I do forgive you. Actually, I forgave you months ago, when I realised that you were choosing to flee, knowing it meant certain death, rather than to remain at the fortress doing something that was slowly killing you anyway. Unfortunately, Laurel and Dinah were collateral damage in the cross hairs of the League’s mission. I am glad that they will be alright.”

Each woman wrapped their spare arm around the other, happy to sit in silence and finish their pizza.

Eventually though, with an empty box, Nyssa stood up to throw it in the trash bin on the front lawn.

At the bottom of the stairs, Nyssa looked into Sara’s eyes and asked, “Would you like to come inside?”

Knowing the question was also a proposition, Sara smiled bashfully and nodded, reaching out her hand for Nyssa to help her up.

Going inside, the pair made their way through the house, into the lounge room where they sat down on the rarely used couch.
“What do you think Ra’s will do to you?” Sara asked when they had got themselves comfortable and curled up in each others arms on the couch.

“I do not know, but I do know that it will be worth it. What will you do now?”

“I don’t know, but I do know one thing. I’m home.” Sara stated, leaning in to properly kiss Nyssa in a way that took both their breathes away.

Nyssa forgot how easy it was to be with her Beloved sometimes, how easy the love flowed between them.

“I love you,” Sara whispered as she took another breath before diving back into the kiss, her hands roaming Nyssa’s street clothed body.

“I love you too, Beloved,” Nyssa returned, hooking her fingers under the leather jacket she had gifted Sara another life time ago and pulling the heavy material from the small body.

Sara returned the favour, stripping Nyssa of her long sleeved top.

“Bed,” was all Nyssa had to say, and Sara, surprisingly strong for her small frame, picked the brunette up from the couch, Nyssa’s legs wrapped around Sara’s torso, mouths fused, and carried her through into the master bedroom.

In the throws of their shared passion, neither woman thought of the loneliness the morning would bring when Nyssa had to return to Nanda Parbat and face the music for her actions. As they finally drifted off to sleep hours later, both were content to spend one last night in each others arms, not caring that tomorrow would once more forever change their lives.

Tomorrow didn’t matter though, because they would always have tonight, the perfect ‘goodbye’.
Epilogue

As soon as the Heir to the Demon regained what little strength she needed in order to write in her leather bound journal of letters to her Beloved, she took hold of a pen and wrote to Sara.

“My dearest, freest, Beloved,

You asked me the night before I left Starling City what Ra’s al Ghul’s punishment would be for releasing you. Now, I have your answer.

Ra’s al Ghul ordered I be lashed with a cat of nine tails, five flogs per Assassin lost in this ‘failed mission’.

Five for Malaq, five for Al Owal, five for Tigris and five for Afra Ra’d. Talibah, Sarab, Hamza, Masuma and Sabi were to administer the lashes as punishment to them for also failing Ra’s al Ghul. Nizam was not required to perform lashes as he was injured during the course of the mission. To ensure the lashes were not light, Ra’s ordered that if the five did not lash as hard as they could, they would receive lashes themselves.

I was strung in the Throne Room, before the Lazarus Pit, and was left there for an hour afterwards as the blood poured down my back from my torn flesh, pooling at my feet.

I do not tell you this to make you feel bad for what I endured for your freedom. I tell you this because you asked the question of me, and I feel I should give you an answer.

Whilst I was hanging by my wrists in the Throne Room, I felt a smile creep across my face.

I know this sounds strange, maybe even deluded, but, Beloved, allow me to explain why.

Through my mind ran images of you, running free with the wind in your light hair and a wide grin flashing across your face. Your blue eyes were catching the sun and glinting, you looked happy. That I was the one to grant you this freedom, this potential happiness, made me myself happy.

Even having endured the twenty-five lashes that I received for freeing you, I would do it again in a heartbeat, should you ask it.

My dearest hope is that one day, I will be able to see you again, to see the love in your eyes as I saw the night before I left.

I know now that it was out of love for your family that you left Nanda Parbat. I now also know, that you consider me a part of that family.

I did have a thought occur to my whilst Talibah was administering her punishment, that I could visit you. I do not exactly get holidays from my work within the League, but should I find myself with some spare time, I would dearly love to meet you somewhere, anywhere, and spend whatever time you could spare me, together.

Who knows, Beloved, one day, I will be the great and powerful Ra’s al Ghul, and when that day comes, I would ask you back into the League in any capacity you feel you would be amenable to, even if the position is just as Beloved.

To me, that is everything.
I love you dearest Beloved, and I hold out hope now, that you and I will have a future together.

For now I must rest, I feel physically weak. Should you every need me, Sara, I will be anything but weak.

For you, I would take on the world, even the great and powerful Ra’s al Ghul.

I love you, dearest and freest Sara.”

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