When Shayera left, she took a piece of the League with her. Picking up what was left, the League is trying to fix what the Thanagarians broke. Even adding heroes to their level of 'heroics'.

Maybe, with these new heroes on board, Caleb and his favorite Martian can have some time to settle down... Just a bit?
Chapter One: Picking Up The Pieces

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

It had been a month since the Thanagarian invasion ended. The League spent most of it's time picking the pieces up; fixing broken buildings, helping reunite families with loved ones, etc. I was currently trying to clear up road ways in Glaseste, J'onn helping out where I couldn't. “Alright, I think that was the last of that.” I flew to where he was. “Any word from Batman?” I asked.

“Last time he checked in, he was still working on schematics for the new WatchTower. Superman and Diana were working in the desert to dismantle what was left of the Bypass... Flash and Lantern are cleaning up around Chicago and Detroit.” J'onn updated me. I nodded.

“Alright.” I bit my lip. “Any sightings of...”

“No. She's gone. Where to? No one can say... Although Superman said something about Fate keeping up with her.” J'onn spoke softly. I sighed.

“I miss her. She was a bitch but... She was there for us in the end...”

“She imprisoned us. You still have marks from the shock collar they made you wear.” J'onn seethed. I sighed.

“J'onn. Her people were at war. Surely you should understand the costs. If anyone in the League understands, it should be you.” I reminded him.

“She should have come to us for help, not try to destroy our home.”

“She didn't-”

“Gentlemen, as amusing as it is to hear your lover's quarrel, your assistance is needed in Blűdhaven. Nightwing is your contact.” Batman came in over the intercoms. I could hear J'onn's cape flutter.

“Stay close to me. I don't want us to get separated.” I could hear him speak softly. I took in a breath.

“Tell Nightwing we're on our way, Batman. How's the schematics coming along?” I asked.

“Fine. Going to add in rooms in case someone without an identity, like Lantern, can have a place to stay. A meeting room. Several different gyms to test certain skills.” I gave a smile.

“While you're at it, add in a way to get to the WatchTower that doesn't require being able to breathe in space or fly a Javelin.” I hung up on my side of the link, flying off after J'onn.
Nightwing greeted us much like Batman always did, gliding near us before landing on the nearest rooftop. “The old man sent you huh?” He asked. I crossed my arms.

“Yeah. Said you could use some assistance.” The younger man huffed, and I imagined him crossing his arms.

“Of course he would. He rarely thinks I can ever handle myself. It's why I left.” J’onn landed near me.

“You were a Robin?” J’onn asked. A growl.

“Not anymore. I'm Nightwing. I grew up. And I outgrew Bruce. And as nice as it is to have Justice League members around, I don't need your help. I've been clearing roads, stopping fires, and saving people all on my own.” Nightwing insisted.

“Just please, allow us to help. Not as friends of... Bruce... But as heroes who want what's good for everyone.” J’onn spoke. The tension was there, but I heard footsteps approach us.

“Fine. But this is on my terms. J’onn, you're super-strong, right? Like Clark?” Nightwing asked. I raised my eyebrows, my mouth opening to ask a question. “Yeah I know who you are. Who all of you are. I told you, I was a Robin. I did work under Bruce. Doesn't take a genius to figure these things out.”

“Okay. In that case, yes, I do have super-strength. Though it's not exactly super, your gravity isn't quite...” I heard J’onn trail off. “What do you need my help with?”

“There’s a mess downtown. Caleb, if you could help with relocating some of the families?” Nightwing asked. I nodded, flying off to sense who needed assistance.

We finished up in Blűdhaven, flying back towards Glaseste. “Yeah, Bats, we're taking the rest of the day off. There's something important J’onn and I have to do and we've put it off long enough.” I cut off the connection, not wanting to hear what he had to say to that. J’onn took my hand and phased me through into our apartment. I went and changed out of costume, getting into my slacks and button-down that I had laid out.

“Ready to go?” J’onn asked, having already shifted into his human guise. I smiled, taking his hand in mine.

“I am. Let's just hope the invasion didn't change anything about the house sell.”

“It shouldn't...”

The realtor led us to the backyard. “And this is our final stop in the house. As you recall it's a small backyard, enough space if you two adopted a child or two to come play in. Or your pet can have outdoor exercise without potentially running off. And it's small enough you can be well acquainted and not wander off, Mr. Williams.” I gave a smile, knowing she meant well by my eyesight.

“What do you, John? Still like it?” I asked, leaning into J’onn. I could feel him smile against my cheek.
“I think we will enjoy it here. It's close to the office and the school. Close to Lynn... And there seems to be only minimal damage from the... What were they again?” He asked, feigning ignorance.

“Thana-something. Anyway... I think we'll take it.” I smiled towards the realtor.

“Alright, I'll get the paperwork. How soon will you be moving in?” I smiled.

“Soon. I mean, I'm off work because of the invasion and the school needing repairs. And John here has only a few open cases left... He's a PI.” I kissed J'onn's cheek. We originally had him as a cop, but to be a cop, he had to have connections, something that is difficult as a hero. From outer space. So Batman helped forge some paperwork and boom. J'onn is a PI. Tends to work on finding children or others who are separated from family find each other again.

“Good. Good. I think you two will be very happy here.” She walked off, her heels clicking. I turned into J'onn, leaning into him.

“So... We have a home. Think Charcoal will like it?”

“He'll love it... He'll just need time to adjust. Just as we will.” J'onn kissed me softly. “We have a home. A bigger home.”

“In case we get any rugrats to run around.” I smiled. He pulled away.

“Rugrats?” He asked, confused. I chuckled.


“Where I'm from, they were called ha'kea.”

“What's that translate into?” I asked, curious.

“Sand-mites.” I laughed.

“Of course.”
Chapter Two: New Heroes?

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“There. Bookshelf has been assembled and put up. How's our bed coming along?” J'onn asked, in human form since the movers were still there, wanting to assist a former teacher of theirs. Even though I was just a student teacher at the time. I smiled, putting the last pillow on my side.

“Just fine. I don't hear much movement coming from the dining room so they must be done.” I made my way out and down the hall, cane mapping my way. I was still learning the new environment. Sure enough, the movers had just finished putting the table and chairs up. “Thanks for the help. Although my partner and I could have had some of our friends come help. I know you guys are probably busy.” I told them. One of them, Jojo, laughed.

“But Mr. Williams, we wanted to help. Anything else we should work on?” He asked. I shook my head.

“No. Thank you, though. So what should we pay you guys?” I asked, feeling around for my wallet. J'onn walked over, tapping my shoulder with his own to let me know he was going to pay. 'Asshole.' I snorted, but decided to let him.

“$340…” The other, Gregory, spoke. J'onn paid and they left. I sighed, sitting in one of the chairs.

“So how many boxes we got left to unpack?” I asked. J'onn chuckled.

“About a dozen. But I'm sure we'll get to it soon enough. No rush. Charcoal is enjoying himself, walking around.” I sighed.

“Please tell me you showed him where the litterbox was first thing... Right?” I asked.

“Of course. Right now he's exploring though. Last I checked, he was laying on the counter top.” I swore.

“He shouldn't be there. We'll be making food there.” I pouted. J'onn snorted.

“So? He has to eat too. And he's just exploring. It's a new place. He needs to learn the environment, just like you do.” J'onn kissed the top of my head. I opened my mouth to protest when our com-links came on.

“Be at Wayne Manor in 1 hour. We've got some work to finish up.” Batman spoke before hanging back up. I sighed.

“Well... At least we sort of got moved in.”
We arrived and Alfred led to the study. I could hear Diana and Clark talking to Bruce, something about cleaning up in Metropolis. John was there as well, adding in about something in Paris. “Hey. Wally not here?” I asked. John snorted.

“He may be the fastest man alive, but he's chronically late.” John explained. I shook my head.

“Of course.” There was a gust of wind.

“Sorry I'm late guys. Had to take down Captain Cold and his cronies, not to mention there was still some damage in Central City. Had to clean that up.” Wally apologized. Bruce stood.

“Now that we're all here, we need to think about the future of the League. The world. First up is our clean-up operations. How well are they going? I know it's only been two months, but we need to get to work on plans for the new WatchTower, to get it off paper and into real life.” Bruce spoke.

“So far clean up has been a success. Other heroes, and even some villains, have been cleaning up their respective cities worldwide.” Clark spoke. “Daily Planet has been doing stories on these efforts. So if you wanted, we could split up. Some of us continue doing relief efforts, some of us helping you build the new WatchTower.”

“I would help with the new WatchTower. I have some engineering experience and my strength could come in handy.” J’onn spoke up. “Of course there may be times I cannot assist. Caleb and I are still moving in to our new home.” There was a silence.

“Whoa. You two got a house? When did that happen?” Wally asked. “I know someone who would be great at helping paint too. My aunt Iris. She is incredible. I mean, she's worried about her husband right now because he's... Out of town...” A pause, and for some reason I believe he was lying... ”But anyway...” He rambled. I laughed.

“Don't worry. I think we've got it covered. My friend Lacey has already claimed the job of helping us paint.” I assured him. Bruce fake coughed, bringing us back to attention.

“J’onn and Clark's help would be useful in working on it. Both can breathe naturally in space and with Clark's heat vision, that saves time and fuel with a welder. Both of you have super-strength as well, which adds to it. John, with your ring, you'll be able to hold it together while they work on it. I'll get my space suit set up so I can assist as well. Once we get the hull set up, the rest of you, and whoever we add to the League, can assist in building the inside.” Bruce delegated.

“Alright. That leaves Wally, Caleb, and I to help with clean up and crime around here.” Diana spoke. “Sounds like a plan.” Bruce sighed.

“Now we need to discuss who we should bring into the League. No one under 18. That should be the limit.” Bruce explained.

“Nightwing and your Batgirl would be interesting to have. I mean, you trained them and this would be a good place for them.” I smirked. He growled.

“I'll ask. No promises.”

“My cousin, Supergirl, she'd be overjoyed to be in the League.” I could hear the grin in Clark's voice. “And Dr. Fate. We need magic users.”
“Which means Zatanna would be a nice fit.” Bruce countered.

“And Aquaman.” Diana voted him in. “I mean, he is somewhat of a magic user. Or at least, he's sensitive to magic.”

“There's a woman called Vixen in Africa... Has some sort of magic amulet that gives her her powers. I say we bring her in.” John walked over, closer. “I mean, she's sort of a magic user.”

“Isn't she like... A model...?” Wally asked. I snorted.

“Hey, if she can hold her own and wants to help stop crime, I don't care if she wears couture or Wal-mart jeans.” I told him. Wally laughed.

“Caleb. I don't think you give a damn either way what any of us wear. You can't see it.” I gave an exasperated sigh. For a red head, he was blonde. Blonde...

“What about the Arrow? Or Black Canary? They seem like good candidates.” I offered. Bruce did the Batman growl.

“I don't know if Green Arrow is the right fit... Canary on the other hand... We can look into.” I frowned.

“What's wrong with the Green Arrow?”

“His name is Oliver Queen and Master Bruce has a bit of a rivalry with him.” Alfred walked in. “Tea anyone?” I swore.

“Oliver Queen? THE Oliver Queen?” I asked.

“Yes.” Bruce growled. I swore again.

“Are all rich people secretly superheroes? Is fucking Donald Trump a superhero?” I asked. “I hope not, he'd be an awful one... But still...” That got some of the group laughing.

“No. As far as I'm aware, it's just me, Queen, Blood, Palmer...” Bruce rattled. “Speaking of... Palmer, the Atom, I think he'd make a good member. Along with Etrigan.”

“Etrigan?” J'onn asked, almost offended.

“He's a half-demon. He's with us. It's fine.” Bruce offered.

“Perhaps we should offer membership to others... Like Plastic Man and Elongated Man? Vibe?” J'onn offered. I could feel the looks. “Shapeshifters and someone who is close to the vibrations of your world...? It is promising.”

“I think we should offer membership to New Gods as well... Like Big Barda, Orion? Mr. Miracle?” Clark offered.

“There's a new Lantern. Kyle Rainer. He's promising. Not to mention Kilowag wants to be in touch with us more often.” John spoke up. Wally vibrated up to me.

“Guys, we should get Shining Knight and Vigilante. Okay? They are soo cool... Not to mention Fire and Ice. Those chicks are great superheroes. And aesthetically pleasing.” I shook my head.

“Do you ever think of something other than women?” I asked.
“Yeah. Food. I've gotta have like... 40,000 calories a day to keep up my speed.” I felt my jaw drop. “I'm being serious. Super-speed requires a lot of food.”

“Damn...” I shook my head. Bruce sighed.

“I think we should call it a day. Come back and think more seriously about some of our picks. Maybe think of others... Something. Work on those... Invitations into the League.”


I collapsed into bed beside J'onn. We'd worked on the kitchen, dining room, and our bedroom. Not to mention Divinero had a crisis to avert. And the talk with the League. J'onn and I finally had time to sleep, Charcoal curled up in his own bed in the living room. 'When will it end? I finish one thing and it leads to another and-.' J'onn nuzzled me.

'Breathe. Relax. Sleep. You'll feel better tomorrow. Maybe things will be slow and we can work on the house and think of members for the League.' I snorted.

'I'm pretty sure Bruce just wanted a list of names so he could create files on them before letting anyone in. You know how suspicious he is.' This time J'onn snorted.

'Did you or did you not say something about creating a religion based on Bruce's 'bat senses'? He may be... Suspicious... Be he tends to have good reasons for being so.' I sighed, kissing J'onn's cheek.

'I know. I know...' I thought for a moment. 'Maybe we could bring in the Red Tornado. He's a robot, but he seems pretty cool. Or maybe Mr. Terrific...' I started to ramble. J'onn chuckled, pulling me close.

'Sleep. We will discuss with Bruce tomorrow.' He kissed me again, and I relaxed into him, curling around him.
Chapter Three: WatchTower 2.0

Chapter Notes

WatchTower completion was rushed. I know. But... you know what? That's okay. Because three chapters on trying to set up to the Justice League Unlimited series is difficult when I have no idea about engineering or interior design...

Chapter Three: WatchTower 2.0

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I managed to duck, just in time for the blast to go over me. I could hear the car that was hit melt. Damn it. I tried to sense him out so I could force him down, but Atomic Skull was a special kind of meta... “Your weak to me.” I sensed a presence nearby, a familiar one and smirked.

“Maybe so... But I happen to know someone who can put out flames rather well. Even of the nuclear variety.” As I spoke, the wind picked up, water gusts hitting me. Flash had worked his 'magic', creating a whirlwind of water to attack Skull, or at least help him get close enough to use Batman's neutralizer. I flew close to Flash, out of breath.

“So that's what? The third arrest this week?” I asked.

“Yeah. I'm starting to get tired though. Even my boundless energy needs to recharge... How do you think the others are doing in space?”

“Not sure. Last J'onn told me, the skeleton was fixed. They're still working on the outside hull though. Where's Wonder Woman?”

“In Atlantis. Aquaman had some sort of issue under the sea.” I sighed.

“No offense. But I'll be glad once we're rebuilt and back in full swing. Especially once we get the new ones on board.”

“You're telling me. I've gotta case load a mile high to work on. And that's just my day job. All of this doing the work of two Leaguers... It's tough. I mean, I'm used to just doing Central's work... You know?”

“I understand. Trust me.” Another siren went off. The bank.

“Race ya!” And with that, Flash was gone. I shook my head, trying to fly after him.

It was early April when Batman called for us to show up at Wayne Manor. The javelin, piloted by His Grumpiness, was waiting. “We completed the outside hull. We can now begin working on the rooms and equipment of the inside. Once we get that completed, we will be discussing how to create a transporter.” Batman rambled. I could feel Wally vibrating with excitement.

“A transporter? Like Star Trek, right? Are we gonna have to have a password to use it? Like 'Beam me up Scotty?' Will it work on all parts of the globe or just in certain places. Oh man we could harness speed force energy. I mean, it travels faster than the speed of light and sound, I can travel faster than light or sound, but this teleporter/transporter thing could travel faster... Or would that make things—”

“Wally!” Bruce yelled, getting our speedster to quieten down.

“Sorry... It's just... That's such a great idea. That way people like me and Caleb and Diana and even you could just appear on the Tower.” His energy still running high. Man I envied that.

“Yes. It's... In the works. I'm currently making the plans, J'onn and Lantern will have to double check some of my calculations—”

“I wanna help with this. I mean... I may not be a super-genius... But I am a scientist... You know? And this thing is science based. I could be an asset.” Wally insisted.

“Of course. We'll need all the help we can get. Now... Can we please get up there and get to work on actually rebuilding the WatchTower?”


I could hear the gasps of Wally and a 'Great Hera' from Diana. “What? What's going on?” I asked.

“The WatchTower looks so pretty... I mean, this is just the outside of it... But it looks damn nice.” Wally spoke. I nodded.

“Open Javelin bay. Javelin 1 coming in.” Bruce spoke. Soon enough, we were inside.

“This is huge.” Wally dashed around before coming back to us. “Like... Are we going to have an armada of Javelins?” He asked.

“That's the plan.” Bruce answered, walking. “Follow me.” Diana linked her arm with mine.

“I won't let you get lost.” She whispered. I smiled.

“Glad you're looking out for me.” We followed behind Bruce as he gave the tour, explaining what needed to be done to make things so. Of course, our heavy-lifters had done much of the wiring, it was just placement and the teleporter that needed to be worked on. The cafeteria stocked. Along with med bay. And the gyms. And the rooms for those of us who stayed on board more than not. And of course, we had a meeting room now. For the original members.

“Now... If you want, you guys can jump in on getting things set up. If not, just familiarize yourself.” I snorted, walking up to him.

“What do you want me to do? I need something to do other than taking out criminals. Don't get me wrong, it's fun, but it's repetitive. Especially since I've not been able to teach much here lately. You know... Invasions...” I reminded him. He sent me towards the gym, Clark as my guide.

J'onn and I laid on the couch, Charcoal in our laps. 'We finally did it. We finally have a base of operations again.' I smiled, eyes half-closed as the news droned on.

'We do. And it's set up just right. Batman wants us to meet again though. At the manor. To discuss our recruit options.' J'onn told me. I sighed.

'Okay. And then things may get back to normal?' I asked. He chuckled.

'Hopefully. And hopefully we'll have our home completely finished. Invite Lynn and Gary and Lacey, Jordan. Maybe even the League, to an... Open House?' J'onn asked. I chuckled.

'You mean House Warming. But close enough.' I kissed him softly. 'Love you.'

'Love you too.' He smiled, holding me close.
Chapter Four: Heroes In All Their Flavors

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Leaning against J’onn, we walked up the steps of Wayne Manor, a container of Lynn's cookies in hand. An offering of sorts. “Right this way gentlemen. Master Bruce is having his little party out back in the garden.” Alfred led us back there, taking the container from J'onn. I could hear talking and laughing, sounding like John and Clark, Wally.

“Where are Diana and Bruce?” J’onn asked.

“Princess asked about a plant and Bats is telling her about it. Alone. Somewhere at the edge of the garden.” Wally had that tone in his voice, full of teasing. John snorted.

“More like getting laid behind the bushes.” I smirked.

“Awww. They're official and no one told me.”

“Official what?” Diana asked from behind me. I tensed up.


“As I was saying, Diana, if you want some of those plants for Themescyria, just ask.” At that, the rest of us got out any food we brought, setting up for the celebration of our new WatchTower.


“So… The transporter works. Feels a little funny though. Like you're nothing and then suddenly you're something.” Wally tried to explain. He'd been the first test subject of Bruce's little... Project.

“Speaking of transporters and cafeterias and medbays... Who's going to help run it? I mean, are we going to use League members to help run it and put it on rotation or...?” I asked.

“I was thinking of hiring support. People who have worked with heroes before. People who can be trusted and won't say anything about secret identities. I'm going to screen them carefully... Make sure they can help properly.” Bruce answered.

“Seems reasonable.” Clark spoke. “We could use some PR people too... Maybe Lois.” I smirked.

“I'm sure Ms. Lane would be wonderful for that.” I teased. Something was tossed towards me and I managed to stop it. “Not nice Clark. Thought we were passed throwing things.” I chuckled.

“Perhaps we need to talk about who needs to join... We had somewhat of discussion earlier...
“Sent out letters to the ones mentioned. Got some feed back. I feel like maybe we give it another week to get word from others we may suggest. Then we have our welcoming at the new WatchTower.” Bruce told us.

“I had another suggestion... For the monitor room. Overwatch? She helps Green Arrow...” Diana spoke. “And then there's Hawk and Dove. They're a little young but they're great at what they do.”

“I suggest we invite Firestorm. Dr. Stein's knowledge could come in handy and Ronnie's an engineer...” Wally told them. “Of course.. That's just a thought.”

“I like the duo of STRIPES and Stargirl.” I told them. I could feel eyes on me. “Hear me out. Stargirl is young. I know. But she's with her step-dad, and they seem to be a good team.” I told them.

“Constantine? Is he still alive?” Clark asked.

“We are not bringing that asshole into the League.” Wally spoke quickly. “Are we? Because he's smart on superstitious stuff and the occult... But seriously... He's an ass. He's literally been to Hell... The only reason he's still alive is because he double-crossed the Devil. We don't need that shit.”

“Wally's right. No Constantine.” Bruce spoke up again. Clark sighed.

“Okay, so maybe we could bring in Gypsy? Or Beetle?” Clark asked.

“Sounds reasonable... Atom Smasher is pretty good too.” John answered. “I like Captain Marvel. Sweet guy.”


“Sounds good. I worked with someone called Aztec once. He was.... Interesting.” J'onn offered.

“Captain Atom.” Clark asked, grin practically in his voice.

“Steel.”

“Dr. Light.”

“Wild Cat and Waverider.”

“MetaMorpho.”


“Isn't he 15?”

“Give him a few years, then he can join.” Bruce answered. I could hear him stand up. “I think we may have made many suggestions. Many good ones. And I'll add a few that can match up with them. Make sure that we have enough heroes from all over. See you again soon, Lady, Gentlemen.”
I was petting Charcoal at home. 'Think the new members will feel welcomed?' I asked.

'I'm sure. If nothing else, they will feel pride in being a part of something that does so much good.' I nodded.

'So... When was it exactly you dealt with this... Aztec?' I asked. I heard him chuckle.

'It was back when I first joined the League, after the Invasion. During the clean up. It was... Interesting.' I pouted playfully, getting into his lap.

'Interesting like we earthlings are to you in general? Or interesting like I am?' I asked. He kissed me.

'In general. You are the only you, Caleb. I promise.' I smiled at that.

'Nice save.'
I took a deep breath as we set up for our visitors. We finally had our home set up and we'd invited our friends and family to come and visit. “Okay, think we got enough for Wally's appetite?” I asked. J'onn thought for a moment.

“I'm not sure... He eats so much....” There was a knock on the door. “Suppose we can't worry about that now.” We went to answer, grinning as Lacey, Gary, and Jordan came in. Jordan reached out for us, wanting one of us to hold him as he babbled.

“Aww, we missed you too, Jordan.” I smiled, kissing his cheek. Gary chuckled.

“Yeah. Can you believe he's almost a year old now? I mean... We got a little time before the big day... But still.” Lacey sighed.

“He's gotten so much bigger too... And he's almost able to walk. He talks a little... It's mostly babble... But...”

“He's getting there.” J'onn finished for her, taking him from my hands to hold.

“Oh yeah.” Lacey groaned. I could only hear Jordan's babble as they walked in, looking about. “It really came together didn't it?”

“Yeah, I mean... It's a nice place. Where's Charcoal?” Gary asked. I smirked.

“He's probably hiding. You know he's antisocial.” I walked over, sitting down in our arm chair. “He'll show up eventually. Especially once everyone starts eating.”

“Speaking of everyone... You really invited your Justice League friends...? Without their suits? Will they go for that or...?” Gary asked. J'onn chuckled, I could hear him 'flying' Jordan around the room.

“They'll show. They know you know who we are, so they said they'd trust you... Well... Most of them did... Batman.... May or may not show. He's.... Busy trying to get a hold of the new members. Making sure they know they've been accepted. That sort of thing...” J'onn answered.

“And you're not going to shift into your true form?” Lacey asked, somewhat saddened.

“I feel more comfortable being around them like this... Besides... Jordan doesn't seem to mind.” Jordan babbled loudly, as if answered. I smiled, wondering what he was like with his daughter.

It wasn't much longer before the rest showed up; Lynn and Aunt Trisha, Clark (and he brought
Lois, about time), Wally, Diana, John, and... Surprisingly... Bruce. It was interesting, listening to everyone getting acquainted, swapping stories...

Dinner ended and we were all relaxing in the backyard, Jordan asleep on a pallet on the couch. “Alright, so I have a question... How did most of you get your powers? I mean... I know Caleb was born with his... And Clark and J'onn are aliens, so their powers are things that they can do here, but what about the rest of you?” Lynn asked, curious.

“Actually... All Martians can shapeshift... We have a special gland that allows us to control our own particles for shifting. However the 'superstrength' and 'flight' are all because of Earth's gravity and the way it works with my body chemistry.” J'onn explained.

“Though it's pretty spot on with me... Earth's sunlight makes for a super-powered Kryptonian.” Clark explained. Lois snorted.

“Super-powered? More like over-powered. You have to keep yourself reigned in or you'll hurt all of us. Luckily for us, you're you, huh Smallville?” She teased. I could feel Clark's embarrassment and frustration.

“Hey... It's not my fault. It's not as easy to control as you think.” Clark tried to justify. Bruce 'hmmd'.

“Which is why I carry kryptonite for insurance of control.” He spoke, deadpanned. The room was silent until Wally piped up.

“Well... I got my powers in a lab accident. I was working on this formula for faster DNA results when lightning shattered the chemicals I was working on. And of course the chemicals splattered on me. Knocked me out cold for a while... But when I woke up, I could go super-fast... And was super-hungry.” Wally played it off. “Of course... I'm not exactly... The first Scarlet Speedster. My uncle was the first... Years ago... But he disappeared fighting someone called Zoom... My aunt never really recovered.” Wally's demeanor seemed to have changed. I stood, walking over to him and giving his shoulder a squeeze.

“We've all lost someone. We know how you feel... More or less.” I tried to comfort him. He chuckled.


“All the Amazons have superior fighting skills. It's what we do. But the armor... The armor was blessed by various gods and goddesses, allowing for the flight, speed, agility, and strength of a god to be on the wearer. It's... A blessing, if you will.” Diana explained. John sighed.

“I was a Marine and on duty. After one of my friends got injured and I finished out my tour, I resigned. Next thing I know, I found a ring. A glowing ring. I was curious, picked it up, and then I was transported to a world that glew green. Oa. The Guardians said that they chose me. That I needed to be the next Green Lantern from Sector 2814. Wanted me to join in a battle against Sinestro to help out some other Lantern named Hal Jordan. Didn't require much training to be a Green Lantern because of my military background, but it was still grueling. Once it was over, I was sent back to Earth, to guard. And that Hal Jordan guy went on his own adventure. And here I am.” He explained.
“What about you, Mr. Wayne?” Lynn asked. “I mean, why did you wish to be Batman?” I could feel the tension, the silence.

“My parents were murdered. And as I grew up, I realized that it wasn’t just their murders that went unsolved. That there were so many crimes in Gotham that no one looked deeper into, that no one tried to solve. I was tired of it. Wanted to stop it and bring justice to others who lost family because of these crimes. Thus, Batman was born.” Bruce explained. The silence lightened up as we shared stories with Gary, Lacey, Trisha, and Lynn. Some funny, some horrific.

“Okay, so you guys really were close to her?” Trisha asked. I shrugged.

“As close as she’d let us get... Guess we should have noted how distant she was from the rest of us...” I answered. John snorted.

“What difference would it have made?” He asked.

“Could have made all the difference in the world. Just like if you hadn’t went into that other world with the other Justice League.” Lois pointed out. I tensed at that, J’onn coming to wrap his arms around me to keep me grounded. “What?”

“Let's just say that particular adventure is still a sore spot.” Wally answered for me. Lois sighed.

“Sorry. It's one for me too... Their Superman kept trying to get me to see their reasoning. To help the media join their cause. But there was no way I was going to do that. No one should be lobotomized. Or traumatized, no matter how cruel they are.” Lois explained.

“Oh yeah? Look, trauma happens. And if it's someone like Joker, they probably deserve it. Or they'll traumatize some child or a family.” Bruce countered. Lois snorted.

“Then you'd be no better than them.” Clark joined in. I swore.

“Okay. Okay. Let’s just agree to disagree on this topic. Okay? I don't want a fight to break out in my new backyard.” I wiggled out of J’onn's hold and got between them. They muttered some form of agreement and Wally began bringing up some other adventure we had, one with Aquaman's involvement.

I collapsed onto the bed. ‘I am so drained. Don't get me wrong, that was fun... But... Damn...' I thought, breathless. J’onn laid beside me, pulling me close.

‘It's okay. It was tiring. Our friends are... Full of life. And so are Lynn and Trisha. The baby...' J’onn reminded me. I nodded, kissing him softly.

’What did I do to deserve you?’ I asked, half-teasing.

’Not sure... But you must have done something since I'm here.’ He teased back. I hit him playfully, nuzzling closer.

’Ass.’
Chapter Six: Initiation

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

The transporter was bringing in more and more recruits. From everywhere in the known galaxy probably... Okay, maybe just everywhere on Earth, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was the whole galaxy. I flew up towards where Superman and J'onn were, listening as Superman gave his welcoming speech. About how we were all part of something more now, that we were the defense the Earth had against the evils of the world. Introduced the rest of us 'founding members', our 'specialties', and then let them go to look around.

Most of them anyway. “Divinero, take Vixen and Shining Knight with you to Keystone. Plasmus broke out.” J'onn explained. I frowned.

“Isn't Keystone Flash territory?” I asked.

“He's busy with Crimson Fox and Steel with a terror attack in Shanghai.” J'onn admitted. I swore.

“Okay. Tell them to be careful down there.” I flew down, sensing out where Vixen and Shining Knight were. “Come on you two, we've got a date with a mucus monster.” I told them. I could feel their confusion. “He's called Plasmus. Radioactive. And in Keystone. Let's go.” I went towards the transporter. I could hear them behind me.

“Could we make a stop towards the stables? My horse, Winged Victory, is there. He could be handy.” I sighed.

“Sure. But remember, on my marks.” I heard Vixen chuckle.

“Whatever you say, Baby. Whatever you say.”

I was in pain. Everything ached as I was tossed into a building. “Divinero. Art thou okay?” Shining Knight asked. I groaned, stretching.

“I'm fine. Where's Vixen?”

“The maiden is charging at the monster with the intensity of a pachyderm.” I nodded, when I heard a crash. “Or maybe she's laying down...” I swore, hearing her walk up.

“Okay. What do we do? This guy is gross and big. And destructive.” I could picture her with arms crossed, looking at me as if there was something I could magically do.

“Shining Knight, you and Winged Victory need to be a distraction. Fly around his face, making
him want to come at you. He's slow and I'm sure Winged Victory is pretty fast, so... You'll make a
good distraction. Vixen, tell me, is there anything electrical nearby? Like a really harsh electrical
object?” I asked.

“Yeah, there's the power lines. Why?”

“I'm going to give him a shock. But as I set it up, I want you to pour water on him. Get the water
tank pushed on him. Everyone understand?” I asked.

“Let's do this.” I heard Vixen power up her amulet.

“To battle!” I heard Shining Knight call out, flying off on his horse. I took a breath, flying
upwards. I sensed out the power lines, tying them around Plasmus. I could Shining Knight yelling
commands and fighting words (in his Camelot way) to the monster.

“Gang way!” I heard Vixen call, feeling splutters of water hit me. Zapping sounds came from
below me. Plasmus shouting. And then nothing. I heard footsteps near me, heels. Vixen. “Is...
He...?”

“No. Just unconscious. The Poison Control Unit should be here for him soon. I say we go to back
to the WatchTower and hit the showers.” I extended my hand towards Vixen's voice. “Would you
like to fly with me or Shining Knight?” I asked. I felt her take my hand and I flew us both, Winged
Victory's wings flapping nearby.

“'Twas a good battle. I think we showed that vile beast what the Justice League is all about.”
Shining Knight spoke. I smirked.

“You really are from Camelot aren't you? Either that or you get really into character.”

“Character? Nay. I am Sir Justin of the Round Table. I was frozen by magic and awoken in this
time period. What you call... The modern age.” Sh-Sir Justin explained. I nodded.

“Must be weird... Being here then...” Vixen offered. We landed in the area we first arrived at. The
transporter area. Also houses the stable for Winged Victory.

“It... Is strange. But you heroes have made me feel welcome. Most people here have been... Kind.
Patient.” I gave a smile.

“You'll find that most people are good, deep down. You just have to dig for it.” I heard a snort
from Vixen.

“Most? Yeah right. You're a white man. You don't know much of what happens to people like me
or Lantern. Beatriz or Tora. Cindy.” Vixen rattled off names of the diverse League members. I
sighed.

“No. I don't. But I know it's not easy for a gay man either. I may be white, and a white male at that,
but I am gay. And that changes perceptions. And in my day-to-day life, I'm in an interracial
relationship. J'onn takes the form of a black man. From what I'm told. And we've gotten things
spoken to us. It's a matter of looking passed people like that. Trying to educate the ones you can
and forgetting about the ones you can't. People are stupid. Ignorant. But it's still our job to protect
them.” I explained. “You understand... Right Mari?” I asked. I could hear her sigh.

“Yeah. I understand.” A beat of silence. “You and J'onn huh? Thought he was more of the 'I don't
care for relationships' types.” She teased. I snorted.
“No. You're thinking of the Almighty Batman. No... J'onn's a sweetheart... Deep down. When you get passed the discipline and find common ground.” I smiled. I heard Sir Justin re-approach.

“Considering these conversations, I take that I have much to learn about the world's history? If Ms. Vixen is upset about how things still are and how your.... Homosexuality.... Is allowed....” I patted his shoulder.

“You'll get the hang of it. World's only changed so much...”


I walked into the monitor room, listening to the chatter from Green Lantern's mission with Supergirl and Captain Atom (and Green Arrow unofficially). J'onn was upset about something, the tension reaching my body. I stretched, pulling my hood down, frowning that I'd gotten it wet from my shower.

“What's going on?” I asked.

“Lantern got hurt. And Captain Atom is arguing with the archer and Supergirl just left. It's like... Some sort of soap opera.” Mr. Terrific answered. I shook my head.

“Sounds about right...” I placed a hand on J'onn back, behind his cape. “Are you remembering to take a time-out and breathe?” I asked. I could feel more than hear his huff.

“I'll be better once I figure out what exactly is going on with Lantern's crew.”

“Send me down. I can figure it out for you.” I offered.

“No. You need to go back to Earth and rest. School is starting back up and you need to rest. Our younger members should probably go and rest too... College classes tend to start close to public school classes.” J'onn rambled. I shook my head, sighing.

“Okay. Just... Remember to rest. Okay? And eat. I heard from Black Canary that they have Oreo pies in the cafeteria...” I reminded him, kissing his cheek as I went back to the transporter, thinking of home.
Chapter Seven: For The Man Who Has Everything

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

“And remember to get your progress reports signed! You have all weekend! And if I get back all of them signed then we'll have a pizza party!” I told my class as they left for home. I heard squealing and giggling as they left, the door closing. I waited a few moments as they left before I grabbed my bag and cane, making my way outside the school.

“Mr. Williams? Can I have a moment of your time?” A feminine voice asked. She was soft spoken. And the voice was familiar. Barbara.

“Of course, Ms. Gordon. What seems to be the problem?” I asked. She sighed, taking my arm with one of hers as she led me off.

“Well... How do I put this delicately....” She began. I smirked.

“A certain Kryptonian acting all high and mighty for your liking?” I asked. I felt a light punch to my shoulder.

“This isn't about Kara.” I could picture her flush. “It's about J'onn... I... I don't think he's been sleeping much. Or whatever it is Martians do in place of sleep. He's... Been acting worse than Bruce. And you know how bad that has to be.” Barbara tried to paint the picture for me. I swore.

“I don't doubt it. Diana showed up the other day to talk about his eating habits. Or I should say, lack of eating habits. Don't get me wrong, he doesn't require food like we do, but he needs to eat.” I shook my head. “I'll see what I can do about him... I mean... I'm not gonna promise miracles, but I'll try to make him rest a little.” I told her. “Why aren't the others in on this too?” I asked.

“Because... They're planning something for Clark at the Fortress of Solitude...” Barbara admitted. I nodded for a moment.

“Well... I guess I'm on my own then...” I half-joked.

“Only sort of... Anyway, we'll be at the teleporter site soon. I figure you'll have better luck talking to him on the WatchTower than you would trying to get him to come to Earth.” Barbara admitted. I chuckled.

“Probably...”

I groaned as I landed on the Tower. “You know... That feels weirder and weirder each time I do it.” I spoke out loud.
“Caleb? You're not on this rotation. What's going on?” J'onn asked, confused. I stepped off the teleporter, taking his hand.

“An intervention. For you that is. Come on.” I started tugging him towards the doors. He didn't budge. Stubborn ass.

“I do not need an intervention. And I can't leave. There are twenty open operations going on and I'm monitoring.” J'onn argued. I turned to face him, frowning.

“Seriously? No. See, Mr. Terrific and Overwatch both have more than enough experience and know-how to deal with these operations. I know you, you take detailed notes. Now, we are going to our room here on the Tower and you are going to rest. Then when you're done resting, you'll eat. You've gotten half the WatchTower worried about you. I know I am.” I told him. “Ever since the WatchTower came back on line, you've been over working yourself. I can't sit by and let that happen. Understood?” I asked.

The whole monitor room was quiet. A soft cough interrupted. “Go J'onn. Felicity and I got it covered. I swear.” Mr. Terrific spoke up. I heard a sigh.

“Alright. I suppose a break wouldn't be so bad...” J'onn answered. I smirked, leading him to the room Batman had designed for us. J'onn shifted, laying down. I laid beside him, kissing his cheek.

'Rest. You deserve it. You've been working so hard.' I told him, rubbing down his sides, a favorite way to relax for him. He nuzzled, a quiet coming over us. And then swearing.

'I can't. I just... I can't turn it all off. My mind is still thinking of the operations. The missions. The teams...’ J'onn sounded so upset. I kissed his cheek, raising up.

'Wally was feeling that way too, after the invasion. Said he went to Zatanna for help... I could... Go and get her to help us too... If you want...' I asked. J'onn took a breath.

'Okay.' I kissed his cheek, starting to leave.

'And J'onn. I will hunt you down if you leave this room.' I warned, heading out the door.

Finding someone in the new WatchTower is not easy. There's so many doors, places to go, and of course, so many people. Super and not. “Hey Wildcat, you seen Zatanna?” I asked. I heard the older man scuffling with someone in the gym. Judging by the grunts, I'd say Canary.

“Think I saw her heading for the cafeteria. Gets magicians have gotta eat too.” He joked. I nodded, making my way down.

“Zatanna?” I called out. A poof.

“Ask and I shall appear. What is it you need?” She asked. I jumped, giving a glare.

“J'onn. He needs someone to help shut off his mind so he can sleep. Figured if you could help Flash, you could help him.” I told her. She gulped.

“I'll see what I can do... J'onn is different though. I mean... He's not... Human? So... I don't know how it'll work.” Zatanna admitted. I sighed.

“We gotta try though. He's not been sleeping and Diana says he hasn't been eating either.” I told
her. She took my hand.

“Lead on.”

We made it back to the room and Zatanna began trying most of her 'sleep spells' and incantations. And J'onn was growing more and more restless. Annoyed. Zatanna groaned. “Okay. There's one last thing we could do... But...” I could feel her flush. “It's a little... Intimate. Or at least, for you two it will be... And I'd be like that creepy guy B'wana Beast...”

“Tell me what you want you want me to do.” I told her. She took a breath.

“His mind is blocking out everything it perceives as a threat. You two are... Bonded. So... It'll have to be you who does the most of it. Who gets through that mental block.” Zatanna explained. I nodded, getting into the bed with J'onn. I placed our foreheads together, connecting.

'You sure about this?’ He asked, still worried. I kept our connection strong.

'No. But you need sleep. And if this will help... I'm willing.' I told him. I could feel his mixed feelings towards Zatanna doing this, towards leaving his post at the monitor room. What was going on in those missions. All of it swirling together. I could vaguely make-out Zatanna's chants. The feel of J'onn slowly winding down his heart rate.

“He's out.” Zatanna spoke up. I nuzzled his cheek, slowly getting up.

“Yeah. Thank you, Zatanna... You really are one of a kind.” I smiled. She seemed to shrug, kicked at the floor.

“Thanks. He's... A tough one. But... I think if we do something like this... Whenever he gets cranky... Should work.” Zatanna half-joked. I chuckled.

“Alright. I'll remember you in these times of crisis.” I chuckled, walking her out before going back to lay with J'onn. It'd been a long day, after all. “Sleep well.” I kissed his cheek one last time before curling in.
Chapter Eight: Never Again

Sorry it's rushed. And I'm sorry that this may be the last update for a little while... My grandpa had a stroke. And on top of that, college is starting up soon. I'll be packing and moving again... So... Yeah...

Chapter Eight: Never Again

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

Two weeks. We finally had J’onn’s sleep cycle back on track. And he was back in the reigns of monitor duty... That is... Until the weekend.

“You sure we got everything we need? Streamers? Balloons? Cake?” J’onn asked in his human form. I chuckled as we walked down the aisles of the store.

“Relax. Gary and Lacey said they'd get most of the supplies. We just needed to get the rest. Then we set up at home and wait for guests.” I reminded him.

“I can't believe he's turning one so soon... Seems like just yesterday Jordan was born. Now he... He's grown so much.” J'onn spoke, amazed. I smiled.

“I know. It's... Strange. But soon enough... One day... That'll be us. You and me watching our own little kid grow before our eyes.” I kissed his cheek as he laughed.

“True. True.”


I was telekinetically lifting the streamers, tying them into place. Gary was blowing up balloons. Lacey setting up the food. And J'onn was keeping Jordan busy, laughing. Damn it was such a beautiful sound. “Alright. All set. Lynn'll be here soon. And so will my folks and Lacey's folks.” Gary spoke up. I nodded.

“Sounds good to me. We staying outside at the backyard or...?” I asked.


“Jordan likes the idea.” J'onn was laughing.
The party was in full swing. The families mingling. Some of the small kids running around, having fun. Of course, J'onn and I got asked lots of questions about us. Us being together. How we met. Normal things kids always ask. At least, when they're not as used to homosexual couples.

“When will you have kids, Uncle Caleb?” One of the kids, Lacey's niece Nikki, asked. I chuckled. “One day. I'm sure. If J'onn thinks he can handle it.” I joked. J'onn snorted. “Kids are easy. Wonderful. It's the adults that are hard to handle. To deal with.” He answered, taking my hand. I smirked. “Hope that's not directed at me.” I teased, bumping my side into him. He laughed. “Of course not, Dear. I would never.” He joked back, tickling my side. The kids laughed with us before running back to play around.

“Hey! I've got the cake!” Lynn called us to the table. I heard the young ones run to her, even little Jordan's uneasy wobbling steps. I smiled, standing up and taking J'onn's hand as we walked inside.

We had eaten. Opened gifts. Laughed. Talked. And said goodbye. J'onn, Charcoal, and I left alone. I stretched, relaxing as J'onn shifted into his true form, the clothes from today hanging on him. 'That was exhausting. Reminds me of when we had a naming celebration for my daughter.' J'onn spoke. They didn't do birthdays. Not really. But they had other occasions. Like namings apparently.

'Yeah well... I'm sure it was more exhausting on Gary and Lacey though... Jordan's getting more and more rambunctious.' I laughed, kissing him. Charcoal was meowing. Pissed. We were late for his dinner and he was “starving”. About the time I was ready to feed him, there was a knock on the door. J'onn shifted into his human form and kissed me again.

“I'll answer the door. You feed Charcoal?” He asked. I nodded, heading for the kitchen to feed the cat.

“You need to leave. Now.” J'onn was growling. I frowned, walking back into the living room from feeding Charcoal.

“Hey. What's going on? Who's-”


“My boyfriend's right. You do need to leave. How the hell did you find me anyway? Hire a PI? Or are you stalking me?” I asked. She groaned.

“Look, I don't have time to fight with you. I need your help. A … Friend of mine is looking for blood. Mine specifically. Thinks I stole something...?” Alexandria told me. Wanting me to fight for her.

“No. I am not going to help you. I'm not going to help. I'm not going to help you. You never helped me.”
“You're supposed to be better than me. And I am your mot-”

“Don't finish that sentence. You're not my mother. I already told you once. Lynn is my mother. Now, if you don't leave, I will call the police.” I growled. J'onn took my hand.

“Leave. We will not tell you again.” J'onn squeezed my hand. I heard a huff and a slam. I crumbled. I held onto J'onn, feeling him shift back into himself, holding me close. 'It's okay... It's okay... You did the right thing. For yourself. Your mental health.' He told me. I felt tears fall.

'I... I don't know. I don't know anymore.' I cried. He kissed my cheek. The top of my head.

'Let's go to bed. You need it. We both do.'
I winced as a laser got me in the leg. “Supergirl! Need some cover!” I called out, getting back to my feet. I felt a whoosh as she flew by, something crashing.

“Got him!” She called out, sounding triumphant. I sighed, stretching. “So, how'd I do?” She asked, walking over with Deathstroke in hand.

“Decent. Next time though… I could use that invulnerability. Some of us are vulnerable to lasers.” I commented. Deathstroke chuckled darkly.

“It's cute. You think I came alone. That I wouldn't have back up. Don't you know I always come prepared? That I will finish what I was paid to do?” I frowned.

“Give it a rest Slade. You're going to prison. Maybe you'll make some friends. Or at least learn compassion. You know, those things you're supposed to learn in Kinder-” I started, when an earsplitting shriek burst out. I heard Kara collapse in pain as I fell myself. He chuckled again.

“I believe you've met Silver Banshee.” He spoke, standing up. I could hear his weapon powering up. I swore, sensing out the weapon to pull it to me... Or I was trying to. I couldn't concentrate enough. “What's the matter heroes? Can't handle the noise? I couldn't either. But I have special earpieces. Banshee... Wanna do the honors? I know the Kryptonians have always been a thorn in your side.”

“Don't do it. Siobhan. Don't do it. He's just using you.” Supergirl spoke, getting to her feet. I heard the shriek again, Kara falling. I stood, sensing out power lines. I hated to do this. I never wanted to do this, not since Libertine. But I had no choice. I sensed them out, sending them to Banshee, hearing her shriek. A different shriek this time. Pained.

Wind zipped past me. Kara. And she was angry. I heard her taking on Deathstroke, wailing into him. “Supergirl! He's had enough. Let's just get them into custody.” I told her. She was breathing hard.

“Fine.” We grabbed the criminals, placing them for the police, taping Banshee's mouth shut and Kara shattered Deathstroke's weapon. “Come on... Let's get out of here... I... I need to cool down.” She flew. I followed after her.

“I know... I just... Haven't been sleeping much lately... I guess... Maybe Barbara can help though. She does that yoga thing... Says it helps her focus... Maybe it'll help me.” Kara told me, encompassing me in a hug. “Thanks.” I flushed.

“You're welcome. And just as affectionate as Clark.” I told her. She laughed.

“How are you anyway? I heard about Kara's tantrum and-”

“I'm not sure. But I'm certain magic is involved, considering the way this... Planet? Dimension? Looks. It's... Surreal...” J'onn spoke. “How are you anyway? I heard about Kara's tantrum and-”

“It's fine. Nothing major. And she's not been sleeping. Said she's gonna try yoga with Batgirl.” I told him. “Though... We can talk about performance reviews later. Right now we need to find out what's going on...” I told him.

“What's going on is that we've been banished into the Nether.” A familiar voice called. Dr. Fate. I frowned.

“The Nether? Why? Who... Who's powerful enough to do this?” I asked.

“No one. Not alone anyway. It seems that a young sorcerer found the Amulet of First Magic. And with that power combined with his own, he sentenced all older than him to this dimension.” I frowned.

“And you know this how? You have a kid we don't know about?” I asked.

“No. But Morgaine Le Fey does.” I felt my anger rise.

“She let this happen?!” I growled. J'onn placed a hand on my shoulder, trying to soothe me. But I could feel his own anger in our link.

“How do we stop him and get out of here?” J'onn asked, voice that deadly calm.

“Batman, Wonder Woman, Superman, and Green Lantern have taken on that quest. We must wait for them to return victorious.” Dr. Fate spoke. I thought for a moment.

“Couldn't you and the other magic users in the League reverse the spell?” I asked. Dr. Fate remained silent. “You can't can you?” I asked.

“No. The Amulet amplified Mordred's power a thousand fold. It would take a millennium for us to be powerful enough to reverse this. Unless you wish to be a child again.” Dr. Fate offered. I swore.

“No thank you. I already did puberty once. Never again.” I half-joked. Dr. Fate sighed.

“Then we wait for the others to return in victory.”
It felt like years had passed by the time I was able to sense my surroundings again. I was in the monitor room, leaning on J'onn. “We're back.” I nudged him. He'd decided to rest during this time, unable to do much else. He hummed, standing.

“I guess our friends won.” J'onn spoke. I bit my lip.

“Think they'll be returned to their normal ages?” I asked. J'onn growled low.

“If they are not, I will personally hunt down Le Fey.” I grinned.

“I'll join you.” The transported whirred to life.


“Hunting down Le Fey if you weren't returned to normal. But I guess she kept that promise.” I spoke. Diana chuckled softly.

“She did.” A pause. “Did Bruce come here? He was... Upset... Clark and John went home... To rest...” Diana rambled. I sighed.

“No... Probably at the Batcave. Brooding.” She swore.

“Of course he is...” She turned, heels clacking as she went back to the teleporter, asking to be sent to Gotham. I walked over to J'onn, wrapping an arm around him.

“When do you think they'll realize they love each other?” I asked. He snorted.

“They know. Bruce is just-”

“A stubborn asshole who doesn't know how to be happy?” I asked. He snickered.

“Something like that.” I kissed his cheek.

“Just don't try to be like him. Or I'll hurt you. Okay? You're not pushing me away.” I told him. J'onn chuckled.

“Never, Dear. Now... I think you need to go home. Rest. You were shot. And Charcoal probably wants some love.” I rolled my eyes at that last one.


“Love you too.”
My grandpa is doing better. He's out moving about some. His balance still needs work, but he's good. <3 Thank you for concern. I'm back in my dorm and classes have started up. So updates will be when I'm not exhausted or have a shit ton of homework. <3 So... Stay with me, okay guys. This is gonna be fluffy and action-packed, as well as heart-breaking at times. I hope... SO far... So... Yeah... Just... Stick with me if you can.

Chapter Ten: Hawk and Dove

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

“Alright! Firestorm, Steel, cover me and Arrow!” I yelled, flying high. I heard Firestorm arguing with himself about how best to deflect, while Steel was using his armor to protect. Arrow was firing from the rooftops. “Arrow, can you get a clean shot at them?”

“I can try. But they're fast. How the hell did these things get past the WatchTower?” Arrow asked, still firing. There was an explosion and I flew up higher.

“Firestorm, put out that fire if you can! Absorb it, transmute it, whatever. We need to try and keep damage to a minimum.” Something latched on, biting at my leg. I swore, sensing it to fling it back down. I placed a hand to my comms. “J'onn, what the hell are we fighting?” I heard Steel bringing his hammer down.

“Not sure. I never encountered anything like them. Perhaps I should send in Flash... His speed combined with the team's efforts, should bring them down.” J'onn was typing. I swore. "Well hurry. Don't know how much longer we can handle these things. And they bite.” ’Hard.’ I thought, trying to focus on keeping them down.

“Doing my best. Just keep it up for a little longer.” I groaned as one knocked into me, biting into my arm.

“Easier said than done...” I huffed, sending the thing flying for Firestorm to burn. I rose up, taking to the air.


“Flash. These things are fast. Let's hope he's faster.” Steel crashed nearby.
“I hope so. Can't keep this up much longer. My armor is almost destroyed.” I swore.

“Where's-” There was a bang. “Arrow!” We rushed, trying to avoid the beasts and their jaws. *What the hell are these things?* “Arrow you okay?” I asked once we got to him, Steel helping him up.

“I've been better. Nothing like Canary's scream though... So... I got that going for me. When's Flash getting here?” I sighed.

“Don't know. But we're in rough shape.” I could feel blood leaking from my bites. Hear the shuffle of Steel's armor. “And we still have no idea what they are or where they came from.”

“Could be alien...” Steel supplied. “I mean... They look like dogs covered in a black goo. Red eyes. Claws longer than they should be.”

“And their bites burn.” I offered up. Firestorm seemed to be having another conversation with himself.

“Gray says that they could be lab experiments. He remembers Mercury Labs testing animals last year that went missing.” Firestorm spoke. I groaned.

“Great. Science experiments that have been unleashed to the public. Every sci-fi nerd's worst nightmare.” There was a silence.

“I always thought it was an alien invasion...” Green Arrow questioned. I smirked.

“No... We showed that we could stop that from happening.” I remarked. A gust blew by. “Flash! Good timing. We need to get these things under control.” I filled him in, taking to the skies with Firestorm.


The... Beasts... Were taken down and we had them sent to the WatchTower. We were going to give them back to Mercury, but Flash and I managed to talk the others out of that, considering what would happen to the monsters if they went back. Some of the scientists on the Tower offered to try and reverse whatever the hell was done to the poor things.

I, on the other hand, was stuck in MedBay until further notice. Apparently those bites were worse than I thought. “Damn.” I swore.

“Sorry, Divinero, but we have to keep the wounds clean and disinfected. If you don't, they'll get infected.” I swore.

“Doesn't stop if from burning like Superman's heat vision. And trust me, I know what that feels like.” I groaned. Footsteps.

“Seems like you'll be better in no time.” I heard Dr. Stein offer. I sighed.

“Hopefully. J'onn's going to have an episode though... When he gets a good look. And he will.” I laid back. “How are you and Ronnie?”

“Fine... Though I have a craving for pizza that wasn't there before. It seems we're still getting used to being in each-other's head.” Dr. Stein admitted. I gave a smile.

“Psychic bonds are weird... You have that other person there and they know things that no one else will.” I took a breath as the nurse finished up my bandages.
“You'll need to change those later tonight. And continue changing them as needed. Come back in a few days for a check-up.” I groaned.

“Yes. Of course. Will do.” I stood, shaky on my legs.

“I see that one doesn't have to be old to lose balance.” I snorted.

“Look, we took a beating today. I was bitten by one of those... Experiments. It's sore and burning still.”

“Let's just hope you don't turn into one of those... Werewolves.” Dr. Stein teased. I rolled my eyes.

“Highly doubt it.” I thought for a moment. “On second thought... We live in an era where magic, demons, and aliens exist... Maybe I should get checked out for lycanthropy...” I walked out of MedBay to find Zatanna or Dr. Fate. Or even Etrigan.


I was sitting in the monitor room, leg propped by order of the Martian so he could keep check on my bandages. “So you really don't think I'll be turning into a creature of the night?” I asked the room. One of the staff members, Rory, laughed.

“I don't think so. Or the medics would have picked up on it on your blood work. Or one of the mystics would have told you.” He chuckled. Mr. Terrific hummed.

“I dunno... We'll have to wait until the next full moon to know for sure. You can never be too careful when dealing with potential magic mumbo-jumbo. Or with fucked up science. Because what was done to those creatures, was fucked up science.” Mr. Terrific told me. J'onn sighed.

“I highly doubt that Caleb will turn into a werewolf. And if he did, we know people who could return him to normal. If you worry about others if he has this... Condition.... We are the Justice League and have more than enough power to stop you from hurting anyone.” J'onn reassured me. “Now... I believe Diana, Hawk, and Dove were having issues in Kasnia... Some sort of suit of armor come to life...” J'onn was wanting to know what we knew. I shrugged.

“Diana is the Amazonian Princess. If this has to do with magic or fables or her mythology, she should be okay to handle it on her own... Hawk and Dove, if they actually listen to her, will be good support. I mean, they're young, but from what I recall Batman saying earlier, they're fast learners.” I relaxed a bit. “You sure I don't need to just-”

“My rotation will end once Diana, Hawk, and Dove return. Then we can go home. I don't want you by yourself wounded like you are. The last time I allowed that, you almost got an infection. And I doubt you wish to lose limbs.” J'onn reminded me. I sighed.

“Yes, Dear. In that case, I'm headed for our room on here. You can come get me when you're done.” I stood, gaining my balance before heading to the rooms. Making it to mine and J'onn's, I collapsed on the bed, hood and cape removed. Naptime.
Sorry for the delay. School started back in full swing and I've finally caught up with work. For now. Also this chapter is dialogue heavy and it delves into Libertine, one of my favorite ocs besides Caleb... So... Here you go:

Ms. Farah and I were leading our group through the museum. “And here we have an approximate model of the known sectors. Thanks to Green Lantern, The Martian, and Superman, we have more understanding of what's out there.” Ms. Farah started. I grinned, vaguely remembering that day. J'onn had been so excited to share his knowledge with humans, it was adorable.

“So who can tell us which is Neptune?” I asked, starting easy.

“The blue one, close to the big one. Kinda far on our system.” Tobias, one of the more science-inclined kids described for me. I smiled.

“Sounds right to me, Ms. Farah?” I asked.

“Correct. What about Krypton? Or... Where Krypton was...?” She asked. “And someone other than Tobias.” She chuckled.

“Far out. Like over in the corner near an extra strain of asteroids. Its... Broken up...” Suzy spoke softly. Farah hummed.

“Correct. Now, all of you, think about what planet you would like to visit? That is your topic for the upcoming essay. Just pick a planet and explain why you'd like to visit.” Ms. Farah explained. I smiled weakly as I heard some groans.

“Think about it this way guys, you get to pick out of thousands of planets to explore. You can add in who you'd like to show you around. Think of it like your own special vacation.” I tried to spin it. “And we'll only count off if you don't show enough creativity.” I offered. The kids cheered at that, and Farah nudged me.

“Come on guys. We still have two more exhibits to see before we head back to school. Don't want any parents waiting on us–” There was commotion, alarms going off. “Kids get down!” Farah shouted. The kids screamed, scrambling to hide. I ducked down near the rockets.
“What’s going on?” I whispered, adrenaline pumping. I needed to be out there, I needed to stop whatever was happening.

“Libertine. He’s attacking the museum.” Ms. Farah whispered. I swore softly. *Please send help. Please send help.* I thought, unable to get to my comms without revealing my identity. Couldn't reach out to J'onn either, or my psychic signature would be easier to sense.

“The kids? Are they hiding well?” I asked.

“I think so. I’ve got them counted and I know where they hid. I hope Divinero arrives soon... We can’t lose the kids...” She whispered. I sighed.

“Yeah. I hope he shows too... Or at least... Someone from the League.” Because Divinero isn't coming around unless I can sneak away. “I’m going to slip off to the restroom. Get a signal to 911.” I told her. Farah swore herself.

“Caleb, you can’t do that. He’ll see you and who knows what he’ll do to you.” She reminded me. I bit my lip. I knew exactly what he’d do, but I had to change. Had to slip off.

“Someone has to make sure the authorities know. The alarms are loud but they’re not that loud. And trust me, I know loud. Besides, who would bother the blind man?” I faked a smile.

“Caleb. He’s a sociopath. He doesn’t care. He’s as crazy as Joker! Or at least, he’s almost as crazy as Joker! And I should know, I used to live in Gotham before I moved the hell away.” She whisper-yelled. I sighed.

“Someone’s gotta do it, Farah. Keep tabs on the kids...” I grabbed my cane and began to crawl off, trying to make it to the bathrooms when I heard a dark laugh.

“Slipping off, Mr. Williams? Surely you’re not going to call in the police or the League are you?” Libertine. And he was toying with me. Knowing I couldn't do a damn think unless I wanted to reveal myself to everyone in the museum.

“Actually, I was. The police anyway. Don't exactly have a direct line to the League. Though if you know how to get a hold of them, that would be swell.” I tried to play off. He chuckled again, walking closer. I stood, grabbing my cane and orienting it as if to fight with it.

“I highly doubt that cane will do any good. Can't hit what you can't see and all that. Besides, you couldn't hurt me if you wanted too.” He forced my cane from my hands and pushed me back. I could hear the kids whimpering. I held a hand to them, letting them know I was fine.

“I stood back up, wobbly, though it was more played up wobbling than anything. After all, blind, normal me had lost his cane. “Let us leave. We have done nothing to you. And there are children. Do you really want to be someone who harms families?” I asked, trying to reason. Although, I knew the answer. He didn't give a damn about things like that. In fact, he thrived off such hurt.

“Oh Mr. Williams, you're amusing. I don't care who I hurt or who I kill, so long as I get what I want. And right now... I believe you and I need to have a private chat.” I felt the air being forced from my body and fell to the ground. Everything spun around so fast...


I came to in unfamiliar surroundings. I growled. “Where the hell are we? What's going on?” I asked. Libertine sighed, as if bored.
“I wanted a good fight. Can't do that if you can't be Divinero. Seems I need to learn planning, but now will do just nicely. Your bag is at your feet, you can change in the next room. Then we can have a real battle and I can kill you while proving I'm the better of the two of us. Unless of course, you've decided to unlock your real potential…” Libertine spoke, rising to his feet. I glared.

“If you wanted to kill me, why not do it while I was unconscious?”

“Because that's not fun. I want a real fight. After all, you can't be the best if the challenger isn't able to fight back.” He snickered. “But again, I could help you unlock your true potential. Using the full force of telekinesis. Levitation. Being able to take the molecules in the air to turn against your enemies so they can no longer fight back.” I snarled.

“The kids-”

“Are fine. Scared that their teacher is probably dead. But I didn't hurt the little bastards. This time.” Libertine walked somewhere. “Now. Are you going to change so we can actually battle or are you going to join me?” He asked again. I frowned.

“You said something about being the best. What makes you think I should be your opponent? Why not the Martian? He's got a strong psychic connection. Or Zatanna? Heard that there were those on Apokolips with telekinesis.” I asked. He laughed.

“You still haven’t figured it out have you? Guess Bruce really is the detective in your hero army.” I felt myself freeze. He knew who Batman was. How? “Wow... You really are clueless aren't you? All you really know about me is that I know you. Intimately. And that we share powers, that I go by Libertine.” He snorted. “I guess it's already true that I am the better version.”

“Version?” I asked. Confused. What the hell was going on? “What do you mean?”

As if he didn't even hear me. “I'm shocked that your pet Martian didn't pick up on it that day with Grundy. That he didn't see our similarities. After all, unlike you, I don't wear a mask. I don't hide who I am. What I am.” He laughed. “But I guess that's something you never let go of is it? The rejection from Mother Dearest? The threats of being sold into government experimentation. The glass that cut into our back.” Libertine spoke. I froze. ‘What the hell is going on here?’


“Because... I am... Quite literally... You.” He stopped. “No. I take that back. I'm a better version of you. They said I was a clone of you, but I wonder if perhaps you were the clone and I the original. I'm aged a bit. To be ahead of my power. Unlike you, I keep a bit of a goatee. And unlike you, I'm able to see. I have no empathy. No feeling. After all, no one helped us, why should we help them?” He asked. I growled, confused. Angry.

I had a clone? Who? I heard a lamp break and he chuckled. “And I suppose I have better control of my powers than you do. It's what happens when you feel to strongly isn't it? You can't help but release that energy?” I glared.

“Who made you? Why were you made? How much... Do you know?” I asked. He was quite for a moment.

“A group called Cadmus. When you were doing your first stints as a hero against a supervillian, Sage I believe, you left blood and hair. They had people to collect it. And I was created. Aged up. Imperfections taken away. Like your empathy and conscience. Your blindness. And of course, the
scar from Mom. Something about wanting a perfect soldier who would do things, no matter how questionable, no questions asked. Guess they didn't count on me realizing my power, my true authority of them. The building... Exploded... After the director mentioned having me 'put down'. Said I was too aware for my own good. Guess I showed them.” He laughed.

“Of course, before I blew that place to Kingdom Come, I found my files. Found you. Turns out, we share many memories. Thoughts. Unlike you though, I act on them.” He chuckled again. “I actually laid low for a year. Wanted to study you, as Divinero and as Caleb. Even came up with my own name for papers. After all, you can't rent apartments without papers. Adrian. Sounded nice at the time. Then I decided you might be strong enough to fight me. So I took the mantle of Libertine. Thought it suited me. Wanted to see if you were as strong as you appeared. Perhaps you'd join me. Or we'd have our fight to the death. Neither of us is going to give. And I refuse to stop.” He rose up.

“Now... You know our history. Is everything starting to click?” He asked, taunting. And yes. It was. I remembered those times I felt another presence. Psychic presence. The feeling of being followed. I was shaking.

“What is your purpose then? Your new purpose? The one you claim to have?” I asked, trying to process everything.

“Think about it. We have this power. You and I. And your League. They have their powers as well. Instead of protecting these.... Non-powered humans... As if they're gods, they should be worshiping us as gods. We should be in charge. Hell, we should eradicate them, let those of us with power rule the world. We'd have far more resources and we could defend ourselves. No need for the League because the League would already be in charge. Those of us with mental power, of course, would be in charge Who better to run countries after all?”

“So... Are you in or out?” I didn't answer, instead holding my bag. I could feel others approaching.

“I'm out.” I told him, just as the walls blasted through. Kara and Clark. “It's about time!” I told them. Libertine growled, sending Clark down. Kara managed to collide with him, taking him down physically. Clark grabbed him, putting on the collar Batman had produced for those of us who could use psychic energy.

“Sorry. We were trying to locate you. People are worried.” Clark spoke.

“Yeah. Why not fight back once you woke up here? I mean, he knows who you are so it wouldn't have been a big deal.” Kara asked. I sighed.

“Let's just say I learned something that could be worrisome. We need to call a meeting with the Original.” I told Superman. He hummed in agreement.

“Okay. After Mr. Williams makes an appearance and we drop Libertine off in jail.”

I was brought down to the ground by Supergirl and I thanked her. I could hear my students running to me, hugging me close. Asking questions. I tried to calm them down as best I could, some BS about Libertine mistaking me for someone who apparently owed him a jewel. “I'm glad you're okay. I was about to worry.” I heard a familiar voice. I smiled, walking close to hug J'onn.

“T'm fine. I'm okay. Just... A little overwhelmed.” I told him. 'We need to meet with the others. ASAP.'
Clark told me. Transporters on hold. I'll walk you.' He told me, kissing the top of my head. “You're okay. You're okay.” He reminded me. “And I suggest not going in tomorrow. Recover. Who knows what he did...” I sighed.

“Yes dear...” I took his hand. “I need a new cane too... He broke mine.”

I had them in the conference room. “So... What's got you so shaken about Libertine?” Wally asked.

“Apparently he's a clone. Of me.” I told them. “Some organization created him. What's 'got me shaken' is that if this can happen to me, who knows who else has been cloned. The League has members worldwide. Hell, galaxy wide. Who knows how far this organization reaches and who else they have cloned. And Libertine could have been a mindless super-soldier thing like the Winter Soldier in the Captain America comics. He didn't 'fall in line' though because he became aware. How many clones could there be that are following orders? That are potential threats?” I began. The others were silent.

“This is a problem. May not even stop with League members. If you can clone a superhuman, they can clone normal humans. Clones replacing world leaders and politicians, rule makers. This organization could bring the world to its knees, or bend it to its will.” Bruce began.

“What organization? We could do our research... Look into it.” Clark tried to lighten it up, find a solution.

“He called it Cadmus. Said the building he was in... Exploded. Then preceded to explain that he did it himself after the director spoke of 'putting him down' for being aware.” I told them.

“Cadmus... It sounds familiar...” Diana hummed. “Isn't that where Joker got those kids?” She asked.

“I think so... I don't remember much of that adventure. Kinda got blown up by one of the bombs...” John reminded us.

“I'll check into it. Dig around.” Bruce volunteered.

“And if it doesn't exist anymore? Or what's left went into hiding?” J'onn asked. I could almost feel the smile radiating from Bruce. That creepy Batman one.

“If it once existed, there will always be remnants... And if anyone knows about it... They can squeal.”

“Bruce-” Clark began.

“Don't worry... Nothing worse than a few gaining the fear of Batman...” And with that, Bruce walked out, Clark and Diana tagging behind to make sure no one was going to really get hurt. I sighed and sat down.

“Well... Could've went worse I suppose...”

I laid on the bed, nuzzling into J'onn as Charcoal made himself at home in between his legs. ‘The cat really need to sleep with us?’ I asked.
'I read that after traumatic days, snuggling with a pet is good for mental health. And cats have a purr that helps humans heal. Fascinating really. I sort of want to do an experiment on what they do for other lifeforms.' J'onn explained, holding me close as Charcoal came up to his chest and my face, nuzzling. I sighed, petting him.

'This once is fine... I guess...’
Chapter Twelve: This Little Piggy

Chapter Notes

So... Fluff, major fluff in this chapter. And it may be high T, low M because of some heavily implied sexual situations... That's all I can think of... Also, may be the last update until next weekend/ I have freetime again... So... Sorry...

Chapter Twelve: This Little Piggy

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

I heard the 'dings' as a strike was made and smirked. “Alright J'onn, beat that.” I teased, going back to take my seat. I had convinced him to stay away from the Tower for a night out. Just us. No League business allowed (unless something major came up, but with as many members as we have now, I highly doubted anything to turn up. Besides, Mr. Terrific is perfectly capable of handling the business side of the League.) J'onn snorted.

“I have a feeling you're cheating. I'm not sure how, but I just feel like you are.” He teased back. I smirked.

“Oh yes, I, the blind man, am cheating in a game that typically requires sight. Totally cheating.” I tsked, walking up to put an arm around him. “I think you're just a sore loser. But if you think it'll help, we can make this... Interesting.” I grinned, leaning back. He sighed.

“I'm almost afraid to ask what your idea of 'interesting' entails.” J'onn remarked, getting his ball up.

“Winner tops tonight.” I smirked as he mentioned something about seeing that coming. “Oh come on, you knew damn well what I've been angling for this weekend. I have no papers to grade, I'm completely healed up from being kidnapped by Libertine last week, and I managed to get you away from your job. So what if I want a little bedroom time?” I told him. He chuckled.

“Then I hope you prefer bottoming.” And with that he got a strike himself. I frowned.

“I think you're getting ahead of yourself there, Mister. I have no intentions of losing.” I went for mine and playfully knocked me. I stuck my tongue out before rolling, swearing when I didn't hear the ding.

“Sure about that, Shae?” He asked, teasing. I flipped him off, causing him to laugh a little more. Something I hadn't heard much since he became an almost permanent monitor of the WatchTower.

“The night's still young and the game's not done.” I reminded him, rolling again. No way in hell I was losing to that smug smartass.
I took a breath. It all came down to this. Last rolls of the game. We were tied. I had to win. Had to win. (Actually, I'd win either way. I 'win', I get to fuck him. I lose, he fucks me. No real downside.) Rolling the ball, I listened carefully to the sounds, no ding. Well damn. “Okay. If you strike, you win.” I reminded him.

“Fairly certain I win either way, but there are certain advantages to being on top. And I'll be exploiting them later.” He teased again. 'Asshole.' I thought at him, listening to the ding.

“Come on, lets get our shoes back and head home. Feed Charcoal and then... Unwind.” I took his hand and oriented my cane as he led us to the front desk.

I swore, rolling my hips. Damn he was teasing and it was soooo unfair. 'J'onn...' I whined. He chuckled, nipping my neck.

'Patience.' I swore at that. Patience. Easy for him to say. He wasn't the one being tormented. So close, yet so far. And then the comms came on. We stopped, frozen. 'I turned them off... Something must have happened.' I swore again. Of course. Of fucking course. Damn you, Justice League.

'May not be important. Ignore it.' I whined, placing my hands back on his, hoping to get his focus back.

'Let's listen first... To see what it is...' I sighed.

'Fine.' We listened. And had to fight not to laugh. It was B'wana Beast, reminding League members to be on the look out for a tiny pink pig wearing bracelets. That it was the Wonder Pig. I looked towards J'onn. 'Think we should assist? Or get back to our own night?' I asked.

'If Batman is behind this endeavor, I'm sure it will be perfectly fine to just ignore it. If by tomorrow, they don't have her, we'll get started searching.' I raised up to kiss him.

'Sounds like a plan... Now... Where were we? And by we, I mean you. I'm still close and I'm done with being teased.' I reminded him, listening to his laugh as his hands got back to work, head dipping back down. I moaned. 'Much better...'

I woke up slowly, nuzzled into J'onn. I could tell he was awake already, by the way his breathing was. 'Morning.' I offered, stretching a bit. He held me close, nuzzling.

'Morning. I listened over the com-links. Diana's been found and restored. Magic was involved.' He told me. I nodded.

'Who'd you speak too?' I asked.

'Mr. Terrific. He'd kept tabs on the operation, but tried to keep it... Low profile on it. Batman didn't want too many to know.' J'onn spoke, hand tracing down my back. I winced a bit when he came across a sore spot. 'I told you there would be a bruise. But you didn't listen. Just insisted...' He chastised. I snorted.

'It was a good idea last night. Okay? Besides, I like it when you give up on trying to walk on eggshells. Means you're having just as much fun as I am.' I reminded him. 'As for Bruce and
Diana... Think they've finally worked their shit out after this?"

'This is Bruce and Diana we're talking about.' I sighed.

'Good point. Guess it'll still be awkward for a while then...' I put an arm around him, laying against his shoulder. 'I'm thinking pancakes for breakfast... What do you think?'

'Only if I can put in those chocolate chips.' I swore.

'Fine. But I'm letting Lynn know that she has created a monster.' I shook my head. 'Martians and their sweet tooths...' I teased. He snorted.

'You have your fixes. I have mine. Is that not how it goes?' He reminded me. I rolled my eyes and rose up, feeling around for my clothes.

'Yeah, yeah. You're still an asshole though.'
Chapter Thirteen: Seriously, Lantern?

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

We flew up high, managing to avoid being hit by Ultra-Humanite and Grodd. “How did they escape again?” I asked.

“Don’t know. Don’t care. All I know is we gotta put them back.” Green Lantern answered, flying up ahead. I swore.

“Batgirl, Beetle, be careful. Okay? Grodd is psychic and Ultra-Humanite is... Strong and influential.” I warned.

“I think I have just the thing.” Batgirl spoke over comms, jumping. I could feel her stick the landing on top of Ultra-Humanite, causing him to groan in pain. I could smell frying. Must’ve electro-shocked him.


“I’m fine. Grodd's gotten stronger though.” He growled. “I've got it though.”


“I'm fine.”

“I can sense a broken rib. You need to be looked at.” I waited until I felt Batgirl getting closer before flying off, near Beetle.

“What's the matter, Divinero? Afraid of me? A simple gorilla?” Grodd goaded. I looked to where Beetle was humming around.

“If I distract him, do you think you can shut him up?” I asked Beetle. He chuckled.

“I'll do my best, Boss.” He hummed. I nodded.

“And let's go.” I flew down, telekinetically taking control of a car, dropping it on top of Grodd.

“That the best you got? I was hoping for a battle of wills.” I frowned, trying to take control of him. ‘Dance monkey, dance.’ It was a true battle of control, but Grodd had the upper hand with his own body.

There was a crash and an explosion. I fell back, hitting the wall as Beetle flew over. “Too much?” He asked. I groaned.
“Too much.” I stood. “Shut it down guys. I think we're done for the day.” I heard the whirring of the machines as the room went back to normal. Batgirl and Lantern entered back in from the main room.

“Beetle, that was quick thinking, but it caused more damage than was necessary. Batgirl, you've learned well from Bruce, but you still need to work on your falling. Someday the mark may leave and no one will be able to catch you.” John admonished. I turned to Beetle.

“And warn someone the next time you set off an explosion. Even if it is to beat the bad guys...” I groaned, stretching.

“Siento... Sorry... I guess the Bug and I got out of hand...” Jaime chuckled nervously. I gave a soft smile.

“You're getting there.” I placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Yeah. I mean... The only reason I'm even half as good as I am is because I started young. Like way young.” Barbara reminded him. “And Bruce demands nothing but perfection...” I smirked.

“Yeah... He is a bit of perfectionist.” John snorted.

“That's an understatement.”

I made my way to the cafeteria. Training took energy, energy needs food. And unlike Wally, I did not have a special energy bar. “Hey, mind if I sit with you?” John asked, coming up beside me. I smiled.

“No. I mean. It's been awhile. Not just us, but... The team in general. Sitting down.” I sat, getting a sip of my drink and wincing. “That does not taste like any Coke I've ever had.”

“Could be that diet stuff. I'm not sure if it's Vivian or Constance, but one of the Crimson Foxes has been replacing the good stuff. Some sort of health kick.” John sighed. “Just wish they'd leave it alone. I know Wally's been having fits about it.”

“Wally loves fattening foods. The greasier and messier, the better.” I reminded, chuckling.

“True.” There was a bit of silence as we ate. “So how was date night?” He asked, teasing. I snorted.

“Surprisingly it went well. No League disasters or anything. And he got to see that the WatchTower can function without him. Hopefully that means more date nights in the future.” I smirked. “What about you? Been seeing anyone lately? Heard from Clark that you may have your eyes set on Vixen.” I teased.

“What's not to like...? She's intelligent... Strong... Passionate. And... I have no idea what to say to her.” John admitted. “Which is one of the reasons I wanted to grab lunch with you... If I went to Wally, he'd laugh. Bruce would tell me to focus on the job. Diana would... Be Diana... And Clark has been flirting with the same woman for nearly a decade now and has just now began to date her.” I raised an eyebrow.

“You do realize that you are asking a GAY man about asking a WOMAN out. Right? Just so we're clear.” I reminded him. He sighed.

“Look. You... You've done something right. You've got J'onn wrapped around your finger. You
helped me with... Her.” He still refused to say Shayera's name. Hell, most of the League never did. “Come on...” I sighed.

“Talk to her. Communication. Damn why is that so hard for people? Communication is key. It's what'll help you out in the long run. Talk to her. Ask her out. Hell, take her on a mission. That's one quick way of bonding.” I shrugged, taking another bite, frowning. “Why are the twins on a health kick?”

“Some craze in Paris...” John muttered. “I'm going to find a way to change the menu back. So help me.” I snorted.

“Maybe we should see about opening a Big Belly Burger up here.”

“Think Bruce would go for that?”

“We can hope...”


“Divinero, you're needed.” J'onn was on my com-link. I pulled up my hood and made my way to the main room. “There's a fire in Keystone set by HeatWave and FireFly. I've already sent Captain Atom, Blue Beetle, and Booster Gold. Think you can manage them?” I swore.

“Booster? Really? I guess... But if he starts egging on the Bug, I'm going to knock him and Beetle both out.” I stepped on the teleporter as Felicity and Barbara chuckled. I shook my head.

“You two have no idea how bad those two together are. I'm serious.” I grumbled, waiting to feel the nothingness that came with teleporting.


I will never work Booster Gold and Blue Beetle together again. Not for a million dollars. Captain Atom had to stop me from shutting them down.

Thankfully, the people were okay and we stopped the pyros.
Chapter Fourteen: Fearful Symmetry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Fourteen: Fearful Symmetry

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

I snorted. “No way that’s happening.” I commented. Cindy laughed.


“You're on Gypsy woman. But I think we both know who'll win.”

“That depends on what you're betting on.” I heard Supergirl say as she walked up. “What are you betting on?”

“The probability of Wild Cat retiring before Green Arrow and Black Canary get together.” Question answered, matter-of-factly. I frowned.

“How did you know that? We didn't even know that we were going to bet on that until a little while ago…”

“I do my research…” And with that, I heard him walk off. Cindy swore.

“He always gives me the creeps... He knows too much, I think.”

“He's... Different... But Batman trusts him.” Supergirl answered, walking up to me. “Um... Divinero... Can we talk...? In private...” She asked. I nodded, letting her lead me to one of the conference rooms.

“What's wrong? I can feel this... Confusion... Radiating from you.” I told her. She sighed.

“I... was told by Arrow to go to J'onn for this... But seemed busy commandeering the active missions... I didn't want to distract him... And you're just as powerful a telepath as he is…” Kara rambled.

“Kara.... The point? Please?” I tried to focus her. She took a deep breath.

“I've been having these... Dreams... For awhile now... Bad dreams. Where I do... Terrible things... And I wake up panicking and heat visioning my ceiling... Which is pissing off Pa Kent... Even if he won't say it...” She took another breath. “It... It's scaring me... Because... What if... I am doing these horrible things and not realizing it?”

I carefully took her hand. “Kara... What are you dreaming about? What's got you so scared?” I asked, allowing myself to slide into her emotions, to feel them myself.
“I... I killed innocent people... With my heat vision or superstrength... Froze them... I... I heard their bones crack and smelled their flesh burn and it was... I couldn't stop myself...” Her voice cracked. I could hear the bones cracking myself, and the burned flesh. I shuddered, snapping back when I heard her cry. “I... I'm a monster aren't I?”

I got closer to her, putting an arm around her. “I know I'm not family or Barbara... But you need to know this, Kara. You're not a monster. You're a hero... You've saved many people. Including Superman.” I reminded her. She sobbed.

“Well... Why do these dreams feel so real? Why do I feel like I've seen those people before? I...” I held her close.

“It's okay Kara... You may be having anxiety dreams...”

“An... Anxiety dreams?” She sounded confused... But hopeful?

“Yeah... It's normal for everyone to have nightmares from time to time, especially if they're worried about something. Clark and the Kent's have probably warned you so much about reining in your power, you're worried about actually hurting someone. That's normal. Though, that's my best guess... If you need a second opinion, I'd ask J'onn... Can't hurt...” I told her.

“Right... Thank you, Caleb. It... Thanks.” She hugged me, a little too tight. I chuckled, hugging back.

“Anytime, Supergirl.” My comms came to life.


“No rest for the weary. I've gotta run. But remember what I said about that second opinion.” I nodded to her, making my way to the monitor room.


I swore as I hit the ground. “Where is my cover?!?” I asked, ducking behind a dumpster.

“Cover? Getting cold, Divinero?” Skull chuckled. I could feel a blast of fire coming my way. I telekinetically used the dumpster to send the blast back.

“I'm just fine, though you may feel chilly in a moment!” I shouted, glad when I heard Ice's ice crashing down around him.

“Sorry it took so long, I was helping Fire with Killer Moth.” Ice apologized.

“It's fine. Do Steel and Fire have a lock on Star Sapphire?” I asked.

“You should ask yourself, Doll.” I heard a familiar voice. Sapphire. Shit. I telekinetically sent Ice flying, trying to save her from the blast.

“Try that again!” I heard Fire shout. I could feel the heat radiating from her, almost as well as I could the chill coming from Ice.

“You okay?” I felt a hand lift me. Steel.

“I'm fine.” I heard a crash, angry Brazilian, and another crash. “Fire sounds pissed. She okay?”
“Something Star Sapphire said didn't set well... Fire took it personally. Which means Ice is pissed too since they're practically attached.” I sighed.

“Come on, let's see if we can break it up.”


“You have got to stop pushing yourself like this, Williams. You'll get yourself killed and then we'll have to answer to one pissy Martian.” Dr. Fedi spoke. I sighed.

“Can I help it that I can't take a fiery blast like I used to? Getting older is a thing...” I commented.

“You're in your mid-thirties and this is no normal for a human. You know that.” She finished the last stitch. “And it's not just the burns. It's the bruises and the cuts.”

“So Killer Moth laid into me a few times. I had to pull him away from Steel.”

“Who has a nearly invincible super-suit. I'm almost concerned you have a death wish.” I snorted.

“Oh yes. Definitely have a death wish. You do know what happened in another dimension right? Because I died? No way I'm letting that happen here.”

“Then you need to take better care of yourself and be more aware of your surroundings.” Fedi sighed. “You're finished. I already told J'onn to take you off rotation until you've healed.” I swore.

“Oh come on! It's minor injuries!” I argued.

“Yes. But as you've already mentioned, you are getting older. Which means healing times are longer.” She almost sounded smug. I sighed.

“Fine... He still at the monitor?”

“What else?” I shook my head, pulling my hood back on. I walked to the monitor room and carefully hugged J'onn, ignoring any snickers from the braver staff members.

“Please tell me I'm not really off rotation.” I pouted. He snorted.

“Now is not the time to argue about rotation. Green Lantern and Flash are currently in Gorilla City. A possible Grodd siting has happened and I need to have my attention where I can help them.” I smirked.

“Calling me a distraction?” I asked.

“You're not helping with this case. Therefore, yes, you are a distraction.”

“You could always send me out to-”

“You have a class of fifth graders to teach tomorrow. Not to mention you still have burns that need icing and stitches that need to remain intact. Go home, Caleb. Rest.” I frowned and walked over to the chair between Felicity and Michael.

“I'll leave when you do.” I countered. I heard him sigh.

“Michael, Felicity, please take over and don't let Flash get himself killed because he wouldn't follow directions.” J'onn warned, going to me and taking my hand, leading me to the teleporter.
I winced. 'Easy... it still stings...' I hissed. J'onn had placed an ice pack on my back, trying to heal the burns I got from Atomic Skull.

'Sorry... But it must be done.' I could almost picture him shaking his head. 'What am I going to do with you? You always manage to get yourself injured... In fact, you and Bruce tend to get the worst injuries out of the other Leaguers. Are you two in some sort of competition or have a death wish I don't know about?' He asked, teasing in his tone. I sighed.

'No... I just... I've been careless lately... Distracted I guess... I mean, today I had... An experience with Supergirl...'

'This about her dreams?' He asked. I raised my head.

'She talked to you about them? I told her too...'

'She did... They were... Disturbing... But like you... I feel they may be anxiety dreams... She's a young adult... It's common...' He paused. 'Or not...'

'What makes you think that? Someone get in touch with you?' I asked.

'Sage... Question... Apparently... You're not the only one that was cloned by this... Cadmus...' J'onn spoke, worried.

'So what do we do? Should we send in someone to investigate Cadmus? Or see what else happens? Or... What does this mean? Are they so scared of us that they clone versions to control?' I rambled. J'onn placed a hand over mine.

'Whatever it is they are planning, the Justice League can handle it. We're strong willed and resilient. We can handle whatever they throw at us.' I smirked.

'You've been watching those army movies with John haven't you?' I rose up, telekinetically keeping the pack in place as I kissed his cheek.

'The sentiment is the same. We can handle any challenge.' J'onn defended. I laughed.

Yeah... I guess we can...' I relaxed a bit, though I could still feel how tense he was. His worry. Or maybe it was my own?

Chapter End Notes

Midterms are coming up this week. I managed to find time to write this chapter. Sorry updates are sporadic.
Chapter Fifteen: The Greatest Story Never Told

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

Everything ached. My bones, my skin, my hair. “You okay Divinero?” Flash sped up to me. I groaned as I rose up.

“I'm fine. How are you guys holding up against Mordu?” I levitated myself, giving a groan. Flash swore.

“We've been doing fine, since you decided to nap.”

“Wasn't a decision. I was beaten down and just found the strength to get up.” I reminded him. He sighed.

“Come on. We've got him locked down at Seventh. Supes and the Princess are firing away and Bats has his explosives set up.”

“Back up?”

“J'onn just sent in recruits. We even have a few who are getting the crowd controlled.” Flash was practically vibrated.

“Good. Okay. I've got my breath.”


I dodged a hit of magic. “Damn. He knows how to aim.” I telekinetically grabbed cars to smash against Mordu.

“We need to aim for his gem.” I heard Diana speak.

“Okay. I need to know how to aim for the gem. Blind man, remember?” I recalled.

“Right. I keep forgetting. Aim for his forehead.” Diana spoke, sounding more and more unlike
Diana.

“You okay?” I asked.

“He hit me and Diana, now we've sort of... Merged.”

“And who are you? Superman?”

“Yes.” I swore. If Mordu could do that...

“Let's try and stop him before things get worse.”


A house growled at me as I flew by, trying to keep close to Mordu. I swore, going to the comms. “I need some back up here. Mordu made a house come to life and I don't think we want it walking around the streets.”

“I'll be there soon!” Green Lantern answered.

“Me too! I've got you.” Vibe responded. I turned my attention to the house, listening as it growled. I sent out broken tree limbs into the house, hoping it would mess with its vision. Big mistake I suppose.

I heard shattering glass, the movement. Lantern arrived thankfully, swearing. “That is a living house.”

“I told you!” I heard Vibe run up.


“We need to stop Mordu. We stop Mordu, his control ends.” Lantern spoke. I sighed.

“Yeah. But how do we stop Mordu? Our magic users aren't doing as much damage.” I flew high, keeping away from monster house. Lantern followed.

“You guys don't worry about it. I'll take on the house, you guys help the others with Mordu!” Vibe yelled out. Lantern zoomed away before we could think about it. I sighed.

“Be careful.” I told Vibe, following after John.


It was done. Finally. We all made it back to the WatchTower to be healed or get stitched up. J'onn wasn't pleased though. I could feel his anger radiating through our link. I walked into the monitor room, hearing him arguing with Booster Gold. I frowned. “What's going on here?” I asked.

“Booster Gold left his post.”

“For a good reason! There was a blackhole and it could have been world ending!”

“You should have called for-”
“I tried too!” Booster argued. I swore, getting in between them.

“Both of you need to calm down. Today was stressful. Beyond stressful. No need to attack each other. That's why we have villains.” I felt J'onn trying to calm down, Booster feeling relief.

“Fine. Go get seen about, Booster. We'll discuss more once we've calmed down.” I heard Booster Gold walked off. I sighed, pulling my hood down.

“So... How bad was the damage done by Mordu?” I asked.

“Not as bad as it could have been. Though some cities are going to need to be fully rebuilt. And some Leaguers were majorly injured. I'm surprised you and Bruce managed to not be one of them.” I snorted.

“Believe it or not, I can be careful.” I kissed his cheek. “Now I'm going back home to rest. You coming with or are you going to stay to monitor?”

“Stay tonight. Be home sometime tomorrow.” I nodded, making my way into the teleporter.
I was in the monitor room, talking with some of the techs, including Mr. Terrific and Overwatch, while J'onn and John talked to the Guardians of Oa. Something about the new Lantern coming and staying with us for a bit. Then I could hear swearing and J'onn taking to the intercoms.

“We have an Omega Level Alert. The Android, AMAZO, is on his way to Earth. We cannot let him get there. I need those capable of driving Javelins and breathing space to report to Lantern and Superman for outer rim protection. Those capable of flight need to report to Wonder Woman and Divinero. Flash and Batman will designate a team for ground protection.”

I pulled my hood up, ready to face down AMAZO again. “You sure this is going to work?” I asked J'onn before getting on the teleporter.

“No. But if we don't try, he'll murder Luthor. And potentially destroy Earth in the process. I'm sending Steel, Kara, and The Atom to protect him.

“The Atom?”

“He understands nanotechnology, and AMAZO, when you get down to his basics, is just that... A nanomachine.” I sighed.

“I'm really starting to miss the days of just being Glaseste's protector... Things were simpler.” I heard J'onn snort.

“Oh please, I know you enjoy this more than you let on.”

“Yeah. But I'd still like an off day with my partner every once in awhile.” I reminded, getting on the teleporter.

“I'll keep that in mind.”

Fire, Ice, Diana, Dr. Light, and I were around Metropolis. There were others around the sky, waiting to be air support. “It’s coming your way.” Lantern croaked out over the comm-link. I swore.

“Everyone get ready. This is going to be a fight like no other.” I warned.

“I thought that was Mordu!” Fire called.

“In this job, we have several fights. None is like the last.” Diana spoke, her voice doing that thing it does when she’s ready to be Wonder Woman. I felt a bright light on my face and winced.

The others shrieked. Wonder Woman yelled out. I tried to fight back, tried to sense out it’s parts. It was a machine, right? But like most organic inorganics, I couldn't hold it. I felt the ground, groaning out. Quickest loss ever.

“Hey... Hey... Wake up... We gotta find that Android.” I felt Flash shaking me. I groaned, raising up.

“You lost it?”

“Not on purpose. The guy just disappeared. And we need to find it before it finds Luthor, or Lantern finds it.” I frowned.

“What did it to John?”

“You know Oa? The Android destroyed it. So all the Green Lanterns are pissed and ready for murder. Which is bad for us. Because it means we need to stop our friends as well as the machine.” Flash rambled. I groaned.

“Where are the other air support? And the space support?”

“Space support is in the Infirmary... They got shaken pretty bad. Even Supes... Some of ground support is there too. And some of air... But some of us are able to keep going and are hunting down the Android. Ready? Or do you need a doc?”

I stood, slightly wincing as I put weight on my feet. “I'm good... Gonna need to stay airborne though. One of my leg's is sprained. I can feel it.”

“Then call J'onn for teleportation. You need to see a doctor.” I shook my head.

“No. Android first. Doctor later.” I flew up. “Which direction was it last seen heading?”

“West.” Flash spoke, reluctance in his voice. I nodded, soaring up. I tried to link telepathically with Supergirl, remembering that she was one of ‘body guard's' J'onn assigned to Luthor. ‘You with Luthor?’ I asked.

“That asshole lost me and Steel. He's got Ray on his shoulder though. Are you sure we can't let the Android play with him?” She asked, I could hear the slight hope in her voice.

‘Kara. That's not who we are. You know that.’

“I know... I know... Just a thought.’ I shook my head, trying to sense out Palmer.

Nothing. And that worried me. “J'onn... Updates on the Android?” I asked. “Or on Palmer and
Luthor?"

“Last I checked, they were working on a way to disassemble the Android... Won't say exactly
where they are... Something about the Android listening.” I sighed.

“For once, I hope Luthor's safe...”
“You and me both...”

I was searching in downtown Metropolis with Vixen and Arrow when the call came through. “All
League members, return to your usual patrols. The Android is in Dr. Fate's custody, Luthor is...
Safe. And Oa was placed back where it belongs.” J'onn's voice came through the links. Vixen
sighed.

“Least now I get to prepare for my date.” I smirked.

“John?” I asked. I felt her swat me.

“A girl doesn't kiss and tell. Honestly, Divinero, have some respect.” She teased. Arrow snorted.

“Right. Right. Just be careful and have fun. But not too much fun. I don't think the WatchTower
has a day care.” I looked to Arrow.

“You sure you're in a position to be talking about that, Arrow? Because I'm pretty sure it was you
and Canary I walked in on. In the VR Training area no less.” I quipped. I could feel his
embarrassment and Vixen laughed.

“I guess as long as we're all careful then.” Arrow amended. I chuckled.

“Yeah... Come on... We need get cleaned up and checked out. You know how the doctors' are.” I
led the way to a teleporter spot.

“Right. You sure that's not just because J'onn's protective?” Vixen teased. I huffed.

“Oh... I know it is. But you can't blame the Martian... Can we?”

I was brought back as soon as Flash woke you up.” J'onn chastised. I rolled my
eyes, laying on the bed in our WatchTower room.

“We had a crisis. One that was far more important than my sprained ankle. Okay? Besides... I'm
fine. I'm safe. I'm alive. And so is everyone else... That's what matters... Right?” He sighed.

“Right... Though we had to reassemble Red Tornado...” J'onn admitted. “You sure you're okay?”
He asked. I grinned, raising up.

“I'm sure. Now go and finish up the report for the president so we can go home and feed
Charcoal...”

“Yes, dear.” J'onn walked over, kissing my cheek before making his way out. I sighed, laying
down for a quick nap. We'd be home soon enough...
Chapter Seventeen: The Ultimen

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

The ground was surprisingly comfortable after I'd been tossed around like a ragdoll. But considering what I was supposed to be doing, a nap wasn't an option. “What's the matter Divinero? Did I break something?” Ultra-Humanite teased. I could hear his friends snickering. Cheetah, Shade, Copperhead. I growled, raising up. 'That back up would be greatly appreciated J'onn.' I thought.

'I'm doing my best. But the others are dealing with disasters around the world. I'm sorry.'

'Come and help me yourself then. It's been a while since we-' I heard someone approaching.

“If I were you, I'd back off Divinero. Or you'll deal with us.” I heard a voice speak. Young. Male. Confident. A teen? Young adults?

“Or what? You and you're... Troop are children.” I heard Shade speak.

“Or you'll deal with us. The Ultimen.” And with that, I felt the wind pick up. Strong winds. Two voices yelled at various things. Something about a flood and a tiger. Electricity crackled. The ground shook, as if someone was a giant.

Police sirens. Calls for arrest. I walked over to the group, sensing where they were standing.

“Thanks. I... May have bit of more than I could chew here.” I nodded. “You kids did good. Who are you again? The Ultimen?” I asked.

“Yes sir. I'm Long Shadow. And these are my teammates: Juice, Wind Dragon, Shifter, and Downpour. We're big fans of League. Of you. I'm just so glad we got to work with you today.” One spoke, taking my hand and shaking. Strong grip. Soft spoken voice.

“I'm glad too. I'm afraid that would have been my last mission if you guys hadn't come along. The others are dealing with natural disasters around the globe. I was on my own.” I told them.

“We could-”

“What Long Shadow was about to say is, we're glad to help when we're needed. After all, we have you and the League as examples. Maybe if you guys retire, we'll take over.” The confident one spoke, Wind Dragon.

“Of course. I'll let my teammates know.” I gave a wave before flying off, wincing a bit as pain shot up my leg for take off.

“I'm telling you, those kids are talented. They could easily be League material. You know?” I rambled as the doctor wrapped my leg.

“I'm sure, Caleb. I'm just a little upset I didn't get to stretch my own legs. You were right. It has been a while since I fought on the surface.” J'onn admitted, staying near. “And you could have been killed...”

“I was fine. They're in jail now. And we have potential recruits.” J'onn sighed.

“We'll have to run it by Batman.” I groaned.

“That'll be fun...”

I stretched in one of the gyms on the WatchTower. The doctor had said to work my leg, make if feel better. Then my comms came on. “Caleb?” Wonder Woman spoke.


“It's... Long Shadow and the others. Something... They discovered something about themselves and the others are attacking a building owned by Cadmus. Superman, Aquaman, Long Shadow, and I are on our way to stop them. We may need your help getting the people out.”

“On my way to the teleporter.” I pulled my hood up and made my way to the monitor room, giving the coordinates Diana gave me to Mr. Terrific. J'onn was out with Flash, patrolling Central City.

I telekinetically lifted people out, bringing them outside the building. The building was catching fire, thanks to Juice and his electrical powers. The ceiling was leaking water, probably due to a battle between Aquaman and the twins.

“Come on. Come on. I need to get you all out.” I got the others. They started walking away outside, rushing to escape. Though I stopped one.

“Why are they so upset? What did Cadmus do to them?” I asked. I could feel her mind rushing for explanations. Something she could tell without getting into trouble. “You need to tell me. If there's something in that information that could get them to stop, it'd be for the best. Right now, they're unstable. Not willing to think. And with powers like they have, who knows what will happen.”

“They found out... That they're clones of clones. That they have short lives and implanted memories... We... We were told to create them, just like the Supergirl... Just like... The other you... To stop your Justice League if the time came... If you ever turned into them...” The Justice Lords. I swore.

“Okay. Okay. I can see why their pissed... By the way, your clone of me is-”

“I know... We've all heard the tale of how 1820 went rogue... How he destroyed the first Cadmus building... Can... Can I go now?”

“Yeah. Go. And you need to find a new line of work. This one gets dangerous.” I flew off, sensing out the others.
The rest of the Ultimen were taken into custody. By some Amanda Waller. Who runs Cadmus.
“We need Long Shadow too.” She spoke, snark in her voice.

Batman had arrived, standing in front. “The young man stays with us.” I heard weapons drawn. Ready to fire. I went to stand in front of the kid, as did the others. I could hear Batman chuckle.

“Mine are bigger than yours.” An uncomfortable silence.

“Lower your weapons.” Waller spoke. She walked up to Batman. “You can keep Long Shadow, for however long he has left. But if I were you, Rich Boy, I'd back off.” And with that, she walked off. I looked to Batman.

“Does that mean she-”

“Unfortunately. Means she probably knows about the rest of us. We'll show Long Shadow the Tower. But I'm going to call a meeting at the Manor for the original members of the League. Cadmus is turning into more of an issue than I once thought...”


I rose up when I heard the bedroom door open. Charcoal stretched from his spot next to me and walked off. I chuckled. 'Glad he's learned that we prefer to sleep with each other instead of him.' I sighed as J'onn wrapped his arms around me, letting me nuzzle close.

'Bruce says we have a meeting tomorrow... What happened?'

'Cadmus. They cloned the Ultimen... Test-tube kids. Cloned from kids from decades ago... They found out and attacked Cadmus... Except for Long Shadow, who wanted to be one of us. Bruce let him in. And the leader of Cadmus admitted to knowing who we are... Under the masks... Which isn't good... At all. Not for any of us who prefer privacy...'

J'onn swore, kissing the top of my head. 'We'll figure something out. I'm sure...'

'We are the Justice League.' I smiled, kissing him.

'We are...’
J'onn and I walked into Wayne Manor, Mr. Pennyworth lead us into the den where the others were. No suits. “Normal” clothes. Aside from J'onn who was in the form he used when out in the public as John instead of J'onn.

“Glad you could come.” Bruce greeted us. I gave a smile, sitting with J'onn. I could sense the others there.

“Of course. Cadmus needs to be taken down, and who else can do that but us?” I relaxed against J'onn.

“Question is, where do we start with these guys? Reverse engineer some of their clones? I mean... It'd take a while, but we probably could.” Wally rattled. I guess one of the others had given him a look because his next sentence sounded exasperated. “Believe it or not, I'm highly intelligent. I'm a CSI at CCPD. I know what I'm doing. I just... Let loose a little when I'm in the suit. It's freeing.”

Bruce sighed. “I suppose we could try reverse engineering... Could be problematic though. Could be seen as killing.”

“Of course it would. Just because they're clones... It doesn't mean they shouldn't be given a chance to live.” I argued.


“Granted. He's... Cruel. And harsh and evil. He's killed people. Done things I never would. But he's still alive. I think...”

“That's the question isn't it...? Could be more robotic than actual clones.” Bruce spoke.

“Doesn't explain how they would have the powers that the originals do.” Diana piped up.

“Magic? You said you were made from the clay of Themyscira... Perhaps Cadmus has something cooking up like that? Take the blood and DNA and have their own magic user to make a clone?” Clark asked.

“Then they'd still be considered alive. I'm considered alive.” Diana spoke.

“They do have a magic user. I had Vic Sage look into Cadmus... As much as he could.” Bruce admitted.

“You let Question in on this?” Wally groaned.
“Question may seem... Ridiculous... When it comes to his theories... But more often than not... He's right. And he's good at what he does. Did he find anything Bruce?” J'onn asked, trying to keep the peace.

“They do have a magic user in their ranks. A wannabe witch named Tala.” Bruce answered.

“Tala? Sounds familiar... Zatanna may have mentioned her at some point.” Wally started to vibrate, like he did when he got excited about something.

“We could talk to Zatanna and the other magic users, see if the name rings any bells.” I added. I heard Bruce righting something down.

“Doesn't explain who could have evil clones.” John brought up.

“I'll have Sage look more into that. So far though... It's just those with powers.”

“Like me, Kara, and the Ultimen.” I brought up.

“And Doomsday.” Clark reminded us. “I was told by a friend of mine at STAR Labs that he was supposed to have been a clone of me that went bad... Before... They cloned Kara.”

“So Doomsday was the first attempt for cloning a Kryptonian...” Bruce thought aloud. “Wonder how many other aliens they tried to clone... J'onn... You were in a facility when we first found you.”

“I... Don't remember much... The Invaders kept me... Drugged... To keep me from using my powers... It was a miracle I got a hold of all of you... And that took months. I had to figure out who you were... They... Kept a television nearby... I saw the news...” J'onn spoke, voice threatening to crack at the mention of those things.

“Do you remember the name of the facility?” Bruce asked.

“I... Believe it was Mercury... Mercury Labs...” J'onn spoke. I placed a hand on him, trying to keep him calm. I could feel anxiousness from his memories there.

“Mercury Labs... Hmmm... Do you know if they did anything to you?”

“Besides hold me captive? No. I don't believe so...”

“Let's hope... Last thing we need is a Martian clone not on our side.” Bruce sighed. “I'll look into whoever left both STAR Labs and Mercury Labs... They may be working for Cadmus now. Perhaps... Look into who has more income than what can be accounted for.”


I rubbed J'onn's back trying to coax him into remaining calm. Our minds linked, I was trying to push the negative memories of his time at Mercury out of his thoughts. Damn Bruce. 'You really don't have to do this, Caleb...'

'I do... I'm your partner. Out there on the field and in here at home. I can't let you be so upset. Can't let you hide in your mind... I know it's what you're used too. It's what I'm used too. But we have each other and Charcoal... Wherever the hell he is...'

'In his bed. He likes it since we put in that extra pillow.' I shook my head.

'He's spoiled.'
'He's a baby... A fur baby... Our kitty.' J'onn defended. I sighed.

'Yeah. Yeah.' I stopped, instead laying against him. 'I feel bad that we weren't more helpful to Bruce...'

'He has Sage and plenty of leads. I'm sure he'll find enough to get Waller and her attack dogs to back off.'

'We hope. Just... Who knows what's going on there...' I felt him raise up, holding me close.

'We can handle it... I'm sure.' I kissed him softly.

'Let's hope.'
Chapter Nineteen: Dark Heart

Chapter Notes

It's fluffy. It's angsty. And it's finally written and done. (It's late. So if there are any mistakes, I apologize.

Chapter Nineteen: Dark Heart

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

I rushed to the teleporter, ready to help out with this... Invasion... Going on in Nevada. “Where do you think you're going?” I heard J'onn ask. I frowned.

“This is an all-hands-on-deck situation, right? Well I'm going to do my part.”

“These things aren't organic. Your telekinetic abilities aren't effective against inorganic organics.” J'onn argued. He'd be protective, touchy, since our chat at Batman's.

“Doesn't mean I can't do something useful. I can clear the crowds. There's three towns that need evacuating, right?” No answer. I was right. “Ship me out. I'll be fine.” I gave a smile. “Really. I'll be fine.”

“Fine. Go. Try not get yourself killed.” I nodded, making my way to the teleporter.


I groaned when I landed, that teleporter always made me feel sick. “Divinero!” General Eiling. I recognized that voice.

“General. Any civilians still needing to get escape?” I asked. I could feel sigh.

“Yeah. A few. Think you can get to them? Those... Whatever they ares... They blocked some of the buildings. The other Leaguers moved the robots, but the debris is still there.” I nodded.

“I got it.” I flew to where I could sense the debris, telekinetically moving it out of the way so the military could get to the people.

“All points, step away from the Heart. I'm going to make a trench with the bio-fusion generator.” J'onn came over the comms. I swore.

“Don't do it. We swore we'd never use that thing unless absolutely necessary.”
“It is necessary. We're barely making a dent in these things. And we need all the time we can get.” Diana argued.

“I've done all I can by freezing them. But we need that trench.” Batman spoke. I sighed.

“Fine. But the fallout from this could be bad. Especially with those Cadmus freaks watching our every move.”

“We can deal with them later. Right now we need to get rid of these things.” Superman came over the comms. “I wish Flash wasn't dealing with that crisis in Central City. Weather Wizard just had to pick now to resurface.”

“All points clear. J'onn, let it hit.” Lantern's voice came up. I telekinetically pulled the General and his people back, not wanting them to get hit in the aftermath.

“The Hell was that?!” Eiling swore. I sighed, getting up.

“A weapon that we have that shouldn't have been used...” I flew up, meeting with Superman and Diana.

“What's the plan now?” I asked.

“Batman is sending me to Boston. I need to get The Atom. If anyone can figure these things out, it's him.” Superman answered, whooshing off. I turned to Diana.

“Guess that leaves the rest of us...” I flew around, getting boulders placed around the outside of the trench. Hopefully, it would slow them down. The others picked up on what I was doing, assisting in their own ways. Ice froze them over. Fire placed an inner heat wall. Kara and Dr. Light were sending beams of energy to blast the ones that close.


Palmer was inside the Heart, and we were trying to hold our own at the outside. Or at least, it's what I was doing. Two of the attack tiger things (Batman called them that), had grabbed me. I used rocks, boulders, sticks, my own hands and feet to try and get away.

As soon as I had them off me, two more appeared, getting me ankles first. I couldn't fly, not with how heavy they were. (Which is saying something, I could fly with J'onn...) “Little help would be nice guys!” I yelled out, gasping as one of the spiders got me in the stomach.

I could feel heat, FireStorm. “You okay D?” He asked. Ronnie's voice. He was in control.

“I'm fine. Gonna have a major stomach ache for a few days... But I'm fine.” I centered myself, lifting off. “Where's Palmer? Any headway?”

“No. And it's getting worse. We're getting tired and reinforcements are far and few between since the WatchTower shut out.” I swore.

“I told them that weapon was a bad idea... But no one listens to me anymore.” I could hear Star Girl and STRIPES. “Come on. We need to-"I felt something grab my ankle and yank me down. Dirt. Mold. Rock. I could feel it scraping me. Dirt on my face. In my mouth.

Kicking didn't help. Trying to get enough concentration to attack, wasn't helping either. I was losing touch. Hearing... I closed my eyes, stopped fighting. Maybe.... It wouldn't be so bad... To die...
Beeping noises. That was always a pleasant sound to wake up too. Beeping. And cold tables. Great. I rose up, slowly, wincing. “What... Happened...? Did we win?” I asked.

“We won... If that's what you'd call it... Several members were injured... And you...” I could hear J'onn's voice break. “The doctors had to revive you, twice. One of those... Creatures... Dragged you into the ground. Literally. If Clark and Diana hadn't been there...” He didn't finish that sentence. Didn't need too.

“J'onn... I'm okay...”

“I told you it wasn't a good mission for you. You died. Twice. Twice Caleb!” That was new. Loads of emotion at once. Not something J'onn did often. “We lost you twice. I... I lost you twice.” I winced, pulling my legs up.

“Shift and sit with me.” I said, softly. I could sense his hesitance. “Come on. These beds can hold up Kilowag, they can hold up the both of us.” I reasoned. There was some movement on the bed, I could feel myself being held close.

'I'm okay. Feel? I'm alive. I'm okay. I'm here.' I thought, taking one of his hands in mine. 'I'm okay. We're okay.'

I could feel his doubts, his fears, his anger and worry dissipating. Tears? 'J'onn... I'm okay. I'm okay.' I held him. 'I'm okay.' He held me tighter, loosening his grip when I made a noise about a bruise.

'I was so... I was scared, Caleb. I didn't think... I thought... The doctors said not to hope too much... That there was no way of knowing just how bad the wounds were, not even with Clark's X-Ray vision... In... H'ronmeer Kiada I was scared.' I felt him kiss the top of my head, a soft noise escaping.

'I thought I was going to have to plan a funeral... Instead of a wedding... And I'm not sure how either goes by Earth traditions... I mean... We did that one for Superman, but that was far from ordinary.' I sighed.

'J'onn... I told you... I'm okay. No need for-'What he'd said dawned on me. 'Wedding? I don't recall any weddings... Did Oliver ask Dinah? I mean... It's not been that long...' ‘Laughter. Well... Sort of laughter. Maybe to keep from crying more?

'No. No... I... Got ahead of myself... But you nearly died... TWICE I might add. And... All sense of decorum went out the door... And I... I'm not sure what all should happen since I refuse to try and go over that checklist Felicity gave me... At least... Since all this has happened.' I frowned.

'J'onn, if you don't start making sense soon, I'm kicking you out of my recovery room and replacing you with Bruce. Or Vic.' I threatened. It was an empty threat since neither of them could hold non-League, non-conspiracy related conversations, but it would help get J'onn to the point.

'I think your traditions include getting on one knee, but considering where we are and that I'm comfortable... I'll overlook that part...' He kissed the top of my head again, and I felt one of my gloves being removed, something being slid on. I could feel everything speeding up, my heart beat.

'I have a feeling I know where this is going, and because I've endured enough today, I'll say yes if it skips the mushy stuff.' I smiled, tracing a finger over the... Yes... A ring. Strange texture for what a 'normal' one was like. Like Lacey's.
'For all you know I was going to ask you to get another cat.' He teased. I gave a look, feeling him kiss my cheek again. 'I... may have used some rock from Mars... To be made into the ring... If that's... Not okay then-'

'J'onn... It's wonderful. And... I think we'll make this work better than most couples. I mean... We've been together how long now and haven't tried to get rid of one another?'

'Nearly four years... A great four years... And counting?'

'And counting... though some of those will be under a different title... Husbands... Hmm lets see... J'onn Williams...? No... Caleb J'onzz...? Could work...' I began to think. He gave a soft laugh, pulling me closer. I winced. 'Easy there, J'onn. I'm feeling okay... But the drugs are wearing off and I'm starting to feel bruises on my bruises.'

'I'll be gentle... I'm just... I'm happy. That you're alive and that... You said yes.' I snorted, kissing him softly.

'Go. Do your monitor thing. Because as soon as the doc clears me, we're going home and staying home. I demand at least a week.'

'Whatever you say, Shae... Whatever you say...'
Chapter Twenty: Wake the Dead

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

J’onn’s voice woke me. He was shaking. Upset. I rolled over, pulling him to me. ‘J’onn, J’onn. Wake up. It’s a nightmare. It’s not real.’ I tried to wake him. He made some chittering noise, his body giving another shake. (Was he sick?) ‘J’ONN!’

He shot up with a growl, menacing. I took a break. ‘J’onn… Are you okay? What happened?’ I asked, moving to get close. Had to be easy, my wounds still healing from what had happened with the Dark Heart in the last week. J’onn pulled me into his lap, holding me close, nuzzling the top of my head.

‘I’m okay now… I just… It was a bad dream. It’s been so long since I’ve had one… Guess it seemed… Too real…’ I kissed his cheek.

‘It happens on occasion. Trust me. I know just how horrible it is.’ I reminded him. He nuzzled me closer.

‘I’m aware. And I’m sorry.’ He kissed the top of my head again. ‘Come on. Let’s go back to sleep. I’m sure we need it.’

I nodded, getting off of him to lay down. And of course, the comms lit up.

“Solomon Grundy is back from the dead. Again. This time he seems… Meaner… More… Zombie like than before. We need help.” Lantern came on.

“Yeah. We’re getting our asses kicked.” Vixen chimed in. I started to raise up, J’onn grabbing my wrist.

“You’re not going anywhere. You’re still injured. And Grundy has the strength of me and Superman. You can’t go.’

‘Then what? Wait for one of the others to respond? J’onn…’

‘Caleb. Do not make me call Lynn.’ He threatened. I groaned, laying against him.

‘J’onn… Please. I’ll only do crowd control…’

‘That’s what you were supposed to do when dealing with the Dark Heart. And you nearly died. Twice. Doing that.’

‘You’re never going to let that go are you?’

‘Not on your life.’

‘J’onn…’ I felt him shift into his ‘hero’ form.

“Okay. Get me to the WatchTower first. Before you start doing your heroics.”

I sat in his usual seat, listening as OverWatch, Mr. Terrific, and Dr. Stein coordinated missions. The one I paid attention to though, was against Solomon Grundy. Aquaman, Superman, Green Lantern, Vixen, and J’onn were fighting him. Or at least, they were trying too. From the reports, it sounded as if he'd got some new moves.

“Should I-”

“No. J’onn gave strict orders. You are not to leave the WatchTower. Not without his say so anyway.” Mr. Terrific reminded me. I groaned in frustration.

“Oh come on. I'm supposed to just sit here and-”

“Yes. You are. Trust me, if J’onn is anything like Batman, you don't disobey. Not even if you're their partner.” Barbara walked over, sitting beside me. “I'm sure they'll take him down soon eno- Is that Shayera?!” She jumped. “Is that Hawkgirl?” I frowned.

“I don't know. Can't see. Describe. Someone.”

“Yeah. It's Shayera. The wings. The red hair. The way Supes, Lantern, and J'onn are wary of her. Has to be. Hell, even Vixen seems to be a little pissed. Though that may be for dating related reasons... She and the Lantern were a couple once... Right? You and Boss Man ever double date with them?” I shook my head. Seriously Michael?

“No. We did not. Yes, they dated. And why is Shayera back? Is anything being said?”

“Well... Lantern took up for her against a crowd of angry people... And Superman said something about second chances... Aquaman seems pleased, said something about her being back in her element. And... Is that Dr. Fate's mark in the background...? Was he there?” OverWatch, Felicity, babbled.

I got the comms. “What's going on?” I asked.

“Shayera is back. Debating on her being back in the League... Dr. Fate said he'd kept her... Helped her find her place. And Arthur says she's good... That she truly missed our team and that she just needed to find herself... Which I understand... Earth is strange and I had to create my own identity here... But... I don't know...” J'onn answered.

“I say let her. And I call getting to show her around.”

“Oh yes, the blind man giving a house tour.” I heard Aquaman tease.

“Can it Shark Bait. I may be blind, but I can take you on.” I grinned.

“Sure. Maybe when you're not steal recovering.”

“Gotta go... She's back...” Superman cut the link. I sighed.

“What's going on news side?”
“Some backlash. But it seems Shayera is back... Or do we call her Hawkgirl? I mean... Shayera seems to be appropriate...” Barbara started. She seemed to stop, her phone ringing. “Gotta go... I'm meeting with Kara... We're going skating.”

“Be careful. Wear something warm.” I smirked.

“Yes, Dad.” She teased, leaving. I sighed, leaning back.

“Think I could convince J'onn to try skating?” I asked.


“Ice skating and roller skating. Seems the safest.”

“Then... Maybe... I don't know. J'onn doesn't seem the sort to do skating dates.” Michael answered.

“True, but he didn't seem the type to like men either, but he's with Caleb.” Felicity brought up. As if I weren't there. “Hell, I didn't think he liked anyone that way. Like... Asexual.” I shook my head, trying not to laugh. This is why one should never bring this sort up to them.

“I'll ask later. When they're done.” I broke up their mini conversation.

I waited near the teleporter. I could feel the familiar presences, including one I never thought I'd sense again. “Welcome back.” I extended a hand to Shayera.

“Caleb... You... You look well.” She spoke softly. Unlike her. I chuckled.

“I know. I know. I look like shit. But you wouldn't look so good either if you were dragged underground last week.”

“I... Saw that on the news. I'm glad you're okay.” She walked closer. “I... I'm sorry.”


“No. For Thanagar. For... Our invasion...” I shook my head.

“Water under the bridge, Shayera. I forgave you a long time ago. The others may need more time... Like Diana and Bruce... But... You and me? We're good.” I gave a smile. “Now come on. I'm going to show you around. WatchTower's changed a bit...”

“I can tell.” She gave a soft laugh, letting me lead her.

“So when are you announcing?” She asked. I'd finally brought her to the room set aside for her. Just in case.

“Announcing what?” I frowned, looking to her.

“The engagement. I noticed the ring. I don't think the others have yet... But... Being Thanagarian... My eyesight and hearing are better than a human's... Not that... Being... I... Shouldn't have brought that up.” She rambled. I looked to her.
“We'll announce later on. When things settle a bit.” I walked over, carefully opening my arms. She allowed me to hug her, even pulled me close.

“I forgot how nice a hug was.” She admitted, pulling away. I gave a smile.

“Shayera. You're still my friend. And don't be ashamed about being Thanagarian. It's who you are. Just like Clark and his cousin are Kryptonian and J'onn is Martian. Occasionally, it can be a bad thing. But sometimes it could be good. It depends. You know? How you represent. And you, you represent the best in Thanagararians. I promise.” I gave her hand a squeeze.

“Thanks.”

“You're welcome. I'll leave you to settle in.” I started to walk out. “And Shayera... If you need me... You know I'm here... Right?”

“I know. Thanks Caleb... And... tell J'onn I promise not to cause trouble... He... was very up front about what would and could happen if I did.” I groaned.

“You know he's mostly bark and no bite. I'll tell him to lay off.” I made my way out, to the monitor room.

'You could be a little easier on Shayera, you know. She spent the better part of two years trying to get better. To figure herself out.' I walked in, taking my seat to wait for J'onn to finish typing his report.

'While that may be, you still have scars from the shock collar they put on you. I have not forgotten that. Nor do I ever intend to.' I sighed.

'Just remember to keep an open mind about her.'

'No promises.' He finished his report, giving it to Felicity. “Come on Caleb. Let's go home. I'm exhausted.”

“Probably from using muscles you forgot you had. You've been cooped up here so long, you almost forgot to fight. Don't even lie to me about that, I heard you and Superman having issues.” I teased.

“Trust me. I'll be sparring with Clark more now that I know to expect to have to go into the field to keep you out.” I rolled my eyes.

“Whatever helps you sleep...”
“I can't believe Bruce is letting us do this...” J'onn spoke, leading the way up the path of Wayne Manor. “I mean, not just the original League members, but Ms. Lane, Shayera, and Mari too...”

“Well... Maybe he didn't want to spend Christmas alone this year... And Shayera is an original member of the League. We kept a place for her at the conference table, in case she ever returned. As for Mari and Lois... I'm sure since they already know who we are, it doesn't matter...” I told him, keeping a hold of the pie we'd brought. Courtesy of Lynn. (Who had been excited when we had told her that we'd decided to marry... Once things had calmed a little bit.)

J'onn sighed. “I know... I know... We still planning on telling the others? Or...”

“We have too. Shayera may let it slip. Or worse, Wally finds out before we say anything and the whole WatchTower knows before the end of the day.” I told him. J'onn groaned.

“I hate when you're right.” He knocked on the Mansion door, Mr. Pennyworth answered.

“Ah yes, Master J'onzz and Master Williams. Good to see you could make it to Master Bruce's Christmas affair...”

“And we brought pecan pie. My mom's specialty.” I offered.

“Thank you. The others are this way, in the den.” He led us inside, to where the others were. I could feel familiar presences. Bruce. Diana. Wally. John. Mari. Shayera. Clark and Lois weren't there yet, but only because something had come up in Metropolis. Some tension was still in the room, between Mari and Shayera. Diana and Shayera. And Bruce and Shayera. Wonderful.


Things calmed down once Clark and Lois arrived with a casserole from the Kent Farm and the food was passed around. (Full stomachs are the key to all conversation, according to Aunt Trish and Lynn.)

“We all agreed no presents. Right? Because if not, I'm screwed. I did good to get the kids' in
Central what they wanted.” Wally suddenly freaked out. Something he saw? Bruce snorted.

“We agreed no gifts. Those are for Gotham city's kids... After our little get together... Batman is going to make an appearance at the hospital and shelter...”

“Awww. Big Bad Bat has a heart.” Mari teased. There were several chuckles from the rest of us. Bruce snorted.

“I've had a heart. I just can't let it bleed like the rest of you. Gotham isn't... The city for that.” He reminded us.

“Any city with a killer clown is bad business.” Shayera added. Trying to find a camaraderie with us again. Her place.

“True. Wait, doesn't Central have one too?” I asked.

“No. No. Jesse? Nah. He's... He's mostly harmless. A little messed up is all. If he doesn't take his meds... But when he's on them, he makes great prank gifts for a toy company. Harmless. Just... Has a real bad habit of not taking his meds. And when he doesn't, he lets out this alter ego who wants to 'save the world' by making is smile... His methods of that are... Destructive...” Wally defended.

“But seriously... Jesse is the least problematic of my villains. I only deal with him like... Once every two years... Maybe twice if he's not been monitored properly... Captain Cold though... I wish he'd take a vacation...”

Footsteps. Mr. Pennyworth. “Wine anyone?” I heard some of them take it. Mr. Pennyworth walked over to me.

“No thank you. I don't drink...”

“Neither do I. Not when I have to fly.” Clark spoke. Lois snorted.

“Alcohol doesn't affect you.” Lois reminded him. I could almost picture him shrugging.

“So? It still wouldn't be right to drink and fly. Not when I have you to worry about.”

“Yeah? Well I'm still drinking.” Lois took a sip.


'Now?' I asked. Stories had been swapped. Even Shayera had a few, where she'd helped Dr. Fate with magical issues. Gotta love that magic disrupting mace.

'Yes. I'll start? Yes?' J'onn asked.

'I'll follow where you lead.' I told him, meaning it for more than just the announcement. “Before we all start to disperse to spend the holidays with our own families and the way we normally would... Caleb and I have... Something to share.”

“We're engaged.” I finished, grinning. I felt a hug, vibrating. “I'm glad you approve Wally. But you're kinda choking me...” I patted the younger man's back as he let go.

“Sorry... But that's just so sweet. The first of us to start a semi-normal life...” I heard him zip up to J'onn. “I'm happy for you Big Guy.”

“Thank you, Wally.”
“Yeah. It's incredible. I don't think I know a better couple.” Diana walked over, kissing my cheek, then J'onn's. “I think it's a wonderful thing.”

“I almost hate that you're a gay couple. I know a girl who could have made the best wedding dress for you.” Mari teased. I snorted.

“I could always dress in drag... Or your friend could make a nice suit...?” She hugged me close.

“I'll check. She might.” I could feel two hands on my shoulders. Clark and John.

“We're happy for both of you.”

“Yeah. You're inviting us right?” Clark asked.

“Of course. You are our friends. Family. We're going to want you to be there.” J'onn answered. Shayera walked up.

“Good to know. I can give one helluva best woman speech. Ask my siblings.” She chuckled, giving me a squeeze, her wings patting me.

“I'll think about it, but I'm pretty sure my best friend'll be pissed if he doesn't get a role.”

“Speaking of... We are going to let Jordan do the flower thing, right?” J'onn asked.

“I was thinking ring bearer... Flowers are traditionally for a young girl...” I could hear Bruce snort.

“And what part of your relationship is traditional anyway? Hell, what part of any of our lives is traditional...?” I chuckled.

“Good point.” I looked to Bruce. “This mean you give your blessing, Bruce? I know you didn't like me much in the beginning.”

“I don't _like_ anyone. I tolerate. And you're like a bad penny. No matter what I did, you were still there.” He answered in that way that makes you question if he's joking or not. I snorted.

“Thanks. I think.” I could feel Wally vibrating.

“Batsy loves us. Aww we really are a family! Group hug!” He tried to bring us all together for that.

“I don't think we're quite there Wally...” Shayera laughed.


“You guys are crushing the mood.” I could hear the pout in Wally's voice. Lois was giggling.

“You know, I've been to many a party. This has got to be one of the best.” I could hear Clark swear.

“Come on... Time to go... You're drunk.”

“How many did she have?” I whispered to J'onn.

“Four or five...” He whispered back. I nodded. Drunk. Lois was a giggly drunk. I turned to J'onn.

“Come on.. We should probably get going too.” We gave little hugs to the others. Shoulder pats to Bruce. (He doesn't do 'hugs', he claims.)
I nuzzled into J'onn tracing over his chest. 'Can I officially say Merry Christmas yet?' I asked. He chuckled, rolling me onto my back, nuzzling my neck.

'I think so. Though I'm not sure if you really want to go there again... So soon.'

'I'm the young one here. I can so go again.' I laughed, playfully pushing against him. 'Or are you younger than you claimed?'

'Just because time affects me differently, doesn't mean I'm not any less older.' He kissed the top of my head. 'I just wanted to make sure it's what you wanted.' He kissed my cheek. Me. I smiled against his lips.

'You're a psychic. You should know.'

'Prefer to hear it.'

'J'onn. Yes. I want a third round. This time, you ride me.' I kissed him, wrapping my arms around him. I could hear his purr at the thought.

'So long as you want that too...' He pulled me close. I grinned.

'I do.' My new favorite phrase. It was going to be my new favorite phrase.
Chapter Twenty-Two: Betrayed. Again.

Notes: I do not own Justice League or any other DC comic hero. I do own my own original characters. Also, I’m going to try and do this mostly from Caleb’s point of view, so… Bear with me because I’m not used to writing blind characters. Also, if I ever say he’s lifting something, assume it’s with his mind (Unless specifically stated otherwise or he’s in his civilian form). Also the alleys are clear of other humans as he does a mental sweep to make sure.

“Divinero, get two other Leaguers and head to STAR labs.” Batman ordered, walking over. I frowned.

“Wanna say why?”

“Before… Long Shadow passed away this morning… He mentioned that Maxwell Lord mentioned STAR when talking to Cadmus. I have a lead of my own in Mercury, but I need someone looking into that one.”

“Okay. I’ll grab Supergirl and Aztec.”

“You sure Supergirl is the best choice?”

“Super strength, super hearing, and X-Ray vision. I'm sure she'll be fine.” I sighed. “She needs practice Bruce. If she's going to be strong like her cousin, she's going to need to learn when she can go all out and when she needs to rein in her power.”

“Just be careful. Remember to report your findings and keep close tabs.” Batman walked off and I sighed, pulling up my hood.

“Let's go Cadmus hunting.”

Aztec, Supergirl, and I were escorted around the building. 'Remember to keep your super eyes peeled. Never know what could happen.' I reminded them telepathically. “As you can see, there’s nothing particularly odd going on.” Dr. Hamilton spoke.

“Maybe not. But the League is interested in anything that could potentially be related to Cadmus. It doesn't quite sit right with us. You know? And we'd like to know who we're dealing with, so we can have better interactions. All this secrecy and deception, doesn't set right.” I responded.

“Why do they bother you? Because they are trying to make a... A different version of the League?” Dr. Hamilton asked. I frowned.
“Sounds like you sympathize with them…”

“More like, I can see why they feel the need to protect themselves from all of you. You're practically an army... An army of superpowered people and aliens. And that weapon... Yes, I watch the news. That weapon could be... Dangerous. And I remember when Superman went rogue…”

“Superman was under Darkseid's control.” Supergirl jumped in.

“That may be, but it doesn't excuse the fact that he went against the human race, against Earth. Who's to say someone else wouldn't do the same will all of you? How can you be so sure that the entire Justice League wouldn't fall to mind control and attack us...?”

“Because we have some powerful mystics and psychics in the League, and we know what we're doing.” I answered. Something didn't seem right.

“Of course... Anyway, things are as they've always been. No Cadmus projects.” Dr. Hamilton told us.

“Really? Then what are these?” Aztec spoke, gesturing. To what I wasn't sure.

“Those...?”

“For something called Project Nanites?” Aztec asked. Supergirl sped up, swearing.

“This... This about powering up... Galatea... My clone. The same one you said you didn't know about!” She sounded so upset. I could feel her sense of betrayal. Anger.

“Get out. All of you. I will not have you telling me how to do my job. Yes. This lab assists Cadmus. But can you blame us? All that power you have... And us? We're mere humans... If any of you in the League decided to become villains, or like those Justice Lords.. There'd be no hope for humanity.” Dr. Hamilton growled.

I heard Aztec pull Supergirl away. “Come on, Divinero, we got what we needed.”

“No we didn't. We should shut them down.” Supergirl growled.

“Come on. We'll talk later.” I turned to Dr. Hamilton. “I hope you sleep well at night, knowing you've betrayed the trust of two of the most powerful beings on Earth.” I walked out of the doors, taking to the sky.

“You should have let me-”

“Let you what? Destroy the blueprints? The plans? They just would have made more... And it'd prove to Hamilton that we're to be feared, that we oppress any ideals we don't like... We can't do that... Then we'd really be like them...” I reminded her.

“We stop bad guys, how would that be any different? Cadmus is evil.” Supergirl argued.

“We need proof Supergirl... Without proof... We have nothing.” Aztec sighed. “And we need proof if we're going to gain any sort of support from the public.”

“It's why Batman sent us out here. Why he's searching so deeply into Cadmus. Anything remotely fishy comes up, and we have our proof. Or at least, probable cause.” I sighed. “Come on, let's inform the others.”

“And that's what we found.” I told him.

“So Hamilton and this... Project Nanite?” Batman asked.

“Exactly. But you'll need to talk more with Aztec... He actually saw the papers.”

“Noted. And Supergirl?”

“Last I heard, she and Batgirl left to go blow off steam at the gym...” I shrugged. “I don't know how Kara is going to handle this... Betrayal. But I know Barbara can help.”

“Yeah... They seem to even each other out.” I gave a smile. “That's not me approving, Caleb.”

“Whatever you say.” I smirked. “Oh, by the way, John and Diana were looking for you. Wanted to remind you that you needed to have lunch with them.”

“Right. I'll go and satisfy them. If I don't, they'll bug me until I do.” I chuckled.

“It's fine. You need to socialize.”

“I do socialize.”

“Not as you. As Playboy Bruce. But the one I'm talking to right now, is the real Bruce. A mix between his personality as Bruce and Batman.” I placed a hand on his shoulder. “The real you.”

“Whatever you say.” He patted my shoulder, walking toward the cafeteria. I sighed.

“Stubborn ass.”

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